SCOTTISH NATIONALITY

AND OTHER PAPERS.

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SCOTTISH NATIONALITY

And other Papers.

BY THE LATE

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'SERMONS,' ETC.

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PREFACE.

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THE following papers, from the pen of the late Dr. John Ker, are chiefly reprints; one article only, the 'Canadian Letters,' appears for the first time. As many of the papers cannot now be obtained, it has been judged advisable to issue them in this collected form.

At a time when our Scottish nationality is developing fresh life, and is showing a power to conserve all that is best in the past while laying deep its foundations for progress in the future, it is thought that the article bearing this title has not inappropriately been placed first. The variety of subjects contained in the other papers will testify to the fact that the author, though a true patriot, was as broad in his sympathies as he was deep in his affections.

Best thanks are due to Mr. C. L. Wright (Glasgow), Mr. James Gemmell (Edinburgh), and Messrs. W. Isbister & Co. (London), for permission to reprint the papers respectively published by them; and to Senator Boyd, a distinguished member of the Canadian Parliament, for Notes appended to the 'Canadian Letters.'

The Hermitage, Murrayfield,
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SCOTTISH NATIONALITY.[1]

THESE reprints belong to a period of our history which marks very strongly the character of the people, and which has done much to fix it; and it may not be out of place, in this Introduction, to make some remarks on Scottish Nationality, as to how it took its rise and came to be what it is, both socially and religiously.

While we believe in an overruling guidance which divides to the nations their inheritance, and moulds their character, we can see that it makes use of means to gain the result. The features of the country have, no doubt, had their influence. The brown moorlands and misty hills are in harmony with the grave, and sometimes sombre, temperament of the people; and the sweet romantic dells and hidden nooks of beauty that surprise one, ever and again, in the midst of the barest stretches, are reflected in the tenderness and picturesqueness of the national lyrics, and in the latent poetry which breaks the hard surface of prevail-

[1] Written as an Introduction to Miss Jean L. Watson's *Lives of Peden and Renwick* (James Gemmell, Edinburgh), in which reprints are given of some of the sermons and letters of these worthies.

ing reserve among the country population, wherever they are found in their old simplicity. Yet it is easy to make too much of this. The magnificent scenery of Switzerland has produced no great poet, no outbreak of song and romance, even equal to what has come from the flats of the Netherlands and the sandy downs of Denmark.

The mixture of races that has gone to form the Scottish people might be made use of to account for many of their characteristics; but here, too, it is possible to exaggerate. Some generalizing historians, for example, have laid it down as a rule that the Teutonic nations must necessarily be Protestant, and the Celtic, Roman Catholic; but the reverse might be argued as plausibly. Scotland, which is more Celtic than England, is more intensely Protestant, and no part of it more markedly so than that which contains the pure Celtic element. It was the Saxon Wilfrid, and, later, the English Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, who helped to supersede the simpler system of the Culdees by the government and ritual of Rome. If the Celts of Ireland have become the ardent retainers of the Papal chair, the Celts of Wales, a kindred branch of the same great stock, have shaken off its influence more thoroughly than their English neighbours; and if Brittany is devoted to the Mass, nowhere, in England proper, is there a population more hostile to it than their kinsmen of Armoric blood in Cornwall. The truth is that many of these

generalizations are based upon selecting half the facts. The two districts in Scotland that stood most sternly to the Covenanted cause were probably Galloway and Fife—the one of Celtic race, the other of Teutonic. There may be a portion of truth in the theory that the 'very fervid genius' of the Scots, spoken of by Buchanan, comes from the Celtic subsoil in the nation, and that the stubborn perseverance, the cool determination, is from Scandinavia,—flame fusing iron, —but even to this many exceptions would need to be taken. The fiery Knox came from the Saxon Lothians; the calm, scholarly Buchanan from the Highland border; and, in later times, the Celtic Mackintosh, with his philosophic balance, is a marked contrast to the lurid genius of Carlyle. On the whole, while natural scenery and blood have their influence on national character, there is an agency more powerful than either—that of history. The determining factor in the sphere of humanity is not materialistic, but a free personality, working under the arrangements of a Divine Providence.

In the dawn of history, the country we inhabit was on the remotest verge of the known world. When the conquering Romans entered the island, those who were not disposed to submit were driven northward, and forced to stand at bay. With their back to the sea, and their home among the hills, the first rudiments of character began, and the historian Tacitus has traced the outlines of it. The walls of Hadrian

and Antoninus, built to hold the unsubdued races in check, are the still-existing witnesses. It was like air compacted into a power of resistance by force of pressure, and the national spirit of antipathy to foreign domination was probably laid in that first struggle. Once begun, successive contests came to strengthen it. The Saxon, the Danish, the Norman invasions overflowed the southern part of the island, but failed in securing any general or permanent hold upon the North. All these elements entered the land, and changed and elevated the social condition of the people; but they came as friendly guests. The efforts which they frequently made to gain a lodgment by the armed hand, and their failure, confirmed the obstinate antipathy to foreign rule. The change of the old Celtic tongue into the Saxon of the Lowlands, and the entrance of the Norman feudalism, were accomplished peacefully, under the rule of native monarchs. These are facts entirely untouched by the monkish legends of over-lordship on the part of the English kings insisted on by Palgrave and Freeman.

These events in the dim porch of history were a preparation for the bitter and decisive struggle which made Scotland a nation, and put one conscious heart and will into its separate races. This struggle was the war for Scottish independence, under Wallace and Bruce, against the Anglo-Norman domination attempted by the Edwards. It was, above all, the spirit formed by Wallace, and the loving memory of his name and

self-devotion, which began the nationality that has continued from that time to this, in the varied forms of political, religious, and literary life. He was a man of the people, and, so far as can be inferred, neither Saxon nor Norman, but of the old native race; no savage bandit, nor mere chivalrous swordsman, but possessed of heart and brain, as well as force and courage—a general and a statesman. No less a man could have left the impress he did on the history of his country, and all the traces we have of him in authentic documents bear out this view. We are far enough now from the time when it was customary to speak of our 'auld enemies of England' to be able to estimate what the success of that struggle did for England as well as for Scotland—how it prepared the way for an equal and honourable union, which has left no grudge, which has made England strong in the attachment of the old Northern Kingdom, while it has made the British Empire richer by all the contributions of literature and social character which a separate history has enabled Scotland to give. It has been a barrier to the spread of that system of centralization which is not only dangerous to liberty, but detrimental to healthy progress, and yet it has not weakened the United Kingdom by any divided allegiance. A great people is stronger, and more permanently fertile, from the variety of its component parts, and from the friendly play of the electric currents that have their origin in a diversity that is held in friendship. Some

flippant London journalists, and a few denationalized Scotchmen who cultivate their good opinion, may express the belief that it would have been better if the Edwards had succeeded; but candid and liberal Englishmen now look on the result at Bannockburn as a benefit to England itself, while Scotsmen, on their part, can share in their admiration of the stout yeomen who conquered, though with little fruit, at Cressy and Poictiers.

These truths are coming to be admitted, but less attention has been bestowed on the bearing which this struggle had on the religious history of Scotland. It was the preservation of its independence that prepared the way for the development of the Reformation principles in the form they have taken in the Northern Kingdom. The two periods are in close, one may say logical, connection, and the men who filled them had the same spirit and sinew. Wallace made a nation and Knox a people. The one seeured the soil on which the other built up the church polity, and in which he implanted the religious principles that have since been associated with the name of Scotland wherever it is known, and that have given it a place in the world out of all proportion to its extent, or population, or material resources. But for the war for national independence, the battle for spiritual freedom would have been fought at a great disadvantage, and we should now have been among those in England who are struggling with an over-

mastering prelatic establishment which denies to all outside of it the most common rights of citizenship, and sends off its recruits in increasing numbers to the Church of Rome. Any one who knows how our forefathers defied the Papal interdict in 1317, when it was used against their just rights, or who has read the memorable letter of the barons to the Pope, will discern the same spirit which came out in the Solemn League and Covenant, when the Word of God had opened to the Commons of Scotland the conception of a higher freedom than had been fought out, centuries before, by their forefathers on many a bloody field. The true inheritors of the old Scottish chivalry, who held out on the grim edge of despair till native endurance conquered, were the Camerons and Cargills, who wandered in the very haunts of Ayrshire and the Torwood where Wallace had his retreats; and the Lauderdales and Rotheses, the Middletons and Claverhouses, were the successors of the recreant nobles who betrayed their country and its liberty to the foreigner and the tyrant. There are, of course, men among us who regret the turn that history then took,—the followers of Laud and Strafford cannot well do otherwise,—but those who set some value on the great principles of civil and religious freedom can never regard the men of the Scottish Reformation but with admiration and gratitude. It was Knox, as Carlyle and Froude have shown, who saved England from the league against her, headed by Philip II.; it was the attitude of the

Covenanters which roused the opposition of the Long Parliament to the arbitrary schemes of Charles I.; and it was the long-drawn-out agony of twenty-eight years of suffering in Scotland that made the people of England so weary of the profligate despotism of the last of the Stuarts, and so ready to welcome the arrival of William III. When one remembers how the religion of Scotland has aided the noble English Nonconformists, and even the Evangelical party in the Church of England, how it has given to the British Government in Ireland its one loyal foothold, how it has told upon the United States and our Colonies, with their many thousands of Presbyterian churches, we begin to feel the importance of the separate citadel that was maintained in Scotland, first for national, and then for spiritual independence. Such considerations may, at least, be allowed to have some weight with those of us to whom the principles of freedom, the rights of the Christian people, and the simplicity of the Gospel of the New Testament, are more interesting than the virtue of apostolical succession, the difference between copes and chasubles, and the grand distinction of lighted or unlighted candles upon the altar.

What gave the Scottish Reformation its character, and what has marked it throughout is, that it was, and is, a movement of the people. The sympathies of the men who were its great leaders, and the essence of its truths, carried it straight to the popular heart. It took men at once to the Word of God, and taught

them to read their rights as Christians and citizens, with a definite place in the Church and the Commonwealth, and its effect was marvellous in the new spirit it breathed into the old, rude clay of the Scottish nation. But the appeal to the people was in the circumstances a matter of necessity. The Reformation had to meet the frown of royalty in Mary of Guise, her daughter, and her grandson, and was compelled to speak God's Word to kings without fear. The nobles at first aided the cause,—some, whose names shine out with honour, from conviction, but many more from a love of the broad lands of the old Church, and, when the booty was secured, and persecution arose because of the Word, they soon became offended. The seals of most of those who signed the Covenant in Greyfriars Churchyard are found, after the Restoration, attached to the document which denounces pains and penalties on all who should remain faithful to it. In the face of these things, the Reformers had to fall back upon the people for support, to enlighten and animate them, to impress on them what one of themselves has called a 'great awe of God' against the fear of man. Happily they were allowed breathing time for this. The old woe to 'the land whose king is a child' was reversed, for it was the minority, first of Mary, and then of James VI., that gave the opportunity. While the Hamiltons and Mars and Mortons were contending fiercely for place and spoil, there were men busy in the towns and villages, and remotest rural districts,

preaching the newly-recovered Gospel with its creative power. Beneath the great names of Knox and Melville there are many, known to the student of Scottish Church History, who, from Ross-shire to Galloway, were the lights of their own neighbourhood, and whose memories, without canonization, are still hallowed in the breasts of the people. They succeeded so well that, when the day of trial came, the humblest ranks stood firm amid the defection of those whom they had been accustomed to follow as their natural leaders; and they could neither be broken by persecution nor beguiled by snares. The manner in which plain countrymen argued from the New Testament struck the Episcopalian historian, Burnet, when he met the people of the western shires to discuss a plan for the settlement of the Church. 'The Episcopal clergy,' he says, 'who were yet in the country, could not argue much for anything, and would not at all argue in favour of a proposition that they hated. The people of the country came generally to hear us, though not in great crowds. We were indeed amazed to see a poor commonalty so capable to argue upon points of government, and on the bounds to be set to the power of princes in matters of religion. Upon all these topics they had texts of Scripture at hand, and were ready with their answers to anything that was said to them. This measure of knowledge was spread even among the meanest of them, their cottagers and their servants.' We may give here the dying testimony of

one of these cottagers, John Clyde, as an example of the spirit which their religion had breathed into many of the poor commonalty of Scotland at that time: 'I bless the Lord for keeping me straight, I desire to speak it to the commendation of free grace, and this I am speaking from my own experience, that there are none who will lippen (trust) to God, and depend upon Him for direction, but they shall be keeped straight and right; but to be promised to be kept from tribulation, that is not in the bargain, for He hath said that through much tribulation we must enter the Kingdom. He hath promised to be with us in it, and what needs more? I bless the Lord for keeping of me to this very hour; for little would I have thought a twelvemonth since that the Lord would have taken a poor ploughman lad, and have honoured me so highly, as to have made me first appear for Him, and then keep me straight, and now hath keeped me to this very hour to lay down my life for Him.' At the ladder foot he said to his brother: 'Weep not for me, brother, but weep for yourself and the poor land, and seek God, and make Him sure for yourself, and He shall be better to you than ten brethren. Now, farewell all friends and relations, farewell brother, sister, and mother; and welcome Lord Jesus Christ, into thy hands I commit my spirit.' And, lifting up the napkin off his face, he said: 'Dear friends, be not discouraged because of the cross, nor at this ye see in me, and you shall see no more.' One cannot help

thinking of the mean and selfish tyrant who then sat on the throne, with his saying that 'Presbyterianism is not the religion of a gentleman,' when we see the nobility of soul it could bestow on one of the poorest of his subjects. Compare this life and death with that of him who spent the pensions of Louis XIV. on his infamous pleasures, and sought to make atonement with the Jesuits' wafer when *in extremis*. It was this spirit, diffused among numbers of the people, that brought them out victorious from a struggle of more than a hundred years for their religion. 'Let me make the songs of a country,' Fletcher of Saltoun, or some one before him, has said, 'and I care not who makes its laws.' These men were too busy or too earnest to make many songs, and the poetry of the time that has come down to us is from another school; but the psalm has vanquished the song, and given us the laws under which we live.

It would be too long to follow the history of Scottish Christianity from that time till now, and its course is known to most. The principle of the New Testament, that there is no sacerdotal class in the Church of Christ, but that all its members belong to the priesthood, and have a right to share in the administration, has asserted itself in the dreariest times of stagnation. Its mode of service, in which instruction from the Bible is meant to be a prominent feature, has been a constant stimulus to the intellect of the hearers, and a school of thought about the

highest and most interesting of all subjects. The saying of a German, that 'theology is the metaphysics of the people,' is largely true of Scotland. The very divisions that have taken place in the history of the Church, much as they are to be regretted otherwise, have had the effect of stirring inquiry. Every secession had to justify itself in the forum of the popular conscience from the Word of God. It has set men to discuss, to take up their ground on reasons of convincement, and to be able to defend their position against all comers. It must be admitted that this, like everything else, has not escaped its abuse. It has made numbers of its adherents hard-headed and opinionative, ready to split hairs and mistake points for principles; but it has made the people, as a whole, intelligent, self-reliant, and energetic, fitted to stand their own in fields of enterprise, at home or abroad, and ready to make sacrifices for what they believe to be the cause of God's truth and man's freedom, that will compare with those of any Church in the world. Buckle has asserted that the two most priest-ridden countries in Europe are Spain and Scotland. It is true that in both the mass of the people have been marked by strong attachment to one prevailing form of faith; but a philosophical historian might have observed that, in the one case, it is accompanied with the proscription of thought, in the other, with the constant stimulus and exercise of it: in the one case, the people are excluded from all share in the government

of the Church; in the other, the government is fully in their hands. Hence the different spirit of the two countries, and the fact that, while the people of Scotland are warmly attached to their ministers, they would resent any attempt to interfere with their political judgments, or to deal with them in any way beyond what can be justified by the open charter to which all alike have access—the Word of God. Mr. Buckle, too, might have remembered his own remark, made we believe also by Rémusat, that, wherever it has gone, in France, Switzerland, Holland, Britain, and America, the Calvinistic faith has shown itself the unfailing friend of constitutional liberty. Historians have found it difficult to account for this, while they admit its truth. We believe it has arisen not merely from the form of government with which it has linked itself, one of ordered freedom, but from the fact that it has always carried its appeal past human authority in religion to the Word of God; that it has taught men to think for themselves as in his sight, and to seek that personal relation to Him which makes them free with the liberty of his children. It proclaims the grand Divine equality, 'One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren,' out of which are built up again service, and law, and comely order in Church and State, but now tempered by the action of reason and love. It may be said that this is simply Christianity, and so it is; but there are forms of Christianity more or less pronounced, and, while we

have great respect for the contributions that other forms have brought in their own way, we believe that the Puritans of England, old and new, and the Presbyterians of Scotland have, with all their defects, led the van in the cause of human freedom.

The question may be put: Is Presbyterianism likely to maintain its hold of the Scottish people? So far as can be judged, the different Churches that represent it were never more active in efforts at extension, and in the cultivation of Christian thought and work, than they are at present. They contain four-fifths of the professed Christianity of the country; and, while there are some questions that have to be settled among them, there is a growing feeling of brotherhood, and tokens of a period coming when the divisions of past generations are to be repaired. The course of events will probably settle, ere very long, whether this is to be on the old lines of a National Establishment, or on the principle enunciated by Cargill for posterity, 'that they may begin where we end.' On this we shall not enter. But such a union is desirable for two great reasons — that there may be more combined and energetic effort for the reclamation of the large numbers who have been suffered to grow up in ignorance and vice outside of all the Churches; and, next, for the serious study of the questions that have risen in our day to make numbers of the educated class assume a neutral or half-hostile attitude to our common Christianity. These are arduous matters; but if we give

ourselves to them with the faith and courage of our forefathers, we shall with God's help succeed. Things are not so dark as they must have looked to them after Pentland and Bothwell.

On the whole, we believe that, while Scottish Christianity may widen out, as it has already done, it will maintain the same great centres. It will not forsake the vital truth of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, though it may make it prominent and supreme by lowering the importance of minor questions. It will not abandon its old model of government, so strong and flexible, but it will open its heart to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and will neither unchristianize nor unchurch them, although they do not admit the office of the ruling elder and the due subordination of Church Courts. It will cleave to the freedom and simplicity of its mode of worship, while it owns as brethren those who, from custom or constitution, can worship God more profitably through fixed forms. For the devoutness, the reverence, the gentleness of Christianity that is seen in many of these last we cannot but have the deepest esteem; and we cannot doubt that such men regret, as much as we do, the St. Bartholomew's day of England, and the policy of Sheldon and his creature Sharp. It is unfortunate, however, for good feeling in this direction that the kind of Episcopacy chiefly prevalent in Scotland is that against which our fathers had to contend, and one which is still too little disposed to meet other Churches

on terms of Christian equality. When it pleads that it is compelled to do so by its theory of what a Church is, we must regret the position of men whose heart cannot but be at war with their head, and we must honour all the more the spirit of such men as the late Bishop Ewing and others, in seeking to grasp the hands of fellow-Christians over such high and narrow walls. This situation is painful, in that it cuts off those who belong to it from the just influence they might otherwise exercise on the national life, and from the aid they might give in bridging across the chasms, already too wide, that divide society. The nobility of Scotland have ceased very much, with a few honourable exceptions, to be the Scottish nobility; and those who follow them in the fashion separate themselves from a share in the most thrilling and invigorating parts of the national history. Where this position is adopted on the conscientious ground that apostolical succession and sacerdotal virtue in the Sacraments are essential to a Christian Church, nothing more can be said; where it is taken from taste, it is a poor ground in the midst of considerations infinitely more important; but where, as is too often the case, it is merely to be in the style, and keep aloof from the multitude, it is a hurtful imbecility, and accompanied with this inconvenience, that, if the multitude should follow, some other move will require to be made. But, after all, the multitude will not follow. They will be drawn to preaching, if it be only real and

living, more than to ceremonies; and before it can be otherwise, the nature of the Scottish people must be made over again, their most hallowed associations destroyed, the most heroic pages of their history blotted out, and the last old stone dug up that lifts its head from the grey hillside to tell where martyred dust is sleeping. A nation's life is a continuous growth, and has its roots in the past that it may have its fruit for the future. For larger ends than belong even to Scotland, we must hold fast what is native to the soil. We shall do more for the British Empire as Scotsmen than as mongrel Englishmen, and more for Christianity as good Presbyterians than if, from indifference or affectation, we let slip the stimulating motives that come from such an ancestry.

In looking back upon the period of the Second Reformation in Scotland, the lives of Peden and Renwick call for special notice. These two names were once known to every child in Scotland, and traditions of them are floating all over the south-west; but we doubt whether, in these days of newspapers and magazines, many know more of them than the mere names, or what is to be found in the *Scots Worthies* —a manual of which we would speak with all respect. There is something weird about the history of Alexander Peden. He was the John the Baptist of the Scottish Covenant. His lonely life for years, his wild hiding-places, his marvellous escapes, the timely descent of the mist, or 'the lap of the Lord's cloak,'

as he called it, to screen him from his persecutors, the keen insight of his sayings, which amounted to foresight, his burial beneath the gallows at Cumnock and the change of the place thereby to a God's acre, have thrown an air of mystery round his memory in the minds of the people. The sermons that remain are very fragmentary, like the panting words of a man in the intervals of flight, and are no doubt, besides, very imperfectly reported to us. There was no shorthand writer on the spot; and sometimes the more eccentric points would be best remembered. The stern Old Testament spirit comes out in Peden more than in any other of the time; and, if the fierceness occasionally startles us, we must think of the old man with the bloody dragoons of Claverhouse on his trail, a tyrannical voluptuary on the throne, and the cause of God, for which he was very jealous, trampled in the mire. Charity is good; yet, with most men, it needs time for reflection, and a little sunshine. But there is a homely picturesqueness about many of his sayings, a pithy proverbiality, and sometimes a deep tenderness. 'I think God has a mind to search Jerusalem with lighted candles, and to go through the whole house to visit all your chambers, and there shall not be one pin within all your gates but God shall know whether it is crooked or even. He will never rest till He be at the bottom of men's hearts. He has turned out some folks' hearts already, and flitted others; it seems He has a mind to make the inside the outside.

There was but a weak wind in former trials, and therefore much chaff was sheltered and hid amongst corn; but God now has raised a strong wind, and yet Christ's own cannot be driven away. He will not lose one hair of his people's heads; He knows them all by head-mark. Oh, if our hearts and love were blazing after Him, we would rather choose to die believing than to sin by compliance!' Or again: 'Death and destruction shall be written with broad letters on our Lord's standard; a look of Him shall be a dead stroke to any that runs in his gate. It is best for you to keep within the shadow of God's ways, to cast Christ's cloak over your head until you hear Him say, "The brunt of the battle is over, and the shower is slacked." And I am confident the fairest plan to check the way is to spiel (climb) out of God's gate, and keep within the doors till the violence of the storm be gone, and begin to ebb, which is not yet full tide. Yet Christ deals tenderly with young plants, and waters them oft; but they go back. Be praiseful and love not life for the seeking.' It is evident that God and eternity were intense realities to these men.

If Peden was the John the Baptist of the Covenant, Renwick was John the Evangelist. There is something so touching in his whole story—so young and fair, so gentle and full of poetry, so devoted in his few brief years, and so firm that, when a word of compliance would have saved his life, he could not be induced to speak it—the last of the Scottish martyrs

falling on the threshold of deliverance, and feeling the air that came through the opening door. Dying at twenty-five, exhausted with work and suffering, among his last words were: 'Death is to me as a bed to the weary.' And on the scaffold, in a pause of the beating of the drums, his voice rose clear to the sky: 'I shall soon be above these clouds, I shall soon be above these clouds; then shall I enjoy Thee, and glorify Thee, O my Father! without interruption, and without intermission, for ever!'

The letters of Renwick remind one not unfrequently of those of Rutherford, with a vein of melancholy in them, as if from a heart that felt the shadow of an early death. We shall close this paper with an extract from one addressed to friends in Holland.

'Now, right honourable, as to news here, I know that the Lord is still increasing his people in number and spiritual strength; and many a sacrifice He is taking off their hands; for there are not many days wherein his truths are not sealed with blood, and that in all places, so that I think within a little there shall not be a moss or mountain in the West of Scotland which shall not be flowered with martyrs. Enemies think themselves satisfied that we are put to wander in dark, stormy nights through mosses and mountains; but if they knew how we were feasted when others are sleeping, they would gnash their teeth with rage. Oh, I cannot express how sweet times I have had when the curtains of heaven have been drawn; when

the quietness of all things in the silent watches of the night has brought to my mind the duty of admiring the deep, silent and inexpressible ocean of joy, wherein the whole family of the higher house are everlastingly drowned; each star leading me out to wonder what He must be who is the Star of Jacob, the bright and morning star, who maketh all his own to shine as stars in the firmament! The greatest wrong enemies can do is to be instrumental in bringing a chariot to carry us to that higher house, and should we not think this the greatest favour?'

JOHN KNOX.[1]

John Knox was born at Giffordgate in Haddington, in the county of Haddington, Scotland, in A.D. 1505. His family was of the middle rank, and he had the benefit of a liberal education. He learned Latin at school, and completed his studies at the University of Glasgow, where philosophy and theology were taught by John Mair or Major, a celebrated schoolman. He was early dissatisfied with the hard and barren scholastic method, and found his way to Augustine and Jerome, and afterwards to the original Scriptures. In this spirit he began to teach philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, but did not profess himself a Protestant till 1542. He was declared a heretic, and his life was sought; but he found protection among friends in the south of Scotland, and began to preach openly to the people of the surrounding districts.

About this time George Wishart, a man of devoted life and great eloquence, was burnt at the stake by Cardinal Beaton, and the Cardinal was shortly afterwards put to death by some of his political enemies.

[1] Written for a French Encyclopædia.

Knox, though he had no share in their act, was obliged with many others to seek shelter in the strong castle of St. Andrews. After a siege of a year they surrendered to Leo Strozzi, who commanded the Papal forces for Mary of Guise, Queen Regent of Scotland, and the mother of Mary Stuart. It was promised that they should be conveyed to France, and allowed to go to any country except Scotland; but the stipulation was broken, and Knox with others was sent to the galleys, loaded with chains, and compelled to labour at the oar. In the midst of indignities and cruel sufferings, and after a violent fever which threatened his life, he composed his treatise on Prayer, which was afterwards published. He was restored to freedom in 1549, as the cause of Rome was considered safe in Scotland when the Parliament consented to the marriage of the young princess, Mary Stuart, with the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II.

As soon as he was released, Knox passed over to England, then under the reforming prince, Edward VI., and received an appointment to preach at Berwick, and in the northern counties near Scotland. He laboured with much success, and the pulpits are still pointed out from which he spoke, as they are in his native land. The freedom of his preaching gave offence to the Bishop of Durham, and he had to defend himself at London. Such, however, was the esteem of Cranmer for him that he had the offer of a bishopric; but he declined it from his inability to accept the

principles of the Anglican Church. The death of Edward VI. stopped the progress of the Reformation in England, and the persecuting reign of Mary drove Knox a second time to the Continent. After wandering through France he came to Geneva, and in the society of Calvin resumed his studies with the ardour of youth. He left with regret, and went by invitation to labour among the Protestant refugees at Frankfort. The peace of the community was disturbed by some who wished to introduce the English liturgy, and, though Knox was sustained by a large number, he left and returned to Edinburgh in 1555. His object was to rally the friends of the Reformation who had been scattered and driven into concealment by the repressive measures of the Queen Regent. In 1556 he brought about the first of the religious covenants which became so marked a feature in the history of Scotland. It was signed by a number of the nobles and gentlemen attached to the Reformation, and Knox passed from place to place, preaching and administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As the movement took open shape, the Queen Regent renewed her course of violence, and so threatening did it become that his friends urged him to accept an invitation from the English and Scottish exiles in Geneva to become their minister. He returned and spent two years there, the only tranquil period of his life, in the intimate friendship of Calvin and Beza, and in constant work and study. At this time, the Directory of Worship, known as the order of

Geneva, was published. It was the form which had been used by Knox at Frankfort, and, being adopted afterwards by the Reformed Church of Scotland, it has made the French and Scottish form of worship almost the same. At Geneva he was joined by his wife and family, and this season was his refreshment in a life of storms.

While absent from Scotland, he had been condemned to death by fire, and his effigy burned at the cross of Edinburgh; but a new and pressing entreaty came to him to return. He consulted Calvin and other ministers, and resolved to answer the call. On reaching Dieppe he was met by the intelligence that his Scottish friends had repented of their resolution. Being familiar with the French language, he devoted himself to preaching till things should ripen at home. He is known to have visited Lyons and Rochelle, and he was elected pastor at Dieppe, where, along with Delaporte as fellow-minister, he succeeded in establishing a flourishing Protestant community.

Various appeals to his countrymen were also written and published about this time, when another invitation came from the Scottish Protestants, and he embarked for Leith, where he landed May 2, 1559, henceforth to devote the rest of his life in incessant toil and danger to the cause of the Gospel in his own country.

It was a time of great excitement, and when we look back on it, it is seen to be the turning-point in

the history of religion among the men who speak the English language throughout the world. The persecuting Mary of England had died, and had been succeeded by Elizabeth. The new queen had to contend with a strong reactionary party, who sought in every way, by secret plots, by attempts at assassination, and by open insurrection, to restore the old religion. The Pope and the Catholic powers of the Continent favoured their intrigues, and were ready to land forces and support them at any favourable opportunity; an attempt which, after repeated trials, ended and failed in the Spanish Armada of 1588. Scotland was the road by which it was supposed England could be most easily reached. If the Guises could have retained it in the Romish faith, it would have been a fortified *tête du pont*, from which the Papal army could have issued, and struck a fatal blow at the heart of the Reformation. Such was the situation, and both sides knew it. Mary Stuart landed from France to take possession of the throne of her ancestors on August 21, 1561. Young, beautiful, possessed of all the accomplishments and graces that dazzle and charm, she entered on her reign in a cloudless sunshine of popular favour. Even the Protestants were disposed to hope the best. But beneath her enchanting ease of manner she had an inflexible will, and talents of the highest order, which were devoted to the Church of Rome with the bigotry of the blood of the Guises, deepened by the strong recoil

of her pleasure-loving nature from the severe manners of the new religion. She had the hearts of the unsuspecting people, the adoration of the young nobles, the unswerving fidelity of a large and compact party still attached to the Papacy, and, behind all these, the counsel and gold and auxiliary forces of the strongest powers of the Continent. It was an imminent hazard, and it is now admitted by the calmest historians that, under God, it was only the energy and wisdom of Knox which turned the scale, kept Scotland for the Reformation, saved England from the most critical danger, and thus preserved for Protestant Christianity all the influences that are now going out through the world in the English Bible and missions, commerce and colonies, and that will, we believe, continue to go out, notwithstanding temporary relaxations and seeming reactions.

The twelve years that followed Knox's return to Scotland in 1559, until his death, were the crowning period of his life, to which all his sufferings and labours and wanderings had been leading up. They were crowded with work of every kind, preaching to the people in all parts of Scotland, laying the foundations and ordering the service of the Church, forming the course of public instruction in the schools and universities, writing practical treatises of religion, watching and opposing the intrigues of the Court, encouraging and organizing the friends of reform in Scotland, and maintaining correspondence with minis-

ters and statesmen abroad on the then supreme questions of religious truth and freedom. The labour of several lives was compressed into that period; and it is impossible in so brief a compass as this to indicate even the outlines. Two or three leading events may be mentioned. When he returned finally from France in 1559, he was prevented from settling in Edinburgh, through its military occupation by the troops of the Queen Regent. He therefore made a circuit of the kingdom, disturbed as it was by civil war and faction, and preached in all the chief places. Such was the effect of his appeals that the people in the chief towns declared for the Reformation, and in July 1560 it was adopted by Act of Parliament. He became minister in Edinburgh, but continued still to have a care of all the churches. The return of Mary Stuart in 1561, already referred to, introduced a new danger. She revived the hopes of the Romanists, and her fascination extended to leading members of the Protestant party. She repeatedly sent for Knox, and the interviews between them form some of the most picturesque scenes in Scottish history, fertile as it is in abrupt contrasts. While respectful to her as his sovereign, he was careful to guard the independence of the Church and the freedom of his ministerial office; and his counsels about her soul's interests to the gay, young queen, surrounded by her courtiers, remind one of Elijah before the kings and queens of Israel. These interviews

have been charged with insolence by the Romish and Episcopalian historians, but they were invited by the queen herself, and the earnest words of Knox have a manly tenderness in them that can be felt by all, except those who hold that the divine right of kings puts them above the reach of honest advice. The later history of Mary, with all the charm of romance which has gathered round it, is well known, and has been a battlefield ever since for contending parties. Whatever sympathy we may have for the unhappy victim of a passionate nature and an evil education, no lover of God's truth, or of man's freedom, can regret that Knox did not suffer the fate of Wishart, and that the struggle ended in favour of his cause. It was the conflict of conscience and the fear of God, stern and unbending, as was needful in the circumstances, against the pleasures of the material life and the charms of the sensuous imagination. It pleased God to give the victory to this faithful old man, who had no weapons but the Word of God and an invincible confidence in its divine power.

In all the troubles of Mary's reign, and the infancy of James VI., Knox had one anxiety, the preservation of Christian truth, and its extension more widely and deeply among the people, through preaching and education. Political events had their chief interest for him in this connection, and in no other way was he mixed up with them. At length his frame, which like that of his friend Calvin had been subject to

life-long weakness, sunk under toil and care. The assassination of his friend, the Regent Moray, greatly depressed him, and the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew inflicted a deep wound, for it touched not only his love to the common cause, but the affection he bore to many noble Christians whom he knew and held dear. He had been slightly struck with apoplexy, but continued to preach though he could with difficulty mount the pulpit. When confined through utter weakness to the house, he made his secretary read to him daily the 17th chapter of John's Gospel, the 53rd of Isaiah, a chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, with some of the Psalms and one of Calvin's sermons. The week before his death, his colleague, the elders and deacons of his church, and some others came to his room by his request, and he gave them his parting charge. The beginning and the close may be given, as they reveal his life and his heart: 'The day approaches,' he said, 'and is now before the door, for which I have frequently and vehemently thirsted, when I shall be released from my great labours and innumerable sorrows, and shall be with Christ. And now God is my witness, whom I have served in spirit in the Gospel of his Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrine of the Gospel of the Son of God, and have had it for my only object to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the faithful, to comfort the weak, the fearful, and the distressed by the promises of grace, and to fight against the proud

and rebellious by the divine threatenings. I know that many have complained of my too great severity; but God knows that my mind was always void of hatred to the persons of those against whom I thundered the severest judgments. In the meantime, my dearest brethren, do you persevere in the eternal truth of the Gospel; wait diligently on the flock over which the Lord hath set you, and which He redeemed with the blood of his only-begotten Son. The Lord from on high bless you, and the whole Church of Edinburgh, against whom, as long as they persevere in the word of truth, the gates of hell shall not prevail.' On the 24th November 1572, his last day on earth, his eyes and speech began to fail. He bade them read the 17th chapter of John's Gospel, 'where he cast his first anchor.' 'And now,' he said, 'for the last time, I commend my soul, spirit, and body (touching three of his fingers) into thy hand, O Lord!' About eleven o'clock at night he gave a deep sigh, and said, '*Now it is come.*' Richard Bannatyne drew near, and desired him to think upon those comfortable promises of our Saviour Jesus Christ which he had so often declared to others, and, perceiving that he was speechless, requested him to give them a sign that he heard them, and that he died in peace. Upon this he lifted up one of his hands, and, sighing twice, expired without a struggle.

The life of Knox was too busy and troubled to permit him to be a great writer, even had this been

his faculty. The best known of his books is the *History of the Reformation in Scotland* (edited by David Laing, Edinburgh 1846, 2 vols.). It is a picturesque book, written with great vigour and freshness, incisive in thought and expression, full of quaint humour and mother wit, and thereby revealing to us some of the sources of Knox's power over the people. His practical treatises, which are less read, have great fervour of spiritual feeling. His fiery pamphlets are at rest on the shelves of the antiquary—they finished their duty long ago. But the great work Knox left behind him is the country and Church he loved so well, and for which his life was one long labour. He found the Scottish people proud of the national independence which their great hero Wallace had gained for them, but ignorant, coarse, debased, the prey of rapacious nobles and an immoral priesthood. He breathed into them a new life, which made them conscious they had souls, and which put them beyond reach of enslavement again by tyrant or priest, though it was often attempted. The Church he reformed has had a chequered existence, and latterly the spirit of independence he breathed into it has proved too powerful for its outward uniformity. The spirit of Knox is the key to the religious history of Scotland, and his influence is seen in the fact that each section of the Presbyterian community claims to possess the larger part of his mantle. Events are at work which may perfect in all of them the Christian liberty he

sought, and then may come also the unity which was part of his ideal. To Knox also it is owing that the Churches feel they must find, under God, their strength in the people, or die. In the face of hostile monarchs and a self-seeking class of nobles, he entrenched himself in the national conscience. With the foresight of a statesman, he laid the basis of a wide and high system of education, by which all should be able to read God's Word for themselves, and the sons of the poorest rise, step by step, to the instruction of the universities. The effect of this has been that Scotland has exerted an influence, in the British Empire and its Colonies, far beyond the proportion of its population, and has done much, along with the Free Churches of England, to save the English-speaking races from the hierarchical and ritualistic tendencies of the Anglican system. It is through Knox, more than any other, that the stream of the French Reformation, checked in its own country, has flowed in upon the Anglo-Saxon communities throughout the world. It should not be forgotten, that the English Nonconformists and Wesleyans form essentially one church with the Presbyterians, being agreed, not only in their views of doctrine, but in the main elements of organization. It is for this reason that all these Churches cherish so deep an interest in the Protestantism of France, to which they look as an elder sister, and for whose restoration to them in her ancient strength and beauty they never cease to

pray. It may be said, finally, that, while the Scottish Reformer was inferior to Luther and Calvin in several respects, he united qualities that belonged to them both, he performed a work inferior to neither, and his name must take rank with theirs as one of the three mighty men of the great Reformation. The more his character is examined, the more it becomes clear that, while he was eminent for his energy and courage, his penetration and statesmanlike sagacity, the spring of his entire life-work was a devoted, spiritual earnestness. The eulogium over his grave by the Regent Morton was, 'There lies he who never feared the face of man;' but the reason was, that the Gospel had implanted deep in his heart the fear of God.

The materials for the history of Knox and his times are to be found in the early annals of Scotland, both civil and ecclesiastical, especially Calderwood, Row, and Wodrow, in Knox's own writings, and in MSS. in various libraries. These have been brought together with great diligence and skill by Dr. M'Crie, whose *Life of Knox* is the standard book on the subject. Some special and very interesting studies of his character have also been made, more lately, by the historians Carlyle and Froude.

THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.[1]

It is well, before the year 1885 has been left far behind, that attention should be turned to an event which took place exactly two centuries previous, but the effects of which have been felt in Europe, and especially in France and Britain, to this day. The rivers of the present flow from the springs of the past. The antecedents of this pregnant and fatal act of Louis XIV. may be briefly glanced at. France promised at one time to be among the first nations of the Reformation, and her whole history would then have been a very different one. Her soil seemed congenial. In the early part of the thirteenth century, the Albigenses were found in large numbers on the border of the Mediterranean and in the valleys that run from the Garonne deep into the Pyrenees. Their memory has been traduced by their persecutors, whose policy it has always been to kill first the life and then the good name; but we know that they renounced the Pope and loved the Bible—a negative and a positive

[1] Written for the *United Presbyterian Magazine*, 1886.

pole which settle a whole character. After desperate struggles, their *heresy* was quenched in blood by the ferocious Simon de Montfort, urged to his crusades by the popes and bishops of the day; and, for flourishing towns and an industrious and moral population, there remained only smouldering ruins. Three hundred years after, the Gospel was preached in these same regions with wonderful results: 'Truth,' says the Psalmist, 'shall spring out of the earth.' Nowhere, through all France, was there such a turning to the Reformation light as in the south. But all France was stirred. Lefèvre, who preached the truth of justification by faith before Luther, followed by Farel, Calvin, and Beza, went everywhere, and multitudes embraced the Protestant doctrines. The converts were chiefly of the middle and artisan classes, stretching into the nobility and touching the royal family; among them 'of devout women not a few.' The sister of Francis I., *Marguerite des Marguerites*, 'the pearl of pearls,' as her brother called her, was one of them; not less gifted, and more devout, was Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, and daughter of Louis XII.; and most noble and heroic of all was Joanna D'Albret of Navarre, mother of Henry IV. So wide and strong was the tide that the governors of France hesitated for a time if they should not follow it. But the ruler in whose hand the chief determination lay was Catharine de Medici, the mother of a number of princes who succeeded as minors to the throne, and

in whose name she governed; among them, Francis II., the short-lived husband of our Mary Stuart. The character of Catharine—and in this we have the testimony of undisputed history—was a compound of the inordinate love of pleasure and power, so ambitious of rule that she set herself to corrupt the morals of her own sons in order to unfit them for interfering with her, laying the same snares for any man who seemed likely to cross her path. For a while she wavered, or seemed to waver, between the Protestants and the Guises, their irreconcilable enemies, but who again, on their own part, might be her dangerous rivals. At length she decided to crush the Protestants for two weighty reasons: their morals were too severe for her taste, and, as they had begun to think for themselves in religion, they might do the same in politics. Their leading men were invited to Paris under friendly assurances, and the pretext of arranging terms of religious toleration. When all was ready, the houses where they lived being marked, and soldiers and fanatical assassins assigned their work, the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois tolled the death signal at twelve o'clock at night, August 24, 1572. It was close to the Louvre, and many a tocsin of blood and terror has sounded since around that palace, with a different meaning to its inmates. The doors of the Protestant houses were broken open, and death dealt out by fire and sword, often without distinction of age or sex. When some of the poor

fugitives fled to the walls of the Louvre for shelter, they were fired on by the king, Charles IX., from a window which is still pointed out. The massacre extended to the provinces, by orders sent to them, and it is calculated that from 30,000 to 70,000 Protestants were murdered; some raise the number to 100,000. It could never be exactly known, as many fled to mountains and forests, dying of hunger and exposure, and many sought safety in exile. A cry of horror arose through Europe, and John Knox, who was then on a sick-bed, sank under the blow. A number of the victims were his dear personal friends, and he foreboded what might come to Scotland, if that power against which he had fought all his life were to prevail. Catharine boasted of the deed privately to the Popish courts, and sought to palliate it to the Protestant ones. The Pope, by whom the news had been expected, went in solemn procession, in Rome, to the Church of St. Louis, the patron saint of France, and sang *Te Deum*. Medals were struck by him in commemoration, and a painting by Giorgio Vasari, representing the slaughter in detail, adorns one of the walls of the Vatican at the entrance to the Sistine Chapel, which the Pope passes when he performs his devotions amid the choicest frescoes of Raphael. The only change made in Vasari's picture by the light of modern time is that the words *Stragis Huguenottorum*, the *Slaughter of the Huguenots*, which originally stood there, have been removed. But

why does Rome not efface these witnesses of her complicity with this ferocious past? For a simple reason. She has never admitted, but always denounced, the right of the individual conscience, and she cannot admit that she has ever been wrong in her attitude toward it. Whatever single Roman Catholics may do, this is the doctrine of the Church, and she prefers to let the records stand, and preserve a discreet silence, or seek, by Jesuit advocacy, to cast back the blood-stains on the victims. Those Protestants who would persuade themselves and others that the Church of Rome has altered her views are more charitable to her than she is to herself.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew was a stunning blow to the French Protestants, for they had lost most of their leaders, and, among them, the noble and devout Coligny, who had served his country in many an emergency. Nevertheless they rallied, and a fierce conflict of varying fortune ensued for twenty years, till Henry of Navarre, their chief leader, became heir to the throne of France through the failure of the line of Valois. He was the first of the Bourbon family, as Henry IV. The hopes of the Protestants were high, but they were doomed to a large disappointment. Henry conformed to the Romish faith. He was led to this partly by the fear that he could not otherwise gain the crown, and partly by want of thorough sympathy with the Protestants, from his love of pleasure and the corruption of his morals which

had been begun, years before, by Catharine de Medici. He had in him the nature of his grandson, our Charles II., and there is a curious parallel between the conduct of Charles to the Presbyterians and that of Henry to the Huguenots, though, beyond doubt, in other respects, Henry had higher traits of character. It was a deplorable step in many ways. It was a greater check to Protestantism than ten lost battles, for it filled the true men with shame, and led the way among the titled and the wealthy to generations of defection. When the fire slackens, the white ashes gather fast on the top, and a breath carries them away. It was a blow to France and to Henry's own dynasty, for it shook faith in principle, and the apostasy of the first Bourbon prepared the exile of the last. It brought danger to our own country, and helped the ruin of the Stuart line. His daughter, Henrietta, married to our Charles I., strengthened that monarch in his obstinate despotism, and bequeathed the Romish principles in which she was reared, with her father's love of pleasure, to the men of the later Stuart blood. And it did not secure for Henry himself a peaceful end. He was distrusted by the Jesuits, because he would not be their creature, and, after repeated attempts on his life, he fell at last in the streets of Paris by the knife of Ravaillac. But Henry, though he had no deep principle, had an idea of state policy, and was not altogether unmindful of his former co-religionists. He was a friend to them,

not from sympathy with their religious views, but on the principles of fairness and freedom, as far as these could be acted on at the time. The clergy of the Romish Church, a large mass of the fanaticized population, and the city of Paris—which on so many occasions has given law to France—were against every degree of religious liberty. Nevertheless, in 1598, he framed and issued the Edict of Nantes, so called from the city where it was signed. It was not a charter of freedom, but a grant of toleration. The toleration, too, was limited to the places where the Protestants were already possessed of the privilege of worship; but where they were weak and scattered they were unprotected. They were denied the right of extending their religion, and checked in defending it by argument. They were not allowed to have a church in Paris, and only one in the suburban village of Charenton. In the ninety-two articles of which it consisted there were many provisos and restrictions through which they could be harassed by an unfriendly Government and a dominant priesthood. Their religion was called in the Edict 'the pretended Reformed;' and, through all France, while Romanism was the legal religion, Protestantism was only in some places the permitted one. Yet, such as it was, it cost Henry his life at the hands of the Jesuits; and the Protestants found, when he was dead, that they had lost a friend. Severe struggles followed, deepening into occasional civil wars, but, on the whole,

Protestantism had a measure of peace and prosperity. When the Edict was issued, it had 750 powerful congregations in central towns, and four colleges, Sedan, Saumur, Montauban, and Montpellier. Its literary and theological chairs were filled by men of European reputation, and students flocked to them from Switzerland, Germany, Holland, England, and Scotland. They were the means of spreading those views of religious truth and church government known as the Reformed, in distinction from the Lutheran and Anglican, and which have since prevailed so largely among the English Nonconformists, the Scottish and Irish Presbyterians, in the United States, and in our Colonies, not to speak of the Reformed Churches of Holland, the Rhine provinces, Brandenburg, and Eastern Europe. Between Scotland and France, at that time, there was a close connection. At Saumur and Sedan, Scotsmen were not only students but professors. We have space but to name Robert Boyd and the learned John Cameron, professors at Saumur, both of whom became principals of the University of Glasgow, and Andrew Melville, principal of the college of Sedan, whose name stands, amid a roll of his fellow-countrymen, on a tablet in the little French Protestant Church which has risen from the wreck left by persecution. He preached for years in the town-church built by the descendants of Godfrey of Bouillon, the crusader, ardent friends of the Reformation. The church was given over to the

Roman Catholics, and no one can tell where Andrew Melville is buried. A succession of ministers illustrious for learning and eloquence adorns that period; Jurieu, Amyraut, Rivet, Basnage, Dumoulin, Bochart, Daillé, Ancillon, Claude; Duplessis Mornay has been rarely equalled for Christian chivalry and tender devotion; and Bernard Palissy, who died as a heretic in the Bastille, just before the Edict of toleration, is a specimen of the genius they brought to art.

A change took place when Louis XIV. passed from his minority into active rule in 1661—memorable in Britain as the year of the Stuart Restoration. His instincts appear to have been at first towards what was good, but they fell into an appetite for the grand, or rather the grandiose, and the glittering. His ambition was to be sole ruler in France, his motto being, '*I am the State*,' and to extend this sway through Europe by conquest. Provincial and local government was abolished, and the centralization of France established in Paris, and in his palace. Such a faith as Protestantism was not likely to find favour with such a monarch. In addition, Louis, like so many of his predecessors, was immoral in life, and his mistresses had him in their keeping, especially the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, who, as a renegade Protestant, regarded the religion she had left with an implacable hatred. Louis was ignorant of religion, but he was superstitious, and his confessor, Lachaise, whose name is preserved in the Parisian cemetery, led him in the

same direction as his mistresses. When his conscience was roused, he was told that the most acceptable amends was the extinction of heresy. The Duke of St. Simon, no friend to the Protestants, writes: 'The king wished to be saved, and, as he had no religion, he found peace by inflicting penance on the Huguenots and Jansenists.' From memoirs which Louis himself has left, called *Instructions to his Son*, there is a clear view of the course of policy he meant to pursue. He intended, he says, to maintain the Edict of Nantes as far as justice and policy required, but he was determined not to extend any favour beyond its limits. His grace must necessarily be reserved for the faithful subjects who were of his own religion, and he hoped that, by and by, the others would see it to be for their advantage to take the step that would make them sharers of it. He instructed the bishops to work zealously for the conversion of heretics, and to offer such rewards as were fitting to those who had docile minds. Commissaries were appointed to all the provinces to look into the affairs of the Huguenots, to examine the titles they had to churches and privileges, and to carry out the law of restriction. The king's wish was the guide of his servants, and success was the way to promotion. A seeming flaw in a title caused a church to be pulled down; the presence of Roman Catholics in the congregation did the same, for this was charged as proselytism; and when the Protestants met elsewhere for worship, or

presented a petition, they were dispersed and prosecuted as disturbers of the peace. Gradually measures became more severe. Churches were shut, on the ground of their annoying, by their praise, the worship and feeling of Roman Catholics; Protestant children were allowed to renounce the religion of their parents, if they were seven years of age, and were then given over to monks and nuns to be educated; soldiers were quartered in Protestant districts, and allowed to plunder and work their will. The wretched people were subjected to all kinds of violence in property and person. Every imaginable torture, that was not fatal, was put in requisition. They were kept from sleeping by relays of soldiers beating drums and pricking them with their swords till they were almost unconscious. Missionaries and Sisters of Mercy followed with ensnaring offers, asking them to promise submission to religion *as it was in the days of the apostles;* and, when they consented, they were marched off in procession to the cathedral to have *Te Deum* sung over them, with the penalty of relapsed heretics if they again entered a Protestant church. The effect was the ostensible conversion of great numbers of Protestants, of whom one of the bishops said, 'The parents may be hypocrites, but the children will be brought up good Catholics.' This success was so represented to Louis that there seemed no more reason for delay. There was no need of an Edict of Nantes, since there were no more Protestants in France; and in 1685 Madame de Maintenon per-

suaded him to revoke the Edict, and to unite himself to her by a private marriage.

It may be worth while to pause and see how these events were regarded by leading men in France outside the Protestant Church. The king's confessor, Letellier, who had succeeded Lachaise, when he put the seal to the Revocation, broke out into Simeon's words, 'Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace,' and 'with right,' says the Jesuit D'Avrigny, 'for he might well consider it as the happiest and most glorious event of his life.' The bishops and clergy expended eloquence to extravagance in praise of the deed and the doer of it. 'Touched by so many marvels,' says Bossuet, 'let us expand our hearts in praise of the piety of Louis. Let our acclamations ascend to the skies, and let us say to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Charlemagne, what the thirty-six fathers formerly said in the Council of Chalcedon: "You have strengthened faith; you have exterminated heretics; it is a work worthy of your reign. Thanks to you, heresy is no more. God alone can have worked this marvel. King of heaven, preserve the king of earth: it is the prayer of the Church, it is the prayer of the bishops."' Massillon followed in the same strain, and Fléchier and the gentle Fénelon. The Abbe Tallemand apostrophized the ruins of the Protestant church of Charenton, which had been demolished amid the tears and despairing cries of its children: 'Happy ruins, the finest trophy France ever beheld!' Even the Jansenists, who had

asserted love to be the only homage God will accept, declared by the lips of Arnauld, 'That the means which had been employed were rather violent but nowise unjust.' They were, ere long, to find these means used against themselves. At Rome, again, as on the day of St. Bartholomew, *Te Deum* was sung with unbounded joy, and Innocent XI. sent a brief to Louis in which he gave him the unanimous thanks of the Church. Medals were struck, and the art of the greatest painter of the time employed to decorate the great hall of Versailles with emblems of the ruin of heresy. It was the Augustan age of French literature, of Racine and Molière and La Bruyère, but not a voice was lifted in protest. Madame de Sévigné wrote of it, 'There is nothing so fine as what this Revocation contains; and never has any king done, nor will ever do, aught so memorable,'—which came true in another sense than this fine lady meant it. There were a few, such as Vauban, the great military engineer, and the Duke of St. Simon, who were bold enough to utter dislike; and, to the honour of humanity, let it be said there were among the humbler Roman Catholics not a few instances of relenting and of pitiful help; but, beyond Louis and Madame de Maintenon, the Church of Rome, as a Church, was guilty from Pope to priest of instigation and approbation, and the majority of the French nation of active assistance or guilty silence. In proportion to this fell the retribution. Let us look at it.

The slow agony of the persecution, and then the blow of the Revocation, seemed to paralyse the Protestants. But there came a burst of energy, unexpected by their oppressors or by themselves. A panic of flight seized all to whom escape was possible. If near the frontiers, they crossed in thousands; if in the interior, they hid in the woods by day and travelled by night, assuming all possible disguises; if near the sea, they embarked in the first vessel they could find, hiding in the hold or in barrels, committing themselves to open boats in any kind of weather. They sought homes in all the countries of Europe, from Switzerland to Sweden, but especially in Holland and Great Britain; they crossed the Atlantic to America, and settled in South Africa and the East. Whole districts of France were left uncultivated, manufacturing towns were diminished in many cases by a third of their population, and it is no exaggerated calculation that France lost by emigration half a million inhabitants. Where the Protestants were most numerous, in the centre of France, and where escape was more difficult, they took to arms and maintained for years a despairing conflict among the mountains of the Cevennes. Under skilful and daring leaders, and against overwhelming odds, they defeated, time after time, the armies of Louis; and it was only by the sacrifice of thousands of his best troops, and a number of his best generals, that he succeeded in restoring quiet. The story of the Church of the Desert, and the wars of the Camisards, is one

of the most thrilling interest, resembling that of our own Covenanters, but on a larger scale and in even darker colours. Besides the works of Félice, Peyrat, and Weiss, there are many of the narratives, local and personal, now being published in France by historical societies, and the perusal of them must have an effect in favour of religious liberty, if not of religious truth.

Having given an account of the Revocation, we shall refer to some of the results which can be directly traced to it. The first was great industrial and intellectual loss to France. This consisted not merely in the number of the refugees, but in their character. They were the very cream and flower of the middle and working classes, the strength of the social system for intelligence and morality. The amount of wealth which left the country was considerable. Many fled, despoiled of all they possessed, thankful to preserve conscience and life; but numbers found means of carrying off money or its equivalent by the most ingenious methods; or they concealed their valuables in hiding-places, and afterwards recovered them. This, however, was a trifle compared with what was lost in the exiles themselves. A great part of the skilled labour of France had been in their hands. The historian Weiss gives a long list of the manufactures carried on chiefly by Protestants, and of the towns and districts enriched by them. Woollen and silken stuffs, ribbon-weaving, hats, hosiery, paper, watches, thread, work in iron, steel, bronze, copper, lead, the arts of the armourer,

locksmith, cutler, polisher, were theirs in great measure. The very sails of the royal navy of England, before the Revocation, came from France. The fields, gardens, orchards, flowers, and fruits of the Huguenot agriculturists had a verdure and richness by which they could be recognized, and which showed the splendid material for colonization France at that time possessed. All this became the prize of her Protestant neighbours, who welcomed the exiles with open arms, both from sympathy with their sufferings and a sense of their value as citizens. A new era of manufacture and commerce began in the countries where they settled; and, from being importers, these lands competed with and conquered France in her former markets. The Elector of Brandenburg was distinguished for the liberality of his advances in money to crowds of farmers and mechanics, and he found his reward in the change of the waste sands of the Mark into green fields round what is now the capital of the German Empire, and in new industries which turned dull villages into flourishing towns. It was an important element in the growth by which Brandenburg rose into the kingdom of Prussia, the successful rival of France, and the leader in the wars for German unity. Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, even Russia, and the lands beyond the Atlantic had their share, but none profited so much as Holland and Britain. Holland, which had made so noble a struggle against the overwhelming power of Philip II. of Spain, was

beginning to lose its spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, and the influx of the emigrants and their influence gave the needed stimulus at the critical time. They crossed the frontier, which was near, in great numbers, and brought not only an accession of industry and skill, but of high religious intelligence and ardour. The bigoted folly of Louis XIV. was building up embankments against his own ambition more effectual than any that Dutch determination ever reared against the waters of the ocean. What happened in our own country may be judged of from the fact that in London alone there were thirty-one French churches; and all the chief towns of the kingdom had their proportion. There was a settlement in Edinburgh, which gave name to Picardy Place; and French was spoken by those sprung from refugees far on in last century. A prayer meeting which was a descendant of their church is said still to survive in Canonmills, Edinburgh; and it would be curious if we could connect this relic of the Revocation with the cradle of the Scottish Disruption. These French artisans brought to Britain improved modes of work and new industries. The secrets of trade came from Tours and Lyons for silks, and velvets, and various stuffs which had been the pride and monopoly of France. The refugees made for themselves as a whole prosperous homes, after their passage through their Red Sea; and perhaps no more striking instance of despotism overreaching and ruining itself can be found since that far-off time

in Egypt. Then God's hand was raised to strike down the oppressor and open a way to new lands of freedom. In this connection we must not forget to mention another class of exiles who had almost greater influence—the men of thought, of learning, of literary skill and scientific genius. Of preachers may be named Allix, Abbadie, and Saurin, all of them, especially the last, remarkable for their eloquence; men who gave form and brightness to the old Puritan gold, and introduced a fresh method of preaching, which began with the eighteenth century. The first literary newspaper in Dublin was commenced by one of them, and noted names are to be found in the Irish Protestant Churches which tell of their French origin. In other departments there were Denis Papin, the inventor of the *Digester*, which was the forerunner of the steam-engine, and surgeons who gave a perfection to instruments and practice heretofore unknown. Others devoted themselves to law, to art, to the conduct of public business, and names occur in our parliamentary life and great banking-houses which speak of their talent for finance and politics. Among these are Romilly, Lefèvre, Latouche, Chamberlain, Ligonier, Labouchère, Layard, Majendie, Prevost, Thelusson; but the traces of most of them have been lost through translation into English, and have disappeared in the great families of Browns, Blacks, Whites, and Smiths, which have done so much for every country in the civilized world.

But not less remarkable was the political result. Louis XIV. had in view the establishment of a dictatorship in Europe, and he had in great measure reached it. Germany, then divided, had lost Alsace and Strasburg, and quailed before him. He had seized Flanders (now Belgium), and Holland was expecting the same fate. He had command of the policy of England through Charles II. and James, his creatures and pensioners, both of them Roman Catholics—the one secretly, the other openly. As happens at such tides, conversions among the nobility came floating into the Roman net, and there were *Te Deums* and great gladness and hope at the court of Innocent XI. What Philip of Spain failed in was about to be done by Louis, and the Jesuits were to gather up and repair the wreck of the Armada. But, in seeking to extirpate Protestantism in France, the Pope lost his prospect of recovering Britain. The year of the Revocation was the very year of James's accession to the British throne. The thousands of refugees who reached our shores spread the tale of their sufferings, fired the hearts of the people with indignation and pity, with hatred of Romish tyranny and fear for their own liberties. This was one of the main forces which led to the overthrow of the Stuarts and the Revolution of 1688, which brought relief to the English Nonconformists and the Scottish Presbyterians who had been groaning under the oppression of Anglican High Churchism. One curious incident may be given as an illustration in

detail. William of Orange, in 1688, had not sufficient means to equip his army and fleet for his expedition from Holland, till the French refugees came to his aid with the funds they had saved in their flight. They contributed to his little army three regiments of foot and a squadron of cavalry, with 736 veteran officers disposed among his other forces; and William had as his most skilful and trusted general Marshal Schomberg, the descendant of an old Protestant family which had remained stedfast to its faith amid all the changes of the time. It was remarked that it fell to one refugee officer to order the King of France's ambassador, who was in the plots of the period, to quit London within twenty-four hours; and another of them accompanied him to Dover to protect him from the wrath of the people. It was one of those incidents which makes us feel as if Providence were writing the word *justice* on human affairs with the sharp point of a sarcasm, and repeating the saying of the ancient patriarch, 'He poureth contempt upon princes.' In the war which followed in Ireland, the refugees bore a distinguished part, and Schomberg and Caillemotte, another gallant French leader, fell in the decisive charge at the battle of the Boyne. After William had secured himself on the throne of Great Britain, he became the leader of a European coalition, and set himself to what had been the aim of his life, to bridle the ambition of Louis XIV., the enemy of his country and his faith. French Protestant officers and

soldiers, some of whom had been compelled to renounce the profession of their religion before they could escape from France, fought with the most distinguished gallantry under him and Marlborough and Prince Eugene, fired with the desire to wipe out their dishonour, and to carry, if possible, help and freedom to their co-religionists in French dungeons and galleys. The armies of Louis, the best soldiers in which had been exhausted in the war with the Camisards, were defeated; his finances, which had suffered through the loss of so many industrious subjects, were ruined; and the haughty monarch was compelled to sign an ignominious peace. Broken-hearted by his reverses, he died in 1715, when he was vainly seeking to strike a blow at Britain by the secret favour he gave to the Jacobite insurrection under Mar. Seldom can the retributive hand of God's providence be traced more strikingly in cause and effect within the compass of one life.

But the influence of the Revocation has reached beyond that life into the national history of France. The exile of the Protestants, and the temporary extinction of the Reformation, left Romanism as the sole and powerfully dominant religion of the French people. This result, gained by so many crimes, and boasted of as a triumph, proved disastrous both to religion and the State. The Protestants had been a living force in the nation, which kept a large mass of the intelligent classes attached to religion, and thereby

to civil right and order. There must always be a number of men in every country who refuse to submit their reason to any religion the State chooses to impose, and who distrust it on the very ground that it is State-privileged and salaried. If religion is to have weight with them in favour of civil order, it must be above the suspicion of Government subsidies. Accordingly much of the intellect of France, which might have remained Christian, became sceptical and destructively critical. The Church of Rome, meanwhile, lost not only its race of great orators, who had been stirred to rivalry by Protestantism, but also its moral life, and it found that convenient pillow which is so often near the head of a State Church when there is nothing outside to disturb it. After the suppression of Protestantism and Jansenism, the whole field belonged to the Jesuits, and they were as indulgent to royal and aristocratic vice as it could desire, or as Pascal could portray. Louis XIV. was succeeded by his great-grandson Louis XV., and his sensual excesses and wasteful extravagances could be paralleled only by the Tiberiuses and Caligulas of the Roman Empire; while what of conscience he had was soothed by the unbelieving and voluptuous abbés who fluttered round his court. Senseless and shameless luxury, rapidly growing taxation, unsuccessful wars, were subjected to the eyes of a new set of critics. For the God-fearing Huguenots, who had a cure in their hands, there were Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert,

and the men of the Encyclopædia, who tore open the wounds of the State, and tore off at the same time, in bitter scorn, the mask from the only Christianity which the Revocation had left them. Then came the weak, respectable Louis XVI. and the great Revolution, to which the century from 1685 to 1789 was the stride of an earthquake. We all know what has followed: the repeated oscillation for another century between superstition and atheism, despotism and anarchy, and the heroic efforts of noble men to step in between the living and the dead and stay the plague. We are in one of these intervals. May God prosper it for a happy issue; but, whatever may come of it, France has suffered irreparable loss. Let us glance at this last.

Up till the reign of Louis XIV., France had the prospect of becoming the greatest commercial and colonial power in Europe. It had a splendid position on the two main seas of the Old World, a rich soil and beautiful climate, capable of the most varied productions, and a numerous, ingenious, and industrious population. Whatever we may say now of French inability to colonize, it does not seem applicable to that period. Coligny, the most illustrious victim of St. Bartholomew, had a matured plan for colonization in North America, which would have founded a great French Protestant State, instead of the British Puritan one—an empire of free exiles in a new world. His death checked it; but, even after this, the French

had Nova Scotia and all the lands round the mouth of the St. Lawrence, Canada, the great valley of the Mississippi from its head to Louisiana, the larger part of the West Indies, with the commanding points in India and the Eastern Ocean. After the Revocation she lost her internal resources, and the very best material for colonization was transferred to other countries; internal troubles engrossed and convulsed her; foreign wars cut her off from her possessions beyond the seas, till, stripped of them one by one, almost nothing remained but France itself. Spasmodic attempts are being made to recover ground, but the lands favourable for colonies, and the strategic points which control the world's future, are in the possession of another race and language. French cannot now become the tongue of the empires that are to rule the destinies of the American continent and the southern hemisphere, and that are to operate, by civilizing and Christianizing influences, on the south and east of the vast world of Asia. Nearly one hundred millions of people already speak the English language, and, if there is anything certain in the world's future, it will be spoken by hundreds of millions, and will carry with it the laws and literature of Britain, and the prevalence of that religion which Louis XIV. and Innocent XI. sought to banish from the soil of France. But is there not yet room and work in the world for France? Who does not hope and pray that there may be? The finest soil and

climate are yet hers. She has a people richly and singularly gifted, with a penetrating genius, a bright intelligence, a precise and beautiful expression in the forms of thought and art. Every country in the world has been her debtor, and we not least, even in this very act, when, through the folly of her king and her own blindness, she enriched us with her best heart's blood. Nor let us imagine the French people hopelessly frivolous and irreligious. The struggles we have glanced at show the reverse. France has had its long line of heroes, of saints, of martyrs, unsurpassed, if indeed equalled, by any other nation. And still the blood is not only in the crimsoned soil, but in the veins of Frenchmen, and is giving token that it is in sympathy with that which was shed so freely for truth and freedom on many a scaffold. The blood which cries out of the ground, and from under the altar, is finding here and there an answer in souls which cannot live in the barren deserts of atheism and materialism. The French Protestant Church has, within the past generation, given to Christianity names of faith and learning and missionary zeal beyond all proportion to its numbers; and, if the hearts of the children were once more turned to the fathers, there is almost nothing too high to expect from the French enthusiasm for great ideas, and French energy for arduous enterprises. The late magnificent meeting in the Oratoire at Paris in commemoration of the Revocation, and the noble utterances of men like

Pressensé and Bersier, responded to by an immense audience, show that Protestantism is full of courage and hope. Nothing of this kind was possible, either in spirit or circumstances, a century ago. The news from various districts since tell of the memorial meetings turning into revival movements, and of interest in them extending through the general population. By many signs we can infer that France is once more at a time of decision on which her future hangs; and those who are best acquainted with her condition seem to agree that, beneath the widespread and obtrusive scepticism, there is a feeling after a spiritual faith, which gives promise that God is about 'in the midst of the years to make known, and in wrath to remember mercy.'

For ourselves, we have some things to learn. John Henry Newman, in his *Apologia*, gives as the two final determining causes which carried him over to the Church of Rome—first, the principle involved in the Donatist controversy, and, next, the election of a Protestant bishop to the see of Jerusalem. That deeply devout and keenly subtle mind was able to retire into a mystic cell, and to weave across its mouth a fine dialectic web which concealed the broad and open issues of the question. There are such minds, honest to themselves, but the captives of their own peculiar strength. What an escape it is to rest the case on the broad page of the Bible and the clear utterance of history, two witnesses which the Church

of Rome has always sought to keep under her own lock and key! If any one would know what she has been and would be again, for she has never renounced her past, let him study the records of Spain and the Netherlands, of Italy while the Pope had full control; let him put the Swiss Protestant Cantons over against the Romish, the South American States against the great Northern Republic, Lower Canada against Upper, or any country where Romanism has long had entire control against those which have been free from it, and he will have an argument spread over space and time which it will take a good many casuists to answer. One of Louis XIV.'s confessors pressed a Protestant to conform, 'because, unless the king's religion were true, God would never have made him so powerful.' It is a good argument if it be allowed time to work out its conclusions. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' St. Bartholomew and the Revocation, once chanted by the Romish clergy as triumphs, are now passed over with a prudent reticence. But we shall indeed be smitten with what Milton calls a 'dazzling blindness at mid-day,' if we do not beware of that tyranny and craft which led one of the finest nations in Europe to the brink of atheism and ruin, and which are persistently straining every nerve to gain points of advantage which may restore their rule over ourselves. There are some who tell us that the way to prevent this is to maintain strong Protestant State Churches. This

at a time when the largest of these Churches is the most successful recruiting field for Romish conversions, and when the existence of any Protestant State Church is the ground for increasing demands on the British treasury, and when it will furnish a plea, ere very long, on the basis of political justice, for a Roman Catholic Establishment in Ireland—a plea which, in the present temper of our statesmen, they seem too likely to grant. The policy of the great Robert Bruce was not to leave old feudal castles standing which might become the stronghold of the invader. Freedom and truth fight their battle best in the open field. Let this be added, that these Protestant State Churches are the most fruitful cause of heart-burning and discord among Protestants themselves, and have divided us, politically and socially, all along the line into two nations—the Established and Nonconforming. What the interference of the civil power did in France, when it took sides between Romanist and Huguenot, it is doing again, in its measure, among ourselves. It is surely full time for us to learn that peace can follow only in the track of justice, and that the Government sword, in any form, thrust into the domain of conscience, is a constant peril to true religion, and a detriment to the best interests of the State.

THE ERSKINES: EBENEZER AND RALPH.

The two brothers, Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, lead us to the origin of the Secession Church, one of the branches of what is now known as the United Presbyterian. We may mention, for the sake of the general reader, that the other branch of that Church, the Relief, had its own founder, Thomas Gillespie, second to none in his day for sincerity of heart and elevation of character; and that, besides Ebenezer Erskine, there were, at the immediate origin of the Secession, three other men of much force and individuality,—William Wilson, Alexander Moncrieff, and James Fisher,—thus parting the parent stream, like a more ancient river, into four heads. At present, we shall confine our notice to the two Erskines, including brief glances at the men around them, and the events that have followed, so far as suggested by their work.

The Erskines were from several causes urged into a more prominent place, and they have, through their writings, left us means of forming a more distinct estimate of their relation to their time, and of their

bearing on the religious history of Scotland. They belonged to an old and honourable family that draws its name from the parish of Erskine on the Clyde, Ir-isgin, *the green mound*, and that carries them to the seat of the ancient British stock which fixed its names on the soil, and lingered there to the dawn of written Scottish history. One of the family took a foremost place in the Reformation, when, along with Argyle and Glencairn, in 1557, Erskine of Dun subscribed the Godly Band, or, as we should now call it, the Religious Bond, and became one of the Lords of the Congregation. The branch of the family to which the fathers of the Secession belonged was the Erskines of Shielfield, near Dryburgh, and their father was Henry Erskine, a minister whose life was passed in the most troublous times of Scottish Church History. He was settled at Cornhill, in Northumberland, and was one of the Nonconformists ejected on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662. He removed into Scotland, and suffered fine, imprisonment, and exile under the Episcopal domination of the time. After the Revolution, he became minister of Whitsome, and then of Chirnside, in Berwickshire, where he died in 1696; and it was under his ministry that the famous Thomas Boston received his first religious impressions. His death was as remarkable as his life for its Christian faith, and made such an impression on his two sons that they often spoke of it afterwards as that which determined their religious character. The mother of

Ebenezer and Ralph was Margaret Halcro, from Orkney, of Scandinavian lineage, descended from Halcro, Prince of Denmark, and springing, not very remotely, from the Stuart line, by a grand-daughter of James V. Those who believe in the influence of blood might find a curious union of the Celtic fervour and the Norse resolution in these fathers of the Secession.

Ebenezer, the elder brother, was born at Dryburgh. A fragment of the house occupied by his father is pointed out, not far from the venerable Abbey which so many visit to see the last resting-place of Sir Walter Scott, looking down on 'Tweed's fair flood and all o'er Teviotdale.' The year of his birth was 1680, the time of the Queensferry Paper and Sanquhar Declaration, and other appeals to God and man uplifted by the almost despairing remnant that stood at bay after Bothwell, and that were afterwards cast into the hottest of the furnace, known by the persecuted as 'the killing time.' It was just a hundred years later, in 1780, when Moderatism was darkest, that Thomas Chalmers was born, as if God's witnesses, and the Church's children of revival, came into the world at the hour of midnight.

He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, to which he went when only fourteen; but he studied for nine years, five in classics and philosophy and four in theology. He was licensed to preach when twenty-three years of age, by the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy, and settled in 1703 at Portmoak, a quiet rural

parish at the foot of the twin Lomonds, and skirting the shore of the picturesque Lochleven. An island close by had been the seat of the Culdees, another had been the prison-house of Mary, and in the cleft of the hills John Knox had preached and dispensed the sacrament. The time also was full of room for thought. It was shaking with the heave of the Revolution; the rumours of Jacobite plots filled the air; William III. had just died; Anne reigned in his stead, to the great joy of the High Church party; and the hope was strong of first depriving the Presbyterian Church of its freedom, and then of replacing it by the Church of the Charleses and Jameses. Carstares, the father of the Revolution Settlement, had left London when he could be no longer useful, and came down to Edinburgh in this year, 1703, to preside over an Assembly full of alarms and forebodings. These things could not fail to exercise the mind of Ebenezer Erskine, and help to form his views, but the result came out afterwards.

At first he seems to have been occupied chiefly with his ministerial work, and to have felt considerable difficulty in it. His settlement took place heartily in accordance with the law of the time, which was a call from the heritors and elders, with the concurrence of the parishioners, corresponding to the state of things which Dr. Chalmers wished to restore by his celebrated *Veto Act*. But, though the concurrence was given, there appears to have been little active interest. His sermons were committed closely to memory, and

repeated, for reading was then out of the question. Yet, from the fault either of his memory or feeling, he had such difficulty in preserving his line of thought, that, unless he kept his eyes fixed on a particular stone in the wall opposite, he was in terror lest he should break down. But, by degrees, freedom and warmth came to him, and so perceptibly that the hearers experienced a new impression. The reason of the change was in his own spirit. Always sincere and earnest, he had yet known God's truth more with the convincement of the understanding than the realization of the heart; and a natural consequence was, that its freeness and fulness, as it gathers round Christ, were not clear to him. He had married a woman of great intelligence and spirituality, Alison Turpie, who fell into a depressed state of mind. In dealing with this he was led to more distinct views of the Gospel, and her remarkable character became a stimulating influence in his life. His memory was quickened and flooded by his heart, and his constrained manner changed into ease and vigour. He had the external advantages of a public speaker in his appearance and voice and native dignity of bearing; but the new power of his preaching lay in the conviction he had gained of evangelical truth, and in the central place he gave it in his message. His own people were roused to unwonted attention. Note-taking became a prevalent practice, and he sought to guide them in it by the way in which he arranged and announced his plan

of discourses. The praise of the church took wing with such fervour that one of the narrators says,—'Never can I hear such delightful melody till I get to heaven.' A Thursday lecture was commenced, for which masters and servants prepared their affairs so as to be present; and large audiences attended the diets of examination, which were schools of theology for the people, and the absence of which has not found any proper compensation in our times. If, in some free way, there could be still the 'hearing and asking questions,' which has so high an ancestry, it might help to repair the broken religious knowledge of the Christian Church. Bible instruction, as much as spiritual impression, is a want of the day, and the one cannot be powerful without the other. By all these means there was a revival of the most healthful kind in the parish of Portmoak, and it spread to the districts round about. There were certain centres to which the people of Scotland at that time gathered to attend the sacraments, and Ebenezer Erskine's parish became one of them. They came flocking in thousands, some of them from a distance of sixty miles. We can now form little idea (at least, we in the south of Scotland) of these great occasions, to which they looked forward, as the ancient Israelites did to their seasons of pilgrimage, and for which the people of the places visited made preparation in their houses and 'meal girnels' against the inflow of sojourners. No doubt they became subject to abuse in the decline of religious

feeling at the close of the last century; but at an earlier period they were seasons of special quickening and ingathering to the churches. There are few finer things than the description given by Blackadder of one of these open-air assemblies in the Merse, in the time of persecution, when 3,200 communicated; and, for the light it throws even on later times, we shall quote a portion of it.

'They had to place picquets of horsemen towards the suspected parts, and single horsemen at greater distances, to give warning, for the Earl of Hume, as ramp a youth as any in the country, had threatened to assault the meeting with his men and militia, and to make their horses drink the communion wine and trample the sacred elements under foot.' 'Every means,' Blackadder continues, 'was taken to compose the multitude, and prevent any affront that might be offered to so solemn and sacred a work, when they had to stay three days together, sojourning *by the lions' dens and the mountains of the leopards*. . . . The place where we convened seemed to have been formed on purpose. It was a green and pleasant haugh, fast by the water side (the Whitadder). On either hand there was a spacious brae, in form of a half-round, covered with delightful pasture, and rising with a gentle slope to a goodly height. Above us was the clear blue sky, for it was a sweet and calm Sabbath morning, promising to be indeed one of the days of the Son of man. There was a solemnity in the place befitting the occa-

sion, and elevating the whole soul to a pure and holy frame. The communion tables were spread on the green by the water, and around them the people had arranged themselves in decent order. But the far greater multitude sat on the brae-face, which was crowded from top to bottom, full as pleasant a sight as was ever seen of that sort. At first there was some apprehension from enemies; but the people sat undisturbed, and the whole was closed in as orderly a way as it had been in the time of Scotland's brightest noon. And truly the spectacle of so many grave, composed, and devout faces must have struck the adversaries with awe, and been more formidable than any outward ability of fierce looks and warlike array. We desired not the countenance of earthly kings; there was a spiritual and divine majesty shining on the work, and sensible evidence that the Great Master of assemblies was present in the midst. Though our vows were not offered within the courts of God's house, they wanted not sincerity of heart, which is better than the reverence of sanctuaries. Amidst the lonely mountains we remembered the words of our Lord, that true worship was not peculiar to Jerusalem or Samaria, that the beauty of holiness consisted not in consecrated buildings or material temples. We remembered the ark of the Israelites, which had sojourned for years in the desert, with no dwelling-place but the tabernacles of the plain. We thought of Abraham and the ancient patriarchs, who laid their victims on the rocks for an

altar, and burned sweet incense under the shade of the green tree. In that day Zion put on the beauty of Sharon and Carmel; the mountains broke forth into singing, and the desert place was made to bud and blossom as the rose. Few such days were seen in the desolate Church of Scotland, and few will ever witness the like. There was a rich and plentiful effusion of the Spirit shed abroad on many hearts. Their souls, filled with heavenly transports, seemed to breathe in a diviner element, and to burn upwards, as with the fire of a pure and holy devotion. The ministers were visibly assisted to speak home to the consciences of the hearers. It seemed as if God had touched their lips with a live coal from off his altar, for they who witnessed declared they carried more like ambassadors from the court of heaven than men cast in earthly mould. The communion was peaceably concluded, all the people heartily offering up their gratitude, and singing with a joyful noise to the Rock of their salvation. It was pleasant, as the night fell, to hear their melody swelling in full unison along the hill, the whole congregation joining with one accord, and praising God with the voice of psalms.'

We have given these extracts at the greater length that the spirit of these gatherings may be understood, so calm in the face of hills and sky, and yet so deep and fervid; and that it may be seen by what means the love of the Gospel was preserved in so many hearts amid the persecution of the seventeenth century

and the coldness of the eighteenth. More than a century after this communion in the Merse, Dr. Waugh, speaking of those of the Secession, held in a place not far distant, says that 'an angel might have lingered on his errand of mercy to hear the Gospel preached on Stitchel brae.'

Year after year, to the number of nearly thirty, such occasions took place at Portmoak, and by their means, and his presence at other places, Ebenezer Erskine exercised an influence not to be measured in any way by the quiet spot where he lived. In his diary, in 1714, he speaks of a Sabbath before the sacrament, when already, in expectation of the event, there was a great company of people assembled, so that he was obliged to preach in the open field. 'I was,' he says, 'under great fear as to my through-bearing in the work of the day, before I went forth to public worship, which put me to my knees. But the Lord was pleased graciously to hear and pity, for I never remember that I had more freedom in my life than this day in delivering my Master's message. The Lord gave me a composure of mind, and suggested many things to me in speaking which I had not so much as thought on before. The people heard with a great deal of greediness and attention, so as if they would have drawn the word out of me. I have heard, since the sermon was over, that some were made to go home with vehement longings after Christ.' He remained in Portmoak till the year 1731, notwith-

standing several strong attempts to remove him to larger spheres. During all this time his name was becoming more widely known, and his influence was increasing. His character had also deepened through severe family afflictions. Child after child was taken, and his wife in 1720. The intercourse between him and his brother Ralph is, at this time, of a peculiarly touching kind, and his manner of thought and speech may be learned by an extract from a letter in the midst of these trials.

'How sweet a balance may it be to our spirits under the loss of such dear relations, to think of the heartsome work they are employed in, the heartsome company they are joined to, and the lightsome house of many mansions wherein they dwell, not as passengers, but as pillars that shall go no more out. Let us *up with our drooping hearts;* for the same chariot that carried our worthy friends to glory, where they walk with Christ in white, will speedily return to fetch us also; and, though they and we drop the mantle of the body in the passage, yet we shall receive it again with advantage in the morning of the resurrection, when these vile bodies shall be made like unto the glorious body of the Lord Jesus.'

In 1731 he received a call to Stirling, to the church which had been occupied by James Guthrie, one of the most courageous ministers of his time, and the first of those who suffered martyrdom after the restoration of Charles II. The call was left to the

decision of the presbytery, and he was sent to Stirling. So strong was the attachment of his people at Portmoak that some of them removed their residence to enjoy a continuance of his ministry. His entrance on his new work promised a large increase of usefulness, but it was to be in another way than was anticipated; and the training in trial and obscurity was to be, in the language of the prophet, 'a hiding in the shadow of God's hand, to make him a polished shaft.' In order to see how this came about, we must look back.

John Livingstone, in his interesting letters, tells of an old Covenanter who was so vexed by the appearance of declension after the great year of 1638 that he said, 'I think that the Church of Scotland is just like Adam in Paradise, that cannot continue in integrity a moment.' It is probably as true of other Churches as of the Church of Scotland, and it is some ground of consolation that times of declension have always had their witnesses, and also their revivals. It might have been thought that, after the heavy hand of persecution was removed in 1688, there would have been a long and happy period of religious progress. But it was not so, and there were causes for it. At the restoration of Charles II., four hundred of the most devoted ministers were expelled from their charges, and their places supplied by a time-serving, ignorant, and often immoral class of clergy. This character is given to them by men who were not their opponents.

Worthy men remained among 'the indulged,' but they were compromised by their position, and unable or afraid to take a decided stand. For twenty-eight long years the withering curse of an inefficient clergy lay on a great part of Scotland, and a whole generation grew up under it; for, though the Gospel was faithfully preached on the hills and the scaffolds, it only reached a limited number. When the Revolution came, only sixty of the ejected ministers remained; and those who had filled the vacant charges were most of them willing to retain place and pay by compliance. It is a question whether some parts of Scotland ever recovered fully the blight of that time, and it has been felt most where the faithfulness of the Covenant men left the greatest number of empty pulpits. In consequence of this, the old struggle of the seventeenth century had to be renewed in the eighteenth, with this favourable difference, that the Revolution had brought religious liberty, and that any persecution was more social than political.

There were two questions that rose as the testing ones of the day, and that touched the old principles which are debated in every age under different forms—truth and freedom. These two questions gave the public life of the Erskines and their friends that meaning which they have for us. Let us glance at them. The question of truth was raised in the case of one Professor Simson of Glasgow, in 1714, whose teaching, as far as it can be understood through his

dim language, was of an Arian kind, and who claimed to have the sympathy of 'the enlightened members of the Assembly.' With him there was Professor Campbell of St. Andrews, who, in defending the apostles from what was beginning to be esteemed the odious charge of enthusiasm, denounced such expressions as 'consulting the throne of grace,' 'laying their matters before the Lord, and imploring his light and direction,' as 'terms of art much used by enthusiasts.' Views entertained by him, that were admitted to strike at the root of revealed religion, were condoned after some loose explanations. Protests against this laxity form part of the struggle of the time. But it took another shape, which had more lasting effects. One day Thomas Boston, when visiting in the house of one of his people at Simprin, found a little old book above the window-head, which he took down and began to read. It was a book that has become famous in Scotland, the *Marrow of Modern Divinity*. It had been brought from England, many years before, in the knapsack of a soldier who had fought in the Commonwealth wars, and it had lain, like a hidden seed, in that quiet corner. The book had been written, or rather compiled, by one Edward Fisher, the son of an English knight, and a Master of Arts of Oxford. It gave, in the form of a dialogue, the opinions of the leading Reformers, Luther and Calvin, and of such English divines as Hall and Hooker, on the doctrines of grace and the offer of the Gospel. The object of

the book was to clear away the barriers which are so often raised between the sinner and Christ, in the shape of certain conditions,—such as repentance or some degree of outward or inward reformation,—and to present Him immediately with the words, 'Whosoever will, let him come,' assured that, in heartily receiving Christ, full repentance and a new life will follow. The system of Neonomianism, as it was called, which changed the Gospel into a modified and easier kind of law, had grown up in Scotland, as elsewhere, and this little book became the instrument of a revival of clearer and fuller Gospel preaching. It did what the discovery of Luther on the Galatians in the house of a country schoolmaster has done for Sweden of late years, or, to use a Scripture figure, what the bones of Elisha did for the body of the man cast into his sepulchre, when 'he revived and stood up on his feet.' Such remarkable instances of the vitality of truth over the graves of prophets and preachers occur ever and again in the history of the Church. Boston tells us that he 'rejoiced in the book as a light which the Lord had seasonably struck up to him in his darkness, that he digested its doctrine and began to preach it.' Through him it found its way into the hands of James Hog of Carnock, who republished it, with a recommendation, in 1717. It attracted the attention of a number in the Assembly, and especially of Principal Haddow of St. Andrews, who instituted a prosecution against its friends as guilty of Antinomian errors.

After much controversy, twelve ministers who held to the views so stigmatized were condemned to be rebuked and admonished at the bar, and narrowly escaped deposition. The whole discussion was finding its counterpart at the same time in Germany, in the prosecution of the Pietists, Spener and Francke, by the cold, formal orthodoxy of the period,—for the tides of Church life in different countries have always a connection. It was a tendency to exalt the moral side of the Bible at the expense of the evangelical, which led to a system of naturalism, and in the end deprived morality itself of the deep meaning and motives that distinguish Christianity from a rationalized paganism. Looked at from our time, the anti-evangelical growth within the Scottish Church was part of that wide movement which produced the latitudinarianism of the Church of England, weakened the spirit of Nonconformity, brought down the old Presbyterianism of the Puritans, first to Pelagianism, and then to Socinianism, and in Germany led to the long reign of Rationalism which Pietism retarded but did not prevent. The importance of this survey to our sketch will be seen in the fact that Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine were prominent supporters of the 'Marrow' theology, that Ebenezer drew up the representation of its principles which was condemned by the Assembly, and that the view of the Gospel contained in it was the basis of the Secession preaching, as it has been of the clear and unfettered offer

of Christ in great seasons of quickening ever since.

After the question of truth, we come to that of freedom, which has a closer connection with it than may be at first apparent. Certainly in Scotland it is the friends of evangelical doctrine who have always shown themselves the friends of the freedom of the Christian people. At the Revolution, the choice of the minister was granted to the congregation, though, it must be confessed, in an imperfect way. In 1712 lay patronage was introduced in a bill hurriedly carried through the British Parliament by the intrigues of the High Church and Jacobite party. It was in direct opposition to the Treaty of Union, and the whole procedure was treacherous in motive and manner. At first there was a yearly remonstrance by the Assembly against it, but it ceased as doctrinal defection set in; and ministers began to be forced, under various pretexts, upon unwilling churches. At last, in 1731, an enactment was passed by which, in cases where the patron declined to present, the choice of the minister was given to a majority of the heritors and elders being Protestants, without regard to the will of the congregation in any way. In many cases this put the choice of the minister in the hands of the Jacobites and High Church Episcopalians; yet the Assembly passed it summarily, in violation of the Barrier Act, and refused to hear or heed the protests lodged against it. During all this time the evangelical

party had been maintaining a weary battle for popular rights, in the face of an increasing majority, and now the door was closed against remonstrance. It is always a dangerous act to shut a safety valve, but a change was coming over the spirit of the times. Old Wodrow, who had written the history of the high-handed persecution of the last century, describes, in a melancholy tone, the flippancy of habits and superficial religious training of the ministry of his time, and predicts the evil that is impending from a new quarter. Thomas Boston of Ettrick died just after this Act was put in force, and he finishes his memoirs in sadness, and yet in hope. 'I bless my God in Jesus Christ that ever He made me a Christian, and took an early dealing with my soul; that ever He made me a minister of the Gospel, and gave me some insight into his grace. The world hath all along been a step-dame to me, and wheresoever I would have attempted to have nestled in it, there was a thorn of uneasiness laid for me. Man is born crying, lives complaining, and dies disappointed from that quarter. I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord!'

Boston died on the 20th of May, and in that same year, October 10, 1732, it fell to Ebenezer Erskine, as moderator, to preach the opening sermon of the Synod of Perth and Stirling. It is another illustration of a living witness being always ready to take the place of the dead. The text he chose was Psalm cxviii. 22, 'The stone which the builders refused is

become the head-stone of the corner.' There is no distinguished power of intellect in the sermon; the preacher evidently made no effort to reach it. In a plain and fearless way, but without any personalities, he sets forth the defections of the time, claims for Christ that headship in the Church which belongs to Him, and for the people that liberty which is their birthright under his rule. The outspoken honesty of the sermon gave great offence to a number in the Synod, and he was sentenced to be rebuked and admonished. He appealed to the Assembly, and, at its meeting in May 1733, the conduct of the Synod was sustained, and rebuke and admonition again imposed on him. He and three others, William Wilson of Perth, Alexander Moncrieff of Abernethy, and James Fisher of Kinclaven, offered a protest, which, if received, would have relieved conscience, and probably settled the matter for the time. It was refused, but was left lying on the table, or rather accidentally fell from it, and was unheeded, till a fiery member of the Court picked it up and read it. Its contents were simply a claim, in respectful terms, to adhere to the testimony already given, but the reading of it set the Assembly in a flame. The protestors were recalled, ordered to disown it, and, on declaring that they could not, they were handed over to the Commission, with a charge that, if they persisted, they should be suspended from office, and, if still unrepentant, visited with a yet higher censure. The case now went on its

way. When the Commission met, they refused to withdraw their protest, and were first suspended, and then loosed from the congregations where they ministered. The ordeal was a very trying one, for they were compelled to plead apart, and subjected to the strongest urgency, threatened by opponents, and besought by friends who sympathized with them. But the question was one of conscience, and they knew that if they yielded they would be silenced. There is a tradition in South Queensferry that, when Ebenezer Erskine was on his way home to Stirling from the Commission, he stopped to assist at the communion of his friend James Kidd of Queensferry, who was one of the Marrow men, and who, though he did not join Erskine, always continued his warm friend. The first psalm given out by the silenced minister was—

> 'My closed lips, O Lord, by Thee
> Let them be opened;
> Then shall thy praises by my mouth
> Abroad be published.'

The people at once saw and felt the reference, and the words in due time found their fulfilment. He seems to have had a curious felicity in the selection of his psalms, of which another instance has come down. While there was a strong current of feeling through Scotland in favour of the Seceders, there was also a keen counter current that made itself both felt and seen. On one occasion, when he was about to preach at a neighbouring town, the opposition was so strong

that there was a resolve he should not be heard, and a mob, with frowning looks, waited his appearance. But he was one of those who did not regard 'the company of spearmen, the multitude of the bulls of the people,' any more than he did unjust authority. His calm, dignified look cleared a way for him, and he gave out the psalm—

> 'Against me though an host encamp,
> My heart yet fearless is.'

On December 5, 1733, the four brethren met at Gairney Bridge, near Kinross; and there, after solemn prayer and counsel, the first Associate Presbytery was formed. It was the fountainhead of the Secession Church, which, united with the Relief, now numbers above five hundred congregations in Scotland, has sent large detachments to England, Ireland, the Colonies, and the United States, and has its missions in the four quarters of the world. Before, however, any decided step was taken, an effort was made by the Established Church to recall them to its fold. The mistake which had been committed was seen, and the majority, which had carried matters with so high a hand, stood aside to let the minority hold out the olive branch. The four suspended ministers were released from their sentence, some obnoxious steps were recalled, and Ebenezer Erskine was chosen Moderator of the Presbytery of Stirling. But, after lengthened deliberation, they declined to go back; and the Assembly, having

waited for some time, finally and formally deposed them from the ministry in 1740. This refusal on their part was a great disappointment and grief to their friends in the Establishment, and it has been often blamed since by evangelical ministers of the Church of Scotland who admired their first stand, and sympathized with their principles. It has been said that, if they had carried their zeal, and the weight of their character, to the help of the evangelical minority who were struggling within the Church, the defection might have been stayed, the long reign of Moderatism prevented, and, it may be, the Disruption averted, by a '*free reformed Church of Scotland in union with the State.*' We shall not here discuss the question whether such a vision could ever become a reality, or, if it could, whether it would be desirable—we shall look at it in a way that requires less controversy. And first, I think, it will be granted by fair-minded men that it was not pride or vindictive feeling that influenced them in their refusal. The personal wrong they had sustained was repaired, and honour unasked offered to their leader. They had ties of friendship in the Church that remained unbroken to the last, and they had in many respects a doubtful prospect, in going forth, as they largely did, as pioneers into an untried land. They must have refused from what they believed to be best for the Christian cause in Scotland, and, if there was feeling, it must have been Christian feeling as opposed to the selfishly personal.

Did they, then, err through a mistaken judgment? On the contrary, we believe they measured correctly the spirit of the time, and chose wisely the best way of counteracting it. They were aware that the Moderate party had not changed their views, but were merely holding their hand, and biding their time, for prudential reasons. This was very soon proved by the course things took. They knew that the root of the evil, in the action of the Government to the Church, was still there, and its removal meanwhile was beyond their power. They were called to a great work of evangelization in Scotland, and there was a tide of sympathy among masses of the people ready to bear them on. They could meet this only in the path of freedom, unhampered by ecclesiastical limits and restrictions; and, if they neglected it, there was much doubt if it would rise again. The centuries belong to those who know how to seize the hours. Had they re-entered the Church, and felt themselves compelled again to leave, it would have been to meet hesitation and chill of feeling among the people. The question then was, whether more could be done by a few additional evangelicals within the Church, protesting and working under constant constraint, or by a compact body outside, free to move through the whole of Scotland, and to meet that longing for the Gospel which prevailed in so many hearts. There are two cases that throw some light on the question. The one is in Germany, where the corresponding movement of

Spener and Francke died away under the advancing march of Rationalism,—when, so far as we can see, the history of the Protestant Church in that country might have been a very different one, if it had possessed a free Evangelical Church that could have appealed to the people before they were drugged into indifference. The dread of breaking uniformity has been well-nigh the ruin of life and unity. The other case is nearer to us. Who can think that John Wesley and his friends would have done so much for the cause of Christ in England, and throughout the world, if they had been persuaded to take the step they were once inclined to, and had remained in the Anglican Church? Long since, the ripples would have closed over their movement, instead of those currents that are finding their way to the ends of the earth. Far from the Secession of the Erskines retarding the return of evangelical life in Scotland, we believe it was this above all which helped to preserve it in the National Church, and which stimulated its revival. Had they gone back, it might have prevented the Disruption, but it might have done it at the hazard of something like decay and death. No one can suppose that the forecast of these issues was in the minds of the men who had to make their choice; but there are inward impulses which in God's hand are in the place of eyes, and there is a breath of freedom on the face which tells the way from prison-houses in the dark. It is one thing to keep men in, even with a good conscience, and another to

bring them back. The early spring may hold the buds in bonds, folded and reconciled to their constraint; but when they have broken into flower they cannot be charmed into their old places, for they know that summer is nigh. And when God breathes on his garden, there are spring-times of expansion which lead into the future by a way which men know not. At such seasons witnesses like Luther, and Knox, and Whitefield, and Chalmers hear the cry, 'O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain: lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid.' But, to answer it, they must hear that other word, 'Shake thyself from the dust: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion!' That the Erskines heard that voice we, for our part, cannot doubt.

On the first Sabbath after his deposition, in 1740, Ebenezer Erskine found the doors of the church and of the churchyard made fast against him by the civil authorities, at the instance of the Assembly. With the pulpit Bible in his hands, which it was then the custom to bring from the manse, and surrounded by an immense multitude, he moved to a place still pointed out, on the height just below the ramparts of Stirling Castle, and there held his first service. It is a spot full of wonderful interest to the eye and memory. The precipitous range of the Ochils runs from the edge of the Forth, like a huge barbican, with the deep fosse of Menteith behind it, and beyond, like an inner

wall, the Grampian range, with the outstanding battlements of Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond, the fastnesses of freedom from the days of the Romans. Seven noted battlefields can be counted from the rock above: on the one side, Stirling Bridge, where Wallace gained the victory which made the final conquest of Scotland impossible, and on the other, the field of Bannockburn, which secured final independence—the two stages in all great conflicts, endurance and triumph. It is not out of keeping to connect the spiritual struggle with these national conflicts. They are links in one chain, and they rise in value as time goes on, reminding us of the promise, 'for brass I will bring gold!'

There is another coincidence worth notice that comes nearer. Eighty years past, in 1660, James Guthrie, one of the most illustrious of our Scottish martyrs, had preached his last sermon in Stirling, not long before his execution. His head was exposed for twenty-seven years on the Netherbow port of Edinburgh, till Alexander Hamilton, a youth at college, took it down under peril of his life. Many years afterwards, Alexander Hamilton was called to occupy the pulpit and manse of James Guthrie. Examining a closet, he lighted upon some old papers that had lain there he knew not how long, and among them he discovered the manuscript of Guthrie's last sermon, in his own hand. Ebenezer Erskine came to be Hamilton's colleague, and, hearing of the sermon, got his consent to publish it. All this is related at length in the

preface, and the subject is given—'*A sermon preached at Stirling by Mr. James Guthrie, on the Sabbath day, in the forenoon, upon the* 19*th day of August* 1660, *upon the* 22*nd verse of the* 14*th chapter of Matthew. He did also read the* 23*rd and* 24*th verses of the same chapter; but had no occasion to preach any more: he being imprisoned the Thursday thereafter.*' The text of Guthrie's sermon, thus interrupted, was, 'And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before Him unto the other side, while He sent the multitudes away.' Now the text of the first sermon which Ebenezer Erskine preached beneath the ramparts of Stirling, after his deposition, was Matt. viii. 27, 'But the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?' There can be little doubt that, while Erskine avoided Guthrie's text, he sought one kindred to it, and thereby intimated his desire to take up the old line of witness-bearing. It deserves to be noted that most, if not all, of the early fathers of the movement, sprang from the ancestry that had suffered in the persecuting time. The first psalm given out was the noble 60th, which passes through all the moods of dismay and confidence, prayer and praise.

'O Lord, Thou hast rejected us,
And scattered us abroad;
Thou justly hast displeased been:
Return to us, O God.

. . . . . .

And yet a banner Thou hast given
To them who Thee do fear;
That it by them, because of truth,
Displayed may appear.

That thy beloved people may
Delivered be from thrall,
Save with the power of thy right hand,
And hear me when I call.' [1]

It is natural to pass at this part of the sketch to the other brother, and the notice may be more brief as it does not need to deal with the public matters already related. Some have fancifully thought Ebenezer got his name, 'the stone of help,' from the Bass Rock, to the prison of which his father had been sentenced, but not committed. It is much more likely it was the expression of faith in the midst of the dark time round his birth. Ralph got his name in Northumberland, where it has been a common one from the time of the warlike Percies, and he owed it probably to some friend of his father's. He was born at Monilaws, within the English border, in 1685, and was thus five years younger than his brother. He studied and took his degree at Edinburgh, was licensed to preach in 1707, and settled in the collegiate charge of Dunfermline, where he spent all the rest of his life, first as a minister of the Established, and then of the Secession Church. Dunfermline, like Stirling, has its

[1] One thing more may be noted, that the venerable Dr. Hay of Kinross, as Moderator, gave the same psalm to be sung at the union of the Secession and Relief Churches in 1847, and thus commenced with it the United Presbyterian Church.

old associations with the history of Scotland. Its romantic dell, and the eminence overhanging it, made it the favourite residence of our early kings. It was a centre of civilizing and Christian influence, when Edinburgh was a rude fortress, looking down on woods and marshes. Malcolm Canmore and the good Queen Margaret founded its once beautiful Abbey, ruined by Edward I. There they sleep together, and the long line of their children; and there, too, rests Robert Bruce, his queen, and his nephew, the gallant Randolph. It was the birthplace also of monarchs, of the unfortunate Charles I., and of his sister, the accomplished and pious Elizabeth of Bohemia, herself discrowned, but the mother of our present race of sovereigns. So much 'gentle kin' could scarcely be without its influence, and the people of Dunfermline and its neighbourhood have long been noted for their intelligence and public spirit. The town has now grown to large proportions; but, even in Ralph Erskine's ministry, he speaks of having upwards of 5000 examinable persons in the congregation. With his colleague, Mr. James Wardlaw, he visited and examined all the people once a year. He preached not only on Sabbaths, but throughout the week, and had weekly diets of catechizing for the young. His note-books show that he had anticipated much of what we think is modern, and contain his questions and lines of instruction for the children. They bear evidence of his care to improve himself in study and

reading—lists of his favourite authors, theological and philosophical, arrangements of texts for all varieties of subjects, digests of books of the Bible, large portions of which he committed to memory, and an abridgment of Hebrew grammar for his acquaintance with the original. There are expressions of regret at frequent interruptions which compelled him to persist in reading and writing till midnight, and sometimes till three or four in the morning. All through, there breathes the most devout and prayerful spirit.

Ralph, as well as Ebenezer, took a deep interest in all the controversies of the time, and he stood by his elder brother's side, though with an independent judgment. He was present at Gairney Bridge in 1733, as a witness of the formation of the presbytery there, but did not join it till 1737, and was deposed along with the others in 1740. His delay arose from the hope of seeing a better spirit and some attempt at reformation in the Church, but, disappointed in this he threw in his lot with the Seceding brethren. He had not a little struggle in carrying out his determination, for his colleague, a worthy Christian man, was strongly opposed, and a number of the elders were in doubt; but at last the great majority of them, and of the people, supported him in his resolution. The communions at Dunfermline had already been noted seasons, and now they were attended by still greater numbers. There is a notice of one of them in his journal, shortly after he joined the Secession.

'Sabbath, July 10, 1737.—The Sacrament was in Dunfermline; and I preached half-an-hour before the action (service) began, about half before eight in the morning, upon Matt. iii. 17. The tables began to be served a little after nine, and continued till about twelve at night, there being between four and five thousand communicants. Ministers were well helped, and many people heartened.'

It may be interesting, and helpful to the understanding of the time, to give the introduction to one of Ralph Erskine's sermons on a previous occasion. The text is Isaiah xlii. 6, '*I will give Thee for a covenant of the people.*' The sermon, or rather series of sermons, is in a style very different from that of our day, but there is a quaint realism about it, an evangelical glow, and a constant contact with the hearts of the hearers that accounts for his great popularity as a preacher.

'My dear Friends, if your ears be open, there are three things that you may hear this day. 1st, You may hear what ministers will say; but that is a matter of small moment, and it is but a poor errand, if you be only come to hear what a poor, mortal, sinful fellow-creature will say to you. Little matter what we say, if God himself do not speak into your hearts. Therefore, 2nd, You may hear what God says to you—this is a matter of great moment, for God's speaking can make us both hear and live, though we were as deaf as stocks, and as dead as stones. He spake the old Creation out of nothing, and He can speak a new creation out of us, who are worse than nothing. Indeed, it will be a wonder if He do not speak terrible things in righteousness unto us, because of our sins; and really if He speak to us out of Christ, it will be dreadful. Therefore, 3rd, You may come

to hear what God says to Christ, and this is of the greatest moment of all. To hear what ministers say to the congregation is a little thing; to hear what God says to you is a great thing. But to hear what God says to Christ is one of the greatest things that can be heard. God in his Word speaks to the sons of men, and perhaps you have noticed that; but He speaks also to the Son of God, to his eternal Son, and perhaps that is what you have little noticed to this day. Why, what says He to Christ? Is it anything that we, the people, are concerned with? Yea, what He says to Christ is of the greatest concern to us, and it is this, *I will give Thee for a covenant of the people.* Oh, might the great and eternal Father say to his great and eternal Son, who is one God with Him and the eternal Spirit, Yonder is a company of people meeting in *Dunfermline* about a communion table, with a view to the sealing of the Covenant; but their work will be to little purpose if they view not Thee, my beloved Son, to be the spring, the spirit, the life, the all of the Covenant. Their Covenant will be but a poor bargain without Thee; and, therefore, *behold, I will give* THEE *for a covenant of the people!* Oh, a sweet saying as ever was said in the world! and no wonder, for 'tis a part of a sermon whereof God himself is the preacher, and Christ is the text, and the Spirit is the voice that conveys it.'

There is throughout the sermon the same boldness of appeal, with deep reverence in the heart of it, touches of pathos, and a lively fancy steeped in Bible language and illustration, which show how, in the movements of his day, he was such a quickening and persuading preacher.

His character differed considerably from that of his brother. Some one said of Ebenezer that to hear him was 'to listen to the Gospel presented in its majesty;' and he excelled in strength and leading power. But Ralph had more of the orator, and of that subtlety of thought and fervour of emotion which met so remark-

ably in Samuel Rutherford. In general literature, too, he was far in advance of most of the ministers of his time, and there was, according to tradition, a humanism in his recreations that stumbled the more rigid, but attracted to him the mass of the people. The story of his practice on the 'wee sinful fiddle' is so well known that we do not repeat it, but there is another, showing the warmth of attachment to Ralph and his preaching, which, so far as we are aware, has never been in type. At West Linton, which was one of the early head-quarters of the Secession south of the Forth, there was a gathering of thousands to a sacrament, and the two brothers were present. The communion took place in the open air, on a beautiful green, beside the little river Lyne. After the services, the ministers, in order to reach the manse, had to cross the stream on step-ping-stones. A countryman from the far north had been so delighted and edified by Ralph's preaching that, to have a few words with him, he marched through the Lyne, step for step, beside him, with the water nearly to his knees. Pulling out a large High-land snuff-horn, he put it in his hand, with the words, 'Oh, sir, take a pinch, it will do you meikle good.' Ralph readily complied, and, on his returning the horn, the worthy man, not knowing how to show his feeling, refused it, saying, 'Oh, sir, keep it, it will do me meikle good.' On telling the story, and showing the gift at the manse dinner, his brother said, 'Ralph, Ralph, ye hae blawn best, ye've brought away the horn,' with a

reference to the legend of the knight in the old tale of chivalry. It is a simple story, but it brings the two brothers near us, and lets us see how the time imprinted the little incidents on the memories of the people.

When, after his deposition, Ralph Erskine could no longer preach in the parish church, a new place of worship needed to be built. He records, with great thankfulness, that 'at least *four hundred pounds sterling* will be gathered in the parish, among the poorer sort, for the most part; and many that have given declared that, in case of need, they will give as much again.' It was a large sum for those days at the current value of money, proving what Dr. Chalmers called 'the power of littles,' and beginning a new revenue in the Christian Church that has gone on extending ever since among all denominations. A large building was soon raised, capable of containing two thousand people, and here he preached till his death. His difficulty, however, was to abide long by it. His journals, and those of his fellow-ministers, are at this time filled with notes of their travels through all the middle and south of Scotland, in nearly every case in response to invitations, and with accounts of sermons preached to hundreds and thousands of the assembled people. They had in one year applications for supply of regular preaching from seventy different societies, and could never have met a tenth of the calls, had it not been for the aid of the elders, who took their place when they were absent, and superintended the outlying districts. The

higher tone thus given to the general body of the eldership was one of the indirect benefits that arose from the Secession. A 'Seceder elder' was at first a sneer in the mouth of adversaries; but the part these men took has helped to restore this arm of strength to the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. The societies which called for preachers were, in numerous cases, fellowship meetings which had come down from the times of persecution, and they formed the centres out of which so many of the Reformed Presbyterian, Secession, and Relief churches grew. The people, unable to find spiritual food under the dry, heartless preaching of the moderate clergy, gathered themselves into little bands, and became what the prophet calls 'a dew from the Lord, as the showers upon the grass, that waited not for the sons of men.' But, with that love of stated ordinances which has always marked the best portion of the Scottish people, as soon as Gospel preaching was supplied by a Christian ministry, they flocked to it. The Erskines and their successors did not begin their work a day too soon, and the more their history and the state of the time are studied, the more clear does it become that a great opportunity would have been missed if they had not taken the step they did. One of their chief endeavours, and to this Ralph Erskine greatly contributed, was to train a young ministry, for which they wisely required a full preparatory education. He introduced their first licentiate to the twofold charge of Gateshaw and

Stitchel, in Roxburghshire. At Gateshaw, a site for building was denied them, and they had to meet for a considerable time in a sequestered hollow, through which a small burn runs to join the water of Kale. A tall old tower, called Corbet Tower, now draped in green ivy, seems to guard the entrance to a little amphitheatre where the communions were long held after they had secured a church; and from the south of Scotland and the north of England, thousands convened to Gateshaw Brae. The first minister, John Hunter, introduced by Ralph Erskine, was a young man of remarkable promise for talent, piety, and zeal, and was compared by his friends to Samuel Rutherford; but, to the great grief of the infant denomination, he died in less than three months after his settlement. Principal Robertson, the historian, when a youth, went to one of the gatherings in East Lothian where Hunter preached, and years afterwards he spoke of the sermon. 'He addressed his audience,' he says, 'in a strain of natural and profound eloquence, and a strong impression was produced. I myself was deeply affected, as well as those around me; and such was the effect that I recollected more of that sermon than of any I have ever heard. Even yet, when I retire to my studies, the recollection thrills through my mind.' The story is told, that an opponent of the Secession remarked to one of its adherents that 'God appeared to frown on the cause since He had taken away their first licentiate, a man of such gifts.' 'No,' was the reply, 'when God

long ago claimed the first-fruits, it brought a blessing on the harvest, and so will it be with the preachers of the Secession Church.'

In speaking of the influence of both the Erskines, but especially of Ralph, we must not forget their writings. When collected, they form many goodly volumes; but they were thrown off, for the most part, in single sermons and pamphlets, published in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other towns, and were scattered over Scotland. One might find them in almost every farmhouse and cottage where there was an interest in religion. They can by no means rank with the great Puritan theology of the previous century, but they were suited to their time. They were highly valued by the evangelical ministers in England, both Episcopal and Nonconformist, crossed the sea to America, and were translated into the tongues of Wales and Holland. On a market-day in Rotterdam, the farmers have often been heard inquiring at the bookstalls for *Erskeyna*. Not least among these have been the *Gospel Sonnets* of Ralph Erskine. They went through an immense number of editions in this country and America; and in the homes of the pious peasantry they took the place of the old minstrel literature. Perhaps we should say that in many hearts the two entered into a loving friendship, for real chivalry and Christianity are not so wide apart, and the love of country is never so dear as when it is put under the care of the love of God. The

sonnets are full of curious riddles and rhymes, and have often, it must be confessed, more of sound theology than high poetry. They will no doubt displease the *friends of broad culture*, and are constructed for different organs than the refined senses of 'sweetness and light.' Those who care little for the ointment, but a great deal for the flies and the cleverness that picks them out, will rejoice to find exercise for their faculty. But there must be something of fragrance in a book that would make a man like Andrew Fuller say: 'One day, in particular, I took up Ralph Erskine's *Gospel Sonnets*, and opening upon what he entitled "A Gospel Catechism for young Christians, or Christ all in all, and our complete Redemption," I read, and as I read I wept. Indeed, I was almost overcome with weeping, so interesting did the doctrine of eternal salvation appear to me!' And there must have been fire in the heart that broke, while it mused, into verses like these, from

STRIFE IN HEAVEN.

'Babes thither caught from womb and breast
Claim right to sing above the rest,
Because they've found the happy shore
They neither saw nor sought before.'

Or from

HEAVEN DESIRED BY SAINTS ON EARTH.

'Happy the company that's gone
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne;
How loud they sing upon the shore
To which they sailed in heart before!

Death from all death has set us free,
And will our gain for ever be;
Death loosed the massy chain of woe,
To let the mournful captives go.

Death is to us a sweet repose,
The bud was oped to show the rose;
The cage was broke to let us fly,
And build our happy nest on high.'

Having thus brought the brothers together into the same Church and work, we might go on to give the remainder of their history; but we have touched on what was really the great labour of their life, and the ground why they must always have a place in Scottish Church records. To enter fully into the rest of their course would be to raise again questions that have been long since laid, and in which time has already separated the wheat from the chaff. Their dispute with George Whitefield, because he would not identify himself with their ecclesiastical position, is well known, and we have no hesitation in saying that he was more in the right than they were, and that, if he preached the Gospel in Scotland, he could not have acted otherwise than he did. The excuse for them is, that they were heated with a conflict in which he had not shared, and that they attached an importance to the government and order of the Church which were foreign to his way of thinking. It may be that he thought too little of this, and that his immense labours have left less result from the harvest not being garnered into sheaves. He looked at Christ

above all as a Saviour; they regarded Him also as a King who has rights, of which they were very jealous. But, in any case, their spirit cannot be commended in the way they dealt by him, and still less in the uncharitable judgment they formed of the revivals at Kilsyth and Cambuslang. If they had been free from prejudice, they would have seen that the work there was really their own, and that it needed only an extension of it to make the Church of Scotland what they desired, in its laws and discipline, as well as in its life.

It would not be so easy to pronounce upon the unhappy divisions that broke out among themselves regarding what is called the 'Burgess oath.' The fact that so many good men divided into two nearly equal parts shows that it was a doubtful disputation. The fault lay first of all in the stumbling-block which the civil law put in the way of the religious conscience, and then in the temper with which they took it up—that over-hasty zeal for the house of God which devoured them, and which injured the house in the struggle to purify it. It needs a wise hand to overturn the tables of the money-changers without hurting the sacred vessels. If they were in some things narrow and intolerant, it is only saying that they were men who shared in the tone of their time, while, in their main aim and spirit, they rose above it. That they were charged with a mission to the Church, and to Scotland, is seen in this, that, notwithstanding faults

they committed, their work went forward and bore large fruit. We can recollect no great spiritual movement which has not, after its first fresh burst of life, had its period of trial—of trial, even by fire. But if it be real, that is, if Christian faith be held fast, it will come out tried like gold from the furnace, the dross gone, the precious ore safe.

There is evidence that the views of both the brothers widened and mellowed on controverted points before they died. They never wavered in the principles and positions they took up; but, after the dust of battle was laid, they spoke kindly of those with whom they had differed. Ralph died on November 6, 1752, and lies buried at Dunfermline. Owing to the nature of his illness, few of his dying words are preserved. George Whitefield, who must have heard it from friends, gives us one, and it is pleasant to have it through such a channel. It is as if we had a word from Paul about Barnabas, after their sharp contention. 'Thus,' he says, in one of his sermons on Isa. lx. 19, where he gives the last expressions of several dying Christians, 'thus died Mr. Ralph Erskine—his last words were "Victory, victory, victory!"' Of Ebenezer's death we have a more detailed account. When he heard that his brother Ralph was dead, he said, with great feeling, 'And is Ralph gone? He has twice got the start of me; he was first in Christ, and now he is first in glory.' His last public discourse was a short one,

going from his bed to the pulpit, as the people were very urgent to see and hear him. His text was, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' His very last sermon was preached from his bed to a company in the room, when he baptized a child, and he chose a text with which he had particularly wished to finish his ministry, 'This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death.' He lay on the river's brink for a while, like one of Bunyan's pilgrims, and conversed calmly with his family and those about him, of the way he had come, and the place he was going to. 'Though I die,' he said to his children, 'the Lord liveth. I have known more of God since I came to this bed than through all my life;' and to some friends conversing with him, 'I know that when my soul forsakes this tabernacle of clay it will fly as naturally to my Saviour's bosom as the bird to its nest.' He was conscious nearly to the moment of his death, shut his eyes, laid his hand under his cheek, and went to sleep, June 2, 1754, having nearly completed the seventy-fourth year of his age.

By his own desire, he was buried in the centre of his church, opposite to the pulpit, where a stone covered the spot. In consequence of a new church having been built behind the site of the old one, his grave is now in the open space in front, with a monument erected to his memory.

It is scarcely necessary to add a word about the

characters of these two brothers. It is written in their life and work. They had, as already said, individual differences, but they had more in common; and what was common belonged to the highest part of the nature, the moral and spiritual. They were sincere to the inmost fibre of their conscience, and fearless in following out their convictions. Had they lived in the previous century, they would have been preachers on the hills, or sufferers at the Grassmarket. As it was, they stood up unshrinkingly against defection, and led on what must have seemed a forlorn hope. They went out, not knowing whither they went, with a faith in God's guidance that sent them forward, though they might have had opportunity to have returned. We do not forget, in this, men of the same character who preceded and who followed them; but to them it fell prominently to build up a testimony in the land for a pure Gospel and a freely-chosen ministry. It was the wisdom, the sagacity, the zeal, and the devotion of the fathers of the Secession that originated the central body of the free Presbyterian Church of the last century, of which the Reformed Presbyterians were the one wing and the Relief the other. In the great temple of the Christian Church which is rising, there are memorials which we may cherish, without either idolatry or sectarianism; and to the Erskines belongs one of these. We do not worship them, or call them master, but we may be inspired by their example and spirit. We may confess, as we

have already done, that the very keenness of their conscience led them, at times, into intolerance; and Thomas Gillespie, of the Relief Church, had a meeker spirit and wider views of Church communion, while he was not less evangelical. But they helped to lay the foundation of true Christian breadth in contending for other principles. The first great succour to new views of religious freedom came from their demand for the place of the Christian people in the Church. When Ebenezer Erskine opposed a forced settlement at Burntisland, the noble patron of the parish invited the other members of the presbytery to dinner, but left him out, with the words, 'Mr. Erskine, you are none of us to-day.' 'Sir,' he replied, 'you do me great honour; it gives me the truest pleasure that in this we are agreed; for I scorn to be one of those who dare to oppress the Christian people, and to rob them of their just privileges.' It is this refusal to allow either State or clergy to lord it over God's heritage that has drawn forth whatever of power there is in the Churches of Scotland, and that is to enlist more active work and ready giving when the people feel that the cause is their own. But the Erskines and their friends did even more by the character of their preaching. They valued freedom for the sake of truth, and the great truth which lay close to their heart and was always in their lips was the freeness, fulness, and absolute sufficiency of Christ as a Saviour to all and every one who will receive Him. We cannot open any

one of their sermons without seeing that this was the life of their own soul, and the spring of all their work. Such men as Hervey, Toplady, Andrew Fuller, Dr. John Erskine, Dr. Andrew Thomson of St. George's, are a few of those who acknowledge their obligations to them. It was this that made their teaching so thoroughly evangelistic, and their work a missionary one, first to Scotland, then to England and Ireland, the Colonies, and the world. Before they died, the seeds of their work at home had been carried beyond the seas, and if there be anything of the mission spirit in their successors, it is owing to the large view taken of the Gospel message by the fathers of the Church. The emblem of the Church of Scotland is 'The bush burning but not consumed.' It is not as setting it aside, but, we trust, as supplementing it, that the United Presbyterian Church has adopted 'The dove with the olive leaf;' and, when the scattered children of the family are brought together into one Church again, the names of the Erskines, and the impulse they gave to Christian work, will find their acknowledged place.

EARLY HISTORY OF GLASGOW.[1]

To possess a history is that which distinguishes man from the lower creatures around him. They present the same appearance from age to age, unchanging in their instincts and habits, except in so far as they have been modified from contact with man; and, therefore, the history of one generation of irrational animals is the history of every other. But in the human race there is progressive change, and it is the part of history both to record and accelerate it. It shows us how far we have advanced beyond the past, and it treasures up the experience of that past for still further advance in the future. Without it, we would constantly require to begin the march of improvement anew, and society would be moving in a narrow, ever-returning circle, instead of in one straight and forward line. It is therefore the duty of every man to make himself acquainted with history. The Roman orator and philosopher Cicero has said that 'for a man to be ignorant of what happened before his birth is to be always a child.' He who studies carefully

[1] Lecture delivered in the City Hall, Glasgow, 1852.

and wisely the records of the past incorporates the wisdom of many previous generations with his own experience, derives benefit from their errors and losses without their follies and sufferings, and may accumulate within the limits of threescore years and ten more than the knowledge of an antediluvian memory.

While this is true of history in general, that of our own country has special claims upon us. That same Cicero has said that 'none appeared to him learned who were ignorant of the past affairs of their own nation.' God's providence has given us peculiar relations and duties to the land of our birth, and we shall understand them better, and discharge them more faithfully, when we have looked into its past annals, and learned from them accurately to discern its present position and its future prospects. In the history of Scotland we have one from which we have no reason to turn our eyes, or to blush while we read it. There may be blots on some of the pages that even the most partial might wish they could wipe out, but these do not mar its general character; and there is perhaps no country that can show more ardent patriotism in its struggles for national independence, more devotion in suffering for the cause of God's truth and man's liberty, or, to come to later times, a more rapid advance in industrial arts and social prosperity, and, considering its population, a greater number of names distinguished in science, in poetry, in philosophy, and in active benevolence — men who by their labours

have enlarged the domain of truth and augmented the materials of human happiness and progress. Our country is one not favoured in climate, or soil, or position. It was shut out by the ancient Roman from that empire which he proudly termed *the world*. It is inconsiderable in the number of its inhabitants as compared with many others, yet has it made for itself a name that is known throughout the globe,—a name which the superior wealth and power of England have not been able to obliterate, and which we trust will long continue, as significant of sterling truth and honesty, of manly independence and persevering industry, of love to men, founded on the fear of God. If we would discharge our duty to our country, we must look even at the blots on its historical page, that we may efface them if possible by a changed course; and we must contemplate its fair fame and great examples, that we may be stimulated not to prove ourselves unworthy of it.

It is our purpose to present to you some views of the history of one of the chief towns of our native country,—of what is now, indeed, the chief town, the real if not the nominal metropolis, of Scotland. Such a survey should be interesting to us as Scotsmen, because the history of Glasgow will present to a great extent the history of Scotland, and we shall attempt to look at the subject in this wider point of view, tracing the relations of the city where we live to the country at large, and seeking as much as possible broad glimpses

of the different periods as we pass through them. We shall have in this way a transverse section of our country's history that may give us some conception of the whole, and that conception perhaps may be all the clearer from our selecting one central spot whence we may take it. The survey should have interest to us as citizens of Glasgow, her adopted, if not her native-born children. It is true we have not the monumental ruins of mighty cities of the past to fill us with awe and wonder — we have neither Pantheon nor Parthenon, sculptured halls of Nineveh nor temples of Palmyra—

> 'Columns strewn
> On the waste sands, and statues fallen and cleft,
> Heaped like a host in battle overthrown.'

It may seem a vast descent to come to this city of factories, and warehouses, and streets of hewn stone, in straight and regular array; but we have this to compensate for all—the town is *our own*. This gives it an interest nearer than either Thebes or Babylon. The men who trod this soil before us, and who lie buried beneath it, were our predecessors, our ancestors; and we should be desirous to know what kind of men they were, even though their hands did not build pyramids or rear hanging-gardens. It is, moreover, still a city of living men and women, where we may do good with the lessons we bring from its past, and strive to make it better and wiser and greater in

coming time. Certain I am that, if our short retrospect fails to suggest reasons for continued energy and industry, if it does not make us more thankful for the present and hopeful for the future, it will not be because the history of Glasgow is not fitted to teach them.

In the short retrospect we take, we shall not pursue a continuous course, chronicling events as they occurred. This would be impossible in the limited bounds of a lecture or two, and it would, besides, fail to bring before you so distinctly the onward course of progress in the history of the city. We shall, therefore, attempt rather to dwell on particular epochs in order, and to sketch, as distinctly as we can, the appearance of the place and the circumstances and habits of the people at each period. We may thus obtain a series of bird's-eye views around us, from the prominent summits of history. The views from these must be at first wider and more general, having reference rather to Glasgow's locality than to the city itself; but as we proceed down the stream of time we shall have an opportunity of making these surveys more distinct and circumstantial.

I.—Primitive Period.

The first period may be termed the *primitive;* and, as a starting-point for it, we may ask you to accompany us to one of those ancient boats that have been

found on the site of our city, and which may be seen either in the Hunterian Museum or the room of Stirling's Library. They are canoes of the most primitive form, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and bearing in some cases the traces of the fire that had aided the workman in his operation, and in one instance the marks of the stone *celt* or axe with which, it may be, the boat was formed out of one of the primitive oaks of the Caledonian Forest. That in the Hunterian Museum is 19¾ feet long, 3½ feet wide at the stern, and 30 inches deep. They have been found in almost all parts of the city, and at varying depths. The first recorded was discovered in 1780, by some workmen, as they were digging the foundation of old St. Enoch's Church. It was found at the depth of twenty-five feet from the surface. Another, in 1781, near the City Cross, in digging the foundation of the Tontine, which was erected at that time. A third was found, not a hundred yards from the same spot, in making the sewer for London Street, and, curiously enough, it lay, prow uppermost, in a position nearly vertical, as if it had foundered in that very place in a storm. Since then others have been found, to the number of seventeen or eighteen, on the north and south sides of the river, at Springfield and Clydehaugh, in Stockwell, and one as far as the slope of Drygate Street, immediately behind the Prison. How many more may yet be buried beneath the surface who can tell? These discoveries suggest curious inquiries.

They seem to show this, that at a period which we cannot set at less than 2500 or 3000 years ago, in all probability more, this river of Clyde had navies of a kind, hewn from the forests that clothed our hills, without the aid of a tool of iron. What a contrast between the little canoe with its stone hatchet, and those stately vessels that are now preparing to make the voyage of the world, ribbed with iron from our own soil, and riveted by ponderous hammers! The fact that so many of these boats have been found in this locality would suggest the conclusion that there must have been here, even at that remote period, 'a haven of ships.' If so, Glasgow yields in antiquity to no city of the empire. It is true that history gives no record of this; but for the simple reason that history there was none. But these boats themselves contain the record; and the numbers of them found beneath our feet show that there must have been a cluster of primitive dwellings in the vicinity. It may be that, as the river is the source of Glasgow's greatness, in the river also we may find the earliest trace of Glasgow's existence. It is true, moreover, of almost all great cities, either of ancient or modern times, that they are planted above the homesteads of earlier inhabitants. Man's tendency is to tread in the steps of those who have gone before; and it is most probable that, since there were inhabitants at this early period, they were to be found where history, emerging from the cloud of age, shows us Glasgow first existent.

The face of land and water must have been very different then from now. The way in which these boats were found, and the soil of sand and mud beneath, prove that the Clyde overflowed the greater part of the site on which modern Glasgow stands. We wonder to hear individuals, who are our contemporaries, tell of the floods of the Bridgegate; but could some hardy rower, from one of these primitive boats, narrate his story, he would speak of the tide and stream combined, as overflowing all that we call the South Side, with Argyle Street, Trongate, Gallowgate, and all their branching wynds and streets, and rippling against the high bank that rises from George Street to the heights of Rottenrow and Blythswood Square. The Clyde in those days would be here what it now is at Dumbarton, a little firth in which boats might founder, and where they are preserved in the alluvial soil brought down by the river, that they may give us these glimpses of the past. Where houses now stand in thousands, and business circulates in ceaseless streams, the canoe once paddled, and the denizens of the deep sported at will. Beyond the flood-mark there would be the thick, woody forests of noble oak, as the Romans found them, and as our morasses show imbedded in their midst; and in these gloomy recesses the wild boar, the lion, and the wolf must have been coeval with man. In some opening glade, it may be, near what is the most ancient and the highest part of the city (our venerable cathedral

church), stood the few straggling huts to which the owners of these frail boats retired from the toils of fishing and the chase, or the hazards of warfare with a neighbouring tribe. It is difficult to conceive of scenes so strange, on this very soil, yet so far do these dumb memorials testify.

It would be interesting to discuss somewhat fully of what race and lineage these men were, and what their condition and general circumstances might be. The antiquarians of our country have done not a little in this field of inquiry, but much more remains to be done. The great source of information is the relics that are from time to time exhumed from beneath our feet; and it should be the endeavour of all intelligent men to discourage the spirit of destroying these, which too often prevails, in thoughtless ignorance or wanton mischief. Some small and apparently unimportant memorial may be the key to a department of interesting knowledge. For the most recent results we may refer to Wilson's *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, a work of great research and interest.

To what race the primitive inhabitants of this country belonged is not very clear. At the time of the Roman invasion, a thousand years later than the period we are considering, the mass of the population of the British Islands was Celtic, divided into two great branches—the one the Cimbric Celts or Cymri, the ancestors of the present Welsh; the other the Gaelic Celts or Gaels, of the same lineage with our Scottish

Highlanders and the native Irish. Besides these, there was, in the time of the Romans, a fringe of different races along the sea-coast, of Belgic or Teutonic origin, the precursors of those who came afterwards so abundantly under the names of Anglo-Saxons and Northmen, the ancestors of the present English and Lowland Scottish. But, before either Saxon or Celt, there are traces of a previous race, probably the first wave of that tide of emigration that has come westward from the plains of Shinar, the birthland of the human family. It is only from the different conformation of the cranium, with the customs of sepulture, and other remains, that antiquarians have come to this supposition. This race, which may have been the race of primitive boat-builders on the Clyde, would seem to have resembled more the Tartar tribes; but all vestige of their language and separate features has disappeared, having been absorbed in the successive waves of population that broke over them. It cannot be doubted, however, that they have contributed their part to those features that form the composite character of the population of the British Isles.

It would be still more interesting to consider the condition of these aborigines, to whatsoever race they belonged. Regarding this, much more certain and definite information could be gleaned. That they must have had some knowledge of the arts, however small, is clear from this, that they could only reach Britain by sea, and they must therefore have under-

stood the construction and navigation of a boat. But the condition of the South Sea Islanders, when discovered by Captain Cook, would show that with this knowledge there might be a very low grade of social life. The relics of these early boat-builders all attest this. The original state of man is not that of a savage; and these tribes had come from the cradle of humanity in the East, but they had lost civilization in their long march over continents, through forests, in conflict with wild beasts and with each other. They must have lost their knowledge of the metals, for they were reduced to the hammer and hatchet, the spear and arrow-head of stone. With these, fashioned by wonderful ingenuity, they met the most formidable creatures of earth and ocean. The whale itself has been found, by indubitable evidence, slain by the flint-headed spear of the primitive Caledonian. Their dwellings were in summer the bothy or hut, erected on the foundation of circular stones, which may be found by the wanderer, as we have seen them, among the Cheviot Hills; and in winter they had their subterranean burrows or dens called *weems*, some of which have been found in moorland districts, with the bones of the wild boar and bear still lying amid the ashes of the wood-fire that had prepared the rude repast. In this form men lived, and men that were our predecessors, it may be our ancestors, on this very soil. They were living men and women; they had

their hopes and fears, their struggles and triumphs, their joys and sorrows, in their own day. It was a true, living past; let us not doubt it, and let us not attempt to despise it. They did their part bravely, energetically, perseveringly, with their hammer of stone and tree canoe. They lived in spite of hardships and dangers, and handed down some progress to those who followed them. The first step they made was perhaps necessary to every step of ours. Had we not possessed their experience, we might have been commencing at their level. The man who gave a new and more convenient form to the hatchet, or first fastened the tiller, as it may sometimes be seen, to the little boat, was preparing the way for James Watt and Henry Bell. Let us be grateful, not disdainful.

Of the religion of these aboriginal dwellers we have least knowledge of all. That they had a religion we doubt not. In no age or country has any race of men been discovered without it. But they had most certainly lost the primitive, patriarchal faith, which man had first of all, when he stood nearer to his Maker. They had lost, perhaps, also the most elevated form of idolatry—Sabaism or fire-worship, of which Druidism, that prevailed afterwards, was a branch. They had sunk, in all likelihood, to the Fetichism or charm-worship that prevails at this day on the coast of Africa. That they had not surrendered their hope of a life beyond death may be argued from

the manner in which they buried their dead, with the instruments of service and ornaments near to them, that they might possess them still in the spirit-land. Such words as those that Bryant puts into the mouth of the American-Indian maid, as she mourned her dead, may have suited the ancient Caledonian:

> 'Twas I the 'broidered mocsin made
> That shod thee for that distant land,
> 'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
> Beside thy still cold hand;
> Thy bow in many a battle bent,
> Thine arrows never vainly sent!'

It was yet far distant from that period when life and immortality were to be brought to light by the Gospel. In their sepulchres close around us there are memorials that tell us of their imaginings regarding the future, to them dark and dismal. On the summit of the Cathkin hills, above Rutherglen, immense *tumuli* and piles of stones existed, containing the burial-places and urns of the primitive inhabitants; in particular, on a hill called Queen Mary's Law and Knocklegoil Hill. It is to be deeply regretted that these, with their curious chambers, have been destroyed, from hundreds of cartloads having been removed to build walls in the neighbourhood. We should preserve the mounds and circles of the past, to let the future see what it has been, if for no more than to be milestones of progress on the great highway of nations to mark their march; and we should have some regard

for the ashes of the dead, even though thousands of years have rolled over their sepulchres.

'A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests, wide and deep;
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves;
Our lovers woo beneath their moon:
Ah, let us spare at least their graves!'[1]

II.—Roman Period.

We come now to a different period. These ancient boats may have been sailing on the Clyde when Saul reigned over Israel, and when Nineveh, 'that great city,' stood in its splendour. We descend more than a thousand years, and we find around Glasgow marks of new occupants of the soil. Near the site where Glasgow now stands have been found stones that tell of a strange people from those who had hitherto been seen within the limits of our island; and a little way to the north of Glasgow the traces of a wall, from Dunglas by Kilpatrick and Castlecary, running to the Eastern Sea, tell the story more distinctly. Altars and votive tablets and legionary inscriptions have all been upturned from the soil in the immediate vicinity of Glasgow, and the largest collection of them in Scotland is to be found in our own Hunterian Museum. It is the Roman that has entered. That wonderful power

[1] Bryant.

had risen from small beginnings to the empire of the world. From the remote East they had extended their sway to the furthest West. They had conquered Spain, penetrated Germany, subjugated France or Gaul, and, finding that aid came to that country from the opposite shores of Britain, they resolved to make their conquest secure by invading Britain also. It was in the year before Christ 55 that Julius Cæsar first set foot on the shore of Kent, but it was not till 135 years later, A.D. 80, that Agricola visited these northern regions. On the Grampian slopes the Roman sword came into collision with the Caledonian spear, and the discipline of Rome prevailed over the rude valour of our ancestors. We can console ourselves with the reflection of Cowper,—

> 'The Roman taught thy stubborn knee to bend,
> But twice a Roman could not bend thee now.'

Yet the Caledonians, though defeated, were not subdued, and Agricola, unable to conquer the northern portion of the island, or recalled before he had time to do so, drew a line of forts from the Clyde to the Forth, as the boundary of the empire, and as a defence against the fierce tribes beyond. Many a terrible encounter doubtless took place along this line,—the Romans defending, the Caledonians attacking,—and a warfare was prevalent, resembling very much that which has been lately waged in Caffreland between the Briton and the African. Sixty years after the

time of Agricola, A.D. 140, the Roman soldiers strengthened the line of forts by a wall that must have required great labour, running from the Clyde to the Forth, parallel with those works of a later age that bespeak so different a period—the Forth and Clyde Canal, and the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. In the excavations for these very works, Roman tablets have been dug up, containing sometimes the dedication of a part of the wall to their favourite Emperor Antoninus, then reigning, sometimes an inscription to the memory of a wife or daughter of a Roman colonist who had withered and died under our rough northern blasts. Nowhere does the wonderful energy of Rome appear greater than on these very confines of her mighty empire. Let us think of what Britain must have been to one from the sunny sky and balmy air of Italy, covered with alternate swamp and forest, and 'deformed,' as they themselves express it, 'with mists and rainy dews;' and when we consider the works with which they covered our island, military and civil, we shall see in them a higher testimony to stern Roman grandeur than in the ruins of the Colosseum or the amphitheatre.

What Glasgow was then, it is very hard to say. The stones of the Romans, like the boats of the aborigines, tell us something, but in records the name does not yet appear. We may suppose it likely that the primitive huts had survived Roman invasion, or had risen again under shelter of the protecting wall;

though the case of their inhabitants must have been a very hard one, their sympathies going forth to their countrymen beyond the wall, while they were made to feel that with their oppressors there was power. It is probable that the dwellers in the Glasgow of that day were, like our own frontier Caffres, trusted by neither party, and plundered by both. This at least is certain and interesting, that the spot on which we now live was for many years the extreme limit of the Roman Empire, and consequently of the then known and acknowledged world. The wall was close at hand, beyond which the Romans knew nothing but barbarism. We may imagine despatches going to the mistress of the world, telling of the obstinate defence of the Caledonian enemy, in some *Waterkloof* of the Campsie or Kilpatrick hills—it may be the noted Campsie Glen or Peel Glen, where British camps are still to be found; and Glasgow, if it appeared at all, standing much as now do Fort Hare or Fort Armstrong, a little stronghold in the hands of harassed soldiers, surrounded by a watchful and implacable foe. Many a sigh may have gone from the banks of the Clyde to the banks of the Tiber; and many a hair-breadth escape and fierce encounter that took place on the banks of the Kelvin or the Cart may have been related in homes by the side of the Arno or the Po.

A question of importance connected with this subject is the state of progress in which the Romans found our ancestors on this spot. The common idea

is, that they discovered them in the very lowest grade of social life, and that the first spark of improvement was struck by the Roman invasion. We cannot doubt that the Romans accelerated improvement, especially in the southern part of the island, but it is a great mistake to suppose that they first commenced it. The account that the Roman writers give us of the inhabitants, brief though it be, shows that they had made marked progress from the condition indicated by the boats beneath the soil of Glasgow. The stone period had given place to the period of copper and bronze, the first metals that were used in working, and this again in its turn to the period of iron. This was one of the most important steps of progress, and it had been reached before the foot of a Roman soldier touched British ground, for the sword of the legionary clashed, in the very first onset, with the claymore and iron shield bosses of the Caledonian. Who invented the working of iron, or introduced it to Britain, cannot be known. The name of Voelund or Wayland, the smith, is found still among the nations of the north; and in a valley in Berkshire the spot is pointed out where the famous man wrought who found again what had been found ages before by Tubal Cain. The different legends show at least the importance attached to the invention. Gold had been in use even before iron, and from its presence in tumuli and sepulchres it must have existed in considerable abundance. It is

in reality the most widely-diffused of metals, the most readily wrought, and at the same time the soonest exhausted, as it is not found far from the surface. In its native state, it existed in many places in the British Islands. So late as 1790, more than 800 ounces were collected by diggers in the county of Wicklow in Ireland. With this progress in metals, there must have been a corresponding progress in the arts of life. The occupations of the fisher and hunter had given way in great part to that of the pastoral state. There was large wealth, as the Romans tell us, in flocks and herds. The hollowed-tree canoe had been followed by the barque in which trade was carried on between Gaul and Britain, Scotland and Ireland. The horse and the dog had been domesticated, for we find the bones of both buried beside those of their master. Chariots had been constructed, from which the Caledonians as well as the southern Britons fought, and the construction of these, both in the iron and wood work, must have required considerable skill. Large bodies of men were brought together to oppose the Roman legions, and the combination and maintenance of these required calculation and foresight. The religion, too, if we may judge from the mode of sepulture and other indications, had undergone a change. Druidism had been imported from the distant East, probably by the Phœnician trader. The host of heaven, with Baal their lord, were worshipped in our high places, and tradition has pointed out a

site on the Castlehill of Glasgow where the Druid temple is said to have stood and the sacred grove to have been planted. All these changes had taken place before the Romans arrived. But while they did not originate active life among us, they quickened it. They taught our ancestors, rude in comparison with themselves, new wants, and these produced new efforts. They imported fresh seeds of art and civilization, which, though they had to encounter many a storm, and were covered for a while by the broken wreck of the empire itself, yet grew up afterwards in goodly shoots. Above all, we have to look to the Roman period for the first entrance of Christianity. Britain possessed the Gospel ere these soldiers of Italy left our shores. In Scotland itself there are tombs that tell of the early entrance of the faith, where Christian usage in the very mode of burial is seen struggling with heathen customs. Near Alloa, on a little hill, stands one stone that, with its simple cross above, without a date and without a name, and its antique *cist* below, shows that there lies one early Briton who had heard the name of Christ. The wings of the Roman eagle carried Gospel seeds in their flight, and devout Corneliuses were doubtless found even here. That word upon the cross, Jesus of Nazareth, was written in Latin, to predict triumphs through that language; a centurion beneath its shadow confessed Him to be the Son of God, and the words of that fettered prisoner in Rome, the great apostle of the

Gentiles, captive for the Gospel's sake, were finding their way from his prison, along the far-stretching roads of Roman dominion. The nation that had gone forth to subdue and enyoke the kingdoms of the world was being employed by God to give them the truth that was to free and elevate them. 'Out of the devourer came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.'

III.—The Church of Kentigern.

Full 600 years before the first stone of our present venerable cathedral was laid, a Christian church was standing on that height beneath which are now the dwellings of 360,000 men.[1] This church, indeed, must have been of the most primitive kind. There is good reason to believe that there was not a single stone in the structure. It was built of wood (cut oak, as Bede calls it), and wattled twigs, according to the custom of the age; and in the plaited tracery that necessarily resulted from the materials some have seen the origin of the stately Gothic of the Middle Ages. Beside this simple edifice on the height above the Molendinar there was not even a round tower, as is found at Brechin and Abernethy, and in conjunction with many of the early churches of Ireland, built partly for the purpose of a belfry, and partly as a defence for the sacred vessels and the clergy against

[1] The population of Glasgow in 1881 was 541,150.

the piratical hordes of heathen Danes and Northmen. The little church of St. Kentigern, for this it was, had either more faith in the breasts of its ministers, or, what is more likely, less wealth in its ecclesiastical furniture to tempt the cupidity of the roving sea kings. Let us hope that it belonged to that class of churches of which an ancient father says that the vessels may be wooden, but the ministers golden, and not to that other kind of which he complains that the vessels were of gold, but the ministers of wood. Humble as it may have been, this erection was a house of Christian worship, and seems to have had some really Christian men connected with it, and it demands our attention as a light shining in a dark place. Besides, this little church, built about 1300 years ago, is the authentic commencement of what we now call Glasgow, and its founder and father must not be overlooked in a city that to this day boasts itself of the name of St. Mungo.

Before coming, however, to St. Kentigern and his doings for Glasgow, we may glance backward along the thread of our story. The assaults of the northern barbarians on Italy and Rome drew the legions more and more to the centre of the empire, if possible to ward off the fatal blows that were being aimed at the heart. The defensive efforts proved all in vain. Rome succumbed to the sword of the Gothic conquerors who came pouring from the woods of Germany, and the fall of Rome broke her vast

dominions in pieces. The girdling wall of imperial power was shattered, the various kingdoms that had been held together by it in unnatural union sprang asunder, and rushing through the open barriers came the hungry wolves of the north, that had long been with difficulty kept at bay by frontier towers and military colonies. It seemed as if the fire of civilization and Christianity itself which Rome had kindled on her hearth were about to be extinguished; but in the plan of Providence it proved only to be fresh fuel heaped on it, through which the fire has come breaking brighter and higher than ever—like a phœnix rising from its own ashes. It is out of this rude northern material, fused in the heat of Roman civilization, and moulded more or less by the spirit of Christianity, that our most valued modern institutions have come to us. In this period of struggle and transition, let us turn our view to our own country—to what is now our home, and cast our eyes over the elements of population found in it. We shall see that these were of the most diverse kind, and that, distant though they were from the centre of imperial power, they could not fail to be affected by the change that overtook it. The Romans finally left Britain A.D. 426, having had a footing in it for almost 500 years. Nearly up to that time they had maintained their hold of the south of Scotland up to the Antonine wall, between the Forth and Clyde, including the district in which we now are. When they left, Scot-

land, or what we now term Scotland (for it had not then the name), was divided among four different peoples. First of all, chiefly within the wall, were the Britons, the same race that the Romans first found here, and of the same lineage with the modern Welsh, belonging to the Cimbric branch of the great Celtic family. They had for their chief city Alcluid or Dumbarton, and held all the south-west of Scotland, including the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Dumfries, and Galloway. They were called, from the strength of their power lying in this very district, the Strathclyde Britons. It may seem somewhat strange to think of the Welsh language being spoken, at a period not very remote, as the universal tongue of this district; yet so it was. There are traces of it in the proper names of our neighbourhood. The Clyde has its twin-brother still in Wales, *Clwydd;* Lanark has the distinct Welsh *Llan;* Dumbarton is *Dumbriton,* 'the hill of the Britons;' Cumbrae has its origin from *Cumbri;* and Glasgow itself is 'the grey or dark hollow,' from the deep glen of the Molendinar, above which the primitive little church that gave origin to the city was planted.

Traditions of this primitive race may still be found surviving in the mountainous districts at the sources of the Clyde and Tweed, fragments of their ancient legends of Merlin the enchanter, and of the famous giant-slaying hero, whose exploits, from being the entertainment of princes and chieftains, have descended

to be the delight of boyhood in our time. A considerable portion of the substratum of the population in all this region must be from the old British stem.

North of the wall, and westward, was the kingdom of the Dalriad Scots, occupying the present Argyleshire, and spreading into Inverness and over the Hebrides. They appear first in A.D. 503 with historical certainty, and with an Irish origin, though antiquarians are marvellously perplexed as to their more remote birthland, some assigning them to Spain, some to Scandinavia, and some to Scotland itself, whence they suppose they had emigrated at an earlier period to Ireland. Whatever their primary origin, they came first on the stage of Caledonian history as a race of hardy, enterprising adventurers, speaking the Gaelic branch of the Celtic language, and their name of *Scots*, or *wanderers*, as it is said to signify, has extended itself to entire North Britain.

To the east of the Scots was the Pictish kingdom, extending from the Firth of Forth northward through Fife, Angus, and Aberdeen, and stretching from the seaboard inward, till it met the rough outline of those mountains that were becoming already the home of the Scottish clans. Of what race these Picts were, whether Celtic or Gothic, has long formed the vexed question of Scottish history, and has perplexed antiquarians as much as the philosopher's stone did alchemists, or the quadrature of the circle the ancient geometers. The weight of opinion now inclines to the

view that these Picts were a Celtic race, receiving, as the Christian era advanced, large admixtures of the Scandinavian element from the roving tribes of Danes and Norwegians. Abernethy formed long the capital of this ancient race, and their hands raised the round towers and engraved the curious standing-stones that form a peculiar feature in the antiquities of the north-east of Scotland.

South of the Forth, and spreading themselves over the most fertile counties bordering on England, Roxburgh, Berwick, and the Lothians, appeared a race of strangers with the blue eyes and fair hair of the great Gothic family. They were the Anglo-Saxons of the Northumbrian kingdom, and they were beginning to spread themselves westward and northward until they impressed their character and language upon the entire Lowland population of Scotland. They were the last ingredient in the constituent elements of our island population, and, like the iron deposit pouring itself over the shifting sand, they were to give it the rock-like compactness and strength which it afterwards acquired.

Such was the aspect of Scotland when Glasgow first saw historical light about 1300 years ago. Of the four principalities that then divided it, that of the Strathclyde Britons must, for obvious reasons, have been at the time further advanced in civilization. They had been most in contact with the Romans, and had gained some acquaintance with their arts of life.

They escaped for a season the devastating warfare that wasted the eastern coast from the eruption of fierce Jutes and Angles; and, as long as the Scots and Picts were engaged in their mutual struggle for supremacy, they had little leisure to assail the Britons of the west. Here, then, if anywhere in Scotland, we may expect some of the first sparks of Christian light to be struck and cherished. Early ecclesiastical history narrates that about A.D. 380 Ninias or Ninian, better known in Scotland by his name of Ringan, the son of a Welsh prince of Cumberland, visited Rome, and, having been instructed there, returned as a Christian missionary to preach the Gospel to the heathen tribes of North Britain. It is to be remembered that Rome had not, in those days, made the arrogant claims which she afterwards obtruded on the Christian Church, nor had she in her teaching departed so far from the faith once delivered to the saints. Arriving in Britain, he tarried not in Cumberland, but crossed the Solway, and reared the first Christian church known in the history of Scotland upon the headland of Whithorn in Galloway, which Bede tells us was built in a manner then unusual among the Britons, for it was constructed of hewn stone. Of that primitive edifice no remains now exist. Ninian died A.D. 432, but he left disciples who laboured with great zeal and fervour, and who seem to have been successful in spreading the knowledge of Christian truth over a great part of Scotland and the north of England. Among these disciples is to

be reckoned St. Patrick, who was a Briton of the Strathclyde district, and who was sent over to Ireland in the year after Ninian's death. The names of not a few others are still preserved — Regulus or Rule, Adrian, Woloc, Kiaran, Columba the founder of the Culdees of Iona, and Kentigern, whose name stands now associated with that of Glasgow. It is with this last that we are more immediately concerned at present, and we give the outlines of his life, as they have been handed to us by the ecclesiastical writers of a succeeding age. He is said to have been the son of Thametes or Thanew, daughter of Lotte, king of the Picts, and to have been born about the year 516. The name of his mother, St. Thanew, was given to a small chapel long afterwards built on the west side of Glasgow, which by a curious change passed into the name of St. Enoch's, a saint whose claims were both better known and more surely attested. The education of Kentigern was entrusted to Serf, the apostle of the Orkneys, a man whose name has come down with a character for great Christian zeal, in labouring on what must then have been the utmost verge of the habitable world. The date of the foundation of a church in Glasgow by Kentigern cannot be certainly fixed, but it would seem to have been about A.D. 560. By all accounts, it was built upon the same site as the present cathedral church, of cut oak and wattled twigs. The Molendinar had not then obtained its name of Latin, if we may not call it classic, origin

—the *mill-burn*, as lending its waters to grind the bishop's grain. Yet must the Molendinar have been then, what it continued long afterwards, a clear and sparkling stream, winding through its dark hollow clothed with the old Druid oaks, rejoicing in its spring primroses and summer wild roses, and glittering down into a little haven on the Clyde, as later pictures of the city well may show. Near the middle of the hollow that has given Glasgow its name, tradition long pointed out the cell and bed where Kentigern prayed and reposed, and it continues still to show, not far distant, his last place of rest amid the deep shadows of the venerable crypt, within whose solemn, awe-inspiring aisles its founders have sought, whether truly or not we do not inquire, to include the charm of hallowed association in St. Mungo's tomb. We pass over here the miracles and labours which monkish legends have attributed to St. Kentigern, which have this reprehensible feature, that in many minds they cloud his simple virtues and true Christian spirit. With the defects and errors of that age adhering to him, we would wish to esteem him a man who laboured zealously, and not unsuccessfully, to diffuse Christian knowledge and introduce Christian practice in a region that was then dark and benighted. It was the commencement of Glasgow; and, now that we have the light more widely spread, and are better assured of its purity in seeing it issue directly from an open Bible, it becomes us to turn to our origin and learn from it

that *Glasgow is to flourish by the preaching of the Word.* Here, meanwhile, we pause. In the period that follows the progress is more rapid and decisive, but looking back even from this point we can see that there has been advance. The huts are still there on the height, simple and primitive in their aspect, and the sound of hammer and forge has not begun yet to awaken the echoes of the Molendinar. But here and there the thick woods have been cleared by the arm of the Roman legionary, and by the iron axe which the native Briton has himself learned to wield. Cattle are straying in the glades, and the green spots of corn are looking out here and there on the vale of the Clyde. Our own noble river no more washes the high bank, but retires in anticipation of the city that is to descend from the hill above and occupy the wide plain. And there, as the spring of progress and the pledge of it, the little church has risen, humble and unpretending, but a star of hope to all coming time, and destined to be the forerunner of a hundred Christian temples, set apart to the service of a pure Gospel and a living God.

We must conclude here our survey of the past, and indulge the hope that the exercise of thought has not been altogether in vain. It is something to have the horizon of our understanding widened, and to have felt an interest in persons and events different and distant from the everyday circle within which we are too apt to seclude ourselves. There is both truth and

beauty in the reflection of the great moralist of the last century (Dr. Johnson)—'Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.' There is a token of man's high dignity and destiny in this, that we can send our minds backward along the stream of time, and breast its strong current till we reach the source. This power belongs to thoughts that can 'wander through eternity,' and that give in their exercise a dim presentiment of an immortality that stretches still before us.

'Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good;
Who fashioned so the human mind
That from the waste of Time behind
A simple stone or mound of earth
Can summon the departed forth,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,

Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitude of Death,
To mortal mind were sometimes lent
To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper—even when it seems
But Memory's phantasy of dreams—
Through the Mind's waste of woe and sin,
Of an immortal origin!' [1]

From the survey we have taken, we may be convinced that there is progress in the history of the world. The geologist, as he examines the strata of the earth, finds them rising one above the other, carrying in their bosom successive stages of development that become constantly fuller and higher till man appears and crowns the whole. In the history of man there may be traced a similar series of changes, in which each age is an advance upon the preceding. There are strata in the annals of the human race, with their curious records of the past, and with progress inscribed upon them all. There is this mighty difference, however, that in the field of the geologist the progress takes place by the constant interposition of a hand from without—every new phase is a new creation; in the field of human history the progress is from an inherent power that operates within, a power which God himself has given to man.

Reason itself teaches us that we have now reached a new and higher order of being; one bound no more by the rigid rules that confine the instinct of the irra-

[1] Whittier.

tional animals to the same unchanging round, but capable of indefinite and endless progress. All animated nature, besides, from season to season changelessly fulfils the unerring impulse imprinted on it by the great Creator. The bee builds the same hexagonal cell to the murmur of the same song as that hummed by it 3000 years ago upon these heights around. The nest which is shaken down by this year's storms will be built again, a perfect copy of that which was found in our primeval forests, when as yet the painted Briton wandered unconstrained in their recesses. Man alone, bright with reason and language, climbs the summit of knowledge from the depths of ignorance, and adds to the accumulated treasure from age to age. Let us contemplate the triumphs of ingenuity and industry that are rising above the site of these primitive boats of the Clyde; let us contrast the forms of our social life with that which must then have existed, and we shall learn gratitude. The induction of history at every step repeats the words of the wise man, 'Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.' Never was there an age in the past in which the elements of happiness were brought more within the reach of every individual of the community. And, while thankful, let us also be hopeful. The march has not been rapid. It has been often uneasy, it has been sometimes unequal, but, on the whole, and looked at in lengthened vistas, it

has been still onward. And now we have surer pledges of progress than ever; the Bible and the printing-press—the last guaranteeing the diffusion of the first—will never let society recede. Ancient forms of civilization have been covered up to be explored again in our day. We are opening to the sunlight the deserted palaces of Ninevitish kings, but the Gospel, which casts its full, broad illumination over the masses and the millions, secures us against such relapses as these. That Gospel itself is rising with a purer and steadier flame, and those men who seek to cloud it, and rear again the altars of a deserted superstition, are surely attempting a vain work. The past itself, which they profess to worship, rises up to rebuke them. It beckons to no return; it points with every hand forward and upward. There, in the future, lies the home of humanity and fully-developed truth, and not behind us. The wheels of the Gospel, carrying the world's happiness with it, may not, cannot be turned back. 'Its going forth is prepared as the morning.' As sure as the day dawns, and the sun rises higher and higher still in the sky, so surely must the cause of God and man be in the ascendant scale. Forward, then, let us press. Let us approve ourselves lovers of truth, lovers of freedom and of all good men. We must show ourselves resolute for the right and the true, while we show ourselves tolerant of all who are sincerely seeking it. We must unfurl the banner of a pure and large-hearted Gospel, and

manifest its influence in our lives by labouring and suffering for the good of men. Then we shall find that there is something yet in store for our country and the world better than aught they have seen, and in our own city we shall aid in making the future as far surpass the present as this present itself rises above the meanest and most distant past.

A DAY IN THE UPPER WARD OF CLYDESDALE.

My dear Sir,—I have just received your note with a request for an article for the October number of the *Young Men's Christian Magazine*, and, on thinking of what might be most suitable, it has occurred to me that what is freshest to my own mind may be best for your readers, and so I shall give an account of a visit I paid the other day to the little town of Douglas, not far from your own great city, and of two things that specially interested me there. I must first, however, tell how I reached Douglas, and what I saw on the way. It can be visited most directly from Glasgow by the railway to Lanark, and the branch from there to Muirkirk and Ayr. I came upon it, however, from the opposite quarter. My residence has been for a few days at Abington, a small village on the Clyde, and a station on the Caledonian Railway. Abington is a model of cleanliness, comfort, and general good conduct, where the people retain much of the old Scottish character of a church-going, and, as I trust, God-fearing kind, with a spirit of inde-

pendence that respects the rights of others, while it knows its own,—a very different thing from the jealous, boisterous self-assertion that sometimes passes for manliness. I was glad to see on this visit that Sir Edward Colebrooke has been adding to the number of the cottages, or rather houses, for their superior accommodation and appearance take them out of the class of the old cottage. It is pleasant to see something of this process going on, for, much as we may think of Glasgow, its wonderful expansion and intelligent energy, we need a balance in the country districts if we are to preserve national health, both physical and moral. We want small towns, villages, crofts, for calming the pulse. The city may be the heart of the nation, but there is such a thing as enlargement of the heart, and that is a dangerous disease. The landlords then are wise who try to reverse the march of depopulation which has made so many Highland and Lowland glens grassy solitudes, and has added 'field to field that they may dwell alone,' instead of making 'families like a flock.' There is, of course, wisdom required as to ways and means, but the peopling of the country districts should be kept in view by proprietors for social and moral reasons, which means, in the end, economical and political ones. It will tend to the equilibrium of society and the good of us all, and so we hope Sir Edward Colebrooke's example will be largely followed. But to my story.

The road from Abington to Douglas is, for the greater part, the old coach highway from Carlisle to Glasgow. It used to resound often to the 'clanging horn,' but now, left aside by the railway, it is more familiar with 'the whistling of plovers, and the bleating of sheep.' It quits the main valley of the Clyde, passes one of its tributaries—Duneaton Water (the water of the hill of fire), and then stretches, like a white ribband, over the brown moorlands of Crawford-john. Those who feel an interest in how it strikes a stranger should read a book published a few years since—the *Journal of Dora Wordsworth*, the sister of the poet, who came here, with her brother and Coleridge, to explore Scotland, which was then, to them, an unknown region. It was a curious piece of almost Quixotic adventure, with their own simple-minded pony, which took the place of Sancho, and with something attached to it which was neither cart nor carriage, an object of as great wonder to the natives as any of them could be to the travellers. They came in this fashion from Cumberland, up Nithsdale, through one of the grand defiles that lead to Wanlockhead and Leadhills, and then over the ridge of Glengonnar—the stream of gold—to pursue this road to Lanark and Glasgow. We are particular about their route, because the genial editor, Principal Shairp, has mistaken it from not knowing the country, and sends them round by Elvanfoot and Crawford. The charm of the journal lies in the quiet insight of the strangers into

the heart of the scenery and the people, and, almost as much, in their happy ignorance of all they were to see, which fills them with a constant surprise. Black's *Picturesque Tourist's Guide* had not been born, and they wandered into Scotland like Adam and Eve into the world, when it was all before them where to choose, and nobody to tell them what to admire. One drawback they certainly had, that they seem to have had as little knowledge of past associations as if they were exploring Africa, and as if Wallace, and Bruce, and the Covenanters had been among 'the brave men who lived before Agamemnon.' But Wordsworth got it somehow in this tour, and it came out afterwards, with fresh dew on it, in his Scottish sonnets. In our journey we had one advantage over them in the best of guides, Mr. Logan, the Free Church minister of Abington, who knows every nook that touches the story of Cavalier or Covenanter. It was a bare wavy upland of moor and moorland farms for miles on miles, and a wavy circle of great hills folded round it, with glens running away at every 'lurk,' and all the hills and glens fuller of histories than of people. They had been the battle-ground of eighteen hundred years, since Agricola entered them by the pass of the little Clyde, till Claverhouse sent his dragoons through their mosses, and made them, in the words of Renwick, 'all flowered with martyrs.' There was the Arbory hill, with its threefold ring of fence peering over the top, within which the old Damnonii, of British stock,

watched their enemies—Romans, were they, or Saxons, or Danes, for these valleys have had all in turn? There was the ancient kirk of Crawford, with Constantine, a Culdee saint, at its foundation, and not far off, concealed by the bend of the Clyde, the ruins of Crawford Castle, where 'wight Wallace' performed one of his feats of arms, himself by name and birth a son of the primitive race, not *de Vaux*, as some would have it, but *Walcis*. Sweeping round by the Lowthers, their sides glowing in sunshine and heather of the deepest purple, were the massive mountains that enclose Dalveen and the Enterkin, the Menock and the Crawick, the first three the wildest, the last one of the most beautiful passes in the south of Scotland. On the extreme boundary, like an outflanking buttress, was Cairntable, on whose skirts the Douglas boasted he could keep himself against English Henry and all his host; and, nearer and higher, Tinto, with the mist slowly rolling up under the sunlight, as if it promised to show us the far-famed 'kist' and the 'caup' in it. For a lesson in the romance of landscape and of history, I do not know any place in the three kingdoms where one could learn more than on this bit of road, and he is no true Scotsman who would not feel his heart rise at the reading of it. Within the circle of the hills there are many things worthy of notice, were there time. At a little distance the primitive village of Crawfordjohn lay on its 'knowe,' like Jerusalem 'set round about with mountains,' but not 'compactly

built together.' It looks like a cluster of boulders from a past epoch, or the town of Kendal, of which Gray the poet has said, 'It must have been built on the plan of partners in a dance posturing to one another in all directions, and petrified in the act.' Nevertheless, Crawfordjohn has a good repute for worthy people, and it has curious stories of the old times, of Prince Charlie's Highlandmen as they passed in the '45, and of Covenanting celebrations. The Reformed Presbyterians, better known as the Cameronians, seem to have chosen this district for their renewals of the Solemn League after the Revolution. At Auchensaugh in 1712, the year of the imposition of patronage, a declaration of principles was issued which had historical significance in that time-honoured Church. There, or at Crawfordjohn, I forget which, the meetings and sermons continued three days, till provender failed, and the occasion got the name of 'preach-hunger.' But it is time to get on our way.

Some miles over the moor brought us to a little glen, bare at first, but beautifully green, and then widening and filling with wood,—birch and rowan and oak,—till it led us into Douglasdale. It was like the entrance to it, warm with plentiful trees, and rich also with yellow fields among them, and the peewit gave us over to the corncraik. From the look of it we could believe what we were told, that the vale of Douglas is a fortnight before the country round it. For the name, the legend of 'Sholto Dhuglas,'—'See the dark, grey

man,'—must, I fear, be given up, and we must have recourse to the colour 'dark grey' or 'dark green,' found in the genius of the place. It may have been the water, or if it was on an autumn day like ours that the first Celt looked on it, the foliage of oak and ash deepening into the forecast of fall, and the blue-green Scotch firs glooming more heavily in the sunshine over their red trunks, would bring the word *Dhu-glas, dark-green,* to his lips. On the way up to the town, the 'Castle Perilous,' or the place where it stood, is seen through the woods. Only a fragment of the original fortress remains near the modern mansion, and it is hard to say what made it a pride and a terror. It has no frowning rock or lofty mound, and we must set down its strength to the moats and marshes which old Scottish keeps coveted, or still more to the hearts of the race that manned the walls. But we have to do to-day not with the castle but the town. It is a queer irregular place, with its High Street in the lowest part, winding narrow and sometimes narrower among houses of all shapes and sizes, some with signs of old dignity, and some of plain modern monotony. In the middle of the town, on a swelling knoll which looks down on Douglas Water and a fair green holm, is the first thing we have come to see, the old Church of St. Bride, by whom the mighty Lords of Douglas were wont to swear when they meant never to go back. It was once a stately edifice, but little more is left than the chancel, restored by the late

Countess with a pious care for the graves and monuments of her ancestors. The remains of many of the long line repose below, and the monuments of some fill niches in the chapel. Chief among them is that of the good Sir James, whose story is known to every Scottish schoolboy, and whom we always rank next to Wallace and Bruce in the heroic times of the national history. He lies there in dark stone, considerably maimed, but still conspicuous in the act of drawing his sword with the right hand, while the left holds the scabbard. A man of giant strength he was, skilled in all the accomplishments of his time as a gallant and gentle knight, with a dauntless heart and stedfast soul to match, dashed in word and deed with a grim playfulness. This last feature comes out in his compeers, Bruce and Wallace, as we read the old chronicles,—the dry humour that survives in many a Scot to this day, though Sydney Smith had not the eye to see it, and Englishmen are only beginning to find it out through Dean Ramsay. But the first quality in Sir James was moral, invincible loyalty to a cause that must often have seemed a lost one, but which was the cause of his country, for the oppressed against the aggressor. All we see of him is in keeping with our first glimpse at Erickstane, when in his youthful enthusiasm he threw himself before the uncrowned Bruce and owned him king at the hazard of land and life, down to the time when, far away, he cast among the thickest of the Saracens the heart he had often followed,—'Lead on,

as thou wert wont to do,'—and followed it to die. Nor must we forget that fine touch of a noble nature on the eve of Bannockburn, when, having gained leave to help Randolph in his pressing peril, he held back when he saw victory, least he should steal a flower from his friend's chaplet. 'The times then were great, and the men,' to adapt a phrase of Richter's, and we cannot doubt that these things found their way into the country's heart deep down, and long after came up in other shapes.

The next spot in Douglas belongs to a subsequent time and a different struggle. We had heard, in an incidental way, that the house was still standing in which the head of Richard Cameron was kept for a night when the troops were carrying it, along with the prisoners taken at Airsmoss, to Edinburgh. We found the traditional house, with a face over the door enclosed in a dull yellow border, intended for the sun and explained by the sign, the 'Sun Inn.' It is a quiet, respectable house, and we were kindly shown through the rooms connected with the incident. On the ground floor is a cellar which is said to have been the town prison, and the thick walls, the heavy vaulted roof, and the iron grating on the original window attest the truth of the tradition. Directly above is the room associated with Cameron's name, and known in the town as the 'stone-room,' the only room in an upper story paved with stone, and thus fitted for securing prisoners in a firmer grasp. While the head

and hands of Cameron were kept above, the prison chamber below seems to have held Hackstoun of Rathillet, reserved for the scaffold which he afterwards mounted in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh. On the wall of the house behind, joined to the prison, but apparently at one time a separate tenement, is the date 1621, with the initials I. H.—A. C., the builder and his wife, long forgotten. Wodrow in his History gives a letter of Hackstoun's in which he tells that, when he was at Douglas, Janet Clellan was kind to him, and brought a surgeon who stanched his wounds. The name Clellan belongs also to the brave and good soldier from this district who fell in the last fight of the Revolution time. Might the A. C. on the old house be a member of the friendly family? On leaving the place and passing down the High Street, we saw an old man considerably above fourscore, sitting before the door of his house and enjoying the cool of the day. On speaking with him, we found, curiously enough, that he had been born and brought up in the house we had just left, and had heard from his father the story of 'the stone-room.' This carried us fully more than half-way across the interval, and to a time when all the events were very much in the thoughts of the people. It is a pity they should be forgotten, for we need their memory in these days when principles hang loose. The history of Airsmoss should be read over again in this year of grace 1880. It is exactly 200 years ago, on the 22nd of last June, since a small

body of horsemen, early in the morning, rode from the hills into the quiet town of Sanquhar, and there, at the market cross, where an obelisk now stands, read the famous declaration in which they renounced their allegiance to the perjured profligate and tyrant, Charles II. It was a desperate act forced on them by desperate wrongs, and those who blame them should remember that it was only the flash before the stroke of 1688, of which we now enjoy the results. A month after, on the 22nd of July, when a company of the Covenanters was met at Airsmoss, not far from where John Brown of Priesthill was afterwards shot by Claverhouse, they were attacked by the dragoons. The hill vapours were lying low, and 'the bridle reins rang through the thin misty covering' before the wanderers were aware. Cameron, who was among them, broke into the memorable prayer, 'Lord spare the green and take the ripe,' and, in the deadly struggle which followed, he was killed, and Hackstoun and others captured. The lingering and barbarous death inflicted by the orders of the Council upon the prisoners, and especially on Hackstoun, cannot be now put into type with proper regard to feeling. The head and hands of Cameron were taken to his father, then in prison in Edinburgh for the same cause, and he was asked if he knew them. His words are surely the most touching of all the memories of that cruel time. 'I know, I know them! they are my son's, my dear son's! it is the Lord: good is the will of the Lord, who cannot

wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days.' After which, by order of the Council, his head was fixed upon the Netherbow port, and his hands beside it, with the fingers upward —a kind of preaching 'at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors,' that told more for his cause, and against the persecutors, than all the words he could have spoken.

One cannot help weird, dreamy thoughts about that old house at Douglas, on the night of Airsmoss, the martyr's head in the room above, the wounded prisoner in the dungeon below, Earlshall and his troopers proud of their prize, and confident of their power to hold Scotland down. But the good Sir James of 'the bleeding heart' and Cameron's gory head belong to the same set of events in history,—instances of seeming losses thrown by courage and faith forward as pledges of victory,—only, the latter is higher and more sure. We cannot help thinking that, had Sir James of Douglas belonged to that later time, he would have been with Argyle and Warriston and Baillie of Jerviswood—certainly not with Claverhouse and Earlshall and Lag. The great men of the war for national independence, Wallace and Bruce, Douglas and Randolph, and Walter Stewart, were the forerunners of the Reformers and of the sons of the Covenant. They made room for them in Scotland where they might 'grow and stand,' and they bequeathed them their hatred of oppression and their dauntless spirit. They show us how the kingdoms of

this world rise up, in another time, into the kingdom of our God and his Christ, and how the laurels of chivalry prepare for a nobler flower in the faith and patience of the saints; for the struggle of the Covenant was the old battle in a more sacred cause which 'raised the poor out of the dust and set them with princes, even the princes of the people.'

If our Scottish nobility wish to prove themselves worthy of their ancestry, they will go back over the degenerate selfishness of the Stuart line, to those who gained the reverence and affection of the nation by showing that they shared its sympathies. It would make the task of patriotism in coming times more easy. It is pleasant to think, in this connection, that the spirit of the good Sir James did, to some extent, influence his successors; though they did not identify themselves with the oppressed, they used their power to shield them. Douglas-dale was filled with Covenanters who were comparatively safe. So much was this felt that, when the Marquis of Douglas threw in his lot with the Government of the Revolution, 800 men, the flower of the West country, placed themselves under his orders, and formed the famous 26th or Cameronian regiment. Its first review took place on the green field beside Douglas Water, under St. Bride's Church—its first fight, at Dunkeld, when it drove back the far superior force of Claverhouse, who had just fallen in the pass of Killiecrankie. Who can doubt that the memory of Richard Cameron was

with these men when they fought, and with their brave leader Cleland when he fell? The Covenant struggle was carried to its end chiefly by young men who filled up the ranks of those who fell in great numbers at the Restoration, or shortly thereafter. Of these, three have left their mark most distinctly, Hugh M'Kail, Richard Cameron, and James Renwick. M'Kail is known to us chiefly by his seraphic song on the scaffold. Death silenced while it transfigured him. But Cameron and Renwick have left us some of their living utterances; they are evidently imperfectly reported, taken down in hasty snatches amid flight and fight, by men who had often to lay down the pen for the sword. But enough remains to let us see that, while Renwick followed as the milder Elisha, under the Ahabs and Jezebels of the time, Cameron was the Elijah, the lonely burning prophet of our Scottish Cheriths and Horebs. The poet has caught it, when he speaks of 'the word by Cameron thundered, and by Renwick poured in gentle strain.' An idea of Cameron's power may be gained from an extract given by Dodds in his lectures on the Covenanters, and an idea at the same time of the power that carried these men through that long weary wilderness march—the manna from the skies, the water from the rock that followed them. Nothing else, nothing less, could have done it. Richard Cameron is perhaps, taken all in all, the main figure in that heroic period of the Scottish Church. The

most remarkable thing is that he died very young, probably not more than thirty, for his exact age is not known, and that the period of his active effort covered only months, not years; but in that short burning life he transfused his spirit into the heart of the people, and had his name borne long after as the watchword of men willing to dare all and lose all for conscience' sake. And so we could not but regard with special interest 'the stone-room' of the town of Douglas.

The moral of our story shall be brief and practical; I am sure also it will be pleasant. It is that the young men of Scotland should make themselves acquainted with this period of the nation's history, acquainted with it so as to drink it in. There are many works that lie to hand—those of the two M'Cries, father and son; Pollok's *Tales of the Covenanters;* Simpson's *Traditions;* Dodds' *Lectures,* with which may be conjoined his *Lays of the Covenant,* lately issued; Miss Watson's *Lives of Cameron, Cargill, Peden, and Renwick;* for those who wish to go deeper, the publications of the Wodrow Society offer an abundant store; and for those who would understand the richness of old Scottish theology there is the admirable volume of Dr. Walker of Carnwath. The next thing is that they should visit the scenes, not as blind pilgrims of Loretto or Lourdes, but with an intelligent love that will draw courage and faith from these noble memories. Few cities have the heritage

of Glasgow on the Clyde—the lower windows of the house looking down through the magnificent Firth among lochs and Highland mountains and winding shores, shut in by distant Arran—and the upper chambers opening on visions of the 'valleys that run among the hills,' filled with records of a past which may give patriotic spirit and Christian nobility of soul to all who have a heart to learn.

CANADIAN LETTERS.[1]

I.

CANADA WEST,
LONDON, *January* 7, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I have now reached a point that lies far west in the British province of Canada, and I wish to give you some of my impressions of this part of the world. I shall try to do it just as if I were in the midst of you in conversation,—an easy, off-hand talk, that may serve for my contribution to your winter's stock of information and discussion. I shall begin by sketching rapidly the course by which I have come to this place.

In the early half of October, after rather a stormy passage across the Atlantic in the s.s. 'St. Andrew,' we sighted the coast of Newfoundland, near the Straits of Belleisle, and shortly afterwards entered the straits. From this point to Quebec the distance was still 750 miles. The first view of the New World was bleak enough. Newfoundland on the left seemed made up

[1] Written to the Young Men's Literary Association, Sydney Place Church, Glasgow.

of low barren hills, surrounding numberless little bays and creeks, and on the right Labrador appeared even more uninviting, the shore fringed with cliff and ice, and the background stunted brushwood. There is, however, wealth in the seas around, the Newfoundland cod and Labrador herring being exported in great quantities; and in the interior of Newfoundland mines are wrought to a considerable extent, chiefly of copper. On the right hand, after entering the straits, we passed the island of Anticosti, nearly half as long as Scotland, but inhabited by little else than foxes and bears. The soil and climate are most unpropitious, and only a few families are found there, employed in superintending the lighthouses and the stores for shipwrecked mariners. The coast is a dangerous one, and two wrecks lying on shore were visible as we passed. It seems strange that the climate here should be so inclement, a severe winter lasting seven or eight months in the year, when the latitude is south of Ireland. It arises, I believe, from the absence of the Gulf Stream, which carries warmth to the European shores, and also from the configuration of the North American continent towards the pole, which causes greater quantities of ice and snow to remain in it during the summer. The course in sailing up the St. Lawrence is south-west, which gradually brings the voyager into a more genial air. Opposite Anticosti, Newfoundland trends away to the south, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence becomes here a great inland sea, where one may be out

of sight of land. New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia would be reached by sailing directly south, but none of these were visible, except the summits of some high mountains that were said to be in New Brunswick. The mouth of the St. Lawrence proper is then reached, with the Canadian shore on both sides, though the water is still salt, and it is impossible to see across from land to land. The northern shore is thinly peopled; the southern, along which our course lay, is more populous. The population is located almost entirely on the bank of the river, and is well-nigh exclusively Canadian French. Old-fashioned houses in the French Norman style succeed each other more and more closely, till they take the form of a continuous village, all fronting the water, with a long strip of cleared ground running back from each of them into the forest, which here slopes away upward till it loses itself on the sides of the distant chain of the St. Ann's mountains. These people are half farmers and half fishermen, and lead a hard, industrious, contented life, having little tendency to progress, and small desire to press westward like the English-speaking race. By and by the land is seen on both sides, but the north is still in great part unbroken wood. It will probably be the last portion of Canada to be fully filled up, and is at present valuable chiefly from its timber, and from mines of very excellent iron and other minerals that are being wrought in some places. Before approach-

ing Quebec, the population becomes denser on both sides of the river, though still confined chiefly to the banks. The water of the river is now quite fresh, and some beautiful islands stud its surface. The foliage of the changing autumn, which I was just in time to see, was peculiarly beautiful. The colours were vivid and varied beyond anything I have seen in Europe, from the dark purple and deep fiery red to the most delicate yellow. A great chain of hills on the north side, clothed with forest, presented an appearance that would seem to a British eye utterly overcharged and unnatural if transferred to canvas. The approach to Quebec is exceedingly fine, and the impression is not diminished by the various views from points around the city. Very few places in the Old World will compare with it for position. The river, narrow above, that is, comparatively narrow (about a mile), and flowing between high precipitous banks, here widens out into a beautiful bay many miles in circuit, broken by projecting headlands and wooded islands, with winding channels and smaller bays, in one of which the famed Montmorenci Fall thunders into the St. Lawrence from a height of 280 feet, while a noble chain of mountains sweeps round, and bounds the view to the north. Quebec stands at the foot, and climbs up the side of a bold cape that runs out on the bay. On the summit, called Cape Diamond, is the citadel of Quebec, the Gibraltar of the New World. It was taken by Wolfe in 1759, he and the equally

gallant Montcalm falling in the battle on the heights of Abraham behind the citadel. Its conquest decided the supremacy for the time being of British power in North America. One may see the spot where Wolfe fell, the narrow cove by which he scaled the cliffs and surprised the French, the reach in the river down which he drifted with muffled oars, while he repeated to his officers Gray's *Elegy*, and said he would rather be the author of that poem than the conqueror of Quebec. A monument erected to Wolfe and Montcalm jointly now graces one of the highest points in the city of Quebec, and unites the memories of two high-spirited and patriotic men. The city of Quebec, which has a population of above 50,000,[1] possesses few things that are attractive except its site. The upper town has some good streets, but the lower town is narrow, filthy, and in some parts ill-conditioned and wretched, regarding it by the measure of anything found in European cities. The population is more than two-thirds French Canadian and Roman Catholic. From Quebec my course was by the river St. Lawrence to Montreal, a distance of about 180 miles. The voyage was performed chiefly during the night, but what I saw of the banks resembled the country below Quebec. There was abundance of wood, not the old primeval forest, but an after-growth of diminished size, that fringed the river and ran away back into the interior, broken by clearings and lines of houses that

[1] 62,446 in 1881, but now declining.

looked to the river as the great highway. The names of the places and the appearance of the settlements showed that the great mass of the people was still Canadian French. Montreal is the largest town in Canada, having about 110,000 inhabitants,[1] and the promise of a rapid increase from its advantageous position. It is built chiefly on a plain bordering the St. Lawrence, and has a line of quays accessible to the largest vessels, with a handsome frontage of stately warehouses. The streets of the commercial part of the city are broad and business-like, and have public structures interspersed that would do credit to any city. They reminded me a good deal of Union Street, Aberdeen, the blue limestone, which is the chief material, having a considerable resemblance to the granite. The picturesque feature in Montreal, however, is what is called 'the mountain,' a fine wooded hill that rises immediately behind it, and which has bestowed its name on the city, 'Mount Royal,' abbreviated into Montreal. It forms a beautiful background from every side, and its lower slopes are being covered with streets of villa-like residences, that display much taste and prove the growing wealth of the place. The view from the upper part of the mountain, without being so striking as that from the citadel of Quebec, is yet exceedingly pleasing, and has a breadth about it that rises to the impressive. The city with its spires and towers lies below, and the noble stream of the St. Lawrence,

[1] 140,747 in 1881 ; said to be now 160,000.

a mile in width, sweeps past its wharves, and is spanned a little way up by that wonder of modern engineering, the Victoria tubular bridge. A great plain extends beyond, covered with villages and farm-houses, and varied by two or three projecting hills that seem to be the foreshoots of the mountains of Vermont in the States, plainly discernible on the verge of the horizon. On the other side of 'the mountain,' half-way up its slope, and looking over the isle of Montreal (for the city really stands on an island) is the public cemetery. A finer position for a 'city of the dead' cannot be conceived, especially when, as I saw it, the primitive forest out of which it is cut was glowing in every colour under the touches of the dying year. I saw a good deal of the religious life of Montreal, and of its philanthropic institutions, but on this I shall not enlarge, as I purpose afterwards saying somewhat of it separately. I shall only say at present that it seemed to me marked by a spirit of progressive energy, and that the different bodies of Protestant Christians appeared to co-operate with much catholicity Romanism in this part of Canada is still predominant in numbers, though not in influence, and it was a subject of common remark that the spirit of French was different from that of Irish Romanism, much more tolerant and open to inquiry. The French Canadians and Irish, though agreeing in religion, disagree in almost everything else, and their union at the poll is simply a political one, arranged by the priesthood for party purposes.

From Montreal I proceeded to Ottawa, a long day's journey, partly by rail and partly by steamboat.[1] The rail is adopted where the river navigation is impeded by rapids. One of these rapids, near the place where the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers join is a picturesque point, and has obtained some classic fame through the poet Moore, whose cottage is pointed out on the banks. The sail up the Ottawa has been compared to that on the Rhine, but I could discover no resemblance, except that in both cases there was a river with banks. The Ottawa is indeed a noble stream, and would be a river of first-rate magnitude in any European country, but its banks are in general low and monotonous. The wood, too, invariably disappoints one who has heard of the mighty forests of the West. It is more brushwood than forest, low, thick, and unvarying, except where it is broken by some village or farm-house, the whole appurtenances of which, including walls, furniture, stables, and fences, are only part of the forest in another form. The original wood, you are told, has all disappeared under the lumberer's axe, and to see it as it was in all its giant grandeur, you must travel back where that pioneer of civilization is still plying his hardy task. A few trees I did see that for size might have belonged to the olden race, but they gave unmistakeable signs, as poor Swift said of himself, that they were dying at top. It is a curious fact that trees left alone or in small clumps

[1] Three railways now connect them ; distance, 3½ hours.

from the old forest soon begin to droop as if they missed their companions, and stand ere long blasted trunks. They grow well enough, however, when planted. The reason seems to be, that the old forest trees sheltered each other from the blast, and when they lose their fellows cannot change their mode of life to their new circumstances. But planted alone from the beginning, they are exercised early by the wind on every side, and strike down their roots accordingly. A law of vegetable life this, which has its correspondence in the human, and also its moral if I had time to draw it. On the whole, as you may infer, the landscape of Canada is not distinguished by much variety, and probably never can be to so great an extent as in our own country. It wants the great constituent elements of mountain and sea, for even its enormous lakes are a poor equivalent for this last, being simply great water-tracks for the freight of timber and bread-stuffs, and competing with the sea in little else than the power of producing wrecks and nausea, for which they have a name beyond any similar extent of liquid element. This, however, by the way, and it may be added that we are perhaps dealing unfairly in comparing a country that is still much in a state of nature with one where the hand of man has for generations been giving the artistic touches that bring out beauty and variety from what seems most bare and common. Man can never in nature create the grand, but he can the beautiful.

Yet in Canada as it now is, there are points that stand out marked by the hand of Nature. Quebec is one of these and the finest of all, Montreal is another, and Ottawa city is a third. You are probably aware that this last has been fixed on by the Queen as the site of the capital of the now united province of Canada. Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto put in their claims, and the contest was peculiarly keen between Upper and Lower Canada, as the position of the capital would involve at least the temporary predominance of the English or French element. The Queen, to whom the question was referred as being too difficult and delicate for provincial solution, preferred Ottawa, to the displeasure of course of every one of the other candidates, and to the general surprise of Canada. Ottawa has but lately emerged into notice from the obscure name of Bytown; it is the smallest of all the competitors, having only 15,000 inhabitants,[1] and is far removed from the great thoroughfare of traffic in the valley of the St. Lawrence. The reasons that seem to have influenced the Queen's counsellors are these: all the other candidates were decidedly either in Upper or Lower Canada, but Ottawa is on the boundary of both provinces, the river Ottawa forming a marked division between the French and English populations. It was therefore a compromise by an arbiter, where the disputants, if left to themselves, might have pushed the case to a disruption.

[1] 27,412 in 1881.

In case of war, moreover, Ottawa is farthest removed from the frontier of the United States, and is susceptible of being strongly fortified. Although in a part of the country that has not yet been fully opened up, it has a great extent of the very best land around it, and needs only some stimulus to become a thriving and populous centre. All these considerations seem to have entered into the decision of the Home Government, and though it occasioned at first surprise, and a good deal of dissatisfaction in Canada, it has secured acquiescence in the bulk of the community. It is true that, though the public works have commenced, and are far advanced to completion, there are parties who still wish it to be regarded as an open question, and agitate for some other point; but the safety of Ottawa lies in this, that there is no other point on which all parties can so well agree. I think, then, we may regard Ottawa as the future capital of the Canadas, and it is matter of congratulation that the site is one well worthy of the dignity. The river has a breadth and volume that make it the equal of the Rhine, and here if not elsewhere the banks remind one of the hills of Bingen. They rise perpendicularly to the height of some 300 feet, and on the highest point is ascending the Parliament House of what will yet be a prosperous and powerful commonwealth. I have seldom been more struck with any views than those that extend around this structure. You can look sheer down into the river, which is here strong and deep, and of a

colour intensely green. Immediately above, its course is broken by a series of rapids and cataracts, of which the Chaudière, or Caldron Fall, is the chief. For height, of course, it cannot be compared with Niagara, but it has features of its own, that prevent one from speaking of it as inferior. Some terrible convulsion of nature has occurred here in past ages, and broken the bed of the river into a wild confusion of precipitous leaps, rapid slides, transverse barriers, narrow, parallel channels, and subterranean caverns, through which the water finds its way with an infinite number of rushes and leaps, appearing and disappearing in manners the most unexpected, perplexing the beholder and even the careful inquirer as to the way in which the different streams reunite themselves, where one that enters a cavern re-emerges, and where one that comes boiling up has its point of departure. There are endless bits of scenery and little mysteries to one who has time to wander here, and from the Parliament Hill the dash and rising smoke of the whole are distinctly visible. In its downward course, the river forms some fine little bays, as if it wished to repose itself after the turmoil of the Chaudière Fall. These are walled in by the same precipitous lines of cliff, not so steep, however, but that brushwood and some adventurous trees can cling to their sides. One of these small bays is close below the Parliament Hill, and makes it into a kind of promontory; another farther down is the scene of a fall called the Rideau or Curtain, where the Rideau

river precipitates itself into the Ottawa. Across the river is the province of Lower Canada, which rises in rolling folds to a wooded and mountainous country called the Gatineau, and is traversed by a river of the same name, the boast of this part of Canada for its scenery, and joining the Ottawa about a mile below the city. Toward the west and south, the Parliament Hill commands a view of a wide and fertile plain, part of Upper Canada, stretching away for mile upon mile, till lost in the blue distance. It is monotonous enough, as aforesaid, to travel over, but, seen in its expanse, it is grandly impressive, and when the forest is cleared, and smiling villages and farm-houses dot its surface, it will gleam out also into the beautiful. As for the Parliament buildings themselves, they are far on the way to completion, and when finished will form, it is believed, the finest pile on the American continent. They occupy three sides of a square, open at the angles and on the fourth side. They are in the Gothic style, of fine stone, part blue limestone from the neighbourhood, part a red stone from Ohio, and present an appearance exceedingly tasteful and imposing. The only fault I could find was that one of the sides of the quadrangle did not quite correspond in size with the other, and that there was not sufficient space preserved between the whole structure and the advancing streets of the city, which will in the end mar the general effect. Other faults, however, of a different kind are found by the inhabitants of Canada.

The erection was commenced by the last provincial government upon certain estimates that seemed moderate. These estimates, as frequently happens, have been far exceeded, I believe doubled, and the expenditure must be much greater before the buildings can be ready for use. The present Ministry, which came in on the ground of retrenchment, has appointed a commission to inquire into this and other matters.

The city of Ottawa, like the country of which it is capital, is to be judged more by its future than its present. There are many inhabitants in it older than its first house, and I have conversed with a good old lady who lived two months on the site of the Parliament House, in a hut with a barrel for a chimney. All was then unbroken forest, and she had to wait these two months till a road could be cut to her husband's concession twenty miles off. Even now, the primitive pine groves and cedar thickets can be seen close at hand, seals are seen disporting themselves in the river, and a fox who commits nightly depredations on the poultry has his headquarters beneath the Parliament House, and defies dislodgment. The town is already stretching out around, occupying at least three times the space that would be allotted to the inhabitants in the old country. Broad rectangular lines of streets run far out into the country, many of them marked by two or three houses, some by none, but all appearing duly completed in the map. A good arrangement this, so far as light and air are concerned, when the sun is

in the sky, but rather inconvenient when night comes into the question, and rain or thaw sets in. Lighting and paving then are felt to be at a sad discount, or, if attempted on a comfortable scale, the pockets of the tax-payers feel the burden. It is doubtless this circumstance that makes the local taxes in American towns a more serious item than the contributions to the general revenue. Other things in Ottawa have commenced on a large scale. The hotels are metropolitan in size and appearance, and several daily papers wage fierce warfare with each other. In regard, however, to these matters, hotels and newspapers, Ottawa is not distinguished from Canadian towns of the same size. A stranger cannot understand how such large hotels can be supported in small towns, with no great influx of visitors, and yet they seem to get along and prosper. The system of boarding, instead of living in their own houses, seems to be that which supports many of them, although in Canada this does not prevail to anything like the same extent as in the States. As to the daily papers, not much that is eulogistic can be said. They are meagre in general news, and pervaded by a bitter spirit of personal attack, that is happily disappearing from the old country. Yet here, it must be added, there are many honourable exceptions, and nothing corresponding to the rowdyism of the New York journals can be found in Canada.

In Ottawa and its neighbourhood I remained some time, and returned to the valley of the St. Lawrence

at Prescott. The season was too far advanced for any regular steamers plying on the river, so that I missed the celebrated scenery of the Thousand Isles at the entrance of Lake Ontario. I had an opportunity of seeing only the commencement of it at the pretty little town of Brockville, where I remained a day or two, and then continued my journey by the Grand Trunk to Toronto. It lasted from two in the afternoon till twelve at midnight, and presented little variety—tracts of woods, separated by intervals of clearing, and occasionally towns that seemed thriving and progressive. Of Kingston and its bay I only saw enough to make me desirous to have seen more. This town and Port Hope were the only places on the shores of Lake Ontario that offered to my eye anything of the picturesque. The shores of this lake—and the same may be said of Lake Erie—are flat and monotonous, and afford no points of comparison with our lake scenery in Scotland. I am told that on Lake Huron and Lake Superior it is otherwise. Toronto, where I remained a week, is the chief city of Upper Canada, with a population of 45,000.[1] It slopes gently upwards from the shore of Lake Ontario, and has a number of handsome, well-built streets, resembling much those that might be met with in a good provincial English town. Besides some elegant churches belonging to different denominations, there are two structures that stand out pre-eminent—Osgoode Hall, the centre of

[1] 86,415 in 1881, now over 100,000.

the legal profession in Upper Canada, and the University of Toronto. They are in very different styles, but either of them would be an ornament to any European capital. I have seen few things to surpass the University in position, architectural taste, and general arrangements. I had an opportunity also of examining the course and examination papers, and can testify as far as my judgment goes to its breadth and thoroughness. Such a system, if faithfully carried out, cannot fail to raise up men who will be an honour to their country and profession, and take rank with the *alumni* of any seats of learning in the New World or the Old. Besides the University of Toronto, there are various other institutions of a similar character in Canada, some on a general basis, others under the superintendence of denominations. Of the first, the M'Gill College at Montreal deserves honourable mention, under the principalship of a very accomplished man, Dr. Dawson.[1] The Wesleyans have a college at Cobourg, the Episcopalians the Trinity College at Toronto, and there are theological halls for training the ministry of the different churches, the Church of Scotland having one at Kingston, and the Canada Presbyterian Church (Free and United) Knox's College at Toronto. The Roman Catholics have also their separate colleges, both for general and clerical education, in Upper and Lower Canada. Altogether,

[1] Now Sir William Dawson. He was President of the British Association in 1886.

the public mind in Canada is directed very much to the question of education, and the common school system has attempted to solve the grand difficulty of the religious element, that continues so to baffle our European statesmen. It cannot be said that this has been done with success. In Lower Canada, which has its own school system, the Protestants complain that the Romanists treat them in the most intolerant manner, and they begin to demand the voluntary system rather than the present one of State support. In Upper Canada a contest is at present going on between those who wish to maintain the common system and a strong party who urge the appropriation of denominational grants. To this last party belong all the Roman Catholics and a portion of the Episcopalians and Wesleyans. The Roman Catholics have indeed already succeeded in introducing the wedge of denominationalism in their own behalf into the system of Upper Canada, and labour incessantly to widen the rent, in which they are aided by the self-seeking of other sects. The appetite for public funds would seem to be as strong here as it is at home, and the wisdom of Government lies in circumscribing the room for its gratification. It would conduce as much to public peace as to public economy. However this contest as to the school system may terminate, there is good reason to believe that the educational wants of Canada will be attended to. The people in the Upper Province are, as a whole, alive to the value of

at least the common elements of learning, and in the Lower Province, almost any system would be an improvement on the present one, which is entirely in the hands of the priesthood, and used for the promotion of its interests. On the whole question of the educational and spiritual state of Canada I hope to write more at length, only saying here that, in the midst of all contests and drawbacks, there are signs of progress and hopes of more.

From Toronto I took railway to Niagara Falls, and remained in the neighbourhood about a fortnight, visiting that great wonder-work of God several times, and each time being more impressed by it. I shall not here attempt to give those impressions. It would require a long letter for this alone, and then it would be done imperfectly. This part of Canada was the scene of some of the chief military operations in the American war of 1812–14, and also of the skirmishing in the insurrection of 1837, in which American sympathizers took a part. As the effect of this, the Canadian sentiment is there ultra-loyal, and I found the descendants of old German Pennsylvanians, who have not yet learned to look at the first American Revolution as anything but a rebellion, and who trace all the present troubles of the States to their insurrection against the authority of poor old George III. Here and in other places I found the descendants of a class of settlers called the U. E. (United Empire) Loyalists, who in considerable numbers removed to

Canada when the States gained their independence, and who had grants of land bestowed on them as the reward of their loyalty. They deserved it well, for they had endured much, and had been treated with great harshness by the States. The unrelenting severity of confiscation and banishment with which these men were persecuted is one of the stains upon that great struggle for liberty. Their descendants, as may be supposed, make connection with the mother-country and loyalty to the British Crown their boast and principle. This feeling is shared, if not with equal intensity, yet in all sincerity, by the overwhelming mass of the Canadian people. It seems strange to witness the blindness of the American newspapers, and even of some of their statesmen, to this fact, and to hear them speak as if it needed but a simple invitation to bring the Canadians at once into the Union. Along with the feeling of British loyalty, there is also growing up a sentiment of nationality which would vigorously resist absorption into the American republic. So far as I can judge of general opinion, an attempt to constrain this would lead to a war as sanguinary as that which now rages in the South. Some may regret that distinct nationalities should thus spring up, but it seems the design of Providence, and will probably conduce more in the end to the interests of liberty and human progress. Let us only hope that, in the case of Canada, distinction from their neighbours may be no more embittered by the recollection of war, and

that it may take its own shape among the nations of the New World by a peaceful and useful race of emulation.

From Niagara I returned by rail to Hamilton, at the head of Lake Ontario, where I remained a day or two, and then came on to London, whence I write this letter. Hamilton and London are both of them like smaller editions of Toronto, diminishing in size as they proceed westward, Hamilton having a population of about 20,000, and London of about 13,000.[1] This last is a well-built, thriving town, that has suffered somewhat from late disarrangements of trade, but promises to rise again rapidly with the flowing tide. It is much more metropolitan than a town of the same size would be at home, having handsome banks and extensive warehouses, with the usual allowance of big hotels and daily papers. It is the only considerable town of Canada that does not stand upon a navigable river or lake, but it has the advantage of being connected with several lines of railroad, and is the centre of a large agricultural district, the finest land in the country. It is on the great land highway to the Western States of the Union, and not far from the famed oil-springs. If these last hold out, they will help the prosperity of London, although meanwhile the refining establishments do very little to maintain the good odour of the place. But here as at home scent must give way to centage. A town like this

[1] 35,961 and 19,746 respectively in 1881.

furnishes a good opportunity for comparison with those at home in social morals. So far as I can form an idea, it is fully up to our average, probably above it. It has its quota of 'drunk and disorderly,' but they do not seem so sunk in abject misery. Destitution and rags do not obtrude themselves, and I believe do not exist but in a very limited degree. The facilities of remunerative labour of course account for this, and the brief existence of the town, which has not allowed the residuum of a fallen class, too often hereditary, to form itself. Whether they may prevent the growth of that which we are labouring hard to correct, remains to be seen. If one can speak of any class here as the degraded, it would be the poor blacks, though I should be sorry to apply that term to them. They are numerous, more than in other parts of Canada; they are poor, and by many they are not kindly treated. With the disadvantages under which they labour, it is not wonderful if we find a portion of them distinguished by little industry or morality, but not perhaps so much as whites would be in their circumstances. The general accusation of sauciness is brought against them, but, so far as my experience goes, civility will always elicit the proper response from them. If insolence appears, it is only as an attempt to assert the rights of manhood which may be denied to them. At present there is a proposal in this town by the School Trustees to exclude them from the common schools, and to supply them with the means of separate edu-

cation. It is done on the ground of their low moral character and social habits, which, it is said, affect the other children. The proposal has met with strong opposition on the part of the coloured people themselves, and is condemned in other parts of Canada, where it is very unusual, if not altogether unknown. I do hope it may be repelled, and that the American prejudice against colour will not find an entrance here. The poor negro has enough to contend against without this. It is right enough that there should be protection for the schools from the contamination of immorality and filth, but let this be sought by the separation only of the individuals affected, and not by the exclusion of classes to gratify an odious and unchristian aristocracy of colour. The schools provided for the coloured population cannot offer the same education as those for the whites, and thus a portion of the community will be deprived of the opportunity of rising, and doomed to a modified bondage.[1]

The church accommodation seems fully up to the population. There is one large Roman Catholic church, two Episcopalian, three Presbyterian, one Congregationalist, one Baptist, one Wesleyan, one Episcopal Methodist (a distinction imported from the States), one New Connexion Methodist. Besides these, there are several smaller bodies of Bible Christians and other varieties, and two churches where the

[1] There is no part of Canada in which the coloured children are excluded from either the public schools or the universities.

coloured population worship by themselves. These last, however, may, if they choose, worship in the other churches, and occasionally I have seen them so doing. The churches, you will see, are ample in number, and they are generally large in size. There is, however, a considerable part of the population not church-going.

Here, meanwhile, I must conclude this letter, hoping to give on another occasion a more general view of the country.

II.

Having given in my last letter a sketch of my journey through Canada as far as London, C.W., I proceed in this to give some notices of the country, natural, social, and political.

It was John Cabot, a Venetian in the service of England, who first visited this part of the coast of America in 1497. He touched the exterior only at Newfoundland and Labrador, and Canada proper was not discovered till 1535, by a Frenchman, Jacques Cartier, who penetrated as far as Montreal, then an Indian settlement bearing the name of Hochelaga. The French proceeded to settle the country, at first slowly, but afterwards with more energy, impeded by wars with the Indians, and with the English settlements farther south. At that time the French people were distinguished by a spirit of colonial enterprise which now seems to have forsaken them. They discovered the great lakes, traced the course of the

Ottawa, St. Lawrence, and Mississippi, opened up an extensive commerce, and seemed ready to assume superiority in the whole continent of North America from Quebec round to New Orleans. The intolerant principles of French monarchy both in Church and State checked this growth; Jesuit control withered it; and slowly and steadily the French power in the New World declined. The capture of Quebec in 1759 by Wolfe was the last blow to it, and established British supremacy. The French, however, have made their mark in Lower Canada, and the proper amalgamation of the race they have left here with fellow-citizens who differ from them in language and religion will be the chief difficulty of Canadian statesmen. The politics of the present and future turn upon this point. After the conquest of Canada, the British Government treated the French Canadians with great justice and liberality, and this conduct prevented them from joining in the revolt of the other American Colonies in 1775. When invited to send delegates to the Philadelphia Congress they refused, and when the Americans invaded the country they met them with active resistance. It is a curious circumstance that well-nigh the only part which remained faithful to the mother-country was that which was alien in race and religion. After the close of the American war in 1783 a number of United Empire Loyalists, whose property had been confiscated in the States, received grants of lands in Canada, and, as they

settled chiefly in the western part, the colony was divided into the two governments of Lower and Upper Canada, the first being principally French, the last English. Canada continued slowly to increase till the war of 1812, when it was calculated that Lower Canada contained 200,000, and Upper Canada 80,000. The Americans commenced that war with the avowed intention of speedily conquering and annexing the country. The spirit of the Canadian people, however, was thoroughly roused, and their militia, aided by the regular troops, defeated the invaders in almost every action, and drove them from the soil. The events of history thus far have contributed to form for Canada a national existence distinct from that of the States. As Canada increased in population it began to agitate for greater powers of self-government. Unhappily the Ministry at home did not soon enough recognize this, and an appeal to arms took place in 1837 by an ultra section in both Lower and Upper Canada, aided by some American sympathizers. It was, however, speedily put down by the united efforts of the loyal, and all the demands of the Canadian people were complied with in 1840, when a legislative union of the two provinces took place. This was the beginning of that Liberal Colonial policy on the part of the Home Government, which will avert in future any such unhappy war as that for American independence, and which is building up under the shadow of the British Empire

free and attached commonwealths all over the globe. The result in Canada has been that a government has been established for the united colony, with a Ministry responsible to the people. The Constitution resembles that of the home-country, with what would be called a character of Advanced Liberalism. There are two Houses of Parliament, an Upper and a Lower, but both elective. The franchise is not universal, but such as to place it within the reach of any man of common industry and intelligence. There is no established church, and all sects are on an equality. Self-government in the municipal form exists in the towns and also in the counties. The laws for the transfer and sale of lands, for executing mortgages and wills, are exceedingly simple, and might with great advantage be carried across the Atlantic. The connection with the mother-country is maintained by the presence of a Governor-General, who represents the Queen, and whose assent is necessary to the passing of new laws. His salary is the only burden of an imperial kind borne by Canada. The troops that protect the country, and the arms furnished to it, are at the expense of the home-country, while Canada raises its revenue by taxing British produce at the same rate as that of any other nation. The effect of all this is that the Canadians are well contented with their government, as they have every reason to be. It secures safety, freedom, and economy (when compared with other countries), and if they were not loyal

and peaceful they would be the most unreasonable of nations. Yet unreason often distinguishes nations, and therefore we must accord the Canadians the credit of recognizing their privileges, and of being thoroughly well-affected to the mother-country, while they feel a growing pride in their own land, and its rapidly increasing resources.

Let me now come to a view of the resources as seen in the extent and character of the United Province. Canada is nearly 1300 miles in length, and averages some 200 in breadth. Its area is 357,822 square miles, the proportion of which to our own country can be estimated, when it is remembered that the area of Scotland is about 32,000 square miles. It should be remembered, besides, that the whole British possessions in North America comprise 2,897,560 square miles, and that there is indefinable room, therefore, for the expansion of Canada to the West whenever it may be thought desirable.[1] At present Canada may be said to lie entirely in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and along the lakes formed by it. This magnificent river, including these lakes, is 3000 miles in length, and, with the help of two or three short canals, is navigable through its whole extent for first-class vessels. Its great drawback is that during the winter months, from November till

[1] The whole of British North America (3,470,392 square miles, with 4,324,810 inhabitants in 1881) is now embraced in the Dominion of Canada. Upper and Lower Canada are the present provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

the end of April, its mouth is closed by ice, and Canada is thus entirely cut off from direct communication with the ocean during a great part of the year. The climate of Canada, as may be supposed, varies in different parts. The Lower Province has a more severe and steady winter, and also greater heat in summer—the Upper Province having its climate tempered by the large inland lakes. On the whole, the climate is colder than that of Europe in the same parallels, and the winter greatly more severe. The thermometer falls sometimes to 40° below zero, while in summer it rises on some days to above 100°, a very great extreme, and yet not unfavourable to health. The air is almost invariably clear, and free from mist or fog. The sky is bright as that of Italy, and the stars shine with peculiar brilliancy. The dryness of the atmosphere makes the cold of winter much less felt than could be supposed, and this season is esteemed by many the most pleasant in the year. Up to within a few days of this date (the middle of January), winter had scarcely made its appearance, and every one was lamenting the long delay. Without the snow, transit is difficult, the health of the people languishes, influenzas and slow fevers spring up from the decaying vegetation, and social life stagnates. A heavy fall of snow has taken place with a sharp frost of 26° below freezing, and everything appears to have received a quickening impulse. The farmers are bringing in their wheat and other produce on sleighs

that glide on the snow as smoothly as a carriage on a rail, and indeed much more smoothly than most. The streets are alive with cutters (so the small driving sleigh is called), making a merry jingling with their bells, which are necessary to give warning of their otherwise noiseless movements, and are skimming hither and thither like so many swallows on the wing. The horses enjoy the sport as much as the drivers, and can scarcely be restrained, so full are they of life and spirit. The dogs can never be satisfied enough with rolling in the snow, and snuffing and eating it, and seem the happiest dogs alive. Visits are paid on all sides, long-deferred parties are made up, and everybody goes about congratulating everybody else on the happy change, and hoping it may continue. The substitution of a good, smooth, hard road for endless, bottomless mud is one cause of the thankfulness, the bracing frost that carries off malaria and bad humours is another, and more than all is the immense quantity of oxygen thrown into the atmosphere, which revivifies the whole animal frame, and makes the step light and the heart happy. The winter in Canada is certainly not what we deem of winter, and we must not judge its five months' duration by our murky fogs and slushy thaws. The winter day, besides, is considerably longer than ours, owing to the southerly latitude, and is made longer still by the reflection from the snow. Probably, however, in an economic point of view, its long winter

is against the interests of Canada. It stops much out-door labour, checks the plough and harrow, and compresses the work of the farmer into such a narrow space, that one operation can scarcely be completed till another is crying out for instant notice. Spring comes in with a sudden rush like the Solway tide, and summer flowers out into instantaneous blossom. The rapid transitions of nature form one of the features of the climate of Canada. The sun rises and sets more suddenly than with us, and in a like manner enters upon and quits his work of the year, so that there is little 'gloamin',' a smaller amount of the insensible buddings of April and long-drawn greenness of May, and autumn tints, though more vivid, are shorter-lived. If I might refer to it here, human life partakes of the law. The child shoots up more quickly into the man and woman than at home. The month of May seems blotted out of the consciousness of humanity,—a loss, this, greater, it seems to me, in the human than in the vegetable world, as it effaces one of the most pleasurable, as well as one of the most profitable periods of life, the period that has the keenest sense of joy, and that receives the seeds of finest culture. Yet here, perhaps, the ages may contain some compensation, of which we do not at present dream. These climatic differences in Canada bring a difference in the outward face of things. The bird and flower life in its prominent features is not the same, and we look round in vain for the most familiar things of sight and

sound that are enshrined in the household poetry of the old land. One cannot say with poor Mary in her prison,—

> 'Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
> Aloft on dewy wing;
> The merle in his noontide bower
> Makes woodland echoes ring.'

The lark and thrush are unknown, save in cages, and, for all the woods of Canada, it cannot boast a single cuckoo. The fond recollections of the home country have fixed the well-known names on some inhabitants of the adopted land, but how changed! There is a blackbird, but a corpulent, ungraceful, tuneless fowl; and there is a redbreast, twice the size of the original, but he wants the song, and he flies from winter. The poor Babes in the Wood want their undertaker, and the ballad as a consequence cannot live. As might be expected from the close friendship between the bird and the flower, our Old-World favourites of the field do not open their eyes on this hemisphere. The daisy, of course, cannot exist without the morning song of the lark, Wordsworth's commonplace man would find no 'yellow primrose' to be a stumbling-block to him, there is no broom upon the lea, and the 'furzy prickle' of Tennyson never 'fires the dells.' Even the hardy heather cannot brave the stern winter, and is only seen occasionally in a flowerpot, looking inglorious enough, under the fostering care of some patriotic Scotsman, who guards it as

a precious morsel against the festival of St. Andrew's Day. To some, this entire separation from the most cherished associations of home would be a sore deprivation, and perhaps it is so felt, but it brings with it a chastened tenderness. It is pleasant to hear the parents trying to give their children some idea of the daisy and the lark, that they may enjoy the better the poetry and the story of old Scotland, and the descendants begin to see the land of their fathers through a lustrous haze like that which to us rests on the hills of the olive and the palm. Canada, however, has its own substitutes, though they have not yet been visited by the light of song. Some flowers of rare beauty there are, though their season is more brief than with us, owing to the summer's heat; and many of the birds are marked by a tropical brilliancy of plumage. I am sorry that I have to speak of them more as I saw them in the museums of Montreal and Toronto than in their native forests, but when life is poured into the humming-birds that seemed like fragments of rainbows, and into the finely-tinted oriole, I could see that the future poet of Canada will not want his illustrations, drawn from the nature around him. There is promise of his coming already, and then doubtless his eye and ear will discover sights and sounds that will make the land beautiful and dear as any upon earth. Canada is not Scotland, and it would be foolish to wish that it were, but it has features of its own, and they are neither mean

nor unlovely. Before closing these rather desultory remarks on the climate of Canada, I should say that it has one season peculiar to itself, or rather to North America, the Indian summer. This period occurs generally in October, and lasts from two to three weeks. It is mild, slightly hazy, and spoken of by all the long residents as specially delightful. I have said by the long residents, because some seasons it is scarcely discernible, and such happened to be the one that I passed in this part of the world. A few days of doubtful glimmer were the only approach to it. This curious phenomenon used to be absurdly enough attributed to the Indians burning the woods, hence its name; but the exact cause of it has not yet been ascertained.

The climate leads naturally to the soil and its productions. It is customary in these scientific days to begin this by a geological table, which I shall avoid, and touch only the more practical part by saying that the strata of Canada are all beneath the coal measures, so that this most useful mineral can never be found there. Whether it existed and has been denuded, or whether it was never formed, this is certain, that coal does not and cannot exist in Canada. It is found to the east of it, in Nova Scotia, and to the south and west of it, and by means of railway and steamer it now enters Canada in large quantities. For a long season, too, if not for ever, Canada will have in its wood some compensation.

Each farmer for this very reason leaves a portion of his land in the forest state, that he may have fuel at hand. In defect of coal, Canada abounds in other minerals. The finest iron is to be found in the Lower Province. Lead, copper, and zinc are found abundantly on the shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. Silver and gold are native minerals, though they have not yet been discovered so plentifully as in Nova Scotia. Agate, jasper, and the most beautiful marbles exist in great quantity. Petroleum or mineral oil has been extensively found lately, and has taken an important place as an article of commerce. Fears are, however, entertained that the supply may not be lasting. I may remark that it is not clear whether the origin of this oil is mineral or vegetable, but certainly *coal-oil* is a misnomer. The time will come when the wealth of Canada in these different directions will be developed; at present the main industry of its inhabitants is turned to more palpable sources. Besides fishing, which occupies a good many in the Lower Province, the main elements of its labour lie in lumbering and agriculture. Lumbering, which is the term applied to cutting and rough-hewing the trees, employs many thousands of hardy labourers. In the forests of the Saguenay, the Ottawa, and other branches of the St. Lawrence, these men are plying the axe and navigating their rafts down the rivers, acting as the pioneers of the farmer, and often turning round and converting their own axe into the plough.

Some of the most thriving men in Canada have risen from this employment. Many more are indirectly dependent on it, and mechanical ingenuity in beautiful applications is seen in the saw-mills, lath, window, and door-frame manufactories of Ottawa and other towns. Immense quantities of oak, pine, walnut, maple, and other timbers are continually floating down to Montreal and Quebec, to cross the ocean, chiefly to Great Britain.

As regards the agricultural resources of Canada, it may be said that the soil, like the climate, gradually improves as it proceeds westward. Lower Canada would please most the lover of the picturesque, with its ranges of mountains, its pine-embosomed lakes, and resounding cataracts; but Upper Canada would delight the eye of the farmer. While excellent land is to be found in the neighbourhood of Montreal and Ottawa, it is to the western region, specially to the peninsula between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, that the agriculturist by a sure instinct has been pressing, and now the settled districts are climbing up the side of Lake Huron, and looking with a wistful eye beyond Lake Superior to the far Red River. That Canada is a good land for the farmer, and that the soil in many parts is equal to any in the States, I have never heard questioned. The part of Western Canada to which I have more especially referred is probably superior to any found in the States under the same latitude. The only objections I have ever heard

made are to the restrictions with which the sale of land is hampered. It has in many cases got into the hands of speculators, who maintain it at an undue premium, but means are being taken to abate this evil and to open up fresh lands. A large quantity of most excellent soil has lately been made available in the Manitoulin Islands in Lake Huron, by a treaty entered into with the Indians. The best proof of the thriving condition of the farming interest in Canada is found by a short residence in any of the hospitable farmhouses that stud the country. There is a profusion existing in the use of bread, animal food, poultry, preserves, which in the old country would be deemed extravagance. It may be thought that this very profusion argues the want of a good market for the produce, and to some extent there is truth in this, but to a greater extent it arises from that style of good living that has become almost universal in the land. The Canadian farmer has a market that is constantly improving, and that is at this moment better than that of most of the Western States, owing to his proximity to the lakes and the St. Lawrence. I can imagine few more comfortably-placed men than a right-minded farmer who has settled down on Canadian soil, with his land cleared from wood and pecuniary encumbrance. I can speak from experience, having spent some time with such an one. Beef, mutton, and pork his own farmyard supplies him with in all abundance. Turkeys and

poultry of every kind seem to have a peculiar habit of thriving, for their number is legion. Bread of the finest is baked in his own house, from his own flour, and it never appears without its friend the butter-pot. Apples, plums, and cherries from his orchard come up in open form, and in all sorts of disguises. Corn-cakes, maize-puddings, and other products of Yankee ingenuity, sent across the border, come in as interludes. The farmer is hard enough wrought in summer, but in winter he has his time for recreation, friendly intercourse, and reading. For this last there is good opportunity in the plentiful issues of standard books in Canada and the States, and it is a feature of the country that there are few houses in which comfort is at all found that have not their own little library and their weekly, if not daily, newspaper. What the hazy Arcadia sung by the pastoral poets may have been, it is hard to say, but, in any case, it was less rational and pleasurable than the home of an honest Canadian farmer, above all when Christian principle enters it, as I hope it does in not a few cases; and, when the evening shutters are closed, and the wind is heard swaying the pines without, and the log crackles in the clear frost in the fireplace, in addition to the general warmth of the diffusive stove, I think that Cowper's picture of a happy winter evening is realized.

Wheat is the great staple of the Canadian soil, but the Upper Province is more adapted to it than the

Lower. The heat of the summer gives an opportunity for cultivating many of the crops and fruits that belong to the southern countries of Europe, such as maize and buckwheat, the grape and peach. The fruit of which Canada, however, is entitled most to boast is its apple, which attains here a size and flavour not surpassed in any country.

There is room in Canada to almost any extent for farmers and farm-labourers, who are willing to submit to some hardship at first, and to rough labour in the wood and field for the sake of growing independence and comfort in coming years. For those engaged in mercantile life the room is by no means so large, and can only increase as the cities extend to meet the wants of the rural population. For mechanics and handicraftsmen there is more room than for the last-mentioned, especially if they can adapt themselves to new exigencies. What is wanted in this country is not a man who is a mere part of a machine, but one who can stand and walk and work alone. Capital also would be a great benefit to the country if lent out at a moderate rate of interest, ten and twelve per cent. being a very common rate paid by farmers on the security of their own lands.[1] As to the literary professions, Canada is making very creditable efforts to raise them for itself. Its universities and colleges are sending out lawyers, doctors, teachers, and ministers of all the leading denominations. Still, in a country

[1] Six per cent. is a high rate for investments now.

where material industry presents more than usual inducements, the different professions are more likely to want candidates, and I believe that not a little of the superfluous mind of the old country might find space for exercise here. Of the want of Christian ministers I hope to say more again, and shall only remark now that a minister, if at all acceptable and industrious, will not fail to find his sphere and fitting support in Canada. He must, however, be a man who, like the farmer, must often be ready to rough it, to preach at first in very plain edifices, and sleep in homely lodgings; a man of common sense, who can make allowance for a new country; a man of a contented temper, not over-fond of ease and dainties; and, above all, one who has his heart in his Master's work.[1] Canada could yet take many such to keep abreast of the advancing tide of its population, and though I am free to confess that in many places there is a very inadequate idea of ministerial support, yet there is progress being made in this as in other things, and the Gospel will call forth its response here as elsewhere, and prove the labourer to be worthy of his hire. It is to be considered that a sound state of public sentiment in political and still more in religious matters is of slow growth, that the people of Canada are drawn, not only from all parts of the British Empire, but from all parts of Europe, and that most of them have been accustomed to the State Church

[1] In the Presbyterian Church the minimum stipend is now £150.

principle, which incapacitates them for a length of time for the support and management of their own religious ordinances. Let us be considerate and hopeful, and, instead of wondering that there are instances of coldness and parsimoniousness in the churches of Canada, we shall be surprised that there are not more.

I am now brought naturally to say something on the population of Canada and its component elements, as this question bears very much upon the present state of parties in it, and on its future prospects. In 1783 it was estimated that it contained 130,000 inhabitants, 10,000 of these being United Empire Loyalists, the rest Canadian French. There are now nearly as many in the city of Montreal alone. In 1812 Lower Canada contained 200,000, and Upper Canada 80,000. In 1851 Upper Canada contained 952,004, Lower Canada 890,261. In 1861 Upper Canada contained 1,396,091, Lower Canada 1,110,664, —total population two millions and a half.[1] The population of Lower Canada, which consists chiefly of the French element, has thus been gradually falling behind in the race, and there is every prospect that it will continue to do so, as the stream of emigration passes it on to the Western province. It must be admitted, however, that the last census showed a greater increase of the French population than had been expected. As to religion, the population by

[1] For Ontario and Quebec the numbers in 1881 were 1,923,228 and 1,359,027,—total, 3,282,255.

last census, 1861, may be divided as follows:—Roman Catholics, 1,200,863; Protestants, 1,305,890,[1] so that they are not far from being equally balanced, the great proportion of the Roman Catholics being found, of course, in the Lower Province, though the Irish give a considerable admixture of the same persuasion in the Upper Province. The Protestants, again, are divided as follows:—Episcopalians, 374,887; Methodists, 372,154; Presbyterians, 346,991; Baptists, 69,310; Congregationalists, 14,284; other denominations of all kinds, 128,264. It will be observed here that the Episcopalians, Methodists, and Presbyterians are nearly equal. The two last have probably a greater number of real adherents than the Episcopalians, as the non-church-going class in the country generally writes itself down Church of England. The Methodists are divided into a considerable number of sects, the Presbyterians into two—the party adhering to the Church of Scotland and the Canada Presbyterian Church, the last composed of the Free Church and United Presbyterians.

The politics of Canada take their shape and colour very much from the divisions of race and religion above enumerated, and must long continue to be influenced by them. The business of Parliament is

[1] For the two provinces the census of 1881 gives—Roman Catholics, 1,491,557; Protestants, 1,728,477 (Methodists, 630,724; Presbyterians, 468,036; Episcopalians, 435,336; Baptists, 115,533; other denominations, 78,848).

conducted in both languages, and every Ministry must try carefully to balance itself upon members drawn equally from the French and English element. At present, the Lower Province, notwithstanding its inferiority in population, sends by the constitution as many members to the legislature as the Upper Province, and by its power of voting as a unit, through the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, it manages generally to carry its own measures. The Canadians of the West complain that though they are a majority of the population, and raise two-thirds of the revenue, their interests are continually sacrificed, and the public money squandered on objects that do not concern them. The money that should open up postal communication with the Red River Settlement, and that should give Canadians an entrance to the agriculture and commerce of a great country westward, is now being spent in schemes of Roman Catholic colonization in the Lower Province, and in making roads to begging settlements of Trappist monks. They complain, moreover, that the Roman Catholics have possessed themselves of the national education of the Lower Province so as to make it thoroughly sectarian and intolerant, and that, by the aid of High Church Episcopalians and others, they are striving to break down the national system in the Upper Province and make it the spoil of plundering sects. They urge that the present constitution gives the unprogressive and bigoted part of the nation the

power of hanging like a drag upon all movements toward improvement, because that improvement would interfere with their own selfish interests. For this reason, their watchword at present is 'representation by population;' that is, such a change in the constitution as would give the Upper Province a number of members proportioned to its inhabitants. The Lower Province—at least the French Canadian part of it—complains again that the French language and race are unduly depressed, and have not the share in Government situations which proportionally belongs to them. In regard to representation, they say that the principle of equality in membership was adopted when Lower Canada had a larger population than the Upper Province, and it is unfair to alter it now. It was this question of race and religion that gave such importance to the settlement of the seat of government, and it is causing at present a keen debate on a fragment of the same question. Before Ottawa was fixed on as the capital, the custom was for Parliament to meet four years alternately in Quebec and Toronto. The four years in Quebec are just expiring, and, as the buildings in Ottawa cannot be ready for two or three years to come, the discussion is as to where Parliament shall meet meanwhile. The press of Lower Canada contends that it is a waste of public money to remove all the governmental apparatus from Quebec for so short an interval; and the press of the Upper Province rings with the injustice of such an objection, and insists

on its share of influence, however brief may be the time. It is evident that this is the great internal difficulty of Canada. Every nation must have its own, that none may become too arrogant. Russia has its serfdom, Italy its popedom, Germany its impracticable princedom, France its smouldering fires of revolution, Britain had old and now it has young Ireland, the States have slavery and disunion, and Canada has its antagonistic races and religions. How the question may be solved it is hard to conjecture; prophecy was always difficult, and it is harder now than ever, the turns are so rapid and so strange. Who would have said, three years ago, that the great American Union would have in so short a time stained its map with so many battlefields, and that a decree would issue from the President declaring slavery null in so many slave States? Politics march with the giant steps of mechanical science. One thing seems to me more clear than I formerly saw it to be, that some connection with the mother-country is most important, if not indispensable to Canada for a length of time. Without it, there would be no moderating element in its politics, and Canada would break in sunder at the Ottawa. The influence from Britain, though not controlling in any way the Canadian freedom of action, has a happy effect in tempering animosities, and in coming in as an impartial arbiter with admitted authority. This has been felt already in the settlement of the seat of

Government directly, and its indirect operation is of even more importance. The presence of the Governor-General, as the representative of the Queen and the head of the Executive, saves Canada from the periodical convulsions of a presidential election, that have done so much to demoralize the politics of the neighbouring republic, and to create the animosity that has culminated in civil war. A change of Ministers whenever popular opinion demands it is more conducive to good feeling and order, not to speak of freedom, than a battle every four years for a policy that may go on rigidly in the line of the victorious party, whatever alterations may meanwhile take place before that President can be constitutionally unseated. In the British Constitution we have the great advantage of a fixed point, in the Sovereign belonging to no party in the State, while the popular feeling can make itself felt at any time in a change of the Ministry. The President of the United States, on the other hand, is chosen by a party, and must continue to act for his term of office in the line of its policy, else he is unfaithful to those who elected him. Whatever changes may occur in the popular mind during the four years of his presidency, he cannot be displaced save by a revolution. It resembles a vessel that would have its helm tied to one point of the compass for a certain fixed number of days, and that cannot change it whatever wind may blow. The danger of the system is illustrated at this very crisis. The

present President[1] was put in to represent the Republican party, and is in the midst of his term of office. Meanwhile the Democratic party has recruited its forces, and gained the recent elections in all the great central States, yet it cannot control the presidential action. If it were strong enough, and not very scrupulous, the effect would be the overthrow of the President by violence. The tendency of the whole system of presidential elections is to provoke a spirit of animosity, which has been for years becoming more intense, and is rendered doubly so by the fact that, when a new party comes into office, all the adherents of the previous party are turned out of their situations down to postmasters and tide-waiters. From this we are happily free in Britain, and Canada partakes of the advantage through the connection with the mother-country. There are some writers who have compared Canada disadvantageously with the States from the greater amount of energy and progress manifested in the latter. They compare the growth of towns on the States frontier with that of those along the Canadian line, and, finding it on the whole inferior, they characterize the Canadians as lethargic, and account for it by their want of entire self-government. The most recent of these writers is Trollope, the author of *A Visit to America* during last year. But the want of entire self-government (if we can so speak of it, where the self-government is as perfect as in the States

[1] Abraham Lincoln.

itself) has not prevented Australia and New Zealand from making a progress that is unprecedented. Why should a similar connection with the mother-country retard Canada? Moreover, it is unfair to compare the frontier towns of a country like the States, which has a far larger population, with those of Canada, comparatively sparsely peopled. The frontier towns are like doors to a house, and will correspond to the population that uses them for ingress and egress. The cities can only be in proportion to the people behind them in the rural districts. But take the cities of Canada, and let allowance be made for the difference in the general population, and in soil, climate, and other circumstances, and it will be seen that their progress equals, if it does not exceed, that of the States contiguous to them. That the connection with the mother-country is any drawback to their material progress is not the opinion of the Canadians themselves. If the connection with Britain is necessary as a balancing power within Canada, it is not less so to secure its independence without. There are two separate dangers. The one is that, if British sovereignty were withdrawn, the French Canadians would be ready to establish a connection with France, with which they have the strong bond of race and religion. They would thus interpose between the Upper Canadians and the sea, and cut them off from the natural alliance which must connect them more and more with their brethren of the Lower

Provinces in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Even as it is, and comparing as they may their own freedom with the despotism that reigns in France, the predilection of nationality is ever and again breaking out. While British connection continues, it is harmless; but let it cease, and there might be either an alliance with France, or such a threat of it as would enable them constantly to perplex and concuss the British portion of the population. This certainly would be a great misfortune in every point of view, both for the material interests of the country and for the progress of civil and religious liberty. This last is, here as in Europe, bound up with the predominance of British over French ideas. The other danger to the independence of Canada lies in the proximity of the United States, with the proved disposition of its democracy to extend the limits of its dominion. Whatever may be the result of the present war, the States would be much too powerful for Canada to resist alone, and, whether we have a restored or a curtailed Union, the expressed mind of the people of the North has been for the incorporation of Canada. One grand North American empire seems a favourite idea with a portion of the American statesmen, and floats as a darling dream before the mind of the mass of the people. It is the direct result of the Monroe doctrine, the heart of which is the sovereignty of the United States on this continent. That this dream, if carried out, would be fraught with great evil to free-

dom and to the best interests of man in this part of the world, I sincerely believe. Unbroken dominion, either in the Old World or the New, as long as man remains the being he is, must be disastrous in its issue, whether it be lodged in a single despot or in a democracy. When the ancient Roman republic embraced the known world, it began rapidly to decline; and the balance of states in modern Europe, with all the dangers of war which it brings, yet maintains a healthy emulation in the national spirit of each, and affords a refuge in one, when individual liberty is assailed in another. If the United States could establish their dominion over the entire North American continent, it would ere long be to the sore detriment of personal freedom among themselves. Even as it is, the tendency of the majority is to curtail the rights and free speech of a minority that differs strongly from them, and there would be less limit to this than there now is, if Canada were incorporated with the States. It is not long since it was the only place on the Northern continent where the hunted slave felt himself safe, and at present it affords a shelter both to the refugees of the South and to the fugitives from the Northern military conscription. It may be natural enough for a dominant majority to fret at this check to the full rigour of its measures, but it is for it to consider that the time may not be long when a change of numbers may make it as thankful to have a neutral frontier near it. These

considerations receive greater force when we reflect that, as dominion extends, there must be a corresponding growth in centralizing power to give it cohesion. We can see the consequences of a want of this in the present crisis, and if in any way it were surmounted, and a still wider empire aimed at, centralization, as it has not yet been witnessed in the New World, would be the natural consequence. As we have a regard, then, to the best interests of the United States themselves, and to the growth of true freedom and civilization in North America, we cannot desire that Canada should be added to their already vast territory. For Canada itself this is, of course, still less desirable. It would be burdened with the share of a huge debt which it did not help to contract, and would be cut off indefinitely from the hope of adopting those principles of free trade which would peculiarly promote its prosperity, and which are growing in the estimation of its most intelligent citizens. It would be dragged into the turmoil of conflicts from which it instinctively shrinks back, and be bound up in political associations with which it has no sympathy. Canada has already its own national recollections, and is beginning to manifest its own distinct national life, a life which many more than Canadians believe to be both politically and socially more healthy than that of the States, as it is certainly more closely allied to the tone of thinking that prevails in the mother-country. It is for the profit and happiness of Canada that this life

should be allowed to develop itself freely and fully. We may then expect from it its own distinct and not unworthy contribution to the varied forms of modern civilization. That the preservation of a separate national existence is the wish of the Canadian people themselves cannot at all be doubted. They have exerted themselves at various periods of their history to repel invasions from the States. In 1837, when they had just causes for dissatisfaction, it was a very small minority that favoured the idea of annexation to the American Union; and the mass of the people, while desiring reform, remained firm in their allegiance to the British Crown. The causes of discontent and the results have long since disappeared, and the attachment to connection with the mother-country is not only sincere, but deep, and in many cases enthusiastic. No one can help coming to this conclusion who consults the utterances of its public men, the language of its press, or the sentiments of the people as heard in common intercourse. The liberal contribution made in all parts of Canada to the distress in Lancashire, and the spirit that accompanied it, show how the heart of all classes beats to the interests of the common empire. A great misconception existed at home, a year ago, when the Canadian Assembly threw out the Militia Bill of the late Ministry. The case is now, however, better understood, for that vote did not turn upon the question of national defence, but on the manner in which the late Ministry sought

to carry it out—a manner reckoned by the majority of the country unwarrantably extravagant. The Canadians are willing to the utmost to assist in their own defence, and their desire to do so is shown by the fact that the enrolled and active volunteers are in a considerably greater proportion to the population than in Great Britain. There is a school of politicians that has arisen lately in England, represented by Mr. Goldwin Smith,[1] who hold it to be for the advantage of Britain herself to withdraw from all connection with Canada, and leave it to settle its own future arrangements, internal and external, without the shadow of imperial authority or aid. A good deal may be said in favour of this, from the British point of view, and perhaps it is the reaction from the policy of a bygone age that placed undue importance on the possession of colonies, and strained the bond of connection until it broke. We should be sorry, however, to see the question placed on the ground merely of the material interests of the mother-country. There are other and wider obligations than those that can be measured by revenue and commercial profits. Great Britain has sent forth her children to this colony on the understanding that they would still be under the broad ægis of imperial protection and law, and while they are wishful to keep their part of the engagement, she must be true to hers. Men have struggled and fought and

[1] Mr. Goldwin Smith stands almost alone; very few in Canada sympathize with him.

made sacrifices of every kind to remain British subjects here, property has been invested under the guarantee of her dominion, and such claims cannot be lightly cast aside. A great country, moreover, owes something not only to itself, but to the world. There are surely some designs towards humanity at large, in Providence having given to Britain the position she has among the nations, and having bestowed upon her a constitution that has so long stood the test of time, and that unites so many elements of freedom and stability, of regard to the past, and elastic power of expansion. If we owe sympathy and aid to a country like Italy, struggling to reach our footing, do we not owe something more to a country like Canada, sprung to a great extent from ourselves, and desirous to consolidate those principles it has learned, or rather inherited from us? The true greatness and glory of Britain is to plant and foster such communities, and this heritage will remain to her when her own commercial predominance may long have passed away. Such views may be termed ideal, but they have constantly been those that have filled the hearts of nations when they have been in the highest flush of progress. They have felt that there was a Providence and a world-wide aim in their history, and have sought in their own way, though that way might be mistaken, to carry it out. Let us aim at it in a generous spirit, and for the highest ends,—the progress of civil and religious liberty, and the reign of righteousness and peace among the families of men.

We shall find in this our own lasting profit as a nation, though we may not directly see it or seek it. Our own freedom and peace shall be more established by growing liberty and friendly alliances around, and our commerce shall find opening fields all over the world, not by the advantages it claims, but by those which it offers. It is with nations as with individuals; they prosper best eventually when they act on the largest and most generous rule. Let a nation lose sight of what is called the ideal, and fix its eye only on its own material interests, and we may then fairly conclude that it has lost the chief spring of progress, and is verging to its decline. It is the often maligned ideal in the heart of either a man or a people that preserves from utter corruption, and that makes material progress lasting and beneficial. Notwithstanding the views of the utilitarian school, however, we believe that the mass of the British people will maintain the connection with the colonies, so long as the colonies wish to remain connected with the mother-country, and that the utmost efforts of imperial power would be put forth for their protection, as much as for that of the centre of the Empire itself. This, of course, involves reciprocal duties, and a willingness on the part of the colonies to do their utmost in self-defence, in which we believe they will not be found wanting. It would require too much space to speculate here on the possible future of Canada. It is the question of race that is at present the most perplexing element. The

English-speaking population of the Upper Province demands that it be no longer confined to the same number of members in the legislature as the Lower Province, and complains that all its efforts at progress are thwarted by the jealousy of the French Canadians. The French Canadians contend for the equality of representation from the two Provinces as settled by the terms of Union, and watch every movement that might increase the preponderance of the Upper Province. This preponderance, however, is constantly growing, from the fact that the Upper Province is superior in soil and climate, and draws to itself the stream of emigration. Its own limits are now well-nigh occupied, but beyond it to the north-west lies a vast region with almost boundless resources, that might easily be made available for settlers, and that would naturally carry on its communication with Europe through the great highway of the lakes and the St. Lawrence. This region lies beyond Lake Superior in the great valleys of the Red River and the Saskatchewan, reaching onward towards British Columbia. Though lying in a higher latitude than Canada, it is said to be milder in its climate, possessed of a fertile soil, of rich minerals, including coal, iron, gold, and silver, and penetrated by rivers that would form a water-way for its inhabitants toward either the Atlantic or the Pacific. A recent survey affirms that there is room here for twelve States, each as large as Ohio, and for a population of decades of millions. Along this line, too, lies

the best route for a great railway across the North American continent, as the Rocky Mountains can be crossed here more easily than at any other part of the chain. The Americans have their eye already on this territory, with the hope of turning its produce down the valley of the Mississippi, and it would be much to be regretted if they were suffered to forestall the Canadians, to whom the soil and the commerce naturally belong. The heart of the Upper Province is set upon opening up this vast and rich North-west Territory, and probably it would be more wise to concentrate its energies upon this object, than to divide them by a struggle at the same time for increased representation. The growth of population that must follow will bring the reform in representation by its own weight, and it will then be so clearly a matter of justice and necessity, that it will not leave in the minds of the French population the grudge of wounded pride. There may follow then the union of all the British Provinces of North America into one great confederation, which may either retain the bond of connection with the parent country, or gracefully drop it by mutual consent, to continue as firmly attached by the ties of a common history and kindred institutions. That the valley of the St. Lawrence is destined to become the home of a great nation seems already indicated by nature and Providence, and the cradles of nations yet unnamed can be seen opening beyond it. To watch over the formation of these, and protect and

foster their growth, is one of the greatest works that can be assigned to any people, and to be successful in it must be one of the highest glories. It is a work assigned to Britain. Let us hope that she may do it so unselfishly and so wisely as to win the lasting gratitude of these rising commonwealths, and win for herself the title of 'Mother of Free and Christian Nations.'

Note.—The union desiderated in the close of the foregoing letter has since been accomplished by 'The British North American Act, 1867,' which provided for the confederation of the whole of British North America, under the name of the Dominion of Canada. The provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were united on July 1, 1867; Manitoba followed in 1870, British Columbia in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1872. The Canadian Pacific Railway, taking the route Dr. Ker refers to, has now been completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific entirely through British territory. In the projection and execution of this vast undertaking (extending with its connections to fully 5000 miles) Scotsmen have taken a very prominent part,—especially Sir George Stephen, Bart., the president of the company, and Sir Donald Smith, one of the leading directors.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.[1]

It is no easy thing to put on paper the incidents, and still less the impressions, that come back to me when I think of Dr. Guthrie. Any one who has heard him speak on a great public question, and thereafter perused the report of his speech, the most full and faithful, will understand my difficulty. The play of the features, the tones of the voice, so sudden in their changes, and yet felt to be so sincere, because so sympathetic with the subject, the pauses and the speaking look that filled them, the whole life that broke through the speech and made you forget the words, and think only of the man and the subject, these were lost beyond recovery. The endeavour to put them in type was like trying to photograph the flit and colour of the northern light. It is in a way harder to give any complete view of what he was in personal intercourse; for while there were the same qualities that appeared in his public speaking, there

[1] Written for the *Autobiography and Memoir of Thomas Guthrie, D.D.*, 1874.

was even more of breadth and variety. Indeed, Dr. Guthrie's speeches owed their great power to this, that they were a part of himself. Most men, even great speakers, construct compositions into which they put their thoughts, and perhaps their feeling, and then send them forth as a cannon delivers its ball. But he went with it himself altogether, somewhat as the ancient battering-ram did its work, with his soul and body, voice and eye propelled on his aim. This will make it always a difficulty for those who have not heard him to comprehend the power of his speaking to move an audience with quick changes from indignation to pity, and to make April weather of tears and sunshine play over the sea of upturned faces.

I came in contact with Dr. Guthrie during the last years of his life very frequently; more, indeed, than when he was in the vigour of his life and action, and more in private than in public. He was as erect as ever; he never lost the pine-like uprightness, with its lithe bend that always came back to the perpendicular, and though the black hair had changed to lyart grey, the eye that looked from beneath it was as keen and soft, either for honest wrath or open humour, as ever. The disease that took him away had begun to lay its arrest upon him, and yet very gently—stopping him at the foot of a hill, but allowing him a good deal of 'tether,' as he would call it, on the level. In his spirits it did not seem to affect him at all, only that it disposed him more to reminiscence and description

of where he had been and what he had seen, which, perhaps, made him even more attractive as a companion than he could have been when the natural free beat of his heart answered prompt and strong to his resolute will; and it was observed by his friends that the advance of years gave growing comeliness and dignity to face and form, and made him more a subject of curious question to the few in Scotland who had not before seen him, and of pleasant recognition to the crowds who often had. In its way the inner man kept pace with the outer, so that I think those who knew him last in private knew him also best.

Of the times I have seen him, both at home and abroad, there are two that specially recur to me: the one at Mossfennan, in Peeblesshire, in mid-winter, where a happy circle met for a week in the hospitable house 'below the Logan Lea,' at whose 'yett' many a visitor has 'lichtit doon,' as did the king, of whom the old ballad sings. The Tweed was grumbling down to Drummelzier under shackles of ice, and the great dome-like hills were covered from cope to rim with the purest new-fallen snow. It was a sight of new delight every morning to look upon them. I recollect the comparisons made with the cupola of St. Peter's, where we had met not long before; and the satisfaction he took in contrasting the men and women of Tweeddale, intelligent, independent, and God-fearing, with the subjects of Pio Nono, who was then in power, as we had seen them, begging with his badge around the Vatican.

He was vigorous for work, and preached with all his old fire in the church of his son-in-law, Mr. Welsh, whose guests we were. At Mossfennan the time passed like a summer's day. When not occupied with reading or correspondence, Dr. Guthrie was the centre and soul of the conversation. He seemed to be able to watch its course even while engaged with his work, turned aside to confirm or correct some observation, to give some anecdote or recollection, and resumed his train as if absorbed in it. I remember specially the long evenings when we gathered round the blazing fire—the wood log flanked with coal, and, as in Cowper's picture of comfort, 'the hissing urn' and 'wheeled-round sofa.' He kept himself free and disengaged for these seasons, and, to the hour when he retired, threw into the conversation an unflagging life that was wonderful. The stores of his reading, but particularly of his personal observation and experience, were poured out in exhaustless flow, with shrewd remarks on human nature, vivid pictures of landscapes, or comments on Bible scenes and passages. Anecdotes, generally from his own knowledge, formed a prominent part, and were accompanied by a rapid and vivid sketch of the actors, so that the narrative was a set of portraits. It would be a mistake, however, to think that he engrossed the conversation on these occasions. Whether it came from the instinctive nature that was in him, or from some set purpose, he made it his object to draw out contributions from

all in the circle. The interest he showed in whatever any one had to tell was unaffectedly genuine, and one could see how he accumulated the stores of illustration and anecdote that he poured forth, gathering them, however, not to tell them again, but for the love of them. Often, when an anecdote struck him as good, he would ask the owner of it to repeat it for the sake of some new-comer, and he enjoyed it as much in the rehearsal as at first. I have always remarked that this inclination to draw out others to advantage, and to *encore* their contributions, is a sure token of a kindly and unselfish nature.

Another thing that struck me about him was his tendency in the midst of a theme that was exciting his feeling too strongly—some indignant outbreak against injustice or meanness—to give it a ludicrous touch that dissolved it in humour. One felt it to be not levity but depth, the recoil from what is too painful to think of, when thinking can serve no good. It seems to be a principle that humour is given us as a sort of *buffer* to make the hard collisions of life more endurable, and that those need it most who have the heaviest freight of feeling. Some great earnest natures want it, but the tear and wear tells more heavily on them. One thing, however, was not discernible in his humour: he had no power of mimicry. His narratives were of the epic kind, given with his own face and voice, without any perceptible attempt at dramatic impersonation. I suspect he

had naturally a deficiency in this direction of imitation, but probably also he had set himself against the cultivation of it. He had an instinctive sense of the *ne quid nimis* in every way, and though he did not at all say of laughter, 'It is mad,' he seemed to be putting the question to mirth, 'What doeth it?' One felt that there was a limit and a solid base to all the exuberance of his humour, not laid down in any dogmatical or formal way, but maintained naturally by the rest of his character, always sincere, earnest, and Christian.

There is a story told of William Guthrie, author of the *Christian's Great Interest*, that on one occasion he had been entertaining a company with mirth-provoking anecdotes, and, being called on afterwards to pray, he poured out his heart with such deep-felt fervour to God that all were melted. When they rose from their knees, Durham of Glasgow, a 'grave, solid man,' as he is described, took him by the hand and said, 'Willie, you are a happy man; if I had laughed as much as you did a while ago, I could not have prayed for four-and-twenty hours.' The characteristics of the old Covenanter of Fenwick reappeared in his namesake. There may have been Durhams too in his company, though I never heard of them. Presbyterian Scotland has not so many men colourless in their gravity as some think; yet I am sure that after the family prayer they would have risen with the same confession in their heart.

But I recall Dr. Guthrie in connection with another locality, where he found each summer an escape from the hurry of life, and, what is worse, its forced artificialities: an opportunity for being entirely one's self, without fear of having the coat and conduct criticized simply for their plainness,—to withdraw for the holes in them is another matter. It was a simple country house in the highlands of Angus, which he held by a kind of feudal tenure—akin to that expressed in the motto of the Clerks of Penicuik —'Free for a Blast.' Once a year at least, Lord Dalhousie looked for a sermon from him in the Glen,—a condition he carefully kept, with a large excess of measure.

During our stay at Mossfennan, it was arranged that we should pay him a visit at Lochlee in the coming summer, and accordingly in July 1871, when the days were long enough to let the sun look down into the deepest corries of the Grampians, we set ourselves to carry it out. I was one of a party with his son-in-law Mr. Welsh, and his daughter Mrs. Welsh, and it was from them I came to learn some particulars of the way in which he both rested and worked, particulars on which he himself would not have entered. He was waiting for us with a hearty welcome at the Brechin Railway Station, having come down the twenty-four miles to meet us, and take us up Glenesk in his waggonette.

Having remained all night in the house of his son

James, a banker in Brechin, we drove up to Lochlee on the following day. About seven miles out of Brechin, we struck the river North Esk, soon after passing Edzell, whose castle, the ancient home of the Lords Lindsay, is imposing even in ruins. My first view of the river from Gannochy Bridge I can never forget. Dr. Guthrie caused the conveyance to halt as we reached the centre of the noble arch which spans the foaming stream seventy feet below, and as I gazed first up the stream and then down, I felt that his enthusiasm was amply justified. The river chafes in its narrowed channel, with here a rush and there a leap, twisting and wrestling among the rocks—brown, yellow, black, and white by turns. Fine old woods of oak come sloping down and bend wonderingly over the chasm as if on tiptoe, while beyond them rise on either hand the mountains that form the gateway to Glenesk. Some ten miles higher up, we passed a bare hillside called 'The Rowan,' thickly covered with stone cairns, more frequent towards the valley, and scattered singly towards the height. It was the site of some great and seemingly decisive battle in those times from which history cannot lift the veil. Strange to look on this spot, now so lone and silent, and think of the currents of heady fight that must have swept across it, whether of Scot with Pict, or both with Dane! Dr. Guthrie's imagination kindled at the scene, and he indicated what he thought turning-points in the struggle. It forms a vivid illustration

in one of his works, of the importance of maintaining the key of the position.[1]

For miles our road lay along the birch-fringed banks of the Esk, whose waters are formed, as I found on reaching the upper part of the glen, by the confluence of two streams, named respectively the 'Mark' and the 'Lee.' The latter emerges from a wild glen on the left, after flowing through the lonely Loch Lee, on whose margin stood the house for which we were bound. This sheet of water, a mile in length, might not have struck one much elsewhere, but here it gave softness to the mountains, and drew dignity from them. A kind of bluish-grey colour seemed to float over it, and proved how true to nature was the eye of the old Celt, for Loch Luath is the 'blue-grey loch.' Before it opened on our view, we passed the grey peel tower of Invermark Castle; and, close by, the tasteful shooting-lodge of Lord Dalhousie, where Queen Victoria has twice passed a night. At the upper end of the lake, a white solitary dwelling could be discerned under the ledge of the mountain: it was Inchgrundle, Dr. Guthrie's Highland home—no house beyond for many long miles of moor and hill. As we went on, our road unwound itself to the right, cut out of the mountain, whose toppling rocks rise high overhead, while the water breaks on the beach many feet below; custom and care brought our conveyance at length safely to the door.

[1] *Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints*, p. 315.

Any one who has been in the habit of hearing Dr. Guthrie, or who has read his books, must know that there were two voices above others in nature he had listened to and learned. Wordsworth calls them the voices of liberty,—the one of the sea, the other of the mountains. At Arbirlot he learned the first; at Lochlee the second. Standing before the door of that Highland home next morning, I looked around. Opposite, across the little loch, was a great mountain, on the ridge of which the red deer could be often seen feeding against the wind, as their custom is, and a whole world of wild beauty was spread out in crag and wood and waterfall. Looking up the glen, the boldest feature is Craig Maskeldie, rising over the valley to the height of 1200 feet, an almost sheer precipice, the Erne Crag beyond, while, between them, the river at one leap descends a lofty ledge of rock in a snow-white cascade, filling both eye and ear. Half way up the hill behind the house lies a tarn or mountain loch, encircled by a rocky wall that shoots high above it many hundred feet, a kind of Cyclops' eye glaring up under terrific brows, a weird and fearsome spot at nightfall. We visited these and other spots, Dr. Guthrie accompanying us to the foot of the hill, telling us what to look out for, and questioning us minutely on our return. He knew every feature and mood, and inquired after their looks with the fondness of an old friend. The little objects about him had been caught, set in the memory of his heart, and came

up when working in the town or writing from abroad. A splintered rock, with an adder he had seen lurking below it, became the emblem of man's ruined nature, with the poison and the sting beneath. A single tree that crowns the top of a rock amid the wreck of a fallen mountain shows where grace can rear its trophies. The reeds by the loch-side bending to the sudden breeze call up the stir of the heart under the mysterious Spirit's breath. The wild ducks starting from the rushy covert, and in a moment out of reach, are the riches that fly away on wings. The walls of a deserted shieling at the foot of Craig Maskeldie give a glimpse of patriarchal life gone by, and take up the lament for the exile. The little ruined church seen at the lower end of the lake is a symbol of the deserted shrine of the soul on which 'Ichabod' may be written. A fitting memorial of him, and one of the finest books of illustration for that part of Scotland, would be a collection of these word-pictures, pointing to higher meanings, and assisted to the eye by truthful sketches.

One day we made an excursion by the lake to the old church at its end,—for Inchgrundle, like Venice, had always choice of a road, by land or water. On the occasion of our excursion he took his rod with him, being very anxious that I should catch one of the 'char,' for which the lake is noted. My attempts were unsuccessful, but he soon drew one out himself, and entered on the history and edible qualities of the fish. The monks had, as he believed, introduced it as

a delicacy for the sake of the fast-days, little thinking, added he, that they were providing food and recreation for a Presbyterian minister!

We landed at the old church, so close to the lake's margin that the dash of the waves must have sounded in chorus to the singing of the Psalms, and explored under his guidance the small roofless ruin, whose site carries us back to the times of the Culdees. For there, according to tradition, stood the Church of St. Drostan, the nephew of Columba (a common name also in the royal Pictish line), and the same name is still preserved in the farm of 'Droustie' in the neighbourhood. Close by the ruined church is the deserted schoolhouse (the church and school having been transferred farther down the glen). This humble dwelling was the home, a hundred years ago, of Alexander Ross, the Allan Ramsay of the North, who wrote *The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow*, and was the author of *Helenore, or The Fortunate Shepherdess*. The latter work is very much an unknown one now, even to Scotsmen; it is a pity, for it contains descriptions of scenery and life which betray the eye and heart of a true poet, and traces of customs and traditions not to be found elsewhere. His house must have been the smallest in which even a poet ever lived, the largest of the two little rooms being only ten feet square; and yet, looking up and down the valley, nowhere else could one imagine a better application of the '*parva domus, magna quies*.'

On the day of our visit, however, there was a stir about it, such as must have given Alexander Ross some of his pastoral pictures. The work of sheep-shearing was going on busily behind the old church-yard. On these occasions the shepherds from all the country round are accustomed to help one another, so that we had representatives from far and near. I was struck by the way in which Dr. Guthrie passed from the memories of the deserted church to the humanities of the present; yet it was the same element in both which interested him. He had not much fancy for mere stone and lime antiquarianism; but he touched ground when he came to the human. He was on terms of thorough acquaintanceship with his neighbours. He seemed to know every face we saw and the names of all the absent, and the shaking of hands reminded me of the welcome given by the people to the minister at a Scottish ordination. There was on his part an absence of anything like the patronizing air, and on theirs, a mixture of manly independence and respect. One was introduced to me as 'the mathematician,' and another as 'the poet.' He had discovered their tastes and qualities, and set himself to draw them out with a playful humour that never hurt their honest feeling, and that left a brightness on their faces at parting.

He was engaged at the time of my visit with his Autobiography, though the information about it was given me in confidence, as he knew not how it might

turn out. Every one will now regret that he did not begin it sooner,—and those most, who have heard his narrative of the men and times that have gone to carry forward the Presbyterianism of Scotland to a new period, which will take rank with its famous epochs. In our conversations, the affairs of the Church often came upon board; and the heroic period of the Free Church, its Wallace and Bruce epoch, was dealt with in fond and bright recollection, contrasted with the disunions and recriminations which at that time were vexing the Union Question. But he spoke kindly of those from whom he differed widely, and hopefully, too, of a solution sooner than many expected. 'I cannot help liking him, for all that is come and gone,' he said of one of the leading anti-unionists: 'he is a fine fellow at bottom.'

His leisure times through the day were spent in curious studies of plants and animals, with quaint Christian emblems drawn from them, and regrets that the conventionalities of the pulpit would not always permit of their use there. As the evening deepened, so did his discourse; and one could see by what a profound well of religious feeling his life had been freshened in his work for his fellow-men. In the household prayer his heart was open, and the fulness of his affection for the members of his family, scattered now over the world, for the brotherhood of faith, and for all men, was poured out in his own strong and

fervid words.[1] It is not of this, however, that I have to speak so much as of the familiar traits about him that one can refer to with less delicacy, but that are very helpful in individualizing him. I observed that in his prayers on these occasions he had a certain rhythm in his voice, and that the foot often kept an audible accompaniment, evidently without his being conscious of it. I think it is characteristic of his speeches and sermons also when in a certain mood. I believe he never wrote a line of poetry in his life, and yet the bees of Hybla seem to have been humming in the air without finding where to settle down. I do not know that we have any reason to regret it, for the poet-orator does his work no less than the poet proper. When we had psalms or hymns sung through the day we had the accompaniment of a harmonium, but the instrument was silenced at family praise. I asked the reason, and found that it was an offering to

[1] 'At family worship,' writes Mrs. Mayo ('Edward Garrett,' one of his *collaborateurs* in the *Sunday Magazine*), 'the household was joined, not only by the permanent occupants of the lonely farm, and by any gillie who might be in the vicinity, but also by the tramps who might be earning a few days' shelter by a little field work. For these waifs the Doctor had ever a kindly word and inquiry, and a special clause in the prayer. It was touching to see the dull faces brighten, and the shuffling forms draw up, as, on their second appearance, they found that their names and any special circumstance about them was duly remembered. . . . I love to think of the Lochlee evening "worship"—the chapter, the prayer, the psalm—with just his dearest about him, and those few weather-beaten shepherd folk, shut in by the awful mountain silence, only broken once and again by the bay of a hound or the shrill pathos of some wandering gillie's bagpipe.'

charity. The housemaid, an attached member of the family, belonged to that staunch and worthy section of the Christian Church, the Original Secession, and she had a strong dislike to instrumental music in the service of God. He could not bear that her edification should be marred, and, though his face was turned forward in these things, he had a kindly feeling for that sturdy Scottish period when the old woman, as he said, declared that 'she would have naething sung but Dawvid's Psalms, ay, and Dawvid's tunes to them!'

For obvious reasons, the references in his memoir to his family relationships must be slight; therefore a visitor may touch this subject as relatives cannot. He was blessed of God as few are by the absence of severe trial, and by the rich gifts of household affection. He lost only one child (I believe, in early infancy), and all the others, six sons and four daughters, grew up to man's and woman's estate, without ever causing his heart a pang, or his eye a tear. Though some were separated far from the home hearth, a place was always kept for them there, as fresh as when they left it; their letters came to it as a centre to be sent round the circle, and their father's letters—when from home—were often printed to be made common family property.[1] Next to the love

[1] Some of these were bound up in a volume with this inscription:—'To my two sons, Thomas Guthrie, near Buenos Ayres, and Alexander Guthrie, in San Francisco, these letters are dedicated with the prayers and very affectionate regards of their father, Thomas Guthrie. "*The Angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads!*"'

of God, his spirit was sustained in his last days by the love of his children. While the united firmness and affection with which he dealt with them had much to do with this, it was not the whole. Only those who looked more nearly knew how much both they and he were indebted to the wife who still survives him, and how she did her part in her sphere no less fitly than he in his. Related by ancestry and kinship to ministers on all sides, she had the experience and sympathies of her place. In one thing she balanced and supplemented his nature—with clear judgment, deep feeling, and a native sense of becomingness on all occasions, she had a quiet, even temperament that calmed his impulsiveness, and gave him that soothing which to an imaginative nature is strength. He might have flown as high without her, but he could not have kept so long on the wing. Latterly—as birds flutter homeward at nightfall—this became more manifest, and though he could traverse the world in his vigour alone, in his later years he could only journey and be well in her company.

Dr. Guthrie used to spend his Sabbath intervals reading and sitting before the door with the loch and hill in front, not making passages for sermons, but drinking in the spirit of things about him, and reviving his own nature. He never himself gave a hint of any of the illustrations he had made use of, and when he spoke of the scenery it was with the

feeling and words of the moment, not as seen through the eyes of his own parables. He had—more than most men—the power of laying down his burden of prophecy, and enjoying what was before him; and this made him no doubt all the stronger when he took it up again. It is the old story of the giant, who got power from his mother earth, or the deeper Christian truth of the child's heart within the man that makes him more manly in God's kingdom. In the forenoon of the day, we worshipped with the Rev. A. M'Ilwraith and his congregation in the little Free Church at Tarfside; and, in the evening, he insisted on my taking the sermon, instead of himself, in the hall of Lord Dalhousie's Lodge. Our service that night was a kind of Alliance meeting. The Rev. Walter Low, an Established Church minister, led us in our singing, the Rev. W. Welsh, a Free Churchman, in our prayers, and the sermon was by a United Presbyterian. As we stole homeward in the gloaming, under the shadows of the hills, Dr. Guthrie spoke of it in his sanguine way as an earnest of peace after wars still waging, and of the hope we might have of progress, when we had met so quietly in Christian worship, close beside the keep of the Tiger Earl, who was, centuries ago, the terror of the north.

The more I saw of Dr. Guthrie, my feeling deepened that he was the same man in private as he appeared in public, and that his work was the outcome of his life. He had the same two poles to his nature—

indignation and pity; indignation that rose against the enemies of justice and freedom, and pity, not only for all human kind, but for the broken reflections of it in dumb suffering life as well. And playing between these poles was a lambent humour that helped to make pity more soft and wrath more keen. Besides the one Book, there were two he was always reading—nature, and human nature; not with other men's glasses, neither telescope nor microscope, but with his own natural eyesight, opened by a genuine, loving interest. Of the two, I should say he preferred human nature. He loved not nature less, but man the more. His way of looking at a landscape was the opposite of Claude Lorraine's, with whom scenery is everything, and men in the foreground only lay figures. And yet his love of nature was very deep and genuine, as any man could see. He carried it in his heart to the city, and hung up its pictures in his mind's eye to keep himself and his hearers natural and fresh amid the din and dust. His study of God's Word was of a similar kind,—through his own vision and heart. He carried the man and the Christian to it, more than the historical or doctrinal critic. Deep down in his nature were fixed what are called in Scotland 'the doctrines of grace;' and with these, as a part of himself, he handled the Word of God. I recollect hearing him relate a critique on his *Gospel in Ezekiel* in some Unitarian journal. 'Dr. Guthrie,' the writer said, 'seems to believe that Ezekiel signed

the Westminster Confession of Faith.' 'A very fair hit that!' he remarked, laughing. It was fair, and yet not quite fair; for I do not believe that, in his exposition at any time, the Confession of Faith was a measuring rule in his mind; but he had within him a conviction of a renewed humanity which he carried to the Bible, as he carried a natural humanity to the hills and woods, and he heard them speak accordingly. He was by no means ignorant of the critical historical school, but theirs was not the method which suited him. His mind moved, not in the logical, but the analogical plane, and swept forward, not in the rigid iron line of the railway excavation, but with the curves of a river that follows the solicitation of the ground. And so, too, his sermons were constructed. They had not exhaustive divisions enclosing subjects, as hedges do fields, but outlines, such as clouds have, that grow up by electricity and air; or such as the breadths of fern and heather and woodland had on the hillside opposite his door, where colour melted into colour, with here a tall crag pointing skyward, and there an indignant torrent leaping headlong to come glittering out again among flowers and sunshine. Some tell us that analogy is a dangerous guide, and that metaphors prove nothing; but where they rest on the unity between God's world and man's nature they are arguments as well as illustrations.

Every man of warm, sensitive feeling grows into

his surroundings as nature puts a tree—say a silver-barked birch or a red-stemmed mountain-fir—just on the bank or point of rock where the painter's pencil loves to find it. The kernel is sown there by some curious law of adaptation, and it draws congenial nourishment from soil and sky to become a sort of index finger to the landscape, or an eye through which its expression looks out upon us. When the visitor to that sequestered spot stands by the ruined church of St. Drostan, and one of the kindly natives of the Glen points to the simple house that looks down on the soft blue-grey loch, and up to the sweep of the great dark hills, he will feel there is a fitness in the bond which the place must always have with the clear-eyed, warm-hearted, large-souled Thomas Guthrie.

THE REV. W. B. ROBERTSON, D.D.

LUCERNE, *July* 3, 1886.

MY DEAR DR. CALDERWOOD,—You have requested me to give some words for the *Magazine, in memoriam* of Dr. William B. Robertson, and, though feeling unfit in many ways, it is not in my power to refuse. The notice of his death must have been received by many in the United Presbyterian Church, and far beyond it, not merely with regret, but with the sense of a deep personal bereavement. In speaking of him, my object is not to sketch his life, or estimate his powers and character. This will be done, I hope, by some one at full length, and with such memorials of him as will extend to a wider circle the admiration and affection he excited in life among those who came into contact with him. My wish is simply to relieve my own heart by expressing imperfectly what is shared by many besides, but which has fallen on me perhaps more painfully, because the news reached me unexpectedly and at a distance. Let this be an excuse for whatever is broken and incomplete in anything I have to say. The first feeling among those who knew

him will be, most of all, the sorrow that we are to see his face no more. There was a wonderful fascination about him in private fellowship which made even a casual evening with him a thing to be remembered and cherished. And when the circle was one of friends, of old friends, there was an opening of the heart with a joyful and generous warmth, which told how fresh and strong the love of his youth was still in him. To the last he never began to grow old. His mind had the rich, rare sparkle which made common things uncommon, and set the old in new and varied lights—a sparkle that had much more than wit and fancy in it, though these were present in profusion, but that had the higher vein of imagination which sees into inner likenesses and far-off but true analogies. With the natural recoil which belongs to such minds, and which was very marked in him, there would come the transition from the clear, dry intelligence to the moist, many-coloured play of humour, which reminded one, in its quick touches and turns, of the skimming flight and sudden dip of the swallow from air to water. His pictures of incidents, not so much read as witnessed by him; his quaint anecdotes, not of the kind that come down like heirlooms, but the product of his own experiences; the unflagging flow of spirit with which he passed from theme to theme; and all with that expressive eye and those finely sympathetic features, with that clear, rich voice which varied with the subject from the low whisper to the deep, full bass, made

his friends apply to him the title the Germans fondly gave to Jean Paul Richter,—*der Einzige*,—'the man apart and by himself.' With Jean Paul, indeed, he had many things in common, not merely in sympathy but in vision; and when we have heard him rehearsing the wonderful dream of the seer, *Dass kein Gott sei*, 'a universe without a God,' with touches here and there which cast light into its depths, we felt that the same ethereal substance entered into the mould of both. In this, too, we should say there was resemblance; the humour was at the farthest remove from bitterness, and the sportiveness was not only free from irreverence, but led by an easy change of mood to what was best and highest—the dip of the wing, as at Bethesda, had healing and life.

We have the feeling that in what we say we may be charged with exaggeration and the partiality of friendship; and this is an additional regret which will be shared by all his friends, that, believing our estimate of him to be just, we can point the outside world to so little in proof of it. Dr. Robertson has left almost nothing behind by which those of the present generation, who have not known or heard him, can hold him in remembrance. Some exquisite little lyrics, which have appeared in periodicals, or passed from hand to hand among his friends, and have been by them caught and treasured, give some glimpses of his gifts. But they are only glimpses; they are too few, and want the soar and sweep, the ease and affluence, the march and

energy, which belonged to the prose poems of the preacher and lecturer, and which made him stand out confessedly a man of genius. Here he broke away from the fetters of rhyme, though not of rhythm, and rose and moved, or rested in mid-air, and let his thoughts fall as free as the notes of any lark, and seemingly as unpremeditated. Again and again he was pressed by his friends to put some of these utterances into permanent shape, but in vain. He escaped the pressure by some alert turn that put him out of reach; or, when seriously urged, he promised consideration in a future time that never came. His numerous engagements when he was in full vigour, and the precarious fluctuation of health when he came to have leisure, may have been some of the reasons. But besides this, there was his mental peculiarity. High as his powers were, and as he could not help feeling them to be, he had a corresponding ideal, and he may have feared to come short of it. He knew the difference between winged words that passed from the heart to the heart with the warmth and colour of sympathetic feeling and the impression of the cold leaden types which so often change 'the glory into grey.' What he brought forth was the result of earnest thought and intense feeling in private; but he was one of those who, in the presence of his fellow-men, is drawn out of, and above, his quiet meditative self. His nature was strongly social and human, and thoughts came forth in speech which could not be

found in any of his note-books. He was an *improvisatore* as well as a student, and the difficulty he would feel would be to recall and reproduce these breathing thoughts as they were spoken. He had a great craving for sympathy, but little care for fame, and was satisfied with the approval and love of his friends. Hence the failure in resolve to face the labour of shaping what must come before the reading world. In this respect he resembled another man of genius,—Amiel of Geneva,—whose *Journal of an Inner Life*, found after his death, has consoled his friends for what he disappointed them of while he was with them. We may have no such posthumous gift from Dr. Robertson, but we are persuaded there must be enough of his thoughts still surviving, with the wing of imagination bearing them up, and the glow of feeling beneath, to give the world something which it 'would not willingly let die.'

The regret for the hidden treasure which seems meanwhile to be buried with him, or (shall we say ?) too entirely carried away to that world where nothing good is lost, leads us to think of his past—of the promise he gave in early morning, and the many experiences that made him what his friends knew him to be in his ripe afternoon. It is now full forty years since we first knew him in the Divinity Hall. We recollect him as if it were yesterday, the graceful figure and fine features, through which poetic light shone transparent, the buoyant step, as if concealed wings were ready to

lift him from the ground, and the youthfulness of look and motion that accompanied him far through life, while the Apollo-like locks shook, not in any affectation, but in the exuberance of spirit. There were fellow-students who have done honourable work since in the Church, with varied gifts, but he had a place all his own, an ethereality of imagination and originality of thought, which made his discourse waited for as an event. There is a generous freedom from envy in these matters among students, an intellectual socialism which makes all things common. I remember yet two of the texts on which he preached, that rise before me as if illuminated: 'Pray without ceasing,' in which he compared the spirit of prayer in its ebb and flow to the breathing in the living frame as it rises and falls, the beat of the heart-blood as it comes and goes, waxing and waning, but when it stops the man is *dead*. Another was a *characteristic* discourse, as it was called, prescribed by Dr. Mitchell on the text, '*This is that King Ahaz.*' He drew the picture of a man moving in the dusk along a burial path till a grave stops his footsteps. He stoops to examine it, and gropes out the epitaph. It is the tomb and character of the wicked king of Judah; and then he proceeded to sketch his deeds and his doom, till there crept over us a feeling of *eerie awesomeness*.

Visits to Germany were not so common then as they have since become among theological students. He was one of the first, if not indeed the very first, in our

Church at least, who took that course, and while he passed through what is considered a dangerous ordeal unscathed, or rather confirmed, in his faith, he brought back a knowledge of the language and literature, added to the theology and philosophy, which he kept up to the last. On his return he was settled in Irvine, and, though repeatedly called from it, he refused to break the tie. It was a congenial home, among an intelligent and devoted people, and with an indulgence, on which he did not trespass too much, to exercise freedom in preaching-visits to different parts of the Church. During these years, his name, in the great cities or the village meeting-houses, was a gathering word which brought crowded audiences together, and kept them suspended on his lips, unmindful how the hours went by. He was not in general a brief preacher, for he forgot himself in his theme, and his audience was subject to the same oblivion, till the clock made its round, and half-way into the next circle. It would be difficult to give an idea of his enchaining power to those who have not heard him. In a single discourse the most varied faculties were appealed to—the understanding, the fancy, the imagination, the heart, and the spirit, with sudden and quick appeals to the conscience, as the discourse moved on. The prevailing quality in his sermons was the imagination, clear, beautiful, elevated, with the poet's vision and faculty; but it was an imagination that streamed down in rays of reason, and thrilled and warmed the heart as it

moved above it. The matter was vivified by a remarkable dramatic gift which enabled him, as he saw the things himself, to make others see and feel them. He was not bound always to order,—that is, to mere logical order,—though in this he varied. We have heard some sermons with the exact symmetry of a Grecian temple, others like the Gothic, where pillar and statue and window and climbing arch rose, not in confusion, but with a law of freedom, and side-aisles and long retreats brought back the step always to the central nave. Many of these sermons I can recollect, either from having heard them in public, or from having their lineaments rehearsed in the free interchange of thoughts about texts, which is one of the most delightful parts of ministerial friendship. The texts of some of them show the character of the preacher. One I remember, on 'The rainbow round about the throne like unto an emerald,' where the glory of Christ was described shining out in its different manifestations with the prevailing hue of redemption. Another was on 'They saw God and did eat and drink,' in which the plan was: Some eat and drink,—indulge in the joy of life,—but they do not see God; others see God, but they do not eat and drink,—life is to them joyless; but the Christian should see God, and eat and drink. One, that rose to a beatific vision which the hearers could never forget, was on 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'

After years of work at Irvine, his health broke down

from a severe attack of inflammation, and he had a struggle for life, through which, under God, he was carried by the skill of the surgeon, the watchful care of sisters, and his own high courage. But it left permanent effects on his physical powers, though the mental not only remained unabated, but seemed to grow,—to grow in the best sense in depth and mellowness and experience. When so far recovered, he was recommended to take up residence for a time in Italy, and for about two years his headquarters were in Florence. There were Christian friends there with whom he formed close associations, and he interested himself in the evangelical work which has a centre in that city. One side of his character, which had been prominent all through, found here full scope. He made himself familiar with the Italian language and literature, and there was not a spot in the city of Giotto and Ghiberti, of Michael Angelo and Dante, that was not known to him like a household memorial. A walk through its haunts with him—I speak from having enjoyed it—opened up the sepulchres of the dead, and made the great artists walk forth to interpret their own works. There were two men that specially attracted him, Savonarola and Fra Angelico, the religious reformer and the religious painter; and to find him wandering in the cloisters of San Marco, and have him as the exponent of the history and treasures connected with these two names, was a hope that was handed from visitor to visitor. He had the idea that

the final conversion of Italy to the Gospel of Christ must take note of these two men, and, avoiding their errors and supplementing their defects, must lead along the lines to which they pointed. He made a minute study of the history of Savonarola, consulting hitherto unedited documents with the hope of writing his life, and Fra Angelico suggested to him a treatise on the relations of art to religion, of which, we fear, there are only some initial lectures. He returned from Italy improved in health, but still unable to undertake the constant work of the ministry. He preached, however, at intervals with all his accustomed power and attractiveness. He became more widely known, especially in England; and at Cambridge, where a station was opened that Presbyterian students might enjoy their own Church services, and where he preached repeatedly for considerable periods, the gatherings of graduates and professors showed that there is a way of presenting the Gospel which makes it felt alike by the descendants of the old Scottish Seceders and by English University literates. During this time his chief residence was in an old mansion some miles from Edinburgh, which he had fitted up in his own peculiar taste, and to which he had transferred his books bearing on his favourite studies, some of them curious and rare, and his *spolia opima* of art gathered in his wanderings. Hither, with his old social tastes, he invited, or rather carried, his friends, and made of it for days, and too much also for nights, a Tusculum for varied argument and

discourse on 'the true, the beautiful, and the good.' His heart was always young within him, and his choice delight was to surround himself with a company of the young, to seek to form their taste in art and music and literature, and to solve the difficulties that press on the present generation in the field of religious truth. The bright memory of him, with its shadow of regret, that will last through long coming years, would be a fitting monument if he had left no other. The last winter, which tried so many, was sore on him, though he bore up bravely. In the spring he sought the milder air of Bridge of Allan, and there, after alternations of hope and fear on the part of his friends, on a Sabbath afternoon shortly after Midsummer day, he fell asleep. He lies among his kindred, at St. Ninian's, near to his birthplace and to the church where he sat as a boy, to the communion of which his heart clung closely from principle and affection all through life.

I can only, before closing these scattered recollections, express again the wish that there may be some possibility of the world getting to know at least a portion of what his friends knew to be in him. And yet the greatest thing a man sometimes leaves is not a book, but a personality. The greatest book in the world is so great because of the Personality that is in it, and thus, in their degree, with all others. If we had to choose between a mere book without a living personality in it and a living personality without a book, we should prefer the last. It may disappear for a time

in other lives, but it has done its work, and it will live and come to light in its results, on a day when the sun shall no more go down. In his gifts, and the use he made of them, he did much to commend the Gospel of Christ. In his residence at Florence he was doing more specially what he did from his earliest years,—showing how an enthusiasm for literature and music and art can be conjoined with a love for the cross of Christ in its purity and simplicity,—a love which he was careful never to conceal. Who can tell the effect of this on many susceptible minds, specially among the young, in such a time as ours? As a preacher, he not only influenced hearers of every class in a manner peculiarly his own, but became a creative and formative power among the youthful ministry through the ideal he gave of the beauty and majesty of the Gospel of Christ. Hearts were fired to begin the proclamation of the message, and to rise to loftier conceptions of its dignity and far-reaching import; and yet they were never suffered to forget the apostolic glory, that it is 'the power of God to the salvation of every one that believeth.' The angel's flight and the winged words never soared above, or were severed from, the everlasting Gospel. We may thank God for the help which many young ministers received in an age when the central truth is ready to be clouded, if not obliterated, by the rolling in of vapours from the circumferences of art and literature, through one who was an acknowledged master in these departments, but

who held fast to the simplicity of the Gospel, and who employed it to cast new beauty on all surrounding things, without which, indeed, they are dim, empty shadows. In the midst of his widest flights of imagination and thought, he had close to his heart the simple, grand old faith in which his fathers had lived and died. I feel as if I had said very little of that with which my own heart is filled, but this last includes more than all that is omitted—rest, revival, restoration, better than we knew him at his brightest. There was a fulness of life, a quickening power about him, shining out in his very look, which makes one feel, as Charles Lamb says of a friend, the difficulty of thinking of 'the wormy bed and him together,' a feeling which will not let the heart speak a final farewell.

'Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning!'

But we have something better, through Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, who can raise presentiments into assurance, and the highest visions of the imagination into the realities that heart cannot conceive. He has said, 'Thou shalt see greater things than these,' and 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'—Yours most truly, JOHN KER.

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