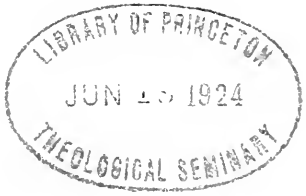

LETTERS OF
PRINCIPAL JAMES DENNEY
TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS

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EDITED BY

JAMES MOFFATT

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INTRODUCTION

To the members of Dr. Denney's family and to his friends I am most grateful for enabling me to read over and make selections from his correspondence. Three of these letters, to Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Kellock, have been printed in *Conference*, the quarterly journal of the Indian Mission of the United Free Church; but none of the others has been published before. They speak for themselves. Better still, they let us hear Dr. Denney speaking himself. In his copy of Voltaire, he marked with approval a sentence of Voltaire's to Madame la Marquise du Deffand about her letters: 'Je crois vous entendre quand je vous lis'; and this, I think, is true of his own letters. At any rate I hope this volume may bring back his crisp, human touch to many of his friends, and help some of them to recall him as they read these pages, to recall him and in a sense to overhear.

I have often left out matter which was of no interest beyond the immediate radius of the hour and the particular correspondent to whom he wrote, wherever that could be done without

affecting the rest of the letter. But the personal touch had to be preserved at all costs. A good letter is made up of 'I' and 'you'; also, it must be spontaneous. 'It is the things a man says without thinking,' Dr. Denney once remarked, 'that have the sap of nature in them.' He meant, by this paradox, that a man is never at his best, in speaking or writing, if he is overconscious of what he is expected to say. There is a time to be casual, and his own letters were delightful just because he knew he could say things to his correspondents which would not be misunderstood; he did not require to qualify them anxiously. There is thought in his letters, but not the thought of one who poses or feels that he is expected to pose as an oracle. In this they are like his talk, they reveal the real man. I have been asked to give some specimens of his casual sayings, which used to delight us; but no one Boswellised him, unluckily, and it is a thin crop that I can recover. 'He is not philosophical,' he said of Westcott, 'he is oracular.' 'The worst of being erudite is that a man forgets there are things which are better forgotten.' To ministers—'Don't become the pet lamb of your flock: be their shepherd,' and 'A preacher should be able, on occasion, to "bite and fight."' I once asked him what a 'heretic' meant in the verse, *A man that is an heretick, after the first and second admonition*

reject; 'An obstinate, self-willed creature,' he replied, 'with fads, in doctrine or in morals.' 'You can't, in preaching,' he once said, 'produce at the same time the impression that you are clever and that Christ is wonderful.' 'In the world of committees all sorts of motives mix.' 'The Church's Confession of faith should be sung, not signed.' And so on. It is not possible to recall his apt sayings in conversation, but they had a stamp of individuality, a freedom and freshness which these letters now and then breathe. For he wrote as he talked, naturally, letting his mind move without any constraint of the conventional. Some of these letters were written when he was relaxing from work; they exhibit incidentally his love of children and of nature, especially of birds and hills, his sense of humour, his preferences and antipathies in literature, and the affection which throbbed in a nature that sometimes seemed formidable to those who did not know him intimately. Other letters reveal him at work, thinking, advising, or carrying burdens of responsibility in the Church. He once observed that the interest of Edward Fitzgerald's Letters was the light they threw upon what a gifted man could make of a life in which responsibility was reduced to a minimum. This is not the interest of Dr. Denney's correspondence, least of all in the latter period. But busy and burdened as he

often was, he continued to write letters, generally on a small four-page sheet of notepaper in his neat, regular handwriting, and the letters prove how much he was making of life, as he shouldered the care of the Churches.

There was one interest which came to engross his mind latterly, and as I have had to omit some of the letters in which it appears, I ought to mention it here, in order to offer a focus for appreciating the development of his thought; I mean, his interest in the Church. He was, in the deepest sense of the term, a 'catholic' Christian and a Churchman. The most explicit statement of his belief on this point was given in a speech to the Assembly in 1912, in connection with the Central Fund. 'If we want something effective done,' he argued, 'there are two things we have to revive. We want revival of spiritual life in the Church, and along with that a revival in the minds of Christian people of the sense of the value of the Christian Church. Many have disparaged the Church in the past. But I am sure of this, that the Church is the great witness to Christ and spiritual things in the world, and that the witness of the Church as an institution, bearing its continuous testimony, is the thing on which the permanence of the Christian faith in the world depends. We have to plead the importance of the Church in maintaining the great tradition of faith through the

generations of men.' The superior contempt for the Church affected by some young ministers nowadays was unintelligible to him.

Another matter in which he came to a larger measure of appreciation was science. Two or three letters mark his change of mind in this direction, in connection with Professor Henry Drummond. His first publication was a searching pamphlet, written in 1885, called *On 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' by a Brother of the Natural Man.* He exposed the fallacy of the analogies employed. The book, he said, 'illustrates Plato's saying about the slipperiness of comparisons, not indeed to a poet like Plato, who can produce them in abundance and let them correct each other; but to an unpoetic person, whom they bind hand and foot.' He demurred to its treatment of the natural man. 'Christ is life: yes, and light and truth and love and righteousness; and wherever these exist in the world, confessed or unconfessed, in Greek, in Jew, in Buddhist or Brahmin, there Christ is, and life and grace and God.' 'Considering its extraordinary popularity, and its common relation to religion and science, it may seem rash to say so, but *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* is a book that no lover of men will call religious and no student of theology scientific.' This was severe, but it was no early unconsidered opinion. He held to it throughout. Yet he came to

attach more value to the study of science than he had done. I heard him once, speaking at a college dinner, tell how he had been preoccupied as a student with Dr. Bruce's teaching about Jesus and indifferent to Professor Drummond's lectures on science; now, he said, he recognised that acquaintance with the scientific outlook on the world was far more vital to religion and religious teaching than he had realised. Hence his candid praise of Drummond's *Ascent of Man*.

There is one other characteristic or congenial feature of his mind that I would mention, for it underlies practically the whole of his letters. 'The *great* century—I mean the eighteenth,' said Michelet once. Dr. Denney would have agreed with that opinion. For eighteenth-century thought and literature he had always a special liking. The last book his wife bought for him as a present was the new edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, and he valued it not only for her sake, but because it breathed the air of his favourite period, when philosophy bent itself to be lucid and practical. It is not fanciful to trace affinities between his mind and this age—for example, in his aversion to the love of the mysterious for its own sake, which he bluntly identified with the modern passion for mysticism. 'It 's bad enough to be at sea, but to be at sea in a fog!' he once muttered, after listening to a paper on Maeterlinck. 'I haven't the faintest

interest in any theology which doesn't help us to evangelise.' His favourite Boswell says somewhere that 'Johnson loved business, loved to have his wisdom actually operate on real life,' and this was true of Dr. Denney. He was an excellent business man. For years he was clerk of the Senate, and in 1913 he became convener of the Central Fund Committee of the Church, which involved administrative power and financial responsibility. To the surprise of those who did not know him except as a scholar, he did the work ably. He could master detail, he had a clear head for figures, and, as his letters indicate, he applied himself unsparingly to the task, no matter how it trenched upon his time and strength. It involved repeated journeys to Edinburgh, and constant committee work. But, apart from a humorous grumble now and then at the waste of time, he grudged nothing, if he could carry through this labour for his fellow ministers. It proved further that he was ready to practise what he preached so often, about men assuming responsibilities in the Church instead of being merely passengers in the ship or sitting in the cabin criticising those upon the bridge. He did not allow this work to interfere with his duty as a professor, but I fear it was one of the elements of strain which wore him down at the end, that and the intense feeling stirred by the war.

Another note of his mind, which these letters

sound, was the crispness of speech which he shared with his eighteenth-century favourites. There was an edge on what he said or wrote. He had already thought the thing out, and when he discussed it words came to him sharp and lucid, with an apt, terse point upon them. Once I was late for an appointment with him, and explained that I had met a local bore at the corner of the street; 'Yes,' he shot out, 'that man has more words than thoughts.' He was not patient with such people, nor with those who lived on words in theology. He insisted on brushing everything aside to reach reality. His own mind generally reached it in advance of most around him, and he could not bear being hindered in practical or ecclesiastical affairs by those who clung obstinately or sentimentally to outworn shibboleths. A brilliant instance of this was afforded by his utterance in the General Assembly of 1914, when he turned on some who repeated the cries of the past in which he had himself once joined, and who would not be persuaded to recognise that a new situation had arisen in connection with the Church and State question. 'I am sorry,' he said, speaking with hardly repressed intensity, 'that after all the years that we have spent on this subject, there should still be members of the Church who apparently have not got beyond the barren logomachy of talking about "establishment"

and "disestablishment." I wonder if there are really people who think that, by manipulating abstract nouns like these, they will ever be able to adjust all the complicated historical questions that are involved in the relation of the Scottish Churches to one another and to the State. We cannot solve historical and moral problems just by juggling with terms like that. There is nothing that tends more to intellectual degeneration than to play with words like these and imagine that when we are doing so we are actually dealing with anything.' He then proceeded to admit that the proposals made by the Church of Scotland really covered whatever was true in the old contentions of the disestablishment movement. This candid statement was a proof of his growing grasp of realities. His earliest associations were with the Reformed Presbyterian Church; he confessed to a prejudice in favour of small Churches; he had openly advocated disestablishment. But when the signs of the times pointed to a larger duty and a broader vision, he had mental and moral force enough to advance. His speech on this occasion practically decided the debate. But what I quote it for is, among other things, to illustrate his habit of looking at things without being hindered by phrases which had lost their meaning. It was this driving direct power which lent weight to his speeches. It appears even in some of

these short letters and notes. He lets himself go, occasionally, to his intimate friends with a playful exaggeration of feeling, because he knows his correspondents; he has a Johnsonian love of putting his prepossessions sharply. But, whatever he does, he never plays with words.

In these and other respects I think the present book of Dr. Denney's letters will reveal to the outside public a number of characteristic traits and qualities. They are like himself absolutely natural, and therefore vital. Bentley once said of the letters written by Libanius, the great sage of Antioch, that 'you feel, by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with some dreaming pedant, with his elbow on his desk.' No one who knew Dr. Denney would ever think of him as a bloodless recluse. He never dreamed idle dreams, and when his elbow was on his desk his mind was particularly alert, whether he was writing a book or sending a letter to a friend. But some who know him merely or mainly as an author and a theologian of the first rank may welcome the glimpses of human interest that these letters afford, an interest which now and then took unexpected turns and dipped into unsuspected corners of duty or pleasure or opinion.

CHAPTER I

LETTERS AS A STUDENT AND A MINISTER

Dr. Denney's letters begin when he left the University of Glasgow at the age of twenty-three, after a brilliant course in the Faculty of Arts. This was in 1879. His degree of M.A. was a notable achievement; he actually graduated with First Class Honours in both Classics and Philosophy. In 1874 a similar double-first had been won by Mr. James Bonar, the son of Dr. A. A. Bonar, but it was naturally a very rare academic triumph, and one which marked out a man among his contemporaries. A visit to the Continent followed. Young Denney at once started for a trip to Germany along with his friends Henry Jones and Hugh Walker. Walker afterwards became Professor of English Literature at St. David's College, Lampeter; Jones became ultimately Sir Henry Jones, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow University. The trio made their way to Dresden, where they settled to learn the language and do some study. Denney wrote regularly and fully to his family in Greenock; his letters yield proof of the warm

affection that characterised him all through life as a son and a brother, but naturally their contents in the main are personal and private, and his opinions were as yet rather unformed. The following extracts, however, have their interest. They are from letters to 'my dear parents.'

DRESDEN, *May* 28.

I feel very far from home here when I begin to write and think about you. But we do not waste much time in reverie, and I will just give you an exact summary of a day's work here. We all rise at half-past five: and none of us has ever slept-in five minutes yet. We commence our several works at six. I generally read philosophy, which is my chief work, but vary it with Greek when I feel so inclined. Then we breakfast at eight, which lasts for about half an hour, after which we resume each his own work till twelve: from twelve till two I read with Jones and Walker. After that we go out and get dinner, and then walk in the park till six o'clock, when we return and read German for an hour. Then we have supper and don't do much, but read anything we are inclined to, or write, as I am doing now, and get to bed by ten o'clock. I would need to borrow the pen with which Mr. Bunyan writes of Christian and Hopeful going up to the gates of the Celestial City surrounded

by the shining ones that came out to meet them, with melodious noises, if I wished to tell you how the birds sing. If there were only two people there, it would be the garden of the Lord restored.

DRESDEN, *June* 11.

I have a consuming desire to hear everything about home, and I was awfully glad to get such a circumstantial account in father's letter of almost everything in Greenock that I have a very strong interest in. It made me wish I was at home, for one thing, to see the new house; I will be quite a prince in my own right when I live in a room with a fender and a carpet in it. My work is getting on very tolerably here, but I believe I will not be able to do anything else but work when I get back to such a charming place. I have formed expectations of it on a wonderful scale, and imagine that if I was sitting at the window at home with the peculiar consciousness of safety and security that you never have anywhere but at home, I would have an inspiration that would make me go through work like winking. When you work at your best in a strange place, you have a queer sensation of being maimed in your faculties or your feelings or something—there is a kind of repression of energy that prevents you from being perfectly happy.

DRESDEN, *June* 25.

I was glad to hear the minister was going about again. Ministers are having great times and doing great doings in Scotland just now;[1] it is almost enough to frighten an amiable and peaceably disposed person like me from the prospect of their fellowship. But perhaps I should not say that I won't be a minister, till I see whether they will have me or not; and, to tell the truth, I am afraid the very reverend the Presbytery of Greenock will be trying me in their Hebrew scales and finding me wanting, unless some miracle happens. But if the Free Church or any other Church thinks that the orthodoxy of its students can be secured in this way, or that anything at all can be secured by making it impossible for its students to hear from their professors what it is impossible for the students to be students and not hear of somehow or other, then it is mightily mistaken.

DRESDEN, *July* 1.

We voted unanimously for a holiday—and reasonably too, for we had been working very hard for six weeks, and both needed and deserved one. And we had one—the best, I think, I ever

[1] He means the Robertson Smith case in the Free Church and the case of the Rev. David Macrae which was agitating the United Presbyterians.

had. We sailed up the Elbe about an hour and a quarter in a steamboat to a place called Pillnitz, where the King of Saxony has his summer residence, or one of them; it is for all the world like a series of caravans at the fair. However, we passed by and went on by a road which, according to the guideposts, was three-quarters of an hour long to 'the key of the Saxon Switzerland.' That is, we began to go, and if nothing had happened, we might have reached our destination at the time specified. But lo and behold, we lighted on a place where were blaeberries in abundance, in all the beauty of their first bloom. It was a good while before we left that place, and we resolved to return there in a fortnight or so, before the blaeberry season was past. Then we went our way, and in due season arrived at Pohrsberg, the highest point of the country, and had dinner in the restaurant. To the intense astonishment of the soldiers, who are omnipresent in this much-governed land, we played a game at 'ringy' on a fine space in front of the hotel—the proprietor watching the proceedings with interest and occasionally stopping a 'bool' which was running past the score. We returned to Dresden at the usual hour for supper. It was a splendid day, and I feel much the better for it. In fact we are all like young tigers now that we have tasted blood, and must have more holiday.

DRESDEN, *July* 9.

The other day Walker told us an anecdote or lie he had heard of a farmer at Shettleston. This individual had been sorely plagued with dry weather, which prevented the fruits of the earth presenting anything like a respectable appearance; but on the suggestion of his minister he prayed for rain, and with seeming success, for rain it did. The next time he saw his minister he pointed with satisfaction to the change in the crops, and grimly observed, 'I see the Best o' folks is nane the waur o' bein' spoken to whiles.' That is too funny to be profane, so that I don't have any scruple in giving you an occasion to laugh. We get anything we want to eat or drink. But the water is not good to drink—in fact is very dangerous to drink, as we all found by experience, unless you mix lemon juice with it—which accordingly we always do. I have tasted the good Rhine wine, partly because the water is bad but chiefly because 'there 's nothing can cheer the hearts that pine, like a deep deep draught of the good Rhine wine,' etc., and because you never could drink anybody's health in water! *N.B.*—I will be teetotal again in Scotland, so don't be angry about the drinking. Nobody is teetotal here, and I have only seen one drunk man in Cologne. So that there is no need of my example.

DRESDEN, *August* 6.

There is every reason why I should be unable to write a long letter this time, and I hope you will not be disappointed if it seems too short. The pens, as you may see from the penmanship, are very bad, the ink is just about done, and so is our stay in Dresden, and, worst of all, the eagerly expected letter from home has not yet arrived. I hope there is nothing the matter. I am coming home overland most of the way, so as to get the company of Jones and Walker to London. Jones has been very much troubled with illness in consequence of the heat, as the doctor says, but no doubt also in consequence of having overworked himself excessively for the philosophy examination, and never having got the better of it yet. I think he is doing the most foolish thing in the world, in commencing a new undergraduate course in the present state of his health, and have hinted as much to him; but he seems to think himself quite able for it. I only hope he may be, but sometimes doubt it. If his conscience had been slack enough to take in or pretend to take in the Confession of Faith and to accommodate himself to the society of the future ministers of the Free Kirk, for whom he evidently thinks himself far too good, he might have killed the next three years comfortably in Glasgow, doing absolutely nothing but what he liked, recovering his strength in the most favour-

able circumstances, and finding himself, when done, eligible for a charge anywhere in the Nonconformist Churches in Scotland or in his own Church in Wales. And I cannot help thinking it unwise to do as he does. He hopes to make his fortune by philosophy: but that is a hope that may make his heart sick many a day, as it has made many another man's. But I wish him all success—especially good health.

I wish you would make the next and last letter an awfully long one. Or else write every one of you, so that I may get a lot.

The Hebrew goes on very slowly, and my heart sinks when I see all that lies between me and November.

In November 1879 he entered the Free Church College in Glasgow, finishing his theological course of training in 1883. He thought then of going to the Foreign Mission field, and apparently had in mind an appointment which was vacant in the Free Church College at Calcutta. He desired to spend his life in the educational work of the Church; his academic record and gift of teaching seemed to mark him out for such a sphere. However, his application failed. The Foreign Mission Committee gave the post to another student, and Denney turned to Home Mission work, particularly to an East End mission in connection with Free St. John's congregation in Glasgow. It was not till he was

thirty that he was called to a congregation of his own.

In the spring of 1886 he was ordained to the ministry of the East Free Church, Broughty Ferry, and on the first of July he was married to Miss Mary Carmichael Brown, of Glasgow. He writes this letter to his friend, the Rev. J. P. Struthers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Greenock, on the eve of the wedding, and writes in high spirits :—

Broughty Ferry, *June* 16.

If I didn't tell you all when you were through at the Communion, it was not because I grudged the knowledge, but because it is a thing which nobody can possibly think of the same consequence as the interested person, so that the interested person inevitably feels that if he broaches the subject at all he has mistaken the situation. It would have been as easy for me to ask you for the loan of £500 as to begin and tell you that I was going to be married: and on your own showing you might have looked as amazed in the one case as in the other; which would not have been particularly pleasant. But I am very glad you are coming, and grateful for all your good-will.

Tell Grant [1] that, of course, I wish and expect to see him, unless he thinks it very disagreeable, and even then it might do him good. Grant is

[1] The Rev. A. D. Grant, of Greenock.

very fond of discovering and proving that what is customary is unreasonable or even immoral, but if he doesn't take care and allow that the world is wiser than any sophist, he will wake up when he is an old man, and discover that his conceit of wiseness has shut him out of half the pleasure and a good deal of the usefulness of life.

To be about to be married is a very fine state to live in if you had nothing to do but think about it; but as things are with me, it is really not without a serious side. It takes up a little time, and sometimes more than a little, and it is also a little distracting. You don't want to think seriously about preaching, and as a matter of fact can't—at least I can't without a disproportionate effort, for all that comes of it. If you want to remain the only man in Greenock that can fill a kirk on the Sabbath evening, abide as you are.

If you must give me a present, please give me a volume of Leech, if it is to be had now; I have none. The disjunction certificates would be rather serviceable: I have disjoined quite a lot of people already.

To his brother Robert

BROUGHTY FERRY, *January* 3, 1887.

I have been very negligent lately, though Mary has done something to take my place, in the way

of writing either to Greenock or Cambuslang. But if you like to say Better late than never, I wish you a happy new year and many of them. I don't know whether you have any devices for spending the holidays agreeably or not: the sudden change in the weather must have put a spoke in Duncan's wheels, if not in yours. Here, though the roads are frightful, the thaw is a great relief. I was getting quite weary of the iron feeling under foot. But if you had a good fire, it was fine weather for reading; and as I have done no Isaiah lately, and only one sermon per week since I was ill, I have walked a good deal more and got a little more reading also inserted into spare times. The last day I was in Dundee I bought *My Study Windows*, but the only thing I have read in it is yon criticism of Mrs. Browning, which humiliates me more the more I think of it. I have had great delight in reading Burke's speeches on the American war, or rather during the times which preceded the war. They are really extraordinary, and if you could lay hands on them anywhere, or get them out of a library, I am sure you would enjoy them. In many places if you changed 'America' into 'Ireland' you would think they had been made by Gladstone or John Morley in 1886 instead of in 177–. But there is a splendour and solidity together about them, a greatness both of fact and imagination, that makes them

infinitely more inspiring than most present-day orators.

How is mother keeping since father wrote on Friday? We were glad to hear from him that she had no relapse since we were in Greenock, and sorry that the only mercy we had to be thankful for was so small. I do hope she is keeping better, and that it will be safe for her soon to try something more solid than koumiss and beef-tea. Father must feel tired, after having been so long obliged to do Mr. Crawford's work as well as his own; and it is a pity that even at the new year he cannot get a longer rest than the two days of which he spoke in his letter. If he had a week like you teachers, or could get twice paid for the same work like a minister preaching old sermons, it would be easier for him.

During his early years at Broughty Ferry he put his knowledge of German to use in translating Delitzsch's commentary on Isaiah for Hodder and Stoughton's *Foreign Biblical Library*. But his first and keenest interest was in his congregation; indeed the two volumes which he contributed to the *Expositor's Bible*, on Thessalonians and Second Corinthians, sprang out of work prepared for his own pulpit. How seriously he took his ministerial work may be inferred from the tone of the following letter, in later life, written to dissuade a local minister from attending his classes in the College.

To Professor J. Y. Simpson

GLASGOW, *October* 11, 1909.

I don't think —— should come to my classes, or to any class at all. If he is 'indolent,' as he says, this is only another way of indulging an indolent disposition. If he wants to improve his scholarship, let him procure the necessary books and apply himself to his task at home. No minister has any right to take himself away from his cure twice a week on the plea of improving his scholarship. If after his university and professional training he cannot improve it for himself, it is because of some kind of deficiency, whether intellectual or moral, which further attending of lectures would not cure but confirm.

Denney himself improved his scholarship; he read deeply, hard, and widely. He writes to one correspondent (returning a copy of Mozley's *Essays, Historical and Theological,* which he had picked up in his friend's library):—

'It has taken me longer than I anticipated to get through Mozley, but whenever I had the necessary leisure I found him well worthy of having it bestowed upon him. Few writers have so much intellectual character as he, and, though he can be tiresome when he likes, there is always a flavour about his thoughts which makes them his own.'

Again he writes:—

'In this place I am unluckily not near enough new books, unless I buy them, which is a process with its obvious limits. I have not seen Manning's life, nor Magee's, but am dreadfully anxious to see Jowett's when it appears, and intend joining a library in Dundee again for the purpose. Jowett always seems to me the most interesting by far of his generation, intellectually. It is much to be regretted that he let himself be intimidated or disheartened from continuing his work on the New Testament. I have read the new edition of his book on Paul's epistles, with the essays, etc., and though there are some mistakes that any man could point out, there are things without number that none of the scholars among his contemporaries could have written. Sometimes he writes like a saint, sometimes too like a conjuror or a sophist who felt good and demure when he had reduced a great mystery to a logical puzzle or a conundrum; but there is something very fascinating in his mind.'

In 1892 he published a book on 'The Epistles to the Thessalonians' in the *Expositor's Bible*.

To Dr. Marcus Dods

BROUGHTY FERRY, *February* 6, 1892.

Will you allow me to thank you for the generous notice of 'Thessalonians' in the *Expositor*?[1]

[1] Dr. Dods had praised the strength and independence of the work. 'Mr. Denney is a born exegete; but strong as are his

As far as I have seen, it has been kindly spoken of in Scotland, though with a sort of amazement usually, as if it fairly dazed people to find that a man under forty should agree with the Apostles; and it was a real satisfaction to me to see that you thought favourably of it, in spite of this disconcerting characteristic.

There is a similar flavour in this later note to Professor George Jackson :—

GLASGOW, *November* 21, 1901.

I ought to have thanked you at once for *Memoranda Paulina*, but took the chance of reading it first. It always does me good to see a man enjoying St. Paul, and that neither on the surface only, nor with an air of superiority to the subject, which in some people drives one mad.

He extracted some amusement from reviews of his books, as an author who is himself a reviewer ought to be able to do. He writes in one letter: 'A few days ago Hodder and Stoughton sent me a quantity of reviews of all sorts, from the Popish *Tablet* (which was distinctly polite) to the Unitarian *Inquirer*, which had a high old time, and left nothing but the mangled remains of the victim scattered over three columns. The most impressive fact about

doctrinal expositions, his enforcement of ethical points is even stronger.'

all the reviews (except two, perhaps) was that when you knew the name of the paper you knew what it would say. It is a striking testimony to the freedom of the Press, and of the intellect.' But his letters sometimes contained chips of human interest which were unbookish. I quote two specimens of what he liked to gather for his friends :—

'Here is a story I have just heard from a member of my church—a baker. Boy found out stealing—third time—to great grief of his mistress, a truly good woman. She reproves him seriously, speaks of writing to his mother, and the boy in tears entreats to be forgiven. "If you forgive me *this time*, Miss Wallace, I 'll go to the Salvation Army the nicht." Good for the Salvation Army, isn't it ? '

'A woman, tramp, two convictions before the sheriff, etc.—came to the door the other day begging. Wanted to set up house again if she could get a little help. "How did you lose your house ?" "Juist by trouble, sir, *births and deaths*." I can give no idea of the proper tone of utter indifference which suits her.'

Here is an undated early letter to Dr. Carnegie Simpson :—

'With regard to the "single category" under which Christianity is to be put, I cannot say the necessity for having one at all is very impressive

to me. In the Gospel, for example, the false inferences which are so easily drawn from the Fatherhood are obviated by the category of the Kingdom. The Fatherhood is so easily "naturalised," degraded to the level of an indefectible natural relation, which is all that it can be quite irrespective of what men are, that it needs a corrective or check, not one easily naturalised, and this it gets in the Kingdom, which cannot be conceived on the basis of nature at all, but must be a region of moral responsibilities, etc.

'Except as an element in the whole process of "turning to God," sorrow for sin—or even change of mind, one might add—does not amount to repentance. We do not get the chance of being sorry or not being sorry—we are made sorry for our sins without being consulted; but we do get the chance of returning, or refusing to return, to God. I remember a saying of Mrs. Booth's apropos of the Prodigal Son, to this effect: "It was not repentance when he grew hungry, nor when he remembered his father's house, nor even when he said, 'I will arise and go to my father'; you see repentance where it is said, 'he arose and came to his father.'"

'In this connection I have some difficulty in agreeing with what you say about the distinction between regeneration and conversion. It always seems to me that the distinction is a formal one. It is the very same experience, is it not, which is

described as regeneration, as the work of God, through His Spirit, and in conversion as the work of man? Calvin, who uses "pœnitentia" in a larger sense, much like your "conversion," says somewhere in his long chapter on it, *Pœnitentiam interpretor regenerationem.* I believe that is sound. Everything in Christian experience can be described either (*a*) as the work of the Spirit, or (*b*) as a fruit or manifestation of faith. The distribution of the terms in Scripture agrees with this. The Synoptic Gospels, which speak of repentance, have no regeneration; John, who has regeneration, never speaks of repentance. But the repentance of the one is the regeneration of the other. If you wanted a formula to combine both sides, I don't know a better, though it is just a quibble, than one quoted by Luthardt from some seventeenth century dogmatist: a man converts himself *viribus non nativis sed dativis.*'

To J. P. Struthers, whose mother had just died

BROUGHTY FERRY, *January* 21, 1892.

What your mother said about praying 'for the damned' struck me very much. I do not think it is any use telling people not to pray for the dead; you might as well teach them not to think of them or love them, or indeed tell them roundly that after death there is nothing at all. I think most people who pray at all do

pray for the dead; and as for the 'damned,' does that really settle everything before the last day? I could not promise myself another chance after dying if I refused to trust God now, and therefore I cannot preach such a hope to anybody else; but that is not the same as giving up hope of everybody that dies in his 'sins.' What do you think? Certainly the absence of any example of it from the Bible is remarkable, especially taken with the life and death urgency of all the Bible does say: but a great many things must be lawful that the Bible says nothing about—things covered by the word of Jesus, 'If it were not so, I would have told you'—a saying which always seems to me to justify yielding, as your mother did, to any instinct of the nature which is made in God's image, and cannot be simply delusive in the things of God.

Meantime he was learning how to preach. He was never a 'popular' preacher, in the common sense of the term, and was often humbly conscious of his inability to preach as he desired. His power lay in teaching and in his moral force. But, if his preaching capacity developed slowly, his reputation as a scholar was already wide. This led to the first of his tours across the Atlantic. He had attracted attention in the United States. An invitation to lecture arrived, and at the end of March 1894 he and his wife sailed for America, where he delivered at Chicago the lectures after-

wards published as *Studies in Theology*, and then travelled west to the Rockies and Colorado before returning in June.

To his Father

R.M.S. *Britannic*, *April* 6.

We have still about 300 miles of the nasty deep to traverse. For a sailor like me—and between Mary and me in this there is not very much to choose—you can imagine what all these high winds and seas meant. Dr. Johnson could not imagine a man going to sea at all, because to him a ship was only a jail with the chance of being drowned; if he had made an experiment like ours, he might have added, with the certainty of being starved. Total abstinence—not only from drink but from meat—is the one cure for sea-sickness; but after a couple of days you get past the worst, even on a voyage like ours. This morning, when the sun actually shone for three hours, the only three hours he has shown his face for ten days, we were all as cheery as crickets, and came down to lunch as hungry as hawks. I am beginning to feel a little more on the alert than I was for a while about Chicago and the lecturing there. I think it will be a little exciting, and I hope exhilarating, for the students as well as for myself. It is odd how you get wound up as the time comes for doing a thing, and how much depends on being sufficiently wound up.

To the Same

COLORADO SPRINGS, *May* 12.

The one thing that overwhelms us here is the hospitality of the people. They open their houses and their hearts to you with a promptitude and completeness that is unlike anything you have ever experienced in Scotland. Here am I, not two hours in Colorado Springs, but I have had a lovely breakfast, with strawberries and beefsteak, and am sitting writing to you in a nice little library which belonged to Mrs. Goddard's son, using his pen and silver inkstand, and looking out on a glorious view of the Rocky Mountains, with Pike's Peak, snow-covered, right in front of me. This may suggest impudence in me as much as cordiality in Mrs. Goddard, but it is not really so; the people make you at home at once, and your only fear is to presume too much on their kindness. . . .

A prairie is a fearsome sight—land as far as the eye can reach all round, as flat as a table, unrelieved by a single bush, tree, or plant of any kind, except coarse grass, and not a drop of water visible. The Rocky Mountains burst on you quite suddenly, and up go your spirits to meet them.

To the Same

VERMONT, *May* 28.

When we left Colorado we came east again *via* Chicago to Niagara, and spent the day there, from 8 till 8, wearying our very senses with the immensity of the Falls. No one could describe them, because they are everything, even the most opposite things, at once. There is a horror and fascination about them; every particular look you get draws you, and you are conscious all the time of a vast magnificence over and above what you are attending to—which is really the characteristic of the scene. It is too big to be grasped at once, and it is lost if you take it piecemeal. I suppose this is what makes so many people call it disappointing, but it was not disappointing to us at all.

He published this year (1894) two books, his Chicago lectures and his exposition of Second Corinthians. In a letter to Struthers he observes: 'I was very much flattered the other day by a review of my "Corinthian" lectures in the *Guardian*. It was by Walter Lock, one of the *Lux Mundi* men, and, after an appreciative paragraph on the thing as a whole, did what no reviewer ever did for me before—took eight or nine places, quoting the Greek, and criticising, approvingly or with reasons for not approving, what it thought new lights on the passages in question. I don't mind telling *you* that I was pleased to

think a really competent person who had read the book through thought it worthy of this kind of treatment. Most of the reviews, naturally, were done by men who did not read it, or who knew nothing about it. But how many men whom *I* have reviewed might say that ! '

Some exception was taken, both at Chicago when the lectures were delivered and in Scotland when they were published, to his views on the inspiration of the Bible. This led him to emphasise in his teaching what he had already said in an Assembly speech of 1891 : ' The Word of God infallibly carries God's power to save men's souls. That is the only kind of infallibility I believe in. Authority is not authorship. God attests what is in this book as His own, but God is not the author of it, in the sense in which a man is the author of the book he writes. To say so is meaningless.'

To Miss Wilson

BROUGHTY FERRY, *July* 2, 1896.

This is only the second time, if I remember, that I have written to you, and it is also the second time I have had to thank you or your sister (but is not that all one ?) for your kindness in remembering occasions which only true friendship could invest with any interest. I do thank you most heartily for the lovely sermon case you sent me, initials and all. My old one was decidedly the worse for wear, so that your

present is as opportune as it is beautiful; my only fear is that it is too beautiful and good for anything I will have to put into it. It does not seem a very sublime idea, to live up to one's sermon case; but a great deal depends upon the case, and in sober truth I have hopes of sermons for which it is too good. At the present moment I am in one way well equipped for preaching. I have the sermon case, to start with, none better; I have 960 sheets of quarto paper, which I bought in Dundee last week for 5s., enough to last me eighteen months, but of quality so inferior that, if it were not wicked to throw away 5s. or so, I feel tempted to send it to the oven; I have near a gross of D.O. pens, the kind I like best; and (like Dogberry) I have 'two gowns, and everything handsome about me.'

Perhaps you would like to know how people spend the tenth anniversary of their wedding. The morning passed here as usual—that is, I worked from 9 to 12, and then walked till 1. After dinner Mrs. Denney went out, and I was going to say I saw her face no more till 10 o'clock, but that would have been an exaggeration. I *did* see it for a moment about 8.28 P.M., when she came smiling into the prayer meeting as I was giving out the last hymn. I did not smile back, in the face of the congregation, though it was not very great; on the contrary, I read on as calmly as if I had been married

1000 years, and could not be surprised by anything. I expected, of course, to see her when I got home from the Deacons' Court, but when Mr. Little (who came with me) and I reached the door, lo, it was shut; and we had to go in and sit with *Punch* and silence for near an hour—to exaggerate a little. Nevertheless we look back with much content to the first [1] of July 1886, and accept your good wishes, with a true sense of your good-will.

This is from a letter to the Rev. George Jackson, now professor in Didsbury College, Manchester, who had sent him a volume of his sermons:—

Broughty Ferry, *November* 2, 1896.

You can believe that I agree very heartily with what you say, and I do envy the felicity and point with which you say it. It is a kind of preaching the exact likeness of which I have never come across, and I do not wonder that it is so attractive. An illustration is my despair, and the abundance and happiness of yours are really astonishing. But what, as a fellow-craftsman, I admire most of all, is the way in which you never lose sight of your purpose and yet never become tiresome.

An undated letter touches another matter on which he felt strongly. Some minister had

[1] Their marriage day.

consulted him about the question of church debt, and he replied :—

'I am such an unadventurous spirit that I have never been in debt in my life, and hope never to be, and I cannot see any difference at all between church debt and other debts. On general principles I should say debt is a thing to be got rid of. The first and clear duty of churches is to pay their debts. The paying of interest on borrowed money cripples them in all unselfish endeavour, and that should be one strong motive for getting rid of it in the only possible way—that is by paying it. But I am ashamed to expatiate thus on the obvious.'

Debt, in individuals and in churches, was a subject upon which he was a martinet. In a letter to his friend Miss Mackenzie, on the eve of her marriage, he wrote at a later date :—

'I was glad to hear things were going so hopefully at the church : it will all be in working order, I presume, before the winter. The main difficulty in the future is the financial one, and that I have always thought not a difficulty but an impossibility. However, we shall see. You once asked me if I did not think it excusable to go into debt—inadvertently, so to speak—in your first year of housekeeping. I do *not*, and I am sure neither does Mr. Keith. And I only wish

the managers of —— church had as much sense as he and I.'

Another undated letter, evidently from Aberfoyle, to his friend Struthers falls in this period. It begins with an allusion to some question raised by Struthers about King Hezekiah :—

'A good man is uninteresting, especially in the book of Chronicles, which is itself sermonic to an extent that leaves the poor preacher little to do. I seem to myself not to have read Chronicles for a long time—at least I might have been "plucked" over this particular chapter.

'Loch Ard is the loch here, with "narrows" in it. Yesterday I walked over to Loch Katrine, sailed up to Stronachlachar, and then walked down here past Loch Chon and Loch Ard—a delightful but most lonesome excursion. From the time I left Stronachlachar, for six miles or so, the road was an absolute solitude.

'It has been very cold—snow and hail showers —but bright and sunny between whiles.

'I hope you enjoyed your Belfast duties. The sea is a perfect horror to me, or I would go more readily to Ireland or Antwerp or anywhere. To-morrow I think of going in to Stirling.

'There is a public library here, mostly frequented, the woman who keeps it told me, in winter by draught-players.'

With Struthers Dr. Denney kept up a steady stream of correspondence. This flows through life, and I have picked out extracts from it to form an entire chapter, for the sake of unity of impression. The letters begin when he was just leaving the Free Church College in Glasgow.

CHAPTER II

LETTERS TO THE REV. J. P. STRUTHERS

GLASGOW, *March* 3, 1883.

THE annual meeting of the Missionary Society was held on Thursday evening. Marcus Dods, Robertson Smith—odd evangelists, aren't they? —and Barclay from Formosa, were the chief speakers. Smith did not say anything of a distinctly original cast—spoke about the necessity of having a constant sense of reality in preaching, a feeling such as the prophets had—even more, he said, although I think it was only a slip, than the evangelists—that they were never losing contact with life. It was vivacious and true, all that he said, but nowise original; nothing more, in short, than that it is no use being orthodox unless you both feel and live your creed. Do you know that Gibson is going to marry Barclay's sister before they go out to China again? If enthusiasm for foreign missions qualifies her to be a helpmeet to her husband, he will be a 'lucky fellow,' as an ancient English version of the Bible, which was quoted in a shilling spelling-book we had at school, said of Joseph. 'The Lord was with

Joseph, and he was a luckie fellowe'—a 'prosperous man,' I think, the revisers of 1611 made it. I wish the present Revisers' Company would revert to Wyclif or Purvey, or whoever it was, who was not afraid to be hearty, and had a proper estimate of the dignity of history. I am beginning to fear that you protest too much about your absolute guilelessness in the matter of marrying. A human being can't pass a certain limit and remain like Pelleas, the knight

> 'who loved all maidens, but no maid
> In special,'

and remain human. The first time that you don't know what to do with, just sit down and pen the passing fancies of your brain for the benefit of the subscriber. It is like cold water to a thirsty soul to get *any* sort of news from a far country, especially when you are completely mixed up in a plague of diverse duties that almost drive you distracted. I came across a good saying of Henri IV. the other day, with which I felt real sympathy; and I copy it down for your benefit, presuming you have the necessary French. He was harassed by the multiplicity of his concernments, like lesser people, and exclaimed, 'Je ne puis faillir d'être bientôt ou fou ou habile homme. Cette année sera ma pierre de touche.' The historian adds, with what is meant for impressiveness, although I could not

appreciate it, 'Elle le fut.' You ought to be grateful to me for an epistle of these dimensions, considering that I have to preach to-morrow, write an essay for the Theological Society for next Friday, explain Hamilton on Consciousness to the Logic class on Monday, go out to dinner at least once, and am just beginning to correct Jebb's exam. on the Attic Orators, a three hours' paper done by 135 men. Please pay me in kind at any idle hour.

GLASGOW, *July* 4, 1883.

Yesterday I began duty in the Mission Hall in East Hill Street. It is rather a pleasant place, and I expect to enjoy it when I get to feel a little more at home. I had to speak three times, which is rather too much and will not be repeated, but was surprised with a half agreeable and half ominous feeling to find that my tongue was so loosely hung. I do believe that, unless I make a science of writing all or almost all that I mean to say, I will degenerate into a pure haverel.

I have been busy for two days with the History papers of the Local Examination. Some of them are rather entertaining. This is a specimen of the grand style from one of them: 'Etienne Marcel was the greatest man of his age. When John and his son were prisoners in England, confusion and anarchy reigned on every hand, and no man's life was safe till Marcel arose and

declared—O great Marcel!—that something must be done.' Another prefers the familiar, and produces this: 'Jeanne d'Arc was the sweetest little shepherd lass you ever saw.' Isn't that good for young Greenock? If it were not for such things as these, an examiner's life would be unspeakably awful.'

GLASGOW, *November* 16, 1883.

How are you getting on with your studies in calligraphy? There is something uncanny in the business when you let your mind rest on it for a moment: it is a thought that makes one's pen pause—to think that out of the innocent and accidental dots and strokes and jerkings of the Birmingham J pen some deep villain is reading the secrets of your heart and finding out whether you are vacillating or resolute and all the rest of it. I can't wish you God-speed in any such dubious business. I would as soon make windows in my soul for all the world to see through.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *December* 12, 1887.

I was from home for ten days after your letter arrived, and therefore had less compunction in obeying you and making no reply. I—perhaps it will increase your confidence if I say 'we'; it should, anyhow—like the *Morning Watch* very much. I was confounded by the simplicity and

dogmatism with which you treated Peter and the keys. But in teaching children, no matter what age or growth, there is nothing for it but positiveness. They have a quite right instinct that words should only mean one thing; and if you give them a choice, they feel you don't know what it is, and so don't care for it.

I don't know whether I told you, the last time we met, I was going to Cambridge. I was there when you wrote, and enjoyed it very much. I saw a good deal of the place outside and in; heard one or two lectures, including a first-rate one by Westcott; dined in St. Peter's and Trinity; and by a lucky chance saw the Greek play—*Œdipus Tyrannus*. It was fine, especially the Queen and the Chorus. The Chorus chanted the odes in unison—A1. The King was rather a light-weight, and did not seem to appreciate the tragedy of the situation. He 'flit' when he should have been passionate.

As a regular subject for preaching, I mean to stick to the Gospels, at least for one of the services. Some one lent me Geikie's *Life of Christ*. There are good enough things in it here and there; but somehow it never seems rightly to begin. Every chapter ends as if he was now going to be at it, but when you turn over the leaf, it is more preface again. If you had not told me you never bought books, I would have warned you against this one.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *January* 12, 1888.

1888 is the most odious year in all time for a man who cannot make a decent 'eight'; nevertheless I hope you may find it very happy. Here is a story to repay the 'lion,' which has served to sweeten all our meals to-day, like its luckless kinsman that presumed to roar at Samson. A lady in my church told us last evening of a servant of hers, whom she had asked, in catechising her grandchildren, 'what was the name of the first man.' The girl said she did not know, but after a little exclaimed, 'I mind noo: it was Adam—*a man tell't me*.' Oh, Struthers, what would you preach, if you had this sort of thing in your congregation?

[The 'lion' was about an old servant man, who, on hearing the story about David's mighty man slaying a lion in a pit in the time of snow, remarked, 'I wuss that lion had fair play. Ye see it was a time of snow, and the puir beast was sneaking about for a drink and couldna get one and went into the pit, and the man came ahint it and . . . I wuss it had had fair play.']

BROUGHTY FERRY, *October* 31, 1889.

I was very sorry to hear from home that you had been so ill again—apparently with your old trouble. I even heard in a kind of circuitous

way that it was due to your old perversity in preaching when you should have been in bed. But I hope you are in the way of recovering again. Instead of preaching at the expense of your health, you would be better to do as I did on Monday last—forget completely that you ought to have been preaching, and leave three hundred people and a panic-stricken minister waiting and wondering in vain. If you were suffering from any nervous ailment, the shock of discovering what you had done, or rather not done, would either kill or cure you. It made me quite weak in the knees for a whole day, and I have hardly got over it yet.

Last Sabbath was my Communion, and I had Carroll with me, full of discourse about his organ, and of strong opinions about Dr. Pentecost. Pentecost is to be here three weeks in January, and is to have missions in Dundee and Newport about the same time. I don't know whether this place is more wicked or worldly than others, but though there are lots of good people in it, there is an extraordinary mass of indifference, and I feel quite willing to let Pentecost and the fashion, if he sets a fashion even for a little, all have their shot at it. If you have formed any impression of the man at first hand, I would like to know what it is. I hate his name, and hope his presence will counteract the prejudice it inevitably creates.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *January* 17, 1890.

We have Pentecost here this week in force, evening and afternoon; and I have been taking lessons in the art of preaching. He is a clever man, at all events. He looks 'cute, and well taken care of, his costume a shade less so than his person, whatever that may signify in character; and I believe he is a good man. I have not heard him yet without getting a hint how to make people listen. He always has a telling illustration of some kind or other. I *never* have an illustration—the analogical faculty seems to be totally lacking. Not totally either, for I can see the force of them, when another man produces them; but overweighted; for I see as promptly when they break down—which is discouraging.

[In a later letter he returns to this point, in connection with T. G. Selby's book on *The Holy Spirit and Christian Privilege*. 'Have you read that? I think it is very good, better than any of Selby's things. The only thing I don't like in it is the quantity of illustrations. He often has two or three running, in successive sentences, and they are not always good. The prime requisite, I think, in writing is not illustration but lucidity. If your idea is luminous, from within, you don't need to depend for its being visible or intelligible on casual rays of coloured light turned on to it from unexpected quarters. You may think this

envy in me, and Whyte would say it was just cramp in my ungodly heart, but honestly I don't think so. The very best speakers—Demosthenes and Bright, for example—don't use almost at all what you find in the *Biblical Illustrator*, *Tools for Teachers*, etc. If one is in beggary, imaginatively, he can always fall back on this line of defence, and call it classical.']

BROUGHTY FERRY, *June* 16, 1890.

I was in Dundee on Friday night, and heard Stanley. I was astonished at the softness and flexibility of his voice. He spoke nearly an hour and a half, which, as it required more than the closest attention I could give to catch all he said, was rather long. From beginning to end it was crammed with sarcasms, suggestions, innuendoes, and every kind of contempt, aimed at Emin Pasha. If all Stanley says is true, Emin Pasha is no better than he should be; but I felt ashamed to listen to so much of the kind of stuff. There was a total lack of greatness in Stanley's treatment of him, whatever the provocation may have been.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *July* 30, 1890.

Yesterday I was at the Highland Society's Show in Dundee. The black cattle were phenomenal—mountains of flesh. The black dust, from the ashes with which the ground was covered,

was also phenomenal, in spite of the watering cart; with turf instead, it would have been perfection. It is as interesting (almost) to see equine or bovine celebrities as Parliamentary ones—much more than most ecclesiastical ones. The unconquered Scottish Snowdrop or Prince of Albion or Epigram is much less disappointing than the wizened, misthriven individual who comes up for an honorary degree. I was there from 11 to 5, and would have gone back to-day if it had not been for Sunday in prospect. Barring the show, the summer here has been very quiet. My congregation has been everywhere but in Broughty Ferry.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *January* 14, 1892.

What is the calling of a preacher to come to if the sort of thing which I enclose is a sign of the times? Imagine a member of the Free Church sending out a circular to all the ministers in the town calmly inviting them to alter their Communion services because the Choral Union are to have a concert on the evening on which the preparatory services are held. For thoroughbred unconscious impertinence, it caps anything I have ever come across.

Lately I have been reading a book by a man Grétillat, a professor in Neuchatel, who enlivens his solid theology with smart remarks about his

enemies—sometimes rather personal, but—sometimes very witty. German critics, he says, are so habituated to tell everything they know, and sometimes more, that they naturally assume the Evangelists know nothing they do not tell. In one place he mentions, with evident sympathy, an old professor of apologetics, who used to say to his students, 'And if they say they don't agree with you, tell them they are wrong.' He makes the best remark I remember to have seen on Balaam's ass. 'Considering how the attention of Christendom has been diverted by this incident from the sublime oracles of Balaam, I have been tempted to think (in my bad moments) that this learned creature lost an excellent opportunity of holding its tongue.' Isn't that good, though not for a prayer-meeting?

BROUGHTY FERRY, *April* 16, 1892.

I have not refrained from writing to you because I shrank from meddling with the Covenanters, but for two reasons more excellent—first, that I have been busy, and second that I have been idle. It strikes me as I write that the last is hardly a reason in the sense of the first, but it is an explanation, and at any rate it is the truth. Besides, the two taken together cover the ground, and if there is not an excuse between them I am inexcusable. Really you must not ask me what

I think of the Covenanters, past or present. The Covenants were magnificent, their enemies themselves being judges—but they were not politics, except for a moment, and the event has proved that they were not destined to be indispensable even to national religion. So at least a profane spectator would say, who judged not by faith but by the seeing of the eye; and if you want any infidelity to assault in your speech, there you are. Magnificent—but as unreal as the 60th chapter of Isaiah—and as absurd, if you compare them with what we *see*, as that chapter is absurd if you compare its Jerusalem with what the Jews *did* make of the holy site when they got it in their hands again. Call them—the National one I mean: I would hardly take in the Solemn League, which always seemed to be a slightly shady thing all round—a heavenly vision, to which you have not been disobedient, though kings and governors (and worldly-minded ministers, Established and Non-Established) have thought you crazy, and I for one will agree with you—and be disobedient.

I would not like to preach on Galatians, but would not warn anybody off any bit of the Bible he felt drawn to. The difficulty is that all the questions about the connection of Christianity and Judaism are put here with the utmost definiteness; there is what seems a needlessly sharp edge on everything, and yet in the precise form

in which they are put, the questions are extinct. If you explain the things, the people will either not understand you, or not thank you: and if you don't, you will feel mean. Therefore avoid Galatians. But to avoid it is also mean, so that I don't commit myself to any advice at all.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *July* 18, 1892.

Perhaps you would see in some papers that I was asked to go to Regent Square. It made me feel anxious when I thought of it, but I was not able to go. It is as difficult to say No as to say Yes in such a case, and for comfort's sake one could wish to be spared the trouble. Somehow, refusing to go to another place gives you a new sense of the work you have to do where you are, and binds you the more not to lose any opportunities you have.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *August* 5, 1892.

There is not any hand in the world I like better to see on an envelope than yours. As Mrs. Denney is at home when I write this, nobody has any right to be jealous.

I was sorry to hear such bad news of Grant. Why on earth does not his wife go off with him alone to some quiet place and make him enjoy doing nothing, not even reading the papers, for a month or six weeks? That is very good for

nervousness, and so, in certain circumstances, is a downright good scolding. But from all you say of Grant, it is the retirement *he* wants.

Lately I preached on Saul consulting the witch of Endor, a subject with unedifying aspects, which I carefully avoided. If ever you preach on this dismal subject, I will give you a hint worth anything you can put into the sermon—sing 'The Lord 's my shepherd ' after you are done. Every word seems made for the occasion.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *September* 19, 1892.

Grantown is a delightful place for a holiday. It is high enough to dispense you from climbing altogether, if you don't wish to climb, and to give you a decent start if you do. I may say that I climbed none, nor had any wish to do so, but in a fortnight's idleness fell into the mania for golf, which is pretty bad up there.

Grantown, when we went, was full of ministers —there were 35 living within a radius of five miles. Luckily we went on a Monday, and, as August ended on the Wednesday, there was a summary clearance of most of them. Bruce was there, and left on the Wednesday for Aviemore. He was to be staying there all September, not very far from Martineau. I heard him say that he and somebody else whom I did not make out, agreed that Chalmers, Gladstone, and Martineau

were the three finest faces they had ever seen. The other man put Martineau first, but Bruce said No—Martineau's face was too purely intellectual for him; the extraordinary expression of benignity in Chalmers, the combination of goodness and force, made *him* far and away the greatest of the three. As Bruce is no idolater of the Free Kirk and its traditions, this was the more interesting to me.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *October* 17, 1892.

The impotence of Churches when they go off their beat (discussing Keir Hardie, getting up 'Crossing the Bar' for the ministers' lecture on Tennyson, etc. etc.) is so grievously apparent that you wonder they can't take the hint and stick to preaching the Gospel; hereabouts the mania for 'special' subjects that will draw, and if possible get half a column in the *Advertiser* report, is so prevalent that some weeks you would think nobody preached out of the Testament at all. It is so disgusting to all self-respecting Christians that one may hope it will cure itself before long. Stead-ism does not go well with 'he shall not strive nor cry.' In Dundee they do little but strive and cry, to judge from the papers (which, you will immediately remark, is no way to judge).

I suppose you have read Whymper's *Travels among the Andes*. I am in the middle of it, or

just past the middle, and can read it, when I can't be bothered with anything else, by skipping the geology and the names of the butterflies, bugs and beetles. Doesn't it give you a queer idea of Whymper's self-complacency and importance to himself? Of course if he had not been immensely interested in it all, he would never have done it; but it is obvious that the universe contains for him no other interest than the ascension of big mountains, and the stories of which he is more or less the hero.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *November* 15, 1892.

The inkbottle is nearly dry, this pen has had the point written nearly off it, and if these were not sufficient reasons for not writing any more than I could help, there is the further one that I ought at this moment to be on the way to somewhere else. A letter from you is one of the happy events of my life, however, and I would feel mean to communicate with you at all and yet have nothing to say. Apropos of D.D.s, which was your last question, what do you think of the enclosed? I must trouble you to return it to me, as I have not yet answered it, and must do so as gently as possible. Not to mention the fact, of which ——, of course, cannot be aware, that I have not spoken to a soul about the University since I left it, a more elaborate confession of 'no

case' was surely never made by any suitor, and what he expects me to do I cannot guess. For myself, I say candidly, and it seems absurd to bestow even the time for saying it upon such a thing, that I never had any thoughts about D.D. whatever, nor by whom it ought to be taken or left. The degree is certainly a very unintelligible distinction, which may signify either that you have stagnated without scandal for 45 years in an unknown parish, or that you have spoken once or twice in the Assembly, or that you have published a work of 'merit' in theological science, proving, *e.g.*, that there is no devil, or no difference between accepting and rejecting the Gospel, or no good evidence that anything in the Bible was written by the man whose name it bears, or finally that you have composed a treatise and had it commended in suitable ways to the attention of the electors. This last, I believe, is considered a slightly impertinent way, and has been known to fail. I believe that to have a member of a Senate come to your kirk is not without weight as a recommendation, though Senators as a rule are not kirk-greedy.

But this is not serious enough to waste my few remaining drops of ink on. I always felt as you felt in hearing Gibson [1]—something indescribably telling about the whole man. I have heard him in the Missionary Society, in the Assembly, in

[1] Dr. J. C. Gibson of Swatow.

St. John's, and in Dundee: it was always the same. No one ever gave me the same impression of absolute good faith and of being perfectly certain that he was at his right work, the biggest thing in the world, and that it was being actually done. The triumphant ring about the whole thing, along with the sense of reality in all the man was saying, struck me as peculiarly apostolic —liker Paul than any preacher I have heard.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *November* 15, 1892 (a postcard).

Sorry I have not even a sentence about Virgil. Have not read him, I think, since you reproached me for reading the sixth Æneid on a Sabbath evening. The only line of his often in my mind is

'Sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt,'

which I think the most pathetic in the world, and quite as good as a volume of most poets.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *December* 13, 1892.

I assure you I count it a great honour to have a line or two in the *Watch* every month, and will be delighted to have that honour another year. Do you object on principle to advertising it? Advertising is like gambling, it may begin innocently, but is sure to go on to lying. But a man of your resolution might tell the truth for

three lines of big type in the *Herald* or *Scotsman* at this season, and I am sure it would pay.

To-night I am going to give a lecture in Dundee on Benvenuto Cellini, or rather on his memoirs. I promised to do something of the kind a while ago, and have been in straits about it often. I read Gibbon's *Memoir and Correspondence*, but though that is very interesting to one who knows his Gibbon, it is very uninteresting to anybody else. For a man who knew French better almost than English, and who had lived in the best French society, it is extraordinarily destitute of sparkle. There is hardly a sentence in it which you could quote—never wit or humour—rarely anything even smart. At this moment the only saying I can remember with any point—and it is not strikingly original—is: 'Idle men have no time, and busy men very little.' When he does write to young ladies and in deliberate, elephantine fashion jest about lovers, weddings, etc., it is melancholy enough to kill you. Eventually I fell back on Benvenuto, whom I had read with joy some years ago, and have made a passable discourse on him. There is plenty of incident, and though the rascal never reflects, and does not present you with the ghost of an idea of any description in all the story of his sixty years, it is immensely lively and amusing. Of all places, I am going to deliver it in the M'Cheyne Memorial Church, to the guild. What M'Cheyne

and Benvenuto would have thought of one another, my imagination cannot even faintly conjecture.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *January* 16, 1893.

We have had a great time of new ministers here—Muirhead to St. Luke's, Henderson (of Beith) to Ogilvie, and a young fellow Abel to Dudhope. Muirhead was the only one I knew at all before, and as he is to be my nearest neighbour I am glad I like him. This morning I met him at the station seeing off Reith, who had been introducing him yesterday: the service began at 11 and ended at 1.10. Whether Reith preached the Gospel or preached Muirhead all that time, I cannot say; but in one or the other he must have gone over the score.

Yesterday, for my Bible-class lesson, I told James Gilmour's life. They were impressed by it more than by anything I have had to say about Solomon, the usual subject; and after all, that was right, for Gilmour, in the kingdom of God, is much the greater man. He had been in Dundee the year before I came to the Ferry, but no one in my class (65 last night) had heard him. I was sorry, and wished it had been otherwise.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *February* 15, 1893.

I was delighted to see your hand again, and to get your church report. I wish I could introduce

it into my sermons on 2 Cor. viii. and ix. : the way Paul introduced the liberality of the Macedonians to make the Corinthians come up to the mark. But not being an apostle (though, if Paul tells the truth about the Corinthians, it would be far safer for me than for him to take liberties with the ' saints '), I daresay I had better let it alone. That last clause in brackets is not so flattering as it looks at first sight ; there are people here in my church, I daresay, who would let me say what I liked, because they did not care what I said. But evidently the Corinthians cared for Paul. I have only one lecture to do till I finish chapter v. ; it will be number 15, and brings me to the close of the most interesting and most difficult part of the epistle, chapters iii.-v. There is plenty of excitement left, but not so much edification, nor even so much theology.

The last unprofitable labour I have done was to read Edward Caird's Gifford Lectures. That put me in mind of a remark by a wiser man than Law : ' After that in the wisdom of God the world by its own wisdom knew not God, it pleased God to dispense with philosophers, etc. etc., and to save the world in an absurd way.' The philosophers, however, are irreconcilable still, and think themselves in a position to patronise Heaven. It is pitiful.

I am going to speak at the prayer meeting to-night on Ps. xiv. 1, 2. What the fool is

about—saying there is no God. What God is about—looking to see if there is a man in the world with sense, seeking Him.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *March* 12, 1893.

Many thanks for your letters, which are the pleasantest variation the postman ever has for me on Investment circulars, Notices of Assembly collections, Soap advertisements, and so forth. You are the only man who ever takes the trouble to send a line here out of naked friendliness, neither wanting me to preach nor wanting anything else, and I assure you I value it highly.

I hope you will have a happy time at your Communion. Mine does not come on till the end of April. I don't think I ever asked you how you do with your young communicants' class, or whether you have one. When you have time, I should like to know. I am sometimes appalled at the want of knowledge, and apparently even of heart, with which young people want to come to the Lord's table; but in a class, if I have one, I never find that out. It is only when I meet them a number of times alone: communication becomes easier.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *July* 17, 1893.

The summer has fairly set in here, though with broken weather, and with the signs of it especi-

ally upon the Sabbath—the church full of strange faces in the morning, and the Monifieth road in the evening. Strangers in church have a weakness for attending to everything but the service. They have to accommodate themselves to a new situation, before they have eyes or ears to spare for the direction of the pulpit, and it takes some of them all the time our brief service lasts to find their bearings in the unfamiliar building. That, at least, is the most charitable explanation of their behaviour—the only alternatives I can see are the ungrateful one that I am an uninteresting preacher, or the insolent one that they are not accustomed to listen at home. An honest sleep is not so provoking as wide-awake listlessness; there is an easy defiance of all you do, about the last, that brings you very low—what made John thankful to speak about 'one mightier than I.'

You would see Lushington's death in the papers. Although I did not learn a great deal from him in the three or four months I sat 'under' him, I am always grateful that I saw him. It connects one distinctly with an earlier generation than Jebb,[1] and a great many things are intelligible and interesting to me in consequence that otherwise I could never have understood,

[1] E. L. Lushington, Tennyson's friend and brother-in-law, was succeeded by R. C. Jebb in the chair of Greek at Glasgow University, in 1875. Jebb went to be Professor of Greek at Cambridge in 1889, and was succeeded by G. G. A. Murray.

or appreciated at all. What on earth can be Jebb's idea in coming out to advocate the annexation of Uganda and to defend—in the Albert Hall—the Welsh Establishment ? If there is the faintest whiff of Christianity about the creature, he neutralises it somehow or other with absolute success ; and for any one who had heard him read Aristophanes, the very idea of him as a champion of the Gospel is as grotesque as if Keir Hardie were to head a crusade for classical education, or Story for the Free Kirk. It looks as if he were merely ambitious, but had not made the painful discovery of what he cannot do. There is plenty of sparkle in him, but no heat, and he could no more rouse a crowd than John Bright could edit Sophocles.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *September* 27, 1893.

I was only in Lushington's class his last session, and saw little of him as he was a good deal off duty, but my impressions were not disagreeable. Of course I never spoke to him, nor he to me, nor would such a thing have happened had I been in his class till now ; but I liked his voice ; it was my first year in college, I knew hardly any Greek, and he said some things I have never forgotten—Homer never uses the historic present, *e.g.*, which much impressed me at the time ! His successor was just as indifferent to the students as he, and had, I should think, a much nastier temper.

Did you ever hear that 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum' had been re-interpreted by the archæologists, and instead of representing a humane charity was turned into a merely selfish warning —not to offend the dead, whose spirits, according to primitive ideas, are as malicious as they are powerful? The evolutionists will make us as ashamed of the race as we need to be of ourselves: which is really too bad. You like to comfort yourself by thinking that you have come of decent people, but only go back far enough, and then—!

[In a later letter he writes: 'I heard Murray the last time I was West. He was beginning Iliad xxii., with the middle class that morning. I liked him very much; he *is* a fine fellow, and there was a fine happy feeling about the class, very unlike what prevailed under Jebb's régime. Nevertheless, if that day was a sample, Jebb taught more Greek in a month than Murray will do in a session.']

BROUGHTY FERRY, *December* 23, 1893.

I have only preached one old sermon since I became a minister, and I would rather do anything impromptu than do the same thing again. If I write some new ones that interest me I will send them, but I do assure you that if every scrap of sermon under this roof at this moment were to go up in a blaze, I would not singe the

tip of a finger trying to save the best of them. The more I think of it, and try it, the more I see there is in gathering your manna every day, and not trying to make it go further. And when *you* come and let on that you can be indebted to *me*, I feel as if you were 'as one that mocked'; it should be the other way about.

I was at a Disestablishment meeting in Dundee on Thursday—not very big, but hearty enough. The speaking was not first-rate. The subject is nearly as stale as Temperance, and it was not taken at the level or in the spirit which redeems commonplace. Rainy was the most interesting because he was autobiographical, a little, and tried to put himself in the Established position for the time. Also, he said real things, with a sense of their reality and undeniableness, which seemed very satisfying both to himself and to those who heard him. I noticed again, what I have often noticed before, that a copious voice is the most priceless gift a speaker can have. If you can be heard without an effort, then the whole intelligence of the audience is free to understand you; and frail man seems to need every atom of his mental force to comprehend the veriest simplicity. If he has to listen in order to hear, he misses more than half, and before he sees a point the time to applaud is past—which is fatal to eloquence!

CHICAGO, *May* 3, 1894.

I feel as if an infinite time and a world of things had passed since we left home. We had a very rough passage, high winds and seas all the time, lost a boat, had only about three hours' sunshine, and were a day and a half overdue. Naturally I did not much enjoy it. 'Thoughts from my bunk' would have been dolorous reading. I often remembered Johnson's remark in the Hebrides: 'Sir, I want to get back to the mainland, and to go on with existence.' Here, we have gone on with existence with a vengeance. We arrived in Chicago on a Tuesday, and I started to lecture on the Wednesday, and lectured every lawful day except Saturday and Sabbath. The way they go it here, morning, noon, and night, without so much as a comma between, is too much for a lazy man like me. It makes me long for lotus-eating or any human way of improving time. They don't improve it here at all, but spend it with terrific diligence.

I don't know if they consult their wives about what they do; but here is an extract out of a paper which has been very complimentary to me. 'Mr. Denney is accompanied by his wife, to whom he evidently instinctively turns for counsel in all practical affairs.' Pretty good testimonial to both of us, eh? As long as I do the theologising on my own responsibility (though I hope I am

not above taking counsel even on that) I feel very free and very happy to co-operate in all practical affairs, but fancy the rascally reporter observing it!

The public school we visited in Minneapolis was finer than any I have ever seen at home. Whatever they may have to win yet in finer scholarship, they have everything to teach us in the way of making children intelligent and happy.

One is much struck here by the total want of a natural connection between the Churches and the public life of the country. Our Assemblies and so forth have at least the merit that they are visible, that the body of the people is interested in them, and that the Church has at least the conception of a duty to the nation presented to it. Here they are too pietistic, or too Plymouthistic in spirit, though what *we* call Plymouthism is hardly known. There are many things strong which I dislike—Baptist principles, belief in the millennium, premillennial notions, and in general the fads of the uneducated and half-educated man. The great thing they have is hope, and they have it without measure. They live in a chaos, 'rudis indigestaque moles,' but they believe it has the makings of a cosmos in it, and so they go ahead.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *June* 27, 1894.

Your letter was a real comfort to me, for you might have been offended with me but you were

not. At least if you were, as you had a right to be, you put away your indignation, and I am grateful. I only got a few hours in Greenock on my way home, and saw no one—not even so much of my father as I would have liked; he had had a bad throat, and was still very weak from the effects of it and unable to speak much or to bear much speaking. But he is getting on all right, and I hope will be able to get away for a little soon.

I am sorry you are getting so little help for the *Watch*, but really I think it is probably the best thing for the *Watch*, though it is heavy on you.

The sea was very disappointing to me. Even the size of it was disappointing—which enables you to measure my ideas! I mean that from the deck of a steamer your horizon is narrow; you see far more of the sea, and are far more impressed with the immensity of it, from the top of a little hill. In calm weather, such as we had coming home, it is so definitely and completely visible that you fancy you could measure it with a foot-rule, and your imagination (mine, I should probably say) does not travel beyond your eyes. In stormy weather, when the air is full of spray and foam, and you don't see any distance at all, it is much more impressive. I felt all the time in the ship that it is a kind of suspended animation, for the passengers.

You ask me to tell you if I really am a D.D.

now. I am going to speak about that to-morrow night at a 'Welcome Home' meeting that the church has got up, but can anticipate it by telling you that I am. I know you would rather it was not so, but I had no choice in the matter. The first intimation I had of it was in a crowded church in Chicago, where at the annual meeting of the supporters of the seminary the President announced from the platform that the directors, at the request of the Faculty (Senatus), had conferred this degree on me. The Faculty consists of men quite as competent in every way as any theological faculty in Scotland, and in the circumstances I could not have declined it except on the ground that I would never accept an honorary degree from anybody at all. As I am only the sixth person to whom they have given it in the course of the forty years of their existence, it can't be said to have been made worthless by being made common. And I do value more than I can tell the love and confidence I had from these men, and value the degree simply and solely as a proof of it. I never met with such kindness and consideration anywhere. I did not want their degree certainly, but I should have been disgraced for ever if I had not taken it in the spirit in which it was offered. I can see that in my church here there are misgivings about it, and to-morrow I am going to say something like this to them.

[In March of the following year Glasgow University offered the honorary degree of D.D. to Struthers and Denney, among others. Denney at once wrote to his friend: 'Am I to congratulate you, or, knowing the inwardness of your mind about degrees, condole with you, on this intimation from Glasgow? I am going to take mine, and I do not need to tell you that nothing that could possibly happen could make it so great an occasion as to get it along with you. I tell you the plain truth, I would rather graduate with you than with any man alive.' But Struthers refused the degree.]

BROUGHTY FERRY, *August* 18, 1894.

About Prov. xxvi. 4, 5 ('Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like him. Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit'), I fear I can hardly help you. You must have heard of the man who asked Augustine what God did before He created the world, and who was answered, 'Inferos fabricasse curiosis'—which always struck me as unworthy of Augustine, though good enough for the question. Also of Rowland Hill, who, when some one asked him if he would preach to the elect, said, 'Yes, if you will chalk them on the back first.' But I am not like the men of Hezekiah, who copied out Solomon's proverbs: I have no doubt seen and lost what might have been of use.

An amusing instance of feminine precocity here the other day. A little girl of four was in our garden getting gooseberries. A few drops of rain fell, and she proposed to me to go in: 'This is my good frock.' I said, 'Oh, never mind; it is only going to be a drop or two; have some more gooseberries.' But, after a moment, she looked at me again, and said in the most guileless tone: 'Is that your good coat?' Of course I had to succumb and go in at once. But imagine the helplessness of man before that intelligence and cunning when the four years have become, say, twenty-four. Yet her father seems a very happy man, and believes himself to be a free agent, like Spinoza's imaginary conscious magnet that deliberately chose to point N.

AUCHTERARDER, *September* 14, 1894.

We have been here for ten days, but go home at the beginning of the week. It is a lovely country all round, though the village is long-drawn-out and dreary. It consists of a single street, about a mile and a half in length, all along the ridge of a hill between the Earn and the Ruthven, with the Ochils close to the South and the Grampians far off to the North. There is a small golf course here, and Mrs. Denney and I have been gaining health and losing temper, balls, etc. etc., over it almost every

morning. To-day we almost resolved never to go back any more; we seem to get worse and worse at it the longer we play. But I expect we will be at it again to-morrow.

I met an interesting man here on Sabbath and Monday—Haldane, Q.C., M.P. He gives one the impression of capacity, and has some letters which you would covet. A very charming one of George Meredith to his (Haldane's) sister, and one of Rosebery's, accepting an invitation to dinner and stipulating for, or agreeing to take—I forget which—beef steaks and port wine. He said Gladstone read John Morley's *Walpole* in proof, and that the best of it (the constitutional reflections) were due to the G.O.M.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *December* 17, 1894.

It is not sermons you need but a holiday, and if you come through here for a fortnight after the new year, you can read everything in the house, in print or manuscript, or be as quiet as a mole if you prefer it. I am sure your recurring attacks of quinsy are a warning you have no right to disregard, and as for people having no patience with you, that is a disposition to be defied, not humoured or dreaded. Don't say that this is a rude way of speaking I have no right to indulge in to you; I am so serious that I don't care whether I am civil or not.

For some years I have been doing *The Shorter Catechism* at my Bible-class, and they find it very interesting. What I would not have expected is that it is often an excellent basis, not for dogmatics but for evangelising. Just now I am at the Means of Grace—faith, repentance, the word of God, etc. (I don't specify them for *your* benefit), and I find them so serviceable practically that I sometimes wish the church were present instead of the class. I wonder how it would do to take a good half hour occasionally and expound them from the pulpit?

That cutting you sent me about Newman was very remarkable. The more one hears about the man, the less one likes him. I read two volumes of his sermons lately, and found desperately little in them. He knows man very well, but he does not know God at all. There is a mixture in them of cowardice, almost, towards God, and domineering toward men, which provokes contempt as well as aversion. He was certainly one of the greatest sophists of all time. I heard Rainy (some people would think him a rival) say once that the Oratorians in London, with whom Newman had some standing ecclesiastical dispute, always referred to him as 'the old serpent.' He is pretty subtle anyhow, but that belongs to his Church. I saw an awfully good phrase in Lacordaire the other day, apropos of this; speaking of the powers

and capacities the Roman Church had acquired in the course of its long life and contact with all sorts and conditions, he said it had gained from the late Empire 'la science des situations douteuses.' Isn't that too suggestive of Genesis iii. 1, and very characteristic of the Papacy?

Have you seen John Davidson's *Ballads and Songs*? The autobiography in the 'Making of a Poet' is brutal; quite apart from taste or 'pietas' it needed to be universalised somehow before being offered to the world as poetry. But there is real poetry in the book, in the descriptions of nature especially. It would be interesting to you, if for nothing else, because it starts from the Esplanade close by you.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *November* 5, 1895.

Here is a story I heard yesterday, different from yours, but I think good. Dr. John Bruce of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, had two dear friends who fell out. One of them was the late Dr. Benjamin Bell, who had the name and I suppose the nature of an extremely saintly and sweet-tempered man. Dr. Bruce was greatly distressed by the scandal, and constrained to attempt a reconciliation. He resolved to approach Dr. Bell, as the more placable of the adversaries, and did it in the most affectionate and Christian fashion. 'Well,' said Dr. Bell, 'I will tell you

what he did.' And he told (what it was, the story does not say), adding, 'Now, what would you have done in the circumstances?' To which Dr. Bruce promptly, 'I would have assassinated him.'

BROUGHTY FERRY, *February* 4, 1896.

I could not think of anything to say for Feb. 29, and therefore said nothing; which, as the result proved, was the best thing I could have done. You are inspired for such occasions, when you are left to yourself.

Last Friday I was down at Stranraer, and gave the lecture on Gibbon to Smellie's 'Literary.' They were more attentive and appreciative, I think, than I could have anticipated; but there were boys and girls who could hardly know much or care much either for E. Gibbon or for the *Decline and Fall.* Probably they enjoyed seeing each other home, and thought it worth the sixpence. I liked Smellie [1] exceedingly, but he was older than I thought him. I fancied somehow that he was considerably younger than I, but he can hardly be, from the look of him. And I, alas, am forty to-morrow. Marcus Dods said a man should write nothing till he was forty; but, not to be personal, there are few people whom such a rule would have smitten

[1] The Rev. Alexander Smellie, D.D., now of Carluke.

more heavily than he, and the babes and sucklings who read the *Watch* and study the early 'ages' could, no doubt, confute him with superfluous ease.

Mrs. Troup, wife of one of our F.C. ministers here, was calling yesterday, and told us an amusing tale of her youngest boy of six, who had written a letter to *Wee Willie Winkie*. It ran like this: 'Dear Lady Marjorie,—I want to tell you about my big dog. He is mostly very good, but just now he has swallowed the key of my penny box. I am very sorry. And what do you think I should do?' I was in Edinburgh on Sabbath, for Martin, and, as his wife was ill, I was staying some other where. The lady of the house told me that Martin's little boy, when ranting about the house once, was reproved by some one, who said to him: 'Be quiet, Hugh, that 's not like a Free Church minister's son.' To which Hugh (*æt.* 8 at present) said, 'No, indeed, it 's more like a U.P.!' That 's why the Free Church and the U.P.'s cannot unite!

What did you think of the Westminster play? It seemed to me amusing enough, but to assume a familiar acquaintance with a good many things, on the part of the boys, which I should have imagined the discipline of a public school, even in the heart of London, would have kept to some extent out of their reach. I never could

appreciate Latin comedy very highly, and can't quite understand the place Terence has had in English education.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *March* 16, 1896.

I had a letter from my father last week; who told me you had been accusing me of laziness as a correspondent. You might just as well accuse a man of sin, and fancy that it put any slur upon him. All men are lazy as correspondents unless they are vain scoundrels like Voltaire, or Jesuit directors of silly women, who seem able and willing to expatiate to any extent when the pen is in their hands. But I do plead guilty, all the same, and have a real moment of compunction as I notice that your last is a month old and deserved an answer on the spot. I can only say that I have carried it in my pocket all the time. What more could I have done, though it had been from my wife?

I quite agree with you about an editor's preaching; to preach as a parergon would have struck an apostle as a most extraordinary kind of presumption. Not that any one could impute such a thing to Smellie. I never met any man except Dr. Whyte who gave me more the impression of true humility than he. It is so rare a grace, that you hardly know how to behave to it when you meet it, any more than you would know how to behave at Court.

I felt mad when I read in your letter about ——'s motion in the congregational meeting. Last night I was preaching on 'Blessed are the meek,' but upon my word that kind of insolence ought to be suppressed. There are men who are not fit for the kingdom of heaven—the time has not come for them to be under grace, and the only thing they can understand yet is to be knocked on the head when they misbehave. They don't feel and won't believe in anything except the cudgel. Let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican.

'Publican' reminds me, in spite of all my knowledge of Roman antiquities, of the trade. One of the only two sermons, I think, I ever preached on Jeremiah was on the text: 'Every bottle shall be filled with wine, and they shall say unto thee, Do we not certainly know that every bottle shall be filled with wine?' It was not a teetotal sermon—indeed it was not worthy to be called a sermon at all, but I think the one idea was in it (which, according to the best authorities, is all a sermon should contain), the idea of man rejecting the truth of God because of their absolute familiarity with it: 'It needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that—the most abject commonplace: go, shake your ears.' It is a fine contrast to the other reason alleged for not hearkening to the word of God —'Ah, Lord God, doth not he speak parables?'

Who can be expected to take this sort of thing seriously and look for common sense in it? The only other text I ever had from Jeremiah was: 'I remember unto thee the kindness of thy youth'—all that God has to put down to a man's credit, being that he was once a better man than he is now.

I was at Dunnikier at the Communion a fortnight ago. Fairweather, our minister there, told me they had some very severe critics of sermons. —— had taken his prayer meeting one night, and apparently had not shone. Some one made a disparaging remark, but was answered, 'O, it wasna that ill for a market-day.' Another time —— preached on 'I will be as the dew unto Israel.' 'Dew!' quoth a deacon, 'there wasna a drap o' dew in 't frae beginning to end; it was as dry as a mealsack.' At a Monday evening service an old woman was overheard as she went out: 'I just put on my auld shawlie the nicht, and deed it was gude enough for a' we were to get.' Luckily he told me these things after the preaching was all over, or it might have been embarrassing.

BIRNAM, *May* 18, 1896.

The best I know of the Covenants is that people died for them; the worst, that they killed for them. I haven't got them here to read, so I cannot comment on details. I always

thought the National Covenant was an inspiration from on high, and the Solemn League pretty deeply tinctured with the wisdom which is *not* from above. But I could never get over the feeling that even the first was bound to vanish away, because it really aimed at working the Christian religion through the forms of national law. Don't you retort that I am a rash, inconsiderate, young voluntary fiery! I am not a U.P., but a catholic. Terrible as it may sound to you, I think the Papists have a truer conception of the Church than any 'nationalists' can possibly have; and it is one of the things I envy them. I could be a Papist (provided I were Pope) or a Quaker, but not a nationalist in religion.

Although I say what I have said about National Covenants, I think 1638 the most heroic year in Scottish history. I quite hold with the first Cameronians that the Church sold itself in the Revolution Settlement: they were right to stay out, although only a catholic idea, larger than any the Covenant contained, justified their negative and passive separation from the establishment. To abjure both Church and State, however, was to proceed upon an impossible theory.

Nobody will ever ask me to give Gifford Lectures. I have committed myself in the most absurd way to the Christian religion, even in

its New Testament form. The Gifford Trust is really a gigantic abuse, and ought to be suppressed; but I hope Bruce [1] will make something effective out of his two years. Bruce is not a philosopher, and he is not a scholar, but there is one thing he can do thoroughly well, and that is to speak about the beginnings of the Christian religion. It is the only subject on which he is an authority at first hand.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *August* 19, 1896.

If I were you, and had lectured even on from Gen. i. to Joshua xxiv., I think I would keep at it. That whole area is practically waste land (or holy ground) to me: the learned seem to incline to the idea that these two things are not far apart! At any rate, with the exception of Exodus, which I went through at the prayer meeting, I have hardly spoken of any part of it in church, until last winter when I gave some lectures on Deuteronomy.

You need not wait for 'Romans' [2] anyhow: it will not appear under my auspices before October 1898. I think I have done my duty by Pauline exegesis, and want a little leisure to devote to other aspects of this interesting

[1] Professor A. B. Bruce, who delivered the Gifford Lectures at Glasgow University in 1897-1898.

[2] His commentary on Romans in the *Expositor's Greek Testament*; the volume did not appear till 1901.

universe. When you stand back a little, there is no more imbecile spectacle than two grammarians refuting one another with references to Winer and Kühner and Mullach—over the *vile corpus* of St. Paul. One desires not to be too deep in such things.

You might send me any notes you have about the 'good and bad figs'; I have stared at them half a day trying to find a sermon in vain. I find it very difficult at this moment to get anything very interesting either to read or to say —a pretty safe indication that a holiday is what I want, a time to say nothing and to read nothing, but sleep into some use of one's faculties again.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *December* 28, 1896.

I have been reading Strong's *Christian Ethics*, which I borrowed from Grant—a most unprofitable task. He labours away at the history of words, about δύναμις and ἀρετή in Aristotle and the Stoics, as if that had much to do with it. I had great hopes of him, for his *Manual of Theology* is a book with a real power of thinking in it; but over an uncongenial task it seems to have disappeared.

You never told me how you got on with your

paper about the Covenants. I have been reading Clarendon, and have got down as far as the king's death; if you want to see the other side, he is the man for you. The one thing he does make perfectly plain is the inconceivable folly of the Presbyterians in fancying that they could force Presbyterianism (which is the Covenant) upon England. It was clear to every man with the sense for reality that there were only two fighting forces in England which knew their own minds—royalism and Independency, and both, jointly and severally, were irreconcilably unpresbyterian. From one side the Solemn League and Covenant may seem infinitely heroic—a specimen of the faith which moves mountains; but from the Episcopal Mountain all that was evident was its inconceivable 'cheek.' Excuse this levity!

BROUGHTY FERRY, *January* 4, 1897.

Nicoll[1] says *Margaret Ogilvy* bids fair to be the most successful book of 1896, and thinks it certainly the finest and rarest. But Barrie, contrary to his wont with criticisms, has felt very keenly some things that have been said

[1] Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

about it, and this has taken away a good deal of the pleasure he would have had in the success of his work. But he might have known it was just the kind of thing people would make remarks about, and there are always imbeciles who think malignity clever.

Margaret Ogilvy is really a delightful book, whether it is ethically legitimate or not. If there are sins in the book, I fancy he could cover them by St. Augustine's rule: 'Ama, et fac quid vis.' Nothing love does is amiss.

BROUGHTY FERRY, *August* 20, 1897.

I will be very glad to give your young men my lecture on Gibbon. It seems odd that I should lecture to a church society on two such blackguards as Gibbon and Cellini, but they are more interesting than Fathers, reformation theologians, or modern divines. I feel as if I wanted off for a bit, to bathe my lungs in air and my brain in paganism. Dogmatic seems to be a fine thing for producing dubiety: I mean to leave plenty of room in my 'course' for agnosticism. 'Canst *thou* by searching find out God?' It is too ridiculous.

GLASGOW, *October* 28, 1897.

Last night I was trying to make a lecture upon Providence, but I find at the end of everything—and sometimes a good deal sooner—that there is room for a tremendous lot of agnosticism in theology. Fancy a man needing to be inducted to a chair of dogmatics to discover that he cannot by searching find out God! But confessions of ignorance would soon stale, though if one lectured for a session without leaving a deep impression of ignorance, it would be the most pitiable of all failures. Probably to be avoided without effort.

GLASGOW, *September* 11, 1899.

You must not feel wounded, nor take the huff, nor indulge in proper or improper feelings, when you see the stamps. I undertook to conduct your prayer meeting with all the satisfaction a man could have in being of service to his friend, and I will do it as often as you ask me, or as your people will stand it—provided there are no conditions. I should feel appreciably like Gehazi if I allowed eighteen-pence or half-a-crown to enter into the situation at all, and how Mrs. Denney would feel if you tried

to evade me by circumventing her, no Biblical example, and nothing weaker than Biblical language, could possibly express.

Yesterday I preached the first sermon in a new church, Queen's Cross, at the corner of New City Road and Garscube Road, and had a 'coincidence' brought to my notice. I preached on Haggai ii. 1-9, and spoke at the end on 'In this place will I give peace.' Sinclair of Broxburn, the new minister, told me that when in Broxburn he had his church there rebuilt, and that he preached in *it*—the new building—his first sermon from that same text, and had it carved round a rose window over his pulpit. There was a great crowd in the new church yesterday, and there is evidently a greater crowd outside. The doors of the church open on to the street, and children on the pavement opened them, looked in, and more than once made audible remarks. The building is certainly easy to enter, and nobody has anything to overcome in making his way in. If the preaching is not interesting, you can look out on the New City Road and see the endless procession of cyclists on the way to the country through Maryhill.

On Friday I am going to open another new church—Cunningham—on the South Side. Somebody said to me the other day that it was Bruce who introduced the preaching of professors here,

or at all events made it a custom. Smith has made it a popular custom, and now there is no danger of not getting all the chances to preach that you want—and far more.

M. P. Johnstone has twice written within a week, wanting me to come to his Communion and then to a Synod meeting. As it happened, both days were preoccupied; but my experience of Synod meetings on the other side of the country was not encouraging. There is a 'public' meeting in the evening, for which the members of Synod cannot wait, and to which the public will not come. But men are invited to travel long distances and prepare speeches under these cheerful conditions, and the 'promoters' of the meetings seem not to learn that this sort of thing is not wanted.

GLASGOW, *January* 8, 1900.

Just now I have to lecture three hours daily. From 12 to 1 is a class of Pastoral Theology, and what I write for is to ask you to come up and take it for me one day—any day you like. Any subject, also, that you like: I could not say fairer than that. Anything that has to do with a minister's calling, character, or work—preaching, praying, visiting, or what you please: the only thing on which I don't consider you an authority is holidays. Your mind wants liberalising there.

GLASGOW, *March* 8, 1900.

Here is a Houston story I got from my sister lately. My aunt called on an old woman who has three sons abroad, to whom she writes regularly. She was busy with it at the moment, and remarked : ' Od, Janet woman, it 's an unco business writing to thae men ; ye maun hae the Bible and the Dictionary and a' thing about ye or ye begin.' Good national flavour, isn't it ? Quite as good as any Spartan one I have ever read.

GLASGOW, *April* 9, 1901.

I don't think Rainy ever does anything he can help—which is perhaps a good rule for a god or hero, as Socrates might say—and this keeps him always in arrears. But it has the advantage that when anything comes along which he must do, he has his unexhausted faculties to draw upon, and can do it in style. If you think it worth while to expose the fallacy and immorality of this, I can't hinder you.

GLASGOW, *January* 8, 1903.

We were in North Berwick for a week at the holidays, and I read there a volume of Euripides translations by Murray, the late Greek professor here : Hippolytus and Bacchæ, with Aristophanes' *Frogs* as a supplement. They are done into rhymed English, and struck me as far the best

translations of Greek drama I had ever read. Murray is a poetic soul himself, and really lets one into the secret of Euripides better than any interpreter I have come across. But even in the finest Greek poetry there is a great quantity of matter which is Greek, not human, and has to be discounted by those upon whom the ends of the world have come. In this it is curiously unlike the poetry of the Bible—Job especially, in which the subject is so far a common one—in which the most modern reader needs no one to explain things to him and discounts nothing at all.

GLASGOW, *November* 2, 1908.

Why in the world do you write to me about the humour of the Bible? I mean to hear your lecture on the subject, but I don't feel able to offer hints. The only thing in the New Testament that ever struck me as really and good-naturedly humorous was the expression 'by chance' in the parable of the Good Samaritan. The priest is so deliberately brought in because he is wanted, and because nobody else would do, that the *κατὰ συγκυρίαν* always inclined me to smile. I fancy there is always a certain amount of reflection in humour; you don't get it unless a man is disinterested and detached enough to stand back from himself and look at his own sayings and doings as part of the show, and

nothing else. But there is very little of this in the Bible. There the people have all what Herbert Spencer calls 'uncompounded' emotions; they are terrifically in earnest and never look anywhere but straight ahead. Nobody ever laughs in the Bible, except in incredulity or derision or triumph; nobody ever laughs at himself, without which mitigation laughter is too painful. Elijah on Baal is humorous; so is Isaiah on idols, very; but it is all savage. When Paul says, 'I robbed other churches, taking wages of them to do you service: forgive me this wrong,' it is humorous in a way, but I don't suppose the Corinthians would think it very funny. You see, if I had to lecture on the humour of the Bible I should soon be at my wits' end; you should have consulted John M'Neill if you had any need of a familiar spirit. I feel tempted to say that humour belongs only to the disinterested, dramatic contemplation of life, in which the mirror is held up to nature, but no judgments are passed; in the Bible there is nothing but judgment; the word of God is 'living, powerful, a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' It would not follow from this that humour had no proper place in life, but only that God thought it best to let us make our fun for ourselves: an inspired joke is a conception hard to realise. I don't deny a lurking feeling that piety may be spoiled,

and preaching too, for want of humour, and that it is a real want in a man when (as Amiel said of Vinet) his mind is always at church; but somehow I don't find in the Bible much that relieves the tension. Everything draws in it to Mount Sinai or Mount Calvary, and these are not places to be funny at.

GLASGOW, *September* 14, 1906.

I feel as mean as possible for not answering you sooner, but the candid truth is, I have never had much interest in the 119th Psalm. I never read it all at once, that I can remember, and I have no reminiscences of it such as you have. Mr. Symington's father, Dr. Andrew Symington of Paisley, is credited with saying, 'If you want to be wise, read the Proverbs: if you want to be holy, read the 119th Psalm'—a saying which is obvious rather than profound, and involves a certain reflection on later revelation. If a man thinks Proverbs wiser than the Gospel, he is in a fair way to think La Rochefoucauld wiser than Solomon; and as for the psalm being a guide to holiness, while there is a kind of charm in the piety which sings the praises of the Law through all the letters of the alphabet, there is not any irresistible inspiration in it. It is excellent reading for good people, which is perhaps the reason why it has not powerfully

attracted me. I should always lift *Punch* after it with expectation, and sympathise with you to the full in this infirmity. Does it ever occur to you as part of the explanation of this, that we read our Bibles too much, and that it might do us good to read none for a twelvemonth, just as it would do some people good if for as long they read nothing else? I have sometimes felt weary of the very look and sound of the New Testament; the words are so familiar that I can read without catching any meaning, and have to read again, far oftener than in another book, because I have *slid* a good bit unconsciously. This summer in Broughty Ferry I made a rule of preaching once each Sabbath on the Old Testament, and enjoyed it very much. Indeed I never have liked preaching so well, nor been so glad to have it for my work, as these last months. Nevertheless I have had as much of it as I can stand meanwhile, and, as I will have to give two hours a week to Hislop's classes this winter, I am not going to preach any more than is necessary during the session. It will be an interesting novelty to keep the Fourth Commandment for six months.

When you see Grant will you tell him that I saw Osborne just before leaving, and that he is very ill, but has hopes, based mainly on the fact that the doctors do not seem to know what is the matter with him. He told me Dr. ——

charged thirty guineas for one visit: he left Edinburgh after his ordinary day's work there was done, saw him in Blairgowrie at night, and left with an early train next morning, so as to lose none of that day. Osborne said when he got better he thought of starting as a medical specialist: it was the easiest and most paying fraud he knew. I told him the story Grant told me of the doctor who fell among brigands, and who, when challenged 'Your money or your life,' said, 'Gentlemen, I congratulate myself on your moderation; *my* practice is to take both.' This reminds me of an anecdote in a recent number of the *Theologische Literaturzeitung*. A man Wernle writes in it censuring the critical habit of striking out bits of the Bible as interpolations, and appealing to the excellent connection that v. 23 makes with v. 29 when vv. 24-28 are struck out. He says he was a don at this, when he was a student, till some one pointed out to him that an excellent connection was made if Luke x. 30 were immediately followed by the words, 'Go, and do thou likewise.' This is a rather Teutonic joke, but anything that serves the purpose of hellebore may pass.

I am glad you liked my paper on the Sermon on the Mount,[1] though I think we all left it as

[1] *The Literal Interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount*, by Marcus Dods, James Denney, and James Moffatt. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

it was—Moffatt mightily clever, but too impalpable as well as too long.

GLASGOW, *February* 25, 1907.

Yesterday I was out preaching at Stepps, and stayed with a man who used to be in Finnieston Church in Andrew Bonar's time. He told me of a woman who boasted of her little boy to Mrs. Macintyre—'he was fear't for naething, except death and the day schule.' I thought the reflection on the Sunday school in this was very fine, and much to be commended to superintendents, if they could be trusted to see it.

GLASGOW, *September* 20, 1910 (a postcard).

Sorry I made you write again. 'Dr. Johnson in his own works.' I gave this lecture in Vancouver last summer, and they advertised it, 'Dr. Johnston by Dr. Denny.' Only Dr. Johnson's powers of vituperation would have enabled me to say what I thought about such an accumulation of insults.

GLASGOW, *December* 2, 1910.

I had an interesting visit to London to the Royal Commission on Matrimonial Causes. There were nine commissioners present, I think, and the examination lasted about two and a half hours. Each of them took his (or her) turn

to ask questions, those who did it at greatest length being the Archbishop of York, Lord Guthrie, and Sir Lewis Dibdin. The Archbishop struck me as decidedly boyish, if it is not irreverent to say so—with a boy's, and not a man's, comprehension both of Scripture teaching about marriage and about other things. Lord Guthrie I knew quite well before; his questions were mostly about Scotland, and meant (apparently) for the instruction of the English. Dibdin was the man who impressed me most. He is Dean of the Court of Arches, or something of that kind—well up in the history of the business—and capable of using his knowledge very shrewdly either for attack or defence. He was very polite, though evidently by nature peppery, and the only one of whom I felt the least afraid.

GLASGOW, *January* 7, 1911.

It is awfully good of you to send me the *Watch* always: it is the only thing of which I have a complete set, and almost the only one that I would not give anybody money to take away.

I should have liked to see your correspondence with ——. I don't think I ever knew a man with such interesting information and such an uninteresting mind. He seems to remember things accurately because he does not do anything

with them except remember them; his mind is the receptacle in which they are stored, but it is not an organ or a faculty which is nourished or inspired or modified in any way by them. I wonder how it feels inside to be able to instruct everybody and to impress nobody. I 'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn than the most incontrovertible representative of Covenanting principles, on such terms.

CRIEFF, *December* 27, 1911.

The *Watch* followed us here, and was received with joy. I have not anything in the house that I am more proud of than my unbroken set, and my dear wife had, if possible, even greater pleasure in it than I. Just now I am reading Carroll's last book on Dante, and though I have a kind of envy—admiring, not malignant, I hope —for a man who has actually finished a big thing like this, it is nothing to the feeling with which I contemplate the endless originality of the *Watch*.

What you said of the meeting last Thursday rather surprised me. I expected it to be solemn, but it was not really so—unless the want of solemnity on such an occasion was itself a solemn thing. It must have been nearly thirty years since I was in the church before, and it was curious how the place brought up things I had

forgotten. Before I went down I had difficulty in getting my mind to fix on anything in the past, but the longer I sat in the place the more distinctly it came back, to the very beginning. *Fili, recordare*, is a fearsome text when you think what even one recollection may be to the conscience.

BIGGAR, *December* 30, 1912.

Many thanks for the *Watch* and for the kind messages on the cover. Although I read every word of the *Watch* every month, just as if it were a letter, it is 'a good joy' to get it from your own hand at this season; and I like it all the more when I remember how my wife liked it too. We have been here for a week's holiday, and in spite of wind and rain are enjoying the higher air. There are three churches in the place—an ancient national one, the Free, and a U.P. Last night they had a joint service—a second year's student from our hall preaching (the minister in the church in which it is held being ill at present) and an attendance (I should say) well under fifty. It was decidedly depressing as an index to the religion of the place. Joint services, in spite of all the pious platitudes uttered about them, are a sure index of nothing but the ministers' desire to take things easy; and the one thing sure about this desire is that it is infectious. Naturally this applies only to

regular joint services, and as nothing could be more irrelevant to you I need not say more about it. The long nights here make one read a lot, and I have been reading the *Provinciales* again after some years. I think they make the most perfect book I ever read. It is as if everything had the quality of visibility in the superlative degree, so that when you take up another book you seem to be in a dim or dark place and can't make things out at all. Of all people who have wielded pens in prose, Pascal is the one for my money.

GLASGOW, *January* 21, 1913.

We have an immense number of vacancies in Glasgow at present, and apparently an immense dearth of preachers: it seems quite impossible to get them filled up. Perhaps people are getting particular. I preached for Carroll this week, and as I was leaving the church with one of the elders a man came up to us and said, 'I 'll no keep ye, doctor, but I just wanted to tell you that ye were a' wrang thegither about that.' *That* was immortality, about which I had been as serious and humble as I could.

GLASGOW, *July* 23, 1913.

I believe you have been asked more than once to come and speak at a conference which

the Glasgow Presbytery have with our students in February. Next year it is to be held on the 4th, and I undertook to ask you once more. I know we have no manner of claim on you, but it would do us all good and make some of us very happy—if such a combination can be conceived in fallen nature—if you came.

I have started my year of not preaching, and have misgivings already. Even on the score of happiness there is far more to be made out of your worst preaching than out of the most efficient committee, and I may be driven to preach, in spite of my vow, before the year is out, just to keep myself alive.

We had a very happy holiday in June—a lovely week in Bath,[1] from which we saw Wells, Salisbury, and Stonehenge—a dial in Wales with the good motto *ne quid pereat*, not so disheartening as *pereunt et imputantur*—a day or two at Stratford and Warwick, in which last I saw a portrait of Macchiavelli which I coveted, but was told no one was allowed to photograph it—he looked a sensible, straightforward, dependable man, the very model of the best kind of Presbyterian elder.

[1] 'We have had the greatest interest in this extremely interesting place,' he wrote to another correspondent; 'I find it a little difficult, when I see the names of the famous residents or visitors inscribed on the houses, not to look for Henry Tilney and Catherine Morland and other of Jane Austen's characters as seriously as for Lord Clive, Chatham, Burke, and the rest.'

GLASGOW, *January* 5, 1914.

Your Greenock teacher's Bible knowledge is quite equal to Lord Morley's—not that one could expect Morley's to be of the first quality. The other day I read the enlarged lecture on 'History and Politics' he delivered as Chancellor of the University of Manchester. He quoted the American who said the three greatest documents in the world were the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Declaration of Independence; and, to vary the phrase in referring to this in the next sentence or so, he said no doubt Mount Sinai, the Mount of Olives, and some Hall or other in Philadelphia were very interesting places, etc.! Also he made a very curious mistake about Johnson's criticism of Gray, applying to the 'Elegy' what Johnson says of the 'Bard,' and evidently forgetting 'Had Gray always written thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him.'

I am glad Grant likes Hutton;[1] so do I. Also I am glad Macaulay[2] knew to ask Grant to revise his 'Prayers': there could not be a better proof that he knew what he was after. He sent me a copy, and I think they are good, but not nearly as good as the author.

[1] Dr. J. A. Hutton.
[2] The Rev. A. B. Macaulay, then of Stirling.

GLASGOW, *January* 27, 1914.

This is indeed dreadful: I do not know when I heard of anything that so stunned me. I have a long and characteristic letter of Grant's on my table unanswered; he gave me leave in it not to answer, and the whole thing was so like him that when I read it to Miss Brown, she said, 'Tell him you will do anything he likes if he will write you a letter like this once a week.' I cannot think of the mind so keen and loving gone out like a spark. He was the finest spirit I met among my contemporaries, and I cannot think of any one like him. Yet I saw nothing of him compared with you, and who can think what it must mean for Mrs. Grant?

GLASGOW, *January* 29, 1914.

I was pleased to hear how you had chosen Grant's grave. I chose my wife's because it had a clear outlook, in which she would have delighted, to Ben Lomond. I remember the first time I met Grant after the funeral; it was in Renfield Street, and I had just come from visiting the place on the anniversary of our wedding, and had two gowans in my pocket I had pulled on it.

GLASGOW, *December* 28, 1914.

Nothing ever brought by the post to my door gets a warmer welcome than the monthly number of the *Watch*, except the annual volume. It was as welcome to my dear wife, and always makes her presence real to me again, so you may know how much I value it. Mrs. Struthers' card this time is a true inspiration; wouldn't it be interesting to know if there was a single soul in Europe who was as confidently and unconsciously above the storm as this gull on the buoy? Somehow you want to feel it more than the bird does, and yet to feel sure that you cannot founder in it. But what gale on the sea lasts as this tempest among the nations seems likely to do?

We have had a very broken and unsettled session thus far: the war to begin with; then the Kerr Lectures, which deranged a fortnight; and then the Principal's death. What things to name side by side! Yet they contributed to distract people's minds, and to dissipate the attention which should have been concentrated on their work. I cannot tell the difference Lindsay's death makes to me. I had got to be very familiar with Lindsay in recent years. His room was next to mine, and I used to go in and speak to him every morning. Partly it was the uncertainty of his health made me do

this—partly business, for I had been clerk for a good many years, and had often to consult him and tell him of things—but chiefly it was that I had become really attached to him and liked to exchange words with him for that alone. I am glad to think that in the eighteen years of our relation as colleagues we never had a disagreeable moment: I hope such happiness is not too good to last.

I was interested to hear what you said about ——, but I do not think he will be made Moderator. You know him better than I do, so it is needless to say why I think so. His virtues, for lack of a little vice of some kind, never effervesce or sparkle, and he suffers for this, if he thinks it suffering.

A year later Struthers himself died.

To Mrs. Struthers

GLASGOW, *January* 18, 1915.

DEAR MRS. STRUTHERS,—I cannot say what I think or feel with your loss before my mind. Your husband was not only the greatest but the best man I ever knew, and there must be thousands of people everywhere for whom his place can never be filled by anybody in the world. It was impossible to know him at all without feeling all the love and reverence for

him of which one was capable, and it is only this which gives me courage to say how truly I sympathise with you. He wrote me a characteristically friendly letter at the New Year when he sent me the last volume of the *Watch*, and it had one or two serious touches about taking care of strength and not overdoing things, which I now see must have come out of his own sense of being overdone. Surely if anybody was ever faithful to the last atom of his strength, it was he.

To the Same

GLASGOW, *January* 26, 1915.

I cannot thank you sufficiently for writing to me as you did, when you must be so much engrossed with other thoughts and cares. I should like very much to see you at any time that was convenient for you, and hope to do so soon. It has never been difficult for me to speak about my wife since she was taken away, and I am sure among those who loved him it will be a comfort to you to call up memories of your husband. I have had many letters already from people who only know that I knew him, expressing their sympathy with me in the loss of such a friend; a girl in my district in the College Church, who lost her father, about six weeks ago, said when she saw the notice in the

newspapers, 'And there 's another joy gone out of life; there will be no more *Morning Watch*.' My wife once said to me that she believed it gave me as much pleasure to see that other people were fond of her as to think that she was mine, and no one could possibly have that kind of satisfaction in a higher degree than you.

CHAPTER III

LETTERS AS A PROFESSOR

His reputation had grown so highly in the Church that in 1897 he was appointed Professor of Systematic Theology in the Glasgow College. The election took place at the General Assembly of 1897, of which the Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan of Greenock was Moderator. It was a pleasant coincidence, for Dr. Macmillan had been Moderator of the Greenock Presbytery when Denney was licensed as a probationer, and in Dr. Macmillan's church he had worshipped as a student and his father was an elder. When Professor Bruce died, in 1899, he was transferred to the Chair of New Testament Exegesis and Theology.

How keenly he followed the doings of his congregation in Broughty Ferry may be seen from this letter to Mr. J. P. Crystal, one of the elders:—

Glasgow, *December* 20, 1897.

I hope you are now within a measurable distance of a happy settlement. Perfect unanimity, to begin with, is hardly to be expected among a large number of people who are blessed with

minds of their own; but though there is not exact oneness of opinion, there may be entire harmony of feeling, and I am confident that the congregation which is so dear to me will be able to exhibit this. There is no time when it is so hard for any man to preach well as at his first introduction to a new place. I remember, unhappily, the first sermons I preached in Broughty Ferry; I can only hope that everybody else has forgotten them—as no doubt they have. But by all accounts Mr. MacGilvray is a man of good parts, and it is by the wear, not by the first blush, that you must judge a minister, just as you would judge any other man, If everybody comes to church, as they ought to come, sympathetically disposed, and willing to believe that God has answered the prayers of so many honest hearts, and sent them the pastor they need, it will give him the best possible chance of succeeding, and it will give them the only possible chance of being benefited by his ministry.

I was glad to hear your other news: I hope the font and the other arrangements generally will commend themselves to the congregation. I think you should have a resolution of session now to have no baptisms except in church. They might be at the beginning of the service instead of at the end, to keep unhappy fathers from sitting in suspense so long; but they ought to be in the congregation.

When I begin to think about the church again, and the families one by one, my heart goes back to the Ferry: as Bunyan says about the people in heaven—'which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.'

To Miss Wilson, Broughty Ferry

GLASGOW, *December* 24, 1897.

Mr. MacGilvray[1] is a healthy, sensible, competent man, to judge by appearance. I know the church will give him the best possible chance. There are some days in every man's life when he cannot preach—cannot do the very thing he is called to do, whether it is preaching or painting or poetry, or even teaching theology; and the day of his 'showing unto Israel' is usually one of them. . . .

The introductory parts of a system of theology are always the hardest to make intelligible or interesting, but, as the subjects I have chiefly to deal with after Christmas are sin and the person of Christ, I will feel that I have lost my way altogether if I cannot make *them* interesting —or rather if I cannot utilise the interest, on which it is safe to presume, to promote serious theological study. Ignorance and inexperience combined make one fumble and stumble dreadfully, but the sense that there is an inexhaustible

[1] The Rev. Marcus D. MacGilvray.

truth to deal with in trying to understand Christ, and the light which Christ as the Truth throws on all that is, is very reassuring; and whatever one's troubles may be, he need never go gravelled for lack of matter with the New Testament in his hand and the world round about him. But such reflections tempt one to say to himself, 'Yes, Sir, the well *is* deep, but what hast thou to draw with?'—by which reflections I will not be discouraged from dipping in my little cup as far as I can.

To the Same

FLORENCE, *April* 19, 1898.

In the proper native fashion—native to Scotland, I mean—I might begin with the weather; but although it has been various enough in the last ten days to stimulate the most diversified conversation, it is not worth dwelling on. For ten days it was glorious; since then it has been showery, sufficiently so to change the colour of the Arno from green to yellow, and to put off for a few days the grand display of fireworks with which the citizens were to celebrate last Sunday night the quatercentenary of Amerigo Vespucci and Paolo Toscanelli. Of the first of these gentlemen you will know already all I know—that his name has stuck to America; of the second, whom I had never heard of till I

came here—though here he is for the time omnipresent—all I can find out is that he is believed to have made maps which were used by Columbus, and in that way to have been the source of that great adventurer's inspiration. There is a book about him in a window across the river, published at the national expense, exactly the size of a pulpit Bible; from which one may infer either that there is much to tell about him or a great deal to discover. Anyhow Florence is having a Festa over the pair, which is to last for ten days, and to be honoured on Friday with the presence of the King and Queen.

We have been having a good time here, seeing things, but not too many, nor too continuously. It would be absurd if I began to describe them, yet what else is there to write about? We could wish many a time you were here with us, as we had hoped, to share minds about what we saw and heard, and in default of that there is nothing to do but to give one's impressions, though they do savour a little of the guide-book. *The* dominating imposing feature of the place is the houses—the palazzi, as they call them still—of the famous Florentine families, Strozzi, Medici, Riccardi, Pitti, and many more. I have never seen anything like them. The mansions of the Vanderbilts in Fifth Avenue are nothing in comparison—mere toy houses—of the most expensive kind, no doubt, but these are immense

fortresses, and the town is full of them. You get at once the sensation of a state of affairs in which the relations of the individual and society —at least of the rich man and society—were utterly unlike what they are now. Nowadays the richest man builds his house on society. He relies on the world around him for security against all assailants; *then*, he evidently built in face of society, with the need, and the obvious intention, of maintaining himself against the world, and against all rivals who might try to league society for his overthrow. I have been reading some of Macchiavelli's history of this city of feuds, which confirms the impression. The uncertainty, tension, pride, passion, craft, defeats, victories, and so forth, must have given life, for the heads of these big houses, a kind of acuteness which happily it does not possess now. I don't think anything has been quite so interesting to me as the big houses.

We have seen a lot of churches—principally the Duomo, Santa Croce the great Franciscan church in the S.E. of the town, and Santa Maria Novella the great Dominican church of the N.W. The front of the cathedral is dazzling and seems to suit this sunny climate, but is not so subduing to a northern mind as Gothic, like Westminster or Peterborough. I remember Newman somewhere remarks that even a catholic finds in the cathedrals of southern Europe something too

bright and gaudy; it is not quite the same religion as in the more austere lands of the north. But though the cathedral does not haunt the soul at all, the Campanile does something to make up for it. It is exquisitely proportioned, though incomplete, and resplendent with coloured marbles. Santa Maria Novella is the church to which the so-called Spanish Chapel is attached, to which Ruskin devotes two of his 'mornings' in Florence. I got myself shut in one day, and spent two hours in it over the frescoes, especially the one on which he expatiates, which depicts the enthronement of St. Thomas Aquinas—a gentleman whose works you were good enough to help me to cut when you were in Glasgow. I studied Ruskin's interpretations on the spot very carefully, and most or at least much of them seemed to me, in spite of all his dogmatism, fanciful in the extreme.

The other big church, Santa Croce, is interesting chiefly for the frescoes of Giotto, representing scenes in the life of St. Francis. And that, by the way, is another thing which does strike one very much—the impression which Francis made on his contemporaries and the generation immediately following. There is not a church in the place which does not represent him, and there is plainly a uniform sentiment in the pictures in which he figures—it is the same kind of man, in the same relations to mankind, that is seen

everywhere. They must have fed the hungry hearts of poor people, and brought hope to their despair, or they would not be found everywhere.

But, though I say this, I don't mean that I see anything in the Catholic Church as it is, to recommend it to reasonable men. The nearer you come to it, the more repulsive it appears; there is nothing in it that is not artificial. They have not even fresh air, but an atmosphere so polluted with incense that I positively shrink from entering a church, and a worship in a dead language which no explanation can make anything else than a piece of mere mummery. It is pitiful to see to what the New Testament religion can come.

I have been grieved to hear how little Italians generally appreciate Mazzini. On the whole, they seem to one to run him down as a mere conspirator, and seem to censure him as a man who sent others into dangers to which he would not expose himself, and in mere vanity tried to counteract everything of which the glory would not redound to him. I do not believe this of him, but it is his reputation here. To me he is one of the great names of the century and one of the representatives of this nation—one of the worthiest too.

To Professor George Jackson

GLASGOW, *August* 10, 1898.

The perfection with which Hardy describes nature—the way in which he makes you feel the breath of life in the whole earth, animate and inanimate, brute and human without distinction (for his peasants and milkmaids are on a level and indeed of a piece with the cattle they tend), is perhaps the most powerful illustration of what I meant. Life, human life, is deliberately de-moralised; there is no room for anything like morality left in it; the man who once steeps his mind in that way of thinking, if he ever enters the Kingdom of God, must take it by force. To acquiesce in it as a criticism of life, or an interpretation of life, is like consenting to be choked; nobody with a spark of humanity in him but would struggle against it with his last breath. Have you read Björnson's *Heritage of the Kurts*? It is tragic enough, but gives glimpses of hope. I need not ask if you have read Ibsen. He is appalling, but that is infinitely better than to be like Hardy, unfeeling. Pierre Loti has the same sense of man's life being a part of nature, and no more; but I don't think his genius at all like Ibsen's, and there is a certain monotony in his ideas and his art that is easily exhausted. For any special literature on heredity I fear I cannot help you: the ideas that have

to be manipulated are so few that it is not easy to write on it at length. The thing itself is indubitable, and, as Augustine saw clearly long ago, there is only one cure for it—regeneration. There *is* a curse in birth, and there is no getting out of it but by being born again. The pessimism and despair to which all this naturalism leads are the premisses of the Gospel, the very situation to which it is addressed by God.

To Miss Wilson

GLASGOW, *November* 9, 1898.

Your kind letter reproached me for not having written to you again, though you have not been out of my thoughts at all since Saturday week. How good it was of Miss Mary, and how like her, to wish to send me a pen like her own at Christmas; and how good it is of you to have given me the very one she used herself. There is nothing, I assure you, I will ever prize more. We do not need anything to keep her in remembrance; indeed we have tokens of her all about us here, and especially the likeness which we are so pleased to have. But the pen will be in my hand continually, and I am sure it will do me good many a time when I think who used to write with it.

I hope you are not finding the loneliness too heavy a burden. It is a great mystery, the

way in which God orders our life; and there is not anything which reminds us oftener of our Lord's word, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' But perhaps she had borne as much of pain and weakness—and we know how bravely and cheerfully, for others' sake, she bore it—as it was in her frailty to bear; as much as showed her proof against all temptations to discontent or impatience or selfishness; and if she was ready for a better life, should we not for her sake, especially when we think how unselfish she was, be glad that her long trial is ended? I know that does not make up the blank to you, but I feel it very much about her—more than I ever did about any person; and so I cannot help saying it. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord': and blessed too are those who were one with them in life, and have such a relation to the unseen.

I was glad to hear from Mrs. Denney that you may come to see us this winter. Do promise to do so; and come whenever you can. You cannot come amiss.

To Professor George Jackson

GLASGOW, *January* 8, 1900.

At a certain stage in the controversy Calvinism and Arminianism came to be so abstractly op-

posed to each other that they could only be defined by contrast: Calvinism was that which was *not* Arminianism, and Arminianism that which was *not* Calvinism. A Calvinist had such a sense of the will of God that Arminianism to him was moral chaos or anarchy—a planless world: an Arminian had such a sense of his own freedom that a law of the world, an all-pervading divine necessity, seemed intolerable to him. But this kind of blank opposition is always false, and when things come to this pass there is nothing for it except for the combatants to leave off trying to exterminate each other. I knew that most 'Calvinists' had learned something from the Arminians—the Declaratory Acts which the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church have added to the Westminster Confession show it; and I am delighted to hear from you that some Arminians at least are beginning to feel that there is a strong point in Calvinism. But I do not think we have come as far on either side as to be able to define our relations again, and I am not aware that any one has tried it. Kuyper is one of the stalwarts of Calvinism, but he is an able man, and I should think his book, which is quite short, would interest you. But he is a Dutchman, and if you want to think well of Calvinism avoid the Dutch. There is far more of an inferior mathematical kind of metaphysics than

of religious conviction in their Calvinism ; indeed, though you may think I am making fun of your question to say so, with all his faults (some of which are repellent enough) there is no writer in whom Calvinism is so Christian, so tolerable, as Calvin himself. When Calvinists and Arminians meet, I fancy there will be a strong disposition or tendency to favour universalism. Are you conscious of anything like this ? Excuse the question.

To the Rev. D. H. Lawrence

GLASGOW, *June* 13, 1901.

Here we are in the middle of the ninth jubilee of the University. The presentation of delegates and addresses yesterday was tedious and ill-managed, or rather not managed at all, and there was an extraordinary lack of the illustrious men, like Browning, Pasteur, and the others, who made the Edinburgh tercentenary great. The most distinguished persons who appeared were Lord Kelvin, Lord Lister, and Sir Joseph Hooker ; they have magnificent heads, but they are old and frail, and literally hobbled across the platform past the Vice-Chancellor. They appeared together as representatives of the Royal Society, and are a really memorable picture in one's mind. Story filled his part in a creditable if somewhat stiff fashion ; his voice wants every-

thing that gave John Caird's its charm—it has neither volume, sweetness, nor soul, and, worst of all in a voice, it has not audibility.

To-day they are having 'orations,' as they are called, on James Watt and Adam Smith; but although one reveres these names, they did not compel me to go up to hear the orators. They are not academic names, and, in spite of civilisation, they are not the type one wants to see give character to the University. The other worthy to be commemorated is Hunter the anatomist, who lies even further beyond my range. But why should one expose his ignorance and limitations by Pharisaism of this sort?

I saw Forrest yesterday, and when preaching at Dundonald last Sunday met two of your men down there, by whom I was greatly taken—Morgan of Tarbolton and Scott of Prestwick. To call them Broad Churchmen gives no just idea of their breadth, but I liked them for all that.

To Miss Wilson

GLASGOW, *June* 28, 1901.

I was delighted to hear in the Ferry that your friends thought you looking much better than when you went away. That is the result of going at our lazy pace instead of rivalling the little Busy Bee, whose industry has insulted us since childhood. Mrs. Denney thinks the ink-

stand so beautiful that she wants to go off immediately on another tour to see how nicely it will keep in, and whether we could use all the ink it would hold in the natural course of such a journey. But I fear these problems must be solved without making such an elaborate experiment meanwhile.

To-morrow I am going out to Airdrie to introduce a young fellow who is being settled there. He has had some of the experience which Ian Maclaren desiderates in this week's *British Weekly*. The analogy of the medical and the pastoral vocations only holds with great limitations, of which that clever person seems to take no account. You can study other people's diseases in hospitals, whether they like it or not, but in the last resort the only soul you can study is your own. But there is some truth in what he says, too.

Acknowledging a book by his colleague, Professor J. Y. Simpson, on *Henry Drummond* in the 'Famous Scots' series :—

GLASGOW, *November* 15, 1901.

Many thanks for *Henry Drummond*. I have been fascinated with it, especially the exquisite appreciation at the end, and more interested in Drummond at the moment than ever I was before. You make one who somehow never

appreciated him feel how much he lost—I don't know how it was, but he and I seemed always to look at things through opposite ends of the telescope, but I always *did* admire the *Ascent of Man*, and entirely agree with you in regarding it as his greatest work, not for the science of it, which I could not appreciate at all, but for the intuition and inspiration of it. He had divined at last what we need if we are to hold anything else than a materialistic philosophy, namely, that the highest thing must be at the very foundation of the world. They called his first book Calvinistic, and so in a way it was, *bad* Calvinism with its double decree of election and reprobation. But this last one was the genuine Calvinism which makes the redeeming love of God the alpha and omega, the ultimate reality on which the universe rests, and which in ways we cannot divine must be working through it all. That there is one ray of this celestial light all through the *Ascent of Man* is the glory of it, and of the writer as a Christian thinker.

Nine years later he wrote thus to a Baptist minister in England, who, puzzled by Drummond's scientific Calvinism, had asked his view on the subject :—

'I do not think any one would defend the position taken by the late Professor Drummond in *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, and especi-

ally in the chapter on Biogenesis to which you refer. It is quite unreal to say that there is the same impassable gulf between the natural man and the spiritual man as between a stone and a flower. The natural man is meant to become, and ought to become, spiritual; but there is no sense in saying that a stone is meant to become or ought to become a flower. There was an excellent criticism of Drummond's book by the late Campbell Finlayson of Manchester; if you could come across that, it would interest and perhaps help you. As for your question, if *all* must be born again, what becomes of children, etc., who die before experiencing any such radical change?—it is one of the countless questions which we cannot answer and are not required to. All souls are in God's hand, and we must be content to leave them there, and to feel sure that they will never be wronged by their faithful Creator. I have not seen the article of the late E. Caird to which you refer; but I was an old pupil of Caird's, and I have no doubt you are right in saying that it is diametrically opposed to Drummond. Every one must be opposed to Drummond who believes that the spiritual man is born when the natural man comes *to himself*. Perhaps this line is not of much use to you, but in this kind of subject you write about every one must think out his own perplexities and work his mind clear.'

To Miss Wilson

GLASGOW, *February* 5, 1902.

Dr. Davidson's[1] is an extreme loss to the Church. One feels as though the whole Church were sensibly poorer—a smaller thing to which one was not so proud to belong. Perhaps that is wrong; we must hope that God has others who will be able to take responsibility and give guidance in the next generation, though it is not clear who they are.

Dr. Rainy was here ten days ago speaking at a conference in the hall, very young and in very good spirits. He came in here afterwards and stayed an hour and a half, waiting for his train —very much lightened by having no daily lectures to go to. I have committed the temerity of writing for the *B.W.* an article on his new book, *The Ancient Catholic Church.* It is an interesting book to all who know him, but will not adequately introduce him to strangers. The references to the sources, authorities, etc., are very perfunctorily given; evidently he could not be bothered hunting them out and bringing them up to date, and Dr. Salmond, the editor of the series, has not made this good. This is sure to lead to some unfavourable notices of it from pedants and from investigators, but for students in general it does not matter a straw.

[1] Professor A. B. Davidson died on January 26.

And all that has the flavour of his own mind in it is as good as you can easily believe. He could not be uninteresting as long as he was actually awake. But occasionally, like Homer, he nods.

An answer to the Rev. Thomas Gregory of Kilmalcolm, who had asked whether 'righteousness' in St. Paul's epistles did not mean more than retributive justice :—

GLASGOW, *January* 3, 1903.

I am very much obliged by your friendly 'communication' about the righteousness of God, and I am truly grateful to you for unfolding your mind and your experience about it.

That the righteousness of God by which sinners are justified is essentially gracious I should never dream of denying, and I thought I took pains at every point to define the atonement by relation to the love of God. I certainly don't think that we need to 'bring in grace by a side door.' But the grace that comes to sinners to save them, though it does not come by a side door, comes in a certain and definite form, which has relation to their position and necessities as sinners; and it is only in virtue of our acknowledging such a relation that we can intelligibly or intelligently say that it *is* gracious. The question between you and me (so far as I can make out) is not whether 'God's righteous-

ness' in Paul is gracious or not: there we are at one. It is whether (assuming it to be gracious) we can think out the relations between the death of Christ (in which, according to St. Paul, the righteousness of God is manifested) and the situation of men as sinners: in other words, whether the righteousness of God can be defined by relation to the law of God and the sin of man. As I read St. Paul, it not only can but must be so defined, if we are to speak intelligibly of it at all; or, to put it otherwise, the cross can only be conceived as a demonstration of love when it is conceived as something made necessary for Christ by that law which in the conscience of man and the world of God so connects death and sin as parts or aspects of one thing. I admire very much the sentences in which you speak of Rom. iii. 21, as a 'wave which seemed to swallow up all my difficulties,' and of 2 Cor. v. 21, as to be taken after the analogy of 'a flame of fire which carried us to heaven with it.' Nothing, I believe, could be more Pauline in feeling. But Paul not only felt this; he thought it, and he thought it out articulately, defining Christ's death as the gracious movement of God's righteousness towards him, in a variety of relations which made it intelligible to him, and which he presumably expected would make it intelligible to others. The 'wave' and the 'flame of fire' are inspiring, but they are ex-

pressions of emotion, not very helpful in dialectical construction; and I should like to know whether you have any interest in what the New Testament teaches about the righteousness of God, over and above the self-evident fact that as a righteousness which puts sinners right with God, it is gracious. Would you connect it in any particular way with the death of Christ? And if you did, would you try to define the death of Christ by relation to sin, or the doom of man? If not, what would you make of such N.T. words as 'He bore our sins'? And how would you connect them with the righteousness of God?

I don't want to bore you with this, but it is no superficial interest to me, nor (I am sure) to you. I am really anxious to understand those who do not think as I do, and to do nothing against but for the truth.

To the Rev. D. H. Lawrence

GLASGOW, *November* 16, 1903.

It grieved us both to hear that you were feeling so weary and unequal to your work. Could you not get a Sunday off and come through for ten days to us? You must get a big holiday next year at your semi-jubilee—awful word! But if you can snatch a few days meanwhile, you can come here at the shortest notice, and be as idle

and as speechless as you know how. I heartily wish you would, and so does Mrs. Denney.

The other night —— was calling here. Some months ago I wrote in the *Union Magazine* a short review of his book—a book which seemed to me to have desperately little in it. I was as polite as I could, not to be insipid, but an intelligent reader would understand. To my consternation, he had learned the few lines by heart, recalled and recited verbatim what I had written impromptu and forgotten extempore, but, as the good stars would have it, was quite well pleased, and actually asked me to preach for him. I consented, well pleased also to have got out so easily from what might have been a fix. The preoccupation of some minds with themselves is a curious phenomenon!

In 1904 the *Union Magazine* which he and Dr. Orr had edited ceased to appear. Neither was sent into the world to be an editor, and not even their own contributions kept it alive. This relieved Dr. Denney from some laborious duties, but he felt more keenly than ever the responsibilities of the Church crisis, which then was full of anxiety for leaders and led alike. On March 2 he wrote to Struthers :—

'I have never felt so tired as I have since the New Year. Yet the situation in Church and State is sufficiently interesting, not to say alarming, to make one unwilling to lose any chance

of saying or doing what might make even one person think seriously about it; and it is quite possible that it may be revived within a measurable time. I had the kindest letter you could imagine from Robertson Nicoll about it: I should like to show it to you if you come here.

'We have had a busier year at the Hall—more students, more papers to correct, etc.: which is all in the line of what we want, and therefore do not complain of. Two days ago I had a letter from G. A. Smith. He sails on March 5 from Bombay to Egypt, and wanted me to join him and tour in Palestine for six weeks. But, rightly or wrongly, I have no interest in Palestine, and feel much more inclined to go to sleep for six weeks than to go anywhere.'

The Church crisis occupied his mind, but did not absorb it, as may be seen from this letter to Dr. Carnegie Simpson :—

GLASGOW, *November* 1904.

The passage I referred to in Renan is in a volume entitled *Essais Religieux*, pp. 383 ff. The subject of the particular essay is Channing, and, after glancing at the state of the religious mind in Protestant countries like N. Germany, England, and America, he goes on as follows: 'La lecture habituelle de la Bible, conséquence nécessaire du système protestant, est-elle donc

en soi un si grand bien, et l'église catholique est-elle si coupable d'avoir mis un sceau à ce livre et de l'avoir dissimulé ? Non certes : et je suis tenté de dire que *le plus magnifique coup d'état de cette grande institution est de s'être substituée, elle vivante, agissante, à une autorité muette.* (Italics mine.) Then, after alluding to some odd results of Bible-reading under the Commonwealth (and in America even yet) he adds characteristically : ' Sans doute il vaut beaucoup mieux voir le peuple lire la Bible que ne rien lire, comme cela a lieu dans les pays catholiques : mais on avouera aussi que le livre pourrait être mieux choisi. C'est un triste spectacle, celui d'une nation intelligente usant ses heures de loisir sur un monument d'un autre âge, et cherchant tout le jour des symboles dans un livre où il n'y en a pas.' Of course, in this sally there is something of the spoiled child, which Renan always rather affected ; at least in all his writing he seems to me to hug himself when he hits on an impertinent and naughty paradox.

If it is held that any given definition of doctrine constitutes a Trust Deed according to which property is to be held *for all time*, I think it might be fairly replied that in every civilised government the right of bequest is limited, which is only another way of saying that the hands of the future cannot be tied. If a man cannot tie up his fortune beyond his grandson, why

should there not be provision for a periodic consideration of the terms on which the Church held its property—that is, not of the creed directly, but of the conditions on which the State recognised the legitimacy of the Church as a holder and user of material things? I don't see how it is possible to make the Church *absolute*, except in purely spiritual things—that is, except where its action implies no civil consequences whatever. Probably for creed revision it is bound to assert that it is absolute, and to say what it thinks, whatever the consequences may be (was not that the policy of Candlish in 1873?), but if moderate men deprecate that as inconsiderate, the only thing (so far as I can see) open to us is to get into our constitution—that is, into the concordat with the State in virtue of which we hold property—an express power to revise our creed in a regular, legally recognised way without forfeiting all we had accumulated. If the State would not grant this, there would be nothing for it but to do the right and run all risks.

The difficulty of these questions makes one wish sometimes he were a Quaker or a Congregationalist, and had only to believe in the gospel, not in a creed at all. But as the only good of a creed is that it is a consensus, I would not favour small denominations applying their minds to the business too vivaciously.

To the Rev. D. H. Lawrence

GLASGOW, *January* 28, 1905.

We are pretty well here, and, as you opine, busy. It seems to be more difficult, day by day, *not* to be busy, or rather to confine one's business to his proper vocation. I got quite a shock one day this week in reading Romans to come across the direction for duty—'he that teacheth, *on his teaching*': as much as to say, There, my dear Sir, is *your* business meanwhile: leave it to the people who have the other χαρίσματα to speak in the presbytery, to visit congregations, to exhort, etc. etc. But, in spite of the inspired apostle, the only practicable rule of life is to do what you can, or what you get the chance of doing; it is not because one is ambitious, or wishes to go beyond his sphere, or to think more highly of himself than he ought to think, that he falls into doing everything instead of the thing.

Lately I read the 'West-Östlicher Divan': perhaps it was the season of the year, but, in spite of *Sterb und Werde* and all the rest of it, it put me in mind of nothing but the 'Jolly Beggars'—the 'J. B.' in Weimar court dress, philosophising!

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *February* 27, 1905.

I am rather glad your church is going in for evening service. Afternoon church must have been a device in which Satan had a hand, for it is the sleepiest of earthly functions. I have got to the point of refusing now to preach then at all. Morning or evening does not make much difference; but if people would only come, I think I prefer evening to morning. There is a comfortable social feeling; people's minds are unencumbered and sympathetic; and there is more of a disposition to make the best of everything. If the preacher has been at church in the morning, too, he has got steam up and preaches more easily. I hope you may find it a success. But a very empty church is not exhilarating at any time of day, and as rainy nights are quite an institution in Greenock you would need to take care and not be intimidated by them. To-day we got word that our dear old friend Mrs. Ogilvie of Airlie Lodge had died. She was over 80, one of the sunniest souls I have ever known in my life. Till her last years she was poor, as poverty goes in the set to which she belonged, but I never knew any one more generous. Every instinct in her nature was to give, and she was always bestowing things on others, especially her sweet sym-

pathetic spirit, her good humour, and her extraordinary shrewdness and wit. The Ferry will be a poorer place to us now—so many of our best and dearest friends have gone.

To Professor M. W. Jacobus

GLASGOW, *March* 22, 1905.

Your letter was a great surprise to me, and I can't help saying so even before I express my sense of your great kindness in doing what you have done. I had no more idea of ever being a graduate of Princeton than of taking a trip to the moon; but I know how great an honour the University has done me at your suggestion, and I have accepted the invitation of the Trustees to be present on June 14. I did it the more willingly that I mean to accept your kind offer to be my guide, philosopher, and friend on this untried ground.

I hope to be in America by the first of June, and after the week at Hartford, and the visit to Princeton, would like to have a real holiday somewhere before going to Northfield in August. But that is a long way off.

To his brother Duncan

GLASGOW, *March* 24, 1905.

Last Sunday I had a day in the country at Carluke. It was the diamond jubilee of Mr. White,

who has been in the Free church there all the sixty years. Forty-five years ago he accepted a call to Ireland, and went; but in nine months his old Carluke congregation called him back, and he went, achieving the unique distinction of being his own successor. He was in church in the morning, as bright as you like, and told me that in seven months and twelve days he would enter on his 90th year. Of course he has had a colleague for more than ten years now, but he is amazingly vigorous. The colleague told me that his reputation was very high not only in the congregation but in all the country round, and that, in spite of some faults of temper and language, it had held out on the strength of two qualities which never failed: he was always thoroughly upright and very generous. That is an interesting memorandum to make on a long life, and on the saving graces. I hope you are all well at home and enjoying the blackbirds: we have one which wakens us daily just now.

In the summer of 1905 he and his wife spent some time in America; he was lecturing at Hartford, Northfield, and elsewhere. The following letters were written during the trip.

To his Sister

HARTFORD, CONN., *June* 8.

You may be beginning to wonder whether I have forgotten that I have any home or kindred beyond the seas, but I have not.

Mary and I spent two or three days in Boston very happily, and on Monday morning came on here. It is a lovely old city—old for New England—full of trees and fine houses. It is the centre of fire and life insurance in America, and is said to be the richest city for its size in the United States. The meetings in which I am taking part just now are conferences, and after the addresses there is time for five-minute or one-minute speeches. The Americans are very good at these, and dart in at every opening like the busy bees; there is never a moment lost. But there are a great many cranks among them, and naturally they contrive to do some of the talking. They propound conundrums about God and the universe in the most conclusive tones, and seem to think the world is all wrong if there is any particular which does not immediately adjust itself to their understanding; but they are so much in earnest that they are amusing too.

To his brother Duncan

PRINCETON, *June* 14.

We have found in America only one person who was thoroughly up in the facts and thoroughly sympathetic about our Church case—Mrs. M'Cosh, the widow of the late President of Princeton University—who is 88 years old, but as alert as if she were only eight and twenty. We were greatly charmed with her, and with the whole proceedings at Princeton. I saw swarms of fireflies for the first time, and was introduced to ex-President Cleveland and his wife, who is a most charming person. Last night we spent, till it was late, in the open air, under the trees, among a crowd of hundreds or rather thousands of students and their friends, Chinese lanterns lit with electricity, fireflies, student-songs and the hum of conversation. It was a new and delightful experience. This morning I got my new degree, and a glorious hood of silk and velvet—crimson, yellow, black, and white: I am just dying to dazzle Glasgow with it—hyperbolically speaking!

To the Same

LAKE MOHONK, N.Y., *June* 26.

We like this place so much, and the weather is so hot for travelling, that we are going to stay here till about the middle of July, and then go to New Hampshire. To float on the lake is

not bad, but to exert yourself is not to be thought of. I am having a month of the most passive and basking existence I have ever known. I have nearly read through Boswell again, and a little volume of Goethe's songs, and some other equally familiar matter; the new ideas here are all in the air and the company; it is curious to feel that they are abundant there and yet unable apparently to find their way into books. Literary originality must be among the last forms that originality takes.

To the Same

LAKE MOHONK, *July* 7.

We have had a lovely rest here, and enjoyed it to the full. I have revised my lessons for Northfield, and made notes for some new ones, and dawdled over the hills, and sunned myself like a lizard in suitable places, till now I am quite ready to work again. I hope when you get your holiday in August you may have a good one—the more of a change the better, and for a really bracing time commend me to the hills. I am sorry Robert has got to the beginning of his without plans; it is not a very good way to get the good of it. You lose for one thing the pleasure of anticipation, and in the doubtfulness of other pleasures in human life that is one by no means to be despised.

You have no idea how patriotic they are here: we have spent the 4th of July among them now, and we know. They know they are the greatest people in the world, which in many senses of the word they are, and they are specially happy just now in the success of the President's efforts to help in making peace between Russia and Japan. Most of the criticisms that outsiders would make on them they make with perfect good humour on themselves, and many of the things that outsiders condemn as vices are really the fermentation of a new kind of virtue such as a vast democratic society requires and must produce.

We heard a remarkable lecture one night on the men who won the West, the pioneers who crossed in succession the Alleghanies, the prairies, and the Rockies. What an adventurous lot they were! Their very names are unknown on our side, but they laid the foundations of this country and enter into its national ideals. You feel, as you survey the whole series, how little teaching and preaching enter into the elemental processes by which the world is subdued and nations founded. But they have their place, too; 'that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual.' When 'afterwards' comes, there *will* be such a nation as has never been.

To his Sister

NORTHFIELD, MASS., *August* 25.

We have every reason to be thankful for health and happiness and unspeakable kindness shown us on all hands, and that is everything really we have to say. Last Sunday, preaching in New York, I had some strange encounters. (*a*) An old fellow-workman of father's, who had worked at the same bench with him in Jamieson's —that must have been nearly forty years ago— Charlie Stewart by name, came and introduced himself to me on the strength of that tie. (*b*) A young fellow Crawford, a joiner, who lived till ten months ago on the stairhead above you, came in and introduced himself also. He told me he could easily save in New York more than he could earn at home. Query: Why is there anybody left at home? (*c*) At night I spoke in a big gospel tent, and two bricklayers from Paisley claimed kinship with me as a Scot at the close. They were still more pleased to learn that I was by birth a Seestu body. They come over here for the dull season at home, and assured me they could pay their board here and go home at Christmas with money in their pockets and also run their houses at home (both were married). Query once more: Why is there anybody at home? The wealth of this country is fabulous, and from all parts it flows into New York.

To the Rev. D. H. Lawrence
(on receiving the degree of D.D. from
St. Andrews University)

GLASGOW, *February* 14, 1907.

Mr. Bates has just sent me an *Advertiser*, from which I have learned for the first time the honour your ancient university is going to confer on itself and you. It is a great and unmingled joy to us, and we unite in hearty congratulations to Mrs. Lawrence and yourself. I don't know why I am glad, but I am; I would like everybody who sees your name to think of you as your friends do; and this kind of recognition means something to the public, and even to the Church, though it can make no difference, and does not need to make any, to those who have been happy enough to know you for twenty years. *Eheu fugaces*; but I hope we may live to see as many more, and more beyond those, and have even happier things come to us than university degrees.

In the multitude of your letters, don't mind to answer this: you must have a lot to write, and I know you detest it. Apropos of which, I heard in Edinburgh that Lord —— got over 400 letters of congratulation when he was made a judge, and that he was going to answer all of them with discrimination and in his own hand. Could you imagine a greater waste of brains and time? Therefore write not, but trust me to be, unanswered, ever yours, JAMES DENNEY.

Mrs. Denney died on December 19, 1907. With characteristic self-repression, he sends the news to his sister :—

GLASGOW, *Thursday Morning*, 1.15.

MY DEAR KATE,—I have the saddest news to give you. Mary took a sudden illness on Saturday afternoon, which the doctor at first thought was influenza. It turned out to be a slight hæmorrhage on the brain; she was very much oppressed by it these last days, but to-night about ten it recurred; she became unconscious at once, and passed away about five minutes to one. Her sister Minnie was here all the time, for which we are grateful.—Your affectionate brother, JAMES DENNEY.

To Miss Wilson, Broughty Ferry

GLASGOW, *February* 10, 1908.

I hope your disablement is not serious or lasting. It is a favourite observation of preachers —Dr. Reith turned it up last Sunday morning— that St. Paul had to be put in prison periodically, just to secure him the only kind of holiday he would take; perhaps a kind Providence is securing your welfare in the same way. It would be nice for your friends if you improved it, as he did, by writing not notes, but epistles. There is a German scholar just now who gives himself terrible airs over discovering the differ-

ence between 'letters' and 'epistles.' He takes 60 or 70 pages to explain it, but really, when you get to the end, the short and long of it seems to be that an epistle is a long letter. At least that is all I can see about it, and the more epistolary you can make your letters the more welcome they will be to all your friends, including me.

To the Same

GLASGOW, *April* 21, 1908.

How good of you to think of me and my solitary home-coming. It was a strange holiday, the only one I have had alone for twenty-one years, and I can truly say 'alone,' though my brother and sister came with me and were very kind; but no company can make up for what is gone.

I will be very pleased to lunch with you on Saturday and to see the Shaws: it is kind of you to think of it. I like to go where I meet people who really loved my wife. We had a very happy life in the Ferry, and a strange happy renewal of it that last summer: I like to think how she enjoyed it from first to last, and how she made so many others share in her joy. I never knew any one with such an overflow of life and love, and you can think how poor I am without her. Yet no one has more to be thankful for, and I am thankful most of all for her.

To Dr. William Robertson Nicoll

GLASGOW, *October* 20, 1908.

Many thanks for your letter, but especially for *Ian Maclaren*. I have read it with peculiar interest. How in the world you managed to get it done in addition to your other work I cannot imagine.

I had no adequate idea of the crowdedness and want of leisure in Watson's life, though I remember your speaking of it when he died. What will impress most ministers, and many discontented congregations, will be his diligence as a pastor: though there are plenty of careless preachers, I believe most ministers have it more in their intention to take pains with preaching, and are readier to think visiting a concession to weak and unreasonable people. The difficulty in a city is to do both, especially when you consider (as Chalmers remarked) that only good preaching makes the minister's visit a thing prized; nobody wants an idle, inefficient minister perpetually dropping in.

I sympathise very heartily with his views on the degradation of public worship; but that, I suppose, would be a subject you would have to write about in discussing the Church and the Kingdom. When the Kingdom is set against the Church, adoration and testimony are lost

at unawares, and few people seem sensible of the greatness of the loss.

I was very interested in your chapter on 'Sentimentalism' and your placing of Watson in the line of Rousseau and Richardson. It seems to need a very good man to be a sentimentalist without becoming nauseous. Years ago when I read *Clarissa*, I remember saying to my wife something very like what you say about Richardson's 'realism.' Some of the scenes in Mrs. Sinclair's, and other things as well, are more realistic than anything I ever read, and I fancy without this element the Sentimentalist can only have an intermittent popularity. There will be times when people crave what he supplies, but it hardly comes under the heading of daily bread for the spirit. Watson has with Barrie the happiness of never having done risky or offensive things in sentimentalism; if Rousseau is their father, they do him credit which he did not deserve.

I have not had time yet to look at Lodge, but I see in another book you sent some Dublin man appealing to the Psychical Research Society for evidences of immortality. I wonder it never occurs to such people that you *cannot* believe in immortality unless you first believe in something which deserves to be immortal; and that to try to convince people of immortality by exhibiting the ongoings of 'Katie King' when

the gas is turned down and the magnesium light is on — ongoings which deserve nothing but instant extinction—is not a hopeful process. There is something horrible and even loathsome in the stupidity of it, and, though Watson might have called me an 'ignorant fool' for it, I should still say, 'Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret.' I was very much astonished to hear of this 'superstitious' side of his character, and should be disposed to think he nursed it a little —affected it as he must have affected Jacobitism. But this is an unkind reflection on your friend, which I had no intention of making.

To Dr. Carnegie Simpson

(on completing his biography of Principal Rainy)

GLASGOW, *January* 19, 1909.

I have read your two chapters, and find little to criticise. The end is not only good but striking, and I would leave it as it is. It is thoroughly spiritual, in the high sense of the term; and the more inward or intimate spirituality, that which belongs to the region of pure feeling as distinct from the consecration of life with all its powers and instincts to God, is quite adequately exhibited in these two chapters themselves.

In point of taste and feeling I think you have succeeded admirably; no one could say that

any propriety or decorum had been violated. Possibly you say rather more emphatically than is required that you will not intrude into things which should be regarded as sacred; 'sacred' and 'pathetic' are words which rapidly lose value when repeated, and perhaps it would be worth your while to keep an eye on them.

I congratulate you sincerely on writing *Finis*, and on having in these two chapters so much interesting matter from Dr. Rainy's own lips and pen. There is something extremely touching and uplifting in it, and I am sure people generally will be glad that you have been able to do it, as his family ought to be grateful that you have done it with such propriety, affection, and reverence. It is a great thing to have known and loved a great man: 'he that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet,' etc.

On April 9, 1909, he sailed in the *Empress of Britain* for Canada, to deliver a course of lectures at Vancouver, in the local Presbyterian College. The following extracts from his letters to his sister-in-law, Miss Brown, begin with a touching reference to his wife. 'Coming away as I did this time,' he writes from Liverpool, 'fills my thoughts with her even more, or more pressingly, than at ordinary times; and, though I cannot tell why, it is a real comfort to me to feel that she is as lovingly thought of by you as by me. If anything could make a man unselfish and true,

surely it would be the memory of a love in his life like hers.' He enjoyed the voyage no better than before. 'I have proved once more, what I knew well enough already, that I am a *land-animal*; and if, once I am safely back in Scotland, I ever set foot (so to speak) on the Atlantic again, you may call me the most long-eared land animal you can imagine.' At Halifax he lectured and preached for ten days, and then made his way across Canada, stopping at Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG, *May* 1.

I must tell you one story I heard about Fraser, the Governor of Nova Scotia, who was very polite to me. He told it himself as belonging to the only occasion on which he was completely baffled at a public meeting. He was a candidate for the provinical legislature, which has charge of the schools, when for some reason the question of corporal punishment came up. Like other candidates he was heckled on this, and pronounced strongly against it. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I can remember when I myself suffered under this brutal and barbarous custom. I can remember when every finger of my hand was scarred and bleeding from the lash. And what was the offence for which I was so barbarously treated? Gentlemen, it was telling the truth.' The impressive pause with which he followed this impressive utterance, that it might have time

to sink into the minds of his hearers, was broken by a rasping voice from the front bench: 'And I guess it cured you.' It was the end of the meeting! You may think it queer of me, but I have seldom wanted more to have Mary with me than to get telling her that story. I can hear her clear musical laugh as distinctly as I heard everybody round the table laugh.

VANCOUVER, *May* 6.

To-day I finished with greater admiration and delight than ever a new perusal of *Don Quixote*. A purer piece of humanity does not exist in the world, so far as I know; and I just love (as they say here) the Don and Sancho and Dapple and the niece and the housekeeper and everybody. Principal Mackay took me for a walk in the Park this afternoon. The sea—the Pacific Ocean—breaks on it on two sides; it has magnificent trees, with the murmur of the wind in their tops, and the people are proud of it as 'the finest in the world.' It was the very combination of sea and land—with the great snowy peaks visible in the distance—that would have filled Mary with ecstasy; and if I could only have felt her hand on my arm I daresay I would have thought it the finest in the world too. But this is what I feel about almost all I see.

VANCOUVER, *May* 13.

At the annual conference of the Synod of British Columbia to-day, Dr. —— gave two lectures on the moral ideas and the structure of the *Divina Commedia.* When I think of the time I have spent on Dante and the small return it has yielded me, it makes me mad to hear this sort of thing. The only reason for remembering Dante is that in his poetical passages he is the divinest of poets; but what possesses anybody to gloat over his moral allegories, which are as prosaic as the multiplication table and infinitely more prosaic than the Ten Commandments, I cannot understand. However, he is a great man. When I feel more than usually Philistine about him, I remember with guilty joy that Sir Walter Scott and Goethe felt about Dante much as I do. I am never greedy for him. I found a lovely Oxford Homer in Mackay's library, borrowed it, and read four books of the *Iliad* right off with the utmost delight. I could not imagine doing this with Dante. Perhaps this only proves that my morale is that of the Zulu —who always seems to me much on the level of the Homeric heroes—not that of a catholic Christian; but if so I cannot help it.

VANCOUVER, *May* 16.

I have just seen the *B.W.* with the memorial notices of Dr. Dods. Nicoll always spoke of him

in private exactly as he does in the paper; what a fine thing it is when there is nothing to hide or to gloss over in summing up a long career. The men who have been conspicuous in all the Churches are rapidly melting away, and who are to take their place? Sometimes, as Carlyle says, the hour comes and calls loudly for the man, but calls in vain; let us hope that it will not be so with our Presbyterian communities. Charles II. said that episcopacy was the only religion for a gentleman; I am quite sure that Presbyterianism, in its proper form, is the best religion for *men* accustomed to self-government in other departments of life and to education by discussion. If we could only get people to take their responsibilities in connection with it as they should, we need not have any fear for the future.

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND, *May* 30.

There is a much discussed expression in the epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, which says that St. Paul went preaching the gospel 'to the limit of the West.' Some people think this means no more than to Rome, and some think it means that he went as far as Spain; but it is my private opinion that it is a mistake, for the limit of the West is Victoria, Vancouver Island, and he certainly never came here! This is so far west that if you go only a little farther you

overshoot your aim and find yourself in the East. As one of the boys in this house put it to me, it is the only place where if you want to go to the East you have to go West.

You will be getting through with the Assembly by this time, and it gives one an odd sensation to think that many things have been decided affecting his interests about which he is not likely to hear for some time. But without more religion we will not get more money, and if we aim at a revival of religion for the sake of getting up the funds we will get neither the one nor the other. Honesty is the best policy only when it is not a policy.

VANCOUVER, *June* 7.

Did I tell you of a minister from the former capital of the province—the respectable but sleepy city of Westminster—who once preached here on 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it'? I don't know exactly what he said, but you can easily guess; he told me himself that as he was hurrying to catch a car home, he overheard some one coming from the church say, 'Not much of the Vancouver spirit about that man!'

VANCOUVER, *June* 20.

Of all things I have done here, I think what has given me the greatest pleasure was reading

the *Iliad* again. There is something fascinating and touching beyond words in the combination of the childlike and the savage mind with a truly heroic temper, great deeps of joy and sorrow, a sense of the strange things in life as wonderful as in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a force of poetic expression which can never be surpassed. I saw the *Times* on Meredith as a poet, and read the illustrations of his style with silent wonder—after Homer! People may say what they like about thought, but a poet, as Emerson put it, is a man who can say what he wants to say; if he cannot say it, he is not a poet, no matter how much he may stimulate a *Times* critic to guess what was in his mind and to say it for him. Homer for ever, I say! Achilles and Hector are in most respects Zulus —men with big white teeth like Cetewayo, who delighted in fighting and eating, a mixture of savage and big baby; but they say things that go to your very soul in truth and beauty and pathos, and make you wonder why you spend your time on modern conundrums—and call it thinking.

I am a poor-spirited, age-stricken, antiquity-loving creature, who have been much sustained here by Homer and Shakespeare, and by your faithful correspondence.

VANCOUVER, *July* 7.

After dinner to-night I am going to do my packing. I look forward to it, not indeed with dread, but with a certain apprehension. You may not steal, or even buy anything but an odd novel, but the bulk of your goods grows and the cubic capacity of your trunk remains the same. Hence tears, profanity, and physical force applied, where what is wanted is the genius of woman. (The other day in the tram I saw an advertisement running thus: 'To keep your house clean is *mental* work. *Think* to buy So-and-so's soap.') To pack a trunk with more than it can hold is mental work; if the fourth dimension of space is ever discovered, no doubt some forlorn packer will write to the scientific journals to see whether it does not provide accommodation for what *will not* go into the well-known three.

LAKE LOUISE, LAGGAN, *July* 17.

When I tell you that the lake, which is a mile and a half long, and three-quarters of a mile in width, is of a changing emerald colour, and that the mountain, with its vast and dazzling fields of snow, is not unworthy of being compared with the Jungfrau, you will have some idea how imposing it is. I do think it almost the most wonderful place I have ever seen.

It has only two drawbacks. One is mosquitoes. It does seem queer that man should subdue the Rocky Mountains and be victimised by a little black fly. Coming up here in the bus from the station, there were two elderly gentlemen opposite me who discussed them. One was American, and took them gaily; I slapped one on my knee: 'No go,' he said; 'kill one, and two come to the funeral.' The other, who, I am sorry to say, was Scotch and had some connection with Glasgow, took them prosily, complacently, instructively. He had been everywhere, and gave us his experiences of mosquitoes in Japan, Australia, New Guinea, Singapore, the valley of the Ganges, the Zambesi, and Uganda — besides most places in Europe! You never met such a bore. The mosquitoes were a positive relief to him: what doctors call a counter-irritant.

The other drawback to this place is that it is in the heart of mountains, and all you can do is to climb. Yesterday I clomb: don't say that is bad grammar, for it has the authority of Milton: 'so clomb that first grand thief'— and something of epic singularity is wanted to emphasise so unusual a feat. I clomb, I repeat, to the Mirror Lake (6400 feet—Baedeker).

There is a third drawback to this place I nearly forgot; there is nothing to read. Did I tell you I had bought Justin McCarthy's *History*

of the Reign of Queen Anne? I have read it through with constantly increasing amazement at the fact that this man should once have been the leader of the Irish Nationalist Party. There are near 600 pages of it, and not the gleam of an idea or a joke in it from beginning to end. The ordinariness of it is nothing less than sublime. For a complete change I have been trying *Wilhelm Meister*. But in Goethe the habit of reflection had become a kind of disease; he was bound to have thoughts about everything and to write them down, and I feel pretty sure that he must often have been as insufferable a bore to his friends as the doctor on the mosquitoes. A man who *will* have thoughts on everything, whether his thoughts come to him spontaneously or not, is sure to produce unconsciously a great quantity of trash; and even the genius of Goethe was no exception to this rule. He knew himself that his father was a prig, and his mother would be talking, and that he was a fair blend of both.

C. P. R., *July* 23.

As time goes on in this train, one becomes reckless, and this morning I really don't know where I am. As I got up in the morning—and I was first up in the car—I turned as I thought towards the dressing-room, but the porter stopped

me politely in the passage with, 'The other end, Colonel.' It is the only time I have been addressed in this Americanism, but it seemed quite natural. I asked him where we were, and he said, 'White River.' Which did not enlighten me in the least. All I can say is that we are within twenty-four hours of Toronto, and when I get there I will feel that my journey is over.

There have been no events by the way, though there are all kinds of people in the car—four French nuns, two with some sort of superiority both material and official, and two very unattractive to look at; a Salvation Army captain and his wife, with the ill-nourished look of their class, a look I cannot be reconciled to; a young fellow who has been out West looking into farming and fruit-growing, and mightily disappointed at the labour it all involves. In the smoking-room he emphasises every word with oaths in the silliest fashion. 'They make money out there, but you bet your life they work for it damned hard every time.' Whether he expected to find money lying on the pavement or entered in his bankbook by the heavenly powers while he slept, he did not say, but his grievance at the work required was unmistakable and amusing. He even emphasised that it required capital to go in for this laborious fruit-raising; and so much capital that, if a man had it, he could quite well do business in an eastern city

instead of going out West to work. I never saw any one who had such a thorough qualification for understanding what Genesis says about the curse of labour.

The only bit of 'scenery' in the higher sense that we had yesterday consisted of a little family party of three. The father was in the uniform of the Canadian Mounted Police—a scarlet tunic with a good deal of gold lace, dark blue trousers with a broad string of yellow down the sides, handsome brown leather leggings, and big electroplated spurs. He was very tall, a fine figure, bronzed complexion, and crisp black hair. The mother was a pretty girl, average height, fair or very brown hair, done up in masses, and a white embroidery sort of blouse. The third member of the party was a little fair-haired boy in blue; he was just able to walk, but he was dressed in trousers reaching down to his wee feet, as if he had been grown up. The whole three of them were as proud and happy in each other as human creatures could be, and whenever the train stopped for ten minutes or so, as it must do now and then in these long journeys, they got out and walked bare-headed up and down the platform. It did my heart good to see them. The Mounted Police, of whom there are 600, represent law and order in Alberta and Alaska and, I think, also in Saskatchewan, and they have the immense merit

of being at once extraordinarily effective and extraordinarily popular. The credit of this is said to be largely due to their head, Colonel Steele, who seems to have grasped the idea that what represses crime is not the severity with which it is punished but the inevitableness with which it is found out.

Two other letters, written during this year, follow.

To his brother Duncan

VANCOUVER, *May* 23.

I have done two things this week you would not guess, though you guessed never so long. On Tuesday night I went to the theatre, or rather the Opera House, and saw a representation of *The Tempest*; on the next day I laid the memorial stone of a new church to seat 1300 people! *The Tempest* was not very instructive, and they did best the things I would have thought impossible—I mean Ariel and the other spirits—while they simply broke down in the characters. It confirmed my impression that I am too old for playgoing, and that the theatre is good enough for people who do not know their Shakespeare. As I had read *The Tempest* again, by accident, only a day or two before, I felt quite entitled to have an opinion. Laying memorial stones is a token of advancing years

in Scotland, and reminds me that this afternoon I met a man who said to me, 'When I saw you on Wednesday night I could not believe my eyes; I heard you in Bothwell Street six years ago, and you look twenty years older since then.' I did not allow this speeimen of Coatbridge manners to spoil my dinner.

Next Sunday I am going over to preach at Victoria in Vancouver Island. Victoria is the capital, and is regarded by the Vancouver people as a sleepy hollow; it retaliates by looking at Vancouver as Edinburgh people look on Glasgow. The only man there at present whom I know is the man I am going to preach for—a Dr. Campbell, who was here at the Synod Conferenee, and who had the art to illustrate Dante from 'Tam o' Shanter.'

People here have the flag of British Columbia even in their prayers, and evidently think the powers above would think twice before falling out with people who have such a future as they. I must say, however, they are very hospitable and very much addicted to their business, whatever it may be. There is no approbation or toleration of loafers, and not very much consideration for the ineffieient or ungifted. The very prosperous are not usually very sympathetic.

To Miss Mackenzie, Glasgow

VANCOUVER, *June* 4.

Your bright and happy letter of May 10, which reached me two days ago, made me happy also; it was good of you to think of me at the ends of the earth, and to tell me all I would like to know about yourself and other friends in Glasgow, and about the affairs of the church.

I was delighted to hear of the pink roses in Glasgow in May, for the people here are so conceited about their flowers. Last Sunday I was over in Victoria, in Vancouver Island, preaching —and there they are more conceited still. They have broom in immense profusion, and it is really lovely; it grows all over the place, and sometimes in trees rather than bushes; in one place I saw pink wild roses in full bloom intertwined with it. But they request you to admire it, and are almost astonished if you betray the fact that you have seen broom and wild roses before. However, I must not seem to speak ill of them, for they are as kind to me as mortal creatures could be. The only drawback is that they want you to lecture every day and to preach twice on Sundays all round; you have a little the feeling of a new kind of animal in the menagerie which has to be exhibited everywhere, and which knows that *A* thinks it isn't fair if the creature is lent to *B* or *C* and not to him!

P.S.—I nearly forgot to tell you the one thing I was most anxious to say. On the way from Halifax I stayed over a Sunday at Amherst with the Ramsays, and baptized their little girl. Mrs. Ramsay was very fond of Mrs. Denney, and they wished to call her after her, Mary Denney, if I did not object. It went to my heart to feel again how others also loved her, and I baptized the baby by that dear name.

To Professor M. W. Jacobus, Hartford

GLASGOW, *February* 17.

It was kind of you to send me the Symposium on Miracle, though on the whole it was rather dreary reading. The paper which I read with most regret was Dr. Porter's, for he is an excellent scholar, and I should have expected him to show more appreciation for the point of view represented (say) in your own paper. I have often been disgusted by men who seem to see nothing in the New Testament but things they can take exception to, and who read it with a mighty feeling of their superiority to the writers, and often, one is tempted to say, to the subject. There is no such thing as preaching the Gospel possible in such an attitude to the Scriptures, and one wonders what the congregations of such critics do for spiritual food. I could understand a man who was so overpowered by the divine

in Christ that he was blind to the miraculous as a separate interest; but a man who in the presence of Christ is delighted to show how far he, a representative of the twentieth century, has got before the men of the first century in manipulating ideas like the divine and the supernatural, I cannot understand. In this country we are probably not much better off than you; there is conflict on all these points in the air we breathe, and all we can do is to put in a stroke when we can in the Lord's battle.

In the spring of 1910 he revisited Italy. The two following extracts are from letters to his sister in Greenock :—

ROME, *April* 11.

At the end of the week, on Friday or Saturday, our friend Miss Wilson of Broughty Ferry is to arrive from Florence and spend some days under this roof. Otherwise most of our company is American, some of it very interesting, and some of it with interests quite divergent from ours.

This city in general makes me feel far more of a pagan than a Christian. I am more impressed by the things B.C. than by those which are A.D. When I see the statue of St. Peter or St. Paul on the top of the pillar of Trajan or of Marcus Aurelius, I do not feel how wonderful was the triumph of Christianity over paganism; I feel mad at the cheek of the Pope who put it

there. There is something lavish and sumptuous in all the Christian splendours of Rome that seems to me in every way less respectable than the grandeur of pre-Christian times, and though I know what shady sides antiquity had, I do believe I would rather have lived under some of the consuls than under almost any of the popes.

FLORENCE, *May* 1.

It is twelve years since I was here with Mary. Everything we see recalls that happy time of our first visit to Italy.

Every day in Rome was crowded with wonderful things, and it is of no great interest to describe what only commands the attention when it is seen. Altogether we spent three weeks and a half in the Eternal City. Apart from the surviving remains of ancient buildings, the things that impressed me most were a ceiling painted with the Dawn by Guido Reni, and a picture of Pope Innocent x. by Velasquez. You never saw a more wicked-looking man, but it is lifelike in an incredible degree. He looks as if he were having his own wicked way still, absolutely indifferent to the crowd standing round him with their opera glasses. On Wednesday of this week we went to Naples. The city itself, which is the largest in Italy, is the dirtiest I ever beheld on this planet; it is enough to make us proud of our slums!

In October he travelled to London to deliver at Hackney College the Drew Lecture on Immortality, and was amused by a Methodist reporter, who went with a dislike to hearing him, and ended by resolving in future to be a little more careful of his aversions. The reporter spoke of him outwardly as 'the least alluring of men—tall, spare, with nothing impressive about head or face, short stubbly beard, of careful, almost precisian appearance. No gesture—he raised his hand once, and then scarcely knew what to do with it. It might have stayed there, perhaps, but for weariness. His voice is thin, and unpromising to a degree, but possessing unexpected harmonies,' when the sub-bass was wrought up with emotion. He was described as a perfect lecturer, reading 'with his eye upon you, to see that you are attending. He reads, but he is reading the central contentions of his soul, and as he muses the fire burns, all disabilities disappear, and your heart leaps up in reply. Friday's lecture was an almost weird instance of an unpromising appearance being sublimated by the burning of a glorious inward light. I agree now with Dr. Forsyth's judgment upon him, uttered to me privately some while ago: "Denney is the greatest thinker we have upon our side."' The following note refers to this visit:—

To his Sister

MANCHESTER, *October* 10, 1910.

On Thursday I went to London, where I stayed with Dr. P. T. Forsyth, of Hackney

College, an extremely clever though rather tantalising man. His daughter, who is a teacher and a very bright girl too, was home for the week-end. She repeated this interesting rime—I am prepared to defend that spelling—on the late curious custom in ladies' skirts, a parody of 'Mary had a little lamb' :—

'Mary had a little skirt
Tied in a little bow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
She simply could not go.'

Tell that to Duncan, and also this other one. We talked about hymns, and some one quoted, 'I would be treated as a child and guided where I go.' Dr. Forsyth suggested as a great improvement—'I would be guided as a child and *treated* where I go.'

The church at Liscard, where I preached on Sabbath, is the finest Presbyterian church in England: and both morning and evening it was full. I have not been in contact with such fine men as I met in it for long—really *able* men, with intelligent and vigorous devotion to the church and its work.

This note on the anniversary of his wife's death speaks for itself:—

GLASGOW, *December* 19, 1910.

MY DEAR MRS. KEITH,—Your flowers went to my heart: I am sure no one could be a more

loving and faithful friend than you. I cannot say anything to thank you but in the words of the Bible—the Lord deal kindly with you, as you have dealt with the dead and with me.

Miss Brown is as much touched by your remembrance of this day as I am.

To Miss Wilson, Broughty Ferry

GLASGOW, *January* 8, 1911.

The East Church seems to be quite literary just now; I heard from Miss Shaw you had had a lecture on Tolstoy, which she had missed. Lately I read *War and Peace* again, and was prepared at the time to argue that this was the greatest genius since Shakespeare; I never was more impressed by a book, unless perhaps *Anna Karenina*, which I am going to re-read on the first opportunity. But what vast stories they are!

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *January* 22, 1911.

I *am* sorry that Carnegie Simpson is leaving us. We have seen a great deal of each other, and my admiration and liking for him have grown all the time. He understands the history and principles of our Church as very few men do—has a real instinct for public affairs—and I don't think I have ever spoken to him without

learning something from him. I hope when he goes to Egremont that he will be able to bend his whole mind to the business of preaching, and learn to do that as effectively as less important things.

I am glad you get pleasure in *Punch*. The *Spectator* grew so insufferable that I simply could not read it, and the *Nation* was quite as partisan and nearly as irrational on the other side; so I renounced them both, and substituted *Punch* and the Saturday *Westminster*. This keeps me in contact with human reason in application to politics, and saves me twopence a week, so that I profit by it in every sense of the term.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *February* 4, 1911.

What weather it is! This is our fourth day of pitch darkness, worse than that of Egypt: there it could be 'felt,' but here it overpowers all the senses; though I have been washing myself all day I feel like a nigger, and my fingers are so cold I can hardly hold the pen. Though I like Glasgow, or rather my own house, better than any other, I am quite looking forward to going to Aberdeen to-morrow: partly because it is going out of the fog, and mainly because I am to be staying with George Smith till Monday. I have not seen much of him since he left, and

am quite hungry for his company. He is having some people to dinner to-morrow night, and he has the art of making a dinner a delightful function.

To Dr. Carnegie Simpson

GLASGOW, *June* 1, 1911.

Bernard Shaw and the rest of them don't attract me, for the very reason you give. The fear of the Lord is the *beginning* of wisdom, and the cleverness of men who have the A B C to learn is in every sense the cleverness of the natural man, and, however entertaining, does not build up.[1] Have you seen Dent's striking volume of extracts from Voltaire? There is a vitriolic common sense about Voltaire which brings great relief to a person suffering from too much speculative genius in his friends.

He had come gradually but decisively to set his heart upon the Union of the Scottish Churches, in the interests of vital Christianity, and upon having this carried out in as just and effective a way as possible. On a matter like this he valued highly the opinions of his friend Dr.

[1] Similarly he had written to a friend about a local series of Gifford Lectures:—'I have not been able to hear any of ——'s lectures, but the reports have not attracted me. It is too much to have a succession of philosophical persons getting up the A B C of religion *ad hoc*, and stammering through it before the public to the tune of £800 per annum or so. But I suppose it will go on till it is stopped. If a lecturer has an honorarium he can do without an audience.'

Carnegie Simpson, with whom he corresponded occasionally as the negotiations proceeded. The following extracts from letters to this correspondent indicate how his mind was moving in the matter of a new relation between the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church.

GLASGOW, *June* 1, 1911.

There may perhaps—and if this were accepted by the Established Church it would be the only hope of union—be possible such a recognition of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland by the State as would imply that on State occasions, as a matter of convenience and propriety, and without detriment to the political or legal standing of other Churches, this Church should be that to which the State appeals—not as embodying the Christianity of the nation, but as in the strict sense *representing* it more adequately than in present circumstances any other Church could do; but whether this is feasible, or whether, if it were, it would be generally welcome in the Establishment or beyond it, I cannot tell.

GLASGOW, *April* 12, 1912.

If it were made plain that what is meant by the recognition of the Church as national is merely that when on 'national' occasions the State requires to manifest its Christianity, it is to avail itself of the Presbyterian Church in

Scotland for that purpose—not as excluding other Churches but as representative of the Christianity common to them all—I see nothing to object to in that. Our countrymen will agree in wishing to have Christianity represented on State occasions; it must be represented by some Church; and, whatever may be the case in 'less happier lands,' no Church could put forward any claim to be representative in Scotland which could compare with ours.

In the endowments I have little interest. I would never do anything to disendow the Church, whether established or disestablished. The teinds are probably used just as well as if they were handed over to a Government department to squander. But I know that many men on our side are deeply committed on the 'public money' question, and I dread civil war in our own camp. If the teinds were recognised as Church-property, not State-property, and a commutation arranged which handed over a fixed sum to the Church to be used with the same liberty as its property in general, I should look for final agreement here also.

To Sir Alexander R. Simpson, M.D.

GLASGOW, *July* 15, 1911.

Many thanks for your Harveian Lecture, which I have read with the greatest interest and

appreciation. It made me wish, what I had often wished before, that we had more men among our ministers whose preliminary training had been scientific rather than 'classical.' The Church as a whole has never recognised that for the vast preponderance of human minds science is now and must be for long, if not for ever, the main organ of education; and there is an ever-recurring misfit, or want of mutual understanding, when people whose education has not included science try to talk about ultimate truths to people scientifically educated. It is a revolutionary change to contemplate, but I think our theological colleges ought to be prepared to give practical and professional training for the Christian ministry to any men who come up with a university degree, in whatever department it had been taken—and to no others. We need ministers educated as people in general are educated; we want them to have the intelligence of their time, and to be Christians. And though my natural prejudices are on the other side, I simply could not defend our present demand for a smattering of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, as the one equipment for a minister in a scientific age. It is necessary that there should be some who know them, and no doubt there will always be some; but to ask them from all is to make a false diagnosis of the intellectual situation to which the minister has

to address himself. And I am sure we are paying for it heavily.

I find Sir W. M. Ramsay on Moffatt too discursive and irrelevant, and even in the ordinary sense too impertinent, to be very pleasant or profitable reading. What right has he to lecture Moffatt as he does? I agree with him that Moffatt is wrong about the Papias tradition, but, if one may say so, he has a right to be wrong: he is a master in this business, and Ramsay has no right to talk to him as he does.

Bergson is very difficult to me, and I can't make out whether he is a revolution or just a fashion. Many revolutions in philosophy *are* just fashions.

Three years later he met Bergson at private lunch in Edinburgh, as the following note to his hostess implies:—

To Mrs. J. Y. Simpson

GLASGOW, *May* 5, 1914.

I feel deeply in your debt for giving me the opportunity of meeting Professor Bergson. What a charming man he is, and what a vital mind! Something in his spare figure and massive head reminded me of the pictures one sees of Kant. He is more poetic than Kant, but I doubt whether his *élan vital* and his distinction of intellect and intuition will revolutionise philo-

sophy as the old sage of Königsberg did, half articulate as he often was. It was fine to see a real live philosopher, however, and to hear him speak. It reminded me of Browning—

> 'Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
> And did he stop and speak to you?
> And did you speak to him again?
> How strange it seems, and new!'

To Miss Wilson

GLASGOW, *November* 8, 1911.

We had a little visit of Mr. Struthers last night, and he and I went and heard Andrew Lang lecture on the Covenanters. You could not imagine anything more pitiful. The Covenanters at least killed people and got killed, which was serious enough in all conscience; but happily they were spared the anticipation of being made the subject of imbecile attempts at wit by such a creature as A. Lang.

To Dr. Carnegie Simpson

(acknowledging a review of his book of sermons, *The Way Everlasting*)

GLASGOW, *February* 6, 1912.

It humbled me to see how you speak of my sermons; if I wanted to show the worst that could be said of them, I could easily beat you out of the field. What you so gently hint as a fault I am often painfully sensible of, but, like

Burns, 'aye ower late.' Many a time my wife used to say to me, 'Keep down your hands and *be gracious*,' but, though I knew it was what I ought to do, I fall again and again into my old sin. But I will try not to belie the Gospel.

To the Rev. H. L. Simpson of Kilcreggan

GLASGOW, *October* 23, 1912.

It is good of you to ask me to your induction social at Westbourne, and I shall be glad to come. You will forgive me, I know, if I say frankly that I am coming as much for the sake of your colleague [1] and his wife as for your own. I count them dear friends, and shall miss them much.

I know what it is to uproot oneself after twelve years from one's first church and first home of one's own, and you have my sincere sympathy. But you are getting a new congregation, and I lost all my open doors—I was going to say, for nothing, which would be untrue and ungrateful.

To Miss Wilson

GLASGOW, *December* 23, 1912.

I don't know how you contrive such exquisite —and I fear expensive presents. The little address book is a real beauty and a perfect mate

[1] Dr. D. M. Ross.

for my blotter, which is also your gift. I have begun to use it already by entering Dr. Moffatt's address, which I got from Oxford to-day, and I am sure I will find it increasingly useful, especially if I neglect my proper work, as I have been doing, and pretend to be a man of business.

The Conferences, I think, are going on as well as can be expected, yet we have not yet surmounted a single point of real difficulty, and it would be rash to prophesy about the issue. Union is desired from motives of all sorts, very good and very bad; and if the bad are allowed to air themselves too freely, the whole thing may come to grief. I want to see the Churches united, but only on the twofold condition, that it does not interfere with freedom, and that it does not impair our fraternal relations to our fellow Christians.

This refers to the Joint-Conference on Union between the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church. In the next General Assembly, after a long debate, there were loud calls for Dr. Denney, who rose and made a great speech in which he frankly defined his position upon the matter. 'For my own part,' he said, 'when I see how completely spiritual freedom has come to be recognised, and how completely in their hearts members of the Church of Scotland are willing to recognise not only the churchmanship but the contribution to the national religion of

Scotland made by other Churches, I do not feel very anxious about what it is that may possibly remain in the shape of a statutory connection. A Church which has come as far as the Church of Scotland has in these two respects has really eliminated from its relation to the State everything which ever seemed to me objectionable in that relationship.' From this remarkable utterance he went on to declare his sympathy with what the Church of Scotland stood for. 'The Church of Scotland holds the idea that it must not be asked to cut its connection with the past. It wants to be recognised as the lineal descendant of the Church of the Reformation, and it does not want the statutes abolished outright in which that recognition was made; it only wishes them abolished in as far as they are inconsistent with spiritual freedom and the other things mentioned in the report. I do not know whether I ought to say this,' he continued, in a tone that thrilled the House, 'but if I understand what is in the minds of the Church of Scotland people in clinging to this point, it seems to me something like this, and I own to entire sympathy with it. The Church of Scotland clings to something historical, just because it is historical. I believe every generous soul delights in history. I would not give a square inch of history with flesh and blood and memories and passion behind it, for a whole wilderness of propositions like some that have been submitted' —alluding to some survivors of the older voluntaryism who had spoken. 'I believe also that

the members of the Church of Scotland cling to this not so much as Churchmen but as Scotsmen —not so much for any value it has for the Church as for its significance in the State. They in the Church of Scotland loved their country, and so do we in the United Free Church, and we do not want to make a schism in the history of our country needlessly.' His subsequent letters refer occasionally to this attitude, from which he saw no reason to resile, whatever younger doctrinaires or older traditionalists might say.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *January* 26, 1913.

As the great Lord Bacon said, not to resolve is to resolve; and by swithering about the question you proposed to me, I allowed it to settle itself in the negative. I would have been willing enough to go to the funeral at Kilmalcolm on general grounds, but when people have in the course of life just happened to drift apart, it is a little queer to appear uninvited at a funeral. Of all places it is the one at which you would not wish to be unwelcome. Besides, I was not feeling quite up to the mark that day, and perhaps allowed this to influence me more than it should. I don't want to fail in respect or duty to my friends, and I hope when I come to die somebody will survive with interest enough to attend the funeral; but somehow there are

ties which cease to have any meaning—and anyhow I was not there.

On Thursday night we had some American students and their wives here. We spoke of Burns, and one of them asked me at what age he died. I said he died at what Lord Beaconsfield called the fatal age of 37. 'Well, doctor,' said one of the ladies, 'my great-grandmother died recently at the fatal age of 93!' We all laughed, and so did Struthers when I told him; but why is this a witty remark?

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *February* 7, 1913.

It was very good of you to remember the 5th, and I am grateful for your good wishes. This week I happened to be reading Crabb Robinson's diary, and he says that Goethe's autobiography gives such a picture of life as would make a person who had never lived anxious to try the experiment. I have tried the experiment a good while now, and, in spite of all the blunders and worse, I have not tired of it, as I hope neither have you. Yesterday Mr. Grant was at the Hall, speaking to the students. He did it perfectly, so that I felt proud of belonging to his year in the Hall. I really do not know a man whose intellectual and spiritual gifts are of a finer quality. But what brought him to

my mind was speaking of life and being tired of it. His mother is 86, and is very ill. Till six weeks ago her interest in everything was of the keenest, and even in her illness it is hardly impaired. When the doctor thought she might die any day, and forbade them to speak to her unless it were necessary, just to spare her strength, she insisted on being told about the 'Derry election. Wasn't that fine ?

What weather it has been! But as the bookseller said to me the other day in the rain, 'We can always hope to sail into better latitudes.' I wish it may not be swimming instead of sailing.

A minister in Glasgow, dealing with a young science teacher who had difficulties about Christianity, sent him an article by Dr. Denney in the *Expositor*. The young man replied: 'When I first began to trouble about these things, it was the cry of Back to Christ that I favoured. I had been reading Matthew Arnold's *St. Paul and Protestantism*, and had got the notion that Paul was a nasty, professorial kind of person who had complicated the whole business. So the only proper thing to do was to abandon the theorisers and get to the facts. But all such ideas seem very irrelevant nowadays. More and more it seems to me useless to argue about the business with the expectation of coming to any conclusion. The real Christians will just be "people of that kind." I 'm not one of the kind at present.' The minister laid the corre-

spondence before Dr. Denney, who answered (February 19, 1913) :—

The last sentence in your friend's letter is so like some melancholy sentences in the New Testament that it is not easy to say how one should reply to it. 'All men have not faith,' says St. Paul. '*My* sheep'—but apparently not others—'hear my voice,' says Jesus. But the very last words—'I 'm not one of the kind at present'—encourage me to hope. I quite agree with Mr. —— that it is 'useless to argue about the business with the hope of coming to any conclusion'; it is not a matter of arguing, of which the Gospels may be said to contain nothing, but of the impression made by Jesus. One would hope and pray that so candid a mind as Mr. ——'s seems to be would come under the rubric, 'Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.' Perhaps you could suggest to him that the name of Jesus always has been and will be a power which unites men, and that the notion of building up a religion for oneself as an induction from a number of facts is quite rightly dismissed by him : no religion ever came into being in this way. The one thing which is always true of faith is that it is a social force and is the conviction and inspiration of a society, so that to stay away from the church is to give oneself no chance of entering into the Christian relation to

Christ, or at least no good chance. But even this is arguing, and I admit it is useless. It might be fairer after all to say that nobody could just give up the one great choice of life and all that it involves in this 'fatalistic' way; it is giving the solution of a moral problem in biological or physical categories, which is not scientific, though scientifically trained men are much given to it. What makes me even the kind of Christian I am is that I dare not turn my back on Jesus and put Him out of my life. If Mr. —— comes to feel like that about it, I cannot doubt it will bring him to be one with those who share the same feeling. But how everything in a minister's work makes him say with St. Paul, *who is sufficient for these things*! God grant you all sufficiency here.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *February* 22, 1913.

The Principal, between asthma, erysipelas, and the verge of seventy, has had a badly broken session. When I reflect that he is just twelve years older than I am, I feel like singing

'Work, for the night is coming,'

or rather like working without wasting my breath on song. But I daresay a little song never much spoiled anybody's work.

What a galaxy of stars you get to your congregational meeting! This is a kind of show I never go to. For one thing, I cannot shine at it; and for another, I have so few evenings at home that I would grudge mortally spending one so vainly. I am glad you like Grant as much as I do: it is a fair index of the intelligence of reporters that they record the Rev. ——, D.D., and pass Grant by. The geese!

To Mrs. Keith

GLASGOW, *February* 26, 1913.

Unless my memory fails me, this is the little Joan's birthday. If I had the courage of Para Handy and could buy 'sluppers and peenies if I liked,' I should have liked to send her a small token of my good-will; perhaps when she calls me Denney I will. But meanwhile I am reduced to doing it vicariously through her mother, who will perhaps enjoy reading the Jungle Books to her when she grows big.

To a minister who had sent a handsome private donation to the Central Fund, he writes:—

GLASGOW, *November* 21, 1913.

Your generous gift to the Central Fund is more than I know how to thank you for, but I

need not assure you of the grateful appreciation of the Committee, or rather of the whole Church, for a donation so munificent. It is no use saying, 'O! si sic omnes,' for *omnes* will not and cannot do it; but if even a few of those who have it in their power were to do anything so large-hearted, how quickly all our troubles would be at an end! We have been much indebted to the newspapers for the help they have given us by printing good reports of anything I have said in public, and I hope the full statements both in the *Herald* and the *Scotsman* will be read where it is needed. I don't object to people writing or speaking against the Fund; it all attracts notice. The only thing I am afraid of is its being forgotten either by its friends or its foes.

To Mrs. Keith

GLASGOW, *December* 20, 1913.

I have not any words to thank you for the inexpressible kindness of your remembrance of me and of my dear wife. It does me good, more perhaps than you imagine, to know that she inspired such faithful love as yours. The flowers are beautiful, so beautiful that it almost makes you sore to look at them, but they bring up to the mind transfiguration rather than dying—which is what we ought to think of.

To Professor Carnegie Simpson

GLASGOW, *December* 28, 1913.

It was delightful to hear that you were going in for reading the poets through. The longer I live the more I feel the truth of Aristotle's dictum that poetry is more philosophical than history; it is a higher kind of truth, and indeed the only form in which the highest kind of truth can get even imperfect expression. But though Lamb's word is true, that what man has written man may read, Byron is one of those in whom I have stuck. Murray's striking book on Euripides has started me on reading through that very modern ancient again: isn't it strange to think—and know—that one can still weep for Hecuba?

CHAPTER IV

LETTERS DURING THE WAR

Soon there were tears for more than Hecuba. Even if his later years had been spent in a world's peace, it is impossible to imagine Dr. Denney

> 'Cushioned on the kindly years
> Between the wall and fire';

and the last three years of his life were unkindly enough, as far as outward affairs went. He felt the war in every fibre of his being. He was far too ethical and sound to have the slightest sympathy with pacificism, but he joined his hourly desire for victory to a keen concern for the moral tone of the nation, especially for the question of prohibition, which he regarded as urgent. He suffered through his public spirit as well as through his warm sympathy with individual sufferers in his wide circle of friends. A number of his letters contain matter worth preserving; they reveal his interests as the struggle swayed.

To Professor Carnegie Simpson

GLASGOW, *December* 13, 1914.

It was pleasant to see your hand again, though I marvel you can accuse your brother of illegibility.

You will know by this time of the immense loss [1] that we have suffered at the College; I feel it more than I can express. Five years ago I was the junior member of our Senatus: now I am the senior, with a seniority of no less than twelve years over the next of my colleagues. Within that time Smith has gone to Aberdeen, and I have preached funeral sermons for Lindsay and Orr. It is like turning grey in a night; I feel as if I were suddenly the last of my generation, and the College can never be the same again.

I am delighted to hear you are so happy in your work, and I have no doubt that if you enjoy it your students do too. The audience always makes half the speech and the class half the lecture, and the one conviction I have about teaching is that whenever one is learning enough to be interested himself, he need have no anxiety about interesting his students.

I don't think I can help you at all about the war. About its legitimacy for a Christian, indeed, I cannot raise any question: if a Christian

[1] The death of Principal T. M. Lindsay on 6th December. Dr. Denney was unanimously elected Principal at the next General Assembly.

cannot side in it and strike with every atom of his energy, then a Christian is a being who, so far as this world is concerned—and this is the world in which we have to do right and wrong—has committed moral suicide, and I have no interest in him. The war presents to every creature whose country is involved in it the one great moral issue of our time; and for a man to say he can do *nothing* in it is to vote himself out of the moral world. In spite of all Friends and Quietists, that is how I feel. It is easy to quibble and be quirky about non-resistance in the abstract, or in the relation of a Christian individual to a persecuting pagan State, but I cannot understand—and don't want to understand—the man who thinks we should just sit still and let the Germans repeat in Kent or the Lothians, what they have done in Belgium. In spite of its equivocal connection, there is real Christianity in Browning's line,

'Evil stands not crowned on earth while breath is in him.'

Of course you can't save men's souls by force; but when men have been denying the rights of the soul, and trusting to brute force, you may convince them in war that a higher force still gravitates in spite of them to the side of right and vindicates it against lawlessness. That, I hope, is what is going to happen in the present war, and it is so far in the way of reducing to

one the two planes on which you suggest God acts. If there is such a thing as the Lord's battle going on in the world, I see no reason in the nature of the Christian religion why a soldier should not be in it in the exercise of his calling. The irrationality of war as such does not move me; that is not the concrete question which the facts present for solution, and it does not give the answer to that question beforehand. We have to deal with the actual world, and the actual question is, are the Germans to be allowed to establish unresisted a lawless tyranny over Christendom? I can only say that I cannot imagine any answer to that question but the one which the Allies are giving, and I have no misgiving about its Christianity—whatever un-Christian consequences may go with it, as they do with the acts of all imperfect men. (Have you seen three lectures of Wernle called *Evangelisches Christentum*? The last lecture touches on this kind of subject in an interesting discussion on the Sermon on the Mount.)

Many thanks for your kind remembrance of me at this season: it went to my heart. It is seven years next Sunday since my dear wife died. I have had goodness and mercy since, beyond belief, but there are things that never change and that nothing can replace.

To Miss Wilson, Broughty Ferry

GLASGOW, *December* 25, 1914.

It has been a very disturbed and unsettled time in the College, partly owing to the war, to begin with, and then to the death of the Principal. As you say, it has left me very much alone. I have been here 17 years now, and none of my colleagues has been five, so that both to myself and to others I seem like the survivor of a generation which has passed. We miss the Principal more than I can tell. He was in such delicate health that I used to go into his room, which was next to mine, every morning, and I had got not only to be very intimate with him but very fond of him. He was an excellent man of business as well as a true scholar, and he had as admirable a temper, I think, as I have ever known. He had done an extraordinary amount of work, and, in his two chief books, work of quite unusual merit; the College will never be the same to me without him.

The war is so engrossing that it is difficult to think of anything else. We are doing against the Germans what in Pitt's time we had to do against France, and I hope—and believe—we will be able to do it with the same success; there must be room for more than one nation in Europe, no matter how efficient it has made itself as a war-machine. I had often noticed in German

theological books the same arrogance that has marked their political conduct, and was called in question more than twenty years ago for speaking of Ritschl as a true contemporary of Bismarck, 'brusque, peremptory, and occasionally insolent'; but it was quite true, and seems to have become true of the whole nation. This is the spirit that goes before a fall, and I hope the fall is going to be a crashing one.

To Mrs. Keith

GLASGOW, *May* 28, 1915.

Yours were the very first congratulations I got from any one not on the 'floor' of the Assembly, and I got none at all that gave me greater pleasure. I knew I could count upon them anyhow, and I knew you were there, though my eye did not happen to fall on you in the crowd. I cannot say how kind I thought it of you to come through on my account—for I take it for granted it was good-will to me that made you go to Edinburgh!

To Mr. James Kellock

(now Professor of Economics in the Wilson College, Bombay, but then serving in the R.A.M.C.)

GLASGOW, *May* 31, 1915.

Very many thanks for your kind congratulations. I have had many tokens of good-will

from friends in the course of the past week, but none have touched me more than those from former students. It does one good to know that kindness comes to him which he has not deserved, and it makes him feel the more that he must try not to forfeit it.

I hope you won't find your work unrewarding; if you are doing real service the monotony and even the occasional disgustingness must just be endured. What you say of your studies reminded me irresistibly of Gibbon's account of his experiences as a captain of grenadiers in the Hampshire militia. But he had books, theological books too, though at this moment I cannot remember any but Beausobre's *Histoire de Manichéisme*. He also took stock of himself in a candid and amusing passage which might be described as an 'egoistic interlude,' if anything in an autobiography can be singled out as egoistic. Perhaps I am rude in speaking as if you had not read Gibbon's Memoir of himself, but if you have not, I am sure it would give you pleasure. Even at home, with books in plenty, very little is being read; the one concern of everybody is to have news of the war. The men who have gone to it in any capacity are never out of our thoughts and prayers.

To the Rev. William Hamilton of Santalia, then serving also in the R.A.M.C., he writes:—

NEWTONMORE, *June* 21, 1915.

Your letter gave me very great pleasure. The appointment to the Principalship revealed a great deal of unsuspected and unmerited good-will, but none that touched me more than the good-will of the students and former students of our own College. For the sake of this I must try to serve it as faithfully as I can in the time which remains to me.

What you say of your situation at Eastbourne is very interesting, and quite agrees with what I have heard from Kellock and others. I don't know whether you have been in contact with him or not, but he too was sensible of the repulsive as well as the interesting side of contact with the common soldier. It is strange to think of the base qualities that can mingle with courage and devotion, and that must somehow be redeemed by them; but I cannot help being sceptical about the uplifting moral influence of war on all sorts of characters. I fancy it is like every other great experience—the possibility of great changes of character for better or worse. Many men must be degraded and brutalised by it, though many are uplifted by self-sacrifice; and no sane being can think of it but with horror. When La Bruyère said that the court sometimes failed to make a gentleman but the army never, his 'gentleman' must have been

determined by manners rather than by morals. And yet what great gentlemen in the Christian sense men like Lee and Roberts were!

The chaplains who spoke at the Assembly gave us a most interesting sederunt, just a little above concert pitch, I thought. But I don't think I ever saw the Assembly more deeply moved, and you can be sure that you and your comrades are never out of our thoughts and prayers. We are here this week on holiday, and would be happy but for the war.

To Mrs. H. M. Fellows

GLASGOW, *July* 13, 1915.

It was exceedingly good of you to write to me, and I can assure you it was a great pleasure to hear a voice which brought back happy memories of my association with Dr. Bruce. I too remember him vividly, both as my teacher long ago and as a colleague for three years at a later date; but by that time his health was broken, though his mind was as open and eager as ever. I remember the janitor in the Hall saying, after he died, that he never passed you on the stairs without saying something which made you think. And certainly if you spoke to him, he always answered as one who had put his mind to what he was talking about, and who set a stamp on his work. The most distinguished of all his

pupils, Dr. Moffatt, has just been elected to the Church History Chair here; in fact all our professors now were his pupils, except Dr. Forrest, who was a United Presbyterian. I hope we may perpetuate his spirit in the Hall.

I am sure he would have sympathised, as I do, with what you say about forms and the Central Fund. Perhaps it is because years make us all quietists by degrees that I feel a great amount of sympathy with the Quakers; if only they were not so aristocratic a sect of Christians, they would be the most attractive of any. But, though they have something very evangelic about them, they seem incapable of evangelising, and want to be blended, if that were possible, with the Salvation Army. However, for the time left to me, I mean to do what I can in the United Free Church, with entire charity to all others and willingness, I hope, to be taught as readily as to teach.

To Professor M. W. Jacobus, Hartford

GLASGOW, *July* 7, 1915.

How good it was of you to write and send me your good wishes on my appointment to the Principalship of our College. It came to me really in the order of nature, for we have had so many changes in recent years that my term of service was nearly twice as great as that of

all my colleagues put together. But I value very much the kind remembrance of friends at a distance, and am truly grateful for your congratulations.

It will not make very much difference to me in the College, but according to the tradition of our Church it requires me to take a good many public responsibilities of a more general kind from which I should otherwise have been exempt. Partly for that reason, and partly because of the war, the end of which no one can as yet see or even guess, I should very much wish to be relieved of my engagement to lecture for your Seminary next April. It is really impossible for me to leave the country while the war lasts, and there is no prospect of its being over then. One part of my Church work it has made more anxious and difficult—indeed it requires very constant and close attention at present. I am convener of the Central Fund Committee, which raises £180,000 a year, a sum on which all the poorer ministers of our Church, between 700 and 800 in number, depend for their stipends. It is being affected by the war, capriciously I think, but it may be seriously; and, though you may think financing the Church is not my business, I believe I can be useful to it while the crisis lasts—so long as I am on the spot. I am reluctant to disappoint you again, but I ought not to lessen your chance of getting another lecturer

by keeping open a possibility which is extremely improbable of fulfilment. You will not be angry with me, I know, for I am only writing thus because there is no alternative.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *November* 22, 1915.

Our letters are getting to be like the exchange of arms in the *Iliad*—you give gold for brass and a hundred oxen for nine.

To begin with what is no news, we have had the longest fog I have ever known in Glasgow. It lasted for a week unbroken, as black as pitch, sometimes, and as cold as ice; or, as Dr. Carroll put it in an Irish comparison, as thick as soup and not nearly so nourishing. But this afternoon the thaw has come, and I hope life will be more tolerable than it has been. I don't wonder at your staying in at nights; it began to make you feel that bed was the only comfortable place, and that squirrels and dormice, and not men, were the proper rational animals. The worst of it was that immediately outside of Glasgow it was fine.

A letter to Professor Carnegie Simpson upon Mr. H. G. Wells's speculations about Providence:—

GLASGOW, *December* 12, 1915.

You seem to live much in Cambridge under 'the burden and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world.' The idea of the 'struggling God' is not one which has any attraction for me; though the truth that God enters into all our struggles for good, and that there is such a thing as the Lord's battle always going on in the world, is indispensable to every ethical religion, and therefore in all ethical religions has a place. For that very reason I should not think of connecting it specially with Bergson. In the form in which you have to encounter it, however—the form which 'kicks against God as more than *in the struggle*'—it seems to me just one of the numberless ways in which the human mind expresses its impatience with the insoluble problem of evil. It will not let the responsibility of evil rest on Him in any sense whatever, and in its vehement antagonism to 'the atheistic fact,' as you call it, of sin, it overleaps itself, and is left with a world on its hands in which there is no principle, no constitutional law (so to speak), no formative principle, as you call it—a world of which it is impossible either to think or to speak. I cannot avoid the feeling that in this sympathy with the idea of a merely struggling God there is something akin to atheism; it relieves us of the feeling of absolute dependence

upon God on which religion hangs, makes us not fellow-workers with Him but allies on the same footing as Himself. There is something of the same kind—on another plane—in the persistent preference of some people for the idea that the Incarnation has no particular relation to sin, and would have taken place anyhow. I do not mean that there is nothing to be said for this, but that among its other recommendations to human nature is this, that it enables us to say, 'After all, it was not *for us* He did it, and we are not so bound to Him or so dependent upon Him as some people would have us believe.'

It is essential to believe not only that good is in conflict with evil, but that it is essentially and eternally superior to evil, and destined to be manifestly 'all in all.' The entrance into the struggle, once the conditions of the struggle have emerged—*this* is the insoluble point—is inevitable, and can be insisted on. I have often wondered whether we might not say that the Christian doctrine of the Atonement just meant that in Christ God took the responsibility of evil upon Himself and somehow subsumed evil under good; but that might be to overleap oneself in the opposite direction from those whom you have the prospect of addressing. I fancy it was something like this Calvin had in mind when he said that God did not make His noblest creature *ambiguo fine*, without knowing

what for; *i.e.* He was quite prepared to take all the consequences, and He took them in Christ. But who is sufficient for these things? On their philosophical side they may fascinate the mind, but they do not fructify; familiarity with them impels us rather to agnosticism or Quakerism as modes of true religion. Moffatt, in his commentary on 'Revelation,' has a fine note you should read on 'They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb'—on redemption as the inspiration of martyrdom: it is not merely a struggling goodness with which we co-operate, to bring it to birth here, though that is true; but a goodness which is on the throne, and which perfects that which concerns us. But I must not ramble round a subject on which we are bound to reach the limits of our knowledge very soon. The believers in a merely struggling God seem to me to give up religion in the interests of morality, just as High Calvinists and idealist philosophers have often sacrificed morality to what they would count religion: it is in the tension between the two that we keep our feet in the spiritual world.

To Miss Wilson

GLASGOW, *December* 12, 1915.

The East Church Roll of Honour was very interesting to me, and I am sure the church will

have cause to be proud of its young men. It has also cause to be proud of its minister;[1] I have not seen anything finer or worthier in the shape of chaplains' messages from the front than Mr. Cairns' letters to the congregation. I am sending the last one to Dr. Carnegie Simpson at Cambridge; there are some ideas in it that I think he will find useful in a lecture he is contemplating at Girton.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *December* 15, 1915.

The Central Fund is trying, but perhaps not more disappointing than we might have expected. I would not be anxious about it at all if the people who are nominally members of our churches had any real connection with them. I do not believe that half of them have; and as for exercising any self-denial to support poor churches in the country, you might as well ask for subscriptions to plant a colony in the moon.

I am toiling away at 'Burns' in view of the lecture I have to give on his birthday. In one of his letters to Mrs. Maclehose (Clarinda) he says that if he did so and so he would be an 'unfeeling, insipid, infamous blockhead.' In a great part of his life this is what he actually

[1] The Rev. Frank Cairns, who served with the Royal Naval Division at Gallipoli.

was, and how he contrived to combine it with humour and satire, and with writing songs like Macpherson's Lament and Auld Lang Syne, is the problem of his character which I cannot pretend to solve.

To the Same

AYR, *January* 9, 1916.

How completely we have all become lost to one another since last we met. I have not heard a word from one of our company, but I hope none of them were the worse of it, and that Bob and Beatrice are quite well. They must be all at work again by this time. We came down here on Monday, oddly enough to the very rooms in which Mary and I stayed eight years ago, the last little Christmas holiday we had together. It has been here, as apparently everywhere, a tremendously wet and windy week, but we have managed to be out every day. I thought we knew nobody here, but the very first day I appeared on the street, though I had a bowler hat and a black tie, the parish minister greeted me as a college contemporary. He seems a nice sort of man, and to-night we are going to hear him preach in the old parish church of the town, built in Cromwell's time.

If this sinking of unarmed passenger ships, full of women and children, is not punished as

murder, there will be no justice left on earth. There is nothing I would not give or do to see it avenged.

I am going back to a very hustling sort of time to-morrow. We are to have a great day in the Presbytery on Tuesday over the place of women in our Church: if you want to be made an elder or a deacon, you must send me word by return; otherwise I am going to vote in favour of letting well alone. I never did know a woman who wanted to be an elder, or who wanted another woman to be an elder, or who would have rejoiced in getting a woman as her minister; but we live in interesting times.

[He put his serious views on this question into a note appended to the Report of the Committee on the Recognition of the Place of Women in the Church's Life and Work, submitted to the General Assembly four months later. 'Ordination has a special and sacramental sense in the Roman Catholic Church. In virtue of it, a man is taken out of the *laity* and put into the order of the *clergy*. The transference is made once for all, and a *character indelebilis* goes with it. Once a cleric, always a cleric. Ordination may be to various degrees of clerical duty—to the status and duties of a deacon, a priest, or a bishop—but in its sacramental and permanent virtue it is always the same. The bishop is not more a cleric than the deacon, nor more permanently so; ordination takes them both

completely and finally out of the laity and gives them a place in the clerical *ordo*. Now our Church does not recognise this distinction of clergy and laity at all. The words do not occur in any of our subordinate standards, and they do not occur in the New Testament. Ordination with us is simply the setting apart to special and regular service in the Church, by solemn prayer, of such persons as the Church calls and appoints to the service in question. There is no reason in the nature of the case why the persons should not be women, and every reason why they should be women, if the service is one for which women are peculiarly fitted. In other words, if the term ordination is used in the only sense in which I think it is legitimate in our Church to use it, there is no reason why women should not be ordained. I would ordain, for example, Church Sisters—that is, I would publicly set them apart to their work in a solemn service of prayer. I would in the same sense ordain Sunday-school teachers, whether men or women ; their function in the Church is so important, that qualified persons should be called and appointed to it in a service in which God's blessing is invoked and responsibilities solemnly undertaken. And I would eradicate every fibre of the sacramental conception of ordination, such, for example, as seems to linger in some minds in connection with the practice of not re-ordaining but only re-inducting ministers, elders, or deacons when they take office in another congregation. This is a convenient habit, but it does not imply the

Roman Catholic doctrine of ordination. What it implies is that people are not ordained simply to serve a congregation but to serve the Church as a whole—in a congregation : to transfer their service from one situation to another does not require the repetition of their solemn consecration to such service. To say this, however, does not answer any question as to what the kinds of service in the Church are to which men or women may appropriately be called.']

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *January* 23, 1916.

You must not think I was unsympathetic because I did not write last Sunday. We had Dr. Carroll with us all afternoon, and I had to preach in St. John's at night, and really got no chance. He was giving ' by request ' in Kelvinside a sermon on the ' Angels at Mons.' I don't know what he thinks about them, but they are not exactly a burning question with me. I have been more interested this week, and more grateful to the good angels who sent up the Central Fund £1034 at the end of the year, and enabled us without any emergency solicitation to pay the same stipend as last year. I was sincerely grateful when it was achieved, and so, I am sure, will every poor minister in the country be. I had many congratulations about it when I was in Edinburgh on Tuesday. They are great un-

believers there, at least some of them, and in Glasgow too, and I was glad the mouth of the low-spirited has been stopped, though it will only be for a little. We will have them presently announcing that last year was comparatively easy—this is to be the trying year, etc. etc.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *February* 6, 1916.

This week I had a very interesting letter from Mrs. Powicke, daughter of our late Principal Lindsay. She is very happy with her new baby, which they were tempted to call Peter, but they were afraid he might not like it when he grew up. She told me her little girl, who is only five, had made a critical remark on the Bible which she was sure would please me. Her mother had been reading her the stories in Genesis. When she read about the bow in the cloud, after the flood, the little girl said, '*That's* a true story: but all that about the animals was just put in for the children.' I do think that is one of the best children's sayings I have heard for a long time.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *March* 19, 1916.

This is our Communion Sunday, and it is also the anniversary of my first Sunday in Broughty

Ferry thirty years ago. That is a great stretch of a human life, greater than all that in any probability can remain, and reminds one that he has really had his chance in the world, for better or worse. I wish I had made more of mine, but wishes are vain. Looking over some letters of those days, both Mary's and mine, brings back the past vividly; whatever I might have to reflect on in my own life, no one possibly could have had more unearned goodness and kindness than I from every one with whom he has had to do, and most from those who were nearest to him.

To Mr. Kellock

(on the Salonika front)

GLASGOW, *April* 30, 1916.

It was very good of you to write to me, and I read with pleasure the account of your situation. The hillside and the summerlike air, with the view of Mt. Olympus and the bay of Salonika, would have been almost too romantic if it had not been for the mules. I hope you are more than a match for their mulishness, and enjoy an occasional scamper with them. If you don't enjoy it now, you will not when you are an old man.

I do not profess to have any solution of the difficulties connected with the existence of evil on any scale, great or small; but I agree with

you that whatever mitigation of them is to be found, it must be in another view of the relations of God and His world than the old deistic one. Of course we run the risk of falling into difficulties of another sort when we conceive of God's immanence in such a way that He is merely an aspect of the world-process, and in no sense the living personal God that religion needs. The relief we expected to get is in this case lost; instead of a sympathetic God who is afflicted in all our afflictions and saves us by His Presence, we are left with no God at all. I am very heartily at one with what you say about war, internationalism, and the Churches. Not that I have the slightest doubt about our duty at the present moment to fight and to beat Germany. I have no sympathy with the conscientious objector, and hold that a law, which expresses the common conscience stultifies itself when it allows any one to rule himself out by simply pronouncing the word 'conscience.' If I thought it expedient not to compel these people to fight, I should certainly disfranchise them and penalise them financially. But I do feel anxious about the wildly anti-Christian way in which people are talking about international relations after the war, as if to boycott Germany, and foster hatred, suspicion, and animosity by every political and economic device, were the way to the Kingdom of God. We can surely have a mind above that.

To Miss Shaw, Broughty Ferry

GLASGOW, *May* 6, 1916.

I meant to send this cheap copy of an invaluable book whenever I came back from Broughty Ferry, but I have been nearly a fortnight—indeed I have been this week in London—and you are only getting it now. I hope you will like Epictetus: he is not an author to read through, but to read in, anywhere, now and again, and he is one of the noblest spirits of our race.

I heard in London that the Zeppelin which lost itself in the last raid did damage at Dundee, and even as far north as Aberdeen; I hope you were neither frightened nor hurt in the Ferry. It is pleasant to know that it has been finally disposed of on the coast of Norway.

I had a very pleasant visit to London, and did not attend the Synod too assiduously. The city is stupendous—I had not visited it for a good while, and had lost the feeling that even 'the second city in the empire' is but a village in comparison. The visible wealth of it—I mean the money you see being squandered in every kind of extravagance, from eating and drinking, up or down—is not only stupendous but stupefying. It is a wonder poor people endure it for a day. I certainly don't want the Germans to redistribute it, but it ought to be redistributed some-

how. I suppose the income-tax collector is doing his bit in the job.

Minnie has just gone out to her soldiers' club, or would join in warmest remembrances to you both. This is my fourteenth letter this morning, so no more at present.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *May* 20, 1916.

It is a fortnight since I bade you good-bye as I left for London, and since then I have had a good deal of going out and coming in. Nothing remarkable happened when I was in London except the Zeppelin raid, which was luckily a failure so far as Scotland was concerned, though it killed about a dozen people in England and did some other damage.

I saw a lot of friends at the English Presbyterian Synod, including the Moderator, Mr. Macphail, who was an old college contemporary, Carnegie Simpson, Dr. Skinner, and many others whose names you would not know. The Macleods with whom I stayed were very kind to me, and, though Mr. Macleod [1] was a member, we did not attend the Synod too assiduously! They have three little children, the oldest just five, who interested me very much. They could all run about and talk, though the youngest was

[1] The Rev. Roderick Macleod of Frognal.

not very intelligible except to his mother, a charming lady, and the blend of imagination and literalism in their speech was most amusing. One afternoon I went with the Macleods to the Academy. I cannot say there was anything in the galleries which struck me as extraordinarily beautiful, but there were some attractive things, and I always like to see portraits.

To the Rev. Dr. A. B. Macaulay

GLASGOW, *May* 20, 1916.

You may think you have not expressed yourself clearly, but you have certainly been inspired in what you say by precisely my feeling in the matter. It has come formally before me three times. The second time was in our Presbytery; Macintyre of Finnieston, one of the best of men, wrote asking me to second a motion which he was going to make for the 'national' day of humiliation and prayer; and, though it was painful for me not to support Macintyre, whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to untie, I refused. I know how easily opposition to it can be misrepresented, and how painful it is to oppose such good men as many of those who favour it; but if your inward conviction about it is that for yourself it is not *honest*, what can you do? 'He desireth *truth* in the inward parts,' and I am sure beforehand that the national day of

humiliation and prayer, even if it kept the form of godliness (and of that I am by no means sure) would lack its power.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *June* 24, 1916.

You must not get into the way of feeling ' quite busy ' with two letters to write on the same day —at least it would not suit me. I try to keep mine down as well as I can, but two a day would be too paradisaical for anything. I have had a lot of curious business this week, between reading mediæval theologians and trying to get two congregations of modern Christians—most of whom seemed to me to be incarnate fiends —to unite. In this last effort no success was attained.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *July* 4, 1916.

On Sunday I was down preaching in Troon. It was very wet, but the church was quite full, crowded with Glasgow people, many of whom I knew. It was not, however, so crowded as the train in which I travelled down on Saturday afternoon. It was the second of two at the back of four o'clock, and was crammed in every corner. I had to stand in the guard's van, packed in among men, women, and weans, boxes, bicycles, perambulators, and what not. But it

was a lovely change when I got down. I was staying with Mr. Stephen the shipbuilder, and his motor met me at the train. He has a fine house and a lovely garden, with 2000 rose-trees, a vinery, peach house, nice vegetable garden, etc.—everything in short you could wish for, but not one gooseberry! They were very kind to me, and made it a very pleasant week-end.

The Germans are evidently making a desperate resistance. If they have prepared a Verdun anywhere in Flanders, we will need all our strength and patience. But hope is a great deal when people are fairly in action, and I believe hope is now definitely on our side.

The money question seems likely to be pressing here, as the meat one is in Germany, but what will press when peace comes, who can tell? The only thing certain is terrible pressure of some kind, whoever may live to see and endure it.

To his Sister

LARGS, *August* 11, 1916.

We were glad to get your letter and card, and to hear how you were getting on at Kilmalcolm. I am glad you are liking Mr. Gregory, and hope you will like Mr. Thomson [1] too. Thomson is a particular friend of mine, and so, if I may take the liberty of saying so, is his wife; she is an

[1] The Rev. W. R. Thomson of Bellshill.

admirable lady every way. I think Thomson writes better than he speaks, though he made an admirable speech in the Assembly proposing Dr. Drummond as Home Mission Secretary. It was a speech with the rare quality of getting better and better as it went on; the fire burnt up in it instead of, as is usually the case, burning out.

To his Sister

LARGS, *August* 22, 1916.

I have tried to get a little of my Cunningham Lectures done. To-day was one of my failures. I only got two pages written in the forenoon which I had to tear up and rewrite afterwards. My great resource is Boswell, which is a better joy every time you take it up. I hope to finish it for the fourth time this week, and when we get a few days really idle after Monday to begin again *Don Quixote*.

I am glad to hear you liked W. R. Thomson: he is one of the best of men—no offence to Mr. Gregory.

To the Rev. Dr. A. B. Macaulay, Stirling

CASTLE DOUGLAS, *September* 6, 1916.

I have just got the circular calling your committee for Monday the 11th, and regret more than ever that I cannot be present. What I

said at the Assembly I repeated lately in an article in the *British Weekly*, and it represents my feelings, if not all my thoughts, on the situation. Frankly it seems to me hard, if not impossible, to get a *general* insight into what is required. The duty of the Church consists in the duties of hundreds and thousands of Christians, and in one country of some few thousands of ministers, and these duties will only define themselves through the pressure with which in the various and varying circumstances they insist on being done. We ought all to be more in earnest than we have ever been, and then I daresay light will arise for each of us in his darkness. I cannot avoid the conviction that a good deal of the inspiration we need and will get will be like that of Socrates—negative; a dæmon saying Don't. It may need a gift of discernment of spirits to tell the difference between this and what Dr. Johnson says he was haunted with—'a strong disinclination to do nothing'; nevertheless the Don't is sometimes divine.

Since I finished at Largs we have been here, and I have had a real holiday week, the only one I have had for a long time. Yesterday Miss Brown and I cycled by Gatehouse and Anwoth to Creetown, and came home by train. It was curious to see Lord Ardwall's tombstone within the walls of Samuel Rutherford's church. Let

us hope that in the all-reconciling world they will understand and rejoice in each other.

To the Rev. William Hamilton
(on the Salonika front)

GLASGOW, *September* 23.

Your part of the front is the one in which I think people here find it most difficult to follow or to understand what is taking place. For long we thought there was nothing; now there is evidently serious fighting, though neither the purpose, the results, nor the incidents can be made out. Partly, perhaps, this is owing to the inferiority of the maps, partly to some want of lucidity in the aims of the Allies, or some want of decisiveness in their action caused by apprehension of what Greece may do. People here are getting pretty sick of Greece, and wish Sarrail was a general of the type common in the French Revolution, who would tell Tino what he had to do and give him twelve hours to make up his mind or to clear out.

Many thanks for sending me the Greek newspaper. It is interesting to read the everyday news, including the advertisements of silk blouses and the 20 p. c. reductions in the drapers' sales, in the language which one ordinarily knows as that of the classics and the Greek New Testament. How does it feel to read the Epistles to the

Thessalonians in Salonika ? I suppose you have tried. Men read the Bible everywhere : last night I heard of an engine-driver who was degraded from passenger to goods trains because he read the Bible while driving on the railway. High time, I thought, though the Bible is a very good book, and speaking generally should be read, as Paul says, εὐκαίρως ἀκαίρως.[1]

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *November* 12, 1916.

I hope Duncan is not letting himself in for too many extras in the congregation. There is always the risk that voluntary work accumulates in the same hands, and then the very people who put it past them, instead of being grateful, are quite ready to find fault as if there was some grasping or some desire to shunt *them*, on the part of whoever does it. . . . This morning I was preaching in Hillhead church and in the evening I went out to Belhaven to hear Dr. Hutton. He had a very good congregation for an evening one, and preached a most interesting sermon, besides having a really impressive and most uplifting devotional service. I was charmed to be there, for I never saw a church so full at night ;

[1] The two Greek words translated 'in season, out of season' (2 Tim. iv. 2)—a favourite phrase of Denney's. There is an undated post-card to Struthers : 'What do you say to εὐκαίρως ἀκαίρως for the dial? The context is not very apt, but the words are fine.—J. D.'

yet there was not a single young man present except one in khaki—everybody at the war.

Now people are beginning to think we have turned a corner, or that the tide is setting in our direction, or some of those consoling things which alternate with despondency by a law of the mind's necessities rather than by any change in the outward facts.

The following letter was written to Mr. Hamilton, who, after the battle of the Somme, when so many of his fellow-students from Glasgow had fallen, determined to apply for a combatant commission, and consulted the Principal upon the point.

GLASGOW, *December* 15, 1916.

That there should be differences of opinion about the right course to take is inevitable, and I agree with those who think that the State which compels men to fight should be very careful to see that it is right for which the fighting has to be done. But granting that the question of right is clear, and that the fighting is inevitable, I think most unsophisticated people would agree that you have chosen the good part. The 'good part' in the Gospel, you will remember, does not mean that the other is positively bad, but that it is not so good. It is part of our moral probation, and sometimes the more difficult part, not only to do our duty but to see what is our

duty. It is in its insistence upon this latter point that Protestant is distinguished from Catholic morality, and, in my clear judgment, distinguished to its advantage. It is responsibility which makes a man, and the heaviest responsibility any one has to bear is not that of doing the right but that of deciding that this and not that is the right thing to do. Apart from accepting this responsibility, however, with the doubts and conflicts to which it gives rise, there is no such thing as freedom or true manhood.

[' Sadly enough,' Mr. Hamilton writes, ' when I did get sent home and got a commission, after being discharged from hospital, almost the first thing I did was to attend Principal Denney's funeral, along with another divinity student, George Main, who went out to France a few weeks later and was never heard of again.']

To Miss Wilson, Broughty Ferry

(On the Central Fund)

GLASGOW, *December* 23, 1916.

Encouraging and also discouraging reports come to me continually, but I am disposed to hope. It seems pretty obvious that churlish and snarling people obtrude themselves and their opinions—or rather their feelings—much more than those who are sympathetic and generous: you hear ten mean people for one liberal, but

you get ten subscriptions for one refusal. One thing experience has taught me is to despise the vocal grumblers and to depend on the quiet good people.

To the Rev. Dr. A. B. Macaulay, Stirling

GLASGOW, *December* 25, 1916.

I don't remember writing a letter on Christmas day before, but something impels me to send a word of good-will in your direction. If we cannot hope to be merry, or wish our friends to be so, there is surely some good designed for us even in this darkness; and I am sure if any one can become aware of it and help to diffuse even a dim consciousness of it, you are the man.

I hope you keep well, and all your house. Like me, you are so far out of the war, but you must have many sorrows to enter into. Don't trouble to acknowledge this: I have no motive in writing it but to express my affection for you and my good wishes for all your house.

To a Little Girl

GLASGOW, *January* 2, 1917.

What a surprise I had yesterday when some one handed in at my study a lovely parcel of crackers, and told me they had been left by you. It was too kind of you to give me such

a handsome share of your New Year dinner, and I just wish you had come in with them yourself. Next time you are at my door, be sure to come in and see me; I always like to see you. Miss Brown and I pulled two of the crackers, and I got a nice little bracelet of beads, and she got a fine little Australian soldier's hat, turned up gallantly at one side.

To the Rev. Dr. A. B. Macaulay, Stirling

GLASGOW, *January* 4, 1917.

It *was* good of you to write. I hope it was because my personal feelings and wishes for my friends were like yours swallowed up in the hope of the welfare of our country and the coming of peace, and not because of an access of ἀκήδια, that I sent no cards this Christmas, and hardly wrote except to my relatives. Your kind letter reproves me, and I do cordially reciprocate your friendly greetings. So does Miss Brown. When I got to the end of your letter, she said in a disappointed tone, 'I was hoping to hear he was coming to stay with us for a Sunday.' So you see what is expected when you come into these parts.

I was delighted to hear your report on the Central Fund. Till the end of the week, or perhaps a little later, we will not know what the present effort amounts to; your news is one

of the encouraging omens which bid us hope. It takes a great many contributions of £50 or £100 to make up anything approaching £20,000, but I will be surprised as well as disappointed if we do not make a very substantial increase on the £174. I know one minister who gave £30, and one who gave £50; I would say, The Lord reward him, but I know it is needless. He has done it already.

Please congratulate Janet for me; I like to think of her being a good scholar, and hope she will have a record for health as well as diligence in her classes. I wish I saw them all again.

Miss Brown joins me in all good wishes to you and Mrs. Macaulay for 1917 and far beyond it.

To Miss Wilson, Broughty Ferry

GLASGOW, *February* 14, 1917.

Forgive my scribbling a line to acknowledge your kind congratulations. I am getting on, though still in bed, and beginning to be a little anxious about my Cunningham Lectures, the first of which is due in Edinburgh on Tuesday at 11. I knew the Central Fund Report would gladden your heart as it did mine, and I have had shoals of letters about it from the country manses. But I knew also we were working with a flowing tide of sympathy and consideration, and that the result was bound to be sub-

stantial and good. It is the unbelieving, timid people, who are at bottom so downright selfish that they do not even see there is unselfishness in the world, that are a convener's trial.

To the Rev. D. H. Lawrence, D.D.

GLASGOW, *March* 20, 1917.

If anything could make a sick man well, it would be such an unfeignedly affectionate line as your last to me. You remember the One-Hoss Shay of O. W. Holmes? Well, I seem to have driven my rackety machine till it suddenly and completely collapsed under me, and I have spent six or seven weeks in painfully gathering myself up out of the débris. At first I almost despaired, but, though I have not been out yet, I feel I am improving. A sudden impulse to-day made me think of Homer, and—would you believe it?—I read the sixth book of the *Iliad* through without lifting my head, not with the keen delight I should have had if quite well, but with great pleasure, and without the slightest difficulty or hesitation. This was a real comfort to me, for if you had asked me a week ago where my brains were, I could only have answered *Desunt*—they are not here. But now I feel that if I can do nothing for some months, they may muster again for what they are worth.

This is a short letter, but it is my *magnum*

opus in writing for two months; there is no one on whom I would bestow all my tediousness more willingly than on my best and dearest friend. Love to all your house.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *April* 8, 1917.

This morning the two little Keiths called with their father when I was just in the middle of my toilet. I was chagrined not to be able to see them, for they brought me what I have never had in my life before, a big Easter egg. When we opened it, it contained a beautiful bunch of lily of the valley and two little bunches each of primroses and violets. Besides, little Anna wanted to give me four kisses. You can imagine how vexed I was not to see them.

Perhaps this 'summer time' will delude us into thinking that summer has come, though we might be living in the glacial age. We had a nice visit from Bob and Beatrice on Friday, and I have promised to cross the Gardens with Minnie on Tuesday and be the first guest to drink tea made with some new electric kettle which Mrs. Moffatt has just had presented to her. I am writing this by the light of nature only at 8.30 P.M. Love to all our circle at Greenock, from us both.

To Mrs. Keith

GLASGOW, *April* 29, 1917.

Miss Brown told me she had seen you to-day and expressed opinions to you about roses and lily of the valley and extravagance, which she seemed to think I would share. I am not going to enter on that line either on one side or the other: I feel that I am always getting more and more hopelessly into debt to your kind thoughts and deeds, and I know that at this moment this room is full of the perfume of the roses, and that it is delicious. But what I am writing for, is to say that I have been getting up a considerable part of these last three days, and that it would do me good to have a little visit from you any evening. If you and Mr. Keith happened to be passing, I would be delighted to see you. When I put it in this way, I am not forgetting dear little Anna and my four kisses: I have sometimes felt guilty about them, and wondered if *she* has forgotten: it would serve me right, but I hope not.

To the Rev. Dr. D. H. Lawrence

GLASGOW, *April* 28, 1917.

I had just read your kind note to Miss Brown when the doctor called, and as he was more confidential than usual I can give you the latest

news (*N.B.*—not for publication but because I love you). He said there was no harm in saying now that what I was suffering from, and what he had put me back to bed for, was a low abnormal form of pneumonia—not acute pneumonia which runs a rapid course with a high temperature, but a creeping, sneaking kind of affair, with practically no temperature, but preventing the full inflation of the left lung, and causing that breathlessness which makes even a few minutes' conversation in a low tone fatiguing, and any other kind of speech impossible. I am to be very careful of all cold, fatigue, and what not: to ca' canny in everything, and have patience, and all will be well. There is not a man in the world to whom I would have written all this but to you: but I wanted you to know the facts as well as I do.

Don't you think this entitles to a reciprocation of confidence? When you have time, write and tell me how you are, and Mrs. Lawrence—whether Willie is on full duty again, or Arthur at the siege of Gaza, and how Chrissie is standing the strain of national service.

To his Sister

GLASGOW, *May* 27, 1917.

There is little to report here. The doctor is keeping me in bed again, and experimenting on

me with mixtures to discover what will improve my rest and lengthen my breath. I daresay he is having some success, but it is very tiresome only to be allowed to slip on your dressing-gown for a couple of hours before bedtime, after having dozed or gasped or wearied through the rest of the day. We hope, however, by the end of the week to make a start for Craigmore, where we have taken a house for June: I believe my one chance is to get sitting by the shore in the sun.

I believe the Central Fund report comes up in the Assembly to-morrow, but I do not know who is to present it. The last sentence almost of the print says the Committee were greatly 'relieved' when I undertook to continue the convenership for another term—four years—but unless there is a great and decisive change for the better in my health soon, I fear the 'relief' will be a delusion.

The 'relief' was a delusion. He was too ill to leave home, and died on 11th June.

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