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LIFE OF JOHN EADIE, D.D., LL.D.







Yours truly  
John Ford

# LIFE

OF

JOHN EADIE, D.D., LL.D.

BY

JAMES BROWN, D.D.,

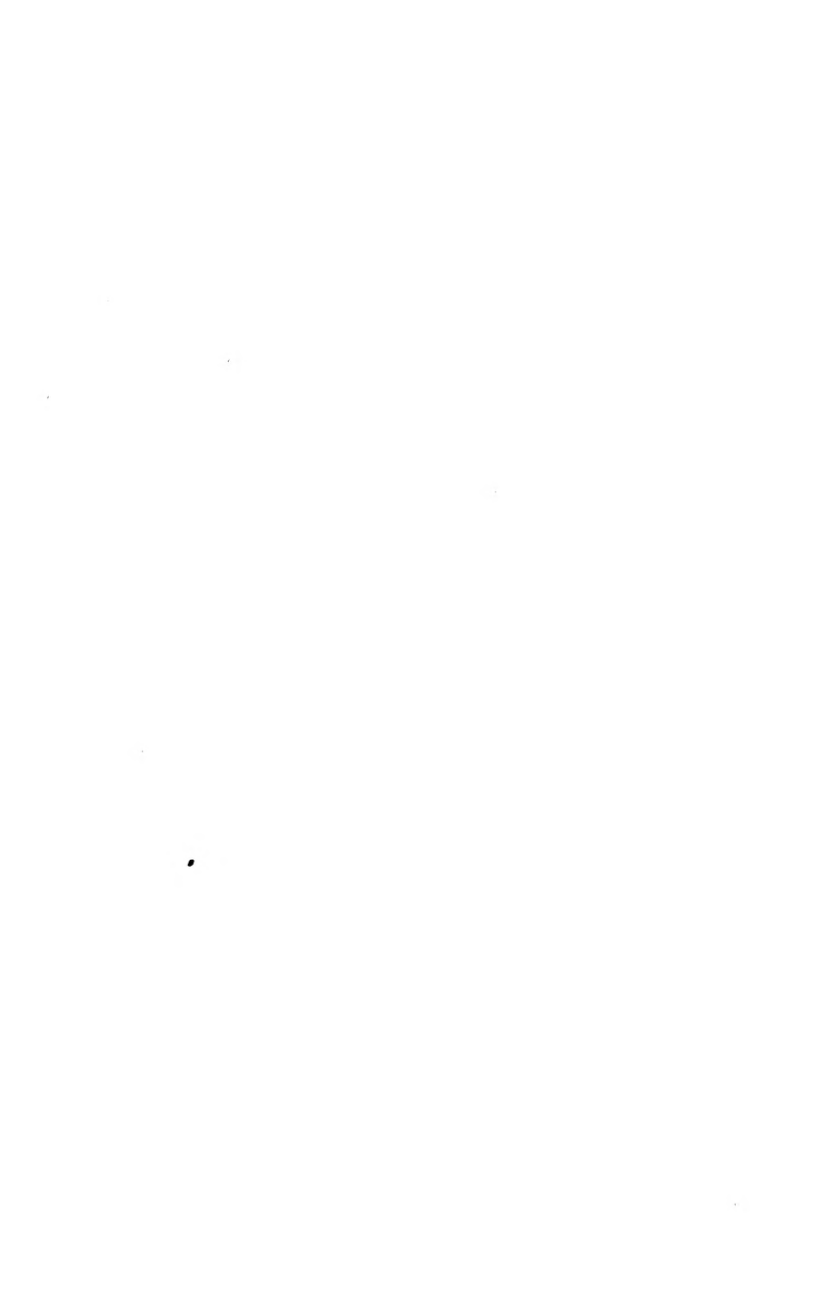
AUTHOR OF THE 'LIFE OF A SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.'

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1878.



To

THE VERY REVEREND JAMES HARPER, D.D.,

PRINCIPAL OF THE THEOLOGICAL HALL OF THE  
UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

WHO WAS ELECTED TO THE PROFESSORSHIP ON THE SAME DAY WITH DR. EADIE,  
AND WAS ASSOCIATED WITH HIM FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN ONE  
OF THE CHIEF DEPARTMENTS OF THE WORK OF HIS LIFE.

This Volume is Dedicated

WITH RESPECT AND AFFECTION.







## P R E F A C E.

THE uneventful life of a pastor and scholar does not generally furnish much material for biography. In Dr. Eadie's case there is a more than usual lack of incident. He never removed from the city where he began his ministry, and he did not connect his name with the controversies of his time. He kept no journal, and he seldom wrote a letter which extended beyond the limits of a hurried business note. It was, nevertheless, believed by those who knew him best, that if the story of his quiet and laborious life could be simply told, the record would be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable.

In arranging the material at his disposal, the author has not followed strictly the chronological order. Dr. Eadie wrought simultaneously in three distinct spheres of labour, and it seemed more convenient to treat

separately of his pastorate, his professorship, and his literary work ; but, at the same time, care has been taken to trace clearly the line of his personal history.

The author returns his heartfelt thanks to all who have aided him in his work. He is under special obligation to Mrs. Eadie for much kind assistance and encouragement. He is deeply indebted to the authors of interesting contributions which will be found in their appropriate places ; to several members of the New Testament Revision Company, not only for leave to make use of letters, but also for valuable information and advice ; to friends in Alva and in Cambridge Street and Lansdowne Churches, for assistance in collecting the facts embodied in the chapters relating to Dr. Eadie's early life and his two pastorates ; to all who have placed letters at his disposal ; and to those who have given unwearied assistance in the work of revising proofs.

The Photograph prefixed to this volume is by Mr. Fergus of Largs, to whom thanks are due for the use of the negative.

ST. JAMES' MANSE,  
PAISLEY, 19th April, 1878.

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# LIFE OF JOHN EADIE, D.D., LL.D.

## CHAPTER I.

### BOYHOOD.

County of Stirling—Alva—View from the Ochils—Battlefield of Scotland—Influence of Early Scenes—House in Back Row—‘Eadie’s Well’—His Father—His Mother—Early Training—‘A Causeway Saint and a Hoose Deil’—Love of Birds—His First Teacher—Sketch of the Rev. Archibald Browning—A young Anti-Burgher—Morning Walks to School—Reminiscences of the School Boy—Feats of Memory—Mechanical Skill—Liking for Time-pieces.

JOHN EADIE was born at Alva, Stirlingshire, on the 9th of May, 1810. His native county is, alike geographically and historically, the very heart of Scotland. It is the meeting place of highland and lowland. The richest corn-land in the country lies along the foot of rugged hills which rise abruptly from the plain. Rapid mountain streams, coming from highland lakes, through famous passes, have joined to form the Forth, which sleeps through the Carse between sedgy banks, and with so little descent that it can only find its way to the sea by interminable windings, compelling the traveller

by water to pass over twenty miles in going between places only five miles apart. The plain through which the river winds is the great battle-field of Scotland. The most famous fights in Scottish history—those of them, at least, of which Scotchmen like best to speak—were fought either on or near this Carse of Stirling.

In the most picturesque of many sunny nooks at the foot of the Ochils, where the lowland richness touches the hills, the village of Alva has gradually gathered itself around two little streams that have cut their way down the wooded hillside, cleaving it into glens that in a less mountainous country tourists would go far to see. The stream that comes through the larger or Alva glen is the source of the prosperity of the village. Even before it has escaped from the mountain it is caught and turned to the service of the industries of the plain. Woollen mills that in former days were indebted to it for their motive power, and that since the days of steam have multiplied many fold, cover its banks and give employment and comfort to a thriving population. The other and smaller glen promised at one time to become a more direct source of wealth. Its name—the Silver glen—which the chance traveller would naturally trace to the crystal purity of the stream, that, by a succession of merry cascades, rushes down to join the Devon, really marks the fact that the workings with which its sides are pierced were once silver mines. The communion cups used in the Parish Church—of old dedicated to St. Servanus—bear an inscription, dated 1767, testifying that they were made “*ex argento indigeno.*” But the yield was not sufficient to make the working of

the mines permanently profitable, and so they have been long discontinued. It is told of a former Laird of Alva that, when walking with a friend in the Silver glen, he pointed to one opening and said, 'I took £30,000 out of that hole,' and before his friend had time to congratulate him on his good fortune, he pointed to another and added, 'but I put it into that one.'

It is hardly possible to conceive of a birth-place the surroundings of which are better fitted for 'nourishing a youth sublime' than this little manufacturing village, spite of its unsightly mills and unromantic chimney-stalks. The precipitous heights which, as you look up to them from the village streets, seem Pyrenean if not Alpine, redeem it from the commonplace. The crags in the glen are lofty enough to nourish the love of adventure, while its recesses are deep enough and dark enough to be associated with tales of mystery. It is only needful to climb a little way up the hillside to command a view, familiarity with which is itself an education. From the Saline Hills in the east to the hill of Tough—that like a giant ploughshare seems to cut into the plain—in the west, the eye ranges over the Carse that at every season presents a fine mosaic of many colours,—the corn-fields in the fallow of winter, the green of spring and summer, or the golden tints of autumn, lying among dark-wooded heights and stretches of pasture, with the gleaming links of Forth, mimicked in the nearer foreground by the windings of the little Devon, while toward the west many-towered, castle crowned Stirling seems to guard the great highway to the

north of which the Abbey Craig and Craig Forth are the gate-posts.

The quick eye of a boy learning the history of Scotland in the village-school below is soon able to pick out the battle-field at Stirling Bridge where Wallace crushed the army of Surrey and Cressingham, and dyed the sluggish stream with English blood; the more distant Falkirk, where sad reverse of fortune overtook the Scottish hero through the jealousy of the barons, and where in later days Prince Charles Stuart won his last victory; the Gillies' Hill, on the brow of which the scullions and camp-followers appeared at the crisis of the fight of Bannockburn, and decided the fortunes of the day and the future current of Scottish history; and immediately below it the field of Sauchie, where James III fell amid the civil discords which tarnished the glory that Bannockburn had won. Nor will he fail to note the dark Torwood, to the shades of which Wallace withdrew after the disaster at Falkirk, and in which, in the later but no less heroic times of the Covenant, Donald Cargill sought refuge from his persecutors.

The influence of scenery on character, which is unquestioned in relation to tribes and races of men, may be to some extent traced even in the case of individuals. No one who is familiar with Dr. Eadie's mental characteristics, and who visits his birth-place, can fail to mark that he was partly moulded by his early surroundings. There was in his style a many-coloured wealth most like to that on which he had looked down from the hillsides of his boyhood—with a glow as of the sunsets behind

the Abbey Craig. He was a true Scotchman, with sympathies for all the past, and admiration for all the glories of his native land. Yet he liked to be in among the bustle and the industries of men. The future Glasgow minister, who clung fondly to the busy city, and resolutely refused to leave it, was educated for his lot in life by having his ear filled from infancy with the whirr of machinery. Charlotte Brontë says somewhere that only poets remember their childhood. Dr. Eadie was certainly not, in the common sense of the term, a poet, but the impressions of his early years were retained with peculiar clearness; and when he had occasion to preach in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, he seemed to delight in introducing local allusions and pronouncing familiar names. At the celebration of the centenary of Blairlogie Church—in which he had been baptized—he spoke in his sermon of the changes that had taken place in the congregation, in contrast with the stability of the great landmarks around, saying, ‘Demyat stands where it stood of yore, lifting its lofty brow to meet the morning breezes.’ When the audience was dispersing, an old woman was heard to remark, ‘He’s a fell man, yon Dr. Eadie, he tell’t us that Demyat was aye to the fore.’

The villagers of to-day point fondly to the house where ‘Maister Eadie’—as they call him—first saw the light. It is a humble but comfortable two-storey building on the upper side of the street nearest the hills, called on that account in the old days, and still by the older people, the Back Raw, but bearing in these days of police commissioners the more ambitious title of Beauclerc Street. The house, like the others

in the row, has a little bit of garden-ground both in front and behind. By the side of the entrance there was till quite recently a well which was known as 'Eadie's Well'; but this ancient landmark has been made to disappear before the march of improvement. The present writer, when on a recent visit of enquiry, arrived in time to see the last shovelful of earth cast in. There is nothing between the back-gardens and the hills but a sloping field named the Lang Bank. The street in front of the Back Row was known as the Fore Doors. The house where his son was born had but a short time before been acquired, along with another property at the head of the village green, by old John Eadie with the profits he had made out of a contract for a portion of the Monkland Canal in the neighbourhood of Airdrie. When Eadie was asked in later days what his father's occupation was, he used to answer playfully that he was a highwayman, because, though originally a miner, he occupied himself, after he returned to his native district, making roads and quarrying stones to mend them. By this time he had nearly attained to three score years and ten, was a widower, and had seen his first family settled in life. But he was hale and hopeful, and the holdings he had acquired encouraged him to aspire to the hand of a village beauty who had just passed her flower. All the village wondered that Janet Morrison should accept so aged a suitor. They still speak of her exceeding comeliness, and of how handsome she looked in the scarlet cloak with which her husband decked her for her 'kirkin'. The material of which the cloak was made has survived the storms of seventy winters, and is at this day worn, though in

a humbler garment, by the niece who carried the child to the Blairlogie Church to be baptized. John was the third child of the old man's second marriage, but the only one who lived more than a few weeks. It was from his mother that he inherited both his fine physique and his mental power. In her niece just referred to, though she is more than eighty years of age, it is easy to recognize the remnants of finely-chiselled features resembling those with which all who knew Dr. Eadie were familiar. The older inhabitants bear testimony that Mrs. Eadie was a woman of good sense, of ready wit, of remarkable power of memory, and of kindly humour. She is said to have known the age of everybody in the town; and they tell that when she went into a house all the children would gather round her to listen to her jokes. She was well instructed in the Scriptures, and had read widely in the divines, with whom even the peasantry of Scotland were then familiar—showing, as became the mother of the future commentator, a preference for those of them who concern themselves most with Bible exposition. In his *Life of the Rev. William Wilson*, one of the Secession fathers, her son bears this touching testimony to her worth, and to the special bent of her mind: ‘Nor can we ever forget how our own mother, ‘gifted with no little knowledge of the inspired oracles, ‘and skilled beyond many as to the comparative merits ‘of Scripture-exposition in the writings of Boston, ‘Watson, Flavel, Brown, Henry, and Burkitt, was ‘especially fond of hearing a “lecture” from Mr. ‘Muckersie of Alloa, and took peculiar delight in ‘training our boyish fancy to wonder at his ingenuity ‘(and wonderful it was)—in extracting so many racy

‘deductions, so many happy and unexpected references, ‘from the passage of discourse.’<sup>1</sup> This ‘Mother Eunice,’ who saw to it that her young Timothy should from a child know the Holy Scriptures, was withal devout and prayerful in spirit. Among better evidences of this, her niece tells that once when she went to her in her last illness, and was about to give her a prescribed powder, she bade her be quick, as she had to hurry home to send her children to school. ‘Ye maun wait, Peggy,’ was the reply, ‘till I ask a blessing; we maun pray for the means to be blessed.’

It must be confessed that, spite of her care, she was not cheered by any early signs of special grace in her son. It is probable—indeed it is whispered—that though she instructed him well, she spoiled him through the excess of her love. In any case she sometimes confessed that he nearly baffled her, and used to tell her sister (Peggy’s mother) that she had more care with her only son than her sister had with a family of fourteen. She called him sometimes a ‘causeway saint, and a hoose deil,’ but the latter epithet seems rather stronger than his home peccadillos merited. They consisted for the most part in impish tricks, which he used to play. He was always specially fond of the imp-like boys in Sir Walter’s novels. He recognized in them his own boyish character. When he wished the loan of his father’s knife, he would come to the old man with a serious face and say, ‘Father, would you like a chapter read to you to-day?’ Of course the offer was accepted gratefully for its own sake, and yet more for the serious disposition of which it seemed a sign. John

<sup>1</sup> ‘United Presbyterian Fathers. Lives of Erskine, Wilson, and Gillespie,’ pp. 182 and 183.



would then select the shortest chapter he could find, and when he had read it would say, as if it was an afterthought, 'Do you think you can give me the pen-knife to-day?' Of course the circumstances were unfavourable to the exercise of parental firmness in a refusal. He used to provoke his father sadly by his tricks in the back garden; and when the old man, vowing vengeance, rushed out with a big stick, the boy would dodge about crying out lustily, but taking care that not a single blow fell on him.

The former part of the double epithet his mother applied to him, a 'causeway saint,' points to the fact—which indeed is attested by the universal village tradition—that the boy was a great favourite with all the neighbours. The 'natural man' in him was kindly. The old people of the place have before them a vivid picture of a fair-haired boy—tall for his years—dressed in a kilt somewhat scant in length, wandering about, trapping birds with a riddle in his father's garden, harnessing his mother's cat to a cart of his own making, hunting rabbits on the hill, showing prodigious power of memory and early gifts of speech, which were often exercised, they say, in mimic preachings to his companions from the head of a stair in the Butterha'. It is the testimony of all that his mischief was innocent. He was 'nae fechter,' 'naeboddy ever saw him angry,' 'a' body liked him.' He loved every living thing, and even then began to form a collection of birds. He was wont to speak of an early grief, which was caused by the loss of a wild duck he had caught by the Devon banks, and of which he hoped to make a pet, but which, on the first fine day, when it saw its companions aloft, flew away and left him lamenting; and of another sor-

row yet more poignant on occasion of a pigeon's untimely death, the memory of which so abode with him, that never to the end of his life would he eat pigeon.

The tastes he then acquired became permanent. Their cultivation in later years helped to carry the freshness of his boyhood into the manifold labours of his manhood, and to transplant something of the beauty of the hillfoots into the midst of the great city where he toiled. Even when his income was too small to permit him to occupy a commodious house, he had an aviary fitted up in one of his rooms, and when he removed in succession to Lansdowne Crescent and Thornville Terrace, one of his first cares on each occasion was to have his birds worthily accommodated. Nowhere was he better known than in the bird-shops of Edinburgh and Glasgow. When he travelled daily to and from his classes in Edinburgh, those who met him used to remark that he often carried a little brown paper bag, pierced with air-holes. It contained some songster which he had picked up, during the spare hour between the close of his lecture and the starting of the train. When he went to the country to open a church or assist at a sacrament in spring or early summer, his first inquiry of the children in the manse was as to the birds' nests they had found in the garden. He would ask to see them, and when all that had been discovered had been shown, he would begin to search for more, and to the astonishment of the youngsters, who thought their search had been exhaustive, would bring to light many, of the existence of which they had never dreamed. The Alva boy had studied the habits of birds so carefully that he knew, as if by instinct, where to find the nests of each species.

The following letter, dated 6 Thornville Terrace, 8th July (the year is not noted, but it was one of the later years of his life, probably 1870), may be introduced here as illustrative at once of his love of birds, and of children who loved his favourites. From a country house, where he spent many pleasant holidays, a cock blackbird had some time before been sent to his aviary, and a report that a nest of young white throats was being kept for him had been more recently despatched. This is his reply—

‘MY VERY DEAR ——,—Thanks for your note, so full of historical, or rather *ornithological* interest. You have done WELL; and when I publish my great book on the birds of the Bible, I shall dedicate the illustrious volume to you with a photographic frontispiece of your pretty face, and a white throat on your shoulder. Please put into the cage a bit of *hard-boiled* egg, and a bit of minced fresh beef till the young ones learn to feed themselves. The old ones will feed them up to that time.

‘The “Blackie” you ask for is quite well. I saw it this morning, and, as by a secret magnetic power I know what is passing in a bird’s brain, I felt that it spoke thus—“Please, sir, send my regards to ——, and say to my family—how they will envy me when the cold and hungry days of frost and snow come on.” I said, “You are a this year’s bird, and you never saw snow.” “Oh,” it replied, with a knowing shake of its head and perk of its tail, “my mother told us all that, the day we left the nest up in the wood.” Kind regards to everybody.—Yours always,

‘JOHN EADIE.’

His education began at the Parish School of his native village under Mr. John Riddoch, who continued in office till his death in 1868. He early revealed a liking for Latin. When he was still in the initiatory English classes his teacher overheard him one day declining ‘Tres, Tres, Tria,’ and before he was ten he was receiving regular instruction in the rudiments—the only other classical pupils in the school being the teacher’s son and daughter. His wonderful memory began even then to excite admiration. When he had occasion in repeating his lesson to show its power, Mr. Riddoch would encourage him by saying, ‘You’ll be a grand hand in a pulpit some day,’ and having been asked by his pupil to write his name on the fly-leaf of his school Bible, he wrote it thus—‘John Eadie, fit to be a minister.’ The habit of reciting their long sermons *memoriter* was then all but universal among the Scottish clergy, so that in the estimation of the Scottish people, power of memory ranked highest among the requisite gifts of the occupant of a pulpit. Even in more recent days the reputation of the most eloquent preacher was blasted—at least in rural districts—if it was whispered, on the authority of some sitter in the gallery, that any scrap of paper had been lying on the open Bible.

From Alva Parish School he passed to the school at Tillicoultry, taught by the Rev. Archibald Browning. The influence exercised by this remarkable man on Eadie’s future was so great that it seems fitting that something more than a passing mention of his name should appear on these pages. The following sketch of his career and character, by one who knew him

well, cannot fail to be read with interest for its own sake, as well as for the light it throws on the Life, the history of which it is the object of this volume to record.

‘Archibald Browning, born in Strathaven, in 1785, was the son of a muslin manufacturer, whose family was so numerous that he could not afford to give any of them more than the barest elementary education. Archibald, however, showed a strong and, as it proved, an irresistible desire for more, though in spite of all his entreaties he did not receive it from his father, who attributed the wish to a lazy dislike of manual labour.

‘In all beyond the three R’s he was mainly self-taught, and probably to this fact were due many of the characteristic excellencies, as well perhaps as some of the characteristic defects in the system of education he afterwards carried out with such marked success. He used often to speak of the shifts to which he had recourse in order to find time for reading and study, and of his having to be ferreted out of all sorts of odd corners to his work. He left his father’s house when still a boy, and continued his education, supporting himself by whatever work he could find. About 1809 he became parish school-master at Kilbride, and still taught himself while thus engaged in teaching others. In 1812 he gave up his situation and went to Glasgow University, having resolved to study for the ministry in connection with the Secession Church. After a student-career, during which he suffered his full share of the hardships that usually fell to the lot of Secession students in those days, he was duly licensed, and

‘soon afterwards obtained calls to Newarthill and  
‘Tillicoultry.

‘Settled in Tillicoultry in 1818 he managed almost  
‘from the first to combine with his pastoral duties  
‘the education of a few boarder-pupils, with whom  
‘were associated such day scholars as the district  
‘afforded. The school gradually increased till it  
‘demanded his whole attention, and accordingly in  
‘1825 he resigned his ministerial charge. Though  
‘this choice would seem to prove that he thought the  
‘teaching and not the preaching profession the one  
‘for which he was best qualified, he was not without  
‘gratifying proofs of popularity and success in the  
‘ministry. A call to Queen Anne Street Church, Dun-  
‘fermline, once Ralph Erskine’s, and at the time one of  
‘the largest in the denomination, may be mentioned  
‘as one of these, and there are some still living who  
‘must remember his popularity, both as a preacher  
‘and as a lecturer on various public questions.

‘By his own choice, however, the best part of his  
‘life was devoted to teaching, and it is as a teacher that  
‘he is chiefly remembered. His method of teaching  
‘was peculiar and almost unique in his day, though  
‘fortunately its main features have now become  
‘common, if not universal. Its peculiarity was pro-  
‘bably due, as has already been said, to the manner  
‘in which his own education had been acquired.  
‘Self-taught, he had been able to take nothing on  
‘trust, but had to think everything out for himself,  
‘and he found the process so beneficial that he  
‘resolved as far as possible to make his pupils do the  
‘same. The difference was that while he was left to  
‘himself, they had in him a guide who pointed out

‘every step in the way. But his aim was that they  
‘should take the steps for themselves as consciously  
‘as he had done. Most teachers in those days con-  
‘tented themselves with carrying their pupils over  
‘the road; the work of the school was mainly memory  
‘work; lessons were heard rather than taught. Mr.  
‘Browning had a different idea of his duties. The  
‘saying of a lesson occupied but a few minutes of the  
‘hour devoted to it, the rest of the time was spent in  
‘teaching proper as he understood it. When for  
‘example the boys had read and been examined on  
‘the prescribed passage of a Latin author, the passage  
‘for next day was gone over minutely word by word,  
‘new difficulties were explained, where an explana-  
‘tion had already been furnished it was recalled.  
‘The name had scarcely become known, but the class  
‘was virtually a class of exegesis, and it is not alto-  
‘gether fanciful to suppose that the future Professor  
‘of New Testament Exegesis got his first notion of  
‘the method he was afterwards to apply with such  
‘good results from his teacher at Tillicoultry. The  
‘thoroughness shown in this instance characterized  
‘the entire work of the school. Written exercises  
‘had to be given in without error, blot, or careless  
‘writing, and there was no scruple about demanding  
‘a second or even a third edition, if the first was  
‘imperfect. The discipline of the school was main-  
‘tained by the old “physical” method now generally  
‘modified, if not altogether abandoned, and it was  
‘administered with the same thoroughness as every-  
‘thing else in the establishment. This was done  
‘upon principle, and not because Mr. Browning was  
‘unkindly or harsh in his nature. In addition to the

‘ usual weapons of the schoolmaster, he was perhaps  
‘ rather indiscriminate in his use of a remarkable lion-  
‘ like voice which none who have heard it can ever  
‘ forget. Its roar, for it could be called nothing else,  
‘ especially when he was roused by deceit or falsehood,  
‘ was tremendous, and many a poor culprit suffered  
‘ more from it than from the infliction with which it  
‘ was often accompanied. Like most teachers he had  
‘ a school manner which he had deliberately adopted,  
‘ and he perhaps made too little attempt to modify it  
‘ so as to suit the different characters of different  
‘ boys. His questions were abrupt, pointed, and stern,  
‘ with not a word too much or too little, and were  
‘ generally sent home with a Johnsonian “ Sir,” which  
‘ was apt to knock all power of reply out of a timid  
‘ boy, while it only put the naturally ambitious and  
‘ forward upon his mettle. Notwithstanding this and  
‘ some other mistakes or defects, he was a teacher of  
‘ rare powers, enthusiastic in his spirit, original and  
‘ clear in his method, painstaking and almost morbidly  
‘ conscientious in carrying it out. Several of his  
‘ pupils like Eadie reached positions of eminence and  
‘ usefulness, and they cherished a grateful recollection  
‘ of the man, who had not merely given them so much  
‘ positive learning, but had done them the rarer and  
‘ more valuable service of drawing out and strength-  
‘ ening their powers of thinking and acting for them-  
‘ selves.

‘ In school, and out of it alike, Mr. Browning was  
‘ remarkable for the quickness—sometimes it rather  
‘ looked like rashness—with which he acted upon his  
‘ judgments. Few men ever kept their practice so  
‘ near to their principles as he did. Earnest and



'impulsive in his temperament, he was sometimes  
'perhaps a little hasty and came to a general con-  
'clusion on a question, without having looked at all  
'the sides of it; but no one could deny him the some-  
'what rare merit of acting at once and fully up to his  
'convictions whatever they were. Though fond of the  
'pleasures of the table and an exceptionally clever  
'table-talker, he was one of the earliest in the district  
'to adopt the practice of total abstinence, and his  
'conversion was so sudden that, but for his consistent  
'adherence to teetotalism for the remainder of his life,  
'he might have been thought to have acted from  
'impulse rather than from principle. The same thing  
'might have been said of his generosity, had it not  
'been unfailing. One occasion at least is remembered  
'when he gave the coat he was wearing to cover a  
'starving beggar; but that was in the trying times  
'before the passing of the poor law. He had a deep  
'sympathy with the poor, and one of his main interests  
'was in schemes for the improvement of the working  
'classes. His more cautious friends would have been  
'pleased had he not been quite so prompt in actively  
'countenancing some of those schemes which seemed  
'visionary or worse. Like some clergymen of greater  
'fame, he had hopes of the Chartist movement, which  
'were not destined to be fulfilled. If, having these  
'hopes, the line he took, in so far supporting the  
'Chartists, showed some want of political foresight,  
'there can be no doubt that, in taking it, he was  
'actuated by the noblest spirit. In a beautiful letter  
'to one of the cautious friends before-mentioned, he  
'expresses his thorough dissatisfaction with the policy  
'of simply "ordering" the working classes to be quiet

‘and contented, describes Chartism as an attempt, on  
‘the part of these classes, to grope their way out, and  
‘asserts the duty of the clergy to be “to guide them  
‘in their groping.” But the best illustration of his  
‘prompt fidelity to principle, is afforded by his peculiar,  
‘not to say eccentric, ecclesiastical career. He had been  
‘born and bred in the Established Church, but, as soon  
‘as he was led to adopt Secession principles, he at once  
‘went out into the cold and became a Seceder. He  
‘resigned his charge in 1825, as has been explained,  
‘owing to the engrossing demands of his school; but  
‘probably he had already begun to experience that  
‘broadening of sentiment which led him in 1841 to  
‘give up his connection with the Secession, and to  
‘keep himself thenceforward free from ecclesiastical  
‘trammels. It is needless, now, to say anything about  
‘this step further than this, in which most of those  
‘who know the circumstances will probably agree,  
‘that he need not have gone, and that the zealous  
‘for sound doctrine, who felt relieved when he went,  
‘might with perfect peace of mind have allowed him  
‘to stay. The truth was, however, that he was one  
‘of those men who do not fit in well to any sort of  
‘church organization, presbyterian, episcopalian, or  
‘congregational — not from unruliness, but from a  
‘certain uncompromising independence. He was one  
‘of those free-lances who do the best service in the  
‘church militant by fighting for their own hand.  
‘Rightly or wrongly he used and enjoyed his freedom.  
‘Popular as a preacher, he was asked by several of  
‘his former flock to be their minister. The little old  
‘barn-like building in which he had commenced his  
‘ministry was standing empty, and he returned to it

‘and continued to preach until the day of his death  
‘to such as chose to adhere to him. During the last  
‘fifteen years of his life he was a great invalid and  
‘met with many heavy bereavements in his family,  
‘but he almost never failed to appear in the pulpit on  
‘Sabbath, preparing his sermons with characteristic  
‘thoroughness and conscientiousness. He had just  
‘finished that preparation on a Saturday in February,  
‘1858, when death took him suddenly and painlessly,  
‘as he had often said he wished to be taken. Few  
‘scenes more touchingly pathetic dwell in the memory  
‘of the writer of these lines than that of the old man,  
‘seated in his pulpit, preaching to a mere handful of  
‘people discourses in which he gave the best he had,  
‘just as if he had been preaching to thousands; few  
‘impressions are more vivid than that of his earnest  
‘striving that people should see and know and love  
‘the truth as truth, of his use for this end of every  
‘oratorical art he could command, and equally of his  
‘scornful disdain of anything like oratorical artifice, of  
‘his scrupulously fair reasoning, his lively pointed  
‘illustrations, his pithy if somewhat too terse style,  
‘and the lofty spirituality of his conceptions.’

Mr. Browning already stood to young Eadie in the relation of pastor. His father and mother had not deemed it necessary, when they united their fortunes in marriage, to compose their ecclesiastical differences, but continued to attend separate churches—the father going westward to Blairlogie Relief Church, and the mother eastward to the Secession Church of Tilli-coutry. The son elected to go with his mother. The reason why he did so will be given most fitly in his own words. Speaking in January, 1861,

at a social meeting in honour of his co-presbyter, the Rev. Mr. Russell, of Old Kilpatrick, Dr. Eadie said, 'I have some very vague remote kind of connection with this congregation, for be it known that I was baptised by the successor of Mr. Russell's predecessor—that is to say, I was baptised in the Relief Communion in Blairlogie, whence Mr. Watt was brought to Old Kilpatrick. The fact is, I left the Relief in my early days, before I had come to the years of discretion. My mother was an Anti-burgher—the old true-blue party of Scotland. My father belonged to the Relief, and his church was two miles off, while my mother's was three. My mother carried bread and cheese with her on Sabbath, and my father carried none, and, therefore, I cast in my lot with my mother and became an Anti-burgher.' Mr. Browning's attention was drawn to Eadie when, on a pastoral visitation, he examined the boy according to the universal custom, and was struck with his remarkable power of memory. He obtained from his parents a promise that he should be sent to his classes in Tilli-coultry; and thus the road along which he had been accustomed to trudge by his mother's side on Sundays, sustained by bread and cheese, now became his daily walk to and from school. In all weathers—fair and foul—in winter and in summer, he ungrudgingly made the journey, having been seized, under the influence of his able teacher, with that enthusiasm for learning which never left him, but which then, as always, he was able to conceal under a manner which to a casual observer betokened indifference. On winter mornings he had to start before daybreak, but he provided himself with a blazing tarred rope which he carried

in one hand while his copy of 'Paradise Lost' was in the other. It seems to me that there is hardly a finer picture in literary history than that of the quarrier's son—destined to raise himself to a foremost place among the scholars and divines of his native country—finding his way along the foot of the Ochils in the dark of the winter mornings, made darker by the shadow of the hills and of the overhanging trees of Alva woods, reading Milton's great epic in the light of a blazing tarred rope. Nor was it a careless reading, serving only to shorten the long winter walk. The poem was so read that it fixed itself in the memory of the boy, and for many years he was able to repeat it line by line and book by book from beginning to end.

I am indebted for the following interesting reminiscences of Eadie as a scholar at Tillicoultry to Mrs. Smith, daughter of Mr. Browning, and widow of the late Rev. William Smith, of Bannockburn.

'I believe my father's attention was first drawn to Eadie while visiting pastorally at his mother's house. The boy's remarkable power of memory displayed, I suppose, according to the usual manner in repeating the catechism and psalms, led my father to suggest that he should be sent to Tillicoultry to school. This would be, I think, in 1822 or '23, but no doubt you have the date. My first recollection of him, a very distinct one, is seeing him climbing a tree after birds. His fondness for birds, of which you must be well aware, was thus very early shown. We were in school together though not in the same classes, except one for the revival of the Latin Rudiments. Though he perhaps spent more time in play and less

' in learning his lessons than any of his companions,  
 ' he was almost uniformly dux, and I remember that  
 ' there was a good deal of jealousy in the school that  
 ' he should be able to keep the top place with so little  
 ' effort. When he had read, or sometimes it seemed  
 ' when he had just glanced at a page, he had mastered  
 ' it as thoroughly as the other boys after poring an  
 ' hour over it. He was always well up in his school  
 ' work, so that my father, who was, as you know, some-  
 ' what exacting, never had any fault to find with him  
 ' on that score. I do not think, however, he did much  
 ' beyond what was prescribed. He spent all his play-  
 ' hours in the playground, and so far as I remember he  
 ' did very little in the way of miscellaneous reading  
 ' when at school. I believe he became omnivorous in  
 ' regard to literature when at college, but of that you  
 ' will have more exact information from some one else.

' There was one matter in which Eadie baffled all my  
 ' father's efforts. Most of the Tillicoultry boys acquired  
 ' from the example and training of their master a legible  
 ' and beautiful handwriting, with a distinct individual  
 ' character which could be easily recognized. Eadie  
 ' was one of the few exceptions. Although special  
 ' pains were bestowed upon him he never became even  
 ' a tolerable writer, as his many perplexed correspond-  
 ' ents well know. I remember distinctly one occasion  
 ' on which, after an extra drill, my father formally  
 ' gave him up in despair, saying, "Man, you'll never be  
 ' a writer, your fingers are too long."

' His general character at school was very much the  
 ' same as in after life. He was happy, good-natured,  
 ' and easy-going in his temperament, and in this re-  
 ' spect he never changed. His habits were slovenly,

‘ he was careless in his dress, and used to lounge about  
 ‘ a good deal in a seemingly aimless way. When he  
 ‘ was a student he brushed up and paid more attention  
 ‘ to appearances.’

The Rev. James Robertson, of Newington, who was a pupil of Mr. Browning’s, writes thus—‘ When I  
 ‘ went to Tillicoultry, a boy of ten, our friend’s time  
 ‘ there was about over. He was leaving for college,  
 ‘ and it was but seldom that I saw him during his  
 ‘ student-days, so as to cultivate acquaintanceship.  
 ‘ Indeed, we little boys stood in such awe of him as a  
 ‘ phenomenon of learning, that we did not presume to  
 ‘ consider him as one of ourselves. “ Still the wonder  
 ‘ grew,” that while it was so difficult for us to *remem-*  
 ‘ *ber* things, his only difficulty appeared to be to *forget*  
 ‘ them. It was a tradition among the boys that he  
 ‘ had, by way of pastime, committed to memory the  
 ‘ “ Paradise Lost ” on his way from Alva before school  
 ‘ time—six in the morning—and that, on the examina-  
 ‘ tion day, in addition to all his other work, which  
 ‘ was prodigious, he professed to recite the whole of  
 ‘ Milton’s masterpiece.’

Mr. Browning’s servant—now living in Alloa—remembers that when she was driving back the cows to the field after morning-milking, she used to meet him coming ‘ skelping along on his bare feet,’ book in hand, and his tin vessel, which contained his dinner, hanging by his side, along with his shoes, in the soles of which there was ‘ a great lot of big tackets.’ The little boys at school ‘ made fun ’ of the tackets, but ‘ he never took it ill,’ he was ‘ such a real good-natured, kindly callant.’

The power of mastering the contents of a piece of

writing at a single glance, to which Mrs. Smith refers, remained with him all through life. When a friend handed to him an article in a paper, and asked him to read it, he would cast a hurried glance down the column, and immediately return it, but it would presently appear that he had made himself familiar with every sentence it contained. Few literary men of our time have shown so remarkable power of memory. It is said that when he was at Tillicoultry, the Rev. Mr. Fraser of Alloa visited the school, and delivered an address to the boys. Eadie picked it up; and next time Mr. Fraser came, Mr. Browning said he had a boy who could repeat his last address. The good man said he would like to hear it. Eadie was called in, and gave the whole of it verbatim—not forgetting the peculiar nasal intonation with which Mr. Fraser spoke. One of his early companions—Mr. John Drummond of Alva—tells that when Eadie was a student they went together on a walking excursion to Comrie. They visited a farm-house, where Mr. Drummond, who was a native of that district, told Eadie a story which he had picked up in the floating tradition of the neighbourhood—of how in time of civil war a treasure had been secreted in the byre of the farm to save it from the rebels. The owner of the treasure had been killed, leaving no trace of where it was hid. A succeeding tenant had a dream, in which he was told in Gaelic that if he would go to a certain point in the wall of the byre opposite a freckled cow he would find the treasure. It was found accordingly. Such is the story as the one lad told it to the other when they were leaving the farm. More than thirty years afterwards Mr. Drummond called on



Dr. Eadie in his house in Glasgow on a Saturday night, and found him in his study. The doctor rose to meet him, and saluted him by repeating the Gaelic sentence which the man heard in his dream. He told Mr. Drummond that he had never repeated it before. He repeated it again, when Mr. Drummond met him in Edinburgh, a fortnight before he died.

None who knew him will be astonished to hear of these feats of memory; but when he was a school-boy, and even later, he gave evidence of the possession of another faculty with which few even of his intimate friends would have readily credited him. He could perform remarkable feats of mechanical skill. On one of the somewhat frequent occasions when his love of mischief had brought him into disgrace at home, and when he was punished by being shut out without his dinner, a kindly neighbour—with whom he was afterwards brought into alliance by marriage, and whose friendship he retained and valued as long as she lived—whispered to him as he hung about the back-garden, that if he came to her at dinner-time she would give him something. He appeared at the appointed hour, but dinner was not ready. Mrs. Harrower apologised on the ground that her clock was not in order. He offered to put it right; and having taken out the works and separated the different parts, he cleaned them, and put them up again, saying when he had finished that he had never tried to take down a clock before. It seems that the repair executed by the intrepid novice was successful, and that the clock kept good time after it. An old friend who occupied the same room with him in his mother's house when he was acting as tutor at Tillicoultry, tells that he would

sometimes bring home three or four watches belonging to the school-boys, which he took down and cleaned putting the works of each to prevent confusion in a separate saucer. Though, through lack of use, his right hand lost the cunning which was needed for their repair, he retained to the last his liking for timepieces. His house was full of them, Some to which he had taken a fancy for the sake of their curious construction, he had bought; others had been presented to him by vacant congregations, for whom he had acted as Moderator of Session, or by classes that he had taught. He never parted with any of them. There was one at least in every room. In his study there were several,—on the mantel-piece, and in curious little arched recesses which had been made specially for their accommodation. The effect was remarkable. When the lobby clock struck the hour with its gong-like sound, it was immediately answered by the strokes of lesser hammers on shriller bells—from dining-room, drawing-room, study, and bed-rooms—and by one (in the purchase of which we recognize a trace of another taste) which recorded the flight of time by imitating the note of the cuckoo at every stroke.

## CHAPTER II.

## STUDENT LIFE.

Enters Glasgow University—Blackstone Examination—General Reading—Logic Class—Class of Ethics—Crisis—Light Returns—Salutary Influences—The Robertsons of Greenhill—Mr. Browning's Power over Him—Early Poverty—Tutorship at Tillicoultry—Gratitude to Mr. Browning—Temperance Lectures—Reform Bill—Celebration of Victory—Voluntary Controversy—Divinity Hall—Biblical Literature—Dr. John Brown—Early Exegetical Efforts—First Review: Stuart on the Hebrews—Mr. Gilfillan's Reminiscences—License and First Sermon—His Mother's Death—Baptism of Sorrow.

IN 1826, when he was sixteen years of age, Eadie entered the University of Glasgow well equipped for the work of the classes. There is no trace of any prizes won by him in his first session. In his second his name appears on the honour list both in Latin and Greek, and he was then a competitor for the highest classical prize which the University of that day offered. He became one of two candidates for the medal which was given to the student who made the best profession, and passed most successfully, in Latin at the Blackstone examination. As important changes were introduced into the arrangements of the University by the Commissioners constituted under the

Act of 1861, it may be interesting to recall the regulation in force before that date. The Glasgow student who took the full curriculum of Arts was in his first year reckoned a student of Latin, in his second a student of Greek, in his third a student of Logic, in his fourth a student of Ethics, and in his fifth a student of Physies. Before passing from a lower to a higher grade in his course he was required to undergo an examination in the subject he was leaving. The examination was so conducted as to make it a somewhat imposing ceremonial. A large ebon chair of antique construction, with a black marble seat, which sent a strange chill through the frame of its occupant, was placed in front of a table, behind which sat the gowned Professor who conducted the examination. Behind the chair stood the Bedellus also wearing his black gown, while behind him, on a bench along the wall, were ranged the students in their scarlet cloaks, who were to undergo the dreaded ordeal in turn. As each was called he advanced to the table, stated his 'profession,' and, handling the book or books containing it to the Professor, sat down on the black stone. The Bedellus turned the hour glass, which was fitted into the high back of the ebon chair, it being his duty, if the sands were run before the examination of a student was finished, to remind the professor of the flight of time, by shouting 'Ad alium, Domine.' In later times the pronouncing of this ancient formula was seldom called for, as in the case of the vast majority of students the examination was a mere form. In the Greek Blackstone, for example, —which all students who advanced from classics to logic had to pass, the stereotyped profession was the Gospel according to St. John. 'Doctissime Professor,

evangelium secundum Johannem profiteor,' used to be heard with ludicrous frequency as student after student advanced to the table. It is even whispered that some men bent their Greek Testaments back, so that they might open in the Professor's hand at a specially easy or familiar chapter. There was, however, a limit to the good nature even of a Blackstone examiner, and the limit was exceeded when a certain candidate came forward with effrontery, and professed his readiness to be examined on the Epistle of St. Jude. But there were always a few who aspired to Blackstone honours. Some old patron of learning had founded prizes—gold medals—both in Latin and Greek, to encourage the more distinguished students to make large professions. The competition for honours was deferred till all the pass examinations were over, and when it took place the scene was exciting. The Professor of Latin or Greek, as the case might be, had generally some of his colleagues associated with him as assessors, to aid him in coming to a decision in case of difficulty. The little gallery of the examination room—which in the old college was a dingy low-roofed apartment opening off the first court—was crowded with students—among them former competitors for the prize—who like the 'great cloud of witnesses' in the Grecian games bent forward to watch the contest. The long list of books on which he professed himself ready to be examined was read over with the usual formula by each competitor, and the examination, which was in this case protracted and searching, began. Eadie's profession, when he tried for the Latin medal, included the whole of the *Æneid*, and one of the passages he was called to read was in the first book. Here he fell into the only blunder

which he made. He used to tell how in some unaccountable way he misconstrued the line

‘*Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro,*’

and thus lost the prize.

He did not strive for honours in the Philosophy Classes. By the time he reached them he had been seized with that passion for general reading which has often made the names of distinguished students disappear from the prize-list after the first or second year of their course. The University of Glasgow had, in those old days, no provision for making her students acquainted with the treasures of English literature in a legitimate academic way, and it was not to be wondered at if they took the law into their own hands, and ran to excess of riot among the tempting riches of Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, and the other English classics. There was a regulation in force in the college library by which it was forbidden to give out works of fiction to the students while the classes were in session, but the University authorities had no power to close the circulating libraries in what the Professors of the old school liked to speak of as ‘the neighbouring city;’ and even their own officials were not always able to resist the wiles of the young men, who were eager in their pursuit of the lighter literature. ‘I’ll take “Tom Cringle’s Log,” if you please, Mr. Jones,’ said a student of my time to the late amiable librarian. ‘We are not allowed to give novels to students during the session,’ was the faithful reply. ‘I beg your pardon, Mr. Jones, it is a book of travel,’ answered the ingenuous youth, and possessed himself of the coveted volume.

Another distracting influence came in between the

student and his exclusive devotion to proper University work. Eadie was an enthusiastic supporter of the Liberal Party in the contests for the office of Lord Rector. That party had in his time an unprecedented success. Thomas Campbell was their candidate, and they carried him to the chair three successive years. Eadie was prominent alike in the fight and in the celebration of the victory. 'The Pleasures of Hope,' 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' 'Hohenlinden,' and 'Ye Mariners of England,' had captivated his fancy, and he often spoke with pride of the part he had taken in doing honour to their author.

But while Eadie thus read voraciously and miscellaneously, and devoted himself to college politics, he was not inattentive to his class work. He submitted himself cheerfully to the masterly drill of the late Professor Buchanan in the Logic class, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with his clear and memorable lectures. When I was attending the same class a quarter of a century later, Dr. Eadie would ask me from time to time to what part of the course we had come, and, on my informing him, would give me an outline of the lectures to which I had just been listening, making reference even to the jokes, which served none the worse to enliven the class of which I was a member that they had done duty five and twenty years before. So far from excelling in Mathematics, he never was able to master even the rudiments of the science. It was only his marvellous memory that carried him through the class. The Professor then in office confined himself to the propositions in 'Euclid,' and, in demonstrating them in the lecture-room, used the same letters as were in the book. Eadie committed

the demonstrations to memory. He has often told me that if the letters had been changed he would have been helpless. In the class of Ethics he came under an influence which could be traced in his habits of thought to the very end of his life. The daring speculation which characterized the lectures of the late Professor Milne deeply interested him. He was wont to acknowledge that his religious convictions were then unsettled. The crisis through which he passed was somewhat protracted, and it was perilous. He seems to have abandoned for a time the purpose, which he had early formed at his mother's knee, of devoting himself to the Christian ministry; but other influences than those which came from fearless philosophical speculation—influences to which young men of his cheerful and susceptible temperament are exposed in a great city, helped to shake that purpose. The Alva villagers speak of a time, which seems to correspond to the close of his Arts curriculum, when there was some misunderstanding between him and Mr. Browning—when he was moody and of uncertain purpose—‘tried the loom for a few months’—‘spoke of learning to be a wright’—‘threatened to go away and enlist as a soldier.’ Altogether it is evident that there was then a crisis in his history—such as Mr. Carlyle speaks of when he says—‘Temptations in the wilderness, choices of Hercules and the like in succinct or loose forms, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man.’ Eadie passed through the crisis unscathed, and the clouds which had for a time obscured ‘the unfeigned faith’ which dwelt in his ‘Mother Eunice’ and ‘in him also,’ cleared away, and left him with that largeness of heart, that tolerance of views divergent



from his own, and that sympathy with the intellectual perplexities and spiritual trials of young men, which, to those who knew him best, seemed to grow with his advancing years.

But while the crisis lasted it was a sore trial to his good mother. His father was by that time dead. The widow betook herself, in her distress, to a cousin of her own—a man of much religious repute in those parts, ‘a zealous seceder who, on the parish fast, used to ‘throw up his window, and work at his loom when the ‘Established Church people were passing to the kirk.’ ‘What’ll we do wi’ John noo?’ said the perplexed mother to this pillar of dissent. ‘Oh, Jess! he’s a fallen angel,’ was the not very helpful reply which she received from the oracle. It was fortunate for Eadie, that he came under other influences than that of his ‘testifying’ relative. One salutary influence which must be noted, was that of the neighbour whose clock he had repaired in earlier days, who now came to his help with her strong common sense and womanly kindness. Then he had a severe illness—an affection of the chest—which for a time threatened serious consequences, and which, while it must be reckoned one of the elements in the trial through which he passed, because at first it dispirited him, seems in the end to have been a means of leading him out into the light, and clearing his way before him. It reached its height when he was on a visit to a house at which no wayfaring man could tarry even for a night, without being the better for having breathed its atmosphere of rare refinement and Christian purity. Mr. Robertson, already quoted, says again, ‘I think it was about the time of his entering ‘the Divinity Hall that he came to the Auchenbowie

‘schoolroom, to lecture on behalf of the Temperance Society—a cause in which he was very zealously affected. At a subsequent time, when seized with an illness that seemed to be pulmonary consumption, he returned to Greenhill, and lay there in bed for several weeks. He used to say that he believed he owed the preservation of his life to the blessing which attended my mother’s kind nursing and her grand cream.’

On a height overlooking the Carse, but from its southern side, stood this old farm house of Greenhill, embosomed among pleasant trees and well-trimmed hedges. The family which dwelt in it bore a name ‘familiar in our mouths as household words.’ Two members of it have long adorned the ministry of the United Presbyterian Church—the Rev. James Robertson of Newington, and Dr. William Robertson of Irvine—while other three, who had prepared themselves for the same sacred profession, fell on the threshold of careers which gave brilliant promise of distinction and usefulness. No one who knew the father and mother of the house was at any loss to account, either for the commanding ability, or the Christian excellence, of the members of the family. Mr. John Robertson had in his youth enjoyed the benefit of a university education, and his habits of careful study and reflection were maintained through the occupations of a busy life, and only abandoned when his eyelids were closed, on the borders of fourscore and ten years. He was a man of great natural shrewdness, and of remarkable kindness, while all his gifts were consecrated by a deep and unostentatious piety, and his whole nature refined and ennobled through discipline of frequent sorrow. For more than sixty years he was an elder in the mother-

church of the Secession—Ebenezer Erskine's church at Stirling; and while he was of eminently catholic spirit the denomination that Erskine founded was his Jerusalem, rather than forget which he would have had his right hand forget her cunning. As the years advanced he became the patriarch of his district—the temporal and spiritual counsellor of everybody, rich and poor, churchman or dissenter, for miles around. To him, or to his son Andrew—the only one of six brothers who did not devote himself to the ministry—every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, came for counsel or relief, and seldom did any one come in vain. It used to be said, that for many years there never was a lawsuit between any of the villagers or farmers near Greenhill. Either Mr. Robertson or Mr. Andrew settled all their disputes. The good house-mother contributed to the family characteristics that touch of the thing called 'genius,' the presence of which, in one at least of her sons, has been acknowledged by admiring crowds, and still more powerfully felt by those who have listened to his conversation. It may surely be traced to that Providence which 'shapes our ends' that John Eadie was led, in the crisis of his history, into that quiet sanctuary of Greenhill, there to be nursed by loving hands, and to be made the subject of the effectual fervent prayers of those whose prayer availeth much.

But the influence which, of all others, most deserves to be noticed in this connection was that of Mr. Browning. Eadie used to acknowledge that to the end he stood in awe of the strong-willed man. But the strong will of his old master helped him when he was wavering in purpose. And he was indebted to him for more than

timely counsel; the substantial aid without which it would have been impossible for the student to persevere in his course Mr. Browning freely gave. Even before his father's death the pinch of poverty began to be felt in the house in the Back Row. When the son went to college the old man was above eighty-six years of age and quite unable to work. The little savings which had availed to buy the houses, and had helped to give the family some standing in the place, gradually melted away; and when, some time after the father's death, the properties were sold, there was only a residue of £100 for the support of the widow and her son. There are touching traditions lingering in the village of the brave fight they fought together to keep the wolf from the door. One of his companions tells how he and Eadie used to go up the hill to gather whins to kindle the fire; how they went in company to the gleaning; and how one day a kindly farmer 'left it rough' for them, and they got between them a boll of flour, which they divided. It is told admiringly, that the student, finding himself at the end of a college session without money enough to take him home, walked all the five and thirty miles from Glasgow without tasting food by the way. Dr. Eadie was never ashamed of his early struggle. He never, indeed, boasted of it, as some successful men are apt to do, and only referred to any incident illustrative of it when there was in the incident an element of humour to make it worth the telling. One such incident most of his intimate friends have heard him give:—His shoes were sadly worn, and he could not afford to pay a shoemaker for their repair; but there was a fellow-student, having some knowledge of the art of cobbling, who was in distress about a

Latin theme. He applied to Eadie for help. A bargain was made. They went together to a shop, where they bought as much leather as was needed, and then retiring to the lodgings of one of them, and shutting the door, worked each at the task for which his early training had fitted him—the result being that they came forth, Eadie wearing his newly soled shoes, and his friend carrying in his pocket the Latin theme.

As soon as Eadie had completed his Arts curriculum, and had entered on the study of theology, Mr. Browning employed him as one of his assistants in the Tillicoultry school. I am again indebted to Mrs. Smith for the following in reference to that period of his history—

‘ You are aware that, during his course at the  
‘ Divinity Hall, he was for some time—for three years,  
‘ I think—a tutor in my father’s school. I have few  
‘ personal recollections of him in this capacity, as I  
‘ was from home during most of the time. One  
‘ thing I have heard about him is worth mentioning as  
‘ illustrative of his character. Though, I think, exag-  
‘ gerated accounts of his harshness have sometimes  
‘ been given, my father was undoubtedly a rigid  
‘ disciplinarian of the old school, who believed in  
‘ the rod, and practised his belief, and the assistants  
‘ generally adopted the method of the principal. Eadie’s  
‘ gentle disposition, however, quite unfitted him to play  
‘ the part of a Dr. Busby. He was a reformer before the  
‘ reformation, relying exclusively on moral suasion in  
‘ days when teaching without physical compulsion was  
‘ generally thought an impossibility. I have heard  
‘ that his system was one not of punishments, but of  
‘ rewards; that while he did not use physical com-

‘pulsion to the evil-doers, he used physical attractions  
‘to those that did well, in the shape of occasional small  
‘gifts of the kind most acceptable to boys. I know  
‘that as a tutor he was a favourite with the pupils, as  
‘you may have learned if you have come into com-  
‘munication with any of them who still survive.

‘Dr. Eadie was seldom at Tillicoultry after he settled  
‘in Glasgow, but he continued to maintain friendly  
‘relations with my father, and showed on all suitable  
‘occasions that he remembered what he owed to his  
‘teacher. It has sometimes been said it was not so,  
‘and you may have heard the report in the course of  
‘your inquiries. I remember his once saying to me,  
‘half jokingly, half in earnest, that he never felt quite  
‘at ease in his old master’s company, and this so far as  
‘it was a real feeling may have prevented him seeking  
‘much intercourse. He was, as you know, not demon-  
‘strative, but I have the best ground for saying that  
‘he never forgot his obligations.’

It is one of the most signal evidences of the amiable qualities of the young student that during his early struggle, all who had any relation to him were ready to help him. Not only his old master, but the villagers of Alva—who looked on him with prophetic eye as one of whom they would have reason to be proud some day—contributed their part to aid him in the prosecution of his studies. His gift of speech was early recognized, and once and again when he was in straits he was asked to deliver courses of lectures, the fairly earned proceeds of which—amounting on one occasion to as much as £20—were handed over to him. The first subject on which the young orator undertook to enlighten his fellow-men was the Temperance Reforma-

tion. The movement which was then known by that name commanded the sympathy of many good men who did not afterwards feel it to be their duty to practise total abstinence. It was an honest attempt to moderate the drinking customs of society. The associations which were then formed only pledged their members to abstain from the use of ardent spirits. Nearly every village had its temperance society, and it is unquestionable that great social improvement was the result. A blow was struck at the tyrannous customs which had made it difficult for any one who sat habitually at the tables of the upper and middle classes to maintain his sobriety. In connection with this general movement a temperance committee had been formed in the Bannockburn district. They resolved to have a Sabbath evening address explanatory of their principles. The Parish Church of St. Ninians had been engaged as the place of meeting, and Dr. Hamilton of Strathblane (father of the late Dr. James Hamilton of Regent Square, London) as the lecturer. On the Saturday before the day fixed a message came from Dr. Hamilton to say that he was ill, and unable to keep his engagement. The committee met and despatched messengers to Falkirk, Dunblane, and Tillicultry, where there were ministers understood to be favourable to the movement. The messengers to Falkirk and Dunblane returned disappointed; but the one sent to Tillicultry brought back the message from Mr. Browning that he could not come himself, but that he would send one of his assistants. Eadie appeared at the appointed hour, and spoke with great success. The services of the young temperance lecturer were thenceforth much in demand along the hill-foots,

and in neighbouring villages, and they were cheerfully and frequently given.

But his greatest fame as a speaker was acquired in connection with the movement for Parliamentary Reform, which culminated in the Act of 1832. In this, even more than in the temperance cause, he had the enthusiastic sympathy of Mr. Browning, to whom the wrongs of the poor were ever as a fire in his bones. But young Eadie did not need to be stirred up by his honoured master to take an interest in the politics of his time. No boy of such quickness of intellect could wander about the streets of a manufacturing village—dwelling in a poor man's house, and going out and in among other poor men—without having his interest stirred in the questions which were then agitating the public mind. When he was ten years of age, the execution of Andrew Hardy and his companions, by which the Government of the day avenged the bootless rising of a band of starving radicals, made a deep impression on him and his playfellows, which revealed itself—after the manner of village boys—in an attempt to reproduce the grim scene of the execution. One of them, who still survives, was chosen to represent Hardy, and the ceremony of hanging was gone through with due solemnity—the only disagreeable effect to the mimic martyr of liberty being that the name of the real martyr stuck to him for many years as a nickname. The ludicrous incident has in it an element of pathos. It reveals how deep and wide-spread was the feeling excited by the stern and ill-advised application of the law of treason. When that word is heard among boys at their play, it is an evidence that there are slumbering fires beneath the



smooth and peaceful surface of social life. One of Eadie's companions—who looked to the Tillicoultry-educated boy as an oracle—remembers asking him one day when they were walking together, what 'treason' meant. The definition given him in reply was sufficiently graphic. 'Sandy, if you were to go out into 'the street with a drawn sword, and cry "Damn the King," that would be treason.' It was natural that, as the agitation for popular rights was in progress, the powers of speech which the young student had revealed in connection with the temperance movement should be in requisition to support the cause of reform. He and one of his co-assistants at Mr. Browning's, the late Mr. Connel, were accustomed to address the Tillicoultry weavers, and Eadie soon became the recognized orator of his native village. When Major Anstruther visited it Eadie was chosen to represent the native interest in the cause he came to plead ; and when Alva marched in procession, headed by a brass band, to attend a monster meeting in Alloa, he was again the representative of his fellow-townsmen.

But the occasion when he earned a lasting name in the village annals was when the bill was passed and the victory won. Then the village kept holiday, and mustered on Harrower's Green. The Laird of Alva, though a Tory, and a strenuous opponent of the measure, had, as Tories sometimes have, a kindly heart, and could not choose but sympathize with the joy of his neighbours. He sent an ox, which was roasted whole at a great bonfire, and when the hearts of all men were merry with feasting there was a dance, in which it is remembered that the student of theology did not refuse to take part ; and then a cart was brought forward to serve as a plat-

form. The first who was called to give expression to the universal gladness was Mr. John Riddoch, Eadie's first teacher; but the excitement of the great assembly was too much for the worthy man, and the only sentence to which he was able to give utterance is remembered to this day. 'There will be no more long and bloody wars,' he said, and when he had thus proclaimed the advent of 'the thousand years of peace,' further utterance failed him. He could only repeat the sentence, and then he lapsed into silence. His former pupil was now called to the front, and he delivered an oration the echoes of which are still lingering about the hill-foots, after the lapse of five and forty years. The effect which it produced on the audience was such that when he had finished they felt that nothing more need be said. The word that ought to be spoken on that day of victory had been spoken, and so they did not wait for further oratory, but laid hold of Eadie, chaired him, and carried him in triumphal procession through the town. The women, that they might not be behind the men, whose stalwart shoulders had borne the hero of the day, organized a subscription, and presented him with a plaid. This was the way the women of Alva took to express the feeling—expressed by the women of Israel in song and dance—toward the ruddy youth, who represented to them the slayer of the Goliath of oppression. The bright picture, thus preserved in unfading colour in the memory of the older villagers, has a dark border. When they recount at their firesides the scene of Eadie's triumph, they add in awe-struck whisper, that one who had been most prominent in suggesting and carrying out the ovation to the young orator was that evening struck with cholera, and died before the midnight. It

is for ever memorable that when men were rejoicing over the passing of the Reform Bill, and dreaming the millennium had come, the pestilence was walking in darkness—proclaiming to as many as had ears to hear that other and yet more radical reforms were needed before the dawning of the latter day. It is significant of how slowly men learn the lessons which God's judgments are sent abroad to teach, that forty-five years were allowed to pass before the streets of Alva were—as at the time of this present writing they are—cut up for the insertion of drainage pipes, and before the last shovelful of earth was cast in to close up Eadie's well.

Eadie's next enthusiasm was stirred in behalf of the politico-ecclesiastical movement, which was the inevitable corollary of the passing of the Reform Bill, and which was known as the Voluntary Controversy. He delivered lectures, he made speeches, and he conducted paper-wars in the local journals. The weapons of his warfare in this old battle, as in the Temperance and Reform conflicts, are found stored up with careful hand; they are cleanly written manuscripts, bearing witness to the scrupulous neatness he had learned from his schoolmaster, and to the thoroughness with which then, as to the end of his life, he did whatever his hand found to do.

But while thus occupying himself with social and political questions, he was not neglecting the studies requisite to qualify him for the duties of his chosen profession. It is remembered that on one occasion when a Unitarian minister came to preach on the village green, Eadie confronted him, and stood forward as the defender of the Catholic faith. Polemical

theology was not much to his taste, but his zeal on the occasion referred to will not astonish those who know how constantly and how earnestly he preached the doctrine of our Lord's divinity, as the corner-stone of the system of Christian truth which he upheld. He began the regular study of theology in the year 1830 at the Hall of the Secession Church, which then met in Glasgow under the superintendence of Professors Dick and Mitchell. Five years before this the Synod had recognized the importance of the department in which Eadie was destined so greatly to excel, and had appointed Dr. Mitchell to a chair of Biblical Literature. Eadie's first two sessions were occupied in attendance on this Professor's classes. In his third he was under Dr. Dick, in whose theological lectures the system of doctrine generally accepted by the Churches of Scotland has been set forth with classic grace and symmetry. He led the students under his care into a Greek temple of exact proportions—each part consistent with the plan of the whole, and in which such rounded completeness had been attained, that nothing could be taken away, and nothing could be added without marring the structure. The system thus presented, though accepted by Eadie with unquestioning, but always tolerant, acquiescence, had no great attraction for him. It did not awaken his enthusiasm. He had a mind that instinctively craved for a field in which inquiry was admissible, and in which fresh discovery was possible. He could never be brought to sympathize with classic completeness, or to confine himself within the lines of Greek symmetry. He was essentially Gothic, and so far as his thinking took artistic form, it was the Gothic cathedral that represented his conception of

Christian truth. He cared less for the logical consistency of a system than for accuracy in each department of enquiry. It never distressed him, but rather stirred his reverence, that after all enquiry there must remain dim aisles and gloomy crypts of mystery ; and, while asserting the finality of revelation, he recognized that in the attainments reached through the interpretation of Scripture, there is the possibility of growth, like that of the great churches which have been rising through the ages, which bear the marks of different modes of thought and life, and which withal are yet unfinished. It was therefore not wonderful that though, in the class of systematic theology, to which, in obedience to the prescribed curriculum, he passed in his third session, he came under a teacher even abler than the accomplished and loveable man who taught him during the earlier years of his course ; and though he did careful work, as his old exercises attest, he never really became a student of dogmatics, but continued to the end of his curriculum, and indeed to the close of his life, an enthusiast in the department of Biblical literature. In the criticism and interpretation of Scripture he found a field of enquiry which was practically unlimited, in which the Baconian rather than the Aristotelian method was the instrument to be used, and in which the student is called to occupy himself more with investigating details, than with fitting these details into a self-consistent system.

It is often the accident of the comparatively superior power of a professor which determines the bias of a student toward some special department, but in Eadie's case his chosen field of study seems rather to have been selected in obedience to the natural bent of his

mind. Though the last year of his course was the first of Dr. John Brown's professorship, Eadie was as a senior student under the care of Drs. Balmer and Duncan, and was not a member of the class in which the keen incisive mind of the new teacher of the new department of exegesis was beginning to give forth the treasures accumulated through long years of the eager study, the beginnings of which are so graphically described by his gifted son: 'From this time dates my father's possession and use of the German exegetics. After my mother's death I slept with him; his bed was in his study, a small room, with a very small grate; and I remember well his getting those fat, shapeless, spongy German books, as if one would sink in them, and be bogged in their bibulous, unsized paper; and watching him as he impatiently cut them up, and dived into them in his rapid eclectic way, tasting them and dropping for my play such a lot of soft, large curled bits from the paper-cutter, leaving the edges all shaggy. He never came to bed when I was awake, which was not to be wondered at; but I can remember often awaking far on in the night or morning, and seeing that keen, beautiful intense face bending over these Rosenmüllers, and Ernestis, and Storrs, and Kuinoels—the fire out, and the grey dawn peering through the window.'<sup>1</sup> Doubtless the fame of Dr. Brown's lectures, which were delivered to the junior students, spread through the whole hall, and may have served to stimulate Eadie in the pursuits he had chosen. But his choice had by this time been made. Indeed, there is evidence that

<sup>1</sup> 'Horae Subsecivæ,' 2nd series. By John Brown, M.D., pp. 206 and 207.

even before he came to the divinity classes, and when he was only a lad of eighteen, he had begun to attempt the scientific exposition of Scripture. Loving hands have preserved two attempts at exegesis bearing the date 1828—one of them complete, the other a fragment. They are evidently voluntary trials of strength on the part of the young expositor. He was then a student of Arts, and in attendance on no class into the work of which exercises such as these would naturally come. One of them ends abruptly, in a way which seems inconsistent with the supposition that they were to be submitted to the eye of a master. The young exegete boldly addresses himself to the interpretation of two of the hardest passages in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans—the passage in the eighth chapter in which the apostle speaks of the earnest expectation of the creature waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God; and the opening verses of the ninth chapter, in which he says he could wish himself accursed from Christ for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh. These early papers are read with an interest akin to that with which we look at the juvenile sketches of dogs and horses made by the boy Edwin Landseer, preserved in the Sheepshanks' collection. We recognize in them foreshadowings of the power which when it had reached its maturity did much to elucidate the meaning of those epistles, 'in which are some things hard to be understood.' He had early learned the methods of interpretation, which he afterwards turned to so good account. There is a comprehensive glance at the whole bearing of the chapter, and especially of the immediate context—there is careful analysis of the

passage under consideration—there is scholarly examination of the meaning of separate words, and of their use in other Scriptures—and there is keen scrutiny of the significance of the minutest particles. But the papers are chiefly interesting as giving evidence of the bent of his mind. The student of arts who at the age of eighteen voluntarily spends his leisure in grappling with the difficulties of the Pauline epistles is one who is likely to accomplish something in the department of exegetical theology.

That the taste thus early manifested was diligently cultivated is attested by the fact that Eadie was able to contribute to the July number of the “Edinburgh Theological Magazine” for 1832, a review of Moses Stuart’s commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, which reveals enthusiasm for the department of theological science, to which the work under review belongs, founded on an intelligent recognition of its value in both of its branches—of criticism and hermeneutics—to all ‘who wish to be successful contenders “for the faith once delivered to the saints.”’ The young student has evidently acquired already some acquaintance with the German critics and commentators; and gives, in a way which readers of his later works will recognize as characteristic, long lists of names such as ‘Storr, Nosselt, Weber, Eichhorn, Bertholdt, Schulz, Seyffarth, and De Wette.’ The following sentences will be read with interest as showing that the writer had already formed an opinion as to the characteristics of successful translation, and of trustworthy exposition.

‘The merit of the translation will speak for itself to every one who knows the extreme difficulty of convey-



‘ing into another language the ideas—the whole ideas, ‘and nothing but the ideas’ [readers will recognize here an echo of the Reform Bill agitation] ‘of the original ‘in such a manner that the translation shall be neither ‘so literal as to be idiomatic and obscure, nor so loose ‘as to be weak and paraphrastic. The great aim of the ‘translator is to naturalize the Grecian writer’s language, as it were, and teach him to deliver his sentiments in the English language. But then the foreigner ‘must not Grecize—that is, mould into English phrase ‘the very words in mode and order of conception which ‘he finds in Greek, for then he would be almost unintelligible; neither must he weaken his sentiments by ‘inserting a number of explanatory supplements, as then ‘he degenerates, and loses the fire and force of his native ‘eloquence. In naturalizing the epistle to the Hebrews ‘the author has hit the happy medium. His translation is literal and yet elegant, free and yet faithful, ‘preserving the tone of the original even in its English ‘version, to such a degree that the version appears an ‘original itself.

‘No lower opinion can be entertained of the commentary than of the translation. Almost every phrase ‘of the original has a distinct note of illustration. ‘Every new argument is traced through its bearings ‘and dependencies. His numerous quotations—his ‘appeals to ancient and modern writers—the profound ‘acquaintance with the originals of both Testaments, ‘displayed in apposite references to Hebrew and Greek ‘words and phrases—his intimate skill in the grammatical construction of both languages as they are used ‘by the sacred writers, as well as of the Rabbinical ‘peculiarities of the former, and the classical usages of

‘the latter—his refined and matured tact in seizing the point, the bearing, the various shades and ramifications of meaning in his critical discussions—the manner in which he brings out the signification of those Greek particles, which lesser critics have neglected as superfluous—are some of his qualifications, which are exhibited in this commentary, and which form a sufficient guarantee of its transcendent merits.’

This seems the fitting point at which to introduce the following ‘Reminiscences of Dr. Eadie,’ kindly furnished to the author by the Rev. George Gilfillan, though a portion of them refer to a period earlier than that to which we have come in our narrative.

‘At college I knew Dr. Eadie somewhat, though slightly. Though he was three years my senior, yet I think we must have begun our curriculum in Glasgow College about the same time. I remember him in the Logic class in the year 1828, a fair-haired youth of eighteen, and I occasionally exchanged words with him when we met on the college green, or in the college courts. He was no prizeman, at least in the philosophical classes, but had the reputation, even then, of being a superior classical scholar.

‘My more intimate connection with Dr. Eadie began somewhat later, and resulted from our common acquaintance with a very remarkable man, to whom I owe much, and Dr. Eadie owed a vast deal more—the late Rev. Archibald Browning of Tillicoultry. I have since that time met with and listened to the conversational eloquence of some of the most eminent men of our age, such as De Quincey, Professor Wilson, Leigh Hunt, and Thomas Carlyle, but I never was more impressed by any of these than I was the first evening I

‘ spent in Mr. Browning’s company. His talk was in a  
‘ very high degree racy, original, suggestive, and stimu-  
‘ lating—full of humour and anecdote, as well as of  
‘ bold speculation, and glimpses of far-stretching thought.  
‘ I know not whether young men were more attracted  
‘ by his fearless speculations, by his frank manners, by  
‘ his public preaching, or by his private converse. He  
‘ shone in various departments, being an admirable  
‘ teacher of the young, a powerful though peculiar  
‘ preacher, and a very popular lecturer on social and  
‘ political questions, such as Temperance, and the  
‘ People’s Charter. He had faults, was a man of a  
‘ passionate temperament, strong prejudices and extreme  
‘ opinions; but his heart was warm, and his character  
‘ disinterested, and to young men, especially if they  
‘ showed any intellectual promise, his conduct and  
‘ feelings were truly paternal. Some of his pupils and  
‘ assistant teachers, such as the Rev. David Connal of  
‘ Bo’ness, and the Rev. William Smith of Bannockburn,  
‘ both ministers of distinguished ability, and both now,  
‘ alas! dead, owed a great deal to Mr. Browning, to  
‘ whom they ultimately stood in the relation of sons-  
‘ in-law, and whom, even while widely severed in  
‘ political and religious views, they regarded to the  
‘ last with reverence and love. But Dr. Eadie’s debt  
‘ to him might be called, in Milton’s language, “a debt  
‘ immense,” and involved a duty of “endless gratitude,”  
‘ which we have no doubt was duly paid.

‘ Mr. Browning taught him first at his day school,  
‘ assisted him to go to college, received him (after an  
‘ estrangement which lasted for more than a year, and  
‘ which was produced, as Eadie often acknowledged,  
‘ entirely by his own fault), back into favour again,

‘ installed him as tutor in his academy, and assisted  
‘ him in going to the divinity hall of the United  
‘ Secession Church to prosecute his studies for the  
‘ ministry. Bad health compelled Eadie to resign his  
‘ situation as tutor, but although intimate connection  
‘ between the twain then ceased, and was never resumed,  
‘ frequent intercourse and friendly feeling continued till  
‘ Browning’s death. He was proud of his pupil and  
‘ protégé, occasionally worshipped in Cambridge Street  
‘ Church, and heard him with something of the emotion  
‘ of Quin, the actor, when, after hearing George Third  
‘ deliver his first speech from the throne, he cried,  
‘ “ ’Twas I who taught the boy to speak.”

‘ It was while John Eadie was an assistant teacher  
‘ in Mr. Browning’s academy that I first really met  
‘ him. Mr. Browning, while visiting my late lamented  
‘ brother in Stirling, where I then was, had kindly  
‘ invited me to spend a few days in his house at  
‘ Tillicoultry. Here I found Eadie very busy and  
‘ happy in his tutorial work. I remember spending a  
‘ long May holiday with him and some of the pupils  
‘ of the academy, among the Ochil hills, and our chief  
‘ employment was reading Shakespeare—notably Timon  
‘ of Athens, of which I was then a prodigious admirer,  
‘ and strove to impress him with feelings of its profound  
‘ knowledge of human nature, and the almost super-  
‘ natural power of its invective. My intimacy with  
‘ Eadie commenced then, became stronger during the  
‘ next session of the hall at Glasgow, in 1831, when  
‘ we were inseparable companions—and attained almost  
‘ a pathetic interest and climax when he visited Edin-  
‘ burgh in the summer of 1832 in a state of wretched  
‘ health, and seemed ready more than once to die in my

'lodgings. The illness had a consumptive aspect, but  
'was really the result of work in Mr. Browning's school,  
'as he soon rallied, and returned to the Hall in the  
'autumn of the year. At the close of the session he  
'came again to Edinburgh in search of private teaching,  
'which he was not fortunate enough to find, and he  
'resided in my lodgings for some months. During that  
'time we were seldom more than two or three hours at  
'a time separate from each other.

'I may here sum up the results of the knowledge  
'that I then could not fail to acquire of Dr. Eadie's  
'powers and character. The youth was truly the  
'father of the man. His blind gropings (to use the  
'illustration of Burns), like those of the Cyclops in the  
'cave, were all in the direction of languages, both  
'living and dead. He had been a good classical scholar  
'at college, and had profited much afterwards in Latin  
'and Greek while assisting Mr. Browning. He had  
'commenced the study of exegesis, in which he was  
'afterwards to rise to such eminence. He bought a  
'copy of Moses Stuart on the Hebrews, and wrote an  
'article on it, which he sent to the "Edinburgh Theo-  
'logical Magazine," then the principal literary organ of  
'the Secession Church, and where Dr. Harper, I believe,  
'wrote many very able papers, if he was not the editor.  
'The article was inserted, and may be found in the  
'volume of that periodical for 1832. It was rather  
'crude in style, but had good passages, and raised him  
'in the opinion of his fellow-students, and the profes-  
'sors of the church. His exercises at the Hall were  
'respectable, and gained a due modicum of praise from  
'Drs. Dick and Balmer, but gave little promise of  
'popularity as a preacher. His manner then, as it

' continued, I believe, all his after life, was rapid, monotonous, and unimpressive, conveying a shower of brilliant sentences, all shining, but with a cold and icy radiance. This at least you felt when listening to him; you always read him with pleasure.

' In the close of 1832 he began to study German, and by dint of perseverance became a self-taught proficient in it and several other foreign languages. He was, besides, when I knew him, a prodigious devourer of books, upon all subjects, reading rather *multa* than *multum*. He read the deep and lofty poetry of his own age, and its more original and daring prose-writers: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Godwin, and Hazlitt; but he did it by constraint, and under protest; he went willingly and with eagerness to Milton, Byron, Howe, Hall, and Edwards. His leading faculty was memory. His mind seemed, I used to say, all coated over with sticking-plaster—everything that touched it stuck. He at one time had committed to memory Milton's Paradise Lost. He had a clear, sharp, rather than profound intellect. His fancy was very abundant, his imagination much inferior to it, and in passion, as a writer, he was decidedly deficient. His style was often however, eloquent, and always pointed, sententious, and animated. I considered him more a man of high and varied talents and most extensive acquirements and accomplishments than a man of original genius. Of pathos or deep feeling he was as a preacher or writer incapable, although in private his affections were warm, and his friendships tender and lasting. As a student he was most assiduous and unwearied. He read books with a silent celerity I have seldom seen

‘ equalled. He never paused to lean over and drink in  
 ‘ favoured passages and scattered beauties ; he had no  
 ‘ time or inclination for this ; he must get on, and while  
 ‘ he was exhausting one volume a hundred others were  
 ‘ looming into view, and he might be crying out with  
 ‘ Wordsworth to Yarrow—

‘ There are a thousand such elsewhere  
 ‘ As worthy of my wonder.

‘ In private, at the time I refer to, Dr. Eadie was  
 ‘ a very charming companion. He had then a good  
 ‘ deal to depress him, partly in his unsettled health,  
 ‘ and partly in *res angusta domi*. But he was not  
 ‘ depressed, at least permanently or frequently, and  
 ‘ to some of our social meetings, and to our walks  
 ‘ together by Salisbury Crag and Arthur’s Seat, I look  
 ‘ back as among the happiest passages in my student  
 ‘ life. It was delightful to hear him dwelling upon  
 ‘ romantic and peculiar experiences in his past life, or  
 ‘ forming glowing dreams of the happier days he felt  
 ‘ to be in store for him, and he at least might say with  
 ‘ the poet—

‘ Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first  
 ‘ The clouds which hide the world from youth did pass.

‘ In the spring of 1833 he removed to his native  
 ‘ place Alva, in the neighbourhood of which he met  
 ‘ with her who became his first wife—Miss Palfrey, and  
 ‘ who was then, and continued till her lamented death  
 ‘ a blessing to him and to his family. From that date  
 ‘ my meetings with him were infrequent, though  
 ‘ always, when they occurred, friendly, and I watched  
 ‘ with interest and pride every step of his subsequent

‘ successful career as a preacher, a professor, an author,  
‘ and a translator of the Bible.

‘ I may mention that I had the pleasure of hearing  
‘ Dr. Eadie preach his first two sermons in Dr. Brown’s  
‘ Church, Broughton Place, in, I think, March, 1835.  
‘ He had been licensed by the Stirling and Falkirk  
‘ Presbytery, but gave his first sermons to Dr. Brown.  
‘ I forget the exact subject of his morning lecture, but  
‘ it was on a passage of Paul’s epistles, and was dis-  
‘ tinguished by all those qualities which afterwards  
‘ distinguished him as an expositor—learning used in a  
‘ masterly and judicious way, clearness of statement,  
‘ exegetical acuteness, and vigorous illustration. The  
‘ afternoon discourse was a sermon on “Glorying in the  
‘ Cross of Christ,” and though elaborate and even elo-  
‘ quent, proved to us that preaching, in the strict sense  
‘ of the term, was not his forte. It was thought, by the  
‘ way, bold in a young man of twenty-four commencing  
‘ his public work by preaching for the first time, and  
‘ preaching all day in Dr. Brown’s pulpit; but the whole  
‘ day’s work was, I remember, reckoned a remarkably  
‘ successful *debut*.

‘ One incident among many which I am obliged  
‘ to pass over I feel myself impelled to relate. When  
‘ sorely pressed by poverty in Edinburgh he be-  
‘ thought him of writing an article for the “Edinburgh  
‘ Review,” then edited by MacVey Napier. He chose  
‘ the subject of Robert Hall, whose works in their  
‘ complete edition by Olinthus Gregory he possessed.  
‘ He read the paper to me and to others—specially  
‘ Mr. Smith, afterwards of Bannockburn, then a great  
‘ chum of both of us. We encouraged him to send  
‘ it, though I at least was less sanguine than its



‘ author, who looked to it as the means of getting  
‘ him into note, and procuring, what was better still  
‘ in the circumstances, certain pound “ notes ” as well.  
‘ We were sitting (including Mr. Smith and another  
‘ fellow-student), all in Mrs. Taylor’s lodgings, 54  
‘ Bristo Street (a woman she *was*, one of a thousand  
‘ for piety and disinterestedness), when a porter  
‘ brought a parcel for “ Mr. Eadie.” How we pricked  
‘ our ears as he proceeded to open the packet! And  
‘ alas! how our countenances fell when we found it  
‘ was the article politely returned upon its author’s  
‘ hands because Mr. N. had made arrangements with a  
‘ writer of name for a paper on the same subject, which  
‘ I think, by the way, never appeared. This was the  
‘ last ounce for the camel’s back. Shortly after, the  
‘ young disappointed aspirant retired to the country.

‘ Allow me to say that, although Dr. Eadie was when  
‘ I knew him and ever afterwards a worthy man and a  
‘ sincere believer, I do not think that a pulpit or  
‘ Hermeneutic chair was his element. He ought to  
‘ have been a professor of Greek or Latin in a national  
‘ university. He was essentially a scholar.’

The following incident, omitted by Mr. Gilfillan, illustrates not only the kindly disposition of the two friends, but the proverbial readiness of men, who themselves are in straits, to help those whose necessity is greater than their own. A medical student whom Eadie had known in Glasgow, sought him out at the Edinburgh lodgings. He came on a dark winter afternoon and was shown into an empty room, where Eadie went to him. In a little Eadie joined Gilfillan, and told his medical friend’s doleful story. The result was that half a sovereign, the last remnant of the scanty

provision for that month's living, was transferred to the pocket of the waif, who never returned to pay his debt.

What Mr. Gilfillan says of Eadie's habits of reading is amply confirmed by the evidence of a note-book which has been preserved. It extends from the year 1830 to near the close of his course as a student, and contains long lists of books which he prescribed to himself, year by year, as courses of reading—with a mark opposite each work that had actually been read. This interesting memorial of great intellectual activity reveals, what indeed might have been expected, that he did not accomplish all he intended, but it shows that in its extent and variety his reading was marvellous. The epithet 'omnivorous' has been applied to his intellectual appetite, and no other epithet could describe it more truly. He was ready to devour every book that came in his way. His lists, both of prescribed and accomplished work, embrace poetry, philosophy, history, biography, and fiction, as well as theology.

At length the long curriculum required by the Presbyterian churches of Scotland of their candidates for the office of the ministry was over. The hard fight was successfully fought, and John Eadie was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Stirling and Falkirk on 24th March, 1835. It had long been his mother's one desire, amid the struggles of poverty and the infirmities of failing health, that she might be spared to see her son a preacher. She had her wish in one sense, though she never saw him in the pulpit. When he was licensed the shadows were gathering over her. He had promised to preach his first sermon

in Edinburgh, and he reluctantly left her bedside on the Saturday to fulfil his engagement. He told some of his early Alva friends how, when he first went into the pulpit, everything grew dark, but by-and-by he gathered confidence and his memory returned. He hurried home to Alva on the Monday to see his dying mother. The villagers tell that, finding the room where she lay crowded with sympathizing neighbours—according to the custom which prevails among the poor,—he asked them all to leave, and then he prayed with her. She, not understanding why he should be unwilling to engage in the exercise in presence of the neighbours, and referring to some break-down at the close—through overcoming emotion—looked up and said when he had finished, ‘John, ye began your prayer wi’ shame, and ye ended it wi’ shame.’ The niece, who was nursing her, replied, ‘Na, na, aunty, ye hae had mony prayers offered for you, but nane like your son’s.’ That night—the night after her son, for whom she had toiled and prayed, had preached his first sermon—she died; and when he came to honour, neither his father nor his mother knew it.

By this baptism of sorrow at the threshold of his ministry, he received a fresh consecration to the work of his life. It was evidently out of the depths of his own experience that he wrote thus in his ‘Life of the Rev. William Wilson’: ‘The love of his mother specially was the means of cherishing his youthful piety. Her prayers had often been breathed over him, “the son of her vows”; her instructions had early furnished his mind with the “first principles of the oracles of God”; and while she had folded him to her bosom, she had at the same time

‘lent him to the Lord. A mother’s influence often  
‘produces an impression which, received in infancy  
‘and nursed in youth, forms the character, and decides  
‘the destiny. The memory of his mother quickened  
‘him in his studies, and mingled itself with many of his  
‘religious exercises. Feeling devoutly grateful for such  
‘a mother, his tender heart bowed under his bereave-  
‘ment without a murmur; and while the tear of filial  
‘affection was dropt over her ashes, his prayer was to  
‘profit by the trying dispensation. His father being  
‘also in a few years removed, the stripling was thrown  
‘on the care of Him who is the “Father of the father-  
‘less.” But his faith in God preserved him from that  
‘feeling of utter desolation which is so often felt in  
‘such circumstances. From his parents’ grave he looked  
‘up to heaven, and cried, “My Father, thou art the  
‘guide of my youth!” Over their sepulchre he took  
‘their God to be his God; pledged himself to walk in  
‘their steps, and to follow out their ardent wishes in  
‘preparing himself for that office which they had  
‘regarded as the most momentous and honourable under  
‘heaven. And as from this period he felt himself  
‘sustained by a firmer confidence in God, and was  
‘conscious of being urged on by nobler impulses and  
‘purer aspirations in the prosecution of his studies, he  
‘realized the truth and pathos of the Psalmist’s state-  
‘ment, “When my father and my mother forsake me,  
‘then the Lord will take me up.”’

## CHAPTER III.

## THE CAMBRIDGE STREET MINISTRY.

Call to Cambridge Street—Progress of Glasgow—Church Extension in Secession Church—Rich and Poor meeting together—Eadie a Villager—Proud of Great City—His Ordination—His first ‘Presbytery Elder’—Trials of a Young Minister—Reminiscences of his Early Ministry—His Preaching—His ‘Lecturing’—‘Retrospect and Memorial’—Interest in his People—Territorial Work—Mr. Cumming, Mr. Galloway, and Mr. Robertson—Sabbath Schools, &c.—Unselfishness of the Minister—Call to Rose Street, Edinburgh—Attachment of Cambridge Street People.

JOHN EADIE'S period of probation was exceptionally short. In addition to a high academic reputation and scholarly attainments—which do not always ensure success in vacant churches—he had a commanding presence, a winning voice, and a fluent utterance. Exactly three months after he was licensed he received a call from the congregation of Cambridge Street, Glasgow, and in three months more, all his preliminary ‘trials’ over, he was ordained as minister of that charge. The year 1835 was thus an eventful year to him, in its successive seasons of spring, summer, and autumn. He was licensed on 24th March, called on 24th June, and ordained on 24th Septem-

ber. The sermons which he preached as a probationer have been preserved. From the markings on them we learn that he officiated in several Edinburgh and Glasgow churches, and in Kirkecaldy, Tillicoultry, Alloa, Cumbernauld, Largs, Paisley, Hamilton, Greenock, and Stranraer. The Greenock and Stranraer congregations wished to call him, but he told them that he expected the call to Cambridge Street, and that he meant to accept it. When he found his sphere of work in a great city, it was the fulfilment of a long-cherished desire. His early companions tell that, when his prospects used to be spoken of, he uniformly expressed his preference for a city charge, and his firm conviction that either Edinburgh or Glasgow would be his future home. He seems even to have had some vague anticipations pointing in the direction of the church in which he was actually settled. In his 'Retrospect and Memorial'—a speech delivered in connection with the celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary as minister of Cambridge Street—he said, 'It is but 'as yesterday since, during my last session at the 'Hall in Glasgow, a number of us students used to 'take our Saturday's walk, and wander out in this 'direction, survey this church in process of erection, 'and sometimes curiously speculate which of us all 'might be its minister.'

The building of Cambridge Street Church marks an epoch alike in the history of the city of Glasgow and in the progress of Scottish dissent. When one threads the crowded streets of the western capital, it is difficult to realize how rapidly the city has grown within the present century. Old men are

still alive whose fathers and mothers remembered when the site of St. Enoch's Church was in a country district, reached by a pleasant walk, with a few cottages on either side of it, called the Westergate—now Argyle Street. It is not a hundred years since the well-to-do citizens, whose residences were in the Trongate, the High Street, the Gallowgate, or the Saltmarket, had their cows driven daily, under the charge of the town herd, along the 'Back Cow Loan'—the modern name of which is Ingram Street—to and from their pasture at Cowcaddens. Within the memory of elderly citizens there was a west-end mansion, with a famous rookery in its pleasure grounds, where the North British Railway Station now stands. Another such mansion is preserved, as part of the Royal Exchange building, like a bit of primary rock in a more recent formation; and the National Bank, farther down Queen Street, occupies the site of Kirkman Finlay's house.<sup>1</sup> A gentleman who died two or three years ago used to tell that he had watched partridge-shooting from the dining-room window of a suburban residence which stood between the site of the Royal Bank and the line of Buchanan Street; and the same gentleman often fished in St. Enoch's Burn, the very existence of which would not now be revealed to passers-by if they depended for their knowledge only on the sense of sight. At the date of the Reform Act the western boundary of the city was the centre of Mitchell Street, a few yards west of Buchanan Street, but ere that time the actual city

<sup>1</sup> 'The Old Country Houses of the Old Glasgow Gentry.' Published by Mr. MacLehose, Glasgow.

had begun to outgrow its municipal limits. Blythwood Hill, Garnet Hill, and the crescents, were laid off for feuing, and the first of these localities was already largely built on. The line of Sauchiehall Street, which was the natural thoroughfare to the west, was then a road with pleasant villas and their gardens on either side of it. Cambridge Street, which branched off to the north at the foot of the eastern slope of Garnet Hill, was little more than a lane. Its distance from the centre is best illustrated by the fact, that up till 1828 the powder-magazine was close to the spot where the new church was built in 1834. From this circumstance the street was originally called Magazine Street. It is difficult to see why the name should have been altered, except to gratify a desire—which seems characteristic of all municipal authorities—to obliterate every trace by which the archæologist would be helped to understand the old history and topography of our towns and cities.

The religious necessities of the locality attracted the attention of some members of the United Secession Church interested in its progress. Some time before this that body of Scottish Presbyterians had begun to realize the urgency of the duty of church extension. Unlike the Free Church, which started with the purpose of planting a congregation in every parish in Scotland, the early Seceders had contented themselves, in the first instance, with lifting up a testimony against the errors of the Establishment in doctrine and discipline. They hoped for a time when, as they expressed it, a 'reforming spirit' would take possession of the 'judicatories' of the national church, and when, therefore, the existence of the



Secession would be no longer needed. They gave 'supply of sermon' when they were asked to do so by persons discontented with the ordinances administered by the clergy of the Establishment, or aggrieved by the operation of the law of patronage; their only other extensions were for many years the result of 'splits' in existing congregations. But the Union in 1820 of the two branches of the Secession, which had separated in 1747 on account of a difference of opinion as to the lawfulness of the Burgess oath, had brought to the re-constituted Church an access of zeal; and the Voluntary controversy resulted in a different view of its position in relation to the Establishment. In opposition to the demand, made by Dr. Chalmers and his friends, for additional endowments to meet the wants of an increasing population, the Seceders were led to assert the adequacy of the free-will offerings of the Christian people, to provide religious ordinances for the nation, and the unlawfulness of making such provision by payments from the national exchequer. Though this 'Voluntary principle,' as it came to be termed, was never incorporated into the articles of the Secession Church, or of the United Presbyterian Church, of which it afterwards formed a part, yet it was all but universally recognized as a portion of her unwritten creed. Having accepted the 'New Light,' the Seceders no longer regarded their position in the country as provisional. No reform in doctrine or discipline that the Establishment might accomplish could take away their *raison d'être*. They were impelled by a new motive to spread themselves as widely as possible over the land. It became a matter of honour to vindicate

their theory of Church support, by bestirring themselves to meet the necessity created through the rapid increase of the great cities. When the movement for church extension—of which the building of Cambridge Street was one of the earliest results—took place, it was matter of common remark that it was a new thing to see a congregation originate otherwise than in contention. Twenty-five years afterwards, Dr. Eadie, in his 'Retrospect and Memorial,' already quoted, refers to this feature in the history of his charge. 'It arose not from strife or 'dissatisfaction in any other churches, but from an 'earnest desire to have a United Secession church in 'this suburban locality, which was then beginning 'to be built on.'

The site of the new church was happily chosen. It was not a West-end church in the ordinary sense of the term. On the one side indeed it looked toward the new residences for the merchants of the city that were rising on Blythswood and Garnet Hills, but on the other it threw its doors open to the industrial population of the old village of Cowcaddens, and of the region where potteries, foundries, bottle-works, and chemical manufactories were clustering round the canal basin at Port-Dundas. It was indeed the necessities of this industrial population that suggested the idea of the new church. The only place of worship in the neighbourhood was the chapel-of-ease called St. George's-in-the-Fields, which lay considerably to the north-west. The district had then an evil repute. Old people still living remember that in their youth it was calculated that only about five per cent of the population in and around Port-Dundas were in the habit of attending

church. Many even of the more intelligent of the residents were avowed infidels. Efforts for the religious improvement of the locality had already been made. Some earnest young men had opened a Sunday-school at the Black Quarry, and had instituted Sunday evening services, which were conducted by leading Secession ministers. At length the new church was projected. It was at first proposed to rent the old powder-magazine as a place of meeting, but ultimately the bolder course of erecting a church was adopted. Having its front entrance on the level of Cambridge Street, the building was carried back to the main street of Cowcaddens, which is on a lower level, the space beneath the back of the church being occupied with the class-room and vestry. In going from the latter to the pulpit, the minister had to climb a steep stair, and enter the church by a square opening in the floor, from which he emerged gradually—his head being first visible to the assembled congregation. Dr. Eadie used to say that, as he carried his earlier sermons up that stair, he felt as if he were making the ascent to a scaffold. The structure was reared in utter disregard of all the rules of ecclesiastical art, but it was so placed as to realize, better than most ecclesiastical edifices, the ideal of a church in which the rich and the poor should meet together. Rich worshippers, from the terraces and crescents, met in the same sanctuary crowds of working men and their families, who came from the streets and lanes of Cowcaddens and Port-Dundas. If they wished to bear their neighbours' burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ, they did not need, as from modern West-end churches, commonly spoken of as influential, to go

down to distant mission-stations, where the poor worship apart on harder benches and in ungainlier buildings, but could find those to whom their sympathy and help might be a blessing, among the crowds whose voices joined with theirs in the psalm of praise, and who sat down with them at the same table of the Lord.

This feature of Cambridge Street congregation, that, though a city charge, it was (at least in the early days of its history) to a large extent a village church, in which there was much of the simplicity and kindness characteristic of village life, made it a specially congenial sphere of work to Dr. Eadie. Connected with a village, not merely by the accident of birth, but by growth in the midst of it, and habitual interest in the minutest details of its life, so that—as he said at a meeting in his native place a quarter of a century after he had left it—‘once he knew Alva and all the creatures ‘in it; there was not a hen or cock, or dog or cat, he ‘did not know,’ he was to the end essentially a villager. He liked to know his neighbours. He took kindly cognizance of their family histories. Peculiarities of character, which come to the front most readily in such districts as the Cowcaddens was, before it had been swallowed up in the great city, deeply interested him. The people among whom he was called to labour suited him, and he suited them. He never regarded the poorer members of his flock as belonging to a ‘class’ beneath him, and to whom he had to stoop. He did not bustle about in their service, nor was he ever a leader (though always a sympathizer) in schemes for the amelioration of their condition; yet they liked him. He was, without knowing it, and to a large extent because he did not know it, so thoroughly

brotherly. When he sat at their firesides, they were never made to feel that he was condescending when he talked of their affairs, and spoke to them freely, as neighbour talks to neighbour, and friend speaks to friend.

But the Cowcaddens would not have suited him so well if it had not been, while a village, yet a village forming part of a great city. He could interest himself in minute details of district life, but he liked to feel that he was part of a vast community. When he began his ministry in Glasgow the population had not attained to half its present number. It was therefore easier then than it is now for an able minister to form a relation to the whole life of the city, and to become a recognized factor in that life. Dr. Eadie speedily formed such a relation. He never went out of his way to seek it. He lived among his people and among his books. He seldom appeared on a platform, and never in the capacity of a speaker except when forced to it, or in some quite exceptional circumstances. He was not a committee-man, nor did he ever mingle in city-politics. Not once in a year would his name appear as a speaker at the monthly meeting of the Presbytery of which he was a member. Unless the occasion was in some way academic, nobody thought of asking him to appear as the representative of his denomination. Yet his relation to Glasgow was closer and more abiding than that of many who were prominent in its affairs. His position grew with the growth of the city, and as the years rolled on Glasgow became dimly conscious that he was one of three or four of her citizens whose names were known, and who brought her honour, in distant places and in quiet retreats of learning, where

local magnates and louder men had never been heard of. And he in turn was proud of Glasgow. His heart beat in unison with the throbbings of its manifold life. He liked to think that ships were sailing from the Broomielaw to every harbour in the world; that in those furnaces, whose lurid glare lighted up the midnight sky, iron was being smelted which would be carried to distant continents; and that the smoke which poured from ten thousand chimneys was the symbol of a labour which was being wrought for the service of the wide world. He was proud of the history of the community, the seed of which was sown by the burn-side when St. Mungo came and laid the foundation of the Cathedral, and which from that godly sowing had grown and flourished by the preaching and by the practising of the Word:<sup>1</sup> keeping through all the ages of its commercial growth the lamp of learning burning brightly in its ancient University — his own *alma mater*.

The transition from his humble Alva life to the dignified position of a Glasgow minister was very rapid. One of the companions of his boyhood remembers that some days before he went to preach as a candidate in Cambridge Street, as they were walking by the Devon, they sat down together on the bank, and Eadie read to him the sermons and lectures he had prepared for the vacant pulpit. When he had finished he put the manuscripts in his pocket, and said,

<sup>1</sup> The ancient legend on the city arms of Glasgow is "Let Glasgow Flourish by the Preaching of the Word." It says as little for the poetry as for the piety of the modern city that in these days the legend has dwindled down to "Let Glasgow Flourish."

'I'll never look at them again till I preach them in Glasgow.' His confidence in his power of memory was not misplaced, seeing that he was able so to deliver his discourses as to command the unanimous suffrage of the ninety members who formed the nucleus of his future congregation. They were thoroughly satisfied with his appearances in the pulpit; and when they sent a deputation to Tillicoultry to make enquiry as to his general ability, Mr. Browning's reply to their question was, 'It's in John Eadie, if he brings it out.' He did not hesitate to accept the call. In his 'Retrospect and Memorial' (p. 10) he says, 'The congregation was 'small, and I was bold enough to undertake the charge 'of it—as those who want experience are usually the 'most daring. Ordinarily to a city charge a man is 'brought from the country in the maturity of his 'experience and powers; and that is perhaps the better 'plan, for it is no easy matter for any one to compose 'two new discourses a week, with no old stock to fall 'back on, and no previous experience in the work, as 'the grace of God does not exempt its possessor either 'from the laws that govern, or the frailties that cling 'to his mental constitution.'

His ordination took place in due course. In his 'Retrospect and Memorial' he reproduces the official record, at the close of which it is stated that 'the session having been constituted, Mr. William M'Innes 'was chosen as their representative, and his name 'was also added to the roll.'<sup>1</sup> The name of his first

<sup>1</sup> It will make this and some other passages more intelligible to certain readers, if it is now explained that in the Presbyterian order the lowest 'court' is the Kirk-Session, which 'bears rule' over one congregation, and consists of a plurality of elders,

'Presbytery elder' will be read with interest by all who are acquainted with the early history of Eadie's Cambridge Street ministry. It was in Mr. M'Innes' house that the eighteen persons who originated the congregation first met. When a kirk-session was constituted, Mr. M'Innes was chosen to be session-clerk. When the future minister came to arrange about appearing as a candidate for the vacant pulpit, it was to Mr. M'Innes' house that he was brought. His sister, who still survives, remembers that 'we were just sitting down to dinner when I saw a tall, raw, country-looking lad cross the road, evidently coming to our house. William went to see what he wanted, and then brought him in to dinner. He sat opposite to me, and he looked up and down the table, and noticed everything, but said little. But he never at any time spoke much in company. That was the first time we saw or heard of Mr. Eadie. He told, long after, that he remembered not only who were at table, but what was for dinner, and the very pattern of the dishes.' Even before he was ordained, he became an inmate of Mr. M'Innes' house, and remained with him till his marriage in the following February, receiving

presided over by the minister or teaching elder. The next court is the Presbytery, consisting of the minister and one representative elder of each congregation in the district over which the Presbytery has jurisdiction. It is interesting to note that in the Reformed Churches of the Continent the names are reversed, the 'Presbyterial Council' being the congregational, and the 'Consistory' the district court. All the Presbyteries of a province are united cumulatively in the Synod, while the General Assembly consists of representatives chosen by the different Presbyteries of all the Synods. In the United Presbyterian Church there is only one Synod, which is, therefore, the supreme court.



much kindness and assistance in many ways. After he went to his own house, there was hardly a day that he did not visit his former host, coming and going as if he were still a member of the family.

The young minister was introduced to his charge on the Sabbath after his ordination, and occupied the pulpit in the afternoon.

‘It was on Sabbath, the 29th of September, 1835, that I preached my inaugural discourse to you from Acts x, 39. “Therefore came I unto you, without gainsaying as soon as I was sent for”—dwelling on this last clause as my text, “I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me.” I endeavoured, then, to assign such reasons as induce a Christian people to call a minister, to show what, in correspondence with such reasons, the functions of the Christian ministry are, and to point out what solemn motive I had to make “full proof” of my ministry, pressing on my own attention the apostle’s words, “let no man despise thy youth;” “be thou an example of the believers;” “give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine;” “give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear unto all;” “take heed unto thyself and unto thy doctrine; continue in them, for in so doing thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee.”’<sup>1</sup>

In this spirit he began his work, and no man ever laboured more faithfully to discharge all parts of the ministerial office. The piles of manuscript, which he has left behind him, attest how diligently he prepared for the work of the pulpit. At first both his lectures and his sermons seem to have been written out almost

<sup>1</sup> ‘Retrospect and Memorial,’ p. 22.

fully, and committed to memory. They are written with a very sharp-pointed pen in a curious back hand—the letters sloping from left to right. They seem at first sight like ancient manuscripts in some unknown foreign tongue, or like the impression made by the written page on the blank leaf of a letter that has been folded before the ink was dry. There are no breaks at the end of paragraphs, and no marks of any kind by which the memory would be assisted in committing them. Unlike his later writings, these earliest manuscripts have hardly any erasures or interlineations. The discourses seem to have been fully thought out before they were written; the process of writing evidently went on easily and without pause. As the years advanced his professorial and literary work made ever increasing demands on his time, and the mechanical labour of writing fully was avoided, but not till the necessity for it had ceased by his growing familiarity with Scripture truth, and growing readiness in unfolding and illustrating it. Though the later manuscripts cover less paper, they do not indicate less care in the planning and arrangement of his discourses. The train of thought is clearly mapped out,—every step in the argument, and every illustration, are indicated by words or fragments of sentences.

He never made use of his notes when preaching. The most sharp-eyed Seceder in the gallery was at no time offended by sight of the smallest scrap of writing disfiguring the fair page of the open Bible. He was so near-sighted that he could not read in the pulpit without stooping so much as utterly to spoil his delivery. I only remember one occasion on which he used his paper. It was when he

was preaching a funeral sermon in connection with the death of his colleague, Dr. John Brown. He had prepared a careful estimate of the value of his friend's work, and the worth of his character, and anxious to pay his tribute to the dead with scrupulous care, and to conceal the emotion which on such occasions always threatened a break-down, he, to the astonishment of the congregation, produced his manuscript. The success of the experiment was not such as to warrant its repetition. Many of his old Cambridge Street hearers will remember how he stumbled at difficulties in his own writing; how his stooping posture made him inaudible at the back of the church, how heated and uncomfortable he seemed, and with what apparent relief he closed the book when he had reached the end at last. One of his hearers, meeting him after service, said to him, 'O doctor, I am glad you don't often read.' He replied, 'Yon was awfu.' He liked to stand erect while he was preaching, and let the rapid flow of his words go forth without interruption. There was a sentence of his favourite apostle which he used to quote very often, about our coming 'unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,' and it was remarked that when he quoted it, he seemed unconsciously to draw himself up to his full height. This absence of all helps to memory made his preaching—even to him whose memory was so wonderful—a continual strain. He never—at least when he was preaching at home, and therefore preaching new sermons—breakfasted on Sunday mornings. He literally did not break bread till the forenoon service was over, and then he only took a dry crust and a glass of water to sustain him for the afternoon.

But the strain was naturally most severe at the beginning of his ministry. In his life of the Rev. William Wilson, to which we have already referred, as containing much that is evidently autobiographical, he reveals how thoroughly he realized the manifold responsibilities of the office with which he had been invested, and how heavily they weighed upon him.

‘The first year of a minister’s life in a settled charge is specially trying. The great business to which he has solemnly given himself, and to which he has been formally set apart, is begun, and he earnestly covets to commence under favourable and auspicious impressions. In the midst of novel and multiplied labours, he learns dependence upon God in a form and with a depth he had not felt before. The energies of mind, the powers of body, the aspirations of piety, are concentrated on the enterprise. Materials of thought, laid up in past years, are brought into eager requisition. Sanguine anticipations of unrivalled success are gradually lowered, and the young pastor is effectually trained “not to think more highly of himself than he ought to think.” The exhaustion of daily toil in preparing for the pulpit, and the recurring experiences and conscious failures of the speaker in it, soon lead him no longer to overrate his abilities or his powers of oratory. And many things concur in making this period of a pastor’s labours a crisis in his history. The desire to *benefit* the people absorbs the wish to please, and the sermon is composed without any such minor impurities of motive and hopes, as are insensibly blended with the studies and public appearances of one who officiates in a vacancy. An awful responsibility weighs upon the

‘ heart, and fills it occasionally with unutterable tremors.  
‘ The prospect of the coming Sabbath dawning upon the  
‘ mind, mingling with the evening reminiscences of a  
‘ Lord’s day not yet concluded,—yea, and haunting the  
‘ spirit with mystic menace through all the hours of the  
‘ intervening week ; preparation for its services begun  
‘ in idea, if not in act, while those of its predecessor are  
‘ scarcely finished, and continued for six days with  
‘ perpetual anxiety and chequered success ; the torment  
‘ produced by the want of leisure to elaborate the  
‘ manuscript, so as to bring thoughts into elegant and  
‘ rhythmical expression ; the delicious agony with which  
‘ some half-formed idea is held, or the dim sketch of  
‘ some figure is seized ; the constant attempt to gene-  
‘ ralize a very brief experience, so as to lay down fixed  
‘ principles of action for guidance in future years ; the  
‘ painful effort to know and to be able to recognize all  
‘ the members of the flock, and gather somewhat of  
‘ their character and history ; the visit of consolation  
‘ to the afflicted in their anguish, the poor in their desti-  
‘ tution, the mourners in their solitude, or to the  
‘ spiritually distressed in their gloom and sorrow ; the  
‘ word of reproof to the wanderer, and of discipline  
‘ upon the refractory, mingled with those sensations of  
‘ melancholy disappointment which such painful inci-  
‘ dents originate ;—all these elements of labour and  
‘ obligation combined, and laid at once upon the youth-  
‘ ful minister, yet tender and untried, are more than  
‘ enough to overpower him ; and often in the earlier  
‘ epoch of the pastorate, do they fret and fatigue the  
‘ spirit, so that it sinks into exhaustion and lassitude.  
‘ Such severe probation also weakens the nervous  
‘ system by the continuous strain and pressure upon

‘ it, excites or aggravates all constitutional debilities—  
 ‘ especially if there be any tendency to those ills which  
 ‘ are often borne “for the stomach’s sake,” and the  
 ‘ “frequent infirmities” to which studious and sedentary  
 ‘ life is generally exposed. But years and training  
 ‘ bring new faculties; and while the duties vary not,  
 ‘ the soul, in God’s grace, acquires energy to meet them,  
 ‘ ay and to relish them.’<sup>1</sup>

The following fragmentary reminiscences, by the venerable lady whom we have already quoted, give us some homely life-like glimpses into the young minister’s way of living and working. ‘ Oh, he was grand about the creation, and Jonah, and Nineveh!’ ‘ I would not have liked to miss any of his Sabbath lectures. You could not keep your eyes off him, he made the gospel so grand.’ ‘ You couldna’ be long beside him without feeling that he was a good man.’ ‘ He was a real happy man, and was very simple.’ ‘ He had no hypocrisy, and William would say it was a pity to take advantage of him. He maybe just went far enough’ [in innocent fun and frolic, doubtless, as even ordained men will sometimes do]; ‘ but for all that, he had more religion than others that were more censorious.’ ‘ He wrought very hard; he once gave us a great fright. The servant went into the parlour on Sabbath morning to prepare it for breakfast, and there was the fire burning and Mr. Eadie lying all his length on the rug before it. She spoke to him, but he did not answer her, and she ran away to her master in a great state of excitement, “ O Mr. M’Innes, I think Mr. Eadie’s deed.” William came and roused him; he had not been in bed at all, and he had just

<sup>1</sup> ‘ United Presbyterian Fathers,’ pp. 118-120.

‘fallen asleep.’ ‘He visited a great deal among the poor of his church, and helped them too. One person he was visiting had been ordered brandy, but was unable to get it. Mr. Eadie came home, and, taking a bottle, carried it to him.’ ‘In his visits he was very homely and friendly, taking an interest in every member of the household, and asking about all their circumstances. He was in the habit of taking the elder of the district with him in his visits.’ William said his prayers when visiting were very fine, and suitable to the circumstances.’ ‘One of his elders once spoke to him about his homely way in visiting, but he did not like it.’ ‘He had a peculiar temper; we came to know when he was not pleased; he was a great man for peace; he did not brawl, but would rather rise and go out.’ ‘He never took much to do with the business affairs of the church.’ ‘He was a very humble man; he was learned, but nobody would know it from himself. He did not talk much in company.’ ‘He was very fond of bagatelle. Many a game he and Finlayson and the rest played.’ ‘When he got his book-case set up in his house in Cambridge Street, he stuck a horse shoe on the top of it to keep the devil away. The first time Dr. Brown called for him, on seeing it he sat shaking with laughter, crying, “Oh, John! oh, John!”’ He often came in on Saturday night, and had a bit of toasted cheese; he would give us the text and the particulars of next day’s sermon.’ ‘Sometimes he would say, “I’m gaun to be baugh [Scotch for poor—intellectually weak] the morn.” On Sabbath night William would say, “Mr. Eadie should aye be baugh.”’ ‘You needed to sit under him for some time to like him and get accustomed to his voice.

‘In reference to his rapid speaking, Mrs. —— said “he was a waster of the gospel.”’ ‘He got many presents, and often said things came to him just when he needed them. He had sought through all the shops for some particular book, but without success. One day, visiting an old couple, he saw the book he wanted. The old man said that if it was of any use to him he might have it. A son who had been home from India had brought it, but it was of no use to them. The Doctor gladly took it, and in return sent the old people a handsome family-Bible.’ ‘Mr. Eadie liked to speak about his mother, always calling her by her maiden name, Janet Morrison.’

The progress made by the new congregation was steady but not rapid. Its minister’s preaching was not of a kind readily to attract casual hearers. His old friend, whose words have just been quoted, says truly that some experience of his manner was needed before he was justly valued as a preacher. But not only were his regular hearers better able to appreciate him—they really got his best. His sermons on public occasions to crowded evening audiences in Glasgow, or when he went from home, were never equal to the regular and faithful unfolding of Scripture truth, Sabbath after Sabbath, to which his own congregation was accustomed. The faults of style, which marred his more popular discourses, were entirely absent from his daily work. When stripped of the drapery of flowing rhetoric, with which he sometimes clothed the sermons he had preached oftenest, the solid body of truth, which was never absent from his teaching, was revealed in fairer proportions. His great power lay in the department of pulpit work which the Scottish people have



long esteemed most highly, and which he contributed not a little to make more intelligent and valuable. All who waited on his ministry were agreed that, while his sermons were good, his lectures were better; and even his sermons were always most effective when they were most exegetical. His hereditary and early-developed taste for Scripture-exposition has been already noted. He gave it full scope as soon as he became the occupant of a pulpit. Book after book of the New Testament—now a Gospel and now an Epistle—was carefully expounded, chapter by chapter, and clause by clause. Sometimes, if the thought of the writer was clear, he would choose a considerable paragraph, and sometimes, where there were difficulties to explain, he would confine himself to a single clause. He always kept up the connection by brief but compact recapitulation, so that regular attenders had the benefit of a continuous commentary. So deep was the interest awakened, that many of his hearers were in the habit of studying beforehand the passage to be expounded, and of consulting such authorities as were within their reach as to its interpretation, that they might be prepared to follow him the more intelligently. In preparing his lectures he gave more attention to the matter than to the manner of his expositions. He was much more careful to ascertain the precise meaning of the writer he had undertaken to explain than to elaborate his own ideas or illustrations. His manuscript was often short, but the list of books he consulted was always long. The extensive study of German exegetics, which resulted in the publication of his commentaries, was originally undertaken in preparation for the pulpit. But there was

no parade of learning. He never named an authority, nor magnified a difficulty. The result was given; the process was concealed.

Loyalty to the meaning of the text was a distinguishing feature both of his lectures and sermons. He was as inexorable in driving his theological allies from the refuge of any spurious verse or mistranslated passage as he was in dislodging opponents. He was never ashamed to acknowledge that his powers of exposition were baffled. Some time within the second decade of his ministry, he began a course of lectures on the Book of the Revelation. He thought he had discovered a key by which to unlock the mysteries of seals and trumpets and vials. He started well. The vision of the first chapter supplied him with a congenial theme—a theme of which he was never weary—the resurrection glory of the 'Son of Man.' He found himself at home in threading his way through the epistles to the seven churches. Nothing could suit him better than the four following chapters, where the import of the revelation is comparatively clear. At the eighth chapter he began to encounter difficulties, but the key he had found opened several doors without much grating of the lock. As he advanced the difficulties multiplied, and the key became less serviceable. More and more pressure was required to bring him to the close of the twelfth chapter. There he stopped, and acknowledged that his key did not avail to carry him further. He lost nothing, but gained much by such frank avowals. It made his hearers confide in him the more; it made yet kindlier the relation between him and them that he took them thus into his confidence. In the morning lessons in the church he oftenest

read regularly through successive books, giving such explanation and running comment as was necessary to clear away difficulties, and enable the people to grasp the general import of the chapter. In his week-night prayer-meeting he never seemed at home unless he was engaged in the regular exposition of some book, and even the less formal addresses, delivered then, had underlying them a careful exegesis. One of his Pauline commentaries, and that not the least able, was the result of his studies in preparation for the homely meeting held in the little class-room which entered from the Cowcaddens.

In addition to the two regular Sunday services and the week-night lecture, he was burdened for the first three years of his ministry with a monthly Sabbath evening sermon. One course on the 'Millennium,' which he delivered then, is remembered as having attracted crowded audiences. When he ceased to conduct these evening services his managers appointed a committee 'to wait on Mr. Eadie to ascertain his reasons for discontinuing the same, and to report to 'next meeting.' The Committee reported 'that the chief reasons he mentioned to them were the following, viz., want of health, and that he considered that he might be as well or better employed in addressing 'more private meetings occasionally on Sabbath evenings in the neighbourhood.'

At the close of twenty-five years he thus speaks of his preaching:—

'I have, as I dare say you will bear me witness, 'preached the Gospel, and the great central truth of 'the Gospel—salvation by the cross; and I have 'uniformly done this, I can plead to no neglect or

‘indifference in this. This “crown” I will “let no man take” from me. I was “separated to preach the Gospel,” and that Gospel I have endeavoured to preach with all freedom and fulness.”

‘I have endeavoured also to bear in mind the connection between grace and works, that the Spirit given and truth believed are the agent and means of sanctification, and that the imputation of righteousness only precedes and prepares for the infusion of holiness. For Christ “gave Himself” for the Church “that He might sanctify and cleanse it.” . . .

‘I have not, so far as I know my own heart, “shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.” It is all God’s, and it is all profitable. I do not know that there is a single topic in Scripture which has not been in some form or other handled by me. I have preached more than a thousand sermons from more than a thousand texts, ranging everywhere from Genesis to the Apocalypse. I have lectured on the Gospel according to Matthew, the Gospel according to John, the Epistle to the Ephesians, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistles of Peter, the Epistles of John, with the first half of the Revelation, the Epistle to the Philippians, the Epistle of James, the Epistle to the Galatians, the prophetic names given to Messiah in the Old Testament, the parables of our Lord, the speeches and addresses of the Apostle Paul, with many paragraphs and chapters besides in the other books of Scripture. At the weekly prayer meeting I have gone through most of the Psalms and the Acts of the Apostles, the book of Jonah, the prophecies of Daniel, the Epistle to the Colossians, and am now half way

‘in the Gospel by Mark—I am speaking only of the amount of work done; I am not saying how it has been done—and yet I mourn not the want of themes; I feel in no danger of falling into monotony. I know the Bible, like nature its twin revelation, to be inexhaustible. I find the riches of Christ to be unsearchable.’<sup>1</sup>

The same passion for Scripture interpretation, which revealed itself in his pulpit teaching, gave its prevailing tone to the lessons in his Bible classes. He says, ‘In the instruction of the young I have had, and cannot but have, great pleasure, as one generation rises up after another. How fleet the succession of juvenile pupils in a minister’s Bible class! Simple instruction there given is meant to make each child a Timothy—one that knows from youth the Holy Scriptures.’<sup>2</sup> The elders had opened a Sunday-school when the congregation was formed, but in addition to this the minister had, from the date of his ordination, separate classes of his own for boys and girls. Some time later he formed an advanced class for older girls; and still later, on petition addressed to him by the young men of the church, another advanced class for lads. Still, more recently, these two advanced classes were combined. A touching memorial of his earliest labours among the young has come into my hands. It is a letter to a mother written by her boy, who, with his sister, was attending school in Glasgow. The writer of the letter became a student of theology, but died before his course was finished. He says on March 16th, 1836, ‘I was at Mr. Eadie’s class, and he has

<sup>1</sup> ‘Retrospect and Memorial,’ pp. 15-21.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 25, 26.

‘given me to learn about Peter denying Jesus, and  
‘two verses in Matthew, fifth chapter; he gave me  
‘nothing to write this time. . . . Mary is to give  
‘an account to Mr. Eadie of the feasts of the Jews,  
‘and in what months they were, how long they  
‘were kept, for what purpose they were kept, and  
‘how they were kept.’

Eadie’s classes were Bible classes in the strictest sense of the term. It was Biblical literature rather than theology that he taught. He used no catechism or other manual; the Bible itself was his text-book. Sometimes he prepared and printed a syllabus of the winter’s course, which he put into the hands of the young people to encourage careful study. The advanced classes were intensely interesting. The rich stores of oriental learning that he had early acquired, and that grew as the years advanced, were laid under contribution, till there was hardly an eastern custom or a fact in eastern history, which threw any light on the Scriptures, with which we were not made familiar. The fruits of his professorial studies were so freely given to us that, when I entered the Divinity Hall, I was astonished to find how much I had already learned of the results of the science which he taught from the chair. All his instructions were given in the homeliest way from the desk of the little class-room, or sometimes, when the classes were small, from a chair at the fireside, in which he sat in easy posture with one leg laid across the other. He did not ask us many questions, but occasionally he would put one which puzzled us all, and then he would look with a kindly smile as it passed from bench to bench unanswered. He always treated us like men, and did his best to teach us self-

respect. He appealed more to the judgment and the understanding than to the emotions, but he never neglected to enforce the practical aspects of religion. When we came forward in succession to the communion, he did not repel us with hard theological questions; but having instructed us carefully in his classes, contented himself for the most part with kindly advice, which was the better remembered that it was generally brief. No one whom he admitted to the fellowship of the church can ever forget the scene when, on the Fast-day or the Friday evening before the Sacrament, he read out the names of the young communicants, and then addressed to them, in presence of the congregation, words of welcome and of counsel, so simple, and yet so earnest and so wise.

With reference to another department of his ministerial labours he says:—

‘As regards pastoral work of another kind, that which walks from house to house—I have kept up regular visitation of the various families, though the task is not easily overtaken in a city such as Glasgow, where so many calls break in upon time, where residences are often changed, and where so many stairs and flats in the larger blocks of buildings both bewilder and fatigue. It enables me, however, to know the members, and is, by its physical exertion (it would be going beyond the truth to call it recreation) a relief from severe mental labour. I have invariably found, that success in work depends much, if not altogether, on giving the entire mind to the task in hand, and that freshness of mind is secured as really and fully by change of labour as by relaxation.

‘Very varied are the circumstances of the nume-

‘rous households belonging to a church. A minister  
 ‘has often to pass from the festivity of a marriage to  
 ‘the solemnity of a funeral, is expected to “rejoice  
 ‘with them that do rejoice, and to weep with them  
 ‘that weep;” remembering that the Master wrought  
 ‘His first miracle at the nuptial feast of Cana in  
 ‘Galilee, and that he was also a visitor to the abode  
 ‘of Martha and Mary, and to the tomb of Lazarus.  
 ‘“Trials must and will befall.” What family is with-  
 ‘out them? What house has not “a possession of a  
 ‘burying place,” hallowed by the dust of kindred?  
 ‘perhaps of a father snatched from widow and chil-  
 ‘dren, or of a mother taken from her unweaned child;  
 ‘a babe confined out of its cradle, or a brother or sister  
 ‘taken away in early prime. Truly we require “the  
 ‘tongue of the learned, that we should know how to  
 ‘speak a word in season to him that is weary.” How  
 ‘much need of “the gentleness of Christ” in turning  
 ‘the mourners to Him “who healeth the broken in  
 ‘heart and bindeth up their wounds.”’<sup>1</sup>

Those who heard the speech from which this extract has been made will remember that he interjected the remark that pastoral visitation enabled him to recollect the circumstances and relations of each family under his care; that whenever he went into a house the surroundings recalled to him all the incidents in the family history—that a daughter had gone to be married in Australia, that a son had enlisted as a soldier, or that some one dear to the house had died far from home. As has already been hinted, his visitations were far from being formal. He did not indeed conform for a time to the old Scottish custom of giving an address or

<sup>1</sup> ‘Retrospect and Memorial,’ pp. 23, 24.



formal exhortation in each house, but he soon abandoned it, and made his visit an informal visit of friendship, never forgetting however ere he left to offer prayer in which with marvellous power of adaptation he presented petitions suitable to all the circumstances that had been referred to in the course of conversation. These visits were for many years made annually to every family in the congregation, and even when the number of his people had multiplied so greatly as to make this impossible he saw them all in their own houses at least every two years. When any family was in circumstances of affliction he was unwearied in his kindness. Distance never interfered with the regularity of his visits. Families who had joined his church often removed to far-off districts of the city, but still continued their connection with Cambridge Street congregation. When they needed service at his hand, he went to them as cheerfully as if his going had not involved a walk of several miles. No danger of infection ever scared him from the bedsides of the sick and dying. Typhus of the worst type was commoner in the earlier years of his ministry than happily it is now, but he never shrank from going where it was. When the cholera came to Glasgow in 1849 there were many fatal cases among his people; he visited them all, and often afterwards spoke of the dreadful nature of the disease, and of the impossibility of any one who had seen it ever mistaking anything else for it.

Such pastoral faithfulness betokened and nourished a deep and lasting affection towards the members of his congregation. The very ease with which he did his work, the utter absence of fuss and bustle, with an

occasional brusqueness of manner, made casual and shallow observers sometimes speak of him as indifferent. Never was judgment 'according to the outward appearance' more unrighteous. He not only loved and wrought for his people when they were with him, but he remembered them when they were far away. When Professor Calderwood, who had been his companion in America in 1873, occupied his pulpit a few Sabbaths after his death, he spoke thus:—

'The closing incident of his pastoral life, when he visited a bereaved family connected with the congregation, has reminded me of an incident which occurred in Chicago. He had the address of a family in humble circumstances who had left his congregation a long while before and had settled in Chicago. Tracing the street on the map, we found that it was not far from the hotel where we were. We resolved to take an evening walk in the direction. After having gone a considerable distance, we found ourselves astray, and I stopped two working men to ask the way. They looked in amazement, and one exclaimed, "Is that not Dr. Eadie of Glasgow?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I was sure of it. I have heard him often, and I know all about the Coweaddens." His companion also was a Glasgow man. Those two conducted us to the street and then we parted. But here we met an unexpected difficulty. Not only was the street a long one, and the number we had come upon high above that which we wished to find, but the numbers had been considerably altered to suit new buildings. We were so greatly at fault and the people near the place so unable to direct us, that I suggested it would be needful to abandon the search. This could not be

‘agreed to however, and the search was continued till  
‘at last we found a clue, and the Doctor was hailed by  
‘a family who rose to their feet in wonder as they saw  
‘the well-known figure appear. When we sat down it  
‘was as if he had been in the Cowcaddens. He asked  
‘for each member of the family by name as if he had  
‘seen them all only a month before, and the interview  
‘closed with a prayer in which he gathered up all the  
‘family interests and left them before the throne.’

The following letter will further illustrate the kindly remembrance he had of former members of his Cambridge Street flock. It was addressed to the daughter of a widow in his church. She was married in Australia, and tidings had come that she was in failing health. One sister had gone out to nurse her, and another was on the eve of her marriage at home.

To MRS. ———.

15 Oct., 1859.

‘I have been thinking of you and your absence  
‘from home when your sister is going to be wedded.  
‘We shall neither see you nor hear your voice; but  
‘we will not forget you in that far-off land. I am  
‘sorry to hear that you are so poorly; and, at such  
‘a distance from kind and sympathizing friends and  
‘relatives, you must sometimes feel lonely and op-  
‘pressed. They often speak of you here; assuredly  
‘you are not forgotten. But you know as well as  
‘I can tell you, that there is One whose being and  
‘love are bounded by no continents and divided by  
‘no oceans, and I have no doubt that you pillow your  
‘aching head on His infinite tenderness and pity.  
‘He can make up for the want of all other things—

‘no hand so gentle, no heart so gracious as His. I  
 ‘fondly trust that you are patiently bearing whatever  
 ‘he sends, for suffering is the token and fruit of a  
 ‘Father’s love, and the means of preparation for a  
 ‘Father’s home. It is a “right way” by which He  
 ‘leads his children. It may not appear to be the  
 ‘shortest or the easiest way, but it is right, and must  
 ‘be so. It is God’s way, and it leads home. If you  
 ‘are to have more days, you know what gratitude  
 ‘you ought to cherish, and if not, you will leave it  
 ‘with God to determine, saying, “Not my will, but  
 ‘Thine be done.” How I should like to say such  
 things to you!—far better, indeed, than to write  
 ‘them. And I should like to see you too, and your  
 ‘young ones. Whether are they —s or —s in  
 ‘appearance? I fondly hope that you may be many  
 ‘years spared to them. A mother must always feel  
 ‘her life to be of highest value for her children’s sake.  
 ‘I pray God to revive your health, and also, and very  
 ‘specially, to draw your spirit near to Himself. It  
 ‘is when the sun is covered, and the sky is obscured,  
 ‘and gloom is abroad, that the thick cloud sends  
 ‘down the refreshing shower. So may it be with you  
 ‘and yours.

. . . ‘And now, dear Maggie, good-bye, and all good  
 ‘be with you.’

It is not a little touching to note that she to whom  
 this letter was addressed never saw it—she had passed  
 away before it reached Australia.

Work done by a man so able, and in such a spirit,  
 could hardly fail to prosper. The congregation grew,  
 —not, indeed, with the mushroom growth that results  
 from mere popularity, but with a steady and lasting

progress. Three months after his ordination he prepared a return for the information of the 'Religious Instruction Commissioners' appointed by Government to investigate the grounds on which Dr. Chalmers and his friends based their claim for additional endowments. From his answers to the queries addressed to him it appears that, even thus early, 700 persons were in the habit of attending public worship in his church; that there were 200 communicants ('number daily increasing'); that 422 sittings were let; and that seventy per cent of the congregation belonged to the working classes.

Churches multiplied in the neighbourhood. St. Stephen's, in the same street, was built in 1834, and constituted a *quoad sacra* parish by the General Assembly of 1835. Milton Church was constituted by the General Assembly of the following year, and its first minister, the late Professor Duncan, was ordained in 1836. A few years after the Disruption, when the lawsuit as to the right of holding the chapel property had been decided in favour of the Established Church, Free Churches bearing the same names were erected in the immediate neighbourhood. In the course of years other workers belonging to the same communion as himself came to the locality, and Eadie always gave them a hearty welcome. In the year 1850, a new United Presbyterian Church was opened in Shamrock Street, a few hundred yards west of Cambridge Street. Toward the close of 1853, Mr. John MacLaren, one of the most distinguished students who ever passed through Eadie's classes in the Divinity Hall, resolved to devote himself to mission work in the Cowcaddens. He declined calls to large and prosperous congregations,

and began to preach to a handful of poor people in a Mechanics' Hall immediately behind Cambridge Street. Eadie did everything in his power to help him, and interested himself in providing workers to co-operate with him. The result was the formation of a congregation and the building of a church in the New City Road, which was opened by services in which Dr. Eadie took part, only a short time before Mr. MacLaren fell a victim to the intensity of his self-forgetting work.<sup>1</sup> Though church accommodation was thus multiplied, Cambridge Street continued to grow till the 'little one had become a thousand.' On the last return he made before leaving it, the membership is stated to be 1,105. In his *Retrospect and Memorial* (p. 7) he says:—

'These past twenty-five years have, by the Divine blessing, been years of progress with us and among us. It was not very rapid at first, but resembled, I hope, the British oak, that builds its strength into its size. We have had no ebbings and flowings, no disastrous pauses, no divisions or unseemly quarrels; as of old, no sound of hammer has been heard while we have been labouring to build the house, in the prayer that its stones may be living stones, resting on the one Foundation and Chief Corner-stone, while they are being compacted into one another—the entire structure growing "into a holy temple in the Lord," "an habitation of God through the Spirit."'

One who was connected with the congregation from the beginning—first as a young adherent, then as a member, and ultimately as an honoured office-bearer—

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of the Rev. John MacLaren*, by the Rev. Peter Leys, Strathaven, with Prefatory Note by Dr. Eadie. Glasgow, 1861.

and to whom the author is indebted for much interesting information as to its earlier history, says:—  
'You are correct in assuming that there never was  
'any quarrel in the congregation with which the Doc-  
'tor was mixed up. There were never, indeed, any  
'quarrels, except some bickerings now and again  
'about the election of a precentor, and at another time  
'about the rights of women to vote at elections of  
'managers.'

So great was the progress during the first decade of his ministry, that at the close of it an enlargement of the church had become obviously necessary, and in November, 1846, it was resolved to proceed with it. The plan adopted was to carry the building back to the line of the pavement in the Cowcaddens. By this device a considerable number of additional sittings were obtained. The characteristic appropriateness of the text chosen by the minister for the reopening was remarked. He preached from 2 Cor. vi, 13—'Be ye also enlarged.'

But these were not only years of peaceful growth—they were years of great fruitfulness. The church had been built, as we have seen, not for the convenience of fashionable worshippers, but for the spiritual good of an increasing population, which, on one side at least, consisted mainly of the poor. This primary end of its existence was never lost sight of either by the ministers or members. It may have been accidental, but it was significant that when they enlarged it, the enlargement was made on the Cowcaddens side. Even before the minister was settled the elders had begun a mission in the village of Springbank, about a mile to the north-west of the

church, and conducted services first on the banks of the canal, and afterwards in a room which they hired for the purpose. When Eadie came he entered heartily into their work, and often after his two day-services in the church, preached on the Sunday evening in the open air. He became the real, though of course not the nominal parish minister of his district, which consisted of parts of two parishes, for the boundary line between the Barony and St. George's ran right through the centre of the church. Frequent changes in the ministry of St. Stephen's and Milton—an evil to which unendowed chapels in an Established church are peculiarly exposed—hindered them from accomplishing much territorial work. It was to Eadie, in the earlier years of his ministry, that the poor people of Cowcaddens, who had no church connection, came for marriages and burials, and it was mainly by the agencies connected with his church that their spiritual interests were cared for. So early as the beginning of 1836, while the congregation was still small and heavily burdened with the debt resting on their new building, a missionary was engaged to labour in the district. The first who held the office was Mr. David Cumming, who had been associated with Eadie at Tillicoultry. In the year 1837 he was disabled, and died before its close. Two of his letters were lovingly preserved by Eadie, among other memorials of his earlier days. It is touching to read them on their faded paper; they give us glimpses into a warm human heart that has long ceased to beat, and they illustrate the character of the minister to whom his missionary, invalided and feeling 'very weak and weary,' writes familiarly, and with overflowing grati-



tude, for 'the many kindnesses I have received at your hand.'

The work begun by Mr. Cumming was carried on by a succession of devoted men, two of whom are remembered with special tenderness. The first of these was Mr. James Galloway, afterwards minister at Little Sutton, Cheshire, who died just after he had attained the office toward which he had toiled through obstacles that would have daunted a less heroic heart. The other was Mr. Robert Robertson, a son of the house at Greenhill, where Eadie had been nursed in days gone by. He had completed his full curriculum of arts and theology when he came to labour at Springbank, consecrating his great powers and rare accomplishments to the lowly service of the poor, in which he wore himself out before the time. He never asked for licence or ordination, nor cared to clothe himself with official dignity, but was content to go about quietly among houses to which his coming brought the only ray that cheered the dull monotony of their poverty, and to preach to ragged audiences in the humble mission-house sermons, which for the beauty of the thought, and the rare felicity of the expression, might have been spoken from a university pulpit, but which, in their simple earnestness, were thoroughly adapted for carrying the gospel to the hearts of the poor. He is dead, but he lives in the memory of many whose happy memories are few, and in the lives of some to whom his teaching was an inspiration.

All the missionary operations were conducted under Eadie's immediate superintendence, and all his workers had not only his sympathy but his active co-operation. As the journals of successive missionaries testify,

he suggested to them new expedients to reach the hearts of the people, and new places where schools might be planted. The annual reports bear evidence of having been written by his own hand up till about 1848, and even after that date he always revised and improved them. They form a deeply interesting record of persevering Christian work carried on from year to year in faith and hope. There are sad revelations of the destitution, the intemperance, and the irreligion of the district. The following extracts quoted from the journals illustrate fairly their prevailing tone: 'October 9th, (1838). To-day visited fourteen families 'and lamentable to state only one out of all these wait 'regularly upon religious ordinances. The most prevalent cause of all this, I am forced to believe, is 'intemperance; this evil prevails to an awful extent 'in the field of my labours—I daily witness the 'effects of it.' 'October 13th. For several nights 'past, the meeting has been well attended: and this 'evening we had a pretty full house. Very many in 'this district go to no place of worship. A considerable number come spontaneously; but as many, in 'the language of Scripture, have to be "compelled to 'come in.'" 'June 15th, (1843). To-day I followed 'to the grave an aged woman who has been for a 'long time in sore trouble. She was in deep poverty 'and could not obtain what was necessary to alleviate 'in any degree her sufferings. She lay upon a bed 'of straw. But though troubled in body she had 'that peace of mind which arises from believing in 'Christ. Her end was looked forward to with desire, 'that she might be with Christ.'

One complaint runs through these reports from

the beginning—the complaint of the lack of elementary education for the children of the poor. The insight which Eadie obtained through his mission into the destitution in this particular, which prevailed in large cities and in all districts where the population had outgrown the parish-schools, accounts sufficiently for the zeal he displayed in the agitation for a Scottish Education Act, the passing of which was delayed by sectarian jealousies for nearly twenty years. Long after he had ceased to appear on public platforms for other objects, he was always ready to leave his study, and to overcome his aversion to face a political audience, that he might lend the influence of his name to promote the cause of national education. Meanwhile in the mission he did what he could. First of all, the missionary was directed to devote two hours daily to giving instruction in reading and writing to such of the children in the district as he was able to collect; then one regular day-school was opened at Springbank, and then another nearer the church. These schools were largely attended and fairly efficient; but there is reiterated statement of the apparently hopeless difficulty, in the absence of compulsory powers, of securing regular attendance. The schools were almost entirely supported by the congregation; only a nominal fee was charged, and no government grants were asked or accepted, the supreme court of the church having frequently condemned the indiscriminate endowment involved in the system of Privy Council grants.

In their efforts for the weal of the district minister and missionary were well supported by a band of willing workers in the church. Early in 1838 a

'Christian Instruction Society' was organized, by whose voluntary agents the poor families round the church were regularly visited, their temporal necessities relieved, the education of their children looked after, and district meetings for religious exercises held. In addition to the congregational school, which had been in existence from the first, two other Sabbath schools were at once opened by this Society. One of these met in the old powder-magazine, where, it may be remembered, the founders of the congregation once thought of beginning to worship. It seems to have been a wretched place. The report of the Christian Instruction Society says, 'The average number attending both schools at present may be stated at 60. A greater number attended in the magazine while the weather was mild, but they fell off as the severity of the winter increased. This is not to be wondered at, when even the teachers complain that the place of meeting is cold and uncomfortable. The children must feel it more, being but poorly clothed. Several of them have attended every Sabbath evening during winter without either shoes or stockings. Through the liberality of a few friends, some of the most needy were supplied with shoes and other articles of clothing; and these friends would have considered their bounty well bestowed, had they only seen a boy who had been supplied with shoes carrying his sister through the snow, to and from the school, because she had none.' These schools were the beginnings of a large and thoroughly efficient Sabbath school organization in connection with Cambridge Street Church. In 1848 the first report of a 'Sabbath School Association,'

which had been reorganized some time before, was issued. By that time there were 5 schools, with 20 teachers, and 229 scholars. There was gradual increase till, in 1863—the last year of Dr. Eadie's Cambridge Street ministry—there were 8 schools, with 80 teachers, and 800 scholars. Meanwhile a Dorcas Society was regularly dispensing its bounty. A Congregational Library was formed, that knowledge might be added to faith and virtue, and was taken advantage of in some years by as many as 400 readers. And a Juvenile Missionary Society (which was occupied now in providing for the education of a young man of African blood for service as a medical missionary, and now in supporting a school in Ireland, under the auspices of the Methodist mission) trained the young of the flock to an interest in the church's great enterprise for the elevation of the world. In all the varied congregational machinery the influence of the minister's hand and heart was plainly discernible. He did not, indeed, 'leave the word of God to serve tables.' He was not 'a working minister,' in the sense of doing everybody's work but his own. He recognized that his proper work as a minister was in the study and the pulpit, at the firesides and bedsides of his people, and in the desk of the Bible class. By his labour in these appointed spheres of activity he instructed his flock, and thus qualified them for, and stimulated them to, Christian activity. His interest in the work they undertook was deep. In the reports manifestly written by him, there is constant lamentation over the lack of sufficient earnestness on the part of many in the congregation, and moving appeals to increased liberality and prayerful diligence. He regularly examined

the day schools, had for a time a quarterly examination of the Sunday schools, and never seemed happier or more thoroughly at home than when he was preaching in the little mission chapel. One of the monuments most honouring to his memory is the now prosperous congregation of Springbank. It grew out of the mission which, through much discouragement, and many ebbs and flows, at length developed into a regularly organized Christian Society.

The extensive territorial work undertaken by the congregation involved a very considerable annual expenditure. It was an evidence of his unselfishness that the minister not only encouraged this expenditure, but constantly urged its increase; for the share of the congregational income assigned to him as stipend was for many years far from adequate. His ordination was by no means the termination of the pecuniary cares with which he had been so pathetically familiar when he was a student. In his 'Retrospect and Memorial' he speaks playfully of 'the half-yearly document [the 'receipt for stipend] which has again and again 'augmented its load without feeling the burden, for 'I may reverse the complaint of Jacob to Laban, and 'say, "Ye have changed my wages these five times."' He meant nothing by introducing in this connection the name of Jacob's somewhat churlish paymaster; but it will now be readily acknowledged that the advances to which he refers were made somewhat tardily, and with perhaps an excess of caution. His stipend in Cambridge Street remained nine years at its original figure, £200, and it never was more than £500. Few even of his most intimate friends knew how sore the anxiety often was. He was always cheerful and con-

tented and his hand was ever open to help the poor. But when at the end of twenty-five years of service his congregation held a meeting in his honour, and presented him with a purse of sovereigns, there were some of us who knew that the gift was very welcome.

In the matter of stipend the congregation simply followed the tradition of their time with regard to ministerial remuneration. Their attachment to Dr. Eadie was deep and real, as was his to them. He was twice—at the end of 1846, and at the beginning of the following year—called to be a minister of the congregation of Rose Street, Edinburgh, but he firmly declined to leave Cambridge Street. In the speech before the Presbytery, in which he declared his decision, he said, ‘The people with whom I at present labour  
‘will not expect me to indulge in any public eulogies  
‘upon them—their attachment to me—their apprecia-  
‘tion of my labours—or their growth and improvement  
‘under my ministry. The highest praise I can give  
‘them is this expression of my present purpose to stay  
‘among them; and they will value such an intention  
‘higher than any laboured panegyric. They have  
‘multiplied from tens to hundreds under myself, and  
‘we are now rising into influence and usefulness. “The  
‘fig-tree is tender, and putteth forth leaves.” And if  
‘they have borne with the defects of my youthful  
‘ministry, they have at least a prior claim to its more  
‘matured services. The congregation is certainly large  
‘enough, as large indeed as I could desire; so that,  
‘in the meantime, I am contented in it, though it is  
‘not equal in power or numbers to the church in Rose  
‘Street . . . I have never been in doubt as to my  
‘ultimate decision.’

When at length, in circumstances which fall to be explained in a later chapter, he resolved to remove with a portion of his flock to found a new congregation, he had an expression of the attachment of those among whom and with whom he had wrought so long which deeply moved him. The following address, signed by 759 members of his church, was put into his hands—

‘ We, members of Cambridge Street United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, have heard with very deep regret that a project is in view to translate you to a new church, to be built in the vicinity of the River Kelvin. We beg to assure you of our continued and increased attachment to you as our minister. We esteem you very highly for your unwearied labours of love among us. We remind you of the many tokens of Divine goodness and grace which have attended your ministrations, and of the remarkable harmony which has prevailed among us for the long period of upwards of twenty-six years. We therefore most earnestly entreat that you will still remain with us as our minister, so that the peace and prosperity, temporal and spiritual, of this corner of the Lord’s vineyard may be maintained, and your future labours among us may be still more signally blessed.’

These records of faithful and unwearied pastoral work, resulting in deep mutual attachment between minister and people, and in much spiritual blessing to a destitute district of a great city, may seem to some readers commonplace. Happily, it would probably be easy to find material for many similar records of like faithful work done by men whose only record is in heaven; but the history of Eadie’s Cambridge Street



ministry acquires an interest which is unique when it is remembered that through all the years when he was building up a church, and developing and guiding its energies, as if the pastorate were the one work of his life, he was with ever-increasing zeal enriching the sacred literature of Scotland, and establishing his reputation as one of the recognized Biblical scholars and expositors of his day ; while at the same time he was labouring as a theological professor, and doing much to mould the thought and life of his church by training her rising ministry.

## CHAPTER IV.

## CONTINUATION OF PERSONAL HISTORY.

His Marriage—Early Sorrows—Formation of Library—Hebrew Class—Atonement Controversy—Professorship and Academic Degrees—Visit to Germany and Switzerland—Letter to his Daughter—Trip to London and Paris—Assisting at Country Sacraments—Gathering of Congregation—Appearance of the Minister—‘Action’ Sermon—‘Fencing the Tables’—Evening Sermon—‘What an Alva bairn can do’—Supper in the Manse—Monday Dinner—Tuesday Excursion—Return to the City—Tidings of Sorrow—Letter of Sympathy—Death of his Wife—Invalid’s Furlough—Letters—Moderatorship—Model Synod Sermon.

RESERVING to future chapters the record of Eadie’s literary and professorial labours, I meanwhile proceed to gather up the threads of his personal history which has been, to some extent, lost sight of in describing his work.

On the 3rd of February, 1836, he was married to Miss Allison Pringle Palfrey, a native of Edinburgh, whom he had met when she was visiting her relations in Alva. The marriage took place there, and the officiating clergyman was his old master, Mr. Browning. Eadie drove from Glasgow in the morning, accompanied by his faithful friends William and James

M'Innes, one of whom was groomsman. They returned in the evening, bringing home the bride to the house he had prepared for her. It was the upper flat of a house in Cambridge Street, at the corner of Hill Street, which is now occupied as a charitable institution. There they remained for thirteen years, when they removed to the flat below—attaining, as the stipend rose, to the dignity of a 'front door.' In 1854 he removed to a self-contained lodging in Lansdowne Crescent, near the river Kelvin; and again, in 1867, to Thornville Terrace, on the west side of the same stream.

The upper flat in Cambridge Street was the scene of his early joys and sorrows. There his five children—three girls and two boys—were born, and there the two boys and one of the girls died. He was very fond of children, and when once and again and a third time the stroke of bereavement fell upon him, he was bowed down with sorrow. His grief at the loss of the son who bore his name, and who survived longest of the three that were taken, is still spoken of by those who were about him then. Again we are indebted to his 'Life of the Rev. William Wilson' for what is evidently a glimpse into his own experience. The manner in which he speaks of Mr. Wilson's sorrows reveals at once how keenly he felt, and with what Christian resignation he bore, the loss of his own children.

'Mr. Wilson's domestic trials were severe, for bereavements in his household were numerous. Often had he to exclaim with the sweet singer, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." The pang of bereavement had often smitten his heart, and one after another of his offspring had he seen carried

'away to the cold and lonely grave. . . . The  
 'infant, that could only smile its happy recognition ;  
 'the restless prattler, that could but lisp its parent's  
 'name ; the boy and girl, in the bud of early promise,  
 'and who had become the dearer as they grew older,  
 'had been taken from him in the mysterious sove-  
 'reignty of God. . . . The bereaved father was  
 'thus fitted to become the sympathizing friend and  
 'pastor in the house of mourning. . . . Every pang  
 'that shook the frame of his suffering babes, came  
 'with a quiver to his own soul, and urged him anew  
 'to fervent petition and peaceful resignation. . . .  
 'When the Lord gave, he accepted with gratitude ;  
 'when the Lord took again, he surrendered without  
 'reluctance. He mourned, but he did not murmur.  
 'It was not stubborn submission to an unavoidable  
 'fate, but pliant submission to a Father's will. . . .  
 'God's will became his will. From the depth of his  
 'sorrow he rose to elevated peace and assurance. And  
 'when the little coffin, with the beloved name on its  
 'lid, was hidden from his view, and the dull sound of  
 'the earth covering it up fell upon his ear, he might  
 'weep, for "Jesus wept," yet he forgot not Him who is  
 '"the resurrection and the life" ; and his faith, rising  
 'and looking above and beyond the mournful wrecks  
 'of present mortality, anticipated the coming of that  
 'happy epoch when the dead shall be raised and death  
 'shall be conquered,

"And God the Lord from every eye  
 Shall wipe off every tear."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>United Presbyterian Fathers. Lives of Erskine, &c., pp. 130-132.

Long years after, the memory of the early sorrows of his wedded life was still fresh in Eadie's heart, and helped him to comfort a young brother who was passing through a similar experience.

TO REV. WILLIAM BLAIR, Dubblane.

' 13 LANSDOWNE CRESCENT,

' Wednesday [28th October, 1863].

' I am truly sorry to have your letter edged with  
' black, and filled with such mournful contents. I  
' deeply sympathize with you and Mrs. Blair in your  
' bereavement. I know, for I have felt, what the  
' sharp edge of such a stroke is, and how deep it cuts.  
' But there is comfort. The child is now as the child  
' Jesus—a living image of Him, having seen the inde-  
' scribable glory, and mingled with the great choir that  
' sing the eternal anthem. What melody there as here  
' in the children's voices crying, not "Hosanna!" but  
' "Worthy is the Lamb!" Shrill, and clear, and far-  
' reaching is their music, singing treble to the thunder-  
' psalm of the angels; for the child unconscious of  
' actual sin is likest the unfallen. But why need I say  
' more to you?

' I cannot be at the funeral, as I might otherwise  
' have been, for the Union Committee meets on  
' Thursday at Edinburgh. My kind regards and  
' heartfelt sympathies to Mrs. Blair.'

Amid the toils and anxieties of the beginning of his ministry, he found time to continue his favourite studies. He laboured to perfect himself in German, and he wrote various contributions to magazines, which will be more particularly noticed in a future

chapter. It was then that he began to lay the foundations of the magnificent library of which he was so justly proud in later years. It had a small beginning. When he removed into his own house on the eve of his marriage, his whole stock of books was carried by his beadle in one burden. But having bought a book-case, and affixed to it the old Scottish charm against witches and spirits of darkness, in the shape of a horse-shoe—which he never forgot to take with him and set up in its place at all his migrations—he proceeded diligently, in season and out of season, to accumulate books. He surrounded himself with them as with the implements of his craft. For he was not a book-hunter in the proper sense of the term. He would not have come under any of the heads in Mr. Hill Burton's charming classification of bibliomaniacs. If he was infected with the disease at all, his symptoms might be described as those of a mono-bibliomaniac; for it was only in one department—the department of English Bibles—that he had a passion for special editions, and was a connoisseur in the matter of paper and type. Even in that department he made his collection for practical purposes. His latest work—'The History of the English Bible'—was the fruit of life-long and enthusiastic study of the successive editions in which the Holy Scriptures were given to the English nation.

But though his craving for books was thus perfectly healthful, it was sufficiently tyrannous and strong. He would make any lawful sacrifice to gratify it. When at any time he felt the need for some new weapon in his warfare, he was quite prepared to sell his garment and buy it. His collection rapidly

increased. In the little Cambridge Street flat it soon overflowed his study, and began to line the lobby, and even the bedroom walls. It became the wonder of the simple people from the Cowcaddens, who called on him as their minister, or who came, in accordance with a prevalent custom in Scotland, to be married in the minister's house. Their exclamations of astonishment at the multitude of books amused him. They seemed to feel like the navy of whom Miss Marsh tells, who said of her parlour, 'Such a sight of books, and such a big table—just like heaven.' I have a distinct, though boyish recollection of the muffled sound of my footsteps as I used to pass between the book-lined walls of the lobby, and of the general sense of comfortable and orderly crowdedness which one had on entering the study. He used to speak of the three B's which represented his weaknesses—Bairns, Books, and Birds. Surrounded by all the three, the early years of his married life passed pleasantly in the old Cambridge Street house.

His readiness at all times to do a service, and his special willingness to work in the cause of Biblical scholarship, are alike illustrated by the fact, that in the session of 1838-39 he undertook the charge of the Hebrew Class in the Andersonian University. The Professor of Oriental Languages in that institution was the Rev. James Moncrieff, who had been for nearly thirty years a Secession minister in Hamilton. He was the author of an essay on 'The Antiquity and Utility of the Hebrew Vowel Points.' Kindred tastes seem to have brought him into friendly relations with the young minister of Cambridge Street; and when, early in the session I have named, he was laid aside

by illness, Eadie agreed to do his work, and continued it after his death, which took place before the end of 1838. There is no trace of any arrangement having been entered into with the managers of the institution. The service seems to have been one of friendship. It was recognized by the students, who at the close of the session presented him with a copy of the 'Pictorial Bible,' 'as a mark of respect for his talents, of esteem for his personal character, and of gratitude for his unwearied exertions in promoting their knowledge of Hebrew.'

Eadie did not take such part in the business of the courts of his Church as would warrant his biographer in entering at any length on the controversy known as the Morisonian or atonement controversy, which agitated the Secession communion from 1841 to 1845. During these years the question of ages—the old dispute about the golden and the silver shield—came to the front. The Church was seized with that passion for vindicating at any sacrifice its traditional orthodoxy, which had taken possession of the Established Church some years earlier, when John Macleod Campbell, A. J. Scott, and Edward Irving were the victims. The Seceders had to deal with less famous men. Their 'heretics' were some young ministers who had entered on their work with a burning desire to preach a free and unrestricted Gospel, and who, in their impatience of everything that seemed to stand in the way of their proclamation of the universality of the divine love and readiness to save, were probably less guarded than they should have been in the language which they employed. But most men not directly involved in the controversy, and some even of



those who were, are now prepared to admit that it was an unfortunate exercise of discipline which excluded from the Church of their fathers such men as James Morison and John Guthrie—the former of whom has won for himself an honourable place in the ranks of Biblical expositors, and both of whom are known to be in real and deep communion of spirit with the Church catholic. Eadie, who was then a young minister, can hardly be held responsible for the action of his Church. It is certain that he had no sympathy with the party, which, elated with victory, would fain have carried matters further, and placed Dr. Balmer and Dr. John Brown under the ban. He had become their colleague in the Theological Hall, and with all his youthful enthusiasm he resented the charges which were brought against his honoured seniors. There was then, as in a process presently pending against a professor in another communion, some measure of unreasoning panic throughout the Church. It was in connection with this panic that Eadie made what, so far as I have learned, was his first appearance as a Synod debater. He moved and carried a resolution condemnatory of the action of certain kirk-sessions, in sending up memorials intended to influence the supreme court in a judicial case. With regard to the main question in dispute, he seems to have accepted the old solution which commended itself to the majority of the Synod, who, clinging to the formulas of Calvinism, yet maintained that the sacrifice of Christ has a general reference to all men, on the basis of which the Gospel offer of pardon may be freely made to every sinner of mankind. Wherever he found his warrant, nothing could exceed

the unrestrained fulness with which he proclaimed the divine merey. He used to tell how once, when he was conducting fast-day services in the pulpit of a brother of the old school, whose Calvinism was of the type which hinders perfect freedom of utterance on the matter referred to, he remained to address a missionary meeting held at the close of public worship. At this meeting a worthy elder rose, ostensibly to move a vote of thanks to him for his missionary speech, but really to pronounce a eulogy on the sermons he had delivered, 'in which,' he said, 'the Gospel was preached with 'perfect freeness—a freeness,' he added, though speaking in the presence of his minister, 'to which this congregation is not accustomed.'

Eadie's election to the chair of Biblical Literature in the Secession Hall in May, 1843, was followed in 1844 by the conferment of the degree of LL.D. by his own University of Glasgow. In 1850 he was made a Doctor of Divinity by the University of St. Andrews.

When their atonement controversy had spent itself the Seceders had leisure to look abroad and see how it fared meanwhile with the interests of vital godliness on the Continent of Europe. It is not wonderful that the Church sprung of the Erskines has through all its history shown a deep sympathy with every movement on the Continent, in which small communities, in protest either against Roman Catholicism or lukewarm Protestantism, have maintained the doctrines of the primitive gospel faith or vindicated the principles of religious liberty. In these days tidings had come that one John Rongé had addressed a spirited letter to his bishop against the exhibition of the Holy Coat of Trèves—one of those impostures

which from time to time disgrace the Roman Catholic Church—and had subsequently headed a movement known as the ‘German Catholic Reformation.’ He had, after some misunderstanding, formed a coalition with John Czerski, who had inaugurated a reform movement some time previously at Schneidemuhl, on the borders of the Duchy of Posen. Great things had been expected from the spirited action of a society, which originated in an indignant assertion of reason and common sense against a degrading superstition, but it had begun to be whispered, that the new reformation was not so surely based on apostolic truth as to make it worthy of support by the successors of the Erskines. At the same time, a little band of seceders from the erastian Church of the Canton Vaud claimed the sympathy of Scottish dissent.

It was resolved to send a deputation to inquire into the position of both the German and the Swiss seceders, and to convey to them, if they were found worthy, fraternal greetings. The two recently-elected professors, Dr. Harper and Dr. Eadie, with Mr. Alexander MacEwen, were chosen to go on this mission. Mr. MacEwen was then a young minister of one year’s standing, but his knowledge of German as a spoken language, acquired during a course of study at German universities, and his acquaintance as a recent student with leading theological professors, whose assistance was needed in the inquiry, made him an invaluable member of the deputation. From the report which they presented to the Synod on their return we learn that leaving Scotland on the 23rd February, 1846, ‘they proceeded through Belgium and Rhenish Prussia, ‘by way of Elberfeld and Halle to Berlin, returning by

‘Leipsic and Frankfort, on their route to the Swiss ‘Canton of Vaud.’ It will be readily believed that this journey was a great enjoyment to Eadie. He saw famous places, and he met famous men—men with whose names daily study had made him long familiar. He and his companions ‘assisted’ at lectures by Gesenius and others. They had an interview with Krummacher at Elberfeld, and they saw much of Tholuck at Halle. With regard to the last-named, Mr. MacEwen wrote to friends at home, ‘Drs. H. and E. ‘are much pleased with him, and indeed with all they ‘see and taste and hear in Germany.’ In the Canton Vaud they were brought into contact with Vinet, whose connection with the little Secession is alone sufficient to make it memorable; and they had the opportunity of witnessing actual persecution, which seems to have greatly moved them, for in their joint report, after pronouncing an unfavourable verdict on Rongé and his friends, they make a stirring appeal ‘to their fathers and brethren of the Secession Church ‘—inheritors of religious liberty, and witnesses for the ‘sacred cause’—in behalf of ‘the suffering brethren of ‘Vaud.’

The following letter to his younger daughter—then a little child—may be taken as Dr. Eadie’s unofficial report of the journey.

‘LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND, 28th March, 1846.

‘MY DEAR MAGGIE,—You will be wearying for your ‘letter. This is a very wet morning, and the great ‘hills are all covered with mists. Papa came here last ‘night at midnight from Berne. Berne is a capital ‘town, you will see it in Marion’s map. It means

‘ bears, and so they have a great big bear made of  
‘ stone and clad in armour over a big well, and they  
‘ keep four living ones. Papa came to Berne from  
‘ Basle, another fine town. They have large hills here,  
‘ Maggie, very big, all covered with snow on the top, in  
‘ the warmest day in summer. All the hills down at  
‘ Alva put one upon another would not make one so  
‘ large. You must learn this poetry—

‘ Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains,  
    They crowned him long ago,  
On a throne of rock, with a robe of clouds,  
    And a diadem of snow.

‘ The letter I sent to Marion was from Frankfort,  
‘ then papa came on a railway through the vineyards  
‘ where the hock-wine grows, baek to the Rhine, a  
‘ grand river. What will I tell you, Maggie, there are  
‘ on it bridges made of boats, and horses and carts pass  
‘ over it almost without shaking them. At Mannheim,  
‘ where papa was last Sabbath, the bridge is made of  
‘ forty large boats, and Maggie, there are mills in  
‘ the middle of the water, and the water-wheels just  
‘ go with the force of the current. At Mannheim there  
‘ are fifteen reaching like a row of houses to the middle  
‘ of the stream. They are just like large Noah’s arks—  
‘ a house upon a boat, each house with a large wheel  
‘ on each side, and door and windows; the men and  
‘ women and children live in them, and they are as big  
‘ as our house and Johnstone’s put together. The  
‘ weans must come out in boats to go to school. The  
‘ bridge of boats is so long that it takes five minutes  
‘ to walk across. And, Maggie, there are great, great  
‘ things also come down the Rhine. They cut trees high

‘ up the hills and fling them into the mountain streams—  
‘ and they come tumbling down, stript of all branches.  
‘ Then they collect them and float them into the Rhine,  
‘ and they sail down with the current. They then put  
‘ great lots of their rafts together, and make a large  
‘ one like a street, 400 men live in it and guide it  
‘ down, and boys and girls live in it, and it sails down  
‘ and down hundreds of miles into Holland, where it is  
‘ broken up and sold sometimes for £30,000. It would  
‘ take twenty ships to carry as much. Now for Maggie’s  
‘ doll, it has travelled far from Berlin 700 miles, and  
‘ has taken nearly a fortnight, and is not at Geneva  
‘ yet. The horses in Switzerland go slow, not more  
‘ than four or five miles an hour, and sometimes five  
‘ and seven are harnessed to one coach. It is very sore  
‘ for the bones to be a whole day in such a coach. It  
‘ is like being sewed up in a haggis. The doll came  
‘ into France at Strasbourg and the trunk was ex-  
‘ amined, the big paper made the man look, but when  
‘ he saw the feet and slippers of the doll, he did not  
‘ open it, knowing it was for Maggie. The searching  
‘ of the trunk is a mere farce. The doll will have been  
‘ in about twenty different kingdoms, ere it comes to  
‘ Glasgow. What a doll it must be—what it must  
‘ have seen. This place where papa is just now is where  
‘ lots of ministers are forming a Free Church, and papa  
‘ will go down the lake in a steamer to Geneva on  
‘ Tuesday. This is far longer than papa was expecting  
‘ to be. He cannot be in Paris till Saturday, nor home  
‘ before Friday or Saturday after. Papa hopes mamma  
‘ has written to Mr. Duff to come into the session on  
‘ Wednesday night, and that she will tell Mr. Syme  
‘ to give him the necessary information. The weather

'has been pretty good but coldish. Had it been last year, papa could not have come this way for snow—the Rhine was frozen at this time last year—but there has been almost no winter here. This is the second rainy day we have had. The first was at Baden, where everybody goes to bathe, and papa had a bath. The water comes out of the ground as warm as will burn your hand and boil an egg. The people in the town scald their jugs in it, then they fill them and boil their potatoes. This warm water is carried in pipes to the hotel and put into baths. Maggie, there must be some awful fires below the ground. It was from this place the Princess Marie came who is married to the son of the Duke of Hamilton. At Strasbourg is the highest steeple in the world, greatly higher than St. Rollox Stalk,<sup>1</sup> and papa was at the top, and in the church is the funniest clock in the world, but I have not time to describe it. Hundreds of people gather every day to hear it strike twelve.

'*Sabbath.* Maggie this is an awfully bad place. The ministers who left the church dare not preach, nor the people assemble for worship, but secretly. Papa was at one meeting this morning (*Sabbath*), but the police got word and came and dispersed it, and a mob gathered at the door, hooted and laughed at all the good people. The police who stopped the minister after he asked to pray were just like the black deils in the "Pilgrim's Progress," great beards, big faces and swords. Papa saw another meeting (*Monday*) broken up last night. Papa is going to Geneva to-day and will put this letter in the post there. If this letter come to you by Tuesday, then mamma will

<sup>1</sup> Then the highest chimney-stalk in Glasgow.

‘ write on that day.—Care of Gilfillan & Anderson,  
 ‘ Friday Street, London.

‘ PAPA.’

This was Dr. Eadie’s first visit to the continent, and his first opportunity of thorough relaxation from the toils of the pastorate, to which the labours of his professorship had by this time been added. It was many years before such an opportunity came again, but occasional shorter excursions served to brace him for work. To one of these, made in the year of the First Exhibition, the following letter refers :—

To his YOUNGER DAUGHTER.

‘ LONDON, Saturday Morning.

‘ MY DEAR MAG,—Thank you for your needle and  
 ‘ thread; I had to sew on a button yesterday morning.  
 ‘ What an awful big town this is, strings of carts and  
 ‘ carriages choking up the streets; and what grand  
 ‘ shops, bright and dazzling, and what lots of folk and  
 ‘ of omnibuses. I have got my passport for Paris and  
 ‘ I leave on Monday morning at half-past nine. I got it  
 ‘ at the “Consulat Général de la République Française,”  
 ‘ and it cost six francs. How much is that? I am  
 ‘ glad you are minding the birds. I was at the British  
 ‘ Museum yesterday, and saw the pictures of the  
 ‘ Pharaohs and the statues from Nineveh. An awful  
 ‘ big house. It has specimens of all animals, flowers,  
 ‘ and minerals in the world. To see the town a little I  
 ‘ go on the *top* of the omnibus—whiles there are four  
 ‘ rows of them in the street, and each row half a mile  
 ‘ long. People have often to stand half an hour ere  
 ‘ they cross the street. What a splendid affair the



‘Crystal Palace is, and what crowds of folk and  
‘carriages, but nobody gets in. [Exhibition evidently  
‘not yet opened.] I have met three gentlemen,  
‘whom I knew, from Glasgow, one of them Mr.  
‘Malcolm who dines with Mr. Hay at Christmas.  
‘Tell Mariou I will write her from Paris. If you write  
‘on Monday night to me I shall get it on Wednesday.  
‘Send it to the Hotel Bedford, Paris.

‘YOUR PAPA.

‘I have sent you some pictures of the Glass Palace.’

In addition to such journeys at distant intervals, he had more frequent opportunities of release from the monotony of regular work, when from time to time he was called from home to assist a brother minister in dispensing the communion. The peculiarly Scottish custom of ‘assisting at sacraments’ gives to the clergy some of their pleasantest experiences. The confusion and excess which—as all readers of Robert Burns know—at one time disgraced country sacraments, have long disappeared, and the change is in no small measure due to the power of the poet’s satire. The abuses were traceable to the fact that the protracted and multiplied services generally required the presence of as many as six or seven neighbouring ministers, who shut their places of worship, and were therefore followed to the scene of the solemnity by crowds of their own people, for whose accommodation houses of refreshment were necessarily thrown open. Since the custom of a long succession of tables within the church, with simultaneous tent preachings on the green without, has been abolished, the most becoming quiet characterizes the periodical dispensation of the Supper. Still,

however, it is in the country an 'occasion' of no little importance.

The first note of preparation is sounded when, about a month before, the minister announces that the kirk-session has fixed the day, and declares his readiness to meet with applicants for 'admission'<sup>1</sup> to the communion. This intimation is repeated Sunday after Sunday, thus keeping the approaching services before the minds of the people. On the immediately preceding or 'preparation' Sunday, the minister preaches a special sermon, either explaining the nature of the ordinance, or exhorting to the duty of self-examination. One day in the 'communion-week'—generally the Thursday—is set apart as a day of 'fasting and humiliation,' when work is suspended, the church is thrown open as on Sunday, the young communicants are received, and 'tokens' of admission to the table are distributed to the members of the flock. Then there is further preparatory service on the Saturday, and when at last the Sunday dawns all the parish knows that 'that Sabbath is an high day.' As the hour of worship approaches, the country roads converging on the village become lively with church-goers. The cheery farmer, with his wife and bairns, sits behind the serviceable cob, which draws with equal good humour the plough, the harvest-wain, the milk-cart, or the gig. On the footpath by the roadside walk sober cottagers, whom the farmer salutes as he passes; and

<sup>1</sup> In Scotch churches the ceremony of 'admission'—when baptised persons take upon themselves the vows taken in their name by their parents in their baptism, and are recognized as in 'full communion' with the Church—comes in place of the Episcopal rite of confirmation.

rosy milkmaids, gay with ribbons, and with petticoats kilted to the knee, trudge along barefoot, taking man-like strides, till coming to some stream or pond on the outskirts of the village, they sit down, and having washed their feet, don their well-blacked shoes and clean white stockings, that they may enter the house of God discreetly.

As the bell begins to ring, the country worshippers are joined in the village street by the 'townspeople,' who emerge from their houses, and find their way in family groups toward the kirk, in front of which the assembling worshippers halt to await the hour of service, and meanwhile to exchange kindly greetings and inquiries after each other's welfare. Who shall blame them if with other talk there mingle friendly questionings and replies concerning the advancement of the crops, and the state of the flocks and herds? Even Jewish worshippers were not expected to forget their farms when they came to Paschal feasts. Nay, they were commanded to bring waive-sheaves with them in token that the God of their salvation was the God of harvest, who blesses the springing of the year, and crowns it with the golden crown of His goodness. As the last strokes of the bell are sounding, the party from the manse appears. The minister, grave and preoccupied, has his wife leaning on his arm. She, not being burdened with the weight of the 'action sermon,' can afford to do duty for him by distributing kindly smiles of recognition to the men, who uncover, and the women, who 'curtsey' as they pass. By the minister's side, or taking charge of the eldest daughter of the manse, walks the assistant for the day, whose presence serves to enhance the

dignity of the occasion, for he is a Doctor of Divinity from Edinburgh or Glasgow, or perchance a Professor of Theology. Then come the minister's bairns—trig little maidens, whose gay summer bonnets and well-fitting dresses betray not the fact that they have been made at home by thrifty mother's hands; and the boys, who evidently find it difficult to keep their feet to the sober step becoming the place and day, and who cast sly glances as they pass at their companions in the mischievous pranks they so often play, of which the good folks in the church are, if anything, rather proud, for they prove that their spiritual teacher must be a man of like passions with themselves, since 'his laddies are jist like ither folks.'

The appearance of the minister and the stopping of the bell are the signals for the worshippers to crowd into the church. The special solemnity of the day is attested even in the porch by the appearance of the elders, who have exchanged the home-spun market dress worn on ordinary Sundays for the clerical black, and the white tie—their only remnant of their wonted selves being the shepherd-tartan plaid thrown over the shoulder. Even the collection-plate has its dingy pewter neatly hidden by a snowy covering, and its usual load of copper besprinkled with a goodly number of silver coins. When the congregation have taken their places, casting reverent glances at the communion table covered with its 'fair white cloth'; when the men reaching up the seats have deposited their hats on the rows of pegs that line the walls; when the women have unrolled their white handkerchiefs from the Bibles which they have carried in them, and have smelt and laid to one side the sprigs of southern-wood,

the odour of which soon pervades the sultry air, and escapes by the open windows, through which are delicious glimpses of blue sky, fleecy clouds, and waving trees, and by which there steal in pleasant sounds of the green-leaved earth and tinkles of some brook that flows as of old 'fast by the oracle of God'; when the precentor has seated himself at his desk, has opened his psalm-book, and laid his pitch-pipe ready to his hand, the minister enters the pulpit, and asks the congregation to 'begin the public worship of God by 'singing to his praise in the 118th Psalm, the 19th 'verse,' reading the verses to be sung in Rous' metre, thus:—

'O set ye open unto me  
The gates of righteousness;  
Then will I enter into them,  
And I the Lord will bless.'

When the opening psalm has been sung, the whole assembly rises, and the minister offers a prayer longer than Solomon's at the dedication of the Temple, for in the Communion Sunday morning prayer nothing must be forgotten. There must be humble confession of unworthiness, with references to services of fasting 'during the by-gone week'; there must be supplication for pardon and for all needed spiritual blessing; there must be prayer for help in the work of the day, with special reference to 'Thy servant with us in Thy 'providence,' whom God is asked to bless 'in his own 'sphere of labour, and in his visit to us at this time'; there must be remembrance of the afflicted, and of all who are 'necessarily detained' from public worship, for whom it is pled that 'a portion may be carried to them from off the table of the sanctuary, so that they

'that tarry at home may divide the spoil; there must be remembrance of 'the season of the year,' and of the 'kindly fruits of the earth'; and there must be prayer for 'the Queen and all in authority.' After prayer there is reading—generally of the 53rd chapter of Isaiah—and another psalm of praise; then comes the 'action sermon'—the text of which, probably chosen by the minister three months before, is eagerly turned up, and looked at by the whole congregation, and thereafter spectacles are laid aside, throats are cleared, and heads are thrown back in attitude of special attention, for then, if at any time, the minister must preach his best. When the Psalm that follows the sermon has been sung, the assistant mounts the pulpit, and proceeds to 'fence the tables,' setting forth in solemn address the clean-handedness and pure-heartedness required of those who would worthily communicate, and debarring those who are not warranted to 'come forward,' but generally adding an exhibition of Gospel promises to encourage the downcast and confirm the wavering—so setting the one part of the address over against the other that, as a country auditor described it, 'He first shoo'd<sup>1</sup> us a' out, and then he shoo'd us a' in.'

<sup>1</sup> It is hardly possible to convey to the English reader the precise force of the Scottish verb *to shoo*. It expresses the sound made by a housewife, who, with her hands spread out, drives a flock of hens from her door. In the Lowlands 'the fencing' very seldom produces any immediate practical result in the way of actually keeping back intending communicants. But in Highland districts, where the terrors of the law are much used, and where there are superstitious views of the Sacrament of the Supper, it is considered a special sign of ministerial power to have a considerable number of unused tokens returned. There is a tradition

After the 'fencing' comes the actual dispensation of the ordinance, sometimes with and sometimes without a short interval between. It is begun by singing, to the tune 'Coleshill,' such verses as those that open thus:—

I'll of salvation take the cup ;

or, if it be a district where 'human hymns' are not forbidden, the paraphrase—

'Twas on that night when doom'd to know  
The eager rage of every foe,

is sometimes chosen. The reading of the words of institution is followed by the first table address, and then the bread is consecrated by prayer, and distributed; and when the platters have been returned to the table the cup is consecrated 'in like manner,' and passes from hand to hand in impressive silence; after which a second address is spoken; and then, as our Lord and his disciples 'sung an hymn,' the congregation joins in a closing psalm or song of thanksgiving.<sup>1</sup> But one of

that on one occasion in a Highland parish a 'faithful minister' was debarring from the table various classes of offenders; when he came to say, 'All who are too fond of whisky shall arise and depart,' the old laird, who was seated at the table, rose, and putting on his blue bonnet, exclaimed indignantly, 'All shentlemans shall arise and depart.'

<sup>1</sup> The description in the text is of simultaneous communion—the practice of which has prevailed in Secession (afterwards United Presbyterian) churches since about the date of Eadie's ordination. The Established and Free Churches, with few exceptions, still retain the once universal custom of a succession of tables, though the number of these is less than of old. The communicants who have sat at one table retire down one aisle,

the great events of the day is to come—the evening sermon has yet to be preached by ‘the strange minister.’ Sometimes it follows the Communion service without a break, that the most distant worshippers may remain to hear it; sometimes it is delivered after an interval, that worshippers from other churches may gather in.

When Eadie was the assistant the evening audience was generally very large. Crowds came from neighbouring villages to hear ‘the Professor.’ He would then give one of his great sermons—which, as has been hinted, were not by any means his best—but which never failed when delivered in such circumstances to produce a deep impression. Sometimes he would discourse concerning the dignity of human nature from the text ‘How much is a man better than a sheep?’ or latterly from the words ‘What is man?’ Sometimes he would speak of the glory of Christ from the words ‘Let the children of Zion be joyful in their king;’ of the gospel of salvation from the angel’s message, ‘Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people;’ of the glory of the church on earth, ‘I will make the place of my feet glorious;’ of the greater glory of the church in heaven, ‘After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude that no man could number of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb,

while those who are coming to the next table advance by the other aisle, during the singing of the thanksgiving psalm—which is generally the 103rd—each couplet being intoned by the precentor before it is sung. The psalm is thus used as a ‘processional.’ In case of a plurality of tables there is only one consecration prayer, which is offered before the delivery of the first address at the first table.



clothed in white robes and palms in their hands;’ of the measure of the stature of the perfect man in Christ, ‘When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things;’ or of the fulfilment of all prophecy in Christ, ‘Beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.’ It was from the last-quoted text he was preaching in the church of his native village when the incident took place, which will be best recorded in the words of one who was present. ‘In one part of the sermon he began to quote the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament. He was not long in getting through the earlier books. The more familiar passages in the Psalms and in Isaiah were by-and-by repeated. At length, however, when he came to the minor prophets the audience listened with breathless attention. Not one prophet was omitted—each came in his own order—at last when the closing passage was quoted from Malachi, the great audience paused to draw its breath; and a village character, turning to a neighbour in the pew behind him, whispered, “That’s what an A’va bairn can do.”’

The supper in the manse when ‘the work was over’ was a scene of rare enjoyment. The children—delivered from their usual Sunday evening Bible lessons and repetitions of the Shorter Catechism, were generally permitted to share the meal. When Eadie was the assistant this was esteemed no ordinary privilege, for since his arrival he had contrived to win their hearts by his abilities as a discoverer of birds’ nests, and had made the eldest boy his slave for ever by the gift of a

pen-knife. The minister, relieved of a burden that has been weighing him down for weeks, is in his happiest mood, and Eadie delights everybody with his richly varied talk—for though he did not generally talk much in company, and was always perfectly willing to let any one else have the lion's share of the conversation—yet on such occasions he was ready to speak freely of books, of men, of student-memories, or of discoveries in Palestine, or the further east, in illustration of Scripture. He could never be led into a theological argument. He spoke readily on theological questions, but he never debated with the keenness of a partisan on one side or the other of the controversies of the day.

On the Monday there was a thanksgiving service with a sermon by the assistant—and then came the Monday dinner, furnished with dainties, sent by the farmers' wives to the manse larder. Two or three ministers from adjoining parishes, who had ridden over on their ponies to hear the Monday sermon, would remain to share the feast and the honour of meeting 'the Professor.' One or two neighbours, and sometimes the village schoolmaster—if he were a conversable man—would be asked to complete the company. And perhaps a cousin from the city might be there to take her turn with the minister's daughter at the piano, and in the singing of a good Scotch song. I am writing of the days before the railway had invaded our country districts and changed our country ways. I am afraid the Monday sermon and the Monday dinner have alike disappeared. I once heard a minister's wife, whose mind was stored with memories of better days, lamenting that 'Sacraments werena' worth calling

Sacraments nowadays, for the ministers went away home by the first train on Monday morning and your dinner wasna' eaten.' But in the days when Eadie first went to assist at country communions there was more leisure and less facility for rapid travel. He would sometimes prolong his stay even over the Tuesday, when an excursion to some neighbouring loch would be arranged. The car from the village inn as well as the minister's gig would be needed to carry the happy company over the undulating road, which winds through the green hills, and from heights of which the minister would point out some Covenanter's battle-field, or the stone that marks a martyr's grave. The conveyances would be left at an inn, and the loch would be approached on foot through a deep defile, with great rocky precipices on either side—their grandeur softened by the foliage of the trees growing in every crevice, and by the wealth of lichens and creeping plants, which the spray rising from the roaring and tumbling river keeps moist and green. When the defile had been passed the party would emerge on the edge of the peaceful mountain lake—the parent of the noisy stream—lying quiet among its hills, the names of which are known only to connoisseurs in black-faced mutton. There they would find Robert Gemmell—that best of fishers and boatmen—now alas! gray and old, but then in his stalwart prime, waiting with the fishing rods and the luncheon bag. Eadie and he would be friends at once, and would strive with each other all the day as to which of them could quote Burns most fluently. There would be excitement when the first trout was caught—and apt quotation by the Professor from some source too recondite for Robert. Then by mid-day the island

would be reached, and the party would land for luncheon, and when they had embarked again there would be song and repartee and laughter all through the sunny afternoon, till it was time to return to the inn where a *touzie* tea<sup>1</sup> is ready, which has been prepared with special care, because the landlady 'respects' the minister who rides over now and then to preach an evening sermon in the hamlet. A drive home to the manse through the silent hills in the delicious air of the summer evening—when richer lights are lying on the moors, and the experiences of the day are already beginning to pass into memories—is a fitting close to the excursion.

Next morning the coach that thunders daily through the village street is pulled up at the manse door. Eadie mounts to the top, and with a crack of the driver's whip he is gone—to his toils among the German commentators, whose books line his study walls, and among the poor people in the lanes and closes of the Cowcaddens. But he leaves behind him a glow that lingers for weeks about the rooms and garden of the manse, and he carries with him something of the fragrance of the lilac trees, the rhododendrons, and the flowering bird-cherries, in which it lies embosomed. When sorrow darkens any of the manses to which he has been in the habit of coming in times of joy, and he hears of it amid his work in the distant city, he fails not to send words that are like a healing balm to the stricken heart, and that are read, and read, and read again, through the mist of a widow's tears. The following letter bears only—according to his habit—the

<sup>1</sup> What is described in hotel bills as 'tea with eating,' is called in Scotland 'a touzie tea.'

date 'Saturday afternoon,' but the present writer has reason to remember that it was written in July, 1847.

To MRS. BROWN, Cumnoek.

'MY DEAR MRS. BROWN,—I have been from home all this week, and the greater part of last week, or I should have enjoyed the melancholy pleasure of expressing my deep sympathy with you, and my respect for Mr. Brown, by coming to Cumnoek to follow his remains to their last resting place. I might have sent a brief note of courtesy, but I chose rather to delay a day or two to show that my letter is not one of mere formality, but of earnest condolence.

'While from time to time I heard of Mr. Brown's illness, I had faint hopes of his ultimate recovery; but I was gratified indeed to understand that his own soul "possessed itself in patience," and that his people in their devotedness were surrounding him with so many tokens of their respect and esteem. Mr. Brown must have felt these, not so much in themselves (though, indeed, they were refreshing), but he must have regarded them as tokens and fruits of some spiritual good which, under God, he had been the means of doing in the midst of an attached and numerous flock. His pastoral labours were manifold and incessant, and he did not work in vain. The mourning people at Cumnoek will, I trust, be a rejoicing company at their minister's right hand in heaven. No doubt he has met with many bright spirits in heaven, at whose bed of death he ministered, and whose ashes he saw committed to the grave. His own dust now mingles with theirs, but his immortal part has gone to enjoy the splendour of

‘ God’s face, and to sing the praises of Him whom he  
 ‘ had so often preached to sinful men. He lives—lives  
 ‘ now beyond the power of mortality. “Thy brother”  
 ‘ (thy husband) “shall rise again.”

‘ But nature weeps, and wedded love mourns separa-  
 ‘ tion. Your eye sees his empty place. No longer  
 ‘ does he lead your family devotions, and a strange  
 ‘ voice is heard from his pulpit. Mr. Brown—the  
 ‘ husband, father, and minister—has passed away from  
 ‘ the land of the living. Yet the widow’s God and  
 ‘ orphan’s shield is yours—yours in covenant, aye  
 ‘ yours in possession. “Weep not.” The grave is not  
 ‘ an eternal prison. “Thy dead men shall live.”

‘ I need not write to you as to one that sorrows  
 ‘ without hope. The God whom you and he so long  
 ‘ adored on the family hearth is the “God of all con-  
 ‘ solation.” The eye of faith may see the bow of pro-  
 ‘ mise on the dark bosom of the heavy cloud that  
 ‘ hangs over the manse at Cumnock. It may be  
 ‘ sometimes said of you by spectators, “She goeth to  
 ‘ the grave to weep there.” I hope that even at the  
 ‘ tomb you will meet with that Jesus who “wept,” and  
 ‘ whose glorious prerogative it is to dry the mourner’s  
 ‘ tears, for He will swallow up death in victory. Let  
 ‘ not your busy memory rest too much on years of past  
 ‘ felicity, but rather anticipate a blissful eternity, where  
 ‘ the terror of death and the pang of separation can  
 ‘ never be felt, and where the soft and sympathetic  
 ‘ hand of God shall have “wiped off” all tears from off  
 ‘ all faces.”

‘ I trust and pray, my dear friend, that your Maker  
 ‘ is your Husband, and that your God is the “God of  
 ‘ your seed.” I hope that your heart is refreshed and

‘sustained by the promises, and that your children  
‘around you will be sources of great and unceasing  
‘happiness. You will always cherish the memory of  
‘your departed husband, but, I hope, without a mur-  
‘mur that he is away to the Master’s household in  
‘glory where all His faithful servants have entered  
‘into the joy of their Lord. I believe that the con-  
‘gregation over which for so many years he had the  
‘rule, will long remember him, and (what is better  
‘than mere remembrance) will be eternal trophies of  
‘the fidelity and patience, the earnestness and success  
‘of his ministrations. His life was an embodiment of  
‘his doctrine, and, like his Lord, he “went about doing  
‘good.” His latter end was peace, and he blessed his  
‘household ere he left it. What unspeakable cause of  
‘gratitude have you not in the midst of so much  
‘desolation? What great reason to “sing of mercy as  
‘well as of judgment?” Christ lives—as yours.  
‘What more need I say? It contains all—all needed,  
‘all desired. Wishing every comfort from its only  
‘Source to yourself and your children, I am, yours  
‘sincerely,

‘JOHN EADIE.’

By-and-by the shadow of affliction fell on his own home, and he who comforted others so well, stood in need of consolation. The wife of his youth, whom he had wooed and won when he was a student-lad at Alva, and who had come to make his home bright for him amid the anxieties of his opening ministry, was stricken with one of those sad internal diseases that elongate the visage, and age it before the time with deep-drawn lines of pain. It was soon known that there was no hope of recovery; but he did everything

in his power to alleviate her suffering, and the removal to Lansdowne Crescent was planned that she might have a roomier house and fresher air. It was to one of his chosen friends that he wrote the following letter :—

To the REV. JOHN RUSSELL, Bucklyvie.

‘ 13 LANSDOWNE CRESCENT,  
‘ GLASGOW, Aug. 1, 1855.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,—It has come to it at last. Your  
‘ good friend (for she liked you much) you will never  
‘ see again, till you see her, I trust, in a better world.  
‘ She has been sinking since Sabbath, and especially  
‘ since Monday, gradually but certainly. Three very  
‘ severe fits have prostrated her, but she does not suffer  
‘ anything like agony, and she is calm and resigned.  
‘ A brief period will accomplish her journey, and then  
‘ comes rest—unbroken rest, and sleep, too, for the  
‘ body. I have little more to say. People have called  
‘ me strong; but, alas! how soon is one bowed down!  
‘ Perhaps I believed I was strong too, but, alas! alto-  
‘ gether vanity. The gloom of the shadow of death is  
‘ settling down thick and fast over our dwelling, and I  
‘ cannot write nor see. I have had no meat for two  
‘ days, and yet feel no appetite.—Yours truly,

‘ JOHN EADIE.’

*To the Same.*

‘ She left us this afternoon at twenty minutes to five,  
‘ and we are all—— J. E.

‘ Saturday Evening.’ [4th Aug.]



It was Communion Saturday, but arrangements had been made, in view of what had for some days been seen to be inevitable, to relieve him of his accustomed duty on the Sunday. The assistant he had engaged preached and dispensed the Sacrament, and his nearest neighbour, the Rev. John M'Laren, conducted the evening service. In praying for the stricken pastor he used a phrase that reminded some who heard it of the phrase used by Edward Irving in prayer, which, quoted by a Cabinet minister, caused the rush of fashionable London to the Caledonian Chapel. Mr. M'Laren prayed for Dr. Eadie as 'sitting solitary in the valley of the shadow of death.' He felt the solitude so unbearable, that he sent for his friend Mr. Russell, who at once obeyed the summons, and remained in the house of mourning till after the funeral.

The bereavement came on the eve of the opening of his classes in the Divinity Hall. The students of that time remember how bowed and sad he seemed when he appeared in the deep mourning of his widowhood. His nervous system was affected. He used to sit far into the night in the little back-parlour in Lansdowne Crescent, shrinking from going upstairs to bed. He told me that for months after his wife's death he heard every night, at a particular hour, in the room above where he sat, the sound of the easy chair being wheeled from the bed to the fireside, just as he had been accustomed to hear it for months before. It was a special trial to him when he had to resume his duties in the Cambridge Street pulpit. On the first Sunday he preached, the passage which came in course as the subject of lecture was Philippians i, 21, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' His daughters remember

that he said to them, 'I wish I had been past that verse.' As the autumn advanced his elders began to notice that he was looking very ill, and they proposed to him that he should try the effect of rest and change of scene. The necessary funds having been quietly handed to him, he went to the south-west of England, accepting an engagement to occupy the pulpit of a new Presbyterian Church which had been opened some time before in the city of Bristol.

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER.

'On the road to the Land's End.

'Do you know where Plymouth is? Turn up and see: I am there just now. I have not yet seen the immense dockyards and ships of war, but I hope to see them to-morrow morning; and I was two hours in Exeter (where is that, Meg?), and in the great cathedral, and headquarters of Puseyism. Coming down to the English Channel at the mouth of the Exe, there was a great sea on. The rail runs on the shore for several miles, and the great waves rolled in upon the shore, broke upon the rocks, and sent the spray and water in glorious clouds over the train. I expected to have had a letter before I left Bristol; but, Meg, your thumb is lazy. There is a bit of poetry I saw on a cobbler's sign in Exeter—

" I am the man  
That don't refuse  
To make and mend  
All boots and shoes."

'And so good night.  
'Plymouth, Thursday Evening.'

TO JOHN STEWART, ESQ.

' BRISTOL, Thursday Morning

[December, 1855].

' I very much wish that you would extend my  
' furlough for another month. The money is not  
' nearly all gone yet, and this is one reason. Another  
' reason is more personal. I am afraid that the pre-  
' paration of such a sermon as that usually preached on  
' the first Sabbath of the year would just put me where  
' I was. The second sermon I preached here produced  
' somewhat of the disagreeable sensations that I used to  
' feel at home, but they have not returned since.

' I have certainly improved the time since I came to  
' the west of England, having been down in South  
' Wales, and also as far as Plymouth and Cornwall. I  
' am going down to-morrow morning into Wiltshire for  
' a day or two, and then up to London. The only  
' thing that at all puts me about in reference to my  
' absence on the first Sabbath of the year is the baptisms.  
' But I suppose you can also surmount the obstacle,  
' and make the necessary intimation on Sabbath coming,  
' when Mr. Knox preaches. Perhaps it might be said,  
' that if any choose to defer it, I shall be at home on  
' the second Sabbath of the year.

' The "cause" here promises well; the people are  
' not cast down by Mr. Ker's refusal, but are resolved  
' to go on. The Scottish preaching is very popular—  
' it has, they say, more of Christ in it. From what I  
' hear of the style in many of the pulpits I can believe  
' it. The honest folks here would fain lay hold of me,  
' but the idea of the Professorship deters and effectually  
' debars them, but they are very kind and hospitable.

‘—many of them Scotch—and they have the sympathies of the best of the laymen in the other dissenting churches. I have been several times stopped on the streets, and thanked by persons whom I did not know, and who said they were “deacons” in the other chapels.

‘And now I wish you and yours a happy New Year, with your family circle long unbroken.

‘I am not precisely sure where I shall stay in London, and therefore cannot tell you where to write as to your ability to get the first Sabbath of the year supplied. At all events, let the folks know that I’ll be home by the second. If you get this to-morrow, as I expect, you might write to me (Rev. Mr. Sherry, Luckington, near Chippenham, Wiltshire). If you write on Friday I’ll get it on Saturday, or it will be sent to me. Pray send me a Saturday paper. I have not seen a Glasgow paper since I left—there are none in the Exchange here.’

*To the Same.*

‘LONDON, Friday.

‘I am obliged to you for looking after the supply. If anybody be asking after me, or take any trouble to ask, you may say that I am pretty well. As for my doings since I left, I have been going to and fro, and walking up and down on the earth, sometimes opening my mouth on Sabbath. On last Sabbath, in a small village in Wiltshire, I had a flute and bass fiddle for accompaniment. You may tell the Professor<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Stewart’s youngest son was named ‘John Eadie,’ and was therefore called in the family circle ‘the Professor.’

‘that I saw near the said village a cog of porridge as big as would serve him for ten years. It was made for the Duke of Beaufort’s hounds, but there are lumps of dead horse put into them<sup>1</sup> before the dogs get them. The Duke is bound to expend two thousand a year on his fox-hounds, and he has about 300. The Professor would have small chance at the “parritch” bout with them. Lord Raglan, the Duke’s uncle, is buried also there in the parish church.

‘The money is like the widow’s cruse of oil—it is not done yet. I don’t intend to preach in London on Sabbath. Compliments to Mrs. S. I hope the youngster is better.’

He returned to his work at the beginning of 1856, reinvigorated in mind and body by his winter furlough in the south. He found his best comfort in devoting himself with redoubled energy to the manifold occupations of his busy life. As we shall see by-and-by, the years that followed his great sorrow were among the most fruitful years of his life in literary achievement.

In the year 1857 he had conferred on him the highest ecclesiastical honour within the reach of a Scottish minister: he was chosen moderator of the supreme court of his church. It is very seldom that a minister of only twenty-one years’ standing is called to occupy this position. It is generally reserved as a fitting crown for the hoary head of one who has borne the burden and heat of a long work-day. But everything seemed to come to Dr. Eadie early. He attained the position of a city minister when he was but a lad;

<sup>1</sup> Porridge is always spoken of in Scotland with a plural pronoun.

he was made a professor of theology when he had been only seven and a half years in orders, and when he was but thirty-three years of age; he was a Doctor of Laws at thirty-four, and a Doctor of Divinity at forty; and he reached the Moderator's chair when he was only forty-seven. The manner in which he discharged the duties of the office was such as might suggest the propriety of sometimes conferring it on younger men. He was not a frequent speaker in church courts, and had never displayed any peculiar aptitude for ecclesiastical work; but whenever he was called to preside he showed a knowledge of the forms of procedure, an alertness in applying them, and a general ability to guide the court and facilitate the transaction of its business, which surprised even those who knew him best. It was not of course surprising to any one that he combined with the firmness which is essential, unfailing good humour and courtesy. The meetings, which begin on the Monday evening, usually drag on till the Tuesday or Wednesday of the week following. When Dr. Eadie was moderator the Synod was able to rise on the Friday afternoon of the first week, having exhausted all its work. This had happened very seldom before, and it has never happened since. The late Rev. David Thomas, for many years the able clerk of the Committee of Bills and Overtures, whose duty it was to introduce each successive item of business to the Synod, was accustomed to speak of Dr. Eadie as the model moderator, and the meeting at which he presided as the quietest and most orderly he had known in the whole course of his official life.

At the Synod of the following year when, as retiring moderator, he had to preach the opening sermon, he

chose as his text Rev. xxi, 10, *et seq.* The subject thus selected was at once characteristic and appropriate. It was fitting that the Professor of Hermeneutics, who had already won for himself a name as a commentator, should, when he preached before his assembled brethren, furnish them with an example of a lecture rather than of a sermon; and that he should select as the subject of discourse a passage which is frequently misinterpreted. He applied the splendid vision of the new Jerusalem, not—as it has been generally applied from the days of St. Bernard downward—to heaven, but to the church of the future—the ideal church on earth. When thus interpreted it formed the basis of ‘a word in season’ to church office-bearers, who are ever tempted in their zeal for their sect, and for the special form of doctrine it professes, to lose sight of the catholicity of the church of Christ; and in their necessary care for harassing and prosaic details to forget its ideal glory. It was universally acknowledged that the model moderatorship had been closed by a model sermon. It was comprehensive, large-hearted, and earnest, and it rose occasionally into an eloquence more severely in accordance with the rules of rhetoric than usually characterized Dr. Eadie’s preaching. Reiterated demands were made, in the public press and otherwise, for the publication of the discourse, but he said with a smile that he could not afford to print it, but must keep it in reserve for future use at church openings and like public occasions.

## CHAPTER V.

## HIS PROFESSORSHIP.

Origin of Secession Hall—John Brown and Dr. Lawson—Eadie's Election—Edinburgh in Autumn—Corstorphine Parties—His Colleagues—His Class-Room—Secret of his Power—Freshness of his Lectures—Dislike of Extremes—Views of Moral Law—Letter to Dr. Norman Macleod—Disadvantages and Advantages of Continued Pastorate—Practical Counsels to Students—His Influence as a Professor.

WHEN the 'four brethren' who originated the Secession Church in Scotland separated from the Establishment, they soon found it necessary to provide for the theological training of candidates for the office of the ministry. The Secession was not primarily a clerical movement. The dissatisfaction with the National Church, which Erskine and his associates represented, had spread far and wide among the people of Scotland. The preaching of the clergy, who, under the Act restoring lay patronage, had been forced on reclaiming congregations, could hardly have failed to be distasteful to those who had resisted their settlement, even though their theology had been more in harmony than it was with the doctrinal convictions of the descendants of the men who had signed, and died for, the covenant.



No sooner, therefore, had the Seceders been separated from the Church than applications reached them from all parts of the country for what they called 'supply of sermon.'

The leaders of the exodus were in perplexity as to how to provide spiritual food for the mixed multitude, which thus followed them. They never for a moment thought of employing lay preachers, or of elevating to the ranks of the ministry imperfectly educated men. They held views, as to the dignity and responsibility of the ministerial office, which precluded them from adopting the method of carrying on the work they had undertaken, which, in somewhat similar circumstances, commended itself to Wesley. The system of theology, which, as we learn from their original 'Act, Declaration, and Testimony,' they deemed it essential to the weal of Scotland to maintain in its integrity, was an elaborate system that could not be grasped, much less expounded, except by trained theologians. They would have deemed themselves unfaithful to the grounds of their Secession, if they had admitted to their pulpits any man with a culture in arts or theology less extensive than that which was required by the Established Church of her candidates for the ministry.

It was fortunate for the future of Presbyterian Dissent that they deemed the National Universities disqualified only in the department of theology. They were, indeed, shrewd enough to know that it is in the Philosophy classes that the bent is given to the mind of a student, which, to a large extent, determines the line he afterwards follows in theological inquiry; but, being themselves liberally educated, they

were not prepared to deprive their young men of the advantages of University training. They permitted them to attend the full curriculum of arts, but employed from time to time lecturers in philosophy, who were supposed to supply the antidote to any baneful metaphysic taught in college. It would not, however, have been consistent with the position they had taken up if they had been contented with the theological teaching provided in the Universities. One of their most prominent grounds of secession had been disapprobation of that teaching, and dissatisfaction with the Church for not inflicting 'adequate censure' on certain theological professors. Indeed so strong was their feeling in this matter that, when they framed a formula to be signed by candidates for license, instead of requiring them, as did the Established Church, to 'disown all Popish, Arian, Socinian, Arminian, Bourignian, and other doctrines, tenets and opinions whatsoever, contrary to and inconsistent with, the Confession of Faith,' they required them to accept the Confession and Catechism and to promise to 'maintain and defend the same against all contrary errors, and particularly against the errors of Professors Simson and Campbell.'

In all the circumstances, therefore, the only course open to the Seceders was to institute a Theological Hall of their own. After the fastings and prayers, without which the good men took no important step, they appointed the Rev. William Wilson, of Perth, their first Professor of Theology. He was not by any means the ablest, but he was certainly the most scholarly of the four, and this seems to have been the ground of his election. It is evident that there was

no intention to aim at a less academic theological training than that which was given in the Universities, for in the earlier days of the Secession Hall the lectures were delivered and all the business of the class conducted in the Latin language. Two at least of Mr. Wilson's successors in office are unquestionably among the most interesting figures in the more recent church history of Scotland. John Brown, of Haddington, whose attainments in languages and philosophy, acquired when he was a shepherd on the braes of Abernethy, were such that the Presbytery to which he applied felt themselves justified in remitting in his case the prescribed university curriculum, may be justly described as the Father of the Science of Biblical Interpretation in Scotland. He was succeeded by Dr. Lawson, 'the Sage of Selkirk,' of whom Mr. Carlyle says: 'Seen 'in his intrinsic character, no simple-minded, more 'perfect lover of wisdom do I know of in that 'generation . . . altogether a most superlative 'steel-grey Scottish peasant (and Scottish Socrates of 'the period); really as I now perceive more like the 'twin brother of that Athenian Socrates who went 'about, supreme in Athens, in wooden shoes, than any 'man I have ever ocularly seen.'<sup>1</sup> Professor Lawson not only lives in the memory of the few among us who take rank as Mr. Carlyle's contemporaries, but he still reveals even to the chance reader of his half-forgotten books, a vast learning and a native

<sup>1</sup> 'The United Presbyterian Hall, in its Changes and Enlargements for One hundred and forty years,' by the Rev. P. Landreth. Edinburgh, 1876, pp. 189-191.

shrewdness, which quite sufficiently account for his traditional reputation.

The old Secession professors were not separated from their congregations. The meetings of the Hall were held at the scenes of their pastorate, to which the young men were required to repair. A few 'Selkirk men' still survive in the ranks of the United Presbyterian ministry, who take delight in speaking of the romantic student-life in the Border town on the Ettrick—where the air is charged with traditions of the past and echoes of ballad-music. We still seem to see the venerable figure with his knee-breeches and furred stockings, his Scotch plaid and russet wig, the group of students gathered round him, drinking in wisdom from his lips, and believing that if in 'some dim plot of fate' the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament were destroyed, their professor could, out of the depths of his memory, repair the loss.

Till 1825 the Seceders had contented themselves with one professor, who taught systematic Theology; but in that year the chair of Biblical Literature was instituted. A few years later Exegetical and Pastoral Theology were added to the curriculum, and thus at the date of Eadie's election the number of chairs had risen to four. Two vacancies had occurred through the resignation—on account of growing infirmities—of the Professors of Pastoral Theology and Biblical Literature. The election of their successors, which took place on May 5th, 1843, resulted in the appointment of Dr. Harper to the Chair of Pastoral Theology, and of Mr. Eadie to the Chair of Biblical Literature. Members of the United Presbyterian

Church will understand how honourable Eadie's success was to a minister of less than seven years' standing, when they learn that the lect from which he was chosen had on it the names of Dr. Andrew Marshall, Dr. King, and Dr. (then Mr.) William Johnstone.

In addition to the article on 'Stuart's Commentary on the Hebrews,' which has been already noticed, he had written several reviews and essays on Biblical subjects which had attracted considerable attention. A review of a sermon by his old friend Mr. Gilfillan on 'Hades; or, the Unseen,' which appeared on the eve of the election, revealed at once literary power and theological attainment. He had besides given evidence of his aptness to teach. Professor Mitchell, the occupant of the chair to which he aspired, had felt constrained, a year before he resigned, to ask assistance in the work of the class, and Eadie had been appointed one of a committee nominated to render it. The whole of the work had fallen to his share, and he had succeeded in winning the confidence and even awakening the enthusiasm of the students. To show their appreciation of his work, they presented him with several large folios, bearing the inscription, 'Presented to the Rev. J. Eadie by the students of the Junior Branch of the United Secession Hall, as a small token of their gratitude for the very able and efficient manner in which he discharged the duties of the Professorship during the temporary affliction of their excellent and venerable professor the Rev. Dr. Mitchell. Session 1842.' It was felt that he had given sufficient promise to justify his election in preference to men of maturer years and of established reputation.

The following letter is worthy of preservation. The writer—the late John Henderson of Park—won for himself a name, which was then unique among the merchants of Scotland for princely liberality. If that name is already to some extent forgotten, it is only because liberal givers, who were stimulated by his example, have so multiplied, that benefactions to Christian and philanthropic enterprises, of even greater magnitude than his, are now of daily occurrence.

‘GLASGOW, 6th Sept., 1843.

‘MY DEAR SIR,—As the important office you now fill, which is alike honourable to yourself and gratifying to your friends, must necessarily involve considerable expense in the purchase of expensive books, may I beg your acceptance of the enclosed hundred pounds, which I have much pleasure in presenting, and I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

‘JOHN HENDERSON.

‘Rev. Professor Eadie.’

After the appointment of the two new Professors it was arranged that the Hall should meet in Edinburgh. The months of August and September constituted the annual session. These are the holiday months in the Scottish Capital, when it is emptied of all its usual attractions. The law courts are closed, the quadrangle of the University is deserted, the artists are scattered over the Highlands preparing their pictures for the Royal Academy's next exhibition, the houses where literary gatherings are held have their window-blinds drawn down, and there is no trace of their ever having been a General Assembly or a Synod. But Edinburgh never seems brighter than in these autumn months,

when the rich Lothian harvests are lying all around it, and when the streets are gay with tourists who have come from far to see 'the grey Metropolis of the North,' and are expressing, in their happy faces, their astonishment at finding that it is not grey at all, but bright and warm in the mellow autumn sunlight.

During the first years of his professorship Eadie was fortunate in having a pleasant residence at Corstorphine House, outside the city. He was the guest of Mr. James Leishman, a retired Glasgow merchant, who had been a member of Cambridge Street Church. The warm-hearted hospitality with which he was received, and the beautiful surroundings of the little village that lies along the foot of the wooded hill which bears its name, and looks across to the Pentlands, made his annual season of academic labour a pleasant change to the minister, whose usual sphere of work was in the smokier city of the west. The hospitality extended to the Professor was shared by his students. His host invited the whole of them each session to entertainments, which, in their happy freedom and unrestrained mirth, contrasted favourably with the typical professor's tea-party.

I am indebted to the Rev. James Stevenson, of Dublin, for some interesting reminiscences of these gatherings. He says: 'When the invitations came through the Censor of the Hall—a person of great importance in those days, whatever he may be now—there was a flutter of pleasant excitement and a quiet under-current of banter running through our otherwise grave and studious talk. Then on the evening fixed came the general muster at the railway station, and the crush into the third-class compart-

'ments, where we all sat together for the short  
'journey. Memory easily calls up the half serious,  
'half comic way in which each surveyed his neighbour,  
'and was in turn surveyed. There was an evident  
'consciousness that, while we were undoubtedly the  
'very persons who met daily within the sacred pre-  
'cincts of the Hall, and who had parted only an  
'hour or two before, we were for present purposes  
'not a little brightened and improved externally.  
'Few can forget the hearty laughter, the lively talk,  
'and the sprightly march with which we made our  
'way from the railway to Corstorphine House—not  
'with military precision, but at least like Words-  
'worth's cloud "all together." On our arrival we  
'were presented, one after another, by Dr. Eadie to  
'our host and his family, in which ceremony as  
'much individuality came out as in any other phase  
'of student life. Some were all radiant with smiles  
'as if their happiest hour had come, others were grave  
'as if the most serious business of life were going on  
'just then. Some looked as if their bodies were all  
'joints and as if bowing were their special forte ;  
'others were stiff and straight as if their bodies had  
'lost their joints for the time, and manners were  
'their special detestation. We were accustomed after-  
'wards to congratulate some of the more conscious  
'of our number on the splendid appearance they had  
'made, and the decided impression they had produced  
'on all beholders, while others had to be rallied, more  
'gently for fear of consequences, on the awkward jostle  
'by which they had gone through their facings, and  
'made their way to the first available chair.

'Eadie was the centre of the company, frank.



‘homely, unrestrained, and hearty, chatting with  
‘every student in the most off-hand way, fond of a  
‘joke, without any distance or hauteur, making him-  
‘self, as was his wont in after years and in far other  
‘scenes, one of ourselves. And yet, with all the famili-  
‘arity, we never forgot that he was our professor.  
‘There was no lessening of that profound respect  
‘with which his grand massive kingly character  
‘inspired us; nor was there anything in the eve-  
‘ning’s unbending on his part, or in our free access  
‘to him in our flow of spirits, to make it difficult  
‘for us to sit next day, as reverentially and dutifully  
‘as ever, on the benches of his class-room.

‘On looking back, one of these occasions starts up  
‘to the mind in many of its details. Before tea, we  
‘were kept merry by several sallies of pleasant banter  
‘between the Professor and Mr. Leishman, which put  
‘us all at our ease. Tea over, Mr. Leishman announced  
‘that the pears on some of the trees in the garden were  
‘ripe, and that he had reserved the pulling of them as  
‘a special treat for us on this occasion. You can  
‘imagine the fun as we all poured forth—professor  
‘and students, ladies and gentlemen—to our task, the  
‘enjoyment of our miscellaneous ramble round the  
‘garden, and the grand assault on the devoted trees.  
‘Picture some of the leading members of the Hall up  
‘among the branches—hat and coat thrown off—their  
‘fellows beneath favouring them with all manner of  
‘ludicrous advice, and making merry at their expense.  
‘while freely appropriating the fruits of their exer-  
‘tions.

‘The remainder of the evening was given to music,  
‘songs, speeches, and recitations, which kept us lively

‘enough. There were some good singers and some  
‘good story-tellers. Two or three, who had studied  
‘in Germany, sang together some of the songs of  
‘“Fatherland.” One whose strong voice is now  
‘familiar in church courts sang “Robin Adair,” one  
‘recited a passage from Scott, another a passage from  
‘Byron—the more hackneyed the piece was the better.  
‘Everybody had to do something, and I well remember  
‘that one, on being hard pressed for a song—a thing  
‘not in his way at all—at last yielded and sang, or  
‘rather crooned in most original fashion, Goldsmith’s  
‘“Elegy on the death of a mad dog,” from beginning  
‘to end, to a tune that had never been heard before,  
‘and has never been repeated since.

‘When supper was served there were sundry addi-  
‘tional speeches, and then, before parting, we had  
‘evening worship. Who can forget the hearty lusty  
‘fervour with which the psalm of praise was sung—  
‘as students only, I think, can sing? Before midnight  
‘we had found our way, under the light of the harvest  
‘moon, to our apartments in the city.

‘These parties were unique, but they were hearty,  
‘happy, and healthful in their influence. They re-  
‘vealed Dr. Eadie to his students in a new and true  
‘light. In the Hall we became acquainted with his  
‘great mind, his vast learning, and his many accom-  
‘plishments, but in such intercourse as these and  
‘other opportunities gave us, we learned his simple  
‘childlike character, and felt the throb of his large  
‘heart. It is unquestionable that experience of this  
‘formed a factor in the moulding of our student and  
‘ministerial character more powerful than it seemed  
‘at the time.’

Dr. Eadie was always fortunate in his colleagues in the Hall, and his relations with them were of the most pleasant kind. When Dr. Harper and he entered on their work they were associated with Drs. Balmer and Brown, but in the recess between their second and third sessions Dr. Balmer passed away. In the opening lecture of the session following his death, Eadie paid a graceful tribute to his memory. He spoke of him as 'one who possessed uncommon powers of mind and 'extraordinary stores of information, the extent of 'whose acquisitions was equalled only by the 'promptitude of their application; one who, while '“he intermeddled with all knowledge,” had yet 'made divinity his favourite field of continuous 'labour, and long and successful cultivation.' It was not considered necessary to fill up the vacancy in the professorial staff, because the long projected union of the Secession Church with the Synod of Relief was then all but accomplished. That event was consummated in 1847, and Drs. MacMichael and Lindsay were then associated with the three Secession professors. The department of Church History, for the teaching of which the Seceders had hitherto made no separate provision, was assigned to Dr. MacMichael. Dr. Lindsay shared with Eadie the department of Biblical Literature, till the death of Dr. Brown in 1858, when he was transferred to the Exegetical Chair. On Dr. Lindsay's death, Dr. Cairns, who was in 1867 appointed his successor, was made Professor of Apologetics, Exegesis being then added to the other subjects already committed to Eadie.

He always taught in the Junior Hall—first in

conjunction with Dr. Brown, then with Dr. Lindsay, and afterwards with Dr. Cairns. The members of his classes were the students of the first and second years. The place of meeting in my time was the large room on the first floor of No. 5 Queen Street, which is now used as a German Church. It was the Valhalla of the denomination, its walls being adorned by portraits of dead professors and other worthies of the Secession. The 'chair' was the quaint old pulpit from which Ebenezer Erskine preached at Stirling; and which, as a little silver plate in front of it testified, had been presented to the Hall by some zealous relic-hunter, who had rescued it from destruction. It was placed at the point where an old room passed into a modern addition, the windows of which supplied all the light we had. To the right of the professor, in the darkness and on uncushioned forms, sat the freshmen of the Hall; while, to his left, those who had attained to the dignity of the second year had their seats in the light, on more comfortable benches. Against the wall, opposite the chair, stood the square box which we had to mount when the dreaded day for delivering our discourses came round to each of us in turn. Those who remember this old 'interior' will recall the fact, that the awkward arrangement by which the room was lighted had one advantage. At a particular hour every sunny afternoon the light fell with peculiar radiance on the professor's face. None who once noticed it can ever forget the effect, when Eadie's peculiarly fine profile and his wealth of fair hair were thus illuminated.

The picture dwells in the memory the more readily

that it seems symbolic of the halo with which the enthusiasm of his students surrounded him. He early won, and he never lost, a quite peculiar place in their regard. It was not the vastness of his information merely, though that excited their admiration. It was not any special amiability in his bearing, though he was always kindly. Nor was it any apparent enthusiasm in his work, though he always did it as if he loved it. His great strength as a professor lay in his perfect naturalness. Those who sat in his class felt that the occupant of the chair was a man of like passions with themselves, and that neither intervening years nor fast-coming honours had obliterated the memory of the days when he was himself a student. They were conscious that he knew them thoroughly, and was quite familiar with all their student-ways. Though faithful in the discipline of his class, he did not judge their shortcomings with unsympathizing severity. He impressed them with his perfect truthfulness. He had never trained his features to look the thing he felt not, and the tones of his voice were never modulated to conceal the feeling of the moment. He did not scowl, but his look of displeasure was sufficiently marked. It was generally reserved for the presumptuous and self-asserting. His students must remember the amused, and even mischievous, expression with which he used to watch some luckless wight who was stumbling through his verse of Hebrew—of which he obviously knew nothing, except what he had learned from the authorised translation; and of how he would startle some unsuspecting culprit, who was busy, with the aid of King James, preparing the next verse,

on the chance of being called to read, by asking him how some word was translated 'in that English Bible you have open beside you.' His occasional gruffness of tone was never resented. It was felt that his praise and his blame were alike sincere. His criticisms of discourses were valuable because they were always impartial and discriminating. His praise was the more appreciated that it was never given except when it had been fairly won, and his censure was borne the more willingly that it was never withheld when it was deserved. When he used the knife he never turned its edge or destroyed its point, but let it cut sharp and keen. If the operation cost him pain he concealed it. He had the ease and apparent indifference of the skilled surgeon, who wastes none of his energies in manifestations of sympathy but concentrates them all in doing what he has to do well.

His experience having revealed to Eadie the necessity for preliminary training in Hebrew, on the part of students entering the Hall, he opened a class, which through many winters met once a week in the session-house of his church, and was attended by such Glasgow students as cared to avail themselves of it. He always advised them to attend if possible Professor Weir's class in the University, but many who had to support themselves found it so difficult to complete the required curriculum of arts, that they could not afford to take extra subjects. For their benefit Eadie cheerfully sacrificed a night weekly.

In his Hall lectures there was none of the dryness which is deemed in some quarters an essential element in theological disquisition. They were always lively

and interesting. Even when his manuscripts were old he contrived to read them with spirit, and in some of the remnants of the earliest years of his professorship there was a special charm, from the occasional glow of youthful eloquence, which he had not thought it necessary to tone down. He could give a fascination even to the least attractive branches of his subject. When he discoursed on uncials, cursives, and palimpsests, the dusty documents of which he spoke were illuminated to the eyes of his students. Codex A and Codex B became living things to us when he unfolded their history. In treating of the different books of Scripture he showed a dramatic power—which was, I think, the chief secret of his success as an expositor. He presented and grouped the circumstances and surroundings of the writer of a book, and of those for whom it was first written. He brought us into sympathy with the thought and life of the time. He made us feel that an evangelist was a living man, and not a mere entity bearing the shape of one or other of the creatures in Ezekiel's vision. He stripped the Apostles of the conventional clothing with which the devotion of the Middle Ages had invested them, and which they have continued to wear in Protestant tradition. He taught us to look at them, not as illuminated figures in church windows, but as actual men wandering about in weariness and in painfulness. He made us understand that their inspiration had not destroyed their individuality, nor lifted their writings above the reach of the recognized laws of honest interpretation. He believed that such interpretation was not only consistent with, but demanded by, true reverence for Scripture.

In his lectures he was never unmindful of the restraints of his ecclesiastical position. Indeed, his own training and habits of biblical study had been such that he did not feel them to be restraints. But he was not afraid of coming into collision with the mere 'traditions of the elders,' and prejudices of an ill-instructed orthodoxy. One of his courses of conversational expositions was on passages that are generally misunderstood. He believed that no doctrine of the faith is the better for having the support of doubtful readings or incorrect interpretations. Many a venerable gloss disappeared at the touch of his exegesis, as effectually as Nathanael Hawthorne saw them disappear in 'Earth's Holocaust.' Some of his students, whose sense of humour was stronger than their reverence for ecclesiastical superiors, occasionally startled their presbyteries, when, at the close of the Hall, they appeared before them to be examined on the lectures to which they had listened. Taking care to look quite unconscious, they would, for example, report that, in lecturing on the early Mosaic records, Dr. Eadie had said that portions of these records were figurative, and that it was not in the form of a literal serpent that Satan appeared when he tempted our first parents. The ingenuous youth was generally rewarded by seeing a look of alarm pass between the seniors of the court, and sometimes by an actual outburst from some irrepressible brother.

But it was never within the power of any student to report any real divergence, on the part of the professor, from the recognised faith of his church. His teaching was always within the limits of a moderate and tolerant orthodoxy. He was peculiarly alive to



‘the danger of extremes, especially in the defence and ‘illustration of Scripture and of evangelical truth.’ When he was asked to open the session of the Theological Society in connection with the Hall, he elected to speak of these dangers. The lecture which he delivered is most interesting, as illustrating his own theological position, and the general spirit of his teaching from the chair. He held that ‘extreme ‘statement does injury to truth, for it caricatures it, ‘and it tempts opponents to confound the truth with ‘overdrawn representations of it, and to oppose and ‘reject it.’

The following paragraph of the lecture will be read with interest. After speaking of various extremes with regard to the Christian’s relation to the law, he says:—‘But what I specially allude to ‘is the identification of the moral law with the ‘decatalogue, and this is done from a sincere, but ‘mistaken desire to honour the divine legislation on ‘Mount Sinai. Now, first, the moral law is not ‘dependent on Scripture for its authority. Ethics ‘exist apart from revelation. As soon as God made ‘a creature, the relation between that creature and ‘Himself developed moral law as in the first table, ‘and as soon as He made a second creature the relation ‘of fellow-creatures originated moral law as in the ‘second table. As long as Creator and creatures remain, these relations cannot be altered. A moral ‘law, so based on necessary relations, is not an expedient—is not a provisional statute, but an unchanging ‘code. It can neither suffer modification, retrenchment, nor repeal. It must bind the mightiest creatures and the most distant worlds. Its essence is

‘ love to God, and to everything that bears His image.  
‘ It has its authority, therefore, anterior to the Bible,  
‘ and depends not on inspired statement. The Bible  
‘ indeed explains it, and opens up its true nature. It  
‘ enlightens us as to its foundations, but it does not  
‘ create it, it only expounds its contents; while it  
‘ enforces obligations, it does not originate them. For  
‘ the moral law is as broad and deep as are the rela-  
‘ tions of man to God and man to man. Such is  
‘ the moral law; but the decalogue is by no means so  
‘ wide as to cover all obligation, as any one may see  
‘ who repeats the ten words. It is but a fragment—  
‘ not in any true sense a summary of moral law. It is  
‘ only and really a code of relative duty of man to  
‘ God and man to man, but personal obligation—that  
‘ of man to himself—is omitted. There is no reference  
‘ to health, sobriety, integrity, generosity, or truth—  
‘ save in the matter of witness-bearing in a court of law.  
‘ And even in relation to relative duty, there is no injunc-  
‘ tion in reference to marriage, or the duties of husband  
‘ and wife, and none inculcating the duties of parents  
‘ to children. The exegesis that extracts so much out  
‘ of each command by inferring—and that very widely  
‘ often—what is required and what is forbidden, is  
‘ very questionable. It is an adventurous thing to  
‘ find rebellion or Fenianism forbidden under the fifth  
‘ commandment, and active or self-denying generosity  
‘ enjoined under the sixth commandment, as is done  
‘ by a recent Irish commentator. And I am the more  
‘ confirmed in this view, because Moses proceeds, by  
‘ individual and separate statutes, to enjoin the duties  
‘ discerned by many under the bare and peremptory  
‘ clauses of the ten commandments, and he never once

‘ hints that he is only giving a legislative develop-  
‘ ment or interpretation of the general principle  
‘ wrapped up in them. The decalogue is thus a  
‘ divine selection of moral law, re-promulgated by  
‘ God for observance on the part of a people whom  
‘ He had brought into national covenant with Him-  
‘ self, and its injunctions or prohibitions are summed  
‘ up under the striking preface, “I am the Lord thy  
‘ God, which have brought thee out of the land of  
‘ Egypt, out of the house of bondage.” The duties  
‘ enforced are those which the people either misunder-  
‘ stood or were disinclined to observe, and the sins  
‘ forbidden are those to which they were most exposed,  
‘ or into which they were most tempted to fall. And  
‘ the negative or prohibitory form of the ten com-  
‘ mandments shows that they are adapted to fallen  
‘ men. The repeated formula, “Thou shalt not,”  
‘ plainly implies that the persons thus spoken to were  
‘ doing the things forbidden. An affirmative code  
‘ would have been given to unfallen beings. The  
‘ decalogue, then, by no means covers the whole of  
‘ man’s moral relations, though, when it is resolved by  
‘ Christ into the love of God and our neighbour, it may  
‘ be truly said, “On these two commandments hang all  
‘ the law and the prophets.” I am therefore sum-  
‘ moned to observe the ten words, not simply because  
‘ Jehovah spoke them from Sinai amidst cloud and  
‘ thunder, and enforced them by the historic fact that  
‘ He was the national Emancipator, but because they  
‘ belong to a primeval and unchanging code, which  
‘ was as old as man, and as immutable as God. Some  
‘ lay such stress on the legislation at Sinai, that one  
‘ would think there had been no moral law prior to

‘that date—as if for two thousand years God had permitted the world to exist without an ethical code, which is written also in man’s own conscience, and bears witness to the purity and prerogative of the one Creator and Governor.’

The lecture from which this passage is taken was first delivered in 1866. The opinions here expressed acquire additional significance when we note the date, and remember that, during the winter previous, the minds of men had been agitated by a speech on the Sunday question, delivered in his presbytery, by the late Dr. Norman Macleod, in which he unfolded views similar to those which Dr. Eadie here teaches, as to the relation of the decalogue to the moral law. Seldom has there been such excitement in the religious world of Scotland as that bold utterance produced. The pulpits of every denomination rang with it, the booksellers’ counters were loaded with pamphlets, the newspapers were filled with the reports of speeches, the pews of churches were covered with presbyterial manifestos, and it was the theme of more or less excited conversation in every company. Dr. Macleod was probably, for the time, the best abused man in Scotland. He was, moreover, threatened with a libel for heresy, and was actually subjected to what, in ecclesiastical phrase, is called ‘dealing.’ In the midst of this excitement, Dr. Eadie, requiring some distinguished preacher to take part in impending anniversary services, wrote the following letter:—

To the REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

' 13 LANSDOWNE CRESCENT,

' Thursday [Nov., 1865].

' After this great turmoil is over, I hope you may be  
' able to listen for a moment. Our anniversary is the  
' third Sabbath of December. Dr. King is to preach  
' in the forenoon, and I should like you to preach in  
' the afternoon, if you can *at all manage it*, or if not,  
' in the evening. I was glad to see your second state-  
' ment, because your first was rather liable to be mis-  
' understood, for not a few of your opponents missed  
' your meaning. I have always held and *preached* a  
' similar doctrine, as to the relation of the fourth  
' commandment to the Lord's day. What is odd, I  
' used in the pulpit the very words you employed—  
' "I never was in Egypt," &c.—and that within a  
' month. What you might have dwelt upon is, that  
' the phrases "Moral law" and "Ceremonial law" are  
' not scriptural, but only a theological distinction. I  
' cannot, however, agree in your notion of a primitive  
' Sabbath.'

The freedom with which Eadie thus discussed matters of doubtful disputation in criticism and theology had no tendency to unsettle the minds of his students. It only served to bring into relief his unswerving loyalty to the great facts and doctrines of the Christian revelation. He was never weary of warning us against coming to the study of the Scriptures without that spirit of reverential devoutness, to which alone they unlock their deepest mysteries. But those of his pupils who had the

highest estimate of his power as a Professor, regretted most that he was not permitted to give his undivided energies to grapple with the great questions, which every student of his department is compelled to face. If he had been free to devote himself more exclusively to academic work, he could not have failed to contribute something most valuable toward the solution of those critical difficulties which are pressing themselves on the attention of the Church. But he was heavily burdened with a large pastoral charge. The session of the Hall was much too short to admit of the thorough and exhaustive discussion of such questions. Even during that short session he had to occupy his pulpit every alternate Sunday; and the fortnightly absence from his church during the two months took the place of the annual holiday which other ministers enjoy. In later years he travelled daily, during the session, between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and was therefore involved to some extent in pastoral work. In view of these facts the wonder is, not that he did not accomplish more, but that he accomplished so much in the cause of Biblical Scholarship.

He did not, however, himself regard the short session as a disadvantage. In one of his closing lectures he says: 'I do not object to its brevity in all respects. 'For its purpose is not so much to pour knowledge in 'upon you, as to show you how to acquire knowledge 'for yourselves. The object of the professorate is not to 'think for you and give you the cheap benefit of their 'thoughts, but to train you to think with them in the 'hope of inducing you and enabling you to think at 'length for yourselves. The mere length of a session 'is not essential to such a training. I lay stress on the

‘impulse communicated fully more than on the amount of information given. . . . It is of value that you be taught the truth, but of higher value that you be familiarized with the best process of realizing it. To fill you with ardour in the pursuit of your studies —to inspire you with the love of truth for its own sake and God’s sake and man’s sake, to put you in the way of self-tuition and discipline that you may walk and work for yourselves, to point you to the truest modes of mental expansion and the highest styles of erudition and thought—*that* is the real end of all academic training.’

It is possible that to his continued contact with men and with the facts of human life, in the discharge of his pastoral duties, we were to some extent indebted for the remarkable human interest which pervaded his academic lectures. His vast and varied reading was another source of their freshness and power. The variety of the literary allusions and quotations, which occurred in almost every one of them, was amazing. Students who neglected their proper class work for the sake of general reading were made to feel that, even in their chosen field, they had found a master—who seemed equally at home in the Greek, the Roman, and the English classics—and who was as familiar as themselves with the latest poem of Browning or Tennyson and the newest novel of Bulwer, Thackeray, or George Eliot.

His practical counsels to his students were distinguished for their strong common sense. Some of these—taken from the closing lecture already quoted, may be fitly included in this chapter of his biography—for they reveal much as to his own

methods of working and as to the secret of his success.

‘ I trust that no one imagines that he ceases to be a student after the session is over, for his labour is not over, rather his true work begins when professorial tuition ends. Every day should be one of thought, aye and of putting thoughts on paper. The pen of a ready writer in the hand of a clear and earnest thinker is a power only attained by constant exercise. Apelles the painter after he had risen to unrivalled eminence never forgot daily practice of his art, and from his punctual and daily exercise came according to Pliny the Latin proverb, *Nulla dies abeat, quin linea ducta supersit*. The first chapters of Gibbon were anxiously composed and recast several times. The result was that the last chapters were printed just as they flowed from his pen. Constant translation of the classics gave Pitt an unrivalled command of English, and many times did Brougham write and rewrite the peroration of his great speech for Queen Caroline, and yet it appears the creation of the moment—“*Summa ars*,” &c. Genius implies the possession of original power, but it implies far more—the industrious application of it. As Ruskin well says, you may have seen a clever man who was indolent, but you never saw a great man who was so. A careless and lazy student who vegetates through recess after recess is no student. It cannot be said of him *Studet*—he loves his work; for he that loves his work lives in it and for it.

‘ Almost then his nature is subdued

‘ To that it works in, like the dyer’s hand,

‘ It serves no purpose but to injure health, to work



‘ by fits and starts. The health often suffers not from  
‘ much work, but from work done at wrong times and  
‘ in wrong ways. You are wingless and cannot fly to  
‘ the summit, you must patiently climb to it. The  
‘ cherubic symbol had in it the ox that labours, as well  
‘ as the eagle that soars. How common the fault is,  
‘ to delay too long and then work up for a few busy  
‘ days. Ah! such work from its very haste is often  
‘ fruitless. It is only laid on, not appropriated. It is  
‘ one process to gild a piece of coin—to cover it with a  
‘ thin coating of a more precious metal, but a very  
‘ different process to magnetize it, when every particle  
‘ of the mass is imbued with the subtle agency. Not  
‘ to put on, but to take in and to keep in; not to  
‘ seem to be, but to be; not to pass through an exami-  
‘ nation, but to retain the results of it, should be your  
‘ motto.

‘ I know that students have not all their time during  
‘ the recess to themselves; they must work, the great  
‘ majority of them, for daily bread. But in most cases  
‘ they have some leisure, and in many cases they might  
‘ have more. Genius shows itself, not in waiting for  
‘ opportunities, but in creating them and in making  
‘ the most of them too. Scraps of time are like par-  
‘ ticles of gold, each is precious in itself and the lump  
‘ is but the aggregate of individual value. It is Seneca  
‘ who says, *Quaedam tempora eripiuntur nobis, quae-  
‘ dam subducuntur, quaedam effluunt.* The temptation  
‘ often is to say with watch in hand, minutes are but  
‘ few, and to spend them carelessly; but minutes added  
‘ to minutes make hours and days. A quarter of an  
‘ hour a day is nigh two hours a week, and waxes in  
‘ a month to not much less than a day, in about three

‘ years to a month, and in less than three decades of  
‘ years to a whole year—a whole year saved from  
‘ wrecks and remnants of time. Listen to the fol-  
‘ lowing quaint fragment from Matthew Henry’s diary.  
‘ The reference is to the birth of a daughter. “Be-  
‘ tween two and three this morning while my wife  
‘ was ill, I retired to my study to seek God for her  
‘ and my children. Being willing to redeem time I  
‘ did a little to my commentary.” It was willingness  
‘ to redeem the odds and ends of time, which others  
‘ would have felt no compunction in wasting, that  
‘ enabled him to carry on so far the great work of his  
‘ life. “It is ever the safest thing,” as Goethe says in  
‘ Wilhelm Meister, “for us to do the next thing that  
‘ lies before us to be done.” When tempted then to  
‘ be careless of time and its fragments, when you are  
‘ pressed by seduction to idleness and listless vacuity,  
‘ say with the good Nehemiah, “I am doing a great  
‘ work, so that I cannot come down.” By some care,  
‘ by a wise and holy frugality, leisure may be secured  
‘ and turned to good advantage.

‘ Be not discouraged by difficulties; prayer and  
‘ painstaking are omnipotent. Your difficulties in  
‘ the prosecution of your work are nothing to those  
‘ of many who are wearing the laurel crown. Think  
‘ of the bright cloud of witnesses who have toiled and  
‘ gained the victory. If one man thread the forest,  
‘ may not another man follow him? What are your  
‘ difficulties compared with those of many others that  
‘ might be named? Mighty works have been done in  
‘ most unpropitious circumstances. The following  
‘ books which are never to die were begun and fin-  
‘ ished in a prison: Buchanan’s Latin version of

‘ the Psalms; the Consolations of Boëthius; the  
‘ Evidences of Grotius; the History of Raleigh; the  
‘ Henriade of Voltaire; and the Pilgrim of Bunyan.  
‘ Kitto was a poor deaf starveling, taken as a waif  
‘ into the workhouse from hunger and evil; his  
‘ drunken father was banished for life; twice did  
‘ the pauper apprentice in despair attempt to commit  
‘ suicide, but he lived and learned, and by his literary  
‘ labour has got him a name not soon to fade away.  
‘ Why be faint-hearted? Quit you like men, be strong.  
‘ Climb the hill. When I hear some young men talking  
‘ of difficulties, they bring up before me the image of  
‘ a sturdy ploughman walking through the fields on a  
‘ bright May morning and complaining that the fine  
‘ dew-spangled gossamer films and threads are being  
‘ woven round his limbs and are impeding his  
‘ progress.’

Such words as these—and they express the pervading spirit of his teaching and example—could not fail to exercise a healthful influence on young men. He never sought to mar their individuality by stamping on them his habits of thinking, but he stimulated them to worthy development of their own intellectual natures. In one particular his influence was very marked. If the preaching of the United Presbyterian Church has any peculiarity, it is that it is exegetical. The lengthened and elaborate expositions of scholastic doctrine which at one time delighted our forefathers; the ingenious application of Scripture passages to establish truths which were never dreamed of by their writers; the anachronisms which credit Old Testament saints with the attainments of a later age; and the trifling which startles audiences by announcing

‘peculiar texts,’ have generally given place to a faithful attempt to unfold the real meaning of Scripture and apply it to the practical wants of daily life. If the change is for the better, the praise of it must be ascribed, not exclusively indeed (for earlier and later colleagues must share the credit), but in large measure, to Dr. Eadie.

When his students were settled in ministerial charges, they almost uniformly availed themselves of the first occasion—such as a church opening, or a centenary celebration—which seemed big enough to warrant their asking him to come and preach for them. It was a red-letter day when they saw him occupy their pulpits, and when they looked round with pride on the admiring crowds who had come to hear him. It is believed that the special duty of church-opening fell to him much more frequently than to any minister of any denomination in Scotland. In this fact alone we have a striking evidence of the affectionate admiration with which those who had studied in his classes continued to regard him.

## CHAPTER VI.

## HIS LITERARY WORK.

‘Voluntary Church Magazine’—Contributions to ‘Eclectic Review’ and ‘North British Review’—Biographical Works—Books in illustration of Scripture—Popular Cyclopædias—Other popular Works—Controversial pamphlet on Marriage Law—Commentaries—Their Grammatical Analysis—Their Exegetical Power—Disadvantages and Advantages of Northern Training—Power of Hard Work—Authorities—Traces of Pastorate—His position among Biblical Scholars.

DURING the earlier years of his ministry, Eadie seems to have found in his weekly preparation for the pulpit sufficient exercise for the literary faculty which had revealed itself, when he was a student, in occasional contributions to local newspapers and denominational magazines. But as soon as experience had to some extent lightened the strain of pastoral work, he began again to write for the press. At the beginning of 1840 he succeeded Dr. Andrew Marshall in the editorship of the ‘Voluntary Church Magazine.’ The position was more in harmony with the fightings of his youth than with the quieter and more scholarly occupations of his riper years. The controversy which gave birth to the periodical had by that time

spent its strength. Public interest in matters ecclesiastical was centred in the conflict which was raging within the Established Church. Even those most deeply interested in the questions at issue in the Voluntary controversy, had come to see that a practical solution of these questions was likelier to be reached by the course of events, than by further war of words. It was not, therefore, wonderful that the magazine had begun to decline, even under the veteran controversialist of Kirkintilloch; it was still less wonderful that it did not greatly revive under a less experienced editor, who had by that time ceased to have much sympathy with, or aptitude for, any kind of polemics. The publication came to a close in 1841.

Eadie found a more congenial sphere of literary work in contributing to the periodicals of the time occasional essays on Biblical subjects. Several of these appeared in the 'Eclectic Review.' One of them, on the subject of Hebrew Poetry, attracted considerable attention. In the earlier days of the 'North British Review,' his hand may be frequently recognised on its pages. In the fifth number (May, 1845) we find a paper on 'Biblical Literature in Scotland' which has a biographical interest. It shows that, in his preparation for the work of his professorship, he had been at pains to make himself thoroughly acquainted with all that had been already done by his fellow-countrymen in the special field in which he had been called to labour. He goes over the brief but honourable list of Scottish Biblical scholars—in which his own name was by-and-by to be written—and estimates the worth of the work which each of them accomplished. He dwells

with pride on the special advantages which Scotchmen possess as students of the Bible; and he speaks—not without a pathos, which shows that he speaks from experience—of the disadvantages under which they labour. ‘These arise chiefly from our early training. . . . Students may come to our colleges with almost no preparatory training in Latin or Greek. To accommodate them junior classes are formed, which are exercised in lessons fit only for a country grammar school. . . . How few trained in our colleges are guided onwards to the authors who used the later Greek after its older dialectic features had been obliterated, and are thus prepared for understanding the nature of that tongue, still further modified by becoming the organ of Hebrew thoughts, when used by evangelists and apostles. The use of the Greek Testament so early in our schools and colleges prevents the students from comprehending its special idiom, or its distinctive classic style. And even in a senior Greek class, how seldom are the higher objects of philology studied, or those niceties pointed out on which Müller or Hermann might dwell with rapture! . . . Let an end be put to the indiscriminate admission of young men to our colleges without examination, and to the hurry with which they are thrust through their academical studies. . . . The neglect of the study of Hebrew with us is still more to be deplored. The tongue of Abraham has received the treatment of his children—it has been branded and virtually proscribed. To know it of yore was reckoned an ominous marvel. Its supposed difficulties led many to cultivate a speedy mode of acquiring it. What was gained in time was lost in

'value, and Hebrew learning became almost extinct in 'the popularity of the system of Masclef, Parkhurst, 'and Wilson.' Speaking of disadvantages of another kind, he says, 'It is also to be borne in mind that the 'pastorate in Scotland is an office of constant labour 'and anxiety, and that no rich benefices or virtual 'sinecures afford to the studious the means of genteel 'retirement. Canonries and prebendal stalls we have 'not; colleges with a cluster of rich benefices are not 'found with us. The cares of a congregation are in 'general enough to occupy a minister's attention, so 'that, as some one has remarked, it is to the honour of 'Scotland that her churches have produced no pro-'digies of erudition.' In the 32nd number (February, 1852) he gives, under the title of 'The Literature of 'the New Testament,' a comprehensive synopsis of the results which have been attained in that department of his chosen science which is technically styled 'Introduction.' In the number for August, 1853, he deals with a less popular branch of the science. Dr. Samuel Davidson's volumes on Biblical Criticism had just appeared, and in reviewing them, Eadie succeeds in thoroughly interesting the general reader in a discussion of the text of Scripture.

So late as August, 1860, he appears as a contributor to the same Review (No. LXV.) and gives a most interesting survey of the life and work of Dr. John Brown. In this article the reader recognizes, along with an unabated interest in, and a growing acquaintance with Biblical Literature, a taste for another department, that of Ecclesiastical Biography. The same dramatic power, enabling him to realize circumstances and surroundings, which was one of his special qualifica-



tions as an interpreter of Scripture, gave him peculiar aptitude as a biographer and biographical essayist. He contributed a paper on Chrysostom, to the second number of 'The Journal of Sacred Literature' (April, 1848), which reminds the reader of the manner in which great churchmen are made to live again on the pages of Sir James Stephen. The career of the golden-mouthed preacher of Antioch and Constantinople—his early conflicts—his elevation to the highest dignity of the Eastern church—his exile and melancholy death—are sketched with graphic power; while his character is portrayed with an artist's hand, and his place in the development of Christian doctrine is estimated with the ability of a trained theologian. When it was proposed to commemorate the union of the Secession and Relief Churches by the publication of the series entitled 'The United Presbyterian Fathers,' Eadie was asked to write the life of Wilson, and produced the book extracts from which have already been given on these pages. He furnished a sketch of character for Dr. Ryland's Life of Kitto; and subsequently, at the request of Kitto's representatives, he prepared a new biography, which has done more than the larger work could ever have accomplished to make the remarkable story of the deaf scholar's life known to his countrymen. In 1857 a Glasgow publisher projected an Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography. Besides a general and a corresponding editor there were editors and superintendents of five different departments. Eadie undertook the charge of Ecclesiastical Biography, and, both as an editor and as the writer of a large number of the articles in his department, acquitted himself well. Any one who examines the book will

acknowledge that, while no thinker or worker in the history of the church, whose name is worthy of preservation, has been overlooked, the relative merits of the greater names have been carefully estimated, and thus a due proportion has been maintained. Those who read the articles bearing the signature 'J. E.' will feel that, however brief the space at the disposal of the writer, he makes it sufficient for giving a real biography—an actual glimpse into a man's life and work.

In connection with this book an anecdote has been preserved which shows that the love of innocent mischief, which we have seen in the Alva boy, had not entirely died out of the grave theologian. The corresponding editor during the publication of the greater part of the Dictionary was Mr. John Service, a student of Theology in connection with the Established Church.<sup>1</sup> The relation between the head of the ecclesiastical department and the corresponding editor became specially intimate and genial, and their church differences were often the subject of kindly banter. It happened that an article on John Knox, which Dr. Eadie had written, was not sent in till after the rest of the material for the number in which it was to appear had passed through Mr. Service's hands. He had left instructions that the article was to be inserted at its proper place, when the corrected proof was returned from the author. An accident led Mr. Service to the printing office just as the sheet containing the article, which had by this time been stereotyped, was going to press. The "reader" asked

<sup>1</sup> Now the Rev. Dr. Service, minister of Inch, author of 'Salvation Here and Hereafter,' &c.

him if his attention had been called to a remarkable paragraph. On looking at it, the corresponding editor found to his dismay that, after telling how Knox strove to rescue from the grasp of the greedy nobles as large a proportion as possible of the church lands for the endowment of the Protestant Kirk, Dr. Eadie had added the words :—‘ a thing for which John Service ought to be eternally grateful to John Knox.’ He had of course expected that Mr. Service in revising the proofs would discover and delete the lines. If they had appeared, most readers would have passed them over without noticing that there was anything peculiar; others would have credited the author with an allusion too recondite for their knowledge of Scottish church history; while a very few would have been perplexed as to what ‘ J. E.’ could possibly mean.

His occasional contributions to periodical and biographical literature are sufficient to prove that, if our writer had chosen literature proper as his vocation, he would have excelled. If, in 1832, the editor of the ‘ Edinburgh Review ’ had accepted the proffered contribution of the struggling student of theology, it is difficult to say how far the success would have affected Eadie’s future. He had certainly some of the qualifications requisite to make an accomplished essayist and reviewer. The vast stores of knowledge accumulated through constant, rapid, and varied reading, and the readiness of memory which made these stores always available, would have served him well in that department of work. Indeed some of his papers show a richness of style, and a luxuriance of literary allusion, that remind the reader of the earlier efforts of some of our master essayists. But it was in a very different region

that he was destined to work. He was content for the most part to devote his energies to the production of a class of works which do not often reward their author with the crown of literary fame. His principal books—those on which his reputation must rest, were all written to advance biblical knowledge. They fall to be divided into two classes—the more popular and the more scientific. In one of his prefaces he says: ‘Occupying, as I do, a double position in the church, that of a pastor, and that of a teacher of theology, I have humbly endeavoured to suit my literary labours to this twofold function. As a professor in a theological seminary, I have given to the world some treatises of an academic character; but as a minister, I have greatly rejoiced in the opportunity of publishing other works of less pretension—but of far wider circulation—adapted in some measure to our homes and schools.’

In his very earliest volume, which appeared in 1839, he was content to occupy the position of a condenser of ‘Cruden’s Concordance’; and, even in this humble capacity, it seems to have been thought necessary that his work should be vouched for, in an introductory essay by Dr. David King, who was then one of the most popular preachers and platform speakers in Glasgow. It was not inappropriate that he should thus begin his career as an author by putting within reach of the multitude such an instrument of biblical study; for, in his work as an expositor, he always recognised it as one of the first principles of exegesis that Scripture is its own best interpreter. In his teaching—from the pulpit, from the chair, and from the press—he ever sought to encourage the habit of a careful

comparison of Scripture with Scripture. It is interesting to note the fact that this unpretentious volume, in which he 'began to take the lowest room,' has carried his name farther and wider than any of his later books. It has reached its forty-third edition, 215,000 copies having been issued. It is to be found on cottage shelves, and in the hands of multitudes of Sunday school teachers, and the possession of it has come to be an object of ambition with the more eager of their scholars.

'The 'Concordance' was the first of a series of kindred works, having for their object the diffusion of accurate Scripture knowledge. The second of the series, which appeared in 1848, was the 'Biblical Cyclopædia.' At the end of thirty years that volume still maintains the place which it early won, as unquestionably the best dictionary of the Bible in popular form, and at such a price as to place it within easy reach of the multitude. It was originally published on the basis of an American work—the 'Union Bible Dictionary,' but even then it could 'almost claim to be a new production.' It is asserted in the preface that 'every article of any importance 'has either been rewritten or altered, retouched or 'greatly extended; for about two-thirds of additional 'matter has been added. More than one hundred 'original articles are also interspersed through the 'work in their appropriate places.' After referring to Calmet's 'Dictionnaire de la Bible,' Kitto's 'Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature,' and Winer's 'Real-Wörterbuch,' Dr. Eadie adds, 'These three publications are 'meant for the learned world. Our object is different. 'We have edited for the people. Our idea has been

‘to give a popular view of biblical subjects upon an accurate and scientific basis—embodying the results, but usually dispensing with the forms of learning and criticism. The accomplishment of such a purpose is not altogether incompatible with deep and extended investigation; and the necessary toil and research have been to us a relished occupation—a “labour of love,” amidst the severer duties of more strictly professional pursuits.’ That the book supplied a want was attested by the fact that it very speedily attained to popularity. The first edition of 2,000 copies was exhausted within a few months, and by 1869 it had attained a circulation of 24,000. As each successive edition appeared, the author endeavoured to keep it abreast with the ever-augmenting biblical knowledge of the time, by such alterations as could be made on a stereotyped work. But feeling himself greatly hampered, and being desirous of making the book yet more worthy of its established reputation, he induced the publishers to reissue it in a new form in 1869. Every vestige of the American work now disappeared, and very many of his own articles were entirely rewritten. It has now reached its nineteenth edition, and thirty-fourth thousand. The correctness of the revised ‘Cyclopædia,’ in one of its departments, was, soon after its appearance, subjected to a somewhat crucial test. When Dr. Eadie visited Egypt and Palestine in 1870, in company with four clerical friends, of whom the present writer was one, the book was carried with us, and constantly referred to in all our journeyings. We had every disposition to discover blunders, that we might have opportunity of good-humoured banter

at the author's expense ; but we were never able to find him halting. Our visits to the scenes described only served to verify his descriptions. When any topographical or historical discussion arose during a day's ride, it was generally agreed to refer the question in dispute to the 'Cyclopædia' ; and it did sometimes happen that when the volume was produced in the tent after our evening meal, its decision was against the opinion which had been stoutly maintained by its author in the day's debate. An abridged edition of the 'Cyclopædia,' under the title 'Dictionary of the Bible,' was prepared and published for the special use of children.

The third volume of this popular series was issued in 1856. It was entitled 'An Analytical Concordance to the Holy Scriptures ; or, the Bible presented under distinct or classified heads or topics.' The basis of the work was 'The Analysis of the Bible,' by Matthew Talbot of Leeds, published at the beginning of the present century. Dr. Eadie says in his preface, 'We honestly award him the credit of the original production. But it is not a new edition of Talbot, such as that which West has recently given in his own name. What we mean is, that Talbot's collection suggested the idea, and has guided us both in sections and verses ; so that if he has selected the right verses in any place we take them. . . . Still, in almost every section we have been obliged to add, or subtract, or change. Talbot has thirty general headings, we have forty-two. Yet we do not claim the merit of a wholly new production ; for certainly, had we not been preceded by Talbot, we should never have entered upon the work at all.' The nature of the

work may be best illustrated by an analysis of its first chapter, which bear the general title 'Agriculture.' Under this head we have all the passages of Scripture printed in full which refer to 'Distribution of land,' 'Tenure,' 'Transfer of land,' under Jewish law and under ancient charters, 'Soil of Canaan,' 'Agrarian enactments,' 'Cultivation,' 'Ploughing,' 'Sowing,' 'Plenty,' 'Reaping and harvest,' 'Gleaning,' 'Threshing,' 'Grass,' "Other products of the field, 'Failure of the crops,' 'Instances of famine,' 'Means against famine,' 'Unreclaimed land,' and 'Noxious vegetation.' The author expresses his belief that his book 'will save time and trouble to the inquirer'; yet he counsels 'the continuous consultation of the Scriptures themselves, and of the verses in their original connection; for there is a living unity in the Bible amid all its diversity, and it is with it as with the minerals in the globe, which present a more glorious order in the respective positions in which nature has placed them, than when artificially arranged on the shelves of a cabinet.

The fourth and concluding volume of the series is 'The Ecclesiastical Cyclopædia; or, Dictionary of Christian Antiquities and Sects,' which made its appearance in 1861. In the preface the author says, 'The sphere of this volume is different from that of its three predecessors. It refers not primarily to biblical, but to ecclesiastical matters—to theology as found in the various sections of the church—to the peculiar customs and canons of primitive times—to fathers and councils—to schisms and heresies—to mediæval ceremonies and institutions—and to the origin and growth of more modern religious parties,



'and the characteristic elements of their history and progress. A great body of curious and useful information will be found in it, gathered from an immense variety of sources and authorities. Special attention has been given to what are termed Church Antiquities; and many articles on points of present and more ancient Scottish ecclesiastical usage have been inserted for the benefit of English and foreign readers. Impartial statements have been given of the doctrine and government of what are called evangelical bodies. The theology of Arminianism and Calvinism has been treated historically and not polemically. Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Independent, Baptist, and Pædobaptist, has each stated his own case, and spoken in his own defence, without hindrance or objection—a statement of the argument being generally taken from the works of well known or representative men in these various communions.' The book was not entirely original, rather less than a third of the 1,500 articles which it contains being either taken from the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana' which had become the property of the publishers of Dr. Eadie's series, or furnished by other contributors.

It may seem strange to some that a man of Dr. Eadie's acknowledged power should have devoted so much time to the publication of such books as those we have been enumerating. He was qualified for the highest kind of service in his department, and yet he was willing to toil as 'a hewer of wood and a drawer of water.' But this kind of work did not really cost him much labour. He regarded it as a recreation. Everything necessary for the popular illustration of Scripture was ready to his hand, and could be used

without effort. Even if the effort had been greater, the success he achieved, and the place he won on cottage shelves, would have rewarded him. It is now recognized that rudimentary or popular instruction in any department of knowledge is given most successfully by those who have a place among the masters of that department. A less accomplished biblical scholar might have laboriously prepared popular works on the same plan as those which Eadie edited, but his productions would not have been distinguished for the same remarkable accuracy, nor would they have had the charm which our author's thorough mastery of his subject gave even to his Cyclopædias.

During the years over which the publication of this series extended, the author found time to prepare a considerable number of other books, which had for their object popular religious instruction. In 1847 he wrote for the benefit of the children of the Church a series of papers on the Bible, which appeared on the pages of the 'Juvenile Missionary Magazine,' and were collected and published at the beginning of the following year, under the title, 'Lectures on the Bible to the Young, for their instruction and excitement.' In 1851 he edited a Family Bible, with selections from the Commentaries of Scott and Henry, suitable for reading at social worship, and wrote for it an introductory essay, besides prefaces to the several books of the Bible. This volume had reached in 1873 a circulation of 200,000 copies. In 1848 a reissue of the volume of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana' on 'Early Oriental History' appeared under Dr. Eadie's editor-

ship. Full use was made of the material found in the former issue, but the larger part of the volume, 'containing not only common history, but also an 'account of the social antiquities, religion, and 'language of these ancient countries,' was contributed by the editor.

When the first of his commentaries appeared great disappointment was expressed by the good people of Cambridge Street—some of whom had bought the work—that it was utterly unintelligible to them. He was touched by the attachment which their very grumblings betokened, and prepared for their special benefit a volume of discourses. Some of these had been spoken from the pulpit, but several of them were specially prepared with a view to this publication. They are varied in form: we find among them 'an argument,' 'a soliloquy,' 'a lecture,' 'a meditation,' 'an exposition,' 'detached annotations,' and 'an appeal.' From its pervading theme the volume is entitled 'The Divine Love.' It appeared in 1855, with a dedication to the session, managers, and members of Cambridge Street Church, 'as a 'memorial of past services, a pledge of mutual attachment, as well as a token of his interest in them, 'and his earnest prayer for them that the love of 'God may be shed abroad in their hearts, that they 'may love the Lord Jesus, and love one another according to the new commandment.' Four years later he published another volume of discourses for popular reading. It was entitled 'Paul the Preacher, and consisted of practical expositions of the speeches of the great apostle recorded in the book of Acts. This is one of the least known, but it is certainly

not the least interesting of his books. It illustrates well that dramatic power which made him so successful an interpreter of Scripture. The pictures of the apostle are singularly real and vivid, while the wealth of allusion in the expositions reveals how varied and how full were the author's stores of information.

Dr. Eadie's fertile pen was often in requisition to introduce, by memorial sketches of their authors, the sermons of deceased ministers of his own denomination, and republications of such works as Alexander's 'Commentary on Isaiah.' and Dr. Pye Smith's 'Scripture Testimony.' He prefaced an edition of Fleetwood's 'Life of Christ,' with an 'Essay on the Distinctive Characteristics of the Four Gospels;' he prefixed an 'Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland' to a new edition of Tytler's History; and he wrote the chapter devoted to the history of the Secession Church, in his friend Dr. James Taylor's 'Pictorial History of Scotland.' The chapter is, in its way, a model of clear and vigorous narrative. Nowhere else can the reader find in so short compass so intelligible an account of the origin of Presbyterian dissent in Scotland. The first and last edition of Kitto's 'Cyclopædia,' and Fairbairn's 'Bible Dictionary,' included numerous contributions by Dr. Eadie. At the time of his death he was engaged in the preparation of a book on Hebrew antiquities as illustrative of Scripture. It had occupied him at intervals for a considerable number of years, and was left unfinished. The Rev. John C. Jackson of Glasgow has completed this work, and superintended its publication.

It was very seldom that Dr. Eadie entered the arena of controversy. The contendings of his student-days, and the unsuccessful attempt to resuscitate the 'Voluntary Church Magazine' seem to have exhausted his love of fighting. When any important vote in Presbytery or Synod was impending, the leaders on the side of the question in dispute with which he was known to sympathize, found it no easy matter to bring him to the front. His influence was such that a few extemporaneous words from his lips were more influential on a division than the laboured eloquence of most men; but, as one who often addressed himself to the heavy task expressed it, 'he was a great gun, but the labour of dragging him into position was terrible.' There was one controversy, however, in which he is remembered to have taken part spontaneously. In the year 1850, when Mr. Stuart Wortley's Bill, which proposed to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, was before Parliament, the great majority of the Presbyterian leaders were engaged in an agitation to prevent its passing into law. To the astonishment of all his friends Eadie appeared among the combatants, and addressed a long letter to the newspapers, in which he examined the arguments advanced by the opponents of the measure. The letter revealed the secret of his unwonted willingness to take part in controversy. He had no special enthusiasm for the alteration of the existing law, though he deemed it unjust. 'Of the expediency of Mr. Wortley's Bill, I shall only say, that so long as the general feeling of the people of Scotland remains so keenly against it, it can scarcely be productive

‘of good. Laws which have created and regulated ‘national habits and domestic usages, should only ‘be repealed in cases of imperious necessity.’ But a question of Scripture interpretation was involved. He could not be silent when the Mosaic law of marriage was appealed to as of moral obligation, and when moreover, that law was expounded as prohibiting an alliance which he believed it permitted. The letter was eagerly laid hold of, and thrown into the form of a pamphlet, by the promoters of the proposed legislation. It remains to this day one of the choicest weapons in the armoury of the Marriage Law Reform Association.

It is matter of congratulation that, while Dr. Eadie laboured in the cause of popular instruction, he was able from time to time to make contributions to the scientific exposition of Scripture. In 1854 his ‘Commentary on the Greek Text of the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians’ was given to the world. This was followed by Commentaries on Colossians in 1856, on Philippians in 1859, and on Galatians in 1869. A similar work on the Epistles to the Thessalonians, which he left ready for the press, has appeared since his death, under the careful editorship of the Rev. William Young.

It was his object in these works to present to the student ‘a concise but full exposition’ of the Epistles of which they treat. He first of all sets himself to inquire into the grammatical meaning of the Apostle’s language. Nothing that the careful and unwearied study of lexicon and grammar could accomplish was wanting in this department. ‘As,’ he says, ‘the purity of exegesis depends on the soundness of

‘grammatical investigation, I have spared no pains in the prior process, so that I might arrive at a satisfactory result.’ Bishop Ellicott says, with reference to the volume on Ephesians, ‘I do not think the grammatical portion of the Commentary is by any means so well executed as the exegetical;’ and he repeats the remark in another form, when he notices the kindred work on Colossians. Dr. Eadie seems to be conscious that there is some measure of justice in the criticism, for while refusing to acquiesce in many of the corrections made by his friendly censor, he yet reminds him ‘that in Scotland every Greek scholar is, and must be, self-taught, since at our northern universities we get little Latin, and less Greek, and enjoy no leisurely fellowships.’ Those who look carefully into the grammatical analysis, which forms the basis of these commentaries, will probably be disposed to think that it was not necessary for the Scottish scholar to apologize in such terms for its deficiencies. It may not be characterized by the exactness which is only attained by those who enjoy ‘the privilege of early and minute tuition,’ but it is unquestionably the production of an accomplished scholar, whose special study of New Testament Greek had been preceded by a wide and generous classical culture. It was known to Dr. Eadie’s friends that his ‘speciality’ was Latin. In his ready command of that language, and in the extent of his acquaintance with Latin authors, he had few superiors among the members of his own profession. If in Greek we cannot claim for him a place in the front rank, which is occupied by such men as Ellicott, Lightfoot, Jowett, and Westcott, it is sufficiently honourable to the

struggling Scottish student and hard-wrought city pastor that he comes so near them.

But it is unquestionable that Dr. Eadie's strength as an expositor of Scripture lies in his exegesis. In this department we claim for him no second place. What has already been spoken of as his dramatic power here comes into play. With singular facility he is able to realize the circumstances and surroundings of the writer and receivers of the epistles he expounds. Each letter becomes instinet with life and meaning, by reason of the lights which are thus let fall upon it. We seem to read it, looking over the shoulder of the amanuensis to whom the Apostle dictates it, or to be present at the meeting of the Church in Ephesus or Colosse when the scroll is first unrolled, and when the words of greeting, of warning, of encouragement, first fall upon the ears of those to whom they are addressed. We are thus made to realize the truth of Luther's saying, 'Paul's words are not dead words; they are living creatures, and have hands and feet.' Each commentary is prefaced by essays on the city or province to which the epistle was sent; on the history of the planting of the Church there, with notices of any special circumstances which had arisen at the time of the Apostle's writing; on the argument for the genuineness of the epistle; on the date and place of its composition; on its general scope and on its relation to other epistles. The epistle is thus presented in its appropriate framework; and help in elucidating the meaning of each successive clause is constantly sought by reference to the facts set forth in the introduction.

If Dr. Eadie's northern training placed him at a



disadvantage as a grammarian, it gave him special aptitude as an exegete. In proportion as our Scottish universities, of the time when he was an undergraduate, were weaker than their English sisters in philology, they were stronger in mental and ethical philosophy. He had received a careful training in logic and in metaphysics, which specially qualified him to follow the reasoning of the most logical of the Apostles, and to enter with sympathy into his most recondite discussions. He had a special taste for the study of mental science. This taste is only incidentally revealed in his writings; but it was well known to those who enjoyed the privilege of frequent conversation with him, that few men had read more widely in this department, and that few enjoyed more thoroughly, or could sustain more creditably, a metaphysical discussion. Nor should his theological training be omitted in the enumeration of his qualifications as an expositor of St. Paul. The type of our Scottish theology is so distinctively Pauline, that any one trained in our schools has a natural sympathy with the master mind from whom our system has come to us, by way of Hippo and Geneva. When this is combined, as it was in Dr. Eadie, with breadth of view and tolerance of spirit, it is no slight advantage to a commentator on those epistles in which a brother Apostle—whose culture had been less severe, and who was more occupied with how we should ‘fashion ourselves’ than with how we are fashioned—found ‘some things hard to be understood.’ Dr. Eadie seems to have been conscious of the advantage he possessed in this particular, for in one of his prefaces he says, ‘Successful exposition

‘demands, on the part of its writer, such a psychological oneness with the author expounded, as that his spirit is felt, his modes of conception mastered, and his style of presenting consecutive thought penetrated and realized.’

Dr. Eadie had, as a crowning qualification, a rare power of hard work. He grudged no labour in making himself acquainted with the whole literature of his subject. He says in his preface to Colossians, and it is equally true of all his expositions, ‘What others have written before me on the epistle I have carefully studied. Neither ancient nor modern commentators in any language have been neglected.’ The Greek fathers were pored over; the Syriac, Coptic, and Gothic versions were referred to; and the stores of German and English erudition were ransacked. He sat at his table surrounded with the wisdom of the ages which he had summoned to aid him in reaching the meaning of the lively oracles. Two reading stands, the style of which he had himself invented, stood to the right and left of his writing desk. They were circular in form and made to revolve, so that he could easily bring round to his eye the one of the multitude of open books that lay upon them, which he wished to consult. In the first of his Commentaries he fell into the natural error of adducing too many authorities, and burdening his pages with long lists of names. The mistake may almost be condoned for the sake of the beautiful illustration which, in his preface, he employs in justification of it, ‘The lamps which have guided me I have thus left burning for the benefit of those who may come after me in the hope of finding additional ore in the same precious and unexhausted mine.’ It was

nevertheless, a mistake ; for Bishop Ellicott, who makes this peculiarity the subject of repeated stricture—pointing out that ‘in some cases Dr. Eadie’s authorities ‘occupy five full lines of his commentary’—justly remarks, ‘that the authors thus huddled together often ‘introduce such countervailing statements as make their ‘collective opinion anything but unanimous.’ In subsequent works Dr. Eadie abandoned the custom, ‘except in cases of momentous difficulty, or where ‘some peculiar interpretation has been adduced.’

One unfortunate result of his having adopted it, was to create in the minds of those who examined his work superficially an inadequate estimate of its value. They were apt to think, when they saw his pages thus bristling with names, that he was a mere compiler, and that it would be vain to come to him for anything like original interpretation. No first impression, with regard to an author, could be more incorrect. He never let his ‘weight of learning’ impede the exercise of his own judgment. He never bowed to the mere authority of names. The list, occupying ‘five full lines,’ to which Ellicott makes reference, is adduced in support of an interpretation which is nevertheless rejected. In expounding books which have been open to the scrutiny of the Church for eighteen hundred years, and which have been studied by her most accomplished scholars in all ages of her history, it is, of course, not to be expected that any modern commentator can often adduce absolutely original interpretations. Nor is it desirable that he should make it his aim to do so. There would be no great advantage, for example, in having another added to the 243 interpretations of Galatians iii. 20. A

commentator fairly merits the praise of originality if, having studied and classified the opinions of the great masters of exegesis, he honestly seeks to free his mind from any bias in favour either of schools of interpretation or schools of theology, and, in view of the grammatical construction, the circumstances of writing, the known bent of the author's mind, and the obvious drift of his argument, arrives at an interpretation of his meaning which he is able clearly to state and intelligently to defend. To this praise Dr. Eadie is confessedly entitled. There is a freshness in his style which proves that though he was surrounded with the masters, he was not in bondage to any of them. And he is not afraid, when occasion calls, to offer for our acceptance an interpretation which has not been hinted at by any of his predecessors. His exposition of the peculiar phrase, 'the prince of the power of the air' (Eph. ii. 2) may be referred to as an example of strictly original exegesis, which, even if it is not accepted, cannot fail to interest the student.

But his power as an expositor is best illustrated by the manner in which he deals with such passages as Phil. ii. 5-12. He first of all ascertains what is the apostle's purpose in unfolding the record of our Lord's incarnation, humiliation, and exaltation. Having shown that his 'purpose is in no sense polemical,' but that it is practical—the mysteries of Christian doctrine being here set forth to enforce and exemplify exhortations to lowliness of mind and unselfishness of spirit—he proceeds, in the light of that purpose, to examine the passage clause by clause and word by word. The whole exposition is a fine example of commentary, which combines successfully what some

think it impossible for any one expositor to combine—minute philological and grammatical scrutiny of words and phrases, clear statement and judicious estimate of conflicting opinion, sound doctrinal discussion, and recognition of the practical aspects of Christian dogma.

Once and again in his prefaces Dr. Eadie 'bespeaks 'indulgence, on account of the continuous and absorbing duties of a numerous city charge.' But it seems questionable whether it was not rather an advantage than a disadvantage, that these commentaries were prepared in the midst of the engrossing labours of the pastorate. If sympathy with an author is a prime qualification for expounding him, then the working pastor who has the requisite scholarship, and the self-sacrifice 'to scorn delights and live laborious days,' should be a better exponent of St. Paul's epistles than the man who is in the enjoyment of learned leisure. These epistles were written by one upon whom there came daily the care of all the churches. They are not careful abstract treatises, but practical letters, sent to meet exigencies, to defend doctrines which were assailed, to enforce neglected duties, and to correct irregularities in worship or in government. Some of the most serious blunders which have been made by their expounders may be traced to forgetfulness of this characteristic. Statements that were well understood by those to whom they were first addressed, as conveying a temporary and limited meaning, have been read as declarations of absolute and exhaustive truth. The working pastor is likelier to avoid such blunders than the retired

student. He is more in sympathy with the hard-wrought apostle who wrote, and the living churches who first read these letters. A man whose daily calling leads him to expound St. Paul's teaching to simple men and women, for their comfort in the trials, and their guidance in the duties of life, will probably see farther into the heart of that teaching than one who merely subjects it to cold analysis, with the aid of lexicon and grammar.

In his earlier volumes Dr. Eadie occasionally permitted some traces of the pulpit to appear on his pages. When he found himself on the familiar field of an oft-lectured passage, or when he was called to explain a verse which had been the text of a favourite sermon, it seems at first to have been difficult for him to resist the temptation to fall into the rhythm of popular discourse, or reproduce illustrations which were better fitted for spoken utterances than for scientific commentary. Speaking of the volume on Ephesians, Bishop Ellicott acknowledges that he has 'in many cases felt himself edified by the devoutness and not unfrequently the eloquence of the expositions;' but with reference to Colossians he complains that 'the doctrinal passages are not always discussed with that calm precision and dignified simplicity of language which these subjects seem to require and suggest.' In the preparation of subsequent volumes, our author placed himself under greater restraint in this particular. He confined himself more strictly to simple exposition. In the Commentary on Galatians he introduced, with great success, an occasional *Excursus* on some of the more interesting questions suggested by the epistle. He gives dissertations on

patristic and modern theories with regard to the 'Brothers of our Lord'; on 'Paul and Peter at Antioch,' and the correspondence between Jerome and Augustine on the subject; on the 'Thorn in the flesh'; and on the 'Visits of the apostle to Jerusalem.' This feature, borrowed from the commentaries of Jowett and others, added greatly to the interest of the expositions. In the posthumous volume on Thessalonians there is only one such dissertation—that on the 'Man of Sin'—in which the all but universal Protestant belief, that the epithet is meant to designate the Pope, is courageously and vigorously assailed. But the learned editor finds in the manuscript indications that Dr. Eadie contemplated adding other two essays—one on the 'Resurrection,' and the other on the 'Second Advent.' It is touching to note the themes which he left undiscussed, but which were doubtless occupying his mind when he was called himself to enter into the mystery of the future.

In addition to the work on Thessalonians, he had nearly completed an Exposition of the Epistle of St. James. Had it been in such a state as to warrant its publication, the student of his works would have been interested in seeing how a mind, which had so long familiarized itself with St. Paul, dealt with St. James' widely different modes of thought.

The Pauline commentaries have won for their author an honourable place among biblical scholars. In Scotland that place is in the front rank. Indeed, it is impossible to name any Scottish divine to whom we can assign an equal position in the same department. We have among us some whose scholarship is probably more exact, and who have gone deeper than Dr.

Eadie into questions of biblical criticism; but we have no one who has shown, to the same extent, that combination of qualities which is necessary to make a successful expositor, or who has produced so much excellent work. The series of exegetical books in the publication of which Dr. John Brown 'brought forth fruit in old age,' is a noble monument of sanctified scholarship, wide reading and unwearied labour; but the volumes included in it are weighted with a burden of matter, which, however admirably adapted to the pulpit, is apt to repel the student of pure exegesis. Dr. James Morison's monograph on the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, though revealing a fine scholarship and a singular acuteness, is too polemical to retain any place, except among the disused weapons and the battered armour of forgotten controversies. His commentaries on the third chapter of the same epistle, and on St. Matthew's Gospel have shown that he possesses power to render more permanent service as an expositor of Scripture. Dr. Macknight, Principals Campbell and Fairbairn, Professors Lindsay, Alexander, and Roberts will always be named with honour among the biblical scholars of Scotland; but none of them has the comprehensive grasp by which Eadie was distinguished. We can only speak of him, indeed, from what he has done as an expositor of Paul. The position he might have taken among interpreters of the Old Testament must be mere matter of conjecture; but none of his contemporaries in the northern kingdom have greatly signalized themselves in that interesting field. All who came within the range of Professor Weir's influence unite in regretting that he passed away without leaving any book



by which the church at large might have obtained deeper insight into the meaning of the Hebrew Scriptures. It may be hoped, however, from the eminence already attained by some younger occupants of Hebrew chairs, that, in the near future, Scotland may yet win renown in the department of sacred study to which their acumen and scholarship are specially devoted.

Even in England, where such scholars as those already named represent schools of interpretation which bid fair to rival the famous schools of Germany, Dr. Eadie has an acknowledged place. His volumes always obtain honourable mention, and his decisions are carefully considered. Bishop Ellicott, to whose friendly strictures reference has been made, never fails to accord to him the praise of learning. He says of the volume on Ephesians, 'I can heartily and conscientiously recommend this commentary as both 'judicious and comprehensive, and as a great and 'important addition to the exegetical labours of this 'country.' Of the volume on Colossians he says, 'Most of the exegetical portion is extremely good, 'nor will any reader rise from the study of this 'learned, earnest, and not unfrequently eloquent volume, unimproved, either in head or in heart.'

Dr. Eadie's labours in the cause of Scripture illustration—which he divided into two departments, the more popular and the more scientific—were appropriately crowned by the publication of 'the English Bible: an External and Critical History of the various English Translations of Scripture, with remarks on the need of revising the English New Testament.' This book addresses itself to both of the classes he had contemplated separately in the preparation of

previous works. It is popular in form, and may be read with interest by all, while its vast research, and its original discussions, make it a welcome addition to the libraries of the learned. The circumstances under which it was written, and its relation to his work as a member of the Revision Company, will be referred to in a future chapter. It seemed necessary, meanwhile, to close the chapter which has been occupied with his literary work, by making mention of this crowning achievement of his laborious and fruitful life.

## CHAPTER VII.

## PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS AND PERSONAL HISTORY.

Method in his Work—General Reading—Intercourse with Friends—  
 Early Companions—‘Garnethill Presbytery’—Association with  
 Students—Synod Gatherings—Correspondence—Mr. Middleton  
 —His Second Marriage—Family Relations—Dr. Waugh—Mr.  
 Home—Correspondence—Period of Comparative Relaxation.

THOUGH Dr. Eadie had the threefold burden of pastoral, professorial, and literary labour, he never seemed oppressed; he bore it easily, and without apparent effort. No one ever found him bustled or flurried. He was always ready to welcome a visitor, or to undertake a brotherly service. He had a rare power of methodizing his work, without laying down rigid rules. During the earlier years of his ministry, he wrought far into the night; but latterly, he rose early and confined his work in his study to the forenoon and early evening, devoting the afternoon to visitation and other out-door engagements, and the later evening to social relaxation or general reading. He was exceedingly punctual, being more impatient of the loss of minutes than most men are of the loss of hours. It was said that the people who lived along the line of road, between his house in Lansdowne Crescent

and Cambridge Street Church, were accustomed to watch for his passing that they might regulate their clocks. When he was interrupted in the midst of his work it did not greatly disturb him. He could take up the thread of a subject at the point where he had laid it down, without any flutter or anxiety. It was his habit to choose the text of his next sermon on the Sunday evening, and to plan and arrange it in his mind at intervals during the week, devoting the whole of Saturday to final preparation for the pulpit.

His method and his economy of time were such, that he was able to take more relaxation than many who do not accomplish a third of his work. His reading was never exclusively professional. He had an un-failing delight in the great English classics, and an extent of acquaintance with them, altogether unsuspected by those who met him casually, but which made his conversation very delightful to his chosen friends. He read all the more noteworthy books of each season, and was able to give his verdict on the merits even of the principal novels which had appeared. But no recent writer of fiction ever displaced Sir Walter Scott from the pre-eminent position he had early won in his esteem. The 'Antiquary' was a special favourite, and was read very frequently.

He found time also for pleasant intercourse with his friends. Some of his early college companions remained his intimate associates, and, whenever they found it convenient to leave their country manses to visit the great city, they were sure of a hearty welcome in the Professor's house. We have seen how one of them, the Rev. John Russell of Bucklyvie, came to him in his great sorrow. In the preface to his commentary

on Colossians, the services of this friend, in revising the sheets and compiling an index, are gratefully acknowledged. Another early friend was the Rev. William Smith, of Bannockburn, a man of a rare and beautiful simplicity of character. He was an accomplished scholar, and almost equalled Eadie in the eagerness with which he devoured all manner of books. He was thus a specially welcome visitor, as often as he came to see his old friend, in whose eminence he rejoiced with an unselfish enthusiasm. He lost these two friends in the course of the same autumn (1858). A student whom he had sent from the Hall to preach for Mr. Smith, who had gone to Aberdeen for a week's holiday, returned to him on the Monday with the message that his friend had been drowned on the Saturday; and a few weeks later, another student, who had been sent to do duty at Bucklyvie, came back with the tidings that Mr. Russell, who had been for some time in infirm health, had died suddenly on the Sunday afternoon. These sad events produced a deep impression on Eadie's affectionate and peculiarly sensitive nature. He felt them the more that it was not his habit to reveal his emotion to casual observers. It had been arranged that he should conduct the service in the manse at Mr. Smith's funeral, but he pled that he had not sufficient command of himself to undertake the duty. About the time death robbed him of these two early friends, another fellow-student and frequent visitor, the Rev. John Duff, of Dalry, emigrated to Canada.

Eadie found much enjoyment and healthful relaxation in connection with an informal clerical club, of which he was a member. It was playfully named

'The Garnethill Presbytery,' because its meetings were held in an old villa on that eminence, occupied by the patriarch of the club, Dr. Beattie, of Gordon Street Church, who introduced Eadie to the kirk session of Cambridge Street on his ordination-day, and looked on him with paternal tenderness and pride ever after. He and the other members have been so well sketched already by the biographer of one of them,<sup>1</sup> that it is unnecessary to do more than note their names, which are familiar to all Scotchmen who take an interest in our church life. There were, besides the venerable president, Dr. John M'Farlane, afterwards of London, Dr. James Robertson, Dr. John Robson, and Mr. George Marshall Middleton, all of whom, with Eadie, have already gone over to the majority. Only Dr. James Taylor, now the Secretary of the Board of Education, and Dr. George Jeffrey, remain of the company of grave divines who were accustomed to meet and brace themselves for work with alternations of serious discussion, sparkling repartee, and happy laughter.

With the exception of Mr. Middleton, all the members of the so-called 'Presbytery' were either Eadie's seniors or his contemporaries. But he was specially accessible to, and found special pleasure in, the company of men younger than himself. His biographer deems it one of the greatest privileges of his life, that, while he was yet a student of theology, he was admitted to confidential friendship. He was not only assured of a hearty welcome for himself, when he went to his minister's house at the hour of the evening meal, when

<sup>1</sup> Memoir of John Macfarlane, LL.D., by William Graham, Liverpool.—Edin., 1876, pp. 146-150.

the long day's work was done; but had the assurance that the welcome would be doubly hearty if he took with him any fellow-student, or other lover of good men and good books. To describe one of these nights, which not unfrequently were mornings before they were ended, would be to picture Eadie at his best. In the company of his juniors, he seemed to feel himself young again. Without effort, or the least consciousness of unbending, he, who had climbed the heights and gained the honours of his profession, made himself one with us, who were only preparing for its duties. He encouraged us to tell him our student-stories, and he liked to hear those of us who had any gift that way, sing our student-songs. We could speak to him as frankly as we could speak to one another, of our theological speculations, our doubts and our perplexities. And when, banishing theology for the time, we talked of literature, it was no common enjoyment to see how his enthusiasm was kindled, as he was led to analyze one of Shakespeare's plays, to expatiate on the characteristics of the great Epic he could once repeat, to speak of the Essayists, or to reveal the delight he had in Burns, in Byron, or in Scott. There are at least one or two men who have life-long memories of the back parlour in Lansdowne Crescent, as the scene of no unimportant part of their education.

For several years, till he yielded to the importunity of his friends, Mr. and Miss Leckie, who pressed him to accept their hospitality during the meetings of Synod in Edinburgh, he lived with a number of ministers at the Bridge Hotel, in Princes Street. All the members of this club, except one, were his juniors, and most of them had been his students. On the

Friday of the first week, there was a special dinner, at which he presided, as long as he was a member, and at which afterwards he was always present as a guest. The genial historian of the Secession Church, the late Dr. Mackerrow, of Bridge of Teith, came regularly to the reunion, and we were generally honoured by the presence of the Moderator for the time being. But ordinary evenings were in some respects more memorable than the Friday. The nightly talks, in which the day's debates were sometimes reviewed, but which oftener passed into conversations on themes of wider and more enduring interest, were exceedingly enjoyable. Dr. Eadie had special delight in discussing some metaphysical or theological question with the late John Peden Bell, of Midmar, and in listening to the subtle argument and quaint illustration which came in involved sentences (uttered with curious jerks, and with many passings of the hand over the rebellious hair that would not lie still), from the singularly original mind which poured out its weekly treasures to a congregation of Aberdeenshire farmers, in a little barn-like kirk by the wayside, under the shadow of Benachie.<sup>1</sup>

At rare intervals he would seek relief from toil in a short holiday to the country with one or two of his intimate friends. I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Young for the following pleasant sketch of one of these holidays.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bell, who died in July, 1875, has left two volumes, 'Christian Sociology,' and 'Mercy as Conditioned by Righteousness,' as well as a Lecture on the Atonement delivered before the Christian Eclectic Association of Aberdeen, and published at their request.



‘ In the early summer of 1860, when we were all a  
‘ little fagged with work, and weary of our winter’s  
‘ confinement in the huge and grimy city, Dr. Eadie,  
‘ Dr. Taylor, and I resolved to have a few days’ outing,  
‘ and we bent our steps towards the region of the  
‘ Yarrow and St. Mary’s Loch. The incidents of the  
‘ trip are somewhat dim in my recollection now, but  
‘ they were extremely enjoyable at the time, and often  
‘ afterwards did Eadie advert to them with that kind  
‘ of boyish glee which was so characteristic of his  
‘ simple and genial nature. I don’t think the district  
‘ was known to him before, but he was familiar with  
‘ its associations, and of course Dr. Taylor knew every  
‘ foot of the ground, and was brimful of its historic  
‘ and traditionary lore. A schoolboy out on a holiday  
‘ could not have been more determined than Eadie was  
‘ to leave books and studies behind him, and to make  
‘ the most of a time of relaxation which he knew  
‘ could neither last long nor return often. Every  
‘ morning “Bright Phosphor rule the day” seemed to  
‘ mingle with his orisons; and even when Phosphor  
‘ failed, there was a wealth of inward sunshine about  
‘ him which shed its own brightness around us where-  
‘ ever we moved. Melrose and Abbotsford, I remem-  
‘ ber, lay in our way; and it seemed to me that,  
‘ while the old abbey deeply interested the scholar,  
‘ the heart of the man was far more touched as we  
‘ stood in the working-room of Sir Walter, where his  
‘ presence could still be almost felt. We passed on to  
‘ Selkirk, where, of course, memories of good Professor  
‘ Lawson, and of the Selkirk Hall—the humble meet-  
‘ ing-place of which in the session-house of the ven-  
‘ erable kirk was then extant—afforded no end of

‘ pleasant talk. Crossing the field of Philiphaugh, the  
‘ author of the “ Pictorial History ” was called upon to  
‘ reproduce for us the circumstances of Montrose’s  
‘ ruinous defeat, which he forthwith did *more suo*,  
‘ Eadie listening, as he always listened to such his-  
‘ torical recitals, with keen interest, and not scrupling  
‘ to meet the pictorial annalist on his own ground  
‘ with shrewd comment or correction. Then we went  
‘ up the Yarrow, where he *would* sing, though all un-  
‘ tunefully, about the “ Bluidie Tryste,” and the “ dowie  
‘ howms,” rejoicing as much in the simple old ballad  
‘ snatches he could recall, as in Wordsworth’s exquisite  
‘ idealization of the stream and its associations. Our  
‘ destination was St. Mary’s Loch, and, at the far end  
‘ of it, the rather illegitimate, but altogether comfort-  
‘ able hostelry of the famous Tibby Shiels. “ A bit  
‘ cosie bield is Tibby’s,” as the Shepherd says in one  
‘ of the *Noctes*; and such, at all events, we found it.  
‘ Tibby took to “ the Purfessor ” all at once, something,  
‘ I suppose, in his bigness, and simplicity, and hearti-  
‘ ness, reminding her of that other “ Purfessor ” whom,  
‘ in her earlier days, she had so often entertained.  
‘ *Our* Professor was a special care to Tibby, whether  
‘ for the moment the question was about the due air-  
‘ ing of his nether garments, drenched by a mountain  
‘ shower, or the arrangements necessary for his dinner,  
‘ or the measures to be taken for summoning the  
‘ neighbouring shepherds to hear his sermon on the  
‘ Sunday afternoon. The sermon was a great event in  
‘ the district. How it got so well advertised in so  
‘ short a space we never could quite understand; but  
‘ certainly, when the hour came, the hills and the dells  
‘ seemed to have sent their last man to the little chapel,

‘ all aware of the name and fame of the expected  
‘ preacher. There they were, shaggily but decently  
‘ homespun in aspect and attire, “maud” on shoulder  
‘ and crook in hand, with weather-beaten but sagacious  
‘ faces ; and the “dowgs ” seemed as numerous as their  
‘ masters, and were equally well-behaved. When  
‘ Eadie lounged in through the little side-door, and  
‘ heaved himself into the pulpit, and, brushing the  
‘ elf-locks from his brow, looked round him, with his  
‘ peering, half-humorous glance, as he proceeded to give  
‘ out the psalm, the impression produced upon his  
‘ audience was evidently mingled—half expectant, half  
‘ doubtful. He was not exactly clerical-looking, and  
‘ his manner was anything but conventional : but there  
‘ was a homely dignity about him, and indisputable  
‘ weight, and soon both gravity and unction began to  
‘ show themselves. When he announced his text—  
‘ “ How much then is a man better than a sheep ? ”—  
‘ perplexity struggled with a wondering interest, in  
‘ the upturned faces which dared not smile. Was the  
‘ speaker quizzing them, or needlessly coming down  
‘ to them ? or would he justify after all his singular  
‘ choice of a subject, and give them a sober, but fresh  
‘ and original discourse ? They were not held long in  
‘ suspense. As Eadie went on, following a line of  
‘ thought familiar to him, but lighting it up with  
‘ numerous illustrations drawn from the surrounding  
‘ scenery and the occupation of his hearers, attention  
‘ grew deeply fixed. The dignity and worth of man  
‘ was his theme—as made in the image of God ; as  
‘ endowed with reason, with conscience, with immor-  
‘ tality ; as redeemed by the great Son of Man from  
‘ the sin into which he had fallen ; as destined to

‘ everlasting glory. And as he pressed their human  
‘ responsibilities on the men before him, and urged  
‘ them to seek through Christ the true end of their  
‘ being, every eye was bent on him, and every coun-  
‘ tenance glowed with intelligent admiration. The  
‘ closing psalm was sung with Scottish solemnity and  
‘ fervour; and when the congregation was dismissed,  
‘ the hearty comments heard on every side from groups  
‘ which lingered for a little together before they broke  
‘ up to scatter among the hills, attested how thoroughly  
‘ the service had been enjoyed.

‘ We loitered a few days about Tibby’s—sauntering  
‘ along the roads, strolling by the shores of the beautiful  
‘ lake, or lying on the green sward of the hills, while  
‘ Eadie mused perhaps more than he talked, but was  
‘ always ready to listen when our legendary and his-  
‘ torical friend told us the story of some neighbouring  
‘ peel, or, taking a wider sweep into his chosen domain,  
‘ “expounded” the “Gowrie Conspiracy” or the  
‘ “Raid of Ruthven.” We crossed the hills, too, to the  
‘ Ettrick Valley, and made a pious pilgrimage to the  
‘ church and the manse and the grave of the author of  
‘ the “Fourfold State.” Then we came home by Moffat,  
‘ and Eadie went back to his work with no reluctance,  
‘ but with the zest of one whose sacred tasks were as  
‘ much a joy to him as his occasional hours of relaxa-  
‘ tion. Perhaps it would have been better for him, and  
‘ for us, had he slackened the bow more frequently.  
‘ This little trip, at all events, was one bright spot in  
‘ a life which had too few of them. The two of us  
‘ who survive will never, I am sure, forget it; and  
‘ often, in later years, Eadie would remind me, with  
‘ the little laugh which used to shake him all over, of

‘some half-forgotten incident of “the time when we  
‘were at Tibby’s.”’

It is unfortunate for his biographer that Dr. Eadie was not a letter-writer. Through the kindness of some of his intimate friends, who in their great love preserved every scrap of writing they ever received from him, I have been furnished with bundles of letters, but they are mostly business notes, written hurriedly, during the hour after breakfast which he devoted to this purpose, before beginning his work, and while his church-officer was waiting to take them to the post. It was very seldom that he turned the leaf of the sheet of note-paper on which he wrote. Some extracts from the few longer letters which have been preserved will serve to give the reader a glimpse into his life, at the period to which we have come, the closing years of his ministry in Cambridge Street.

TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

‘ISLE OF SKYE,  
‘PORTREE, 19th July.

‘CHILDREN,—Love to you from this far country,  
‘worse than Orkney in some parts. Got to it at  
‘three o’clock the second morning. It rained on  
‘Saturday, and I invested 2s. 6d. in a *sky*-blue um-  
‘brella. Had to preach three times on Sabbath; in the  
‘evening, by request of the captain, on board of Her  
‘Majesty’s ship “Porcupine,” lying in the bay. Several  
‘boatfuls of people went off too, and the quarterdeck  
‘was filled. So I gave the blue-jackets a word—not  
‘about the great sea-snake. Yesterday was at Qui-  
‘rang. Went away at seven, and came back at seven  
‘(sandwiches, &c. forgotten, and so did not taste, save

‘cigars and water, the whole day), after climbing the  
 ‘worst and most dangerous place ever I trod. Mr.  
 ‘Crawford stuck half-way. And what more shall I  
 ‘say? Here is a bit of heather from Flora Macdonald’s  
 ‘parish. . . .

‘The women here spin with the distaff as they walk  
 ‘to the peats. Do you, who are spinsters, know what  
 ‘that means? Alas! the young ladies of the present  
 ‘day are like Solomon’s lilies, “they toil not, neither  
 ‘do they spin.”’

To the REV. JAMES BROWN, at Bagnères de Bigorre.

‘13 LANSDOWNE CRESCENT,  
 ‘25 November [1861].

‘MY DEAR ST. JAMES,—I am glad to hear from you  
 ‘that you are so much better, and to see that you are  
 ‘in such good spirits. . . . On Saturday, at Paisley,  
 ‘there was a good attendance, about the whole member-  
 ‘ship, unless, perhaps, there might be strangers. Sabbath  
 ‘showed a capital congregation, collection £25. I came  
 ‘out strong about the poor in a great variety of eloquent  
 ‘ways, and spoke of you quite sublimely and touchingly  
 ‘to the earnest eyes of the people. As for news. . . .  
 ‘The Dictionary is as far as “Luther.” What think  
 ‘you of that? Wonders never cease. Maggie Eadie  
 ‘is to be married to-morrow. I have told her your  
 ‘address, so you may expect the cards. When  
 ‘you come back to Lansdowne Crescent, you will  
 ‘find all things unchanged, with the exception of the  
 ‘absence of the said Maggie, who absconds, goes off,  
 ‘and actually changes the famous name of her vene-  
 ‘rable sire. Too bad. The creature has got 85  
 ‘presents in prospect of repeating Ps. xlv. 10, a verse

‘ which does seem to clash with the fifth commandment.  
 ‘ I wonder no expositor has seen the difficulty, and  
 ‘ commented on it. It should be handed on to John  
 ‘ ———, or the author of “Essays and Reviews,” or Mr.  
 ‘ Bell of Midmar.

‘ It was a regular storm last night in Paisley, and  
 ‘ to-day in Glasgow—black, dismal, gusty, and rainy.  
 ‘ But I suppose it is fair in your Goshen, and sunny  
 ‘ and balmy and paradisaical. . . . It is too bad in  
 ‘ these Monsieurs to eat the birds; mice and snails are  
 ‘ good enough for them—too good for such gourmands.  
 ‘ The sparrows should build in their stomachs.’

His friend Mr. Middleton, the youngest member of  
 the ‘Garnethill Presbytery,’ was laid aside from duty  
 by heart disease, and was residing near Ballater, on  
 invalid’s furlough.

To the REV. GEORGE M. MIDDLETON.

‘ 13 LANSDOWNE CRESCENT,  
 ‘ Tuesday [1st July, 1862].

‘ MY DEAR SIR,—Though I have not written, I am  
 ‘ hearing of you from time to time. . . . I sup-  
 ‘ pose you are learning the value of patience, which, I  
 ‘ rather think, is one of the best of medicines for soul  
 ‘ and body. It is likely that the weather may have  
 ‘ retarded your convalescence, for the sun is not doing  
 ‘ his usual summer duty. Perhaps age is telling upon  
 ‘ him, or, it may be, the comets have got lazier, and  
 ‘ have not emptied into him a sufficient quantity of  
 ‘ fuel. It has been rather cold at night in these  
 ‘ southern latitudes; and probably more so at Balmoral,  
 ‘ especially when Royalty is absent and the court is  
 ‘ gone.

‘ . . . I think you told me you were reading  
 ‘ “O’Brien on Justification.” It is good, but tedious  
 ‘ in its recapitulations. The “Aids to Faith,” to which  
 ‘ you also referred, are good but unequal. Ellicott is  
 ‘ first-rate at all events.

‘ I have got a new volume of Davidson on the Old  
 ‘ Testament, in which he believes nothing, or next to  
 ‘ nothing, of the good old book; neither divine autho-  
 ‘ rity, nor Mosaic authorship, nor historical veracity,  
 ‘ nor spiritual creed.’ . . . .

*To the Same.*

‘ OFFICES OF UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,  
 ‘ EDINBURGH, 27 Aug. [1862], Wednesday.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,—I am very happy to have so long  
 ‘ and interesting an epistle from you. . . . A cheer-  
 ‘ ful hope has a calming power. His finger, touching the  
 ‘ fevered pulse, stayed of old its excited and fevered  
 ‘ agitation, and He is the Physician still. His right  
 ‘ hand has not lost its cunning, nor His bosom its wake-  
 ‘ ful and fervent sympathies. I know how easy it is  
 ‘ to preach resignation, but how difficult it is often to  
 ‘ feel it; not simply acquiescence, but conscious har-  
 ‘ mony of soul with God’s will and way. To a young  
 ‘ and eager spirit, having work and doing work, as in your  
 ‘ own case, months of involuntary inactivity must be  
 ‘ both a marvel, and, so far, a mystery. . . . .

‘ It is very good and royally kind of Her Majesty to  
 ‘ ask after you. Did you bow to the earth seven times,  
 ‘ as you returned a loyal and dutiful response? . . . .  
 ‘ Dr. Robson told me he had been north at your cot-  
 ‘ tage, and served a table in the parish church. Sad  
 ‘ degeneracy! . . . .



‘The Hall is much as usual in attendance and  
 ‘diversity of talents. It is not just so full as last  
 ‘session, there being on the whole ten less, as I am  
 ‘informed. I am reading Hosea, but it is awfully  
 ‘cramp Hebrew, and really doth require some pre-  
 ‘paration in teacher as well as taught. It is up-hill  
 ‘work.

‘I wonder that a man of your sense gives ear to  
 ‘such rumours about my journey to London. For I  
 ‘went up to see the exhibition, and set my watch by  
 ‘St. Paul’s. What a wondrous thing that exhibition  
 ‘is, drawn and collected from all ends of the earth,  
 ‘jewels and metals, woods and seeds, iron and gold,  
 ‘fabrics of all kinds and produce of all sorts, wools,  
 ‘from Australia and wines from Hungary, every  
 ‘species of armour and arms, silks and satins, machin-  
 ‘ery doing work ás if a living spirit dwelt in the  
 ‘wheels; along with the finest pictures of all schools  
 ‘and the loveliest statues that sculptor ever chiselled!  
 ‘Was not that sufficient attraction? especially to a  
 ‘man like me, who has a hat covering *all* his family,  
 ‘and who therefore would not like to barter away this  
 ‘independence very easily. *Vox populi*, on which you  
 ‘lay such stress, is not always *Vox Dei*; but, if it  
 ‘should, after all, turn out to be so, I shall accept  
 ‘your wishes and congratulations as modestly and  
 ‘becomingly as I can, considering my youth and  
 ‘inexperience. . . .’

In this letter Dr. Eadie virtually admits the truth of the rumour about which his friend had evidently written. In fact his second marriage was then near at hand. On the 8th of October, 1862, he was married at Berwick-on-Tweed to Mary Home,

the elder daughter of the venerable town-clerk of that ancient burgh. This union brought him into relation with a family which occupies a peculiarly honourable place in the annals of the United Presbyterian Church. His second wife was a grand-daughter of Dr. Alexander Waugh, of Wells Street Church, London, than whom Scottish Presbyterianism never had a nobler representative in the English Metropolis. He was the intimate friend of Rowland Hill, and one of the founders of the London Missionary Society; the framer of the article in its constitution which expresses its 'fundamental principle'—'that our design is not to 'send Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or 'any other form of church order and government ' (about which there may be a difference of opinion 'among serious persons), but the Glorious Gospel of 'the Blessed God to the heathen; and it shall be left ' (as it ought to be left) to the minds of the persons 'whom God may call into the fellowship of His Son 'from among them, to assume for themselves such form 'of Church government as to them shall appear most 'agreeable to the Word of God.'<sup>1</sup>

Eadie thus characterizes him, 'Dr. Waugh was not 'simply a consummate speaker, he was an orator. 'While he prepared sermons with care, and could 'deliver them with ease and effect, still he could, on 'the inspiration of the moment, throw off gleaming 'thoughts, and pour out streams of tenderness. He 'did not need, in such moods, to think continuously 'what he was to add, or to ponder prospectively how 'he was to get to a rounded conclusion. What next

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of the Rev. Alexander Waugh, D.D., by Drs. Hay and Belfrage. Edin., 1839, p. 153 of third edition.

‘to say never troubled him ; how to say it was born  
‘with him. Idea led on to idea, sentence linked  
‘itself with sentence, image rose after image, his  
‘eloquence baptized into the spirit of Christ, and his  
‘sermons as devout as other men’s prayers. His  
‘subject hurried him along, and he yielded to the  
‘impulse. Ordinary speakers, though they are good  
‘speakers, never venture far from shore, or lose sight  
‘of the headlands ; but orators such as Dr. Waugh  
‘fearlessly leave all known landmarks, and commit  
‘themselves to the deep, assured that they will neither  
‘sink nor lose their way, but can return at will after  
‘their adventurous wanderings. A great deal of our  
‘best preaching, even when not given from a paper, is  
‘but the reading of manuscript by the eye of memory ;  
‘but, in genuine oratory, every power is brought into  
‘tense and vigorous play ; not only are previous trains  
‘of cogitation brought up, but new trains are suggested  
‘and ardently pursued ; the reasoning faculty, soaring  
‘on the pinions of imagination, and having a wider  
‘sweep of view from its height ; every fact within  
‘reach being laid under contribution, and many a  
‘stroke suggested by the consciousness that an impres-  
‘sion is being made ; language all the while starting  
‘up as it is wanted, and not waiting to be pressed into  
‘service, the right word leaping into the right place  
‘without effort or confusion. Dr. Waugh often realized  
‘this description. Earnest, self-possessed, and imagin-  
‘ative, he often surprised his audience by some felici-  
‘tous and unexpected allusion, frequently a Scottish  
‘one, as when illustrating the second verse of the forty-  
‘sixth Psalm, he exclaimed, “What,” says distrust or  
‘weak faith, “were the Cheviot hills to be cast into

‘the sea, could the shepherds be blamed for trembling?’ or when describing the revulsion of soul in ‘the prodigal, he pictured him casting a glance at his ‘squalid countenance and tattered robes reflected in ‘the streamlet, then starting, looking up to heaven ‘and shrieking in panic, “God of Abraham, is it ‘I? To what a wretched plight have I brought ‘myself?’”<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Eadie’s father and mother were in all respects worthy of their connection with the venerable pastor of Wells Street. Towards both of them Dr. Eadie cherished the sincerest filial affection. Mrs. Home died suddenly when on a visit to his house in December, 1865, and her husband followed her to the grave in September, 1867. On the Sabbath after Mr. Home’s funeral, Dr. Cairns thus spoke of him, ‘I almost hesitate to speak here of one who was so averse to all ‘personal display, and who especially disliked the ‘exaltation of man in connection with the work of ‘God. But it would be alike unjust and ungrateful ‘to God and to man, to suppress all allusion to the ‘long and faithful services rendered by him who is ‘no more, in many important capacities, to this congregation. . . . No Christian work in this ‘congregation but found him in the front rank of its ‘supporters; no Christian cause in this locality but ‘relied on his ready and effectual aid. He has borne ‘the burden and heat of the day for more than half a ‘century, till he seemed almost an inseparable part of ‘our public Christianity; and now we trust he has ‘received the highest welcome, “Come up higher.”

<sup>1</sup> North British Review, No. LXV. (August, 1860), Article II., ‘Dr. John Brown’s Life and Works.’

“Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou  
‘into the joy of thy Lord.’”

In an obituary notice in the ‘Scotsman,’ supposed to have been written either by his old friend, Dr. Robert Lee, or by the editor, Mr. Russell, it was said, ‘Mr. Home was too remarkable a man, and of too marked and peculiar a character, not to be pretty widely known. Few persons of any consideration who visited Berwick failed to partake of his generous hospitality, or to be fascinated by his wide knowledge, his shrewd intelligence, and that singular warmth and kindness of heart, which a superficial appearance of cold reticence and occasional subacidity of manner rather gave piquancy to than concealed. . . . Mr. Home possessed considerable erudition in several departments of learning. He was a good theologian, we believe, as well as a first-rate lawyer. He had also an excellent knowledge both of general and local history; he was familiar with the best English poets; and a classical quotation came as readily and aptly to him as to “a proper Eton boy,” though he had never been at Eton. His sympathies, indeed, were very wide. He was a thorough liberal in politics, and he was full of appreciativeness of everything good, wherever he found it, a pure, high-minded, generous spirit. He was, we rather think, the last survivor of a fine set of Berwickers, who, we fear, have left no representatives behind them, men of great knowledge and intelligence, full of fine social qualities, capital whist players, generous tempered, refined and courteous in manners, hospitable in the highest degree, who for many years sweetened the breath of the place, and gave a charm to its

‘society of a kind almost unexampled in a small provincial town.’

With other members of his wife’s family, Dr. Eadie deemed it a privilege to be brought into relation. Her mother’s sister was the wife of Dr. John Young—the author of ‘The Christ of History,’ ‘The Province of Reason,’ and ‘The Life and the Light of Men’—one of the richest and sweetest natures which our United Presbyterian Church ever produced, but which unfortunately she failed to retain in the ranks of her ministry. Mr. Woolner, the sculptor, and Mr. Holman Hunt, on whom the mantle of the old master, who ‘painted, at rest, praying,’ seems to have fallen, were both connected by marriage with the family. In the latter of these artists our commentator recognized a fellow-labourer in the great work of his life.

Dr. Eadie and his future wife first met in 1860, but they had heard of each other five years earlier, when he went to Berwick with commissioners from Greyfriars Church, Glasgow, to prosecute an unsuccessful call to Dr. Cairns. She was living at Coldstream under the shadow of a great sorrow. Some one told him of her grief, and it moved his sympathy. One who loved her sent for her amusement a pen and ink sketch of the scene, when the commissioners from Glasgow and the representatives of Wallace Green Church met at the bar of Berwick Presbytery. In the sketch Dr. Eadie was pictured as ‘like a lion, with his fair mane of hair in such profusion;’ it spoke of ‘his fine face and head,’ and of ‘the amused, clever, mischievous expression in his eyes at some of the remarks of the injured elders.’ They were thus prepared to be interested in each other when at last they met in

1860. In the autumn of that year a correspondence was begun.

In one of his letters to her—written on her birthday—he says:

‘Many a step has brought us nearer, steps unconsciously taken by other people, and steps insensibly taken by ourselves. Many of these steps could easily be traced, by which, after many dispensations, we were placed, and by no act of our own, placed near each other. . . . I am glad that you and I held fellowship last Sabbath, during a period of hallowed oneness. May it often be so. . . . May He guard you as His. . . . May He ward all evil from you, and may the day of your life, though the morning was cloudy and the shadow of death darkened it, be bright and brighter, joyous and serene, in the progress towards a calm, a sunny, and blessed evening far distant.’

The marriage did not take place till both his daughters, first the younger and then the elder, were settled in life. It was followed by a period of comparative relaxation from the hard work to which he had long been accustomed, and which he afterwards resumed. During that period, if any one asked him what kind of book he was then preparing, he quoted the provision of the Hebrew law, ‘When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken.’

## CHAPTER VIII.

## HIS MINISTRY IN LANSDOWNE CHURCH.

Further Progress of Glasgow—Origin of Lansdowne Church—Its Cost—Liberality—Care for the Poor—Unselfishness of the minister—Mission Work—Improvement of Church Service—Frequent Communion—Union Movement—Letters—Extra Hall Work—Visits from English Scholars—Unsectarian Spirit—Home Life.

DURING the twenty-eight years of Dr. Eadie's Cambridge Street pastorate, Glasgow made even more marvellous progress than in the earlier decades of the century. It will be remembered that the site of the new church, of which the Alva probationer became minister in 1835, had been chosen on the very outskirts of the city, near to where the powder magazine had stood, at a safe distance from the population. By the year 1862, miles upon miles of streets and terraces stretched away to the westward, and Cambridge Street had passed into the category of central districts. A considerable proportion of the congregation had removed their houses to the west of the Kelvin. They found it nearly impossible to retain their connection with the place of worship endeared to them by many memories. They had further become convinced of the urgent necessity for church extension in the district where



they resided; but their attachment to Dr. Eadie was such that they hesitated to take any step which would lead to their severance from his ministry. It was only when a hint was given as to the possibility of inducing him to remove along with them, that they thought of planting a new church.

To the Rev. William Blair, of Dunblane, who was editing Mackelvie's 'Annals and Statistics of the United Presbyterian Church,' and who asked information at headquarters as to the origin of Lansdowne, Dr. Eadie writes:—

‘ 6 THORNVILLE TERRACE,  
GLASGOW, 22nd November, 1869.

‘Lansdowne Church originated in the simplest of ways. I met, on a Monday in 1862, a member of Cambridge Street, who lived at Hillhead, and happened to say to him, “You were not at church yesterday afternoon?” The reply was, “How could we, the day was so wet and stormy?” I then said, “You must get a church for yourselves west there sometime soon.” His answer took the form of a question, “If we did, would you come to be the minister?” my response being “I would take it into very favourable consideration.” A circular was issued to friends the very next day, and the work went on. I never was at one of their meetings, and they asked no pledge from me. The church was built in due time. Of course the purpose was to supply a new and growing district of the city.’

The meeting referred to by Dr. Eadie, which, however, was held, not in 1862, but on 5th November, 1861, consisted of eleven gentlemen, all members of

Cambridge Street Church, who at once formed themselves into a committee and proceeded with the work. The site chosen was on the high bank of the Kelvin, at the east end of the bridge by which the Great Western Road crosses the stream. In the summer of 1862, the building was begun; and, on the 13th November in that year, the foundation or memorial stone was laid by the late John Henderson of Park. On the 10th November, 1863, when the building was nearly completed, a petition to the Presbytery was presented by Dr. Eadie and sixty-eight members of Cambridge Street Church, praying to be disjoined and formed into a new congregation. On the 6th December the church was opened by the Rev. Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, Dr. Eadie officiating in the afternoon, and Dr. Buchanan in the evening. The 'collection' amounted to the sum of £1,231 5s. 9d.

The new church thus dedicated to the worship of God, is a cruciform building of thirteenth century English Gothic, with a spire rising to a height of 218 feet. Occupying a commanding site, it is the most striking architectural feature in the long line of one of the principal thoroughfares in Glasgow. The total cost of erection was £12,436 5s. 8d., of which the sum of £7,313 11s. was raised by subscription, the balance being obtained by the church-door collections taken at the opening, and on the anniversary Sabbaths of the twelve following years. It is not a little touching to note that the last instalment of the debt resting on the building was cleared away a month before Dr. Eadie died. Besides paying this handsome sum for their church, the members of the congregation contributed, in the course of those thirteen years, the further

sum of £30,000 for the support of ordinances, and for other Christian and benevolent objects, their average annual contributions for all purposes being thus £3,273.

This creditable liberality was due in no small measure, to the power of the appeals which, from time to time, were made from the pulpit. One of these has been preserved. It was written by Dr. Eadie, and read by the minister who preached for him on the Sunday preceding one of the anniversaries. It thus concludes, 'Were the entire congregation as profoundly interested as they should be, and were they, with one mind and one heart, to set themselves to this work of contribution, each giving with a generosity proportionate to the occasion, would not the result be accomplished without either difficulty or hardship? If it be a duty, it should be equally performed by all as God has prospered them; and, if it be a privilege, all are invited to share in it. Duty in the cause of God is pleasure, and privilege is honour. What we possess is His, and should not His kindness be acknowledged by a suitable return? To sow sparingly is to reap sparingly; while such is the peculiar beneficence of God's dealings with man, that to "scatter" is to "increase." In a spirit of gratitude for what we have been enabled to do during the short period of our past congregational existence, let us with hearty co-operation go forward now to this work, and God will bless the giver while he accepts the gift.'

It was, perhaps, in all the circumstances, not wonderful that, in certain quarters, an impression should prevail that a worldly element mingled with the church-extension zeal of the founders of Lansdowne,

and that the allegation should be made that Dr. Eadie was electing to go westward with the few rich, and to leave the many poor behind him. It was rumoured that the following doggerel couplet was found one morning chalked upon the rising wall of the new building:—

‘ This church is not for the poor and needy ;  
 ‘ But for the rich—and Dr. Eadie.’

In supporting the petition for disjunction at the bar of the Presbytery, he thus refers to the allegation—‘ I have no object but the gospel, and the extension of the church of Christ, of that church which is built of living stones, all resting on the one foundation. The assertion is sometimes made, indeed, that in this movement the rich, as they are vaguely called, are severing themselves from their poorer brethren. The accusation is without true grounds, such partialities and preferences I should at once have repudiated. A church without poor has a defective constitution, and wants that special and distinctive sphere of work, without which it has not the opportunity of earning for itself the divine commendation. “ I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat.” The fact on the one hand is that the locality where the new church is erected is inhabited chiefly by persons in a better social position, but the fact on the other hand is that one locality where many of our poorer members live is considerably nearer the new church than the old one, and another district of a similar nature is about equidistant from the two churches. I know, too, that not a few of the class referred to will be found in the new church, and they will be specially

‘welcomed. Man is God’s image, but the poor man  
‘is Christ’s stamp to boot. I have asked no one to  
‘follow me; it would not have been right for me to  
‘make such solicitations. But surely I do not need to  
‘say that I shall welcome any member of my former  
‘charge who may wish to join himself to us. Any one  
‘who has been under my ministry, and who wishes  
‘still to enjoy it, has a sacred right to expect a cordial  
‘greeting, and to find accommodation in the new  
‘church.’

No one who knew Dr. Eadie required that he should clear himself from such a charge. But the fact to which he referred in his speech as to the situation of the new building is worthy to be noted. Like old Cambridge Street, Lansdowne Church has a twofold relation. It is in a wealthy district, but it is on the edge of that district. At the point where it stands the Great Western Road crosses the North Woodside Road, which leads in a few minutes to one of the most densely populated and poorest districts of Glasgow. It was certainly from no worldly or selfish motive that he left his old charge. He made no pecuniary gain by the change. His annual stipend remained for five years at the same figure (£500) at which it stood when he left Cambridge Street, and it was not till 1873, that it was raised to the moderate sum of £700. Had he remained in his former charge, where there was no debt, addition to his living would in all probability have been earlier made; and he would not have required to bear his share of the large subscriptions and collections for the building of the new church. In only one particular did he make any gain by the removal to the west. In Lansdowne, at least in the

earlier years of its existence, the labour of pastoral visitation was necessarily lighter than it had been in Cambridge Street. But the time thus gained, and the physical energy thus economized, were ungrudgingly devoted to the service of the church in other spheres of labour.

He followed the same course as in his former charge, urging liberality and developing the resources of his congregation, but directing the expenditure of the money collected to schemes of Christian enterprise and beneficence. As soon as the church was opened, and while yet it was burdened with a debt of from £8,000 to £9,000, all the various societies which had been in operation in Cambridge Street were organized in Lansdowne. Two missionary associations, a Dorcas society and a Sabbath School, were instituted. An arrangement was made whereby the Cambridge Street mission was removed to a locality nearer the church, and Dr. Eadie's old connection with Springbank was continued by his new congregation undertaking the charge of that district. In the first instance the work was carried on by the agency of a Biblewoman alone; but in a very short time large mission premises were erected, the services of a missionary were engaged, a second mission congregation was formed, a flourishing day school under government inspection was opened, a large Sunday school was conducted, and in conjunction with the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society a 'children's church' was instituted—with all the accompanying machinery for the social and spiritual improvement of the children of the poor.

As formerly, the minister was the mainspring of all the work, in which, whenever occasion called, he was

ready to take part personally. In reporting to the congregation the opening of the mission buildings the directors say: 'The accommodation which the new premises have given to the Sabbath School Society would alone have justified your directors in their arrangements. The extraordinary increase which they have to report, and the enthusiasm which the young people of the congregation have manifested in carrying forward the work, is one of the most hopeful signs that we are under the influence of a faithful ministry, which not only says "hear," but "do."' A valued correspondent to whom I have been already indebted, and who took an active interest in the district-work, writes: 'Perhaps I may be allowed to refer to what often seemed to me very touching, namely, the Doctor's services in connection with the new mission at Springbank. I have seen him at different times dispense the communion, and preside at the Bible-woman's annual soiree. He performed these services in such a kindly homely fashion; and when you remembered the weight of learning he carried with him, you could not but admire the simplicity of nature, which mingled so freely with those poor people, without appearance of condescension.'

In his new church he began to take a deep interest in the improvement of the church service. He had always held liberal views as to the propriety of making our Presbyterian worship more orderly and more comely. When the question of instrumental music was before the Synod, he spoke strongly on the value of the organ as an aid to psalmody, and still more strongly on the duty of permitting the exercise of Christian liberty in all such matters. He was too

deeply read into the spirit of St. Paul's teaching to have the slightest sympathy with those modern Judaizers, who make it a matter of conscience to oppose organs, 'human hymns,' or changes of posture in prayer and praise. But in Cambridge Street he had devoted more attention to preaching than to other parts of the service. When he removed to Lansdowne he arranged an order of worship which he playfully called his rubric. The morning prayer which, from time immemorial, has been in Scotland famous for its great length—and which, in some cases, degenerated into a review of all the events, ecclesiastical, political, and social, which had taken place during the week—was divided into two, in which due place was given to confession, supplication, intercession, and thanksgiving. In one particular the order of the Westminster Directory of public worship—which has always been acknowledged and very seldom obeyed in Scotland—was adopted: a passage from the Old Testament and a passage from the New Testament were read at each diet of worship.

But the principal feature of the improved service was the psalmody. It was led by a large and well trained choir, which occupied the apse behind the pulpit. The tunes were carefully selected, none being used except such as were strictly ecclesiastical; psalms were chanted and closed with the *gloria Patri*; hymns and doxologies were sung with great taste; and, altogether, it would be difficult to conceive of a service of song more artistically perfect, and yet at the same time more thoroughly congregational. The music in Lansdowne would have done no discredit to a cathedral.



Dr. Eadie made an unsuccessful attempt to induce the congregation to respond to the public prayers by audibly pronouncing the 'Amen' at their close. A comparison of the creeds of the English and Scottish churches with their respective forms of service would furnish a most interesting illustration of the manifold inconsistencies of human nature. In view, for example, of the relation to the congregation which the two churches respectively assign to their ministers, we should expect that, if in the case of either, public worship was conducted by placing in an elevated and isolated position one man whose solitary voice recites all the prayers, reads all the lessons, announces all the hymns, as well as preaches the sermon—the congregation remaining dumb except when joining in the psalmody—this would be found within the pale of the church which gives to the clergy some measure of priestly consecration. It is indeed an anomaly that the church which has resisted to the death every attempt to get *Presbyter writ small*, has hitherto resisted as strenuously any proposal to bring the minister to the level of his fellow-worshippers, or to let the voices of the congregation be heard in the prayers as well as in the praises of the sanctuary. Dr. Eadie deemed it reasonable, as well as scriptural, that there should be responses in our worship, at least to the extent which has been indicated. He was accustomed to repeat the saying of a distinguished divine of another nonconformist communion, that it would be equally reasonable for a man to say 'Hear, hear,' to his own speech, as to add 'Amen' to his own prayer. But it was as an interpreter of St. Paul that he advocated the 'innovation.' He deemed the argu-

ment in 1 Cor. xiv. 16 conclusive evidence that there were responses in the early apostolic church. The attempt he made failed, not through any bigoted opposition,—for his kirk-session sanctioned the proposal, but simply because the people seemed to be afraid of the sound of their own voices.<sup>1</sup> It has been suggested, in view of this difficulty, that the ‘Amen’ might be sung rather than said. It seems somehow to be of the genius of Presbytery that the congregation should utter itself only in the voice of song.

Another departure from Presbyterian ‘use and wont’ was introduced into Lansdowne Church: it was arranged that the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper should be dispensed six times in the year. There has been in Scotland a gradual movement toward more frequent communion. It was probably an evidence of the strength of the recoil from Roman Catholic usages which distinguished the first and second reformations in the northern kingdom, that till the beginning of the present century our congregations were satisfied with an annual observance of this ordinance. Gradually the custom of a half-yearly celebration crept into most parishes; and in course of time it became common, espe-

<sup>1</sup> It was arranged that the ‘innovation’ should be first introduced at an anniversary service which was conducted by a distinguished preacher whose pulpit the minister of Lansdowne went to supply. When they met on the Monday, Eadie made interested inquiry as to how the responses had been given. The anniversary preacher was forced to confess that he had only heard one or two voices in a corner of the church, and that they were tremulous and uncertain, reminding him of the refrain in the ballad of ‘Queen Eleanor,’

‘Amen, Amen, quoth the Earl Marshall,  
‘And a frightened man was he.’

cially in dissenting communions, to 'keep the feast' every quarter. There seems to be a growing desire to use the Lord's Supper rather as a means of regular spiritual nourishment, than as an occasion of periodical spiritual quickening. The 'sacramental occasions' with their attendant train of preparatory and thanksgiving services—which, combining fast and festival in one, were the great landmarks in our Scottish Christian year, are doomed to disappear. There is doubtless gain in giving more frequent opportunities of honouring our Lord's dying command, but there is loss in the removing of these ancient landmarks. In our church life we need alternate heights and hollows. The dead unvarying level becomes monotonous. The craving for periodical seasons marked by special services, is revealing itself in the institution of congregational anniversaries. But these cannot satisfy the craving. The recurrence of the date of the opening of a church, or of the ordination of a pastor, are convenient opportunities for raising contributions towards the extinction of a debt or the replenishing of an exhausted exchequer; but they do not supply memories deep enough or broad enough on which to erect 'houses of feasting,' which, anticipated during weeks or even months of preparation, form, when they are reached, new points of departure in our spiritual life. If we are to abandon our half-yearly or quarterly 'communion seasons,' it might be worth while to inquire whether their place should not be supplied by observing the great Christian anniversaries—which, awakening in darkest depths of winter, memories of a first advent that was as a dayspring from on high, and the hope of a second advent that is to bring to us the perfect light, pass on through Lenten

self-examinations and Good Friday fastings to the Easter gladness in months of springing corn—and up through memories of the Ascension, to the wealth of summer life ‘when the day of Pentecost is fully come.’ In these anniversaries we should realize our oneness with the universal church. Their observance would not endanger either our Protestantism or our Presbyterianism. They awaken the memory of a time when as yet there were no divisions.

In the same year in which Lansdowne Church was opened, a movement for the union of the non-established Presbyterian churches of Scotland was inaugurated, by the appointment of committees, representing the United Presbyterian Synod and the Free Church Assembly. Dr. Eadie was a member of the United Presbyterian Committee. He did not take so prominent a part in its deliberations as to justify his biographer in writing on these pages the history of the negotiations which, after they had lasted for ten years, ended in failure; but his vote was always given for the motion which seemed to point most directly toward the accomplishment of the union, and when occasion called he was ready to speak in its support. When, in 1866, the Report of the Joint Committee was sent down for suggestions to the Presbyteries of the negotiating churches, it fell to Dr. Eadie to move the deliverance which was given by his own Presbytery of Glasgow. The resolutions, which were lengthy and diplomatic, were evidently drafted by another hand, but the speech of the mover was in tone and style sufficiently characteristic. ‘He would not like,’ he said, ‘to be instrumental in retarding or destroying the prospect of ultimate union. He did not believe it to be impossi-

‘ ble or impracticable. It was occasionally endangered, ‘ indeed, by men who imagined that they were contend- ‘ ing for the truth, but who seemed to forget that such ‘ contending ought to have its power and element in love. ‘ Such love was too often lost sight of—nay, it perished ‘ in the conflict. Though it was the best of the three ‘ graces, inasmuch as it gave a man the highest resem- ‘ blance to Him who was Love, it was undervalued and ‘ deemed inferior to the defence of dogma and enforce- ‘ ment of uniformity. Every one among them gave ‘ supremacy to the truth, but they hoped to maintain it ‘ in a spirit of forbearance, and without being censorious ‘ towards such as might differ from them in those mere ‘ minutiae which were non-essential to spiritual safety, ‘ and were the result of those varying points of view ‘ which men unconsciously selected from innate ten- ‘ dencies, or mental or educational singularity or im- ‘ pulse.’

These sentences reveal his whole attitude in relation to the movement. In his opinion the only possible basis of union was mutual forbearance. He was prepared to tolerate all existing difference of opinion on the other side, and he only asked like toleration for himself and his church. With reference to a speech by the late Dr. Buchanan, in which that able ecclesiastic announced the discovery that the Confession of Faith contained no article asserting the right of the civil magistrate to endow the church—a discovery which was hailed with much jubilation by the union party in the Free Church—Dr. Eadie wrote to Dr. Cairns thus:—

‘ What Dr. Buchanan said was quite true, only the ‘ xxiii. chapter gives the magistrate more power than

‘ that of endowing the church, and the confession itself  
 ‘ is a document of parliamentary origin and *civil*  
 ‘ ratification. I see however nothing at all to hinder  
 ‘ a union even with wide and distinct difference of  
 ‘ *principle* on the subject of the magistrate’s power.’

In connection with another alleged obstacle to union his name was brought into special prominence. The white embers of the Atonement controversy in the Secession<sup>1</sup> were raked up by some of the more rigidly orthodox theologians of the Free Church, who found in the doctrinal solution, by which that controversy had been happily terminated, a taint of Amyraldism, or what—possibly that it might look more terrible—they named Hypothetic Universalism. When this charge against the United Presbyterians was advanced in an overture introduced in the Presbytery of Paisley, passages from the writings of Dr. Eadie were read in its support. He had already, in the speech from which quotation has been made, rebutted with all earnestness the accusation of heresy laid at the door of his church. When he was singled out by name he did not deem it necessary to make further reply, but found in the charge, so far as it was personal, matter only for such reference as will be found in one of the letters given below.

TO MRS. EADIE.

‘ KEITH, Monday July 11, 1866.

‘ I do hope that you are well and are enjoying your-  
 ‘ self. . . . Left Glasgow on Friday morning, and  
 ‘ came by the Highland line, through Dunkeld and

<sup>1</sup> See pages 112-114.

'Killiecrankie. Have seen nothing at all like it on the railway. It has as much beauty as the Tweed, and a grandeur which the Tweed cannot pretend to.

'This place is a town—alias a large village with a square—universally pronounced squâre, in good Scandinavian fashion. People here old-fashioned. You would not get on as a minister's wife, for a person posting a letter on Sabbath would be at once brought before the session. The Sabbath collection has never been counted on Sabbath since the congregation began. It would be profanation. . . .'

The sudden death of his amiable and accomplished colleague in the Junior Hall, Dr. William Lindsay, which took place on June 3, 1866, cast a double burden on him in the autumn of that year. It was of course impossible to elect a successor before the opening of the session, and with characteristic willingness to work, Dr. Eadie at once offered to relieve the committee from a difficulty by undertaking the charge of Dr. Lindsay's classes in addition to his own. This involved four hours daily teaching in Edinburgh, but he did not even then ask relief from the measure of pastoral duty in Glasgow which usually fell to him during his academic session. At the beginning of October he wrote to Dr. Cairns: 'I am perfectly well—not a whit exhausted, though I hope to have brighter work through you as a coadjutor next session.' His extra labours were thoroughly appreciated by the young gentlemen for whose benefit they were undertaken. On the closing day they presented him with an address, in which, after paying a touching tribute to Dr. Lindsay's memory, they say: 'But we feel (and find gratification in expressing our feelings)

‘ how greatly our loss has been lessened by your having  
 ‘ taken upon yourself the duties of his chair. We are  
 ‘ conscious of the increased and harassing mental toil  
 ‘ which has necessarily been added to your other one-  
 ‘ rous and numerous duties; nor can we forget that even  
 ‘ your health was put in danger on our account.’

To a former student, a distinguished classical scholar,  
 who was on the eve of his marriage, and who had  
 asked him to perform the ceremony, he wrote:—

‘ 13 LANSDOWNNE CRESCENT,  
 ‘ Tuesday, [July 2nd, 1867].

‘ I have been from home, and have just time to say  
 ‘ that I shall be delighted to do the needful for you.  
 ‘ Won’t I *conjugate* you (a loving double yoke) through  
 ‘ all the tenses of *Amo*? in the hope that *τύπτω* may  
 ‘ never claim a share of your experience.’

To the REV. JAMES BROWN.

‘ Saturday, [November, 1867].

‘ Except for the tongues, we are on the eve of Babel;  
 ‘ bookcases taken down, gasaliers away, carpets up,  
 ‘ &c., &c. So you write no more to 13 Lansdownne  
 ‘ Crescent, and there is a melancholy even in that,  
 ‘ with many associations. As for the new address, you  
 ‘ must come and explore for yourself.

‘ I used to think that I was reckoned pretty sound,  
 ‘ save in one mite of a corner in Paisley; but I am  
 ‘ somewhat shaken now in my conviction, for this day  
 ‘ month (I think) I had a visit from (of all men the  
 ‘ last I should have expected) Dean Stanley, who  
 ‘ called “to shake hands and look me in the face.” A



‘ fine fellow he is. Do not tell M’Gregor, for it will be worse than Amyraldism. . . . ’

The visit referred to in the foregoing letter gave him much gratification. Of unsectarian spirit himself, he greatly admired the genial Dean of Westminster, whose loyalty to Episcopacy has not hindered him from doing justice to Presbytery, and whose convictions as a churchman have not made him shrink from Christian fellowship with dissenters. He thoroughly appreciated the rare combination of genius and scholarship by which the Dean's writings are distinguished, and he did not affect to deem it anything less than an honour that such a man should come to him unsought, and recognize him as a fellow-worker. He was equally gratified when Dean Alford paid him a similar compliment, and he joined sincerely in the sorrow which pervaded all sections of the church when that accomplished scholar and faithful worker passed away.

Dr. Eadie was incapable of looking at anything from a merely sectarian standpoint. He had no gift for ‘ testifying ’ against his neighbour’s way of thinking or acting. The matter referred to in the following letter, therefore, gave him much annoyance. On one of the Sabbaths at the close of 1871, when the Prince of Wales was under the affliction which evoked the sympathy of the whole nation, Eadie was occupying the pulpit of his friend Dr. Cairns, at Berwick-on-Tweed, when, during divine service, a telegram was handed to him, containing the form of prayer for the Prince’s recovery, prescribed by the Queen in Council. A paragraph appeared in the ‘ Scotsman ’ to the effect that he had tossed the telegram contemptuously aside,

and had taken occasion to say something in disparagement of the English Church and her forms of devotion. The paragraph was, of course, copied by the provincial press, and even found its way into the London papers. It greatly distressed him that he should be represented as guilty of conduct so unseasonable, and so utterly alien to his nature. He wrote to the Dean of Westminster, begging him to have the matter put right in the columns of the 'Times.' The following letter explains what really took place:—

To the REV. JOHN CAIRNS, D.D.

' 6 THORNVILLE TERRACE,

' GLASGOW, Wednesday.

' The " Scotsman's " Berwick correspondent has given  
' a very wrong report about myself and the telegram.  
' I wish that you or Dr. McLagan, or Mr. Plenderleith,  
' may know who he is, and take the trouble to put him  
' right. I wrote a note (private) to Mr. Russell of the  
' " Scotsman " last night.

' The telegram was put into my hand as I was  
' beginning the last prayer. I could not open it *then*,  
' and did not fully know what it contained till I was  
' rising to pronounce the benediction. I thought that  
' the congregation would see that it was a telegram,  
' and would naturally think that it contained some  
' intelligence of the state of the Prince of Wales, and, in  
' the circumstances, might possibly suspect the worst.  
' It was to relieve that anxiety that I took any notice  
' of it. I told them that the paper contained no  
' intelligence, but was a form of prayer, which, though  
' it was handed up to the pulpit, was not intended for  
' them, but for the congregations of the Church of

‘ England, and they must have been anxiously waiting  
 ‘ for it, as without it they could not offer public prayer  
 ‘ in church for the Prince. I added that the congrega-  
 ‘ tion did not need it, nor, indeed, any congregation  
 ‘ in the north, for they had anticipated it, as I was sure  
 ‘ that, in all congregations of all the various churches  
 ‘ in Scotland, earnest prayer had been spontaneously  
 ‘ offered for the Prince on the last two or three  
 ‘ Sabbaths.

‘ In praying for the Prince in the afternoon, I made  
 ‘ designed allusion to the effect of the Privy Council  
 ‘ edict by saying, “ We unite with ALL Christian con-  
 ‘ gregations of this realm assembled this day for Thy  
 ‘ worship, in offering, &c.” So far from tossing down  
 ‘ the paper, I kept it in my hand all the time. Such is  
 ‘ the matter. Perhaps you or friends in Berwick may  
 ‘ help to put it right. . . . I shall send a true  
 ‘ account to the Glasgow papers.’

The following letter gives a pleasant glimpse into  
 his home-life during the period of his Lansdowne  
 ministry.

TO MRS. EADIE.

‘ HOME OFFICE,

‘ 1st May, 1869.

‘ Your first minister presents his humble duty to  
 ‘ your Majesty, and begs to lay at your gracious feet  
 ‘ the following report on affairs of state.

- ‘ 1. That the kitchen seems to be well asphalted.
- ‘ 2. That the tree in front still standeth, in spite of  
 ‘ Fenian blasts.
- ‘ 3. That the primroses are growing on the bank.
- ‘ 4. That there are nests in the bird house, one very  
 ‘ neatly built.

‘5. That your Majesty’s servant is at this moment  
‘in treaty to purchase a nightingale for your royal  
‘delights, the first he has seen in your Majesty’s  
‘western capital. Your Majesty will sanction the  
‘outlay from your “civil list” by your faithful first  
‘lord of the treasury.

‘6. That your obedient servant has ordered cabbage  
‘broth for his dinner, which he hopes may receive the  
‘sanction of the crown.

‘7. That he sends his love to all about you, wishing  
‘you a happy May-day.

‘Laying this document on the first step of the  
‘throne, I remain your devoted, loyal, and loving  
‘subject and adviser. J.

‘N.B. The nightingale looks healthy and he is in  
‘the kitchen.’

The ‘interior,’ into which the reader is thus admitted, had an air of scholarly quiet, which none who ever breathed it can forget. The walls of the dining room—the scene of much warm-hearted hospitality—were literally covered with pictures, among which engravings of Raphael’s ‘Madonna di San Sisto,’ Correggio’s ‘Ecce Homo,’ Labouchere’s ‘German Reformers translating the Bible,’ and some of Landseer’s pictures of animals, occupied a prominent place. But, as might have been expected, the library was the most attractive portion of the house. It was on the first floor, and occupied two apartments, connected by an alcove and book-lined passage. It thus stretched from the front to the back of the building. The two front windows looked pleasantly down on the tiny garden, on either side of steps leading from the street

to the entrance door. This narrow strip was studded with flowers, and planted with young trees, whose progress Eadie watched with intense interest. He had a specimen of almost every forest tree, which had been familiar to him in the haunts of his boyhood. But in his love of nature, he had within the room pots containing saplings of all the prominent scripture trees—the fig, the olive, the pomegranate, the palm, the cedar, and the myrtle. In two of them vines were growing, the creepers of which were trained round the windows. These graceful festoons served to lighten the sombre air of an apartment which had every inch of its wall—even the space above the fire-place—covered with books. They were a prominent symbol of the fact, that the student who pored over the tomes around him never lost his delight in the green-leaved earth, nor failed in all his thought to breathe its freshness and reflect its beauty.

A two-sided book-case, protruding some three feet, occupied the space between the windows. It contained a portion of his rare collection of English Bibles. In front of it stood the study-table, at which he sat with the light falling on his left side. From his seat he could look away through the alcove into the back room, the light of which was enriched by coming through a window bordered with stained glass. This window commanded a view of his aviary, which was erected in the court behind. He could thus refresh himself, after settling the force of a Greek particle, or unravelling some knotty point in St. Paul's argument, by walking to the far end of the library, and watching his birds hopping from twig to twig of the artificial trees he had set up for their

accommodation, or washing themselves at the basin of their little fountain. A few months before he died, one of his Sunday school teachers called for him. Dr. Eadie asked him to come to the back window and see the birds. When they were standing there, he turned to him and said, 'Man, I am as fond of my birds and my porridge as when I was a laddie!'

In this library he received all his callers, with the kindly smile of welcome, which he never failed to give, even when the visit was an unseasonable interruption of his work. But he had a more sacred retreat, into which only special friends were admitted. This was a smoking room on the second floor. It also had its walls lined with books, but it was never visited except at night, when working hours were past. Then it became the scene of many a lively talk, and of much hearty laughter, as gradually the air grew denser and more fragrant.

## CHAPTER IX.

## JOURNEY TO THE EAST.

Travelling Companions—Preparations—Marseilles to Alexandria—Cairo and the Pyramids—Desert Encampment—Wilderness of Shur—Elim to Sinai—Northward Journey to Gaza—Ruins of Ascalon—Jerusalem—Dead Sea—Journey through Palestine to Damascus—Beyrout to Constantinople—Athens—Venice—Home—Annual Gathering.

IN 1869 Dr. Eadie arranged to visit Egypt, Sinai, and Palestine at the beginning of the following year. Mr. (now Dr.) Young of Glasgow, Mr. (now Professor) Duff, then of Helensburgh, Mr. Lees, of the Abbey Parish, Paisley (now Dr. Lees, of St. Giles', Edinburgh), and the present writer, resolved to accompany him. It would be impossible to conceive of travelling companions better suited to each other, or among whom more unbroken harmony prevailed, through the whole of a journey in which there are discomforts sufficient to try men's tempers, and bring out their individual peculiarities.

Dr. Eadie was by universal consent elected head of the party. In adaptation to the language of that region of the earth for which we were bound, and in view of the fact that when his beard began to grow it was tinged with silver, which had not yet shown itself in his hair,

we named him our Sheikh. He acted throughout as our chaplain, saying grace at our meals, conducting our quiet Sunday services in the tent, or under the shadow of some rock in the desert, and preaching at such places as Alexandria, Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus, and Beyrout, the old familiar sermons which had done duty at many a church-opening and many a country sacrament in Scotland. None of us can ever forget the remarkable beauty of his prayers at our tent-services; or how he enriched them with references to the special memories which clustered round the scene of our encampment; or how tenderly he made intercession for our friends and congregations at home.

The enthusiasm with which he anticipated the journey and set himself to prepare for it was simply delightful. He had long been familiar with all the results of eastern research. In the preface to one of the earliest of his works, he had written thus: 'Travellers are returning from the east laden with spoils more valuable than the grapes of Eschol. The lonely palaces of Petra, the summits of Horeb, the wadys of the desert, the ruined villages of Palestine, the hoary structures and monuments of Egypt, with their majestic scrolls of 4000 years' duration, are now presented to us in vivid truth, confirmatory and illustrative of the facts and scenery of the Scriptures.' Life-long study had made him as familiar with the geography of the Sinaitic peninsula as with the streets of Glasgow, and he had often travelled in imagination every rood of the acres of Palestine. It was not, therefore, wonderful that he should be greatly stirred by the prospect of visiting these scenes, and of bringing his topographical theories to the test of personal inves-



tigation. He set himself to read anew every book in reference to the desert and Palestine on which he could lay his hands.

But it was, after all, as a thorough holiday that he looked forward with most delight to the journey. He felt like a school-boy on the eve of a vacation succeeding a very long term of hard work. He gave 'unlimited orders for double quantities of all sorts of 'things that he never needed.' He furnished himself with a rifle, a double-barrelled fowling-piece, a revolver, a stone of shot, and as much gunpowder as would have blown up the Mosque of Omar. Mixed with these, in a kind of miscellaneous way, were cases of oatmeal—for he said he *must* eat porridge under the shadow of Sinai; supplies of bird-preserving and insect-destroying powders; a copious stock of medicines; and a tolerably complete library. The weight of his portmanteaus made French porters groan, and ran up his bills for extra luggage to an alarming amount. Yet he did not find his 'impedimenta' quite so useful as he had expected. I think he fired only one shot in the course of the journey; and, when search was made for the oatmeal on the morning after we reached Mount Sinai, it was found that as the result of the rough usage to which the baggage had been subjected, it was mixed beyond recovery with the other powders, and with articles of wearing apparel.

I have before me a most vivid description of 'the wonderful packing that was not begun till close on 'the time for starting;' of 'the vision of his coming 'down stairs every few minutes with fresh armfuls of 'books, and ammunition of war,' of 'his amusement

‘ and our dismay, when, after all the portmanteaus were filled to overflowing, he brought loads of things—a large medicine chest and a gun being one or two of the trifles that he could not go without; so that, just before the cab came to the door, there was an unpacking and repacking, forcing in of guns, and nearly forcing out of sides of portmanteaus, till our excitement became so great that we never had time to think of the parting till the cab drove away.’ All this, it is added, ‘ gives an idea of what he was, so simply boyish in his ways and feelings.’

We left home on the 24th January, 1870. It is fortunate for the reader that many of the letters which he sent from the east have been preserved; and that, therefore, the story of his eastern journey can be given almost entirely in his own words. The notes were often written hurriedly, and always in circumstances unfavourable to composition, but they give us vivid glimpses of the famous scenes which he visited.

TO MRS. EADIE.

‘ PARIS, 27th January.

‘ All well. It was *very cold* crossing yesterday, and London was colder than Glasgow. Paris is a new city since I was in it last. . . . Going off to-night to Marseilles, travelling all night and to-morrow also. One of the douaniers groaned about the weight of one of my trunks, and I told him I was “partant pour la Syrie,” and he cried *bon, bon.*’

## 'THE SHEIKH'S LOG.

' Sunday, 30th January.

' Left Marseilles on Sunday, there being no Sabbath  
' in this part of the world. Going out of the harbour  
' the coast appears to be, for miles and miles to the east  
' and south, hard white burned rock, all the higher hill-  
' tops covered with snow. A goodly company appeared  
' at breakfast. But the wind got up, and the vessel  
' began to roll very badly, and not a half of the break-  
' fasters appeared at dinner. It was cold in the shade,  
' and there was a Scottish chill in the wind—a keen-  
' ness one did not expect 1,200 miles south of Thornville  
' Terrace. There is on board a Church of England  
' missionary. . . . He discovered me, and proposed  
' that I should preach, being all the while very anxious  
' to appear in his clerical costume himself. I declined  
' at once. The rolling of the ship from side to side  
' would have put me out. Lees and Brown went down  
' and got a few husks. I waited up to look after Mr.  
' Young, who was sick, and spent his first Sabbath  
' wretchedly on "the melancholy main." The same  
' tenacious and persevering brother desired to have  
' grace said at dinner, and consulted the captain there-  
' about. It was agreed that as I sit fourth from the  
' captain I should give thanks. I rose up, and in the  
' middle of my words the ship gave a lurch, and I very  
' nearly lost my centre of gravity and my gravity too.  
' . . . I am now rigged out somewhat swell-  
' ishly, having bought at Marseilles a gross of paper  
' collars and cuffs. With nothing but black about my  
' neck, I looked seedy and suspicious. I have also a

‘ small tie, that goes on with elastic, and the ladies  
 ‘ look at me more graciously since I assumed the hypo-  
 ‘ critical paper.

‘ Monday.

‘ Morning coldish—entered the straits of Bonifaccio  
 ‘ before breakfast—the hills of Corsica and Sardinia all  
 ‘ laden with snow. Passed Caprera about eight o’clock,  
 ‘ and saw very distinctly Garibaldi’s house. He is some-  
 ‘ times to be seen himself. Not knowing that *we* were  
 ‘ on board, he did not appear. Corsica and Sardinia  
 ‘ are like Argyleshire flung into the Mediterranean—  
 ‘ wild and hilly, or rather mountainous.

‘ Tuesday.

‘ A great day. Came early in the morning in view  
 ‘ of Stromboli—a great volcanic insular hill, 4,000 feet  
 ‘ high, like a hundred Ailsa Craigs, throwing off and  
 ‘ up a dense pillar of white smoke, from a crater some  
 ‘ distance down from its top. That was on the left  
 ‘ hand; on the right Ætna, in the far distance, engaged  
 ‘ in the same occupation. Then we came to the Straits  
 ‘ of Messina. . . . Ætna was in full view all the  
 ‘ afternoon, white with snow up to the very crater, a  
 ‘ great sea of clouds belting its lower sides, and its  
 ‘ smoke white and dense rising to a great height.  
 ‘ No flame was visible, and at last the sun set over  
 ‘ one of its southern shoulders in a flood of purple glory.  
 ‘ The whole day’s scenery was worth coming thus far  
 ‘ to see.

‘ Thursday.

‘ Wind down, but no ladies at breakfast. Got a view  
 ‘ in the forenoon of the southern side of Candia (Crete)  
 ‘ and the lofty Ida—the mount of Jove—covered with

‘ snow. Lost with the head wind fifty miles as compared with yesterday. J. B.’s aneroid is often out, but as it did not foretell the storm, I tell him to pocket it up. A motley group are these passengers. The captain took me up to his own cabin for a quiet cigar on Monday evening. He is a very fine fellow, but a strong Tory and Churchman, afraid of the spread of Popery. He tackled me on the Beast of the Revelation. I quietly asked him which Beast he meant, for there were two. Then he struck into the garden of Eden, its site, &c., which gave plenty of sea room. The first engineer is an unsophisticated specimen from the Clyde, unchanged by twenty years, a U.P. from Anderston. . . .

‘ CAIRO, 8th February, Tuesday.

‘ All well; all meditation suspended for the time being. Landed at Alexandria on Saturday forenoon; scene indescribable as the Arabs swarm into the steamer to carry off the luggage. The population is made up of every nation under heaven. Among the antiquities are Cleopatra’s Needle—rather a sham now; and Pompey’s Pillar, with which Pompey has nothing to do. Preached at the Scotch church on Sabbath morning—J. Brown preaching in the evening to English-speaking sailors, in a ship moored for the purpose. Heard prior to that an Arabic service at the American Mission. Went to Ramleh to lunch with Dr. Lansing on Saturday—eight miles out, surrounded with groves of palm trees, waving their graceful forms to the breeze. Arrived at Cairo on Monday, mid-day; the present capital, and a grand town it is in some of its newest parts, in one of which is this

‘ hotel, which is built after the similitude of a palace,  
‘ but is not fully finished. Saw the pyramids before  
‘ reaching Cairo, and see them well from the roof of  
‘ the hotel. Have at length engaged a dragoman for  
‘ the desert, Hadji Ismail Achmed Assyouti, an old  
‘ cove who has done the pilgrimage to Mecca, as his  
‘ first name implies, and has been often through the  
‘ desert. He has driven a hard bargain. His can-  
‘ teen was brought to the hotel to-night, and some  
‘ of his tents set up in the yard behind. The  
‘ Mosque of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present  
‘ dynasty, is a most magnificent structure, vast and  
‘ majestic, all of marble inside, as large nearly as St.  
‘ Paul’s, with all the arches culminating in a vast  
‘ dome. His tomb is highly decorated. Had to have  
‘ cloth shoes put on, or cast off my boots ere I was  
‘ allowed to enter. Sparrows were in great abun-  
‘ dance flitting among its scores of crystal chandeliers,  
‘ and there was an honest wagtail whittering about  
‘ in the outer court. Donkeys are the great institu-  
‘ tion here, even more than in Alexandria; everybody  
‘ going a few yards hires one, and the boy runs  
‘ behind thumping. Before our windows a donkey is  
‘ seen passing every second, horses perpetually, and  
‘ every two or three minutes strings of camels, huge  
‘ ugly animals with a most villainous swing. The  
‘ invalids in the hotel call this the coldest day of  
‘ the season, and it is as a June day at home,  
‘ very warm but by no means oppressive; they were  
‘ down at Heliopolis on New-Year’s day gathering  
‘ roses. Green crops of all kinds are being carried  
‘ into the city; wheat in the fields is not far from  
‘ coming into ear. Villages are most wretched, the

‘houses being little square boxes of mud, seven feet  
‘high and eight feet square, and the lid or roof flat.  
‘The irrigation is very visible through the Delta, the  
‘Nile being about half down, and all the fields in the  
‘greenness of early spring; fragrant and blooming  
‘bouquets carried about everywhere for sale, and the  
‘oranges at table having the stalk and their own green  
‘leaves still attached to them; peas fresh and full.  
‘The narrower streets of the real city are narrow in-  
‘deed; how they drive a carriage through them surpasses  
‘comprehension. A boy runs before even in the better  
‘streets, clad in white and fleet as the wind. Many  
‘of the women have dropped the veil, but in the old  
‘town it is all but universal; and ugly it is, hiding, I  
‘suppose, uglier faces. It is astonishing, however, how  
‘soon the sense of novelty passes away. One cannot  
‘guess how speedily those grotesque scenes of white  
‘turbans, red tarbooshes, loose robes, and faces of all  
‘hues, Arab, Copts, Nubian, become familiar. The  
‘men are very graceful in all their movements, and  
‘are also remarkably strong.

‘Wednesday.

‘A brilliant day like the June weather at Crief  
‘last summer, and to-night is very warm. Were  
‘down at Heliopolis to-day, where a solitary obelisk  
‘still stands. Along the road orange groves with the  
‘yellow fruit on them, and fields of cactuses large as  
‘trees, and perpetual palms, wagtails, and wells—the  
‘machinery for lifting the water turned by donkeys and  
‘oxen, and the streamlets sent into all the fields. An  
‘ass can be fed here for threepence a day, and a man  
‘for about twopence. The peasantry are poor, ragged,  
‘and wretched to all appearance: the eternal cry for

‘backsheesh from youngest to oldest everywhere.  
 ‘Had my hair cut pretty close this morning by a  
 ‘native barber. Wanted to go to the slave market,  
 ‘which is still held on the sly, but was told my beard  
 ‘was yet too Christian. The city is one of mosques,  
 ‘built in Saladin’s time and downwards. There are  
 ‘American Mission Schools here also, in which a class  
 ‘of boys read English remarkably well. But boys  
 ‘and girls are not taught together, and in church the  
 ‘women are railed off from the men.

‘Friday.

‘Was at the Pyramids yesterday; a good carriage  
 ‘road all the way, with a bridge of boats over the  
 ‘Nile. Went to the top, and on the top smoked a  
 ‘cigar; great cheering and Arab songs; “a big man, a  
 ‘strong man, soon be at the top, hurrah.” Did not  
 ‘feel it very arduous, but am paying for it to-day,  
 ‘limbs sore above the knees. Studied the face of the  
 ‘Sphinx hard by, and the tombs of granite, immense  
 ‘structures, one granite slab on the side fourteen feet  
 ‘by seven. Though the pyramid climbers are always  
 ‘crying for backsheesh, they are rather humorous in  
 ‘their way. . . .

‘Having an invitation from the Khedive (pro-  
 ‘nounced Khadiweh—*Kha* hard guttural and *v* sounded  
 ‘*w*) to a reception, *alias* a ball, went to the expense  
 ‘of a pair of white gloves. A host of people, nothing  
 ‘very striking, no beauty. I could not “see Helen’s  
 ‘beauty in a brow of Egypt.” All in European style.  
 ‘Came back at a quarter past eleven. . . . The day  
 ‘is very beautiful, like a June day. Beds have all  
 ‘mosquito curtains, but I have neither seen nor heard  
 ‘any of the creatures yet, *seeing it is winter*; but



‘ plenty of flies, and abundance of swallows ; scores and  
‘ scores of wagtails about the Pyramids. The desert  
‘ (Egyptian) comes close up to the Pyramids ; there is  
‘ no border ground with occasional green, but the sand  
‘ and verdure are as sharply divided as the patterns of  
‘ a carpet. Wherever the Nile water cannot come there  
‘ is the wilderness, sand, and sand hills. . . . ?

His delight when he achieved the ascent of the Pyramid was very great. Having been apprized of the almost irresistible importunity of the Arabs who assist travellers to climb, he had been induced to leave all his money in Cairo. When I reached the summit, which he had attained before me, he came forward in a state of boyish excitement, asking for the loan of money, wherewith to reward ‘ these poor fellows. What a job they have had helping up a man of my weight.’ I was unable to give him what he wanted, because as purse-bearer I had only taken what was necessary for the general expenses of the expedition ; but he contrived to borrow a considerable sum from one of our party. Before many minutes were over, it was all in the hands of the delighted Arabs, who, when we drove away, followed us for more than a mile, shouting ‘ Big man,’ ‘ Strong man,’ ‘ Good man,’ ‘ Soon at the top,’ ‘ Hurrah, Hurrah.’

‘ SUEZ, 17th February.

‘ Left Cairo on Monday with some regret. I should  
‘ like to live in Cairo, at this season of the year at  
‘ least. Preached to a good and respectable audience  
‘ on Sunday at three o’clock. It has the finest of  
‘ climates at this season. Nobody has ever any sus-  
‘ picion of to-morrow’s weather ; it is all June ; the

' thermometer over 70° in the shade ; sky unclouded  
' and deep blue. . . .

' On the Saturday before leaving Cairo, went to  
' the Island of Roda in the Nile, to see the famous  
' Nilometer, and helped a man to water his field of  
' lettuces "with my foot," as in Deut. xi. 10, the  
' water being drawn up from the river by very rude  
' machinery. On Monday went to Memphis and the  
' Pyramids of Sakhara. Had to go on the back of a  
' donkey from a railway station and back—some  
' eighteen miles—the which I won't attempt again.  
' I would as soon climb a pyramid. Memphis, the  
' ancient Noph, was an enormous city for size, and  
' many of its tombs, temples, and sarcophagi which are  
' now covered with sand, have been excavated ; sculp-  
' tures of all kinds ; paintings as fresh as if the colours  
' had been laid on yesterday. But the encircling  
' desert is a resistless invader, and has silted up all.

' The dragoman gave us a dinner on Saturday night  
' in one of the tents behind the hotel. Twelve dined,  
' as at an ordinary oblong table in a dining room.  
' Consul Rogers and his lady came. Two ladies staying  
' in the hotel joined us, one of them Miss Strahan, the  
' sister of the publisher of "Good Words" and the  
' other the Countess Montimerli, who tended Gari-  
' baldi's wounded men, and published an account of  
' the matter in "Good Words." Two Scottish invalids  
' were also present, one of them Mr. Burns, who used  
' to live in Lansdowne Crescent. . . . Left on  
' Tuesday for Suez ; stopped at Ismailia a night, in  
' order to see Lesseps' canal. Got chance of a small  
' return steamer to Suez, a boat only a little larger  
' than a good decked herring boat. But the south

‘wind blew, and the small craft would not venture  
‘on, only passing through Lake Timseh towards the  
‘Bitter Lakes. Stayed a night near Serapeum, a most  
‘villainous place, but lay by the side of a great  
‘Bombay steam trader, and I slept on board of her.  
‘The so-called Bitter *Lakes* had long been *dry*, till in  
‘one day Lesseps poured water into them from the  
‘Red Sea and the Mediterranean. The larger one is  
‘thirty miles round. The sail on the canal proper is  
‘monotonous, through a very broad ditch, with nothing  
‘but sand and sand banks on both sides. As you  
‘enter the Red Sea the scenery improves. There are  
‘no locks or doors of any kind on the canal, which is  
‘99 miles long. It freely opens into both seas. A  
‘sweet water canal from the Nile accompanies it  
‘during a large portion of its course. It could not  
‘have been dug by human beings without fresh water  
‘being close at hand. Ismailia is an extemporized  
‘French town, and Suez is not much better. We shall,  
‘I hope, be at Moses’ Wells to-morrow night, and on  
‘the last Sabbath of the month, that is, the 27th, be at  
‘Sinai, and in Jerusalem three weeks after that. For  
‘various reasons the visit to Petra is given up.

‘The *Red Sea*, which comes up to the door of the  
‘hotel, is a beautiful light *green*. In haste for the  
‘post. I hope that the cat and parrot will conduct  
‘themselves with propriety. . . .

‘N.B.—The sparrows are as numerous and as im-  
‘pudent as in Glasgow. Two American parties are in  
‘the hotel, apparently going the same journey.

‘The poor Egyptian people are honest, rarely steal,  
‘but there is no truth in them. No one believes his  
‘neighbour. But the Greeks (many of them were

‘employed making the canal) are fiends incarnate. ‘They do a murder at Port Said every night, and two ‘in the week at Suez. The Greek Consul is terrified ‘to interfere. However, it is generally one another ‘they stab. The Khedive has built a palace at Is- ‘mailia, his *fifteenth*. Some of his women, guarded by ‘three beardless negroes, travelled in the same train ‘from Cairo—old and not very pretty. Of these he ‘has 500, distributed among his different harems.’

On the following Friday, the 18th February, we left Suez by boat for the Wells of Moses. We were introduced on board to Sheikh Mousa, of Mount Sinai, the head of a little tribe of 100 men, who, with three of his ministers of state, had come to conduct us to the encampment where their camels, which had started from Cairo four days earlier, were awaiting us. The native ruler was resplendent in a glaring robe which had been given him by our dragoman, Hadj’ Ismail, as backsheesh in earnest of the hire of the camels. The short voyage by which we accomplished our exodus from Egypt and civilization was rendered exciting by a lively altercation between Hadj’ Ismail and the Egyptian boatmen, which would have alarmed us if we had not by that time become accustomed to oriental vehemence. We learned afterwards that the boatmen wished to land us at a certain breakwater two miles north of our destination, and that the dragoman insisted on their going to the point on the shore exactly opposite the Wells. The men yielded, but in a few minutes a grating sound proclaimed that they should not have done so. The heavy-laden boat was aground, and no shifting of our positions availed to float it

again. With little ceremony the Bedouin were ordered to take to the water. Sheikh Mousa feebly protested, as with an air of amusing pathos he gathered up the skirts of his resplendent robe; but an admonitory growl from the dragoman warned this successor of Jethro and bearer of the name of his famous son-in-law, to make haste; and soon he was wading to the shore with anything but royal dignity. It was playfully proposed that *our* sheikh should follow his Arabian brother, but he declined. With difficulty we got the boat off; and then we tacked to the breakwater, whence a fatiguing walk over deep, soft sand brought us to the Wells, and to our first experience of tent life.

The little encampment looked sufficiently inviting as we reached it in the evening light. Two white tents were pitched for the travellers, and one of variegated colours for the dragoman and his servants; the Bedouin sat round their camp-fires, with such shelter from the desert wind as barricades made of their camel furniture could yield; while in an outer circle the camels lay, as the great word-painter of 'Sinai and Palestine' has expressed it, 'like stranded ships, 'moored round the tents.'<sup>1</sup> The larger of the white tents was assigned to Dr. Eadie and the minister of Paisley Abbey, and was also used as our dining-room. If any one, thinking of the hardships of the desert, could have looked in on us as we sat there at our evening meal, served in French style by a Nubian in flowing robes and a Greek in European dress, with the dragoman and the sheikh coming in to see that all was going well, they would have thought that a feat parallel to that which Bailie Nicol Jarvie reckoned

<sup>1</sup> Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine,' p. 65.

impossible had been accomplished with considerable success.

But the hardships of the desert are not altogether imaginary, as our first two days' journey through the Wilderness of Shur, from the Wells of Moses to the Wady Ghúrúndel, the traditional Elim, attested. On the first of these the unaccustomed motion of the camel and the dreadful heat were sufficiently trying; but during the second, we looked back regretfully on the comforts of the first. We had a ride of twelve hours in face of a blinding sand-drift, against which a triple veil was no protection to eyes, nostrils, mouth, and ears; and which sometimes fairly threatened to silt us up like the buried Egyptian temples we had lately visited. We could not eat at luncheon, for the food, as soon as it was exposed, was peppered over with crunching sand; we could not drink, for the Nile water that had been brought in skins was by this time thick and slimy; and so we were fain, with head bent down, to push on toward the place with 'the three score and ten palm trees and the twelve wells of water,' about the amenities of which we had all given edifying discourse in our day. Night had fallen ere we reached it, and I shall not soon forget the scene, when, impelled by burning thirst, we were groping our way among the palms in search of the wells, which, alas, we failed to find. Guided back to the tents by the light of the camp-fires, we sent the Arabs for water, and they returned, as usual, with a liquid of the colour and consistency of pea-soup.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When an Arab is sent for water to any pool, or well, or stream, his habit is first to jump in, and after he has enjoyed for a while the refreshment grateful to his sun-dried limbs, he then fills the skin.

Dr. Eadie had more than his fair share of the hardships of the day. An Arab is exceedingly jealous if he thinks that his camel has been more heavily laden than those of his neighbours. The owner of the dromedary assigned to Eadie on the first day not unnaturally thought that he had been hardly dealt with, in that his beast had to bear by far the weightiest of the party. Next morning he surreptitiously substituted a great baggage camel, which 'our sheikh' unsuspectingly mounted, and had thus to ride for twelve hours on an animal which bears the same relation to a proper riding camel as a cart horse does to a thoroughbred. He was sadly shaken, but he bore the pains which lingered for days with amazing good humour.

When the discomforts of the first two days were over, he greatly enjoyed the desert life. By the third day we had come in sight of the mountains, and at each successive stage of the southward journey the scenery became grander. We chose the route from Elim to Sinai indicated in the Book of Numbers (xxxiii. 9-15), as that taken by the Israelites. Descending the Wâdy Taiyibeh, we encamped by the Red Sea (v. 10); then passing the headland of Zelima, where we had to wade through the surf which was beating on the rocks, we crossed the great plain of El-Kâ'a (Wilderness of Zin) diagonally, and entered the mountains by the Wâdy Shellal. Crossing an intervening ridge by the Nukb Buderan (the pass of the sword point) we entered the Written Valley (Wâdy Mokatteb), and thence came by the Wâdy Feiran to the famous oasis at the junction with the Wady Aleyat. Those of us who wished to climb Mount Serbâl here turned aside for that purpose, and did not rejoin our com-

panions till, going by a shorter route than theirs, we found them encamped at the foot of Sinai, on the evening of February 26th. They had continued up the Wâdy Feiran, and then approached the sacred mountain by the great arterial Wâdy es Sheikh. Eadie's enthusiasm grew, as day after day disclosed new wonders of a scenery which is absolutely unique, combining awe-inspiring desolation and grandeur of outline with a wealth of variegated colours unsurpassed in Alpine or Pyrenean ranges. He had special delight in a walk of two hours which we made it a rule to take each morning, before the sun had flooded the valleys with its intolerable glare, and while yet the air was crisp and the shadows of the mountains were lying on our path. Nothing would induce him to shorten the walk, and he used to carry his watch in his hand, to secure that at the appointed time, but not a minute earlier, we should mount the camels, which, meanwhile, had been ridden by their Arab owners.

Before we had reached Sinai he was almost reconciled to the wretched water, though he failed not, as often as he drank it, to record a vow that, when he returned to Glasgow, he would never take a tumbler of Loch Katrine without saying grace.

‘ Sunday, 27th February,

‘ At the foot of Sinai.

‘ . . . Sinai does not look so grand at all as  
‘ Serbâl, the most magnificent hill that I ever saw.  
‘ Sinai comes sheer down to the plain at once, hence  
‘ the injunction Exod. xix. 12. It is a bare, rugged,  
‘ wild, and lofty rock, and the plain directly in front



‘ would hold millions. Had a service to-day under its  
 ‘ awful shadow. . . . ’

His admiration of Serbâl found expression in a lecture on the question as to which is the mountain of the Law, written after his return. He says, ‘ A strong  
 ‘ claim has been advanced on behalf of Serbâl, in the  
 ‘ vicinity of Wâdy Feiran. It is not the highest of  
 ‘ these mountains, being only 6,735 feet in height ;  
 ‘ but as it rises from near the level of the sea, its whole  
 ‘ outline is conspicuous, as it towers up so grandly, and  
 ‘ divides into five great peaks. There is no hill in the  
 ‘ region to compare with it in stern wild sublimity of  
 ‘ aspect. You see its tops first from the high ground  
 ‘ in the Wâdy Ghûrûndel, and from your first and  
 ‘ distant glimpse awful is the spell thrown over you.  
 ‘ You never tire of gazing at it. Coming along the  
 ‘ Wâdy Feiran, it startles you at many a turning ; and  
 ‘ ascending the Wâdy es Sheikh, you find yourself  
 ‘ continually looking round to enjoy a parting view of  
 ‘ it. Who can forget its great dark sides, so bold and  
 ‘ beautiful in their ruggedness, and its noble summits  
 ‘ as they stand out against the blue sky in solitary  
 ‘ majesty. No one who surveys it in its divineness of  
 ‘ form and altitude, can prevent himself wishing to  
 ‘ regard it as the chosen mount, built up in its naked  
 ‘ vastness to be the throne of the thundercloud enclosing  
 ‘ in it the divine glory. A feeling of awe creeps  
 ‘ over you as this fond desire gains possession, and it  
 ‘ is with no common feeling of disappointment that the  
 ‘ fascination is broken, and you are forced away to  
 ‘ another conclusion.’

On the Sunday we visited the convent of St. Kathe-

rine, the unmelodious cymbals of which, sounding for matins, had awakened us at three a.m. We 'assisted' at vespers, and were not specially charmed with the service of the Greek church, in contrast with which the Roman Catholic ritual when next we saw it, seemed warm and home-like. After service we paid our respects to the superior, with whom Eadie conversed through the medium of two interpreters. The superior spoke in modern Greek; one of the servants who accompanied us translated into French; and one of us translated into English. We were afterwards conducted over the building, and admired a mosaic of the Transfiguration, on the roof of the apse behind the altar, said to have been presented by Justinian. We visited the library, which had a peculiar interest for Dr. Eadie, as the place where Tischendorf had discovered the famous *Codex Sinaiticus*. With the exception of a fine uncial MS. of the portions of the gospels read in the service of the Greek church, supposed to belong to the eighth century, and a beautiful little psalter, the library now presents no feature of interest; it is mainly composed of ragged books left by travellers who have lodged at the convent, among which shilling novels in paper covers have a conspicuous place.

'Monday, 28th.

'Climbed up to Jebel Mousa, and then to Ras-Susâfeh, a terrible day's work, the like of which I never did, and never will do again. The toil of clambering over rocks and boulders as only goats or chamois should do, especially in coming down, is indescribable, and the work lasted twelve hours. How I got through it I do not know; the descent

‘ was either to do or die. I am satisfied as to several  
‘ things ; and the view of hill upon hill, peak upon  
‘ peak, as far as the horizon reaches, is extraordinary; no  
‘ greenness, but sterility, solitude, death. One reads  
‘ Exodus xix. 20, &c. in Hebrew with peculiar emotion  
‘ on Sinai or under its shadow.’

We started on the expedition to which he refers, before daybreak, attended by a band of Arabs and a Greek priest from the convent, whose only knowledge of the scenes we had come so far to visit seemed to be the sites of the various chapels where he performed his devotions. The first part of the day’s work was comparatively easy, as a tolerable pathway leads from the convent to the summit of Jebel Mousa. But the journey northward along the rugged plateau between Jebel Mousa and Ras-Susâfeh, where there is no track, was most laborious. Dr. Eadie bravely persevered till he reached the cleft of the mountain-wall of Susâfeh, from which the traveller overlooks the plain of Rahah. But it was the descent through one of the defiles, which led sheer down from the mountain to the convent-valley, that tried him most severely. He was thoroughly fatigued before it began, and only after a ‘labour’ of hours, and with the assistance of two of his companions, one of whom supported him and the other directed him where to set his feet, did he reach the tents at sunset. Next morning I found him measuring his largest portmanteau, and cutting to the necessary size the staff which had been sold to him at the convent under the name of ‘Aaron’s rod,’ and which had helped him in the ascent. He said he meant to pack it up and take it home, that it might remain an heirloom in his family.

‘Tuesday, 1st March.

‘Resting, and great need of it. *Sore, sore*, in every muscle. Heat very great, stronger far than ever I felt it anywhere at 10 A.M., 95° in the shade, and this place is over 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. But a breeze springs up at noon, and it is cool, cold in the evening. The leader of the camels is Sheikh Mousa (Moses), and that very naturally in these scenes. The Bedouin are very poor this year, there having been no rain. They are really innocent creatures. In this wilderness nothing goes amissing, and you wander as you like. Property in the tents is safer than at Hillhead. These children of the desert steal only bread, tobacco, &c. Camp fires are pleasantest in fiction, but I soon came to like them. The camel has an ugly motion, but one gets used to it. Monkish legends are rife here. . . . They show you the mould in which the golden calf was made, the cleft in the rock in which God hid Moses, and the cave of Elijah; and they have in a shrine at the convent a sprig of the burning bush.

‘March 3rd.

‘Intended to leave to-day, but cannot. *Rain and wind*. A storm came on last night; the rain falls in torrents, with distant thunder, and trenches have had to be dug round the tents to keep out the water. Sinai is pouring down scores of foaming torrents. How it still rains! and the thunder is coming nearer, and getting grander, and more awful in its peals and echoes—a prolonged roll, as if the chariots of God were again passing over the mighty hills. Thundered all the night, and the tent lighted up every minute by brilliant flashes. . . .’

He was deeply interested in this thunderstorm at Sinai, illustrating, as it did most strikingly, the Mosaic record of the lawgiving; and he felt that the sight of those 'foaming torrents,' which in a few hours converted the Wâdys into impassable rivers, enabled him to realize the scene when the rock in Horeb sent down its streams to Rephidim. In a lecture on the journey to Sinai, he says, 'This Wâdy (es Sheikh) is the natural channel for all Horeb streams, and during a thunderstorm in the spring of 1870 the torrent from the hills of Jebel Mousa, Ras-Susâfeh, Jebel Sun'á, and Jebel ed Deir burst away down this great valley in magnificent volume. The water flowed from the rock in Horeb down to Rephidim.'

' . . . . At length got away on Friday, 4th March, and came on Tuesday, into the Tih, the desert of the wandering—really a desert; those about Sinai are oases in comparison. Day after day of monotonous travel over a desolate plateau of hundreds of miles in extent, the basis being limestone, and the surface often jagged flints. Came to Nukhl, a station on the great Hadj road from Suez to Mecca, where camels and Arabs are to be changed, a new tribe taking charge. The last ones have behaved well, and indeed so have all the Arabs. Passed through that awful wilderness, where every monotonous day is like another, and came at length to Gaza.'

The northward journey from Sinai to Palestine, to which he here devotes a few lines, occupied us sixteen days. In the Tih there was absolutely nothing to break the dismal monotony, and no one who has not crossed such a desert can understand the joy with which we first came on the refreshing green of growing

corn, as we approached the ancient territory of the Philistines. It was most interesting to notice that what revived our spirits made our Arab guides droop. There was little resemblance between the timid-shrinking creature who led Eadie's camel through the streets of Gaza, and the good Sheikh Hasseen, who but a few days before had been exhibiting to us on camel-back the war-like movements of his tribe, or firing with yells of triumph over the grave of a dead enemy which we happened to pass. A great friendship was established between *our* sheikh and this Tiyahan brother, who guided us from Nukhl. They did not understand a word of each other's language, but they contrived to hold long conversations notwithstanding; and after they had parted, we found that Dr. Eadie had purchased Hasseen's sword, to which, on his return, he assigned a place of honour on his study wall.

No sooner had we pitched our tents in Gaza than the governor came to pay his respects, bringing with him, by the hands of a black slave, a quantity of Jaffa oranges, with the green leaves on their stalks. The fresh fruit was very welcome, as nearly a fortnight had elapsed since, on calling for oranges—a stock of which, that we had taken from Cairo, had often served to moderate our thirst—we had received to our dismay the following announcement: “I be sorry to told you, gentlemen, that the oranges am done.” We asked the governor to return in the evening and dine. Before dinner was served, a conversation took place, in which the dragoman acted as interpreter, and which I have reason to believe, from some stray indications, was conducted in much the same style as the immortal conversation with the Pasha of Karaghlookoldour,

recorded on the pages of 'Eothen.' Eadie, who was impatient of the intervention of the dragoman, contrived by sound and gesture to amuse the governor greatly with an account he gave him of the sorrows of his journey on camel-back. Just as he was doing so, dinner was announced, and we went into the other tent. When we had sat down at table Dr. Eadie, as usual, said grace. The bending forward, and motion of his head in doing so, made the governor suppose that the ceremony was a continuation of the amusing narrative, which had been interrupted by the call to dinner, and so he received the grace with a great shout of laughter. Eadie came afterwards to understand the humour of the situation, but just at the moment the conduct of the governor annoyed him, and we heard him mutter something about 'the beast and the false prophet.'

Whether the dragoman had described Eadie to the governor as 'His lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scornor of Ireland, Suppressor of France,' or whether the Turkish official was attracted by the general bigness of the head of our party, we never could learn, but it is certain that he showed us exceptional attention. On the ground that the country was somewhat unsettled, he volunteered to accompany us as far as Ramleh. We accordingly passed through the Philistine country, and made our entry into the Holy Land in imposing procession, attended by twenty horsemen. By one scene which we visited on this journey Dr. Eadie was as greatly moved as by anything he saw in the East. After we had cleared the olive groves outside of Gaza, and passed over some miles of bare downs with a ridge of sandhills on the left, and a

great plain of corn-land, with the mountains of Judah in the background on the right, we turned westward, and passing through several villages with cactus-hedged gardens, and beautiful olive yards, on which the pitiless sand is fast encroaching, we ascended a height toward a ruined tower. Suddenly the summit was reached, and before us, on the shore beneath, lay the ruins of Ascalon, with the broad blue sea behind. It is difficult to convey any conception of the wonder of this unexpected sight of the great stronghold of lordly Philistines and still lordlier crusaders; or of the picturesqueness of the many-towered wall, nearly swallowed up in sand at its southern end, but in the rest of its semi-circle, made beautiful by the different shades of the green of the olives, the figs, and the pomegranates that grow among its crumbling ruins. I think it was not wholly due to the keenness of the sea wind that Eadie's eyes filled with tears as he stood and gazed, for he often afterwards said, that seldom had any sight so greatly moved him.

'Arrived at Jerusalem on the 22nd March, after a 'cold wet ride. A thunderstorm followed, and rain 'and storm are still sad and dreary. Tents cannot be 'pitched, hotels are full, and we are in a cold and 'comfortless house, outside the Jaffa Gate at the head 'of the valley of Hinnom, and cannot go out for the 'wintry and tempestuous weather. Mr. Holman Hunt 'called at the hotel where I was for a single night. . . .

'To-day, Friday, is milder and dry, and I have 'walked round Jerusalem literally, from the Fuller's 'field just behind us, down the Hinnom, past the pool 'of Gihon, on to Enrogel, Siloam, Gehenna, Tophet, 'the fountain of the Virgin, up by the Kedron and the



‘valley of Jehoshaphat, over the mount of Olives to  
 ‘Bethany, returning by the old road, which at one  
 ‘point or turn brings suddenly the city before you,  
 ‘and no doubt at this very point Jesus beheld the  
 ‘Temple and city, and wept over them. A good  
 ‘stretch of a walk of nigh a dozen miles. Saw the  
 ‘Jews’ wailing place, and also the enormous stones in  
 ‘the substructure, probably of the temple. Saw all  
 ‘the things collected in the church of the Holy  
 ‘Sepulchre, the tomb and all the rest of it—sad folly  
 ‘and superstition.

‘Saturday rode out to Mizpeh and Gibeon, those  
 ‘old places. Mr. Hunt spent one evening, and came  
 ‘this evening and dined.

‘Sunday afternoon was at the English church. I  
 ‘spoke to the Bishop and the communion was pro-  
 ‘vided for us. I am to preach this evening in the  
 ‘Arabic chapel. To-morrow we are going down to  
 ‘the Jordan, and round by Hebron and Bethlehem,  
 ‘returning here on Friday night. I gave Mr. Hunt  
 ‘your photograph and my own. God bless you now  
 ‘and ever.

‘Jerusalem is a very dirty town, but looks well  
 ‘from a distance.’

To DR. and MRS. HENDERSON, his younger daughter  
 and her husband.

‘JERUSALEM, HEAD OF THE VALLEY OF HINNOM,  
 ‘24th March.

‘Here am I confined to the house by cold and  
 ‘rain, which have come too late to this country.  
 ‘The desert heat was often over a 100° by eleven  
 ‘o’clock, and at night to dress for dinner was to

‘put on your topcoat and throw a rug over your  
‘shoulders, the evenings were so chilly. The base  
‘of Mount Sinai, which I climbed, is 5,000 feet  
‘above the level of the sea, but it was warmer as we  
‘passed through the great desert to the north. It is a  
‘desert not of sand, save in one place, but of gravel,  
‘flint, chalk and stones of all kinds and shapes, often  
‘rammed together as closely as the concrete floor of a  
‘village house. The pulley and rope at the Sinai  
‘convent have been abolished for some time, and we  
‘entered like decent people by the door, and had a  
‘glass of cognac and some sweets with the superior.  
‘You will hear of the journey otherwise. Here the  
‘tents cannot be pitched for the blast, and it is Decem-  
‘ber cold. Sometimes in the desert by mid-day I  
‘felt the smell of singeing on my clothes, and then  
‘was shivering in the evening. Our first Sheikh,  
‘Mousa, hearing of the pills, got some himself, and  
‘then brought me his wife and child to prescribe for,  
‘and then his eldest son, who is dying of decline. A  
‘good many Arabs applied for eye lotion. The  
‘Bedouin are all poor this year for want of rain, and  
‘have taken to plunder; but there is abundance here  
‘now, certainly, and I should not wonder if it snows,  
‘the cold is so intense, and in this house there are  
‘neither fires nor fire-places. So much for Jerusalem,  
‘a dirty and most smelly hole, a network of poor  
‘tumble-down bazaars. Every man works and sells  
‘in front of his little miserable shep or booth. But  
‘the hills around are the grand old scenery, though  
‘Bethesda is now a nasty puddle, and filth and smells  
‘are everywhere. I like the camel for riding and for  
‘that only, you can shift your position in so many

‘ways, but he is an unlovely brute. . . . Camels  
‘ceased at Ramleh, and I got a little stallion to ride  
‘on to Jerusalem, but the moment I curbed him  
‘off he went with me through a wheat field, so I got  
‘one of the mounted guard to lead him by his own  
‘rope, and I came like a captive Sheikh into the Holy  
‘City, only it was so cold that I had to dismount and  
‘walk before entering. The camels groan awfully,  
‘and the squealing of a stuck pig is nothing in com-  
‘parison. After all, the camel has an extra joint above  
‘the knee, which it uses in kneeling down, thus—

‘Extra knee joint,



Foot.’

TO WILLIAM WALLS, Esq.

‘JERUSALEM, HEAD OF THE VALLEY OF HINNOM,  
‘AND NEAR THE FULLER’S FIELD.

‘MY DEAR SIR,—Among the last things I heard  
‘before leaving was the death of your sister, and I see  
‘in the papers sent here the death of Dr. Paterson of  
‘Kirkwall. Survivors need sorrow about neither.  
‘They served the Master well, though in very different  
‘ways. He did it in active life. She did it in a  
‘higher and more trying form, by suffering His wise  
‘and holy will. “They also serve who only stand and  
‘wait.” . . . .

‘Of my travels I need say nothing. A paragraph  
‘would be meagre, and a sheet would not suffice. I  
‘have in a word learned a good deal, and unlearned a  
‘good deal too, both as to the desert and the Philis-  
‘tine country, which seems as fertile as the Lothians.

‘No wonder they could fight so well long ago; and  
 ‘their capital was as near Jerusalem as Moffat is to  
 ‘Edinburgh. What use I may make of the premises  
 ‘packed up into my brain and my note-book I do not  
 ‘know.<sup>1</sup> On a camel’s back I could think and dream  
 ‘at leisure, but it has come to horses and woe is me.  
 ‘. . . I am afraid that I must obey the word  
 ‘to Abraham, “Arise and *walk* through the land in  
 ‘the length of it and in the breadth of it.”’

To MR. and MRS. ALEXANDER MACFARLANE, his Elder Daughter  
 and her Husband.

‘JERUSALEM, 26th March.

‘This is a letter from the “Holy Land” (the most  
 ‘*unholy* land on the face of the earth)—the most of it  
 ‘written on a very bleak, cold, and rainy day. . . .  
 ‘I climbed the great Pyramid, and as a more trying  
 ‘task I climbed both the hills claiming to be Mount  
 ‘Sinai—enough to serve me all the days of my natural  
 ‘life. Miles upon miles in the desert there are no signs  
 ‘of life—save some lizards; a fowling piece is therefore  
 ‘a superfluity. . . . Tell your youngsters that croco-  
 ‘diles are *scarce*, and I have not seen any,<sup>2</sup> and the

<sup>1</sup> He did not live to finish the work in which he proposed to embody the results of his visit to the East. Twelve more or less complete lectures or essays, on subjects suggested by his travels, were found in his repositories. Some of them had been read to his students. Three are on Abraham; one on Goshen; three on the Red Sea, the desert, and Sinai; two on the numbers of the children of Israel; one on Sodom and Gomorrah; another on Judaism; and another on Zion.

<sup>2</sup> This is in allusion to a request for a lively young crocodile from one of the boys.

‘ lizards, of which there are myriads, refuse to come to  
 ‘ Glasgow.

‘ The brackish water at the beginning of the journey  
 ‘ to Sinai fairly did for me, and for two days I could  
 ‘ neither eat nor drink. I would have given a couple  
 ‘ of sovereigns for a couple of minutes at the Millar’s  
 ‘ Bucht or Eadie’s Well. Mrs. Harrower looked very  
 ‘ far gone when I saw her last at Uncle Tom’s funeral.

‘ The deserts going to Sinai among the Wâdys are  
 ‘ striking, for there are many turns and new scenes ;  
 ‘ but to the north, the desert coming up to Palestine is  
 ‘ dreary, solitary, and lifeless, far as the eye can reach,  
 ‘ on all sides, and that for very many days. It is a  
 ‘ waste and howling wilderness truly ; for at night the  
 ‘ breeze often got up, and made a melancholy *eerie*  
 ‘ sound. . . . I hope Alick is still dux.’

TO MRS. EADIE.

‘ JERUSALEM, 28th March.

‘ . . . I preached last night in the so-called  
 ‘ Arabic chapel, the Bishop and clergy being all pre-  
 ‘ sent, and the place was quite filled—Text, the verse  
 ‘ ending with “beginning at Jerusalem.” How I can  
 ‘ bring home any presents I do not know, for the  
 ‘ trunks have been always packed to suffocation, and  
 ‘ I must have an auction soon. Night shirts are in  
 ‘ great profusion. My camel man to Sinai and north  
 ‘ to Nukhl was a quiet, modest man ; never asked for  
 ‘ anything, even tobacco—a blate body. He was in  
 ‘ rags ; so I put a night shirt on him, to his own  
 ‘ extreme delight, and the envy and wonderment of  
 ‘ all his brethren. He will flaunt like a prince through  
 ‘ the desert for many a day. He was a nephew of

‘Sheikh Mousa. Rings are useless as presents. The  
‘Arabs now know in a moment gold from brass.  
‘Money is the coveted backsheesh. The Philistine  
‘people are many of them as fair as Europeans, especi-  
‘ally those of Asealon, who may have some Crusaders’  
‘blood in them. A great part of the population here  
‘are also quite fair. The Jewish and Christian women  
‘do not cover their faces, but all of them wear out of  
‘doors a great picturesque white sheet. I have never  
‘seen but once a man leading his flock; he always  
‘drives them as at home. I have been surprised at  
‘two things, the great size of the hill called Zion, and  
‘the immense area inclosed about the Mosque of Omar,  
‘on some part of which the temple must have been  
‘situated. I was shown through all that was seen,  
‘very courteously and without any bigoted feelings, as  
‘I appeared, I suppose, very much interested in all  
‘things. The fields here have not yet their full summer  
‘appearance, but look stony and dry. Marks of the  
‘old terraces are visible on many of the hills, and  
‘olives are about the city and outlying valleys in  
‘great profusion. The rubbish they show in Jerusalem  
‘is marvellous, the house of Dives and the spot where  
‘Lazarus lay, nay, the stones “that would have cried  
‘out.” The church of the Holy Sepulchre is a great  
‘delusion, but thronged now by thousands of pilgrims  
‘coming into the city for the Easter festival. The  
‘city is filled with convents and other religious houses,  
‘Greek, Latin, Armenian. People here sneer at the  
‘begging letter of the Jews to Sir Moses Montefiore,  
‘though the want of water was greatly felt, and  
‘the locusts are still camped out at some distance  
‘But the Jews in Jerusalem are always poor—they

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‘ by night,”<sup>1</sup> wrong ; no “ plain ” near it, all rugged  
‘ and uncultivated valleys.

‘ April 1st.

‘ Down by Bethany and the horrid wilderness of  
‘ Judea to Er Riha (Jericho). Great extent of greenness  
‘ in the plain from the fountains. The road as of old  
‘ rather dangerous, and we had a guard of six men,  
‘ horse and foot, who scoured the hills.

‘ April 2nd.

‘ Down to the Jordan and Dead Sea early next morn-  
‘ ing. The river rapid, turbid, and not very deep.  
‘ The grand hills of Moab to the east, and a wide plain  
‘ at their feet—Israel’s last encampment. I have seen  
‘ as yet no scene of magnificence and beauty here to be  
‘ at all compared to the Dead Sea, so blue and bright.  
‘ Nothing like curse about it—but the very opposite.  
‘ A fresh breeze from the south brought the wavelets  
‘ to the gravelly beach as pleasantly as if it had been a  
‘ tidal river close to a Clyde watering-place. But the  
‘ saltness is awful, and sticks to you. There was no  
‘ great heat. Back to Mar Saba where Mr. Young and  
‘ I staid all night—a strange, large, romantic convent  
‘ built at the wildest and deepest part of the ravine of  
‘ the Kedron (*vide* Bartlett).

‘ April 4th.

‘ Left Jerusalem finally, and came north to Bethel,  
‘ which still exists as a village. From a hill on the  
‘ east side saw again the Dead Sea, and must have been  
‘ close to the spot where Abraham encamped “ between  
‘ Bethel and Ai,”—the great mountains of Gilead and

<sup>1</sup>The phrase in the familiar hymn of the Nativity included among the Scottish Paraphrases.



‘ the Haurân bounding the eastern horizon. The fields  
 ‘ all anciently terraced round Bethel, but rocks and  
 ‘ stones everywhere. Jacob could be at no loss for a  
 ‘ pillow. Very cold and apparently frosty at night.

‘ April 5th.

‘ Left Bethel and came through the terraced and fer-  
 ‘ tile mountains of Ephraim to Lubbân, “where is water,”  
 ‘ the ancient Lebonah—passed on the way Seilun, the  
 ‘ old Shiloh, a perfect desolation, in sad and startling  
 ‘ contrast to the glories of the place and sanctuary in  
 ‘ the days of the judges and old Eli. The village  
 ‘ of Lubbân is more than a mile away, but there are  
 ‘ women at the well always filling their skins. In fact  
 ‘ women and donkeys do all the drudgery in this  
 ‘ country, and both get hard usage in life, and become  
 ‘ prematurely old.

‘ April 6th.

‘ Came on to Nablous, the ancient Shechem. Passed  
 ‘ Jacob’s well; the vault is fallen in, and the well ap-  
 ‘ pears to be dry. Went on between Ebal and Gerizim;  
 ‘ at one point the valley is very narrow, and the two  
 ‘ mountains near each other, and would fit in if they  
 ‘ met; probably the scene of the blessing and cursing.  
 ‘ Rode to the top of Gerizim; met Jacob Shelaby,  
 ‘ chief of all the holy Samaritans; strong in all his  
 ‘ views, speaks fair English. His wife tastefully dressed  
 ‘ and good-looking. A good view of the Vale of the  
 ‘ Jordan and of the Jabbok coming down from the east,  
 ‘ and of Ænon and Sâlim. Again cold and rain. It is  
 ‘ singular that we have had a thunderstorm at Mount  
 ‘ Sinai, a second at Mount Zion, and a third at Mount  
 ‘ Gerizim.

April 7th (Glasgow Fast).

‘Left for Samaria, most beautifully placed on the top  
 ‘of a hill; rebuilt by Herod, and scores of marble pillars  
 ‘yet stand, showing a magnificent colonnade. Their  
 ‘base is eight feet in the earth now, and they want  
 ‘their capitals. Thunder and heavy rain. Samaria in  
 ‘situation grand and lovely, hills round about it. In  
 ‘fertile valleys and fine scenery, it far excels Jerusalem,  
 ‘and ought to have been the central metropolis. Came  
 ‘to Jenin, the old En-Gannim.

‘April 8th.

‘Passed the great plain of Jezreel to the city of  
 ‘Jezreel. Went to Shunem, and to the Well of Harod  
 ‘(Gideon’s great battlefield). Saw Nain and Endor,  
 ‘and could fancy Saul crossing over in the dark to  
 ‘the witch. . . . Came to Nazareth, far higher  
 ‘among the hills than I thought, and embosomed  
 ‘among them. The boy Jesus must have often  
 ‘looked on this highland amphitheatre. Up to it is  
 ‘a very rough climb. They show you of course the  
 ‘workshop of Joseph, and the scene of the angel’s  
 ‘salutation. From the hill above the town, we had a  
 ‘fine view of the Mediterranean. Cold and rain. Bar-  
 ‘ley scones of Nazareth are quite as insipid as those at  
 ‘home.

‘April 9th.

‘Left Nazareth and rode up to the top of Tabor,  
 ‘amidst a couple of hundred Russian pilgrims going  
 ‘up to Jerusalem to the feast; but thunder clouds and  
 ‘rain impeded and dimmed the view. Blackbirds  
 ‘singing among the thickets on the side of Tabor.  
 ‘Then away east to Tiberias, a dreary road, if road it

‘ may be called ; came to the summit of a ridge, and  
 ‘ had a first view of the Lake of Galilee, taking it all  
 ‘ in at once, quiet, blue and highland. Old Hermon  
 ‘ covered with snow far down its sides. Tents and  
 ‘ beds all wet, and lodged in a wretched hole. The hot  
 ‘ springs very abundant, gushing down to the lake. We  
 ‘ are in a ruined bath house, windows half boarded, and  
 ‘ swallows flying in and out ; but the floor of marble  
 ‘ slabs.

‘ April 10th.

‘ Resting on Sunday. Breeze on the lake ; great  
 ‘ clouds embattled and deeply tinted to the north-  
 ‘ west and the hills of Gilead reflecting their colours  
 ‘ —beautiful shadows. Tiberias not worth mention-  
 ‘ ing, and not one old village is now to be found  
 ‘ on the banks of the lake, except the poor hamlet of  
 ‘ Magdala. Chorazin and Bethsaida have ceased to  
 ‘ be, and men dispute as to the site of Capernaum.  
 ‘ Beautiful whitethroats and fine linnets ; larks and  
 ‘ cornbuntings down in Jezreel, with goldfinches on  
 ‘ the olives everywhere. Only the larks do not soar  
 ‘ as ours.

‘ April 11th.

‘ Left Tiberias gladly, and went up to Safed, built on  
 ‘ the top “ of an hill,” said often to be the city referred  
 ‘ to in the Sermon on the Mount, only it was not built  
 ‘ in Christ’s time. Had fine views of the lake going up.  
 ‘ How often must the “ blessed feet ” have trodden its  
 ‘ shores round and round !

‘ April 12th.

‘ On to Meis-el-Jebel, and saw Kadesh Naphthali, with  
 ‘ a glimpse of the waters of Merom. Cold at night and

' windy. Hermon very white. Ruins of Hazor. Jabin's  
 ' capital variously identified. Cold. The country is  
 ' getting greener and more Scottish-like, so different  
 ' from the stones and rocks and dry hills of the south.  
 ' Many soft and fertile plains. Plenty of rain now,  
 ' and ploughing busy; the ploughman carries his plough  
 ' (a crooked stick) to the field, and uses only one hand,  
 ' his goad being in the other. The sheep often follow  
 ' the shepherd, but he has usually got a dog, as at home.  
 ' Robbery is common, and soldiers are to-day scour-  
 ' ing the Hûleh (Merom) in quest of Bedouin; they  
 ' are said to have shot two yesterday, and we met  
 ' another being taken to Acre by a military party.  
 ' The week we arrived at Jerusalem, an English clergy-  
 ' man and his wife were robbed and stripped down at  
 ' the Jordan.

' April 13th.

' Passed up and on toward "goodly Lebanon." Cross-  
 ' ing a ridge, got a fine view of the lake Merom and the  
 ' large plain to the north of it. People all at work;  
 ' harvest will be late. Crossed at length one branch  
 ' of the Jordan by a three-arched bridge, and came to  
 ' Tell el Kâdi or Dan, the northern limit from Beer-  
 ' sheba to Dan—the two words (El Kâdi) meaning  
 ' "judge." Great fountain of the Jordan here (see  
 ' Cyclopædia). Then north to Banias, the old Caesarea  
 ' Philippi, another great source of the river. This was  
 ' Christ's most northerly point of travel and it was  
 ' beyond the country, which ends at Dan. Heat great  
 ' this afternoon, almost as strong as that of the desert,  
 ' and it *was* heat.

‘ April 14th.

‘ Swarms of locusts; camped at Beit-Jann (House of  
‘ Paradise) by the Pharpar coming down from the  
‘ snow-clad Hermon, cold and clear and rapid. Naaman  
‘ was quite right (physically) in his comparison with  
‘ the Jordan.

‘ April 15th.

‘ Came a long journey and rather cold to the “Queen  
‘ of the East,” watered plentifully in city and suburbs  
‘ by the Abana cut into a thousand streamlets. The  
‘ city is an oasis fringed by the desert; the garden  
‘ and groves around it of surpassing verdure and  
‘ loveliness. Bazaars not equal to what I had imagined;  
‘ but the city vastly cleaner than Jerusalem.

‘ Preached to-day (Sabbath) to about forty people,  
‘ majority English and American travellers. Lady  
‘ Ellenborough in the audience. Here endeth my  
‘ travelling. . . . I cannot venture to ride to  
‘ Baalbek. Am going over to Beyrout by diligence, to  
‘ set sail for Constantinople on Tuesday, 26th. Snow  
‘ has fallen in Jerusalem ten days ago, to the depth of  
‘ two inches. Our last night in the tents was the  
‘ worst; the wind blew a gale, and threatened to blow  
‘ them down every minute. Hotel here is very  
‘ comfortable, save for the perpetual roast mutton.  
‘ Have not tasted beef since we left Cairo. It was no  
‘ joke to see a sheep follow the encampment for a  
‘ couple of days, to know that it was killed some  
‘ morning, and have a portion of it served up in the  
‘ evening. Last encampment it was mild at sunset,  
‘ but it was odd to see Hermon at a short distance all  
‘ snow, and so near; the view like that of a highland  
‘ glen during or after a February snow-storm. Tents

‘ do best in the desert on the dry sand; the grass is  
‘ damp and becomes uncomfortable. Locusts are awful;  
‘ like a storm of broad snow flakes in a February breeze;  
‘ you may pass through miles of them as they rise on  
‘ all sides and swarm into the air. I have been on the  
‘ ground four times: once on leaving Gaza, and in going  
‘ under a great olive. I did not stoop long enough till I  
‘ got through, and the last branch caught me on the  
‘ brow, and swung me over to the side. You may turn  
‘ a Clyde steamer as easily as a camel. The Sheikh,  
‘ however, landed me easily. Then in going from  
‘ Bethel to Lubbân, down a declivity filled with great  
‘ stones and steep as a stair, just as the man came to  
‘ lead the horse it made a sudden lurch and I did the  
‘ same, but the saddle came with me, to the slight  
‘ injury of the first joint of the middle finger of my  
‘ left hand. Then in going up to Nazareth and over  
‘ a declivity of smooth natural rock, which is very  
‘ common, the beast came down, and I came down  
‘ behind him. Lastly, on going over a similar road  
‘ two days after, he did the same thing, but I sat still,  
‘ and in trying to raise himself by his forelegs, he fell  
‘ on his knees, and I descended from his neck. The  
‘ beasts are accustomed to it, and stand still. All of  
‘ us have been similarly laid low. It is a wonder  
‘ that a horse can go at all in such places; no attempt  
‘ at road making. Does the word “road” occur in  
‘ the English Bible? . . . Had a fine view of  
‘ the city to-day (Tuesday) from the minaret of the  
‘ great mosque. Once it was a magnificent Christian  
‘ church, and on one of its porticoes is a Greek in-  
‘ scription, meaning “Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an  
‘ everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth

‘throughout all generations.” Why is it allowed to stand?’

To the REV. GEORGE JEFFREY, D.D.

‘DAMASCUS, 17th April.

‘Thanks to you for your letter, and all its news, and all its anticipations about the said book. You are too veracious to make a good joke; the originator and printer is more ingenious but still quite transparent.<sup>1</sup>

‘It is a pretty long journey from Sinai through the long desert, and Palestine to the Queen of the East. Samaria in its glory must also have been very grand and queenly, far eclipsing Jerusalem in natural beauty and magnificence. The Dead Sea is, I think, by far the most beautiful scene I have seen in the south; no apparent curse there save silence and solitude, and not unlike one point on Loch Awe. Naaman was right in extolling Abana and Pharpar in comparison with the Jordan. We encamped at the latter of the two rivers of Damascus at our last pitching before arriving here. It comes down cold, clear, sparkling and rapid from Hermon clad with snow to the very base. . . . The Abana is cut into a thousand streamlets as it comes near Damascus, and circulates through gardens and groves all round the city, which are of surprising verdure and loveliness. It is a Moslem Paradise. “Straight Street” still exists, though it is being altered

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to a printed paragraph purporting to be a clipping from a newspaper which had been sent to us. It described the different members of our party in a humorous way, and assigned us each a department in a work which it said was expected as the fruit of the expedition.

‘and made miserably narrow by new erections. . . .  
 ‘I am afraid that the Scottish Education Bill will be  
 ‘shoved aside this session. . . . What would not  
 ‘a better government do for this country. Philistia is  
 ‘as rich in soil as the Lothians, and so is Jezreel.  
 ‘Down there I drank of the stream where old Gideon  
 ‘tested his men—near the well “Herod.” We felt  
 ‘melancholy in passing Gilboa to think of Saul’s night  
 ‘walk over the hill to that wretched and still weird-  
 ‘looking village to consult the witch. Nazareth is  
 ‘very high among the hills—quite a Highland scene.  
 ‘There are no *roads*, but paths, stony, rocky, up one  
 ‘steep side of a hill and down another as steep, worse  
 ‘than any stair. Does the word “road” occur in the  
 ‘English version of the Bible? I am not sure. All  
 ‘the south land is arid and stony, as is the land about  
 ‘Jerusalem, which is a garison town built on bare  
 ‘limestone, but the north is green and fertile, especially  
 ‘in Galilee and Samaria. So good bye.’

TO MRS. EADIE.

‘BEYROUT, 21st April.

‘Here my travels end on the backs of living creatures.  
 ‘I have appended some notes from my journal which I  
 ‘finished up at Damascus and post to-day. Came by  
 ‘diligence from said Damascus yesterday, along with  
 ‘Mr. Duff. We left at four in the morning, and got here  
 ‘at eight. (The French have made a capital road since  
 ‘the massacres of 1860). A grand ride, and the views  
 ‘on the whole among the best I have seen. We go first  
 ‘up the Anti-Libanus or south ridge to which Hermon  
 ‘belongs, then across the great plain of Cœlosyria (El-  
 ‘Būkâ’a), greatly broader and grander than Esdraelon,



‘ then up the steeper Libanus or northern range, and  
‘ down upon the sea and Beyrout. Many magnifi-  
‘ cent landscapes, but cold on all the higher parts of  
‘ the journey, as the road took us nearly up to the  
‘ snow, and higher than many patches of it. There  
‘ had been a great fall of snow here a fortnight ago—a  
‘ rare thing at this season of the year. A fine view of  
‘ Sunnîn here all white—a very high portion of Leb-  
‘ anon—grander even than Hermon, as you see it from  
‘ a lower standpoint. To-day it is wet and stormy.  
‘ The front of this hotel is on the beach to which the  
‘ great waves are rolling up. Fine tints on the sea  
‘ in the morning, ere the sky was overcast ; it is now a  
‘ storm. The path to the cedars will not be open this  
‘ year till far on in June. . . . I made a gift  
‘ of the great medicine chest to the American mis-  
‘ sionary at Damascus, and as there is no European  
‘ medical man there, he was most thankful for it, only  
‘ some of the labels had been rubbed off some of the  
‘ bottles and he may poison somebody in some awful  
‘ moment. Poking about Damascus, I looked in one  
‘ day on the slave-market—for it still exists, and on  
‘ Tuesday I went in without any difficulty. There  
‘ were some ten girls—all black Nubians or negroes,  
‘ save one little handsome fair Circassian girl ; but the  
‘ sum asked was £81 for her, and I could not afford it ;  
‘ the creature asked for backsheesh. . . . £8  
‘ for the dark ones—that was nearer my mark—but  
‘ my purse is getting low. There is a bird in a cage in  
‘ the hotel lobby here, and of course I had to ask its  
‘ name. It is a bulbul (the feminine is a cuckoo).  
‘ It is not very pretty, and sings a little in the  
‘ morning. I hope you got a cock blackbird during

‘ all these snows at home. I saw a good deal of Mr. Hunt in Jerusalem. Nobody knows what he is doing, not even his intimate friends, the Bergheims. But as soon as I had entered at his special invitation, he took me to his pictures and said that he had asked me to have a special talk about them during lunch. . . . The other picture I am not at liberty to say anything about as yet, only Emily Waugh knows his purpose to paint it. It will create a profound impression. . . . It is an ideal scene in Mary’s house at Nazareth, or rather Joseph’s workshop. *So you need not say anything about it in the meantime.*<sup>1</sup> My camel and I parted good friends, though the second one was not so good as the first. So did the horse; I have a saddle to sell and firearms. . . .

‘ Our cook, who is a Nubian, has done well—would do anything for Mr. Doctor; the head-waiter is a Nubian also, with his two wives; and the other waiter is a young European from Trieste, but speaks Arabic.

‘ As I am not going to moralize on my travels, I need add no more. . . . Silk-worm rearing is the great business here now, and Beyrout is buried on that account in mulberry groves.

‘ To-day, Friday, 22, is still stormy, but no rain as yet. We leave on Monday evening probably, and the sail to Constantinople occupies seven or eight days. Then off on the wings of love and steam for the west. Here is the Moslem watchword as they pronounce it—‘ La iláha ill’ Alláh, Muhámmadu Rasúl Ulláh.

<sup>1</sup> Of course ‘the meantime’ is now past, as the ‘Shadow of Death’ has been exhibited to the delight of all true lovers of art.

‘ BEYROUT, 24th April.

‘ Saw the author of “The Land and the Book” in church this morning. I had a long talk with him yesterday. I forgot to say that we got access to a Jew’s house and a Christian’s in Damascus; built in a lane, and of very mean exterior, but inside, of great magnificence, courts paved with marble, and fountains and trees, a beautiful marble reception room with graceful marble columns, coloured glass and rich hangings, the ceiling made in many places of mirrors. The Christian’s house was the more tasteful and less fantastic; in one of its carpeted rooms, like a drawing-room, we were treated to cigarettes by the sister of the owner. To-day is Greek Easter, and the streets here are gayish, there being a good many Greeks in Beyrout. . . .’

We sailed from Beyrout on the 26th April. The steamer was crowded with pilgrims and tourists, and Dr. Eadie had to content himself with a somewhat uncomfortable bed in the saloon; but he was in exuberant spirits as we passed through scenes of surpassing beauty, whose classical and sacred associations made them intensely interesting to the scholar and divine. Our course lay by Cyprus, Rhodes, and the islands of the Ægean, to Smyrna. Now we were rounding some rocky headland of the Pamphylian coast, now passing through some narrow strait, now crossing some bay with bright green shores, and now sailing under the cliffs of some famous island. There was, of course, a general desire to see Patmos, and the purser of the vessel, who undertook to act as cicerone, had every disposition to gratify the desire, for he showed us no fewer

than three islands in succession, each of which he confidently affirmed was Patmos. On his first affirmation sketch-books were produced, but there was only one gentleman who persevered to the end, and had all the three islands in his book. He wrote under the successive sketches, 'Patmos as he said it the first time,' 'Patmos as he said it the second time,' and 'Patmos as he said it the third time, and stuck to it.'

We were disappointed to find that twenty-four hours, which had been lost waiting for pilgrims at Jaffa, was to be made up by shortening the time during which the vessel usually lay at Smyrna, and that therefore we must forego the pleasure of visiting the ruins of Ephesus. The commentator who had won his spurs by expounding St. Paul's epistle to that city seemed to feel the disappointment least. He had learned by experience that the places about which he had thought and written most had generally failed to impress him.

Leaving Smyrna we sailed by Mitylene, and passing between Tenedos and the Trojan coast, on a beautiful Sunday morning, we entered the Hellespont, crossed the Sea of Marmora, and at daybreak on Monday were called to see the wonder of the view as we approached Constantinople.

'Tuesday.

' . . . No city in the world is comparable to 'it in situation. It lies on the north-western corner 'of the Sea of Marmora (Scutari lying across from 'it), upon graceful hills, and it stretches many miles. 'An arm of the sea sweeps round it in a gentle 'curve, and forms the harbour proper, or "Golden 'Horn," which at one place is crossed by a long

‘bridge of boats, a large portion of the shipping  
 ‘lying above it. The water is covered with hundreds  
 ‘of caiques gliding so calmly and swiftly along. It is  
 ‘the sea; not a river, with mudbanks often left dry,  
 ‘but a deep, *tideless sea*. The city has scores and  
 ‘scores of domes and minarets, representing mosques,  
 ‘and its more busy parts are quite European. The  
 ‘orthodox British hat is seen in great abundance. Is  
 ‘it not in Europe? The city is made fresh and sum-  
 ‘mer-like by its hundreds of cypresses, tall, dark, and  
 ‘tapering. The bazaars are quite in eastern style, and  
 ‘the Mosque of St. Sophia is as grand as can be  
 ‘described (the old Church of Chrysostom), but it  
 ‘stands greatly in need of repair.

‘Sailed in a steamer up the Bosphorus, very nearly  
 ‘to the Black Sea. The Bosphorus is narrow; and  
 ‘palaces, villas, and mosques crowd its banks all the  
 ‘way on both sides; green fields and gardens lying  
 ‘behind. A giant might pitch a stone from the one  
 ‘continent to the other. The whole of this scene, in  
 ‘its mingling of land and water, hill and vale, ships  
 ‘and cypresses, kiosks and mosques, domes and palaces,  
 ‘—Asia and Europe smiling at each other, as each  
 ‘throws the blue billow over to its sister in sunny  
 ‘playfulness—is, I have no doubt, the finest in the  
 ‘world. No other capital can compete with the city of  
 ‘the Sultan. . . .

‘ATHENS, Saturday, 7th May.

‘So far on the journey homewards. Wonderful is  
 ‘this old haunt of Minerva<sup>1</sup>—the Acropolis with its

<sup>1</sup>The following passage from the chapter on Athens in his  
 ‘Paul the Preacher,’ will enable the reader to understand the

‘ruins, partial and complete, Areopagus and the Pnyx. No dispute about them as about everything in Jerusalem. The Parthenon in its grandeur, and the other smaller temples, in swarms, are, or were, all perfect in proportion and beauty. Every atom in architecture and statuary is perfect in form and adaptation—scores and scores of heads, limbs, arms, torsos lying about each a model in grace and symmetry—especially the limbs, and a small portion of the trunk of a man, and a draped Victory putting on her heel her sandal or wing, the last statue said to be by Praxiteles. But all is suggestive of a people to whom anything beyond the present and its fascinations was unknown. All this beauty speaks to the eye, and the Greek soul lived on it, but the Gothic goes deeper into the nature and suggests infinitude and eternity, more solemn, more awing and religious, sending thoughts and anticipations to other realms. . . . The modern town does not stand on the site of the old one exactly; it resembles an English county town—clean, and in this respect unlike any Syrian town. More brigands have been caught, some five of them,

delight with which Dr. Eadie came to ‘the intellectual metropolis of the world’ :—

‘In that region of south-eastern Europe, genius had dwelt incarnate. It had built the loftiest epics, recited the happiest histories, argued in the stateliest dialogues, wept in the saddest tragedies, laughed in the wittiest comedies, harangued in the mightiest orations, discoursed in the subtlest metaphysics, erected the noblest temples, carved the truest statues, painted the divinest pictures, wrestled in the greatest games, spoken the finest language, sung the gayest songs, and fought the bravest battles—that the world ever saw.’

‘one having died of his wounds.<sup>1</sup> It is very hot, and  
 ‘the marble reflects the heat very vigorously. The  
 ‘bees are still making honey on Hymettus, a dark  
 ‘and dry-looking hill. Marathon is rather far in  
 ‘these times of agitation about brigands, &c. The  
 ‘story ran that they were to be executed this morning,  
 ‘and if it had been true I should have felt it my duty  
 ‘as a British citizen to attend the decapitation. Leave  
 ‘to-night, three of us, for Syra, catching a steamer  
 ‘to-morrow for Trieste. Thence to Venice, Milan,  
 ‘Turin, the Mount Cenis railway, Geneva, Paris, arriv-  
 ‘ing probably on Thursday or Friday, 19th or 20th, at  
 ‘London. . . .

‘Brown and Lees go by Brinisdi, Naples and Rome,  
 ‘as they are not due till the first Sabbath of June, and  
 ‘have therefore more time. . . .

‘Nearly everything in the east, save Mount Sinai  
 ‘itself, Ascalon, the Dead Sea, Samaria, Esdraelon,  
 ‘and the Lebanons, with the great and fertile valley  
 ‘between the two ridges, fell below my anticipa-  
 ‘tions—all in this eastern Europe has risen above  
 ‘them.

‘Monday the 9th is my birthday—*Eheu fugaces*  
 ‘*anni!*

‘ OFF THE ISLAND OF SYRA,  
 ‘ Monday, 9th May.

‘The screw steamer vibrates awfully, and hence  
 ‘this shaky handwriting.

‘Athens farewell. It was very odd to see in this  
 ‘old classic town the contrasts of ancient and modern

<sup>1</sup>The massacre of Mr. Vyner and his companions had taken place a few weeks before our arrival.

‘civilization. As I wandered amid the ruins of the  
 ‘Acropolis, I heard bells tolling on the one side over  
 ‘somebody’s mortality, and on the other side the steam  
 ‘whistle was screaming, for there is a railway now to  
 ‘the Piræus, and that is a great convenience, say what  
 ‘you like. On the one side of the railway station is the  
 ‘temple of Theseus, one of the oldest monuments, and  
 ‘nearly in perfect preservation, and on the other side  
 ‘is the Πτωχοδοχεῖον—“the poorhouse.” It is also  
 ‘odd to see so many Greek signboards, Greek words  
 ‘everywhere, indicating the sale of tobacco and  
 ‘spirits. They call a cigar *καπνός*, smoke, &c., a good  
 ‘name. Left Athens on Saturday night at seven o’clock;  
 ‘arrived at the island of Syra at sunrise next morning.  
 ‘The day very hot. Were transshipped in the afternoon  
 ‘to this boat for Trieste. Sailed at six in the evening,  
 ‘after lying under a burning sun all the day. Passed at  
 ‘seven this morning Cape Matapan, the most southerly  
 ‘point of Greece and of Europe, and are now sailing  
 ‘north through islands and not far from the mainland.  
 ‘The higher hills far inland in the Morea are laden  
 ‘with snow. Yesterday might have melted all the  
 ‘snow of Europe, but the white marbly hills reflect the  
 ‘terrible sun so strongly.

‘Tuesday.

‘Passed yesterday the larger portion of the Ionian  
 ‘Islands: Zante, where is perpetual summer; Cepha-  
 ‘lonia, large and poor; Ithaca, where dwelt the  
 ‘artful dodger, Ulysses; also the Bay of Navarino,  
 ‘where the Turkish navy was destroyed; and  
 ‘Actium, where Anthony lost a kingdom for Cleo-  
 ‘patra.



‘ Wednesday.

‘ Anchored this morning off Corfu, a very fine island, and the residence of the English Lord High Commissioner, as long as the Ionic Republic was under English protection. Landed and had a delightful drive through the palace grounds, laid out in English taste, and by English money; scenery beautiful and quite English but for the figs, olives, cypresses, and oranges. Steamer better than some we have had, but not so good as others. In the one I came in from Beyrout, I never had off my clothes, having no berth. It belonged to the Austrian Lloyd’s. The one that took us from Constantinople to Athens was French (Messageries Imperiales), the best boat I have been in, clean, roomy, and commodious. Plenty of roses selling in Corfu, for a λεπτὸν the bunch—lepton, a Greek coin rendered “mite” in the New Testament, and a hundred of them make a drachma, in value about ninepence. Strawberries, too, but small, dry, and flavourless.

‘ VENICE, Friday 13.

‘ This Venice is certainly a city of wonder. Like the earth itself, “founded on the seas and established on the floods.” . . . I have stood, like Byron, on the Bridge of Sighs, and been down in one of the dungeons. They show you, near the Rialto, on which I smoked a cigar, the house of Shylock, also of Desdemona and of Othello, whose name was Moro, a Venetian. From Moro came Moor, and hence the Shakespearian blunder of making him a man of colour. Venice has a Sabbath quietness about it, as there are no horses or carriages, no carts coming into it in the morning, for

‘ the lagoons extend for miles and miles all round it  
‘ The gondolos are all painted coffin black ; and, if  
‘ there is any cloth over the canopy, it is black too.  
‘ A few of them in line look like a funeral. All this  
‘ since the great plague in 1630, which swept away the  
‘ half of the population.

‘ Have only had a slight look, as yet, at old St.  
‘ Mark’s, its grand horses on the roof, and its lion, and  
‘ its great square campanile.

‘ Hasting home.’

Thus his Eastern Journey came to a close. He enjoyed it thoroughly ; but the scenes where his enjoyment was most intense were not those round which the most sacred associations cluster. Jerusalem greatly disappointed him ; he was not deeply moved at Bethlehem, Nazareth, or even the Sea of Tiberias. He had so often visited these sacred places in imagination, that the actual scene came short of the ideal he had formed of it. He delighted in the desert life ; and the grandeur of Sinai awed him. But in Palestine Samaria rather than Zion, and the ruins of Ascalon more than the site of the Temple, roused him to enthusiasm. Constantinople and Athens far surpassed his expectation. In the latter city especially he seemed completely lifted out of himself and to be living in the past.

In the after years—alas ! that they were so few—he had delight in recalling the scenes and incidents of our pilgrimage. We resolved to dine together annually, on the anniversary of our setting out ; and, if anything interrupted our re-union, it was a great disappointment to him. The last of our meetings was in his

own house, at the beginning of the year in which he died. The distinguished Principal of Glasgow University, and Dr. James Mitchell, the son of Eadie's predecessor in the chair of Biblical Literature, were invited to meet us. All the old stories were told and the old songs were sung. He was in his happiest mood. It was a night that none of us can ever forget. We have not ventured to celebrate the anniversary since he passed away.

## CHAPTER X.

## VISIT TO AMERICA.

Commission to Presbyterian Churches—On board the ‘Abyssinia’—  
 First experience of New York—Chi-Alpha and Century Clubs—  
 Bryant—Princeton—Tour to the West—Presbyterian Assembly  
 at Baltimore—Visit to the South—United Presbyterian Assembly  
 at Philadelphia—Assembly of Reformed Church at New Brun-  
 swick—Niagara—Assembly of Presbyterian Church of Canada at  
 Toronto—Visits to Montreal and Quebec—Boston and Harvard  
 University—‘Commencement Day’ at Yale College—Homeward  
 Voyage.

IN the spring of 1873, Dr. Eadie received, along with the Rev. Professor Calderwood, of the University of Edinburgh, a commission from the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, to visit the Presbyterian Churches of the United States and Canada. Dr. Calderwood has kindly furnished an account of the expedition, which will form the text of this chapter. Short extracts from Dr. Eadie’s letters to his wife will be inserted in their appropriate places.

Dr. Eadie’s cabin on board the ‘Abyssinia’ presented a scene which might have suited a painter anxious for a good ‘interior. When the trunks were opened, every-

thing within was a pattern of order. A label inside the box told how many articles were to be found there, and when possible articles of the same sort were fastened together. Mrs. Eadie had done her part admirably, and her husband did his part with a will, undoing the work of his wife, hurling all things out on the floor, until a book was reached; and when all the books were found the more ignoble property was stuffed back again, in any way, presenting a spectacle which it was a comfort to think could not be photographed, and a *carte* sent home to Hillhead, Glasgow. It was 'all right'; Herr Professor had tumbled into his berth and was absorbed with his book; the 1320 neighbours up stairs or down stairs might now get on as they pleased.

‘On the Atlantic, 29th April, 1873.

‘I hope that you are well, very well, though I am ‘so far away. The voyage has been on the whole good ‘and so far pleasant. We left Queenstown on Wednes- ‘day, about five o’clock, and next day was fine with a ‘good breeze. But the wind changed on Thursday ‘night, and Friday brought a gale and a considerable ‘sea, so that the loungers on deck were greatly thinned ‘in numbers. It was also *very cold*, and on Saturday ‘morning only fourteen persons appeared at the break- ‘fast table, I being one of the number, and Dr. ‘Calderwood being in bed. As few were at dinner, ‘for a heavy sea was running. When the good ship ‘pitches (the sails being down and wind dead ahead) ‘the screw is lifted now and then out of the water, ‘and revolves with a tremendous velocity. There was ‘service on Sabbath at half-past ten. The captain ‘read prayers, and I preached twenty minutes. The

‘captain sat in a fixed chair, and read with all the energy of his boatswain ordering the yards to be squared. I would not sit, but I stood holding an arm of the chair by my right hand *very firmly*, as she was lurching dreadfully (*as she is doing just now*,) and twice I nearly lost my balance. I got lots of *Yankee* compliments for my *handsome* sermon.’

By the kindness of Mr. Kennedy, son of one of my elders when I was in Greyfriars, Glasgow, it had been arranged that we were to be his guests during our stay in New York. A happier home we could not have had, nor friends more kind and considerate. On Saturday forenoon, 3rd May, Dr. Eadie and I had our first walk down Broadway, as remarkable for its length as for its breadth, full of life and bustle. No tramways are allowed to desecrate that chief thoroughfare of the city, but instead of cars there are high set omnibuses, without guard behind. The passenger must clamber up the steps as best he may, and pay his fare to the driver through a slit near the roof. We made the round of several of the publishing houses, whose names were familiar, and at the ‘Book-store’ of Harper Brothers, we had a hearty welcome from the senior member of the firm, and afterwards from his brother. Here we gathered the needful information as to the time and place of meeting of the several assemblies of the churches to which we were commissioned. Dr. Eadie was introduced to editions of his commentaries on Ephesians and Colossians, which he had never seen before, and of which he had never heard. In successive editions these works had spread over the country, and he was better known all over America than he

had fancied. Ample evidence of this he afterwards had as we passed from place to place.

We had an invitation for the evening to join the members of a ministerial club, 'The Chi-Alpha'—Χριστιανοὶ Ἀδελφοί, Christian brethren—which met regularly on the Saturday evenings. The meeting for that night was to be held in the house of the Rev. Dr. Adams, the venerable minister of Madison Square Presbyterian Church. We found a company of over twenty ministers assembled, and had a most cordial greeting. There were in the company Dr. Crosby, Professor Schaff, Dr. John Hall, and other well known ministers of the city. The subject of conversation for the evening was the supply of candidates for the gospel ministry, and the special design in treating of the topic was to settle what aid should be given by the church to her theological students. It was exceedingly interesting to hear the subject discussed from an American point of view. With all but uniform consent it seemed to be admitted that there was no course open to the church but that of supporting the students during their theological curriculum. There was a general acknowledgment that many disadvantages were connected with this course, making it desirable to have some modification of the system as existing in America, and yet it seemed doubtful whether supply could be kept up in any other way. Dr. Eadie, at request of the company, gave a very full explanation and vindication of our Scotch method, under which those preparing for the ministry maintain themselves throughout their undergraduate and their theological course, aided by a bursary scheme which offers a little help, but only in the form of a reward to scholar-

ship. He argued most effectively the stimulus to attainment and the strengthening of character, which such a system implied,—an argument specially interesting to me who knew how admirably it had been illustrated in his own life. He pled for the Scotch plan as by far the wisest, though he admitted that if the theological course were extended over a great part of the year as in the Scotch universities,—or over the greater part of the year, as in the American seminaries,—a more ample bursary scheme would be needful than was at the time in possession of his own church. The brethren generally expressed a wish that it could be with them in America, as it was in Scotland; but it seemed to be unanimously held that this was more than could be attained. Whether it was that Scotch oatmeal was cheaper, or Scotch determination sterner, did not appear; but it was felt that an attempt to require of the theological student even a partial measure of self-support might involve a shock to the existing state of things, not altogether free from risk.

The 'Chi-Alpha' separated about eight o'clock, and at nine o'clock we were introduced to the 'Century Club,' whose monthly meeting happened to be on that evening. The Club numbers about 500 members, and includes literary men, artists, lawyers, and merchants. Its monthly meeting has a special attraction, on account of an arrangement by which members who are artists exhibit their recently finished pictures, which are temporarily hung on the walls. Mr. Bryant, the poet, was chairman, to whom we had the pleasure of being introduced, as well as to a large number of literary, legal, and business gentlemen connected with New York. Dr. Eadie had intense delight



in poetry. Long quotations flowed freely from his lips. When stimulated by the presence of any one ready to meet his quotation with another on the same or some collateral subject, he seemed as one who had opened a precious store. The meeting with Bryant was something quite to his mind, and he was for a long time absorbed in conversation with the poet. After I had passed from one to another, and another, Eadie was still engrossed in talk with Bryant. He was greatly pleased with the meeting, and came away with a high opinion of its President. By the kindness of the Committee of the Club, we were afterwards favoured with cards of membership.

We had made arrangements for preaching on the following day, and also for visiting some of the Sabbath Schools. I was fortunately free for the afternoon, when Dr. Eadie preached for Dr. John Hall, and I had thus the pleasure of being one of his auditors. The church was soon crowded. After the pews had been filled, a small seat was turned down on a hinge from the end of each pew, thereby occupying the lobbies; when these were filled, the standing room was taken up; and, when Dr. Eadie entered, he had a vast crowd before him. He conducted the whole service with great animation, and preached from 1 Cor. xiii. 11, 'When I was a child,' &c., with a power which kept the audience in full command, though it was obvious that at times the American ear did not quite catch the words. There was always with Dr. Eadie a slight thickness or huskiness of voice which made hearing a little difficult, when he passed into the more rapid utterances characteristic of his preaching. The Americans often felt this, even when the genuine Scotchman had no diffi-

culty. The Americans were that afternoon quite delighted, but the Scotch portion of the audience, which was considerable, was specially so. As I mingled with the crowds when they poured out on the street, the remarks on every side gave clear proof of this. But I was specially pleased to hear two sturdy Scotchmen talking with admiration in genuine Doric, the one saying to the other, 'It was gran', and his neighbour exclaiming, 'Man! I like to see a big man like that in the poopit.'

Our visits to the Sabbath Schools interested us greatly, and in all of them the singing of hymns was a most attractive feature, the singing being as a rule animated, and to our ears singularly clear in articulation. All throughout the American trip, Dr. Eadie showed not only interest in the Sabbath School work, but a great willingness to address the scholars. It often seemed to me doubtful whether he was right in undertaking so much work as he did on a Sabbath in addition to preaching, but he never wearied of it, and came back from these gatherings of children as if refreshed both in body and spirit.

'Monday, 5th May, NEW YORK.

. . . . .

'Preached in the afternoon yesterday at four o'clock, that is, nine o'clock in Glasgow, in Dr. Hall's. Very crowded audience. In the evening delivered an address on the Evangelical Alliance in an Episcopalian Church, after a short liturgical service by the surpliced minister. That was a new thing; not to be attempted at home; a Presbyterian minister pronounced the benediction. . . . Surrounded with

‘invitations of all kinds. . . . Every soul appears to know us, and we have had more of the kind of thing called adulation these three days than ever I had in Glasgow all my life. . . . This is the week of the May meetings, and one is like to be eaten up. Organizations for Christian objects are exceedingly numerous, and many of the very wealthy merchants are identified with them. . . .’

On Tuesday, 6th May, we started for a visit to Princeton. It is a college distinctively Presbyterian, in accordance with the practice in the earlier period of American history, when the churches bestirred themselves to provide college training. Princeton, associated with the names of Jonathan Edwards and Alexander, is fortunate in having Dr. M'Cosh at the head of the College, and Dr. Hodge at the head of the Seminary. The Seminary is a theological institution, distinct from the College, and standing on the opposite side of the village, in the midst of a most attractive piece of ground. We were met by Dr. M'Cosh, who went out with us in the train. The College and Seminary are the conspicuous features of the place. The College buildings, including class-rooms, library-hall, gymnasium, students' rooms, and professors' houses, with similar buildings for the Seminary, make up a great part of the village, which lies on a gentle slope, a little off from the main line of railway to Philadelphia. Dr. Hodge had left home, the theological classes being closed at the time. Dr. M'Cosh had arranged that Dr. Eadie should address the students at a prayer meeting to be held in the evening. A gathering of upwards of 200 students met him with a most hearty welcome.

He gave them a brief but most stirring address, in which he urged earnest devotion to the Saviour's cause. The rounds of applause at its close told how truly he had touched the hearts of the young men. Later in the evening, we had the pleasure of meeting all the professors at a reception given by the president. Next day we returned to New York.

‘ 10th May, 1873, NEW YORK.

‘ Were out at Princeton on Tuesday, and stayed with  
 ‘ Dr. M’Cosh, who lives in the house occupied by Jona-  
 ‘ than Edwards ; and there, too, is the tree under which  
 ‘ Washington used to wallop his niggers. There are  
 ‘ two rival societies among the students, the Clios and  
 ‘ the Whigs. Both are secret societies, and each has a  
 ‘ beautiful hall of its own erection. Both strive to  
 ‘ enrol *distinguished strangers* ; and the Clios (the first  
 ‘ muse) telegraphed to New York. The Whigs came to  
 ‘ the Princeton Station, but were too late. So we were  
 ‘ solemnly installed at twelve o’clock on Wednesday.  
 ‘ But it is a secret institution, and so no more. Dr.  
 ‘ M’Cosh, the president, being a Whig, durst not be  
 ‘ present, but there were many Clio professors at the  
 ‘ ceremony.

‘ Mr. Kennedy invited last night some 80 people,  
 ‘ merchants, professors, and clergy, to a reception, very  
 ‘ many of them being Scotch, and of Scottish extraction.  
 ‘ Two reporters coolly came, as if to interview, but  
 ‘ they were sent away. We met George Macdonald  
 ‘ the novelist and his wife. . . . New York has  
 ‘ in it more Jews than are in Palestine, more Germans  
 ‘ than are in Hamburg, and more Irish than are in  
 ‘ Belfast. The Kennedys are exuberant in kindness.

‘It was my birth-day yesterday. Did you keep it?  
‘How are the birds and the trees? . . . .’

As we had some time to spare before the meeting of the first of the Assemblies at which we had to appear, we resolved to make a tour to the west. On Monday, May 12th, we left New York, and took train for Philadelphia and Baltimore. On this tour, we had experience of the great kindness of the American railway officials to the deputies to the churches. We had free passes for the whole course of our trip, so that for only one short portion of the line had we to pay, and that only on account of the pass being too late in reaching us. We travelled through New Jersey, and crossed into Pennsylvania, thence we were carried onward into Maryland, and thus crossed the line into the former dwelling-place of slavery. The black faces became more numerous, and their presence seemed quite natural in the circumstances. The railway is carried through Chesapeake Bay, which runs up far into the land, sweeping in beautiful curves along the wooded shore. We halted for a little at Baltimore, and thereafter started for a night run over Alleghany Mountains into Ohio. Before darkness set in, we saw the waters of the Potomac, and touched at Harper’s Ferry, associated in other lands, as well as in America, with ‘John Brown’s body.’ When day broke we were on the further side of the mountains, and we continued on our way till we reached Cincinnati, in the afternoon. From Cincinnati we passed through the level prairie of Illinois with its dark rich loam. In due course, the train swept round by the waters of Lake Michigan, and brought us in upon Chicago, presenting ample

proofs of the terrible disaster occasioned by the great fire. Though less than two years had elapsed since the disaster, immense new blocks of buildings, some of them seven and eight stories high, had risen,—the streets were all being brought to a higher level above the Lake,—houses were being elevated to suit the new levels, and were in some cases being shifted into new situations. One wooden house of considerable size we met in course of its little journey along the street to a new site. It was in Chicago that the incident occurred in connection with Dr. Eadie's search for a family who formerly belonged to his congregation, which I have already described, and which need not be repeated here.<sup>1</sup> On the following day, May 17th, we started for the Mississippi, which we crossed in the evening, landing at St. Louis, a city which still bears marked traces of the French influences connected with its history. Here, as everywhere, we were welcomed by friends. Arriving on the Saturday evening without any of the ministers being aware of our coming, we enjoyed a quiet Sabbath, without public duty. Church attendance in St. Louis seems good, but the Sabbath evening gives one a disagreeable reminder of Paris,—the theatres open, the drinking houses doing a brisk trade, a string band in one, a negro with banjo in another. One thing greatly impressed us in St. Louis, the adaptation of arrangements by the Roman Catholic Church to suit the excitable disposition of the black population. We saw a long procession of the negroes, with banners, variety of decorations, and an instrumental band playing the liveliest of marches, and introducing the most popular airs.

<sup>1</sup> See page 90.

‘ May 18th, St. Louis.

‘ . . . . Heard a bird in New York high up in a cage—could not make out what it was—first a thrush’s song, and then a blackbird’s, &c. It was a mocking bird. I have heard one often since, and they sing all night. May bring one over perhaps. Expect to see humming birds soon also. The violet inside is from near the tomb of Jonathan Edwards.’

On Monday morning, 19th, Dr. Eadie and I started on our return journey to Baltimore, which we reached on the following night. We were received by Mr. Murdoch, whose residence, Elgin, in the suburbs, near the fine park, was our abode while the Assembly continued its sitting. We had a happy time in the midst of the family circle. On Wednesday forenoon, we went to the Assembly, which met in the central church. The members of Assembly numbered about 600: Dr. Crosby of New York, moderator. There was a large attendance of the public. We found arrangements for receiving representatives from the churches, quite superior to our home order. A special seat on the platform was set apart for such representatives, where they were expected to sit when in court, to which all letters and messages were sent for them, and where members came in the event of wishing to have an interview. The promptitude with which the business was carried through struck us, but we were informed that Dr. Crosby is somewhat in advance of the ordinary American pace and precision. We felt it queer to hear ourselves presented to the moderator as ‘ foreign delegates.’

On the following forenoon we were formally pre-

sented to the Assembly, the whole court rising to offer us a welcome, which took us by surprise as a contrast to our more routine course at home. Dr. Eadie spoke with great power. He sketched the history of the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland, insisted on the essential unity of the Scotch and American Presbyterian churches, and pronounced a high eulogium on Dr. Hodge of Princeton, of whom Presbyterians everywhere had reason to be proud.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Prochet from Florence spoke after we had addressed the house. Dr. Eadie was specially interested in the presence of four members of the court, one minister and three elders, whose black faces made them conspicuous. He requested that they might be asked to come to the lobby to speak with us. He expressed to them the great delight he felt in seeing the place they held in the Christian church, and the hope that their fellow-countrymen, with new privileges and opportunities, would be gathered in large numbers within the Church. In the evening we attended a grand reception, where was a company of about 700, and ample illustration of free demand for speeches.

Here we began to suffer under the excessive heat, 86° in the shade; and here also began the very serious work of attempting to answer letters which poured in

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Hodge was one of the first theologians of note to recognize the rich promise in some of Eadie's early articles. A correspondence was begun so soon as 1841; a long letter dated Nov. 28th of that year has been preserved, in which the American divine gives to the young Scotch pastor an interesting account of the position of sacred scholarship and theology in the new world, and asks information in return as to the state of matters in Scotland.



with invitations to visit innumerable places. The excessive heat made us regard with some concern the task of preaching twice on the Sabbath. We got through the work without harm, having audiences, however, whose multitude of moving fans presented for us an unusual hindrance to a full sweep of the eye while addressing them. After a most enjoyable season in Baltimore, we took farewell of our friends there, and started on Monday, the 26th May, for Washington. The members of Senate and House of Representatives were scattered, and all the more prominent celebrities of the capital were gone. But we had one treat in store, which was an afternoon with the veteran theological professor, Dr. Hodge of Princeton. By invitation sent to Baltimore, we had been engaged to dine at General Hunter's, the brother-in-law of Dr. Hodge, and we had the pleasure of spending three hours with Dr. and Mrs. Hodge, and a considerable gathering of friends.

Early next morning we started south for Richmond; we had a pleasant sail down the Potomac. On both sides the banks are richly wooded, sometimes precipitous, always beautiful, the wooden shanties of the negroes adding to the novelty of the scene. Passing Mount Vernon, the resting-place of Washington, we had the opportunity of paying willing homage to the memory of the illustrious father of his country. As we went on by train to Richmond, the memorials of the recent war were numerous on every side. We passed near Fredericksburg, the scene of the great battle; saw the rows of graves, each with its little white stick for a memorial, and looking out on 'the wilderness,' where Stonewall Jackson fell, we caught a glimpse of the little wooden house to which he was

carried when mortally wounded. Shortly after our arrival, we went out in search of Dr. Hoge, brother of the author of 'Blind Bartimeus,' himself now well known in Scotland by his appearance at the Pan-Presbyterian Council. Richmond is a city of steep slopes, nearly as steep as some of the Edinburgh hills; a good example of the sunny south, the profusion of black faces telling of a temperature congenial to them, however trying to a Scotchman. We had a most cordial welcome from Dr. Hoge, and before we had ended our talk, Dr. Brown, his brother-in-law, and clerk to the Assembly of the Southern Church, arrived from Little Rock, Kansas, a journey of over a thousand miles. The Assembly had just closed its sittings some days before, and we had the pleasure of receiving from Dr. Brown a letter to our Synod, to be entrusted to us, in acknowledgment of the message which we had sent after our arrival at New York when we found it impossible to go to the meeting. In the evening we drove out with Dr. Hoge, to the Hollywood cemetery, all over which is an abundance of stately trees, interspersed with sweet smelling hollies. The cemetery is of great extent, and situated on a rising ground, where there is an impressive view, with the rapids of the James River just below. In one part of the cemetery no fewer than 11,000 soldiers of the southern army are buried. On the following day we had lunch with Dr. Hoge, at whose house we met the governor of New Jersey.

In the Exchange Hotel at Richmond, where we stayed, the Bishop of the Episcopalian Church in Pennsylvania (Dr. Steven) was a guest at the same time. When he found the name of Dr. Eadie in the

visitors' book, he at once sent his card to the Dr., with a request that he would do him the honour of coming to see him in his room. There Dr. Eadie learned that his Commentaries constituted a bond of union, as the Bishop told him he had Eadie on the Colossians in regular use. This was a common introduction, as an incident shortly afterwards 'on the cars,' as we took our course north again, will show. A convention of Baptist ministers had been held in Richmond at that time. In the train by which we travelled, a number of these ministers were going northwards. Availing themselves of the facilities afforded in an American train for moving from seat to seat, and from carriage to carriage at pleasure, a stray minister was observed to pass us now and again. By-and-by they seemed to have made a discovery. A company of five or six came together up the central passage in our car, and halted before our seat. 'I believe I have the honour of addressing Dr. Eadie from Scotland,' said one. Dr. Eadie had to surrender at demand. Then followed the usual references to 'Ephesians' and 'Colossians,' and thereafter a most interesting conversation for a great part of the day.

We reached Washington again on the evening of the 28th May, and on the following morning we were ready for sight-seeing. Mr. Ballantyne, publisher, came with his carriage, and drove us to many points of interest. We went first to one of the public schools, afterwards to the Summer School for negro children, a splendid building of three stories, in which we found each child seated on a chair, with a little desk all its own. We visited the Agricultural Department; the Smithsonian Institute (scientific), where we were

received by Professor Henry, curator; the Capitol, where Dr. Eadie spent a considerable time in the library, while I mounted to the dome. We next drove to the White House, where, being introduced by General Babcock, we had an interview with President Grant. The President expressed his satisfaction at meeting with Scotchmen. He mentioned that he was of Scotch descent, his mother being a Simpson, a name as decidedly Scotch as Grant. The Hon. Mr. Delano, Secretary of the Interior, came in during our interview, joining freely in the conversation. We found the President anything but 'silent,' the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* having apparently been stirred.

From Washington we returned to Baltimore, whence, on Saturday morning, we started for Philadelphia, where the Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church was to meet. On our arrival, we were received by the Rev. Dr. Dales, clerk of the Assembly, and Mr. Alexander, whose hospitality we were to enjoy. We had made a note of the number in the street to which we were to go—1,935 Arch Street, and hoped we might not in our ignorance begin at No. 1, and go up. Our friends saved us concern on that head. In some cases the numbers run above 4,000. The area covered by the city is more than that of London. The Assembly, which had met some days before, kept holiday on Saturday, and had resolved to go an excursion to the park, which is 2,000 acres in extent. When we came in view of the ecclesiastical company, the sight was a novelty to us. The fathers and brethren were accommodated in ten huge omnibuses, all painted in a light ground, with figures of horses and other devices along the sides of the conveyances. There were

six horses drawing the first omnibus, and four drawing each of the others, save that for the two last a pair each proved sufficient. The effect was curious as the procession swept round the curving walks at a rattling pace. The carriages were drawn up at the Alexis Hall, erected within the park, where 300 sat at dinner, and thereafter free exercise of speech was granted to a wonderful proportion of the company.

For our Sabbath in Philadelphia, Dr. Eadie and I found that a good share of work had been benevolently arranged. He shrugged his shoulders when he heard the ample plans which had been laid; but here, as elsewhere, he willingly undertook the appointed labour. Our esteemed friend, Mr. George H. Stewart, gave us a pleasant surprise in the afternoon, by taking us to the Bethany Sabbath School, Mr. Wanamaker, superintendent, where we found 1,250 scholars, besides fully 300 visitors looking on from an end gallery. A large platform is raised at one end; in front of this is the central hall, with spaces for the juvenile classes, a fountain in the centre sending cool trickling streams over a little rockery. Along each side, right and left, were separate rooms for adult classes—glass screens drawn down during opening and closing exercises, pushed up during class work. At the opposite end from the platform is the visitors' gallery. Dr. Eadie was greatly delighted with the whole sight, and spoke with much animation and power to the children. He was specially pleased with an infant class numbering more than 50, all beautifully dressed at the expense of the teacher, who has a delight in seeing her class like a flower garden. We passed through several of the advanced classes, and spoke a few words to them.

A woman who had been looking on with great interest followed us to the door, seeking an opportunity of speaking with Dr. Eadie. She had come many long years before from Glasgow, and had passed through much trial and misfortune. She had but given her name, and begun the sad story, when her lips trembled, her voice failed, and the tears coursed down her cheeks, while she could only whisper that it was impossible for her to say what she wished. The sight of the familiar face had overmastered her.

Dr. Eadie caught a rather severe cold as the result of the exertions of this Sabbath, and for some days felt ill; but we had a few days of rest before us, which did a great deal to restore him. Here also we had tidings of the procedure of the Synod of our own Church in Edinburgh. From the Moderator we had a telegram asking us to go on to Nova Scotia; but, unfortunately, our engagements had been so made that we could not add this to what had been undertaken. The movement for a change in the Theological Hall arrangements, so as to have a shorter term of years, with a five months' winter course, gave him concern. He wished he could have been at the Synod to plead against the change; but he saw that the proposal was certain to be generally accepted. This matter was much on his mind, and was often the subject of conversation when we were alone.

On Monday we went to the Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, to which we were to present our commission in the afternoon. We found the Court engaged in a discussion on theological education which was conducted with much ability, and interested us greatly. At half-past twelve o'clock, the Assembly

adjourned for dinner; early hours being the rule here. The dinner was a general one for the members, and presented some novelties. It was provided by the churches in Philadelphia. With the aid of a few professional waiters to keep up the communication with the kitchen, the whole work of serving the guests was done by ladies of the city, members of the different churches. The dinner was served in the hall below the church where the Court met. As many as 250 guests sat down, and, after the busy work of serving had ended, the ladies had quiet for a talk with the ministers and elders known to them. The design of this arrangement was to show respect to the Assembly, to save the time of members, and to relieve the pressure upon families who receive the delegates. Certainly the ladies of Philadelphia showed how well such a thing can be managed.

The Court resumed at two o'clock, when the consideration of the question of theological education was continued. On this subject, Dr. Eadie briefly addressed the house, at the request of the Moderator. At three o'clock we were formally received as deputies from the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The identity of name in the case of their own Church and ours seemed occasion for special interest to the members of the Court. Dr. Eadie was suffering from hoarseness, but spoke with energy, and was listened to with great attention. A distinguishing feature of the United Presbyterian Church is opposition to the use of hymns in the praise of God, and both of us took occasion to refer to the fact that, in Scotland, United Presbyterians sing hymns more freely than any other Presbyterian church in the land. These statements were taken

good-humouredly. In some minds, I believe, they made the impression that ours was not an advancing, but a backsliding church, in this respect. We were afterwards informed that there was amongst the members a growing feeling in favour of liberty, so that our remarks on the subject were better received than they would have been a few years before. The Moderator expressed the interest they felt in our church, and the value the churches of America attached to such delegations from the old country. Here, as in all the Assemblies, it was clear that there exists among the Presbyterian Churches of America a deep spiritual interest in the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland.

In the evening we left Philadelphia for Elizabeth, New Jersey, where we were to remain for a few days of quiet, in the country house of our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy. Dr. Eadie greatly needed the rest. His cold had weakened him, and he began to look ill; but the quiet and rest of these two days made him quite ready for work again.

‘RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 28th May, 1873.

‘St. Louis was left on Monday morning the 19th, and we got to Baltimore on the evening of Tuesday, a long continuous journey. The road at one point lies through the Alleghany Mountains, and amidst the most beautiful and picturesque scenery. Trossachs and Killiecrankie may be finer, but these are only a *point*—the other is *an entire day's journey*. The Murdochs are kind beyond all measure, and so is everybody here. Addressed the Assembly on Thursday forenoon. A lady gave the Assembly an entertainment in a large hall the same evening, and I am sure



‘ that I shook hands till my arm was sore next morn-  
 ‘ ing. . . . Pine-apples are sold through the streets  
 ‘ here like carrots and turnips at Hillhead, and they  
 ‘ are heaped up at the shop doors like potatoes in the  
 ‘ Cowcaddens—you may get a good and fresh one for a  
 ‘ shilling and under. There were four black men in the  
 ‘ Assembly—three elders and one minister. I got them  
 ‘ out and shook hands with them. . . .

‘ The following was heard in Chicago streets the other  
 ‘ night:—“ General, have you sent home my boots  
 ‘ yet?” “ No, Colonel, but I intend to send them home  
 ‘ to-night.” A lady was lecturing on female rights the  
 ‘ other evening, and began with the loud, abrupt, and  
 ‘ eloquent question, “ Why was I made a woman?”—a  
 ‘ rhetorical pause—and then she repeated the question  
 ‘ more grandiloquently—“ Why was I made a woman?”  
 ‘ when in the pause and silence a young man cried out  
 ‘ from the audience, “ We give it up, propose something  
 ‘ easier.” . . .

‘ BALTIMORE, May 31st, 1873.

‘ The sun is the sun here and shines in his strength.  
 ‘ . . . . After writing you from Richmond, the  
 ‘ Bishop of Pennsylvania introduced himself to me,  
 ‘ through “ Eadie on the Colossians.” His wife is a  
 ‘ very pleasant and good-looking lady. They were  
 ‘ staying in the same hotel, and travelled with us to  
 ‘ Washington. Yesterday saw the President for a few  
 ‘ minutes. He was very frank and cordial, and told  
 ‘ us that he was Scottish through both father and  
 ‘ mother and that many of the best American citizens  
 ‘ were those of Scottish descent, &c., &c. He smoked  
 ‘ a cigar all the time. I thought of saying that I too

‘took a cigar, when one of the State Secretaries came  
‘in with a message, and I did not get it spoken. He  
‘had been away fishing for a couple of days, and had  
‘returned only that morning. In the grounds around  
‘Mr. Murdoch’s house there are orioles flying about,  
‘and I saw one humming bird—they come north in a  
‘week or two ; one bird here has a beautiful song, but  
‘when you go near its nest it mews like a cat, and is  
‘therefore called the cat bird. Birds chirp and sing  
‘in the morning, but by midday sink into silence, and  
‘seek the shade of the foliage. No wonder. The spring  
‘was cold, and summer has broken in so suddenly that  
‘the very niggers are overpowered by it. Nearly every  
‘house has got a mocking bird in a cage in Washington.  
‘Met a gentleman last Sunday here who told me that  
‘he was present at my marriage. . . . Met a man  
‘that heard me preach down in Campbelton more than  
‘twenty years ago, and gave me both text and division  
‘of the sermon. We hope to be able to leave for home  
‘by the 2nd day of July, and we do long for the cool  
‘Atlantic. To-day (May 30th) is “Decoration day”  
‘when the people go with flowers to the cemeteries  
‘where lie the dead soldiers that fell *on both sides*  
‘during the war, but their dust does not mingle. They  
‘have been separated after they fell and carried to cen-  
‘tral spots. There is a large and fine cemetery near to  
‘Rappahannock, which you see on the way to and from  
‘Richmond. ‘Also they point out the house where  
‘Stonewall Jackson breathed his last, near one of the  
‘stations. The steamer tolls a bell in passing Mount  
‘Vernon, some eight or ten miles down the Potomac,  
‘that the passengers may gaze across to the residence  
‘and tomb of Washington. On this, the 3rd of June,

‘we are at Mr. Kennedy’s country house at Elizabeth, ‘in New Jersey, not far from New York, and across ‘the Hudson. . . .’

Our next duty was to appear on Thursday, 5th June, at the Assembly of the Reformed Church of America, previously known as the Dutch Reformed, and embracing in its membership a large proportion of the Dutch element in the mixed population of the States. The Assembly was appointed to meet at New Brunswick, New Jersey, only about half an hour’s ride by rail back towards Philadelphia. We were thus quite at hand, and started on Thursday morning for fulfilment of the last of our engagements within the States. New Brunswick, in the State of New Jersey, is the headquarters of the church, as it is the seat of their college, and also of their theological seminary; the college providing for the education of a wide circle of young men besides those preparing for the ministry. The college is known as Rutger’s College; the seminary as Hertzog Theological Hall. New Brunswick is built on the Raritan river. The college is quite beside the station; and in the rear, upon a slope farther up the river’s bank, is the seminary. We had the pleasure of being present on a great ‘field day,’ when interest ran so high that crowds of the most solid looking supporters of the church, bearing evident marks of genuine Dutch extraction, poured into New Brunswick. The engagements for the day included the ‘dedication’ of a new hall, erected at a cost of about £8,000, and presented as a gift to the church by James Suydam; the unveiling of a bronze statue erected in front to the honour of the donor; and the laying

of the foundation stone of a new library hall, to be given by another wealthy friend of the church, with a library of 70,000 volumes. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of dining with Professor Cooper, professor of Greek in the college, who had been a student in Edinburgh under Dr. Eadie, and who specially arranged for having an hour or two with his former preceptor. In the evening Dr. Eadie and I presented our commission to the General Synod, and had a most cordial welcome. Dr. Eadie's voice was clear again, and he spoke with great ease, enlarging gratefully on the many and valuable services rendered to the cause of Christ by the Dutch church, saying that if they had dropped the name "Dutch," they had good reason to dwell, as they had done that day, on all the benefits and honours which had come to them in the line of Dutch descent. The moderator, Dr. Van Giesen, made a most hearty acknowledgment of the delight of the Synod in seeing representatives from Scotland, and the house rose *en masse* in token of their brotherly sympathy. Thus was brought to a close our official work in the States.

On the following morning, Friday, 6th June, we returned to New York, and thence took the steamer for a sail up the Hudson as far as the Military Academy at West Point. Next morning we crossed to Poughkeepsie. There we got train, and passed on by express over a stretch of about 400 miles, landing at night at Niagara Falls, recognising in the darkness only the thundering noise quite at hand. When we looked out next morning, the waters of Niagara were shooting past beneath our windows, hasting to the mighty plunge over the giddy height.

The country around was all quietness, in keeping with the Sabbath morning; the waters all haste and tumult, as where Sabbath is unknown. When I went down stairs, Dr. Eadie was promenading in front of the hotel, conscious of a sense of relief that we were secure of a day of rest, in which we might, as unknown to all around, quietly mingle with the worshippers in God's house. We went to the Presbyterian church in the morning. The announcements for the day included intimation that there would be a joint service in the evening in the Methodist church, for the purpose of having a temperance sermon preached. We felt safe from demands, for that day. We were, however, speedily made aware that we had made a narrow escape. The minister came from the pulpit, and walked straight to our pew. I happened to be nearest, and he said to me, "Dr. Eadie?" I said, "No, sir." "Dr. Calderwood?" I had to assent. Next, "And is this Dr. Eadie?" We had to surrender our fancied advantage. We spoke for a little with the minister, and then we asked how he came to know our names. The answer disclosed the freedom of relations between pew and pulpit in America. A gentleman in church, a stranger to the minister, had sent up his card to the pulpit with the announcement, "Dr. Eadie and Dr. Calderwood are in the church." We explained how pleased we were to avoid preaching on account of feeling unable to keep on speaking as we had been compelled to do for weeks past. After service we found a quiet grassy slope on which to sit down for a little to watch the immense volume of waters tumbling to the depth, thence sending up a great cloud of spray like a perpetual incense. The sight was awe-inspiring,

and a sense of restfulness came to the soul which seemed strange in the midst of so much unrest. After dinner we passed over to the other side, and from a different point of view gazed upon the one grand object of interest. Returning again, we passed a lady and gentleman who saluted us. We stopped, and the gentleman explained that they had heard us preach in Philadelphia. He confessed it was he who had sent up the card to the pulpit. It was a random shot in the hope of getting a sermon in the evening, but it had missed its mark.

‘ Cataract House,  
 ‘ Within sight and sound of the great Falls,  
 ‘ 8th June.

‘ Addressed the Reformed Dutch Synod on Thursday  
 ‘ evening last, and they are a race of quiet Knicker-  
 ‘ bockers; a great many still write *van* before their  
 ‘ surnames, the moderator, or president as they call  
 ‘ him, being called van Giesen. Left on Friday, and  
 ‘ sailed in a grand steamer up the Hudson, to West  
 ‘ Point, where cadets are trained for the army. It is  
 ‘ a beautiful place among the Highlands of the Hud-  
 ‘ son, not unlike many parts of Loch Lomond or Loch  
 ‘ Long. Saw the evening parade, &c., and an old fel-  
 ‘ low-student who is chaplain and professor. . . .  
 ‘ Yesterday (Saturday) got here after midnight; a long  
 ‘ and tiresome journey. To-day is the Sabbath, and  
 ‘ we heard a goodish sermon. Then walked to the  
 ‘ falls, which really are what they profess to be—first,  
 ‘ a quarter of a mile of a rapid, foaming and grand, and  
 ‘ then the water rushes over in magnificent volume.  
 ‘ The river is divided by an island—“Goat Island.”

‘ One fall—the American one, is on one side, and  
‘ would be wonderful, but it is wholly thrown into the  
‘ shade by the other on the Canadian side, which is  
‘ three times larger. On the American side the thick  
‘ white spray rises only up to the level of the rock over  
‘ which the river is pouring itself, but the spray on the  
‘ Canadian side ascends in a beautiful column 150 feet  
‘ above the said level into the air, and thus it glorifies  
‘ the scene, unfolding its bright wreaths like a true  
‘ Shekinah, always presiding over the sublime dance  
‘ and music of the mighty waters, so glorious in their  
‘ green hue and in their masses of broken whiteness.  
‘ The river subsides almost in a moment, and thirty  
‘ yards from the fall, were it not for the motion of  
‘ flakes of foam, you would say that it had ceased to  
‘ run, as if it had exhausted itself. . . . Go to  
‘ Toronto on Monday (to-morrow), and there finish off  
‘ addressing Assemblies. Put on a black stock this  
‘ morning, but was discovered by somebody, who turns  
‘ out to be a brother-in-law of Stonewall Jackson, and  
‘ had seen us about Philadelphia. . . . ’

Monday morning, 9th June, opened most beautifully, giving us the best opportunity for seeing all the Niagara effects—varieties of colour over the water, and shifting rainbows on the clouds of spray. The sight was a great enjoyment. But duty called us off, and we got ready to start for Canada. The ‘ Union Jack ’ at last, after the ‘ Stripes and Stars ’ had so long floated before our eyes! We took train down the right bank of Niagara, in full view of the whirlpool. Seven miles below, we found the steamer ready to sail across the Lake of Ontario to Toronto. We had a most

enjoyable sail down the lower part of Niagara, and across the Lake of Ontario, landing in Toronto, to find that the Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada was already met. We both felt that we were among our own Scotch folk once more. The familiar mode of speech fell on our ears, and all the familiar traces were apparent of the more deliberate and cautious style of action, with less of the 'go-ahead.' And as soon as we began to mark the deeper feelings of those whom we met, it was plain that there is everywhere ardent attachment to Scotland. Often there came from the lips the desire that the relations, political and ecclesiastical, between Canada and the native country could be closer.

We appeared at the Assembly in the course of the day, and found that the evening meeting had been appointed for our reception. The interest all around us was different from anything which could exist in the United States. Friends who were familiar to us, and knew our faces well, came one after another to see us and shake hands. Dr. Eadie found himself in the midst of quite a circle who had been his students; and to them it seemed as if part of their early life were being brought back to them with a vividness which stirred their hearts. At the evening meeting of the Court, the house was crowded in every part. Scotch enthusiasm was running high. Dr. Eadie seemed to catch the spirit of the audience. I never heard him more free in utterance, or more effective than on that night in Toronto. He seemed to feel as if he were on Scotch soil again, and as if his mode of speech were more in sympathy with all around him, than he felt it to be farther south. He gave warm testimony to the value



of the work done in Canada by the Church of the Scotch emigrants, and his words called forth a hearty response. I express his oft-repeated judgment on the matter, confirmed by all that we afterwards saw in Canada, when I mention that he was convinced that a great influence was to be wielded by the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and that the parent Churches in Scotland should cherish and manifest a deep and affectionate interest in the United Church of this great colony.

‘TORONTO, 12th June.

‘Addressed the Assembly on Tuesday evening, and have seen hosts of old-world people—so many from Scotland and from Glasgow—with the good old tongue. Kindness and lionizing as great in the Dominion as in the Republic. Walked along the suspension bridge last Sabbath, and saluted the Union Jack floating at the end of it. The Stars and Stripes are good and grand, but the Union Jack is the real thing after all. . . . The air here is mild and warm, not burning and glowing like the South. The Moderator referred to my works, and added that, now when they had seen me, they would have more confidence in me; for, as they saw, I was not a man to be *easily carried about with every wind of doctrine*; and this saying brought down the house tremendously and repeatedly. . . .’

Before the Assembly had broken up, many friends had combined to urge that the duties of our Commission to Canada could not be adequately fulfilled, if we did not consent to go to Montreal, and preach there

in several of the churches. We agreed without any reluctance. Dr. Eadie found time, in course of the week, for a run back to Niagara. I could not share the pleasure. Both of us preached twice in Toronto on the Sabbath which followed the Assembly meetings. After eight day's sojourn in the city, we started for Montreal, whence we made an excursion to Quebec. There we visited the citadel; drove out to the plains of Abraham, and looked on the spot where General Wolfe fell. Dr. Eadie was intensely interested in the whole engagements of that day, and read with peculiar pleasure the Latin inscription on the obelisk to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm.

‘ MONTREAL, 21st June.

‘ Wanderings in this great land are now coming to a  
‘ close, and we hope to be at New York by the end of  
‘ next week, and to leave by the “Java” on the 2nd of  
‘ July. Came down Lake Ontario from Toronto, and  
‘ then the St. Lawrence to Montreal, a sail of a night  
‘ and more than a day. Went down yesterday to see  
‘ the old and picturesque town of Quebec, a sail of  
‘ twelve hours, and returned this morning, having  
‘ sailed all night. Preach here to-morrow, and then off  
‘ to Boston, making sail to New York. The steamer,  
‘ in coming down to Montreal, passes through several  
‘ rapids, where the water tumbles in amazing froth and  
‘ frolic. At the last of them, that of “La Chine,” an Indian  
‘ pilot comes on board, and he creates more sensation  
‘ than the boiling surges eddying round and dancing  
‘ headlong in impetuous swiftmess. There is only one  
‘ point of any real danger where there is a very narrow  
‘ passage between two rocks, and where the bones of a  
‘ steamer yet testify to the peril. I am tired of all this

‘talk and travel—the journeying is too much and too limited in period, and the impressions on the memory lose distinctness and become dimmed and blurred. . . . Nothing more to say just now, as this is Sabbath morning, and I have to preach twice and also address children. Hoping soon to be on the Atlantic, and then to enjoy a week’s rest. . . .’

We got back to Montreal early on the morning of Saturday, 21st June, in readiness for our preaching engagements for the Sabbath. Dr. Eadie not only preached morning and evening, but also went out to address one of the Sabbath Schools. These addresses to the children seemed always to cheer him. When I ventured the suggestion that he was undertaking too much, his face beamed with delight, as he said, ‘Oh no! I always enjoy speaking to the bairns.’ Dr. Eadie had crowded audiences, and when I went over in the evening to the vestry of the church where he had preached, I found him surrounded by a cluster of Scotch friends, full of enthusiasm, many of whose faces I recognized as having been familiar even to me during my shorter term of service in Glasgow. In Montreal, as in all the other towns where we preached, it was our common experience to have a company waiting to speak with us at the close of service. Sometimes there were faces quite well known to us,—sometimes they were altogether unknown, but they had friends who knew us; sometimes they neither knew us, nor had they friends who were acquainted with us, but we were Scotchmen in a distant land and so were they. That was quite enough as introduction to a request for a brief conversation.

We left Montreal before nine o'clock on the 23rd, passing through the Tubular Bridge over the St. Lawrence. The whole of the 24th and a greater part of the 25th we devoted to Boston, which has more of the appearance of an English town than any other we saw in the United States. We drove out to Cambridge to visit Harvard University. We had the misfortune to find that Longfellow was from home. Very reluctantly we had to decline an invitation from President Elliot to meet him two days later. We returned to Boston, and wended our way, for humiliation of British pride, to Bunker Hill, Charleston, where a tall obelisk commemorates the American victory. The early part of Wednesday was given up to a round of visits to the chief public buildings of Boston—a singularly fine public school, the Music Hall, the Public Library, and, last of all, the scene of the great fire, which had laid waste a large part of the city. A most earnest request was made that we should remain to preach, but that we had to decline, and we left in the afternoon for New Haven, Connecticut, for 'Commencement' Day—which is closing day—at Yale College. Here we had the great satisfaction of being the guests of Dr. Noah Porter, President of the College. We had been appearing all through the United States and Canada as representatives of Presbyterianism from Scotland, and having fulfilled our commission, we now arrived at the headquarters of Congregationalism—for Yale is the great College, with Theological Seminary attached, connected with the Congregational body—and we were welcomed as heartily as we had been at Princeton. Fortunately we gained by this visit an acquaintance with 'Com-

mencement Day,' that is, graduation day, at an American College. Thursday, 26th June, presented New Haven—known as the 'Elm City'—in all the attractions of a gala day—Yale College being the occasion of all the stir. Former graduates of the College had gathered in such numbers that not a single room in a hotel could be had. The Professors, with President Porter at their head, the students, and assembled friends, were formed in procession, and preceded by a brass band playing in full military style, marched to the Graduation Hall, where degrees were conferred, and recitations were delivered. The house was crowded, and in the gallery at the opposite end from the platform, an orchestra, chiefly stringed instruments, was placed, under the conductorship of the Professor of Music. The services extended from half-past nine a.m. till two p.m.; the orchestra played at intervals, one of the numbers being the overture to Semiramide, which was given in grand style; eleven addresses were delivered by students, harangues on literary, historical, and political subjects, those of the latter class including fiery criticisms of the dishonesty of public men in the United States. It was Students' Day, and they took full advantage of free speech. There was an audience of nearly 2,000 persons—a great many ladies in the galleries; all listened attentively to the orations of the young aspirants, and from the galleries large bouquets of flowers were flung on to the platform in acknowledgement of honourable distinction. One of the bouquets passed so close by Dr. Eadie's nose, that it nearly knocked off his spectacles, and another landed inside a hat placed quite near me. After the ceremonial, there was a great public dinner of students, College

authorities, and former graduates; then we were introduced to the Governor of Connecticut, to Mr. Evarts, to Ex-president Woolsey, Professors Whitney, Dwight, Fisher, and a large circle. There we had our final exercise in speech-making, and were altogether delighted with the free and unrestrained relations of professors and students, and the deep interest of former graduates in their *Alma Mater*.

This visit to Yale College brought to a close the engagements we had made, and on Friday, 27th June, we took farewell of Dr. Porter and his family, and started for New York, which is only a three hours' ride by rail. On arrival at New York, we crossed to the New Jersey side, and by a fifteen miles' run reached Elizabeth, where we spent the few remaining days of our sojourn with our friend Mr. Kennedy, who received us on arrival, and was determined to complete his friendly care by arranging for our departure. Dr. Eadie was feeling somewhat worn out, and he rested on Sabbath, the 29th. I was allowed to go free with a sermon for Dr. Roberts, of Elizabeth, and an address to the Sabbath school.

We had Monday and Tuesday for packing up, and making such parting calls as we found possible; and on Wednesday, 1st July, we took farewell of our friends who had heaped kindness on us to a degree that often occasioned us concern. Under an excessive heat we made the run to Jersey City, and got on board the 'Java,' thankful to get out to sea for a breeze. We were warned that our ship had the unpromising designation of the 'Jumping Java,' but we had no trial from the pitching. We had a most agreeable company on board, Professor Forsyth of West Point

Military Academy, and two officers of the United States army, being our constant companions on the voyage. And often as we talked of our visit to America, Dr. Eadie dwelt with delight on the pleasure it had afforded him, and the deep conviction he had formed of the importance of keeping up friendly relations by deputation with the churches of America. If there was one thing came up as a regret, it was this, that we had not been allowed to devote more time to the Canadian church, including the divisions of it in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

In closing the sketch which I have willingly though somewhat hastily drawn, I have to express the peculiar pleasure I had, and the great profit I experienced, in rendering joint service to the church, in companionship with a father so distinguished by ability, attainment, and devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ, as Dr. Eadie. By what I learned of him during that period of united labour, I have been prepared more deeply to deplore the loss to the church which his early and unexpected removal has entailed.

## CHAPTER XI.

## HIS WORK ON THE REVISION COMPANY.

Resolution by Convocation of Canterbury to attempt Revision—  
 Invitations to Scholars of other Communion—Members of New  
 Testament Company—Communion Service—Jerusalem Chamber  
 —Westminster Assembly—Necessity for Revision—Imaginary  
 Dangers—Necessary Qualifications—Dr. Eadie's Diligence—His  
 Silence—Respect of his Colleagues—Prospects of Success—His  
 'English Bible'—Its thoroughness—Breadth of Treatment—Ex-  
 actness—Relation to Scotland—Dedication to his Colleagues—  
 Letters of Acknowledgment.

IN February, 1870, the propriety of revising the Author-  
 ized Version of the Bible was discussed in the Convoca-  
 tion of Canterbury. As the result of the discussion,  
 resolutions were adopted, affirming it to be desirable to  
 undertake a revision, and defining generally the limits  
 of the work which it was expedient to attempt. The  
 proposed revision was to include emendations in the  
 text as well as new renderings. It was not to take the  
 form of a new translation, but was rather to improve the  
 existing version by such changes as the most competent  
 scholars should deem advisable. When changes were  
 made the style of the language presently employed  
 was to be closely followed. The last of the resolutions



was in the following terms: 'That it is desirable that  
' Convocation should nominate a body of its own mem-  
' bers to undertake the work of revision, who shall be  
' at liberty to invite the co-operation of any eminent  
' for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body  
' they belong.'

The Committee appointed in terms of this resolution consisted of eight representatives of each of the Houses, who divided themselves into two Companies—the one for the revision of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament, the other for the Revision of the Authorized Version of the New Testament. They resolved to avail themselves of the liberty granted by Convocation to invite eminent scholars of other communions to co-operate with them in the truly catholic work they had undertaken. Among those originally invited seven were Scotchmen. Four of these were asked to join the Old Testament company, viz., Dr. W. L. Alexander, Professor A. B. Davidson, Professor (afterwards Principal) Fairbairn, and Professor M'Gill. Three were attached to the New Testament company, viz., Dr. Eadie, Professor Milligan, and Professor Roberts. Additions were subsequently made to both companies from the north of the Tweed. Professor Birrell, Principal Douglas, Professor W. Robertson Smith, and Professor Weir were added to the Old Testament company; while the Bishop of St. Andrews and Principal Brown were added to the New Testament company.

It will be interesting to the readers of this memoir to note the names of those composing the latter company as constituted at the date of Dr. Eadie's death. They were—Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (chairman); Dr. Moberly, Bishop of Salisbury;

Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin ; Dr. Bickersteth, Dean of Lichfield, Prolocutor of Canterbury ; Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster ; Dr. Scott, Dean of Rochester ; Dr. Blakesley, Dean of Lincoln ; Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews ; Dr. Angus, Principal of the Baptist College, London ; Dr. Brown, Principal, Free Church College, Aberdeen ; Professor Eadie, Glasgow ; Dr. Hort, Cambridge ; Prebendary Humphry, Vicar of St. Martin's in the Fields, London ; Professor Kennedy, Cambridge ; Archdeacon Lee, Dublin ; Professor Lightfoot, Cambridge ; Professor Milligan, Aberdeen ; Dr. Moulton, Wesleyan College, Cambridge ; Dr. Newth, Principal, New College, London ; Archdeacon Palmer, Oxford ; Professor Roberts, St. Andrews ; Prebendary Scrivener, Vicar of Hendon ; Dr. G. Vance Smith, Carmarthen ; Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple ; Professor Westcott, Cambridge, Rev. J. Troutbeck, Westminster (Secretary).

The Committee of Convocation completed their arrangements, and issued their first invitations in May, 1870. The tidings of his appointment thus greeted Dr. Eadie on his return from his eastern journey. He was much gratified by receiving so distinguished a mark of the high estimation in which he was held by the scholars of the English Church ; and he rejoiced in the opportunity of taking part in work so thoroughly congenial, with the foremost men in his chosen department of study. The catholicity of the company was to him a specially pleasant feature in its constitution. He joined with peculiar delight in the communion service in Westminster Abbey, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, by which the work of revision was appropriately inaugurated. Though bred among the Anti-burghers,—‘the straitest sect’ of Scottish

Presbyterians—who were accustomed to excommunicate any of their members found guilty of the sin of ‘occasional hearing,’ that is, of attending even for a day the ministrations of a clergyman of another communion, he had no remnant of exclusiveness in his spirit.<sup>1</sup> When we were at Jerusalem he expressed a strong desire to receive the communion in the Holy City, and at his request the Bishop arranged for a special service, in which we were joined by several parties of travellers. Dr. Eadie then knelt at the altar, side by side with representatives of at least six different branches of the church of Christ. He had therefore no sympathy with the outcry raised against the Westminster celebration, either by high-churchmen or by evangelicals.

The place chosen for the meetings of the Revision Company was specially interesting to the Scottish members. It was the Jerusalem Chamber, ‘a fair room in the Abbey of Westminster,’ to which the famous Westminster Assembly of Divines that at first ‘did sit in Henry the 7th Chappell, in the place of the convocation,’ adjourned when ‘the weather grew cold,’ in the early winter of 1643. To that ‘fair room’ the commissioners from Scotland—armed with a warrant from both Houses of Parliament, were conducted by three members of Assembly sent ‘to convoy us,’ and were received by ‘Mr. Prolocutor Dr. Twisse’ who had ‘ane

<sup>1</sup> It is interesting in this connection to recall the fact that though he elected to go with his mother to the Anti-burgher church, he was by baptism connected with the Relief, to which his father belonged. That body of Scottish nonconformists held from the first the principle of ‘free communion,’ and recognized the right of all ‘visible Christians’ to come to the Lord’s table.

‘long harangue for our welcome, after so long and ‘hazardous a voyage by sea and land, in so unseasonable ‘a tyme of the year.’ There, as we learn from the letters of the garrulous Principal of the University of Glasgow,<sup>1</sup> they sit in an appointed place, amid surroundings which they find satisfactory, for ‘the house is all well ‘hung, and hes a good fyre, which is some dainties at ‘London.’ They listen respectfully to the debates of the English divines, but think that ‘their longsomeness is wofull at this time, when their Church and Kingdome lyes under a most lamentable anarchy and confusion.’ They discreetly press their views on the assembly on certain points which they hope ‘to carie at last, with ‘the contentment of sundrie ones opposite, and silence ‘of all’; but with other matters ‘of high consequence’ they ‘purpose not to medle in haste, till it please God ‘to advance our armie, which we expect will much ‘assist our arguments.’

It could not but stir the blood of Dr. Eadie and his Scottish associates to find themselves in this ‘fair room,’ the successors of Henderson, Gillespie, Rutherford, and Baillie, in the first assembly at which for two hundred years English and Scotch divines had consented to co-operate in the interests of theological science. They would not reckon their position the less dignified that they did not sit under Parliamentary warrant; nor would they deem it any disadvantage that no Scottish army was advancing on the metropolis to assist their arguments. Being men who had devoted their lives to the study of the sacred languages and to the elucidation of the meaning of Scripture, they

<sup>1</sup>Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie from 1637-1662. Edited by David Laing (Edinburgh, 1841), vol. II., p. 107 and seq.

would be well content that they were not called to take part in any reconstruction of dogma, but in the more congenial task of making the Authorized Version of the Bible a more faithful and a more intelligible rendering of the original.

Dr. Eadie had long been convinced of the necessity for revision. No one admired more heartily the peculiar excellencies of our English Version; but the minute study to which he had been led in connection with his class-work as Professor of Hermeneutics and in the preparation of his Pauline commentaries, had revealed to him its manifold defects. Of these he gives us the following comprehensive summary:<sup>1</sup> 'There are 'some inaccuracies and misrenderings; Greek idioms 'are not always distinctly apprehended, and ambiguities 'are found. Sometimes the version falls short of the 'original in terseness and point, and occasionally a 'different turn is given to the thought. The Greek 'article is dealt with very capriciously; the shades of 'relation marked by the genitive are not uniformly 'noted, and it is rendered several times as an adjective 'of quality; the time marked by aorists and imperfects 'is not given in all cases even where the English idiom 'might allow it; the full meaning of the compound 'relative and of compound verbs is not in each place 'brought out; tertiary predicates sink into mere epi- 'thets; the emphasis characterizing the Greek now and 'then evaporates in the English; prepositions are not 'in all cases justly distinguished; equivocal senses are 'given to conjunctions; synonyms are not always skil- 'fully discriminated; the particles have not, in every 'instance, their due and delicate significance; some

<sup>1</sup> English Bible, vol. II., p. 365.

‘terse and brief idiomatic clauses are diluted; the same  
 ‘Greek term has several English renderings, and the  
 ‘same English term stands for several Greek words.  
 ‘Some clauses of the earlier versions had set a bad  
 ‘example, which was heedlessly copied. Italic supple-  
 ‘ments are now unduly scattered about many of them  
 ‘“no better than dashes of water thrown into the  
 ‘sincere milk of the word.”’

He was thoroughly alive to the difficulties of the work. He says:<sup>1</sup> ‘To present a popular as well as a  
 ‘literal version is no doubt a task of uncommon diffi-  
 ‘culty. A literal version for scholars or for private  
 ‘study would be a comparatively easy work; but one  
 ‘for the use of the people requires the nice combination  
 ‘of many qualities, as correctness, clearness, rhythm,  
 ‘and strength—for it must not be rugged on the plea  
 ‘of exactness, or graceful at the expense of fidelity.  
 ‘It should bear a close relation to the original, “just  
 ‘as a cast from a fine statue is better than an imita-  
 ‘tion.” It must be lucid without any paraphrastic  
 ‘dilution, and nervous without inversions or the use  
 ‘of unfamiliar terms. It behoves to be at once true to  
 ‘the original, and loyal to the English idiom, express-  
 ‘ing the mind and thought of the author in his own  
 ‘manner.’

But though he realized the difficulty of the work, he had not the slightest sympathy with those who deemed it replete with danger. He did not think that the results of textual criticism which must necessarily be embodied in a new version were such as to undermine any important article of the faith, but he believed that these results must be accepted whatever they might lead to.

<sup>1</sup> English Bible, vol. II., p. 353.

‘The object of textual criticism is not to supply readings that may not be displeasing or that may be reckoned improvements. No notion of such a kind can be entertained, for its purpose is to find out fact and truth apart from personal preference or dissatisfaction.’<sup>1</sup> In a few pithy sentences<sup>2</sup> he brushes aside more puerile objections. In answer to the late Lord Dalhousie who deemed the project of a new version to be ‘fraught with the utmost danger to the Protestant liberties of this country, if not to the Protestant religion itself,’ he says, ‘Surely an assertion so hastily made is a libel on Protestantism, which is born of the light, and ought to welcome the light in its fullest lustre.’ When Dr. Cumming warns against revision ‘as it will give the advantage to heterodox parties in the religious world,’ Dr. Eadie simply asks, ‘But does orthodoxy depend on mistranslations or an unrevised version?’ To Dr. McCaul, who says the ‘changing of obsolete words would establish a principle that words not intelligible to the general reader must be altered,’ he answers, ‘Why not? . . . . If Scripture has in it words not understood, it is so far defective and cannot serve its purpose of a clear teacher, and the dreaded radical revolution cannot be produced by a cause so slight, as the substitution of a few terms so simple as to be “known and read of all men.” If the present theology rests on the pillars of old and ambiguous words, it will not need a Samson to shake the temple into ruin.’

His ideal of the man who could hope to address himself successfully to the work of revision was high. ‘The translator must be endowed with the rare gift of

<sup>1</sup> English Bible, vol II., p. 350.      <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 354, 355.

‘ a psychological oneness with evangelists and apostles,  
‘ and this ideal identity will bestow such keenness of  
‘ insight and true sympathy of spirit, that for the  
‘ time the author’s current of thought and reasoning  
‘ becomes that of his interpreter. The second mind  
‘ grows into the original mind, and the sense of his  
‘ words is at once apprehended and felt. And while  
‘ so much of this qualification is born with the gifted  
‘ seer, a long course of earnest study is at the same time  
‘ indispensable ; for he that renders the New Testament  
‘ should possess, not only sound scholarship, ardent  
‘ integrity, and freedom from prepossession ; but should  
‘ be also disciplined to the dexterous handling of philo-  
‘ logical instruments, and be endowed with the patient  
‘ power of listening to all arguments, on every side and  
‘ aspect, syntactic or exegetical, of a question, so that  
‘ after a leisurely survey of the premises, a sound con-  
‘ clusion may be reached. And all in dependence on  
‘ the “ Interpreter, One among a thousand,” who guides  
‘ into all the truth.’<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Eadie addressed himself to the work with characteristic diligence. He did not undervalue the honour of sitting among the foremost Biblical scholars of his land and time ; but he valued more the opportunity of contributing to the achievement of a great work in his chosen department of sacred science. His place in the Revision Company involved no inconsiderable addition to his burden of labour which was already heavier than most men could have borne. Meetings were held every month, except in August and September ; and the meetings extended over four days of seven hours each. It was Dr. Eadie’s habit to preach in

<sup>1</sup> English Bible, vol. II., pp. 479, 480.



Glasgow on the Sunday, to make necessary pastoral visits on the Monday, leaving for London by the night mail that evening, and joining his colleagues on Tuesday forenoon. He generally remained with them till Friday, and returned to preach again in Glasgow on the Sunday. For each meeting he made diligent and conscientious preparation by a careful study of the passage to come under review, by consulting all the authorities, critical, grammatical, and exegetical, within his reach, and by collating the renderings in successive versions. But, as was his wont, he gave the labour ungrudgingly. By long habit, he had tutored himself to find positive enjoyment in hard work; and though the night-journeys and the protracted session necessarily involved physical fatigue, he always returned from London exhilarated in mind.

His habitual silence at the meetings of the Company was as characteristic as his diligence. In accordance with one of the bye-laws, he made beforehand such corrections on the passage agreed on for consideration as seemed to him advisable. But he very rarely took part in the discussions. One of his colleagues remonstrated with him on one occasion because he did not more frequently give the Company the benefit of his counsel. His reply was to the effect that he always studied the passage beforehand, and made up his mind as to the rendering which ought to be adopted; he then waited till he saw if that rendering was suggested by any one else; if it was, he did not think it necessary to suggest it again; he deemed the time of the Company too valuable to be taken up with unnecessary talking. Another of his colleagues testifies that he never spake but twice—once on the occasion of

Dean Alford's death, in January, 1871; but sitting, as he usually did, between two persons of somewhat different tastes and sympathies (Canon Westcott and Dr. Scrivener), he would often address to that one of them whose views he thought it would best suit, some pregnant suggestion, or incisive argument, which they would forthwith communicate to the Company in his name. It is possible that like Baillie, he thought the 'longsomeness' of some who sat with him in that Jerusalem Chamber 'wofull.' At least it was his habit to complain good-humouredly of the needless speaking in the Presbyteries and Synods of which he was a member: and in his place in these Courts he was nearly as silent as he seems to have been in the Revision Company. No one can thoroughly understand Dr. Eadie's character who does not recognize in it a native shyness, which all his intercourse with men failed to overcome.

We have reason to believe that his opinions on matters under discussion in the Jerusalem Chambers, indicated on the transmitted corrections, and by his votes, were none the less appreciated that he did not tax the patience of the Company by much speaking. In the course of his six years' intercourse with his colleagues, he won the warm friendship of some, and the respect of all. His lamented death gave too early opportunity for the expression of their feelings toward him. The following extracts from letters of sympathy may be appropriately introduced here: The Right Reverend Chairman of the Company, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, writing to Mrs. Eadie, says, 'We all loved your dear husband. He was ever so gentle, so wise, and so full of kindly thought. We shall

‘ever affectionately cherish his honoured memory.’ The Dean of Westminster, in a letter to the present writer, says, ‘Will you express to Mrs. Eadie, on my behalf, the sympathy of one still bowed down by his own sorrow, and also my grateful sense of her husband’s unfailing kindness to myself, and my admiration of his modest and conscientious labours.’ Prebendary Scrivener says, ‘For six years we sat together side by side in the Jerusalem Chamber on our anxious and important work, and few could estimate better than I did the means of doing, at once the keen intellect and the warm and genial affections of one I shall never cease to value.’ Canon Westcott writes, ‘I have had the pleasure of sitting next Dr. Eadie during all the time of our revision work, and nothing has given me more pleasant remembrances than his most kind and genial sympathy. I shall never forget the fatherly manner in which he used to lay his hand on my shoulder as he left, as he often did, before the close of the last day’s session, and seemed to leave a blessing with his good-bye.’ Principal Newth says, ‘Even to us whose acquaintance with him was so comparatively recent, his removal seems like the removal of a long-known friend, or of a near and beloved relative.’ Professor Roberts writes, ‘For the last six years we have sat side by side at the meetings of the Revision Company, and it is to me a most melancholy thought that I shall see him there no more. The Jerusalem Chamber can never again look to me the same without his presence.’

It was touching that he should be removed when the work in which he had taken so deep an interest was approaching, but had not yet reached, completion. At

the date of his death the Company were engaged with the first revision of the Epistle to the Philippians. He was ever loyally silent as to the nature of the changes made on the Authorized Version; and as the results of the labours of the revisers have not yet been given to the world, it is impossible to form any estimate of the worth of the service he helped to render. It is difficult to conceive of a task more delicate than the one undertaken by the two Companies. It amounts in effect to a revision of the Church's creed on many important particulars. Possibly the state of fusion into which theological opinion has come, and the acknowledged fact that the present results of criticism are by no means final, may render it impossible for the revisers to present us with a version which shall take as permanent hold of the people of England as the one which they are seeking to improve. But their distinguished scholarship, and the spirit of loyalty to the meaning of the text—irrespective of the bearing of possible changes on this or the other dogma—which is known to prevail among them, are a sufficient guarantee that their work will mark an era in the history of the religious thought and life of the country. It is gratifying to know that similar boards of scholars and divines are at work in America, and that they are labouring in harmony with the British Companies. Our English Bible is the heritage of all who speak our language; and it is most desirable that in this matter there should be no schism between the churches of the old and new worlds.

On occasion of some of his visits to London, Dr. Eadie was the guest of the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley, but his usual place of residence

was in the house of Mr. John B. Leishman, who had been for many years a member of Cambridge Street Church, and was the son of the old friend who had entertained the Professor and his students so hospitably at Corstorphine House in the far back days<sup>1</sup>, when he first entered on his academic work in Edinburgh. It added to the pleasure which his frequent journeys to the metropolis gave him that, in connection with his new work, he was thus led to revive old associations. There is a saying ascribed to King Alphonso of Castile which he used to quote about the advantage of having 'old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old books to read, old friends to trust.'

Dr. Eadie has himself built an enduring monument of his connection with the Revision Company in his work on 'The English Bible.' As we have seen in an earlier chapter,<sup>2</sup> he had long been specially skilled in editions of the Scriptures in the vernacular, and had early made the history of successive translations subject of special study. But it is almost certain that the idea of writing his book was suggested by his work in the Jerusalem Chamber. He must have begun it very soon after his appointment to that work, for on the Christmas Day of 1874 he asked his friend Mr. Young, the accomplished editor of the Commentary on the Epistles to the Thessalonians, if he would be willing to look over the final proofs. Mr. Young understood that the work was then substantially ready for the press. On that occasion Dr. Eadie took up the first sheet, and read a passage bearing on the Anglo-Saxon origin of the English tongue, remarking, as he did so, that if he had foreseen how much toil it would cost

<sup>1</sup> Pages 151-154.

<sup>2</sup> Page 110.

him to qualify himself for writing that chapter, he would have avoided that branch of the subject altogether.

It is the distinctive characteristic of the book that no toil was spared to make it an exhaustive and thoroughly trustworthy treatment of the subject. The history of the English Bible is presented in its relation to the history of the English people. The historical events which led to the production of the successive versions are graphically recorded, and the influence of these versions on further evolutions of the history is traced. Independent of the preparation required in connection with the special subject of the work, its author must have studied the general history of the country with nearly as much thoroughness as if his sole object had been to give a record of that history from the days of Wycliffe to those of King James. Nothing irrelevant is actually set down, but the reader, as he is led on from one version to another of the English Scriptures, is made to feel that his guide is acquainted with all that lies on every side of the special line which he is called to follow. There is a breadth of treatment and a freshness of style which would not have been found in the production of a mere specialist. The historical pictures and biographical sketches which occur from time to time are admirably drawn. Seldom has the grotesque and self-contradictory character of King James been more graphically depicted than in the opening paragraphs of the chapter devoted to the history of the Authorized Version.

But the reader is made to feel that, while the author is more than a specialist, he does not make his breadth of view an excuse for neglecting the minuteness and

the exactness without which such a work as this would have no permanent value. To secure that it should possess these characteristics, he grudged no pains. The work of carrying it through the press was very laborious, especially towards the end when there was so much minute verification to be done. Mr. Young remembers that one day, after they had been engaged in work of that kind for some time, Dr. Eadie said to him, half in jest, half in earnest, 'I believe that book will 'kill us all before it is done.' The development of the English language—the study of which in its earliest stages cost him, as we have seen, so great labour—is traced with as much thoroughness as if he had devoted himself exclusively to the study of philology. The glimpses into contemporary literature, as illustrative of the style of successive versions, are exceedingly interesting, and reveal how well he was served in the production of his latest work by the stores which he had begun so early to accumulate through extensive general reading. The characteristics of the different versions and the peculiarities in their renderings are not only stated, but they are illustrated with a fulness which may sometimes lead the non-professional reader to say with a critic (who admits it to be 'the most 'complete work on the subject yet published,') that 'it 'leaves nothing more to be desired, except that the 'author had made it a good deal less.' But the fulness was necessary to make it what the most competent judges have pronounced it to be—the standard work on the subject of which it treats, and a mine containing all the information which any ordinary student of that subject need wish to possess. No man is entitled to speak with more authority than the Archbishop of

Dublin as to the merit of any book which deals with the 'past and present' of the English language, and in a letter to Dr. Eadie, dated April 28, 1876, he says: 'I have already tested it sufficiently to know how well it sifts, winnows, and arranges the old information which we already possessed about our English Bible, and what large and important additions to our knowledge it has made. It is indeed so exhaustive that it will, if I do not mistake, close, for a long time to come, the series of books bearing on this subject.'

There is one feature of the book which has a biographical interest. It contains frequent references to the relation of the English Bible to Scotland. We have some curious glimpses into Scottish life, and references to the dialect of the northern kingdom, which could only have been given by one who was not only a Scotchman, but the native of a Scottish village, to whom Lowland Scotch was, in his earlier days, a spoken language. After giving illustrations of obsolete words in Wycliffe's version, he says: 'But a great number of similar words still survive in Scotch so nearly allied to the Platt-Deutsch and northern English, though they have ceased to occur in ordinary English. Attercop, a spider: axtre, for axletree: baili Luke xvi. 1, bailie, being still the name of a magistrate in a Scotch borough; big, to build. "Auld clay biggin," Burns; beel, suppuration: bylyve, forthwith: birle (in Scotland to contribute money for drink): birr, force, rush; brokskin, badgerskin, brok being the common name for the animal; brunston, brimstone: chopin, denoting a measure, a word in daily use: dicht, to prepare, applied to the winnowing of grain: draf, well known to keepers of cattle and dairies in



‘Scotland; egge, to edge or push on; fell, for skin, “between the fell and the flesh”; gowling, howling; . . . . cod, for pod, “to fill his wame with the ‘coddis the hoggis did ete” (Luke xv. 16); keetling, ‘a whelp, the Scotch familiar word for kitten; ‘kouthly, kouthy, very intimate; rue, to repent; . . . stithie, anvil, pronounced often study; . . . ‘puddock, frog; . . . toun, a common name for farm ‘buildings (Luke xiv. 18, “I have bought a toun”); ‘trows, artificial conduit to serve a mill wheel; to ‘wauke, to full, so waukmill; wod, mad; yett, gate; ‘yowl, to howl; tak tent, take heed (Acts xx. 28); . . . slidery from slide, used for slippery; and ‘speels, meaning chips or splinters.’ The writing of this paragraph would vividly recall to its author the scenes of his youth. Almost every word he here gives must often have been shouted by him and his companions at their play in the village streets at the foot of the Ochils.

Dr. Eadie made the connection between his work in the Jerusalem chamber and his book on the English Bible, prominent on its earliest page. The dedication is in these terms: “To the Right Reverend Charles J. ‘Ellicott, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Chair- ‘man, and to the other members of the company ‘engaged in the revision of the English New Testa- ‘ment, these volumes are cordially inscribed.’ A copy of the work was presented by him to each of his colleagues. It proved a parting gift. The volumes were distributed at the meeting in April, 1876, from which he was detained by the state of his health. He was again absent in May, and before the June meeting he had passed away. He was thus denied the privilege

of receiving the spoken congratulations of his fellow-workers. But their gratitude for his gift, and their admiration of his book, did not therefore fail to find expression. They almost all wrote to him kind and highly appreciative letters, the receipt of which helped to brighten for him the last months of weakness and weariness, when the shadows of death were beginning to fall across his path.

An extract from the letter of the Archbishop of Dublin has already been given. The following most genial acknowledgment was sent by the chairman of the company :—

FROM THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

‘ JERUSALEM CHAMBER,  
‘ April 25th, 1876.

‘ MY DEAR DR. EADIE.—Never in my life have I  
‘ received a kinder or more welcome birth-day present  
‘ (for this is verily my natal day), than I have received  
‘ from you to-day, both in the kind dedication, and in  
‘ the two handsome and carefully written volumes. I  
‘ have already cut the latter half of vol. 2, and in the  
‘ intervals of argument, read your comments.

‘ We have duly considered what you say on “be-  
‘ come” *versus* “be,” in reference to Eph. v. 1, but,  
‘ as you well know, idiom has always great weight  
‘ with us.

‘ I really do warmly congratulate you on having com-  
‘ pleted so great a work. I feel persuaded that it will  
‘ command special attention. You are kind and con-  
‘ siderate in your criticism of others. What you say  
‘ about Mr. Mc’Lellan is very good; the term “built up”  
‘ is very happy.

‘I read to the Company one or two of your quotations from a recent version, and they amused them much. Every one is very grateful to you, but I will not write in their name, for such a handsome present demands a separate letter.

‘I hear from our secretary that you are not quite well; I hope it is not from overwork connected with the two volumes. All send very kind regards.

‘Yours very sincerely,

‘C. J. GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.’

The Dean of Lincoln wrote :—‘If the names of the N. T. Company fall into oblivion, it will not be possible to account for the fact on the principle *Carent quia vate sacro*, and the *vates* will be able to say of himself, *quorum pars magna fui*. I trust the proceedings of your Synod will not leave a legacy behind them of a nature to keep you in the north when we assemble in June.’ The Prolocutor wrote: ‘I now hasten to thank you not only for the books, but for the great literary excellence that they display, and for the advantage which I have already derived, and shall derive, from the reading of them. What I have already read convinces me that you have conferred a great benefit upon our Bible reading population and have added in no small degree to the Biblical literature of our country.’

FROM THE REV. PREBENDARY SCRIVENER.

‘HENDON VICARAGE,

‘LONDON, 2nd May, 1876.

‘MY DEAR DR. EADIE.—Your most liberal outpouring of presentation copies of your English Bible, was hailed last week by many a grateful acclamation

‘ at Jerusalem Chamber, and if I am late in my personal  
 ‘ acknowledgments, it is that I wished to look it through  
 ‘ ere I wrote to thank you. It is, indeed, a noble work,  
 ‘ more full of matter new to us than we could have  
 ‘ anticipated, fraught with interest of every kind, and  
 ‘ most loyally silent about our revision work. We all  
 ‘ knew that our unspeaking brother was a fine scholar,  
 ‘ and cannot say that his book, excellent as it is, has  
 ‘ been a surprise to us. I wish you could have  
 ‘ acquiesced more fully in my judgment about the two  
 ‘ revisions of 1611. I chiefly rest on internal evidence  
 ‘ which I cannot resist, unless on the supposition that  
 ‘ the second edition of a book is usually more full of  
 ‘ errors, not typographical, than the first. And why  
 ‘ should Boel’s copperplate have been laid aside for an  
 ‘ old wood-cut in the *second issue*? I hold it was  
 ‘ absent from the *first* simply because it was not yet  
 ‘ ready.

‘ I thank you, too, for your photograph of the  
 ‘ veritable “schism shop”<sup>1</sup> in which you edify your  
 ‘ people. It is indeed a handsome building, and your  
 ‘ spire has just a touch from the west front of Peter-  
 ‘ borough.

‘ One of the greatest blessings (to me) of our revision  
 ‘ work is, that it has made me so well known to you  
 ‘ and Brown and Newth, all of you, I warrant, as firm

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Scrivener here quotes an expression written by Dr. Eadie himself on the back of the photograph. He says, ‘ Dr. Eadie found much amusement in laughing at my strictness in church matters. Once while the Company was engaged in arranging its meetings for the ensuing year, when some one objected to a certain week that Ash Wednesday fell in it, he turned sharply upon me, in his humorous way, and said, “ Ash Wednesday ! What is Ash Wednesday ? ” ’

‘ in your own opinions as the English churchman can  
 ‘ be, yet all without guile or malice, or the venom of  
 ‘ uncharitableness.

‘ I should be glad if you would come down here for  
 ‘ dinner and a bed one of our June revision days, when  
 ‘ the place will look at its best. My wife would be  
 ‘ most happy to welcome you, and you will see that  
 ‘ Providence has dealt lovingly with me in furnishing  
 ‘ me with such a refuge in declining years. With the  
 ‘ kind permission of the Liberation Society, I intend to  
 ‘ stay here till my change shall come.

‘ Yours very truly,

‘ F. H. SCRIVENER.’

Dr. Eadie had accepted this invitation, but before the time for keeping his engagement had arrived *his* change had come.

When his colleagues assembled in June, they adopted the following minute :—

‘ This Company desires to place on record its sense  
 ‘ of the loss which it has sustained in the death of Dr.  
 ‘ Eadie.

‘ The Company will sadly miss his sober judgment,  
 ‘ his shrewd observations, and his kindly presence.

‘ His recent valuable contribution to Biblical litera-  
 ‘ ture will ever remain as a monument of his religious  
 ‘ industry, and his widespread Christian sympathy ;  
 ‘ and the Company, each member of which Dr. Eadie  
 ‘ favoured with a copy of it, will greatly prize it as the  
 ‘ legacy of one whose memory will always be cherished  
 ‘ with respect and affection.’

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE END.

First Symptoms of Illness—Increased Diligence—Proposed Change in Theological Hall—His Objections—Resolution to continue in Pastorate—Arrangement with his Congregation—Severe Cold—Change in his Appearance—Visit to Berwick—His Last Sermon—Rest at Dunblane—Birth-day party—Memories of his Youth—Synod Meeting—Last Communion—Alarming Symptoms—His Death—Widespread Sorrow—The Funeral—Preservation of his Library—Other Monuments to his Memory.

DURING the summer of 1867 Dr. Eadie became conscious of certain symptoms indicating derangement in the region of the heart. But he paid little heed to them, and did not in the least relax the strain of hard work to which he had been so long accustomed. In the spring of 1872, the symptoms became more pronounced. At the close of a Fast-day service, which the present writer conducted in Lansdowne church, on the 4th April in that year, Dr. Eadie came into the vestry accompanied by his son-in-law, Dr. Henderson, who was also his medical attendant. During the service he had suffered from palpitation, and had waited for the doctor in the lobby. The patient was making light of the matter, but the physician, whose finger was on his pulse, was obviously alarmed, and called at Thornville

Terrace in the evening, that he might examine him more carefully. He proposed a consultation, and two days later brought Professor Gardiner, who spoke very decidedly on the case, and peremptorily ordered immediate rest. In spite of this Dr. Eadie went to London on the 15th to attend a meeting of the Revision Company. On his return he consented to obey the medical prescription to the extent of going to Largs for nine days, but even during that short period he was constantly occupied with his "English Bible."

From this date those who knew him well began to notice a more than usual thoughtfulness in his bearing and conversation. It was evident that he had not shut his eyes to the shadows of the coming night which had fallen across his path. But the consciousness that his work-day might be near its close, seemed only to quicken his step and stimulate him to even more than wonted diligence. It was remarked that he preached with growing fervour and earnestness; his pastoral work was done with all his former regularity; he seldom missed a meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber; and he not only laboured to make his book on the English Bible worthy of its subject, but had no fewer than four other works in actual progress. He was preparing his commentaries on the Epistles to the Thessalonians, and on the Epistle of St. James; he had resumed work on his book of Hebrew Antiquities begun some years before; and he was occasionally adding to the series of Essays in which he intended to embody the results of his eastern journey. On the 2nd November, 1874, he wrote thus to Dr. Cairns: 'I am rather busy just now, and I have the melancholy

‘reflection that while my work is broadening, my days  
‘are shortening.’

During his absence in America in 1873, overtures were presented to the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, proposing a change in the system of theological training. It had long been felt that the short autumnal session of two months did not afford sufficient time for the adequate treatment of the various departments of theological science, with which it is essential to the well-being of a church that her candidates for the ministry should be made familiar. Though attendance on five such sessions was required of each student, and though an attempt was made to supplement the work of the Hall by systematic Presbyterian supervision of study during the long recess, the results of the system had come to be reckoned unsatisfactory. The majority of the Professors shared the general opinion, that it was desirable to substitute a course of three lengthened winter sessions, conducted by Professors whose time should be devoted exclusively to the duties of their chairs. They felt the difficulty of doing justice to their respective departments while they were burdened with pastoral charges, and while the only months in which they met their students were those which their ministerial brethren were accustomed to devote to relaxation. But Dr. Eadie was an opponent of the change. He had been himself educated under the old system, and his own experience had led him to set a higher value on the unaided efforts of young men bent on self-improvement, than on any prescribed professorial instruction. He probably forgot that few students have that passion for books and that power of working



methodically, by which he had been distinguished, and which had enabled him to attain so much under an inadequate system. But his own student-life suggested a more relevant objection to the proposal of an extended session. He remembered the struggle which it had cost him to complete his course, even with the long recess left free for self-support; and he thought it would be difficult to obtain a sufficient number of students to supply the wants of the home church, and of her extensive mission fields abroad, if they were required to devote the half of the year to attendance on theological classes in Edinburgh. He shrank from meeting this difficulty by any eleemosynary provision which, he feared, might impair the spirit of independence which has always been a characteristic of Scottish students.

But his objections to the change were to a large extent personal. If it had been proposed at an earlier period of his life, there is every reason to believe that, whatever opinion he might have held as to its expediency in relation to the students, he would have welcomed the prospect of relief from a congregational charge, and the opportunity of devoting himself exclusively to academic pursuits. But at the end of forty years' service in the pastorate, he shrank from the severance of the tie which had bound him so long. Preaching had ceased to be a burden. He had learned to find in it a weekly relaxation from other work. It was an additional objection that, as the newly constituted Hall was to meet in Edinburgh, the lengthened session would involve residence in that city. He had become rooted in the west, and could not bring himself to leave it. He said he wished to die as he had lived, a citizen of Glasgow.

It was an evidence of the strength of the conviction in favour of a more efficient system which had taken possession of the church that Dr. Eadie's avowed hostility did not lead to the abandonment of the project to reorganize the Hall on the new basis. Few men had greater weight in the counsels of his church. But in this case, while the difficulties which he felt so strongly were duly considered, the arguments in support of the proposal seemed to the majority of the Synod unanswerable. The committee appointed to consider the matter reported all but unanimously in favour of the change. Their report was received in 1874, and after being sent down to Presbyteries,<sup>1</sup> was adopted in 1875. It was then remitted to the same committee to receive the replies from the professors already in office, to the call addressed to them by the church to continue in their chairs under the new conditions. It was found, as had indeed been expected, that while Dr. Eadie was willing to discharge the duties of the professorship during the lengthened session, he declined to resign his pastoral charge. If the terms of the Synod's decision had compelled him to choose between the resignation of that charge or the abandonment of his chair, he would have elected to remain a pastor. But the committee had been purposely left free to make special arrangements in special circumstances, and his services were felt to be so essential to the success of the new Hall, that they were gladly accepted on his own terms. An

<sup>1</sup> All Presbyterian churches are bound more or less stringently by the 'Barrier Act,' which provides that no constitutional or important change can be sanctioned by the Supreme Courts till it has received the approval of a majority of Presbyteries.

arrangement was come to with Lansdowne congregation that they should provide Dr. Eadie with a junior colleague, who should be responsible for the greater part of the duties of the pastorate, leaving the senior minister free to do as much as he found it possible to accomplish in conjunction with the increased labours of his professorship. When this arrangement had been made, Dr. Eadie addressed to the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, convener of the committee, the following letter:—

‘ 6 THORNVILLE TERRACE,  
‘ GLASGOW, 28th January, 1876.

‘ I formally accept the call of the Synod to hold  
‘ under new regulations the professorate which I  
‘ have held for thirty years. I need scarcely add that  
‘ I accept also of the congregational arrangements made  
‘ by my church, as they were chiefly made at my own  
‘ suggestion.

‘ I hope that the new Hall organization will work  
‘ well, though I do not feel very confident on the  
‘ subject, and that for several reasons. But I submit  
‘ loyally to Synodical enactment.’

Under the new arrangements the department of New Testament literature and exegesis was assigned to Dr. Eadie. Dr. Harper and Dr. Cairns were associated as joint-professors of Systematic Theology and Apologetics. The chair of Church History was continued as before; while two new chairs were instituted, one of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature and Exegesis, and another of Practical Training. The final sanction of the supreme court of the church was given to all the arrangements in May, 1876, when Dr. Eadie

was formally instated, under the new conditions, in the office, on the duties of which he was destined never to enter.

In the later autumn of the previous year he had begun to suffer from a severe cold. He insisted on going to Largs on a raw October day, to attend the funeral of his friend, the Rev. William Steven, though he was then far from well. He took part in conducting the funeral service, and it was remarked that in asking the congregation to sing the hymn 'Rock of Ages cleft for me,' he took occasion to say that that hymn was a great favourite with their departed minister on his death-bed, and spoke earnestly of the appropriateness of the truth which it expresses to one in such circumstances. His cold was aggravated by the journey to Largs, and on the Sunday following, which was Communion-Sunday, he was compelled to leave the pulpit during the forenoon service, as his voice completely failed. The clergyman who had come to assist him took his place, and preached the 'action' sermon.

During the winter his cold continued to trouble him. From time to time he was compelled to confine himself to the house, and he began to complain, as he had never been known to complain before, of failing strength. In writing to a young friend in Edinburgh on 19th January, 1876, he added this postscript: 'Last Sabbath afternoon I preached like a man heaving a great boulder up a very steep hill.' Yet there was little to create alarm in the minds of those who only saw him occasionally. On the 20th January he gave the dinner, to which reference has already been made, in commemoration of our eastern journey, and though

he had been dull and weary during the earlier part of the day, he was in exuberant spirits in the evening, and seemed to his guests to be perfectly well, save that he had a slight hoarseness. On the following day, when he was going to the University in company with his friend, Mr. Young, to hear the first of a course of lectures by Professor Jebb on the Greek orators, he fell on the steps of his own doorway and sprained his knee. The injury did not seem to him serious, and he went on to the lecture, but the lameness, which was the result of the fall, remained for some months. It caused him to walk very slowly, and thus exposed him continually to the risk of increased cold.

On the 21st February, he left for London, to attend, for the last time, the meeting of the Revision Company. About the middle of March, he went to Dumbarton in fulfilment of an engagement to preach for his old friend and fellow-student, Dr. Halley. On the Sunday evening the church was crowded to excess, and overheated. In walking home to the manse, slowly by reason of his lameness, the intense cold of the March wind chilled him. Next day he was very ill on the journey to Glasgow, and when the train arrived at Queen-street station was unable to rise, and had to be lifted out of the carriage. When he reached Thornville Terrace, he said to Mrs. Eadie as he came up the steps slowly and stiffly, 'That he had come home to be nursed.' He would not, however, consent to remain indoors more than two or three days. On the Friday a little boy whose death-bed he had attended, and whose heart he had won by showing great interest in a pet bird, was to be buried, and he would not be hindered from going to the funeral. 'He

‘went dragging his feet so wearily, like an old, old man, ‘and came home quite worn out.’ He then consented to send for Dr. Henderson, who pronounced him ill with congestion of the lungs, and entire derangement of the system.

In the case of one who had been so long accustomed to make light of any ailment, it was an ominous sign that he began to some extent to treat himself as an invalid, and to make references to his illness, even in hurried business notes to friends.

To the REV. GEORGE JEFFREY, D.D.

‘6 THORNVILLE TERRACE,

‘GLASGOW, Thursday [23rd March, 1876].

‘I am very bad with cold—all stiffened with it—so ‘that when I returned from Dumbarton I had to be ‘helped out of the carriage at Queen Street. But ‘though I were quite well, I have no right to come to ‘your meeting, for I am not a voter for the Glasgow ‘School Board.<sup>1</sup> Nor do I see how any U.P. or ‘Voluntary can occupy a seat at a Board, which, in ‘spite of all apologetic casuistry, really teaches re- ‘ligion at the public expense. I would like in the ‘schools vastly more than the “use and wont,” but not ‘to be given by any School Board that levies rates on ‘the entire community.’

<sup>1</sup> His house being west of the River Kelvin was situated in the parish of Govan. The meeting to which he had been invited had been called to take steps for securing adequate representation for United Presbyterians on the second Glasgow School Board, the election of which was at hand.

To the REV. JOHN CAIRNS, D.D.

‘ 6 THORNVILLE TERRACE,  
‘ GLASGOW, 1st April [1876].

‘ I am laying my account with coming to Berwick,  
‘ and Lansdowne pulpit is to be supplied by a candi-  
‘ date!

‘ I wish, however, that you would not insist on my  
‘ preaching on Monday night, as I have to marry a  
‘ daughter of one of Dr. MacEwen’s elders on the Tues-  
‘ day early.<sup>1</sup>

‘ I have had an awful attack of cold, affecting every  
‘ organ in my system. I was broiled at an evening  
‘ sermon down at Dumbarton the other Sabbath, and  
‘ the cold, when I left the church, at once and as if  
‘ with *malice prepense*, seized on me and made me  
‘ shiver, and the evil spirit is not easily exorcised.’

About that time the present writer had occasion to call at Thornville Terrace, and was startled by Dr. Eadie’s appearance. He was lounging in the dining-room after an early dinner, and looked very worn and thin. He was in good spirits, however, joking about the Lansdowne ‘candidates,’ and the prospect of a colleague. Miss Marshall, daughter of the venerable minister of Coupar-Angus, had come on a visit, and was helping to cheer him. He had been at last persuaded to allow himself to be led about and taken care of. On the 8th April—the day before the Glasgow Communion—he went out in an open carriage with Mrs. Eadie and Miss Marshall, and greatly enjoyed the

<sup>1</sup> He was acting as Moderator of the Kirk-Session of Claremont Church during the vacancy caused by the death of his friend Dr. Alexander MacEwen.

idea of the surprise the neighbours would feel at the unwonted spectacle of the minister driving about at his ease on Communion-Saturday. On the Sunday he was able to deliver the first table address, but the congregation were much concerned to see him look so ill. On the following Thursday he accompanied the ladies into town to see a picture of 'Moses on Mount Nebo,' which was then exhibiting in Glasgow. He was much interested in the picture, and pointed out to his companions his own route through the Holy Land, and the various halting-places. We cannot but wonder whether the thought crossed his mind that he too, like the great leader of Israel, was then on the eve of his departure with his work still unfinished.

Next day he went with Mrs. Eadie to Berwick, in fulfilment of his engagement to assist Dr. Cairns; and in spite of the fatigue of the long journey, he preached on the night of his arrival. It was Good Friday. He chose a sermon he had often preached before. It was a simple declaration of the gospel of the grace of God from Luke ii. 10: 'Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.' On the Saturday he offered to go with Mrs. Eadie to visit the graves of her father and mother, but she, knowing how weak he was, and wishing to spare his strength, declined. On the Sunday he delivered a characteristic address to the children of the congregation after the communion service in the afternoon, and preached the evening sermon from Acts xxvi. 22, 23: 'Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the Prophets and Moses did say should come; that Christ should suffer, and



‘that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people and to the Gentiles.’ It was his last sermon, and, if he had been aware of that fact, he could not have chosen one more appropriate with which to close his career as a preacher. It was in every way fitting that he should find his last text in the address which the Apostle, whose teaching he had studied so earnestly and expounded so successfully, delivered when he had closed his active ministry, and was becoming ‘an ambassador in bonds.’ It was as true of him as of St. Paul, that the one prevailing theme of his preaching, ‘both to small and great,’ had been the sufferings and resurrection of Christ, and His glory as the light of men. Dr. Cairns says: ‘This, I think, was the most remarkable sermon I ever heard him deliver, and though, as he told me, it was prepared originally for the jubilee of Dr. William Anderson, he evidently threw in new matter, and, especially, a striking and pathetic close, suitable to my approaching separation from the congregation. Though more quiet in manner than I have heard him, the discourse had great variety of tone and emphasis, and produced, especially on my mind, an ineffaceable impression.’

On the following Sunday he was present as a worshipper at the forenoon service in Lansdowne Church, and in the afternoon dispensed the communion to the mission congregation at Springbank. On the Tuesday (24th April), he went with Mrs. Eadie to Dunblane for a fortnight’s thorough rest and change of air. He was attracted to Dunblane by the fact that it was near his birth-place, and that he had been in the habit of visiting it frequently when he was a boy.

His friend, Mr. Blair, who, at Mrs. Eadie's request, had secured lodgings, was his daily companion. He has kindly furnished some interesting reminiscences of how the quiet holiday was spent. Dr. Eadie visited the manse every day, sitting with Mr. Blair in his study on wet days, and walking or sitting with him in the garden when the weather was fine. He played with the children and took an interest in their lessons. He specially won the heart of a little maiden of two years, whose birth-day came round during his visit. His own birth-day occurred when he was at Dunblane. Mr. Blair says: 'On Tuesday, 9th May, Dr. Eadie called at the door, in his slippers, as usual, and enquired for the household, accompanying his enquiry with the announcement, "This is my birth-day, you must all come and dine in my den." We naturally asked, "How old are you?" Whereupon he said, laughingly, "Oh, three score and ten! They say I was ordained when I was twenty-one, and that is not yesterday now." He told me several things about his infancy, that he was the only son of his mother, and was a big bairn; was sent to Alloa to be nursed: but after being under nursing for two months, his parents got impatient for him, and had him brought home. . . .

'We tried hard to induce the Doctor to hold his birth-day party in the manse, but without effect. He seemed to regard the day as worthy to be celebrated in his own house, and failing that, in his temporary lodgings. The party consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Eadie, myself, Mrs. Blair, and Mr. Leckie' [now Dr. Leckie of Ibrox Church, Glasgow, who was at Dunblane, assisting Mr. Blair at the Communion].

' The Doctor was in high spirits, and seemed to enjoy  
' the occasion. Mr. Leckie and I made congratulatory  
' speeches, sending our wishes into the future for many  
' happy returns. We could not overlook the fact that  
' the Doctor was invalided, and under medical restric-  
' tion as to work. But he bore his illness so well that  
' we rallied him on his strong health while seeming to  
' be an invalid. He was pleased with our little com-  
' pliments, but said little in reply. None of us could  
' forecast the sad reverse of our wishes and hopes in  
' less than a month thereafter, or imagine that the  
' little honour we rendered to him that day was, as it  
' were, the anointing to his burial. We were eating  
' together, and pledging health and better days, while  
' the thin crust of the grave was breaking beneath his  
' feet. Mr. Leckie left for the train to return to Glas-  
' gow, and Dr. Eadie parted from him with a jest about  
' his driving in a spring-cart.

' In the course of the evening I sat beside him in  
' the garden, which he preferred to the house. The  
' sun had been very hot during the day, but a biting  
' frost-wind from the north-east rendered exposure as  
' unpleasant as it was unsafe. I suffered from cold  
' next day, and was astonished that Dr. Eadie seemed to  
' have escaped. I attributed his escape to his massive  
' physical frame and powers of endurance; but when I  
' heard of the serious turn his illness took, I could not  
' help thinking that his persistent exposure to the east  
' wind may have been the beginning of the end. His  
' love of birds found gratification in these long sittings  
' in the garden. He complained of his sight being im-  
' paired, so that he could not seek for nests; but he  
' knew the habits of birds so well that he could tell,

‘ from the song of the male-bird, whereabouts a nest  
‘ was hid. He caught the note of a white-throat as we  
‘ sat on the garden-chair in a corner behind the house,  
‘ and said he was sure its nest was not far off. Some-  
‘ how he expressed strong dislike of the thrush, which  
‘ “threw all its song away from it, stupid bird,”  
‘ whereas he had great admiration for the notes of  
‘ the blackbird for their rich quality. It seemed as  
‘ if he were young again, with all the wild freedom  
‘ of boyhood, nesting in the “Silver-glen” of his native  
‘ place. He had, in student days, frequently visited  
‘ Dunblane, where some relations of his mother resided,  
‘ and where he had tough arguments with some of the  
‘ radical weavers of those days, one of whom, getting  
‘ the worst of the debate, scattered contempt on young  
‘ Eadie’s pretensions to be a minister,—“Johnnie, lad,  
‘ it’ll be lang ere the doos drap on the tap o’ your  
‘ kirk.” The memory of these days was still fresh  
‘ within him, and it afforded him pleasure to recall  
‘ them. He spoke of one occasion on which he had  
‘ come as a lecturer on temperance, and held forth to  
‘ a gathering of people in a small up-stairs room which  
‘ had served as a school.’

On that last birth-day he seemed to have been dwelling much among the memories of the past. After the friends who dined with them had left, he went with Mrs. Eadie for an evening walk. He led her on the road towards his old home. They walked on and on, but the reaction from the effort to be cheerful in the company of his guests had come. A cloud of great darkness was on his spirit, and he never spoke. So depressed was he that Mrs. Eadie fell behind, that he might not notice the emotion which she could not

restrain at seeing him so sad. She did not know then that the shadow of death was on him.

While at Dunblane he made several short excursions. One of these, which involved considerable fatigue, was to Dollar. A widow who had belonged to his congregation was residing there, and he had promised to visit her if ever he should be in the neighbourhood. It was characteristic of him, that even in his weakness he kept his promise. On another day he went to see Mr. MacIntyre, minister at Greeloaning, where, sometime before, he had preached a centenary sermon, in which he referred to his youthful memories of the time when 'men in their plaids, and women with their white mutches, came over the Shirramuir to Tillicoultry sacrament.' He was present at the Communion service in Dunblane, at which Dr. Leckie assisted. At Mr. Blair's request he gave the closing table address, speaking from the words, 'Ye are not your own, but bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your bodies and spirits, which are God's.' He referred in homely fashion to the common customs of their daily life in illustration of his argument, and spoke of their surroundings thus: 'The world is yours with all its wealth of scenery and associations. The river and the landscape, the lake and the mountain, all the diversity and beauty that God has munificently thrown around your dwelling-place. All is yours, if you have poetical susceptibility and sense of enjoyment, as much yours as it is Keir's or Kippendavie's.'<sup>1</sup> Mr. Blair says, 'I recollect how

<sup>1</sup> The territorial titles of the two largest proprietors in the neighbourhood — Sir William Stirling-Maxwell of Keir, and John Stirling, Esq. of Kippendavie.

‘solemnly he spoke of death, under notice of the ‘words, “death is yours,” and of how death had been ‘vanquished and its terrors despoiled by Christ.’ He adds, ‘The day was warm, specially so for the season, ‘and Dr. Eadie seemed to feel the oppression of the ‘heat. But it was not alone from the warmth of the ‘air that the big beads of perspiration gathered on his ‘brow as he rolled out his sentences with his usual ‘vehement rapidity. No sooner had he come down ‘from the platform at the close of the service than he ‘came up to Dr. Brown, and said, “Feel my pulse.” ‘Its quickened beat alarmed the Doctor, and the flush ‘that suffused his face while speaking, and the paleness ‘that came after, alarmed Mrs. Eadie.’

On the day before he left Dunblane, he went, accompanied by Mrs. Eadie and Mr. Blair, to see the Old Tree of Kippenross, returning by the Beech Walk along the banks of the Allan. It was then that Mrs. Eadie remarked for the first time that his manner of walking was peculiar. She thought he leaned a little to one side, as she had noticed her father do before he died. He had ceased to be able for any exertion, and the weeks he spent in the quiet little city were in the main devoted to rest. In a kindly letter, written to a faithful elder, who had wrought with him first in Cambridge Street and afterwards in Lansdowne, and who was then leaving Glasgow, he says, ‘This Dun- ‘blane is a “sleepy hollow,” and I sleep too—going to ‘bed always before ten o’clock, and not waking up at ‘all till eight next morning, and I am therefore ter- ‘ribly, sinfully lazy.’

He returned to Glasgow on the 11th of May, and on the 16th he went to Edinburgh to attend the meeting

of Synod. He had looked forward with much interest to that meeting, at which the new Professors of Church History, Hebrew, and Practical Training were to be elected. At one time he expected that it would be necessary for him to go to London at the beginning of the Synod week, to prosecute a call which had been addressed by Claremont Church to a Presbyterian minister in the Metropolis, and in view of that service he had specially written to the Synod Clerk, asking that if possible the election of Professors might be delayed till the Thursday, as he had a great desire to be present. He was fortunately relieved from the necessity of going to London, and came to Edinburgh on the Tuesday; but he did not appear much in the Court till the day of the election. Then he sat through a long and crowded sederunt, and was intensely interested in the whole proceedings. Though precluded by etiquette from any declared preference, he had necessarily formed an opinion as to the merits of the different candidates; and when a singularly successful speech was made by the proposer of one to whom he was prepared to give a specially hearty welcome as a colleague in the Hall, he could not refrain from looking across the table to a friend, and saying, 'That has done it!' He returned next day to join in the welcome given to his new colleagues, when they appeared at the table to receive intimation of their appointment, and to give their decision. The ceremony was followed immediately by the presentation of the final report of the committee charged with the preparation of a new Hymnal. When the Hymnal was submitted in draft to Presbyteries, it had been subjected to sharp criticism, in which Dr. Eadie had taken a somewhat prominent

part. He seemed anxious to remove any feeling that might have lingered in the minds of the members of committee, and as soon as the adoption of the report was moved by Dr. Cairns, he started to his feet and seconded the motion. This was the last time he was seen on the floor of the house where for forty years he had been one of the most notable figures.

The strain of these meetings was too much for his fast-failing strength. Just as he was leaving Glasgow to attend them, he asked his wife to accompany him. She was unable to do so, but followed next morning. When on her arrival she saw him in the midst of the crowd at the Waverley Station, she was struck with the look of pained exhaustion on his face. All his friends in the Synod shared her anxiety. At the afternoon adjournment he was sometimes unable to go upstairs to the drawing-room before dinner, and on one occasion wine had to be brought to him as soon as he reached the house, to prevent his fainting.

He returned to Glasgow on the Friday evening, and on the Sunday he attended the communion services in Lansdowne Church, and delivered the first table address. It was from the words, 'Ye do show the Lord's death,' and he spoke with such earnestness that the people were struck with his tone and bearing. It was the last time they were to hear his familiar voice. But he had yet another pastoral duty to perform. Though he was much exhausted by the effort of the day, he insisted on going out at night to visit a bereaved family. It was not unfitting that with such a service he should close his ministry. No one knew better than he how to comfort those that mourn.

On the Monday he moved about a little, but retired



early to rest, complaining of great exhaustion. On the Tuesday Dr. Thomson, who was doing duty in Dr. Henderson's absence, was sent for, and pronounced that he was suffering from congestion of the lungs. Though he recalled the fact that his mother had died of that disease, he did not seem alarmed, but occupied himself reading and writing. Hearing, as I passed through Glasgow on my way from the second week of the Synod, of the serious nature of his illness, I went to see him. He was very breathless, but at the same time so cheerful and apparently so hopeful that it was difficult to realize that there was imminent danger. He even spoke of preaching on an early Sabbath. I urged him not to think of appearing in the pulpit for many months, and said that he ought to rest all the summer to prepare for his first session in the new Hall. His reply was, 'Man, do you not know what it is to like your work and to weary to do it?' The days of that week wore on with alternations of hope and fear, but it was becoming too evident to his wife, his daughters, and other loving watchers by his bedside, that his strength was ebbing away. Miss Marshall, who had come to assist Mrs. Eadie, read much to him and greatly cheered him. At the close of the week Dr. Henderson—who had hastened home from a short holiday in London, and who was in constant attendance—expressed a desire to have another medical practitioner associated with him, and Dr. Fergus was, at Dr. Eadie's own suggestion, called in. He proposed a consultation, and as Professor Gairdner was from home, Dr. Grainger Stewart of Edinburgh was summoned. But no medical skill could avail to stay the progress of the malady, or resuscitate the wasted strength. The daily reports,

which were anxiously waited for by multitudes, became more and more unfavourable.

On Friday, the 2nd June, I received a telegram, asking me to go in at once. He had been wandering in the morning, but Mrs. Eadie had fallen on the happy device of reading to him the old Scottish Paraphrases, which had been familiar to him in his boyhood. The wandering had ceased, and he several times put her right, as, fighting in vain to keep the tears out of her eyes, she sometimes stumbled over a word. When I entered the room he gave me a hearty welcome. I was able to lift him up and place him more comfortably. He was touchingly grateful for this and every little attention he received from those about him, never failing, even when he was most breathless, to express his thanks. Mrs. Eadie took the new Hymnal—the book which he had criticised, but the final adoption of which he had hastened to support at his last appearance in the Synod—and read to him the hymns beginning, ‘Leaning on thee, my Guide and Friend;’ ‘Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am thine;’ ‘Take me, O my Father, take me;’ ‘O Lamb of God, once wounded.’ He listened with special eagerness to Miss Winkworth’s translation of Desszler’s hymn, ‘I will not let thee go, thou Help in time of need;’ and when Mr. Carlyle’s translation of Luther’s Psalm, ‘A safe stronghold our God is still,’ was read to him, he remarked that it was Luther’s, and seemed revived by its stirring tones. He asked me to pray with him, and when I had done so he said that he had heard ‘every syllable,’ and had been greatly comforted. It was my privilege to remain with him during the day and night, and to give him relief by occasional changes of posture. Towards night he asked

me to pray again. In doing so I made use of some expressions revealing the fear which was then fast banishing hope. He referred to these expressions when I had finished, and I said, 'You are quite prepared and quite willing to go if it should please God to take you from us?' He replied firmly and in characteristic tone, 'Quite willing.' Mrs. Eadie said, 'Oh, yes, he's trusting in the Saviour, resting all on Him;' and he gave emphatic assent to her words. His faith was signally illustrated by the patience with which he bore the sorest distress, and by his unquestioning and even cheerful submission. On one occasion he tried to sing his favourite Psalm, the 121st, beginning, 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes,' but his breathlessness compelled him to desist, and he shook his head pathetically, saying, 'It won't do.' About two o'clock on the Saturday morning, Miss Marshall said to him, 'You are weary to-night; won't you try to sleep now;' and he replied, 'Ay, I'm very weary—I'll try to sleep now.' These were his last words, and they were appropriate last words for one who had done a hard day's work, and earned well the sleep which God gives to His beloved. Some time before this he had given his wife a parting kiss, putting his dying arms around her, and saying, 'God bless you, little wifey.'

As the morning advanced the ladies retired to rest, and the nurse and I were left in charge. About seven o'clock we noticed that his breathing had become more difficult. We thought a change of posture might relieve him, but as soon as we had moved him it was evident that the end was at hand. Mrs. Eadie and Miss Marshall were hastily summoned, and came in time to see him fall asleep. The great city where he

had wrought so long was awakening to hail the gladness of a new summer morning, and the birds were singing among the branches the old song he knew so well, when calmly and without a struggle, he entered into rest. It was on Saturday, 3rd June, 1876.

As the tidings of his death were carried through the city, and conveyed to the most distant corners of the country, there was widespread mourning. All the churches united in lamenting the removal of one whose work had been done, not in the service of sect or party, but to advance the truth which is the heritage of the Church Catholic. To the members of his own communion the loss seemed all but irreparable. He was their foremost man, whom they delighted to honour, and whose fame brought honour to them. On Cambridge-street and Lansdowne churches the blow fell with all the weight of a personal bereavement. During a long term of self-forgetting work, he had intertwined himself with their most sacred associations, and had become a part of their family life. At the request of the Session, the present writer, and the Rev. Dr. Scott, Home Mission Secretary to the church and an elder in the congregation, occupied Lansdowne pulpit on the day after his death, and spoke of those features of his character which were best known to those who had enjoyed his ministry. From almost every pulpit in Glasgow reference was made to the calamity which had befallen the church. The evening papers of Saturday and the morning journals of Monday gave expression by editorial articles and obituary notices to the universal sense of public loss. The notice in the leading newspaper of the city began thus: 'The death of the distinguished scholar who passed away

‘ from amongst us on Saturday morning, is one of the  
‘ heaviest blows that could have fallen on the Christian  
‘ church in Scotland. He has left behind him no man  
‘ in any of the denominations who has wider relations  
‘ or a higher reputation. His removal will be mourned  
‘ in the palaces and deaneries of dignitaries of the  
‘ English Church, as well as in the humbler manses  
‘ of thousands of ministers who have found in his  
‘ teaching and writings an invaluable aid in their  
‘ work of expounding the Bible, and the loss will  
‘ be felt as a public calamity by multitudes of Christian  
‘ men and women who enjoyed the privilege of listen-  
‘ ing to his preaching. But it is in Glasgow that  
‘ the sorrow will be keenest. He was thoroughly  
‘ identified with our city. It was here that he received  
‘ his university and theological training. It was here  
‘ that he lived and wrought. No form was more familiar  
‘ than his in our streets. Glasgow men were proud of  
‘ him as a citizen whose fame reflected credit on the  
‘ town, and he in turn was proud of his connection with  
‘ Glasgow. It is well known that when recently the  
‘ system of theological education in the United Presby-  
‘ terian Church was re-modelled, he would only accept  
‘ a position in the new Divinity Hall on condition of  
‘ being allowed to retain his connection with his  
‘ congregation here. He wished to die as he had lived,  
‘ a citizen of Glasgow.’

The funeral took place on Wednesday, the 7th June. On that day the Established and Free Church Presbyteries of Glasgow held their statutory monthly meetings. At the former of these Courts, after the reading of the minutes, the Moderator, the Rev. Dr. Burns of the Cathedral, thus spoke: ‘ To-day the remains of a

‘ distinguished minister of the Church of Christ are to be  
‘ committed to the grave, and I venture to suggest that  
‘ this Presbytery should, in a formal manner, express its  
‘ respect for the departed. The Church of Scotland has  
‘ always honoured worth and piety and learning and  
‘ Christian usefulness wherever and in whomsoever  
‘ they have been found, and in Dr. Eadie they were  
‘ conjoined in no common way. He was a ripe scholar,  
‘ a man of sterling honesty, singleness of purpose, and  
‘ catholicity of feeling, a most devoted pastor and  
‘ teacher to his own people; and by his many works, full  
‘ of the results of long and careful study, and pervaded  
‘ by a clear, manly, and cultured intellect, he has made  
‘ theology his debtor, not only in this country, but  
‘ wherever the English language is spoken. Revering  
‘ the memory of such a man, and grateful to God for  
‘ such a life, I venture to propose that this Presbytery  
‘ should appoint a deputation to represent it at his  
‘ funeral, and I ask the favour of being allowed to form  
‘ one of the number.’ The motion, which was seconded  
by the venerable Clerk, the Rev. Dr. Smith of Cathcart  
—who said that they honoured themselves in paying  
honour to the memory of such a man as Dr. Eadie—  
was unanimously agreed to. In terms of it, Dr. Burns,  
Dr. Jamieson, Mr. Millar, and Mr. Gray were appointed.

At the meeting of the Free Church Presbytery, it  
was agreed to suspend the sederunt till a later hour, in  
order to allow the members to attend the funeral. In  
moving to that effect, the Rev. Dr. Adam said: ‘ The  
‘ hand of the Lord has been very heavy upon the minis-  
‘ ters of this city recently. They were painfully aware  
‘ of the bereavement they themselves had sustained in  
‘ the removal of such men as Principal Fairbairn and

‘ Dr. Buchanan. The sister church of the United Presbyterians had been afflicted in a similar way. It was just about a year since Dr. MacEwen was removed in the midst of his eminent usefulness, and now Dr. Eadie had been taken away. Dr. Eadie was a man who had not only been an ornament to the United Presbyterian Church, but to the whole Christian Church in our land. He was sure there were very few of them who had not for years profited in one way or another by his learned labours. They could not but sympathize very deeply with his widow and family, with his flock, and with the church of which he was so distinguished an ornament; and he was sure it was in accordance with all their feelings that, as a mark of respect, the Presbytery should take the step which had been suggested.’

The Magistrates of the City attended in their official capacity. The sessions of his old charge in Cambridge Street, and of Claremont Church, came to do him honour. The ministers of his denomination—the great majority of whom had studied under him—flocked from every corner of the land; and distant Presbyteries who could not appear in a body, sent deputations to represent them at the scene of mourning. The members of the two congregations to which he had ministered were almost all present—many of the poorer men losing a day’s work that they might show their respect to one whose friendship had brightened their lives; and the galleries of the church were filled with women all clad in mourning. The sombre aspect of the multitude which crowded the pews, and of the long procession which darkened the streets, was relieved by the scarlet uniform of a detachment of the men and officers of the 19th Lanarkshire Rifle Volun-

teers, of which regiment Dr. Eadie had been chaplain.

The chief mourners and the members of Lansdowne Session assembled at Thornville Terrace, where a short service was conducted by Dr. Ker and Professor Duff. The coffin, which was covered with wreaths of white flowers, was then carried to the church and placed before the pulpit. The funeral service was conducted by the venerable Moderator of the Synod—Mr. Rankine, of Cupar, Principal Caird, and Dr. Macmillan, of Free St. Peter's. There is no part of our Presbyterian ritual which is generally balder than the services which are conducted at the funerals of ministers. But the tearful worship rendered that day in Lansdowne Church was singularly impressive. After a portion of the 103rd Psalm had been chanted, and appropriate scriptures had been read by the Moderator, Principal Caird offered prayer, in which he gave God thanks for 'the spiritual guides whose teaching and example have animated us to duty and strengthened and consoled us amidst the struggles and sorrows of life,' and added:—

'O Thou who art the great Shepherd of the flock which Thou hast purchased with thine own blood, we desire at this time especially to give Thee thanks for thy goodness vouchsafed to thy servant the revered and beloved minister of this church, whose long and faithful labours amongst them have now come to a close. We thank Thee for the rare gifts with which it pleased Thee to endow him, for the patient toil with which he studied the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, and for the rich results with which his labours were crowned. We thank Thee also for



‘the sweet and generous nature, the genial and sympathetic heart, and above all, for the earnest faith and ripe Christian experience which made him through long years the valued guide and instructor of the people whom he loved so well. And now that his work amongst them is ended, and the place that knew him shall know him no more for ever, we pray that he may still live for them in the blessed truths he taught, in the example of fidelity to duty which he set before them, and in all those recollections of his long and faithful ministry which death hath now rendered sacred.’

The hymn, ‘Hark, a voice it cries from Heaven,’ was then sung to the Dead March in Saul, and prayer was offered by Dr. Macmillan. At the close of the service the coffin was carried down the central aisle followed by the chief mourners; the vast congregation meanwhile standing, and the choir singing Heber’s hymn, ‘When our heads are bowed with woe.’

The streets along which the procession passed from Lansdowne Church to the Necropolis—a distance of nearly three miles—were lined with crowds who did not merely stand to gaze as at a passing funeral, but had waited for the coming of the mourners, with whose sorrow they thus expressed their sympathy. The hearse halted for a few moments in front of Cambridge Street Church, and those who followed it uncovered as they passed the building to which he whom they were burying amid a city’s mourning had come, forty years before, a nameless stranger. As the long dark line filed down between the Cathedral and the Barony Church—past the High Kirk-yard with its flat memorial stones which once resembled the

prophet's roll, 'written within and without, and 'there was written therein lamentations and mourning and woe,'<sup>1</sup> but which are now worn smooth with the tread of generations—across the Bridge of Sighs and up the winding path through the Necropolis—the scene was most impressive. Those who led in the procession parted to right and left, lining the carriage-way, and standing uncovered while the hearse and the chief mourners passed on to the grave where more than twenty years before Dr. Eadie had laid the wife of his youth. When the coffin had been lowered to its resting-place and bestrewn with flowers, the venerable Principal Harper lifted up his voice in a prayer which most fitly expressed the feelings of the great assembly. It was thus that 'devout men carried him to his burial and made great lamentation 'over him.'

The funeral sermons were preached on the following Sabbath by Dr. George Jeffrey, who had been his friend and fellow-labourer in Glasgow for nearly forty years, and by Dr. Cairns, who had been a student in his class, afterwards one of his most valued friends, and latterly his colleague in the Junior Hall. The tributes they paid to the dead found an echo in the hearts of all who knew him. The extended account of the services he had rendered to the Christian cause, given by Dr. Cairns, was able and discriminating. Those who estimate most highly Dr. Eadie's power in the pulpit, his influence as a Professor, and the worth of the works which he produced to advance sacred learning, will, if they had the privilege of knowing him, agree most heartily with the eloquent preacher when he says,

<sup>1</sup> Rob Roy, ch. XIX.

‘Among his services to the cause of Christ, we must place, first of all, that of his personal character—bearing, as it did, the deep imprint of Christian grace, as well as of native nobility and kindliness, and making him stand forth a representative man in the Christian body—uniting humility and meekness with firmness and decision, and preserving, with ever-growing brightness, the aspect of an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile. A character more genuinely amiable, even amidst occasional negligence and bluntness of manner, which were but the seal of sincerity, has rarely appeared in the Christian Church, and a heart more warm and true could hardly beat in a human breast. For a leader in the Christian cause to have carried a reputation so unsullied to the grave, and to have received such tributes of irrepressible homage and affection in death, is a high service to the kingdom of Christ.’

Tributes of respect in the shape of minutes adopted by various church courts and societies came in large numbers, to soothe the sorrow of those on whom the bereavement fell with most severity. A selection of these will be found in the Appendix.<sup>1</sup>

It was felt on all hands to be desirable that his carefully collected library should be preserved for the use of the Church, and steps were being taken to raise money for its purchase, when Thomas Biggart, Esq., of Kirkland House, Dalry—whose benefactions toward the cause of theological education in the United Presbyterian Church are beyond all praise—came forward and acquired it, at a cost of £2000. He presented it to the Church, and undertook to fit up an apartment for it in

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix A.

the Synod's premises, which, it is intended, should as nearly as possible resemble the room in Thornville Terrace where Dr. Eadie studied. It is to be kept apart, and to bear the name of 'The Eadie Library.'<sup>1</sup>

The Lansdowne congregation are erecting a medallion portrait of their late pastor in the porch of the church, and a monument to mark his grave in the Necropolis; and the ministers of the United Presbyterian Church who were formerly his students are subscribing funds to institute a theological scholarship which is to bear his name. These memorials serve to indicate the warmth of the affection with which all who had any relation to Dr. Eadie cherish his honoured name. But his truest monument is in the human hearts which he helped by God's grace to mould to the image of Christ, and in the works by which he has enabled multitudes to understand more clearly the revelation of God in the Holy Scriptures.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix B.

## APPENDIX A.

EXTRACT MINUTES ADOPTED ON OCCASION OF  
DR. EADIE'S DEATH.

## 1.

*By the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church.*

‘It is with a deep and painful sense of bereavement that this Synod records the loss which it has sustained by the death of Dr. John Eadie, Professor of Biblical Literature and Exegetical Theology. During the long period of thirty-two years, Dr. Eadie discharged the duties of his chair with consummate ability and with signal success. Possessing intellectual gifts of the first order, combined with extraordinary powers of application, he consecrated his talents to studies connected with his sacred work as a minister of the gospel and as a Professor of Theology in the Divinity Hall of this United Church. The results of his diligence, in the successive productions of his pen, earned for him a foremost place among the Biblical critics and expositors of our day, and constitute a legacy to this Church and to the Church of Christ at large of permanent and surpassing value, for the sacred learning—alike massive and minute—with which they are enriched, and for their peculiar adaptation both to illustrate the sacred text and to enforce with eloquent expression the sacred truths which it contains.

‘The Synod further expresses its high appreciation of the Christian principle, the kindness and candour, which distinguished Dr. Eadie’s personal character, and which so greatly endeared him to his brethren and to a wide circle of private friends, and secured for him the warm attachment of his large and influential congregation, among whom he so long laboured with unwearied diligence in the ministry of the word, and in the various duties of the pastoral office.

‘Advanced to the chair of Biblical Criticism in the eighth year of his ministry, Dr. Eadie proved himself at that early age to be fully furnished with all necessary learning for his important duties, affording thereby a stimulating example to studious youth and to junior brethren of what may be accomplished by well-directed application to the various departments of sacred literature that are subservient to a successful prosecution of Scripture truth.

‘It was a tribute to his rare attainments, no less honourable than well merited, that led to Dr. Eadie’s nomination to the Board for revising the English version of the Bible. A regular attendant on the meetings of the Board, and ever ready to take his part in the business of it, his labours in that department, of which his admirable work on “The English Bible” was a fruit, were much valued by his learned coadjutors. It was a work into which Dr. Eadie entered with characteristic energy, insomuch that there is reason to fear that his labours somewhat impaired his health, and rendered him less able to resist the attack of illness that terminated his valuable life.

‘Dr. Eadie’s Christian catholicity was not the least of his excellencies. Decided in attachment to his own section of the Church, he nevertheless knew well to distinguish between the importance of denominational principles and those larger and more fundamental truths which evangelical Churches hold in common, and consequently felt no inconsistency in extending the right hand of fellowship to brethren outside

his own communion, and in co-operating with them in common measures for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ the Lord.'

## II.

*By the Synod of Presbyterian Church of England.*

'The Synod desire to record their profound sympathy with the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, to which they stand in such happy federal relations, in the great loss sustained by that and other Churches, through the lamented death of the Rev. Dr. Eadie, whose abilities as a Professor in Theology were so varied and distinguished, and whose life and labours did so much to foster high Biblical scholarship, and to promote in this and other lands sound views of Bible truth. The Synod tender this expression of their sympathy the more earnestly that they feel the loss has been enhanced by the present position of the Theological Hall, to which Dr. Eadie contributed such strength, and which has just been placed on a new and enlarged basis; and they earnestly express the hope that the great Head of the Church may out of His gracious resources, provide a successor who shall efficiently carry forward the work which Dr. Eadie so ably advanced by his prolonged and valued labours.

'Further the Synod appoint that a copy of the above minute be forwarded to the widow and family of the deceased father, and to the Session of Lansdowne congregation.'

## III.

*By the United Presbyterian Presbytery of Glasgow.*

'The Presbytery, in receiving intimation of the decease of the late Rev. John Eadie, D.D., LL.D., Minister of Lansdowne Congregation, and Professor of Exegetical Theology and New Testament Literature in the United Presbyterian Church, and in removing his name from their roll of

members, feel themselves constrained to depart from their usual custom of simply recording the fact of such removal and to insert in the record of their procedure a Minute expressive of the esteem and affection with which they regarded their deceased father and friend, and of their deep and abiding sense of the loss which they and the Church at large have sustained through his removal, by the hand of death, from the position of honour and usefulness which he occupied in his congregation, in the Presbytery, and in the Theological Institution of the United Presbyterian Church.

‘ Having received license as a Probationer of the United Secession Church in the year 1834, at the early age of 22 years, he was ordained by this Presbytery on 24th September, 1835, as the first minister of the then recently formed congregation of Cambridge Street, in this city ; and in that congregation he continued to discharge the duties of his ministry with increasing earnestness, acceptance, and success, for more than 28 years, until the membership, which at first was only 18 in number, had been increased to about one thousand. In November, 1863, he and a section of the congregation were disjoined from Cambridge Street to form the new congregation of Lansdowne Church ; and in connection with that congregation his ministry was continued for twelve years and a half, with such success that the membership was increased from 68 to about 600, and the building, which cost about £12,500, was entirely freed from debt a few days before his death. His ministry in these two congregations, and his connection with the Presbytery of Glasgow, have thus extended over a period of more than forty years, for *thirty-three* of which he was also a Professor of Theology, first in the United Secession Church, and afterwards in the Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church ; while he has also made many valuable and important contributions to the theological literature of his



church and country, and acquired a reputation for Biblical learning and scholarly attainments which was publicly and honourably recognized in his appointment as a member of the Board for the revision of the authorized version of the New Testament Scriptures, whose meetings, held in the Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbey of Westminster, he conscientiously attended from the time of his appointment till his death.

‘In all these important and honourable positions and relations Dr. Eadie won for himself the esteem, confidence, and love of those with whom he was associated. As a preacher of the Gospel he was earnest, suggestive, fertile, and varied in illustration, abundant and unwearied in labour; delighting in his work, and feeling that the pulpit was his throne; yet ever showing that his desire and resolution were to glory only in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to spend and be spent in pointing men to Him as “the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.” As a pastor he was faithful and diligent even beyond what might have been expected when his other abounding labours were considered, knowing and caring for all the flock of which he had the oversight, taking a kindly interest in the young, and feeding the lambs of the flock both in his Bible classes and in his public ministrations, and faithfully visiting and tenderly sympathizing with the afflicted and the bereaved. As a member of the Presbytery he took a lively interest in the business of the Court: he watched intelligently the progress of events, he was ready to give his opinion and advice on important occasions, and he invariably displayed a kindly consideration for the feelings and opinions, the difficulties and the trials, of his brethren. As a Professor of Theology he secured the attention and esteem of his students by the extent of his learning, and by his freedom from affectation and pedantry, while he gained their affection and their confidence by his accessibility and his genial sympathy; and

when it is remembered that more than one thousand students have passed through his classes, and that perhaps two-thirds of the present ministers of the United Presbyterian Church have listened to his prelections, it seems difficult to over-estimate the influence for good which he has exerted, through his readiness to avail himself of all the aids which science and research could give in the study of the sacred books, combined as it ever was with a tenacious adherence to those old truths which constitute the faith once delivered to the saints. As a student and an author he intermeddled with all learning, and amassed rich stores of knowledge on numerous and varied subjects; but he steadily subordinated all his attainments to the illustration of Scriptural truth, and so made all his literary work bear more or less directly on the elucidation of the history and the interpretation of the Bible as the inspired Word of God. And as a man and a citizen, while he valued the society of his friends, and mingled freely as occasion required in the enjoyments of social life, he was ever careful to maintain the blameless consistency of a Christian and a servant of Christ.

‘For all that the grace of God made him, and all that it enabled him to do, the Presbytery desire to render thanks to that Divine Master, who was pleased so eminently to qualify him for, and so richly to bless him in, the performance of the work to which he was called; and they desire also humbly to acknowledge the sovereignty and the wisdom of the dispensation by which the same Divine Master has removed him from their fellowship, and has called him up to higher studies and nobler service. They may not expect soon to see one in his place who shall be in all respects his equal, or in whom there shall be manifested a combination in similar measure of so many gifts and graces, of classical attainments and Christian aims, of greatness and of gentleness, of honour and humbleness of mind, of conscious power to intermeddle with the studies of the highest minds, and of

childlike readiness to condescend to men of low degree. But they comfort themselves by the assurance that their loss has been his gain; that by his works he being dead yet speaketh; and that his God can supply all their need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. With his bereaved widow, and family, and congregation, the Presbytery deeply sympathize in their sense of the magnitude of the loss which they have each and all experienced; and they desire to commend them all to the tender care and the unerring guidance of that Great High Priest of our profession, who can be touched with the feeling of all our sorrows and infirmities, and who is able to comfort them in all their tribulations, and to make all these things work together for their good; while they also desire, with these mourners, to hear the voice which so often and so emphatically says to all, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

## IV.

*By the Theological Committee of the United Presbyterian Synod.*

'Before proceeding to business, the Committee agreed to place on their minutes an expression of the great personal sorrow with which the death of Professor Eadie has affected them, and of the sense which they entertain of the invaluable services which Dr. Eadie, during his professorate of thirty-three years, has rendered to the Church. They recall now, with higher appreciation than ever, and with profound thankfulness to God, his great intellectual endowments, his extensive and varied learning, his noble simplicity of character, his unaffected but deep-toned piety, his genial brotherliness of spirit, and the absorbing earnestness and never-wearying industry with which he consecrated all his powers and acquirements to the exposition and defence of the Word of God.

‘ Besides discharging with exemplary fidelity all the duties of an exacting pastorate, Dr. Eadie brought to the work of the Theological Hall from year to year an unfailing energy, and ever extended resources, while his numerous exegetical and other works, simultaneously produced, have won for him a foremost place among the theological writers of the age.

‘ His labours on the Revision Committee of the New Testament were continued till his death, and their efficacy has been amply acknowledged by the eminent divines and scholars with whom they brought him into contact.

‘ A whole generation of our ministers have sat at his feet, and have imbibed from him that reverence for the Divine Word, and that loving delight in its accurate interpretation on which the real value and success of Gospel preaching so much depend. Universally admired by his students, enjoying the affection and confidence of his colleagues, and commanding the warm esteem of the whole Church, Dr. Eadie has left behind him a name which will long be remembered as one of the brightest and most endeared of all that have adorned the annals of this Theological Institution.

‘ Deeply sympathizing with his widow and family in their irreparable loss, commending his bereaved congregation to the care and guidance of the Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, and profoundly realizing, while seeking humbly to acquiesce in, the sadness of the dispensation which has deprived the rising ministry of so admirable a teacher, and the cause of Christian learning of so distinguished an ornament, the Committee indulge their own more personal feelings by placing on record this sincere though imperfect tribute to one, the charm and the profit of whose presence among them, they must always be grateful for, and can never forget.’

## V.

*By the Session of Lansdowne Church.*

The Session of Lansdowne Church, in recording the decease of their late revered and beloved pastor and moderator, the Rev. John Eadie, D.D., LL.D., and in removing his name from their roll, are constrained to do so under a deep conviction of the magnitude of the trial and the loss which, in the all-wise and gracious providence of God, they have experienced in his removal from them. To the Divine Sovereignty displayed in this dispensation they desire humbly and reverently to bow, believing that that Sovereignty is ever regulated by wisdom that cannot err, and by love which makes "all things work together for good to them that love God, and that are the called according to his purpose." Yet, while tracing in their bereavement the stroke of a Divine hand, they would also thankfully remember and record the great privilege and blessing which Divine goodness conferred on them in permitting them to enjoy for so many years the faithful and instructive ministrations of their beloved pastor, and in continuing to them through so long a period the service and the fellowship of the honoured teacher and guide who has now been taken from them. Having been ordained at an early age as pastor of Cambridge Street congregation—from which Lansdowne Church afterwards sprung—he laboured there for the period of twenty-eight years with such diligence, earnestness, and success, that the membership grew from 18 to about 1000; while all the interests and institutions of the church attained to corresponding development and prosperity. Removing from that charge in the year 1863, with only 68 members, to commence the new congregation of Lansdowne—over which he presided till his death—he made such proof of his ministry there, that the membership was increased to about 600, the church, which was erected at a cost of £12,500, was entirely freed from

debt ; the Missionary and Benevolent funds of the denomination were largely aided through the liberality of his people ; and Home Mission work was fostered and extended by their efforts under his guidance. His ministry in Glasgow was thus prolonged through forty years, during thirty-three of which he also discharged the duties of a theological professor, in the hall of the United Presbyterian Church, with growing honour to himself and with increasing advantage to his students and the Church. Meanwhile, he enriched the literature of his denomination and of the Christian Church by the publication of many valuable works, and so established his reputation for Biblical knowledge and learning, that, in deserved acknowledgment of his talents and attainments, he was chosen as one of the New Testament Company for the revision of the authorized version of our English Bible, in which work he rendered cheerful and valuable aid.

‘ In the honours to which Dr. Eadie thus attained as an instructor of the rising ministry of the Church, as the author of many learned and useful works, and as a reviser of the English Bible, the Session feel that honour was reflected on the congregation and themselves. But they desire specially to record that, notwithstanding all his other labours, Dr. Eadie faithfully fulfilled among his people the office of a Christian teacher and pastor, enriching his pulpit ministrations with illustrations drawn from the stores of his varied learning, caring for the welfare of all the members of his flock, adapting his instructions to the young as well as to those of maturer years, cheering the sick by his visitation of them in their affliction, strengthening the dying by his counsels and his prayers, and administering seasonable consolation to the sorrowful and bereaved. He thus went out and in among his people as a good minister of Jesus Christ, taking heed to himself, and to his doctrine, and to all the flock of which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer ; and the Session—knowing that it was his earnest desire to sub-

ordinate all his gifts and attainments to the great work of publishing the Gospel of the grace of God, and that it was his determination to glory only in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ—desire affectionately and gratefully to “remember him who had the rule over them, and who spoke to them the Word of Life,” so that they may be followers of him as he also followed Christ, “considering the end of his conversation ; Christ Jesus the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

‘With the bereaved widow of their deceased pastor the Session desire sincerely and tenderly to sympathize in the darkness and sorrow of her trial ; while their prayer for her is, that the God of all grace may sustain and comfort her, may bind up all her painful wounds, and may supply all her need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. His children and grandchildren they would also commend to the loving care of Him who is the stay of the orphan, and in whom the fatherless findeth mercy ; while their prayer and hope, on behalf of the congregation with which Dr. Eadie was so long associated, are, that the Chief Shepherd who bestowed on them one so richly gifted for all the departments of his ministerial work, may grant them another pastor like-minded with him who has been removed from them, to carry forward the work which he delighted to perform, and in which, by the Divine blessing, he was crowned with such abundant honour and success.’

## VI.

*By the Managers of Lansdowne Church.*

‘The Managers desire to record the deep affection and the high esteem and respect which they entertained for their late pastor, the Rev. Dr. John Eadie, the first minister of this church, who—having proved the reality of his faith by a holy and consistent life of active Christian usefulness, washed in

the blood of the Lamb, supported by the hope of the promises, and ripe for eternity—departed this life on the morning of Saturday, the 3rd of June current, at a quarter past seven o'clock.

‘Dr. Eadie united the finest intellectual qualities with critical scholarship and general learning of the highest order. His kind and genial disposition endeared him to all who approached him, while in his unceasing labours, and the faithfulness with which he discharged the duties of the ministry, and of his professorship, and as an able contributor to the theological literature of the age, he stood forth to the world as one “approved unto God—a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.”

‘In recording their sense of the irreparable loss which Lansdowne Church has sustained by the death of Dr. Eadie, the Managers desire to join with it the expression of their deep sympathy with his bereaved widow and family. Their prayer is, that in the trying situation in which they have been placed, they may recognize the hand of Him who doeth all things well, and that they may find consolation in the knowledge that he whom they mourn did his duty while here, and that he has now received the blessed welcome—“Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”’

#### VII.

##### *By Cambridge Street Session.*

‘MY DEAR MADAM,—I have been requested, as Moderator of the Session of Cambridge Street Church, to convey the sincere expression of their sympathy with you in your sorrowful bereavement, and of admiration and profound esteem for your late lamented husband, so long the faithful and honoured and beloved minister of Cambridge Street Church.

‘It is their earnest desire that you and his children may be so comforted of the Lord as to feel truly, even under this



great affliction, that He careth for you, and doth not afflict willingly, or grieve you. They pray that you may evermore enjoy the blessing of the promised presence of the Saviour, that He may day by day make His grace sufficient for you, and that in His own good time He may give you an entrance abundantly into that better country where His death-divided ones meet and are for ever with the Lord.

‘With every other good wish, I am, my dear Madam, yours most truly,

‘ROBERT CAMERON.’

#### VIII.

#### *By the Students' Missionary Society.*

‘At the first meeting of the United Presbyterian Students' Theological Hall Missionary Society for session 1876-77, reference was made to the lamented death of the Rev. Professor Eadie, D.D., LL.D., President of the Society, and a committee was appointed to draw up a minute expressive of the Society's sympathy with Mrs. Eadie, and the other relatives of the deceased, and of its sense of the loss that the students of the church especially had sustained in Dr. Eadie's death.

‘The students retain the most pleasing recollections of all the relations in which their late beloved Professor stood to them. They ever admired his great and varied learning and his rare faculty of imparting instruction in a way at once interesting and memorable; while his enthusiasm and love of work were a constant stimulus to them. But they did not more admire the Professor than they loved the man. His humility, his frank and genial manner, and his ready sympathy with student life, led them to find in their teacher one who was still a fellow-student and a friend.’

## IX.

*By the Presbytery of South Australia.*

‘The Presbytery has learned with feelings of deepest sorrow of the death of the Rev. Dr. Eadie, of Glasgow, and while seeking to bow submissively to the Divine will in this dispensation, desires to place on record its profound sense of the great loss which the Church of Christ in all lands has sustained by his removal.

‘Few men have been enabled so honourably to maintain wider relations or a higher reputation. Whether viewed as discharging his high functions as a preacher and pastor, or as a professor directing the studies of the rising ministry of the Church, or as a scholar enriching sacred literature from his varied and copious resources, all grades of society and all sections of the Church have been accustomed to regard him with grateful confidence and loving appreciation. His decease, mourned as a public calamity, is realized with peculiar sorrow within the pale of the Presbyterian Church, and, in common with brethren in all parts of the world, this Presbytery would not only pay a loving tribute to his worth, but would seek to cherish the memory of Dr. Eadie as a rich bequeathment and a stimulating example.’

## X.

*By the Presbytery of Kaffraria.*

‘The Presbytery having received this day the unexpected and startling intelligence of the death of the Rev. John Eadie, D.D. LL.D., hereby desire to record its deep sense of the great loss sustained by the United Presbyterian Church in the decease of this distinguished Biblical scholar. Whilst bowing submissively to the wise dispensation of an unerring God, this Presbytery cannot but pronounce the loss to Biblical science and literature as one that must be

felt beyond the mere circle of the United Presbyterian Church.

‘The members of this Presbytery present this day feel peculiarly affected and deeply impressed by the intelligence thus received, inasmuch as they were all privileged to sit at the feet of the Rev. Professor Eadie during their theological training in the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, where they learned not only to admire him for his vast and varied stores of learning, to honour him as a teacher who invested the study of the Holy Scriptures with a rare enthusiasm, and to wonder at the marvellous powers of working with which he was endowed, and the gigantic labours that he was able to accomplish, but likewise to love him as a genial and warm friend and faithful adviser of every student who came in contact with him.

‘Whilst mourning the loss of so famed a scholar, such as the world seldom sees ; and whilst conscious that, humanly speaking, it were impossible to find such another who would combine all the wonderful gifts and talents of Dr. Eadie, this Presbytery would not cease to ask the Divine Teacher himself to raise up another instructor to carry on that work, whose end is the glory of God in the conversion of sinners by the ministration of the word.

‘The members of this Presbytery would recognize in this dispensation of Providence yet another solemn warning, summoning them to renewed zeal, earnestness, and devotion in the Master’s service, for the night cometh when no man can work ; as well as a loud call to watchfulness and prayer in the discharge of their duty.

‘The members of this Presbytery would likewise express their profoundest sympathy with the widow of their honoured teacher now departed, and would desire to commend her to Him who has not only promised, but proved Himself to be the husband of the widow, Who alone can

furnish the truest consolation in times of distress and sorrow.'

Similar minutes were also adopted by—

The New Testament Revision Company (see page 357).

Claremont Session.

The Presbytery of Annandale.

The Presbytery of Arbroath.

The Presbytery of Banff.

The Presbytery of Buchan.

The Presbytery of Cupar-Fife.

The Presbytery of Dundee.

The Presbytery of Elgin and  
Inverness.

The Presbytery of Kilmarnock.

The Presbytery of Lancashire.

The Presbytery of London.

The Presbytery of Melrose.

The Presbytery of Stirling.

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## APPENDIX B.

By the kindness of the Rev. David Cook, who has prepared the catalogue of Dr. Eadie's Library, the following analysis of its contents has been furnished, with such notes on the different works as are likely to be interesting to the reader.

### *Part 1.—Biblical and Theological Literature.*

#### 1. The Scriptures.

I will discriminate the rarer editions of the Hebrew, Latin, and English Bibles as they are notified in the catalogue which I have compiled.

(1) *Hebrew*.—Biblia Hebraica, Latina S. Munsteri Translatione, 2 vols., Basileae 1534.

Vetus Testamentum Hebraice, Latina Interpretatione Pagnini interlineata. Studio B. Ariae Montani, Lips. 1571.

There is no rare edition of the Septuagint; but the library is rich in old and very valuable editions of the Greek New Testament.

It includes the first five editions by Erasmus. The dates are from 1516 to 1535.

The collection of editions from 1723 (Millii) to our own day is very large; it includes the codices as edited by Tischendorf, Scrivener, Cowper, and others.

(2) *Latin*.—Biblia Sacra, Scholiis illustrata A. Tremellio et Junio 1523.

Biblia Latina, S. Pagnini cum Scholiis (M. Serveti?). The heresiarch's name is not on the title-page; yet there is evidence that the annotations are his. There is also *Prima Editio Tigurina*, 1543.

I may also mention the edition of Castellio, 'cum Præfatione Eduardo Sexto Angliæ Rege,' 1551.

The Arabic Bible published in Rome is dated 1671.

(3) *English*.—There are of English Bibles 125. The earliest date is 1540, and the latest 1873. The edition of 1540 is Cranmer's, or the Great Bible. I cannot specify all the antiquarian treasures which this section of the library contains, and would only refer to the first edition of the Bishops' Version, 1568, and to the 'Breeches Bible,' 1560, and to the first edition of the Douay Version, 1609.

I would also mention the *last* of the great folios, of which that of 1611 was the *first*: the date is 1640: and the rare 'Flat Preaching Bible,' dated 1668. There are 40 editions of the English New Testament, from 1552 to 1875. The names of John Tyndale and Samuel Davidson mark epochs in the history of translation. The Reformer's edition, 'faythfully translated out of the Greeke,' *opus clarum et venerabile*, of necessity greatly contrasts with that of the modern scholar, 'Translated from the Critical Text of Tischendorf, with an introduction on the Criticism, Translation, and Interpretation of the Book,' 1875.

The oldest French Bible is of date 1540, and 'Selon les Pasteurs et les Professeurs de l'Eglise de Genève.

Die Ganze Bibel, 1536, has varied interest to translator, typographer, and artist.

2. Patrology. 1, in the original; 2, Translations; 3, Lives, Apologies, Commentaries, &c.

3. Mohammedanism.

4. Mediaeval, Theological, and Philosophical Literature.

## 5. Biblical Philology.

Biblical Philology includes 52 Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Egyptian, Assyrian, and other grammars in Oriental tongues. There are 13 grammars of New Testament Greek.

Of lexicons, there are 24 in Oriental languages, and 16 in Greek.

The Philological Biblical treatises are 65 in number.

## 6. Concordances.

There are 5 Hebrew Concordances, 6 in Greek, 1 in Latin, and 5 in English.

7. Biblical Archaeology, containing 334 works.

8. Biblical History and Chronology, containing 57 works.

## 9. Biblical Biography.

10. Introduction: General and Special, containing 74 works.

11. Biblical Criticism, containing 88 works.

12. Biblical Interpretation, containing 53 works.

13. Apologetics. 1, Theistic, containing 70 works; 2, Biblical, containing 262 works.

## 14. Exegetical Literature.

The exegetical section, as all know who ever spent a few hours in the library, is exceptionally extensive and valuable. It includes 33 commentaries on the whole Bible, 24 on the Old Testament, and 29 on the Pentateuch.

I cannot well give the number on separate books, as in compiling the catalogue, I have, so far as my knowledge made it possible, mentioned the exegetical works of the fathers and schoolmen, and referred to such works as the "Critici Sacri." Still, as you may think that an approximate calculation would have interest, I give it.

There are 38 works on Genesis. The number includes—(I mention this circumstance only here. It may help you to compute the separate works on the other books of the Old Testament)—*Liber Questionum in Genesim* in the works of

Alcuinus, Libri Augustini de Genesi, Homiliae et Sermones Chrysostomi, the Commentary (poetical) of Juvencus.

Job has 22 interpreters, and the Psalms 48. But without specializing other books, I may state that from Genesis to Malachi, the student may consult 347 commentaries.

The exegetical works on the New Testament are even more numerous. There are 45 on the four Gospels, 27 on the Discourses of our Lord, 30 Lives of Jesus Christ, including translations of German and French works.

The reader familiar with Dr. Eadie's contributions to exegetical literature will naturally suppose that the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, and Colossians are largely represented by all schools of interpreters, English and foreign. But even the multifarious references in his commentaries to writers on these epistles do not adequately show the extent of the literature now made available to the students. On Galatians there are 61 commentaries; on Ephesians, 42; on Philippians, 42; and on Colossians, 41.

15. History and Doctrine of Apostles.

16. St. Paul's Life and Doctrine.

The section "St. Paul's Life and Doctrine" includes, along with the most of English works on the subject, those by Bauer, Baur, Hensen, Holsten, Krenkel, Oertel, Schrader, Trip, Usteri, and Renan. There are also treatises in the works of Wesselius and Witsius. The whole number is 28.

17. Apocryphal Writings and Illustrative Literature.

Of Apocryphal Writings and Illustrative Literature there are 23, including Annotationes in Apocrypha of Grotius, Commentarius in Baruch by Theodoret, and Archbishop Ussher's *Dissertatio de Epistola ad Laodiceos* in Works.

I may mention, as the calculation has been made for me, that on the Old and New Testament, as a whole and in separate books, and on 15, 16, 17, there are 1187 works. If

you deduct 187, you will have, I should think, the number of separate Commentaries.

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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>18. Theology.</li> <li>19. Anthropology.</li> <li>20. Christology.</li> <li>21. Eschatology.</li> <li>22. Ecclesiology.</li> <li>23. Works on Prophecy.</li> <li>24. Devotional Literature.</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>25. Biblical, Ecclesiastical, and Theological Dictionaries.</li> <li>26. Ecclesiastical History.</li> <li>27. History of Doctrine.</li> <li>28. Literature of the English Bible.</li> </ul> |
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*Part 2.—Ancient and Modern Literature, General and Special.*

1. Greek and Roman Literature, B.C. and A.D.

The section "Greek and Roman Literature" is remarkable at once for the number of works and the choiceness of many of the editions.

Geography and History, Oratory, Philology and Philosophy, and Poetry, occupy seven pages of the catalogue, and constitute a collection of classical works rarely to be met with.

2. Philology, Classical, English, and General.

(This is a splendid collection of works.)

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“His poems are as beautiful as flowers or birds, and the letters might have been written by a Scotch U.P. Charles Lamb.’ Such is the judgment pronounced upon the *Scottish Probationer* by one of whom all Scotchmen are proud (Dr. John Brown, the Author of ‘Rab and his Friends’), whose approbation is worth a large measure of common renown.”—*Macmillan’s Magazine*.

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