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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
OF
ST. ANDREWS

SEPTEMBER 1865 TO SEPTEMBER 1890 ·

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'*THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON*'

IN TWO VOLUMES

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

OF

ST. ANDREWS

CHAPTER XV

TO WORK AGAIN: LORD SELBORNE'S RECTORSHIP

THE days were shortening to the Autumnal Equinox when the first volume of this book was begun: but it was sunshiny above and golden and green below on that third of September. Scottish Professors were thinking, in some cases, that only two months of their enviable long vacation remained. I remember the strong and manly Flint once saying 'The Session is coming upon me with an awful distinctness.' For even the most competent men know what it is to feel anxious. Now that the pen is taken up again, the days are lengthening to the Vernal division between the darkness and the light. And the morning of this eighth of March is sunshiny. But it is wintry-cold: and all nature is bleak and bare. In years departed, when Principal Shairp and I used to meet upon an earlier day than this, it was always with the salutation, befitting Wordsworthians, *It is the first mild day of March*: and sometimes we went on to render a verse or two antiphonally. But

that uplifting day has not yet arrived : and Shairp has gone where abides the everlasting Spring. I have looked out, as aforetime, on the country-side which stretches towards Clatto Hill! The Principal climbed that hill on an April day fifteen years since, and wrote concerning it a beautiful poem of vivid description and wise moralising, which some of us read from time to time : wishing we could thank its author.

There are orderly and busy folk who must parcel out their time carefully, giving such space to such work. This volume was to have been begun on the second of February : the *Candlemas Blaze* : so called still by many Scots folk who know not the origin of the phrase they employ. But it has been a hard and sorrowful winter to many : and various good people have had to go away from St. Andrews, not departing by any path we could trace. All work has been subject to much interruption. The brightest and most vivacious of workers have sometimes looked downcast. And as the Festival of Light drew near, of a sudden that mysterious *Influence* (so they called it of old, using English speech) took the writer apart from all duty for five weary weeks. It is all well for young folk, affluent of time, never thinking that really the time is short : to go through such a trial. It is very different when so much precious working time is taken from a course which is sensibly shortening to its close.

It is not the least like books,—like most books I mean—how things go : yet the homely pathos is deep. It was only a little boy, nine years old, who had lain in his bed dying

for three months past, who one evening last week said to his mother, thinking of a kind and hard-working neighbour close at hand, 'I'm thinking she'll be rather dull to-night.' 'Why?' 'Because they'll be taking away her Man to-morrow.' And indeed next day the good man was to be carried along South street to his rest in a solemn procession : the coffin laid upon a piece of field-artillery : the pipers playing the Flowers of the Forest, and the brass instruments taking up their turn with the unapproachable Dead March. For he was an enthusiastic volunteer ; and a grand piper : in addition to being a truly good man who left a blameless record, going at fifty years. But, though there was all kind sympathy in the little heart, the thin dark face brightened a little, as the dying boy eagerly went on to say he was to be carried down to see the grand funeral. He had a little armchair of his own : and he told his mother he had got two good neighbours, 'strong women,' to take each an arm and carry him downstairs. And so he fell asleep. But he was not to hear the pipes or see the cannon with its six horses. At two in the morning he awoke and said 'Mother, I think I'll soon be perfectly well.' The poor mother knew. She put into his lips a little spoonful of tea ; and the boy turned his head on the pillow and spoke no more. But he had spoken more wisely than he knew. 'Is it well with the child ? It is well.' Perfectly well.

He was waiting his turn, little Tommy, when the good piper was laid to his rest. You remember poor Robert Burns, at the very last : 'Don't let the awkward squad fire over me.' And sure enough, with dropping shots, irregularly

fired, they bade our great poet farewell. There was nothing of that kind here. The three vollies were given, as with one sound each: awkwardness is not our characteristic, but soldierly alertness. And where St. Regulus has looked down for eight hundred years on earth hallowed by Christian burial for centuries before the old tower arose, once more the words, said times beyond numbering, *Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy*: the magnificent words, worthy to stand, not fearing comparison, even in a service which has the inestimable advantage of consisting, to the extent of above three-fourths, of Holy Scripture itself.

The boy's turn came soon. I buried them both. The first Thursday and the first Saturday of this Lengten-Tide. And people who neglect to fast, or even to repent in dust and ashes (at one time more than another), cannot fail to mark the lengthening light: with its vague cheer in a sorrowful time: with its vague promise of something which is not likely to be.

I read, yesterday afternoon, in a very bright London evening paper, a somewhat detailed statement of what this second volume is to contain. As not a line of the book was written when I read the smart paragraph, and as I did not know myself what the book may prove to be (and certainly have spoken to no one on the subject), that forecast is quite without authority. And yet it is to be confessed that it appears not unlikely that (if I am allowed to finish the volume) it may bear a considerable resemblance to what the clever writer suggested.

A mark was set between the humble narrator's whole previous life, and these latter years, by that time of suffering and weakness of which enough has been said. It seemed as if all the permitted space must be lived *after a warning*. Yet one cheers up again in a wonderful way, after being brought ever so low ; and on many days there does not seem much change. I must tell the story again, of what was said by a dear old saint, making a speech to a company which had met to do him honour on completing fifty years in his sacred office. He had been a hard-working minister, and cheery : many amusing stories I have heard him tell. His speech was a little autobiography : very fitly so. Never was autobiography addressed to more sympathetic ears. We all revered him and loved him.

Doctor, how long will it be ?

About half an hour.

I see, in this moment, the worn old man who thus related the story of a solemn period in his history. Then he paused, the old time coming over him : and added amid deep silence, *That was forty years ago.*

When you come back, my reader, from such a strange experience, you may probably find such a number of things prepared to be attended to the next day. Some one else might have looked at them, with a sigh. And not a thing will be more felt, than that your work has been so cut short. Few, indeed, are like Sir David Brewster, who felt he had done all he desired to do. 'I never could have lain down at a worse time,' were the words of the best of servants and friends, quickly taken from this house after

twenty-six years. One thinks of such a host of matters which cannot be done but by one's self. There is no good in recalling such a season. Yet nothing is better remembered than how, when lying at the very lowest, the last hymns one had heard sung in church were continually in one's ear. One should be thankful to have so far the musical temperament: for, then there is keen enjoyment. Thankful, too, not to be too cultivated: for then one is easily pleased. Most preachers, who can be called preachers, preserve some record of the texts preached from, and how they 'got on': what-like was the congregation, and whether it was specially silent and attentive. But a clergyman, here and there, relates likewise (only for his own reading) the number in the choir, and what psalms and hymns were sung, and to what music. No preacher can be thankful enough if nature and training have made him entirely pleased with his church, his choir, his congregation. It is a terrible thing to be irritable. You may break out. And then, shame and sorrow: perhaps permanent harm. He was an excellent old parson, but unhappily provided with a super-sensitive nervous system, who was preaching one day about the swine who were drowned in the lake of Galilee. Just as he stated that they all perished, an unpolished soul in a gallery pew proceeded to clear his throat in a truly-awful manner, producing a very loud sound of a terrible sort, which reverberated through the sacred edifice. The preacher was stung beyond endurance. He said, 'The evangelist states that all the swine perished in the waters. But here there is plainly some mistake:

One of the animals still survives, and is at this moment in that gallery.' So saying, he pointed at the offending member of the congregation. Such a remark cannot wholly be approved. Yet he was an admirable man from whom the cry of anguish was wrung.

It was on Thursday December 5, 1878, that George Whyte Melville's horse, cantering along a 'rig' in a ploughed field, stumbled; and the great horseman, who had done daring feats times without number, was thrown over the animal's head and never stirred again. On the Sunday after, one of my first days in my study, I managed to write, in a shaky hand, a few lines of sympathy to the poor father and mother, whom I was not able to go and see. The next day brought a most touching letter from good Mr. Whyte Melville. One sentence in it I shall never forget: 'the son that never caused me a sad thought.' It is a grand testimony. Would it were so with all sons! For one who knows facts as a man in my profession does, knows that the heaviest heart that ever comes to father or mother in this world is through the misconduct of their children. On Sunday December 22, Lady Catherine Whyte Melville died. She had been quite well till the awful blow fell. And though she never went to England, and her son seldom came to Scotland, still it was possible they might meet face to face: and that is a great thing to know. Deep snow was lying everywhere, and causing immense trouble, through these days. It was so on Saturday the 28th, when a small party gathered at Mount Melville, and Tulloch and I did the part of the

service which was done there. It was in the dining-room : and very strange indeed, in that hospitable apartment, it was to look at the table at whose head the dignified though kindly aristocrat used to sit ; and at the familiar walls, closely covered with pictures, many of them hunting-pieces. There was one fine painting showing Mr. Whyte Melville in his prime ; and a wonderful hunter which he often rode then. Though its record was something marvellous, it looked little more than a pony : its colour a curious yellow. Then away, through the snowy park, to the spot in the churchyard which one often looks at now. The fine old man, parted after sixty years of married life, was very quiet. It is the way of this undemonstrative country.

People, not meaning to be heartless, sometimes rub one the wrong way. I said to an old friend of the house, that day, 'George's death killed Lady Catherine.' The sound but unsympathetic answer came, 'She would soon have died, at any rate.' And doubtless she had passed the fourscore years.

The next day, Sunday December 29, was a great day in the writer's little history, and it was not without interest to a great number of kind people in the parish. For after eleven Sundays of silence, I took to my duty again. The snow still lay deep, but heavy rain fell that forenoon. While very ill, I had thought of my text if I should ever be allowed to preach again. And I had written my sermon bit by bit, writing with difficulty and taking many days to it. Without saying anything of the circumstances, one

desired to show what was constantly in one's mind. Just a word at the end, of thankfulness for extraordinary sympathy and kindness : and of losses which had fallen upon the place, since I lay down. For the stately old Professor Jackson died on Christmas-Eve : and Dr. Lindsay, wisest and kindest of Elders, who had come into the Session-House, bright and well, on my last Sunday of duty, had gone long before. Fitly, my service that morning was at the parish church. The praise was hearty. And the congregation listened very silently. Next day, Professor Jackson was laid to rest.

The Third Series of the *Recreations* was published during that dark time. And on January 14, 1879, a volume of sermons, *From a Quiet Place*. This was my nineteenth volume, and the record of the day says 'probably my last.' So we miscalculate. This Third Series of Essays was not published in America. Messrs. Ticknor and Fields had published the first two. Would there had been American copyright in those days ! For though the price of each volume was two dollars, by 1869 the First Series bore the pleasant legend, *Eighteenth Edition* ; and the Second, *Sixteenth Edition*. Some years later, the Second Series was in the Twentieth Edition. But the liking for detached Essays (unless weightier than mine) died away. Sermons still hold on. Ticknor and Fields published five volumes of Essays and three of sermons. They were under no obligation to give me a penny. But for these eight volumes they gave me 240/. The publishers of recent volumes have not even sent me

copies of them, save in one or two cases. And neither they, nor the men who republished magazine articles, ever raised the question of giving or receiving. The American volumes of *Essays* contain, each, a half more matter than the English. And a good many papers from *Fraser*, never reprinted in this country, may be found in them.

I really think it is not conceit which makes me here preserve the Latin lines which Bishop Wordsworth, ever the kindest of friends, sent me on receiving that nineteenth volume. It seems as if it would be ingratitude and affectation to omit them.

Quot fessos homines, quot tristia corda, quot ægros,
 Quot passim indociles otia longa pati,
 Te 'recreans,' scriptis recreasti, Rustice Pastor,
 Nec tot post annos charta diserta silet!—
 Non equidem invideo; miror magis; et prece posco,
 Hæc vita in tantis cum sit agenda malis,
 Ut, saliens veluti in deserto jugis aquæ fons,
 Ingenii exundans sic tua vena fluat!

Let it here be suggested, for the guidance of some in a possible perplexity, that books form quite the best present to offer to most educated men: that is, unless the present is to be on a large scale. It was a pleasant event when, on a day at the close of that January, there came to this house from Professor Jackson's library, as a memorial of that much-esteemed friend, the grand editions of Bacon and Milton. Bacon, as everybody knows, is edited by Spedding, Ellis, and Heath. It is in seven large volumes; and the title-pages bear the names of sixteen

publishers instead of the usual one. No doubt it was well. For the cost of preparing such a work must have been immense : and though of course a standard and classical work in the strictest sense, it is outside the taste of the mass of readers, and quite beyond the means of very many capable of duly valuing it. Milton is a magnificent edition. It is in eight volumes : was published by Bickers and Bush in 1863 ; and is a facsimile of the edition published by Pickering in 1851. The type is antique, and grand for size. The spelling is that which Milton knew. Time is 'the subtle thief of youth.' And the great man's work was to be done 'As ever in my great task Masters eye.' *Task* and *Masters* are separate words : and *Masters* bears no sign of the possessive case. The line recalls to me the day on which I was present in a Presbytery of the Kirk, where a discussion was going on as to means proposed for the more stringent spurring-up of certain drones among the parochial clergy. One speaker said that he liked not a system of watching, and hounding-on : that if a man were fit to be in charge of a parish at all, surely he might be trusted to do his duty as in his great Task-Master's eye, without the continual supervision of a Committee. Whereupon a good man uprose and said he must protest against such language : that he objected in the strongest manner to hearing God Almighty spoken of as a Task-Master : it was irreverent in a high degree. And I thought, there and then, of what a most eminent Professor of Theology once told me had been said to himself by another Professor of Theology who was much older than himself but not nearly

so eminent or well-informed. This venerable senior said to my friend that not merely he himself had never read either Milton or Shakspeare, but that he did not believe any human being had ever read either Milton or Shakspeare. And what could one reply to the austere saint who said to myself being a lad (yet a parson), that 'no one who knew the truth as it is in Jesus could read Shakspeare'?

Yet I am quite sure the good man who said such words had himself read Shakspeare, at one period. He, at least, did not condemn what he did not know. But within this week, a very bright Scotch minister told me that many years since he was present where two faithful and admirable men were vehemently condemning Dr. Robert Lee of Edinburgh. 'To think that that man is eating the bread of the Church, and unsettling the faith of her young preachers!' My friend, though unbeneficed as yet, after a while said, 'But are you not doing injustice to Dr. Lee? I studied under him for two years, and never heard any of these things you have been stating that he says. May I ask, have you ever heard him yourselves?' 'Hear Robert Lee,' one replied with much heat: 'Not likely! Do you think I'd listen to a traitor like that?' Then he cast upon my friend the peculiar glance of one who is determined to keep a young fellow out of a living if he can.

It was about this time that I did the burial service (as I have done many times) over a poor suicide. There is such a thing as Luck in this world: and mine has been to know more than my share of those who have thus passed from

this life. I have known, well, more than thirty suicides : men and women. Some of them were as good and kindly souls as I hope to see. Hardly any of them could be said to be insane : they were perfectly like unto other people. But the hour came in which reason toppled over : and they went. One was a little boy, who thought he had got into such an awful trouble that he never could be right any more. If he had only come and told me ! Everything could have been set straight in about a minute. But that was just what he could not do. I remember, long ago, in my first parish, how a poor old man whose old wife had hanged herself said to me (trying to comfort him) that there was a text in the Bible which said 'The common damned shun their society : ' and he could not get over that. I explained to him that the line does not occur in holy scripture, but only in Blair's *Grave* : that it was quite without authority beyond that of Mr. Blair himself : that it was a most presumptuous statement to make : and that in my judgment it was false, outrageously false. But I fear the good old man was not comforted. In those days, anything which stood in print had, for some, authority far beyond the weightiest spoken word of any one living. And my authority was small. For though I was incumbent of a parish of 5,000 souls, my years were twenty-five and my face was unlined. I thought myself quite as old as anybody need be : but now, looking back, I am aware I was (for my place) very young. It would be very strange indeed to see that little company (of thirty-two or thirty-three) here in this quiet room together : all ranks, all ages

both sexes: they had felt the 'blackness of darkness' which may one day come down on any. We were great purists in the matter of giving an author's exact words who prepared the *Scottish Hymnal*: but not a man durst propose to give one line of Faber's famous hymn as he wrote it: 'All journeys end in welcome to the weary.' It would have made short shrift of the volume when it came to be judicially dealt with: and how dare we speak beyond what is revealed? But those who have had like experience to mine have come to have an infinite trust in infinite mercy, and perfect understanding of us poor men: and only a few (whose own look-out would be extremely black if the lines be not true) objected to the good Father's verse which I have heard sung in places where I had not expected it:

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind:
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

It is very singular how, in one's own experience, it is exactly the people who have most need to wish that the larger hope may prove true, who are bitterest against it. I never will forget how, long ago, when I was in my Edinburgh parish, I said to a neighbour, 'It is very sad that that poor woman is to be hanged.' 'No,' said the uncompromising man (his church was empty and mine was not), 'it is not a bit sadder that a woman should be hanged than a man. *God will damn a woman just as soon as a man*: and therefore in what you say you are accusing God, and

going against the Standards of the Kirk.' I replied that it was a very terrible thing to think of ' God damning ' either man or woman : but that I had fancied most people felt a certain tenderness for the weaker and more suffering half of poor Humanity. Then we parted, after my acquaintance had administered further rebuke to me. And in a few days I found that he had put about my little observation, with his own comments upon it. And if he thought me an evil man, seeking to undermine the blessed dogmas of Calvinism (which are in both the Articles and the Confession), no doubt he was right to say so. That is, from his point of view. And he was not a bad man at all, though he did not like me. Neither did I like him. There are Elective Affinities, as readers of Goethe know. There are likewise Elective Antipathies : very strong ones. And, as Dr. Wallace beautifully remarked, ' We are told to love our enemies : but we are not told to like them.'

I have ever recalled with keen approval the story of one of the bigots who went to New England, seeking ' freedom to worship God ' for themselves, combined with freedom to persecute all who desired to worship in any other way : how one Sunday he preached to his unhappy congregation that he had satisfied himself that just one in each seven hundred and seventy-seven of the human race should be saved at last. Coming out, he found the congregation gathered under a tree, in high debate. They had calculated that if the case were so, exactly three souls in the parish would end well : and the question in debate was, Who those three should be? They stated their perplexity to

that preacher of despair ; and mentioned a good many names which had been suggested. But a fine effect was produced upon the mind of that ferocious fatalist by the fact that *not one individual had mentioned his*. A true instinct had led them. They had never even thought of him. From that day the tone of his preaching materially changed. It grew a good deal humbler, and less dictatorial : that is to say, a good deal liker the real thing. I was struck, indeed, by somebody saying, just yesterday, in apology for an over-confident divine, that Christ Himself was the most confident of all preachers : He was always perfectly sure He was Right. If any reader (out of Bedlam) does not see the difference, I need not point it out.

On Tuesday February 4 I was pleased to get a letter from an old school-acquaintance, unseen for untold years. We had known each other (not much) at King's College School in London. He was an Anglican clergyman : a consular chaplain in a great city on the Continent. He had been a very clever boy in those distant days. Yet he had come to do what it is understood we never do. He stated that he had preached most of my published sermons, and asked if another volume would soon appear. I sent him the volume, just out : which would keep him going for twenty-three Sundays. And I said how well I remembered his face ; and wished him all good. A sentence of local colour, here and there, would have to be struck out of these discourses : but I thought that otherwise they would do. If critical opinion were in exact proportion to worldly

rank, certain of these must have had some modest merit. In fact, they might have attained to being *Not Bad*: which is the utmost length in eulogy I have known some preachers go in the matter of any sermons save their own. A good many parsons (Dr. Neale was one) have written to me that they sometimes delivered discourses written by this weary hand. Let me confess, I should be greatly interested in hearing one actually delivered. You do not know what your own compositions are like. You never heard yourself speak. I fancy you would be startled if you could. You had not expected anything like that. I never heard even a sentence of my own read aloud. Something would turn upon the reader : not some thing, *everything*. Hugh Millar, that true rough honest genius, tells us he once heard Chalmers read a passage of his ; and did not at first know it again, it was so infinitely finer than he had fancied. Such is the magic of a great orator. And I suppose there can be no doubt that Chalmers was of the very greatest.

It was in this sorrowful time of withdrawal from all duty that a Lord Rector gave his inaugural address at the University : the only one in my time whom I did not see and hear. But, straight from the function, Mr. Story of Roseneath (such was the name then) came up to my sick-room, and sat down by the fire ; and in lively fashion told me all about it. I was not allowed to see Story save for a few minutes ; but it brightened one greatly to see the keen but kind face, and to hear the voice I had not thought to hear again. He had a word to say of the *Recreations III*.

And though one knows that the criticism of a most valued friend is strongly-biased, all the same it is greatly prized. And I have noted that Story, just as fine a speaker as I have heard, is very sensitive to little bits of pathos, so it be real. Anything falsetto, or bogus, is in such matters quite hateful. And it deceives no mortal. That which moistens the eyes of any mortal to read, the author wrote with tears. The Rector was one I had specially desired to hear. It was Lord Selborne: better known in those days to many good people as Roundell Palmer, for the sake of the *Book of Praise*. He was not unconnected with Fife, being brother-in-law of the Countess of Rothes: and he sometimes came to Leslie. I do not know how the students came to think of a great Equity lawyer, whose work lay so far from us: unless this fact weighed. But it is quite wonderful how wisely the youths almost always make their choice: and certainly Lord Selborne did much honour to the Chair. His inaugural address was conceived in a serious strain. This might well have been expected when such a man was called to address young men with all their makings in them. It was on the like occasion that Dean Stanley quoted the words of an old Principal to the little boy Samuel Rutherford: 'It's ill to witt what God may make of you yet.' And the ex-Chancellor's address was very popular. Everybody revered the man: we knew his record well. Everybody liked him. Two daughters came with him, whom Story led out to the end of the Links. I had known Lord Selborne's face from my very early youth. For two years I saw it continually. For I am (I believe)

the only minister of the Kirk who is likewise a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. On rare Sundays, with years between, I go to the Temple church : where there is set in authority at least one functionary with a more than royal gift of remembering faces. More than once or twice, as I pressed through the waiting crowd, I have said to that keen though benignant man (it is years since I saw him last), 'Do you remember me? Member of the Middle Temple?' And the answer came, 'Perfectly, Dr. Boyd : two years since you were here last.' Through these years of pretty hard study for the Bar, I beheld the thin dark face (which has grown decidedly pleasanter as it has grown older) in the shabby Vice-Chancellor's Courts in Lincoln's Inn : likewise in the Hall, where the Lord Chancellor sat alone. He was already a Queen's Counsel : he had been extremely eminent at the University : and everybody knew he was sure to rise. His career was never sullied by one of the not-quite-creditable tricks, professional and political, which have led some men to the Woolsack. People forecast, very accurately. Still, 'as sure as anything of that kind can be' does not mean very sure. The possible slips are many. And a sharp lawyer's clerk can calculate the chances nearly as well as any one. Yet I often remember how, one day walking up and down on a hill that looked upon a picturesque little town with the Lord Chancellor of that day, the great man startled me by saying, 'I'll tell you who is one of the most rising men we have' : and then he mentioned a name not very outstanding as yet. 'He expects to be Lord Derby's Solicitor-

General.' Time went on : he was that and a great deal more. It was Lord Chancellor Cairns.

Though I missed his Rector's address here, I often heard Mr. Roundell Palmer speak in those distant days. Of course, speeches in Courts of Equity do not tend to be exciting. Yet I remember one very vividly. It was in Lincoln's-Inn Hall, before Lord Chancellor Truro. Mr. Palmer had concluded a paragraph in what was doubtless a most able speech : paused for half-a-minute : looked at his brief ; and then went on with entire fluency. After he had said three or four sentences, the plump little Chancellor suddenly started up, and used these long-remembered words : ' Ah, I see you're going upon another—ah—ah ' : and making a rapid bow, scuttled out of Court with much alacrity. The eminent advocate, so suddenly arrested in his career, gathered up his papers in what I thought a somewhat discomfited fashion. This was what is called ' The rising of the Court ' : less impressive to see than to hear of. The day came, a good while after the Rectorship, when, travelling to Perth from Edinburgh I beheld Lady Rothes conducting some friends to the over-crowded train. She put into my compartment a son and daughter, with a kind word of introduction, but the ex-Chancellor had to scramble for a place elsewhere. At Perth I had my single talk with him : finding him (of course) everything that was unaffected and frank. The last I saw of him that day was struggling for tickets amid a crowd at a little window : looking very unworn after his years of anxious work : and one thought how interested many there present would have

been had they known who he was. At Perth station, in autumn, an analogous reflection will frequently suggest itself. When next I saw him, he was Chancellor, presiding in the Lords, and making a lengthy speech which would not have been popular at St. Andrews. One thought of the wideawake hat of Perth, looking on the full-bottomed wig : likewise of the short coat of tweed, which somebody had called 'the shortest Chancery suit ever seen' ; comparing it with the tremendous train. Vividly comes back the hour in which I went to the opening of the House of Lords, with a friend whose duty it was to say the prayers : I asked a delightful old man in authority whether I could not witness the ceremony. 'Quite impossible,' said he, with suitable dignity. But after the Bishop had gone in, and Lord Selborne appeared, the fine old man said to me, 'Just you stand outside the House, and lift that curtain aside, and look in as soon as prayers begin.' All which I did : and so beheld the tabooed ceremony just as well as the Chancellor himself. It was very simple, very short, very touching and impressive. And I could not but remark that several lords, who were waiting to take their seats and hear appeals, staid outside till after the prayers were over : after the manner of many ministers in the Church Courts of Scotland.'

Snow lying everywhere this morning, making all the country white. Yet another week will bring the Equinox. It is Monday morning : and you, young preacher, will find out, when you have grown old, that each Sunday's duty, heartily got through amid cheering surroundings, is

reason for humble thankfulness. So this writer knows, to-day, why he feels quietly content: as much so as he ever expects to be. Of course, we never boast of to-morrow. 'Here in fear,' most of us: more than was intended. And I remember how, long years since, in this room, a little boy, after looking at me for a while with a wistful face, suddenly burst out with the remarkable words, 'I'm awfully happy; and I don't know why.' All which sayings, as time goes on, are infinitely pathetic to recall.

Two of the hopefulest of the dear youths whom the University has trained helped me yesterday in my services: each a Master of Arts; each a Son of the Manse. Unless you be a Scotsman, you do not quite take in the warmth of that tie: you do not know what stirs in our hearts when it is said 'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.'

On February 8, 1879, my colleague Anderson and I read the burial service over our much-esteemed Elder and Heritor, Dr. Watson Wemyss of Denbrae. 'The rain rained on' the good man, as we laid him down close to the Cathedral, under the grand 'Abbey Wall.' I had ever found him the kindest of friends. He was one of the two who walked into my study in Great King Street on a Wednesday evening to ask me to come to this charge. I saw him then for the first time. I did not wish to leave Edinburgh. Among other things it was said 'It will be hard to turn out of this house, which is our own, and which fits us exactly.' I remember the answer: 'Ah, it is a very good house, but it *commands no view*.' The remark seemed strange. But I lived to learn that when Dr.

Wemyss was an eminent Edinburgh physician, he lived in Queen Street : which, though in the midst of a great city, has a magnificent view of sea and mountains. The handsome country house which he inherited stands two miles out of this city. Never was more hospitable dwelling. Besides the charming old-fashioned house, the Laird had inherited with it one of those old-fashioned cellars which used to abound with Madeira 50 years old, and all things else to match. I have had the honour to perform the service at the weddings of each of the four daughters of that house. And it is pathetic to remember that I read the burial service over one of them just on that day eleven months that I had read her marriage service. She was laid in a beautiful nook of the churchyard, with the sea below : and over her was raised a costly monument of white marble, part of which is a solemn statue of a winged angel, the size of human life. With a calm face and gesture, the angel rests upon the cross. One who disapproved the graven image and the cross thought to smash them. To this end, he clambered over the wall upon a moonlight night, hammer in hand. But as he drew near, the angel lifted a hand with an awful movement of warning. And the iconoclast fled in terror. He had not the courage of the mortal who overthrew the magnificent eagle-lectern in Glasgow Cathedral. It may be said that in certain kirks where such are now found, some of the less-educated have failed to identify the bird intended. And the young assistant who reads the Lessons has been described as 'the lad ahint the Hen.'

Close by the house is the beautiful Den. A rapid stream runs down it; and it is thickly planted with well-grown trees. The primroses there are wonderful. The steep sides of the Den blaze with them: they make a carpet under the first living green of the Spring trees. Finish your work on Saturdays by one o'clock, young friends in my vocation: and (for your own sake and the congregation's) give that afternoon to idleness, and to as long a walk as your years may make suitable. Many a quiet Saturday through these years one has drunk in the spirit of the season amid the pale gold and shadowing greenness of that peaceful and pleasant place.

It was on February 18 that a bright letter came from Principal Tulloch that he was to be Editor of *Fraser*. He developed his plans with a hopefulness which was delightful to see. In the late afternoon I had a talk with him at the Club upon the whole outlook. And in the evening I dined with him to meet Dr. Cunningham of Crieff, who had come to lecture to the students. I heard the first lecture: the criticism of the time is *Very Good*. There is always great brightness about whatever Cunningham writes or says. He is quite the youthfullest man of his years I ever knew: and though he cannot be young, there is abundance of good work in him. I have heard, in his lectures, as keen epigrammatic sayings as I ever heard at all: and I have listened several times to Disraeli. And they were not merely smart: there was deep wisdom in them, many times.

I do not know, at all, why *Fraser*, in Tulloch's hands, was not more successful. For liberality is a weak word to

express what characterised all the arrangements of the great House it belonged to. Everything that could be thought of was done. The contributors had reason to rejoice exceedingly. Tulloch did his part excellently. The magazine was extremely lively and readable. But the day of half-crown magazines is gone by. There is but one exception : the oldest of monthlies holds its own, and flourishes. But the position of *Blackwood* is quite by itself. *Maga* is the organ of a great political party. Every educated man and woman *has to* read it. The prestige of its past history is quite without parallel. Immense weight attaches to anything said in it : not the least in the minds of such as differ from it. And I suppose it is easier to make the great step of a quite fresh start, than to revive a periodical which has been declining. Indeed, that was made quite apparent when *Fraser's* successor stepped into the field. Then, of course, there is *Election*. Things are appointed, often with scanty regard to the merits. Why did Mr. Lynch preach in London to empty benches? This, with every element of popularity, one would have said. And why do some, not to be named, discourse to overflowing crowds? It is as when an enormously-wealthy Glasgow man said to a keen old Glasgow woman, 'You see, the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' 'No,' said she, with deep significance : 'nor riches to men of understanding!' There is no doubt, it vexed Tulloch to see how the papers, monthly, lauded *Fraser*, while yet the circulation would not go up, as we all desired. But never a word of discouragement came from Paternoster

Row. After Tulloch's working days were over, everything was done which could cheer. I remember, vividly, Tulloch saying, more than once or twice, how difficult was an Editor's position in the matter of estimating offered contributions from strangers. An extremely good paper there was no doubt about: that was quickly judged. So an extremely bad one. But Tulloch said there was a large middle class of papers, your estimate of which was quite dependent on your own state of mind. Reading them in one mood, you thought they might do. In another mood, you felt they would not. It recurs to one's memory, writing these words, how that heaven-born Editor John Blackwood went no further than this, when *Amos Barton* was offered him for Maga. 'I am happy to say that I think your friend's reminiscences of clerical life *will do*.' 'If the author is a new writer, I beg to congratulate him on being worthy of the honours of print and pay.' Print and pay: musical words in many a poor young soul's ear! Never more so than in the writer's, just this time six-and-thirty years.

I note that on Ash-Wednesday in 1879, February 27, the congregation numbered above 65. Not many out of a congregation with 2,000 communicants. But good working-people cannot indulge in the luxury of week-day services: their devotion is expressed by attending to the little boys and girls at home: all which is counted as done to Somebody much higher. Tulloch never came to any week-day service: of course I never looked for him. But another eminent friend who assured me that he would

never be absent (having heard intimation made in the parish church of the order of instruction) did not come even once. One gets quite accustomed to those things : they do not ruffle. Tulloch often told me, half-seriously, that I had 'a morbid appetite for going to church.' The week-day congregation consisted almost exclusively of women of the educated class. And when Tulloch heard that a neighbouring laird had several times put off a game of golf to come to church, my dear friend said to me, very seriously, 'It is quite clear that his brain is softening.'

The great Guthrie, preaching one of his very last sermons (my brother heard him), declared that one note of a truly-good man is, that going out of church after the longest sermon, he always went, saying (I fancy within himself) *More! More!* I fear I have known truly-good folk who went out saying *Less! Less!* And possibly the most eminent persons one has preached to went out with the strong desire, unexpressed, *None at all! None at all!* I never but once preached to a Prime Minister, actually in office. He was the cleverest man of his time. He attended sharply here and there : one read it in the keen face. But then his thoughts went off to his awful burden of care. In any case, after church, he said a kind word of the sermon : not forgotten. It was an awful occasion when, in the presence of a multitude, our greatest preacher addressed another Prime Minister. No mortal ever slept under that preacher before. But the Minister had just had luncheon, and several glasses of quite-extraordinary Madeira : farther, he was an old man. And he slept from first to last. I

once sat in the parish church close beside a man of great distinction (not a Príncipe), while a most able sermon of an hour's duration was delivered : this without a scrap of manuscript. As we rose to go, the great man said, ' An admirable sermon.' It was impossible to hold back the answer, ' Yes, it was : but you did not hear a word of it.' The great man smiled sweetly, and said, ' I hope the people about did not see I was asleep.' Such is the reception, my friend, occasionally given to your most elaborate compositions. We had been sitting, indeed, in large chairs of oak and velvet, much too comfortable for a church, where a certain austerity is befitting. Long ago, Bishop Wilberforce pointed out, as an evil note of this self-indulgent age, the prevalent use of easy-chairs. Of one thing I am fully persuaded : that any seat which approaches to being an easy-chair should not be tolerated in church. Many a year ago, I was present at a meeting in a church at Dumfries where the Duke of Buccleuch presided, seated in the precentor's desk. The meeting over, the Duke said, writhing himself with the air of suffering, ' I know now how it is that precentors never sleep in church.'

I have never alluded to such things in this book before : nor am I to do so again. But, for a reason, I record that on March 4 one of the weightiest men in the Kirk informed me that I was likely to be asked to leave this parish for another which had become vacant. I copy, verbatim, the frank history of the time, which no mortal ever saw but myself. ' Some years ago, I should have greatly liked it : but not now. I am fifty-three : and my health is shaken

by this illness, finally. I have not heart nor strength to begin in a new charge. And I am very well off here, as much as I could be in the Scotch Kirk. The living here is better. All things are changed. I speak as if I were to be offered it ; but I do not myself think there is any chance. A much younger man should go.'

I take no credit to myself for anything but what I know is likewise present with all my best friends in my profession. But I have ever regarded it as a contemptible thing to coquet for an offer, and then make capital of declining it. I have always prevented offers from being made, when 'sounded.' And I never have said a word to a soul in the parish of offers which came. To do so diminishes the value of the offer to the next man. And I have noted, too, that men who put about that they were offered such and such a living, as matter of fact, were not offered it at all. A man who, long ago, sometimes came to St. Andrews, informed some of us that he had three times declined a Bishopric in the Church of England. I mentioned this to a Canon of York, just in from his round of golf. 'A pure invention,' said the Canon, indignantly. Indeed I am softening his words. 'No,' was the reply : 'Not so bad as that. Possibly he has failed to grasp the fact, that you can't say you have been offered a place, unless you have been offered it by a person *who is able to give it to you*. Likely enough, some good old lady has said to X—, You are the very man to be Bishop of Barchester. Then he thought he was offered the see. For instance, I might offer to make you Pope. And then you might go

about saying that you had declined the Papacy.' 'Ah,' said the Canon, keenly, 'but then I would not decline it !' It was startling. But assuredly, for stately benignity of aspect, that Canon (brought up in the Scotch Kirk) was fit to be anything.

A curious fact may be mentioned here. When a Scotch minister is offered another living, it used to be the way that he said a great deal about 'a larger sphere of usefulness' and the like: not a word about the better stipend. To my personal knowledge, that sort of thing was heartily laughed at by shrewd Scotch folk. The 'divine call' almost always came to a place where things were better in a worldly sense. Once upon a time I was offered a parish which, when in the country, I should have been glad to accept. Circumstances gave it special interest to me. But I was now at St. Andrews. So, when the good 'deputation' came, I said 'I can't cause you an hour's delay: I could not in conscience leave this place for yours: this "sphere" is great: I only wish I were worthier of it.' The deputation regarded not the words at all: but went on to urge, in a kindly way. Whereupon I said my last word. 'Good friends, the living here is more than twice as large as yours.' *Then*, they appeared to feel reality. They instantly went on to ask if I could suggest any one else. It was very amusing. Decorous conventionalities weigh light in the balance, here. You had best tell the truth to a Scotsman at once. He knows it already, perfectly.

Let me advise the reader to carefully avoid getting into

a painful track of thinking, at any season when he is really ill. The thoughts will take hold, in a terrible way. I have the Glasgow College Prize List bound up, for several years during which I thought it the greatest of all things to stand high there. One day about this time the record says, 'Too ill to do anything, sat by fire, and looked over the Prize List for the years I have it. Very sad. So many of the prize-takers dead, and gone to the bad.' No doubt sorrowfully true. It may be added, that these distinctions, even the highest of them, are speedily forgot. There is nothing here like the Senior Wranglership, which is matter of history. A youth who had written what used to be called a University prize essay, a very small one, once said to a man not ten years away from College who in his day had written them all with one bare exception (all successfully), 'You have not the smallest idea of the work which goes to writing a University essay.' And the prize-taker modestly answered, 'I dare say it is very hard.' But I do not remember a more marked characteristic of the distinguished Glasgow students of my time, than the dead silence they kept about their own doings. I knew Shairp for years before he told me he was first in Moral Philosophy. But I fancy modesty (generally) goes with merit everywhere. I hear, to-day, over forty years, a lady at her own dinner-table say to Professor Kelland of Edinburgh (in consequence of something just said to her) 'Professor Kelland, were you Senior Wrangler?' In a mild, quick voice, the answer came, 'Yes, I was Senior Wrangler': and then Kelland rapidly passed to another subject. I grieve to say

that one other sentence of that most admirable man will not depart from my memory. It was said very good-naturedly : but it was said. Some one asked why a certain most eminent Bishop was continually writing letters to the newspapers. 'Ah,' said the beloved Professor, 'Satan finds some mischief still, For idle hands to do.'

CHAPTER XVI

WHEN ONE WENT AWAY

THAT year of grace 1879 was terribly inclement through many of its months. Snow lay deep till the end of March: at Glasgow I beheld it a foot deep on Easter-day, April 13. Of this more hereafter. Here, one thought of the often-expressed view of good Professor Jackson, that 'the St. Andrews year consisted of seven months of winter and five of cold weather.' This, though loving St. Andrews as few have done. And the stately old Lady Catherine used to say that if ever warmth came here at all, we had three hot days and a thunderstorm.

I am not telling my own story in these pages. I pass over things innumerable which one recalls with a tear. Not a word has been said of the coming to this house of three boys in these years at St. Andrews: but the reader will pardon some mention of the going away of one. For we come to know the meaning of things. Often, when I was a little boy, a grey-haired old man showed me a little picture, an alert young face and figure, a red jacket, and said always the same words, 'That's my son in India.' The hopeful youth fell bravely fighting, and returned no more. I have read somewhere that if Shakspeare came

back now to this world and found what he has grown to be, how his thoughts and words have got into men's heads and hearts, it would be too much for mortal man. Even he would not be able to bear it. I know not. But I have often thought that it would be too much for even the best of all good lads, far away, if he could quite realise what he had come to be in his father's house. To the outer world, that little family uses the Gregorian calendar: but every event is really reckoned from the day when the boy went. Yes, that happened since he went away. You take down a book from its place: you look at its date: yes, he never saw that. The remembrance of him is a pervading atmosphere in the lives of the aging parents: he is never forgotten at all. Thinking of everything else, you think of him too. And little circumstances are curiously linked with his departure. Dean Stanley was to come to Glasgow this year to preach before the Sons of the Clergy: on March 19 a characteristic letter from him, asking the exact words of the motto of the great city. Of course one knew how they were to be turned to account in the sermon: how the beloved Dean made use of local colouring. The words are striking: there is no similar motto: 'Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word.' In recent years, the motto is commonly shortened to 'Let Glasgow flourish.' The last Sunday, in many houses, is ever memorable. But little is said: the lad is always very busy, and keeps out of the way. And you cannot in any way take in that he is going for so long: which helps. The little brothers, too, are quite cheery. We had a week together in London, the

lad (he was just twenty-one), his mother and I. It was his first visit, and he was immensely interested. Also, several Fettes boys turned up, and bore him company. Sunday, March 23, is outstanding. Morning, the Temple Church. Bitterly cold, with a black North-Easter. The church was crowded: the music magnificent. A Sunday in Lent: we had the Benedicite instead of the Te Deum. The Anthem was Mendelssohn's 'I waited for the Lord.' Hard by, sitting in a passage against one of the pillars, was a young nervous-looking girl: I never saw any human being so thrilled through by music as she at the Anthem. Dr. Vaughan preached: now first seen. The sermon was altogether admirable. I wished he could have given it like Dr. MacGregor. A soft pleasant voice, but the manner monotonous. And the service had lasted an hour and a half before he ascended the pulpit: which was against him. One looked with extreme interest at a man who had calmly put away from himself the great honours and prizes of his vocation: so amply deserved. Where might not Dr. Vaughan have been now? Then in the afternoon to Westminster Abbey. We went in through the Deanery, and sat on the Altar steps. Again the grand choral worship of the Anglican church: and we had 'I waited for the Lord' for the second time that day. Dr. Farrar gave an excellent sermon, with immense go. The vast crowd listened eagerly. For popular impression on a chance-gathered multitude, there can be no question as to the preacher's telling power. But though greatly admiring James Montgomery, I somewhat demurred in spirit when

I heard him called 'the grand old poet.' Something short of that, surely. That is for Milton. Then into the Deanery, where were a few: I had my third talk with Matthew Arnold. He was full of St. Andrews, and spoke most warmly of Shairp, soon to fill his old Chair of Poetry. I remember vividly his saying that the stipend is eighty sovereigns, paid in gold. And I cannot but repeat that whatever the occasional impression left by his written page, it is impossible to imagine anything more unpretending or charming than the manner of the man himself. Nor could anything be more frank than his talk with an undistinguished stranger, who was too happy to listen. I will add, that he very strongly expressed his disapproval of a recent doing of a dear friend. There are good people who think that if you admit that a friend ever did wrong, you are seeking to vilify him: that you have spiteful and unworthy reason. These good people are very far astray. Yet it is pleasant to see even misjudging loyalty: and the writer will never blame it, though it may be manifested at his expense.

At Evensong to St. Andrew's, Wells Street: we had barely time. It was an anticlimax. I had never been in the church before. I could not in any way like it. The music was terribly florid. I am sure the preacher was a good man, but he had mistaken his vocation. The sermon was really very bad: I think I never heard a worse. In my record of the preachers I hear, it stands, that day: Morning, Dr. Vaughan: Afternoon, Dr. Farrar: Evening, a Fatuous Person. Then away along the gritty, unlovely

street, swept by the bitter East wind, to Old Quebec Street, where we abode. I looked always with great interest at Quebec Chapel, ugly as the ugliest Scotch kirk, which Dean Alford told me was 'the best place to preach in, in London.' And no doubt we have learned that the great thing about a church is the congregation.

Every little detail of those days is clear in memory ; but the reader is not to be wearied with even one. Only that on the evening of Thursday, March 27, I heard a discourse absolutely unlike that at St. Andrews. It was at another St. Andrews too : whose kindly Rector gave a pleasant welcome (as he said) to the Minister of St. Andrews in the North, in St. Andrews in the South : Holborn to wit. I went to hear an old fellow-student, whose career many have watched with deep interest : Alfred Barry, Principal of King's College, London : soon to be Metropolitan of Australia. Though why Barry went to the Antipodes for a Bishopric only a few pretend to know. For myself, I know not the reason : though old Dean Wellesley of Windsor told me he did. But he kept silence on that question, being wonderfully outspoken on certain others. I had not seen Dr. Barry for many years : not since I went to hear him preach in his College Chapel on a Sunday in 1869. He looked but little older when we met in St. Andrew's Rectory : and at a pleasant little dinner-party whereat we were the sole outsiders, we were allowed to recall old days. At King's College he was quite the first man of his time. At Cambridge his career was most distinguished. And after being Head-Master of,

Leeds and Cheltenham he came to London. There, besides his office of Principal (Bishop Lonsdale of Lichfield held it long ago) he was a Canon of Westminster. There was a considerable congregation on that Thursday evening: a bright and brief choral service. Then Barry gave his lecture, one of a course on the history of the Church of England. It was extremely able and interesting: and plainly was in great measure extemporised. Before service began I had looked for a moment at the font at which Disraeli was baptized: likewise at the great undraped stone altar with which (singularly) no mortal has ever meddled. There is Election in such matters, as in all others. However little one may like Calvinism, you cannot get away from it.

Next day, Friday March 28, was our day of trial. By rail from Euston to Liverpool, over the old way so well known as a schoolboy. The great steamship sailed at midnight: our train went northward ten minutes before. It is a mistake to see a member of the family go, anywhere save at home. That is far better. That going was to be effaced by a cheerful coming-back, after five years; but it remains all the same. It was the day of some steeplechase: the station was filled with drunken and uproarious ruffians. The horse is a noble animal: but it is strange how he deteriorates most human creatures who have much to do with him. As a rule (there are exceptions), what is meant by a *horsy man*? A dark and dismal journey to Wigan: but there the Limited Mail, and things were quite different. All Cumberland was white with deep snow

when daylight came. The Firth was stormy : which mattered much, then : not at all now. St. Andrews in bright sunshine in twelve hours from Liverpool. Sunday was the Communion : and one thought of the lonely lad on the Bay of Biscay. But a great pressure of work was waiting, and had to be faced. Which is best for all. And it was a worse day in another house in St. Andrews. I went after church to see Mrs. Tulloch and her daughter, in deep distress. William Tulloch's sweet young wife was gone. Twenty-six : and left four little boys : the youngest a few days old, baptized by Stanley while the mother lay unburied. Never was a more amiable young woman ; and the beautiful face expressed the nature within. She was the daughter of Alexander Hill, my fellow-student at Glasgow and for nine years my colleague here : the grand-daughter of the stately old Dr. Hill, my Professor of Divinity ; the great-grand-daughter of Principal Hill, the chief man in the Kirk in his day ; Tulloch's predecessor in the Principalship, my predecessor in the parish. For there were pluralities then : and it needed both Tulloch and myself to fill the places of at least two predecessors. Yet they filled their places well : men in the Kirk did not work then in the feverish fashion of the last forty years. These were the days of 'fine old Leisure.' Sunday, April 6, was William Tulloch's Communion. I had introduced him in his handsome Glasgow church near two years before. Everything was thriving : he was the most diligent of parish-ministers : the church was crammed, and the poor girl who had to go had her whole heart in

it. On that strange Communion-Sunday he managed to say just a few words to the communicants, and to celebrate the Sacrament. I preached the sermon. Principal Tulloch gave the closing address. Caird preached at the evening service. I remember that day vividly as yesterday : and will remember it while I live. But nothing more can be said of it. Only that if ever a youth in sorest trouble was surrounded by warm affection, it was so then. And I think it did sustain him, some little. Only our Principal is away, of those who ministered. When he came into the vestry, he held my hand a moment, and then went and looked out of the window without a word. He would not have been the great orator he was, but that he was easily moved. Then away to the Cathedral, where I have been with my old friend Dr. Burns at twenty-five April Sacraments. Next month will make twenty-six, if all is well. It is a long time in this changing world : and Scotch folk know what a close tie it makes. Glasgow Cathedral is to me just as one of the kirks which have been my own.

I do not mean to look at. For I, lover of Gothic art, have been appointed to minister in certain of the ugliest churches in this world. And it is little to say Glasgow Cathedral is our finest church. St. Giles' at Edinburgh, though much smaller, runs it close internally. Outside there is no comparison. And the Sunday which came next, Easter-Day, April 13, 1879, was a day never to be forgotten in that magnificent church, nor in Glasgow which has grown up under the shadow of the church of St. Kentigern. Indeed the Cathedral has seen every house in

Glasgow rise, and may probably see every one in the dust. One should except indeed the beautiful buildings which Sir Gilbert Scott provided for the University. On that Easter-Day, very fitly, the organ was first used in worship. It is one of the grandest in this world. There are much costlier, though it cost 4,500*l.*: and there are bigger, though it is huge and can speak in thunder. It was the munificent gift of Dr. Burns, the minister, Mrs. Burns, and the three children: it was given in memory of a dear girl, who faded in early youth: Frances was her name. Few who hear the organ ever think of her. The chief musical authority of this time declared that 'there is not a finer instrument on earth.' There are some as fine. And Dr. Peace is the organist: held in just the like esteem with his organ over all the North. I suppose no man living can play better. On Good Friday the organ was so far ready that Dr. Peace was able to play it for the first time. A few privileged persons were present. Mr. Willis, the great builder, was there himself; and was somewhat impatient of the organ being heard while imperfect. It was a strange Easter-Day. Saturday had been bright though cold: a few feathery flakes fell. But when daylight came on the chief day in the Christian year, all was white with snow, and snow was falling thick. When we drove away to church, the snow on roads and roofs was nine inches deep. I believe the other churches of Glasgow were nearly empty that day. But if people really wish to go to church, they will not be staid. The Cathedral was densely packed an hour before service began. The

music was magnificent. A manifest thrill went through the crowd as the first notes floated out : the first heard under that roof for near three hundred years. The first thing sung with organ accompaniment in that great church was ' All people that on earth do dwell.' The Choir very powerful and good : but any Choir would be good with Dr. Peace to accompany. The Te Deum was sung ' with intention of thanksgiving.' Of course ' Jesus Christ is risen to-day.' The Prayers were beautifully read by Dr. Burns : the clear, trumpet-like notes, pitched high, filled the place (only the Choir is used for worship, but many stood in the Nave, and could hear) : there is no difficulty in seeing how it came to be the Cathedral use to intone the Prayers. Such as minister under that roof (ninety feet high, exceeded in Britain only by York and Westminster) come instinctively in saying the Prayers to take a high note and keep to it. Which is to intone : though the note is commonly much lower than in the choral worship of England. I had the very great privilege of preaching on that memorable morning : I owed it to the kindness of my dear and old friend. Not even Stanley, on such a day, could have prefaced his sermon with ' Lord of all power and might' : it had to be that most incomparable collect for Easter-Even.

At that season, the second service was still usually at 2 P.M. Again Dr. Burns said the Prayers. And now the congregation had the great joy to hear our orator Caird. I had not heard him for seven years. He appeared in that time to have grown about two years older. There was the

exquisite voice, touching one through and through. I felt a young 'gown-student' again, as when I heard it first. There was not the physical 'go' of last time, nor the dramatic manner. For the sermon was not memorized and delivered : it was pretty closely read. But there was abundant animation ; and you *had* to listen to every word. The sermon lasted just an hour : no mortal wished it shorter. Its power was quite wonderful. And though it was, at first sound, pretty flatly in the face of the morning discourse, one had to confess its wisdom and truth. But it treated of the peril of self-deception when church and service are made extremely attractive : a very serious truth. For both may be so charming that a soul, merely in a state of æsthetic enjoyment, may fancy that this is elevated devotion ; and think far too well of itself. But the Philistine mind would be disposed to say, 'Then why that grand organ ? Wherefore those windows, which cost thirty thousand pounds ? Wherefore this Cathedral at all ?' He was consistent who said that 'a twelve-hundred-pound organ was a great engine to mislead souls to their destruction' : for he would have no organ himself. In fact, there was not the smallest inconsistency between the earlier and later instruction of that day, save that the former emphasised one view of a truth and the latter another. Still, it was said, unjustly, 'A most admirable sermon to preach on the occasion of the taking-down of the organ in Glasgow Cathedral.' Whereat the great preacher sweetly smiled, and added the just statement that the way for a man to be led to truth was to be first beaten

on one side of the head and then on the other. Still, one sympathises a good deal with him who always felt much surer how to think when he had heard the arguments only on one side. And an eminent friend of mine once told me that he was very sorry he had such a fair mind. He had no bias at all. 'My mind,' he said, 'is just like a pair of scales. Drop an argument or reason on either side, and it is sure to have its weight. It makes me very uncomfortable; and sometimes I don't feel quite sure of anything.' I suppose we should not allow anybody to ply our children with reasons for thinking as we wish them not to think.

All that mass of snow had quite disappeared as we drove home. I do not know whether Caird received any criticism of his great discourse. But in a few days an anonymous letter came to me, from one who had not heard my sermon, but read it at length in a Glasgow newspaper, where it was indeed printed from the manuscript. That letter informed me that I was 'a child of the Devil.' After which it was an anticlimax to add, 'likewise a Pharisee and a hypocrite.' I could but hope the writer was mistaken. In one respect the writer was assuredly so. For the views expressed, whether right or wrong, were certainly sincere.

That Easter week St. Andrews had a little visit, only from Wednesday till Saturday, of Dr. Potts, Head-Master of Fettes College, and his wife. What he did for Fettes has already been recorded. What she did was just as valuable in making the wonderful success of the School.

But what struck us much, having them in the house, and walking about with Dr. Potts, was, How anxious is the place of a Head-Master : notably, of one who has to begin a School. Not Sir William Fettes' half-million could assure success. Dr. Vaughan has published a statement that an ordinary human being can scarcely bear the strain for more than fifteen years. Yet Bishop Moberly throve in the charge of Winchester College for thirty years. But that seems to have been a divided empire and burden ; and under his share the great scholar and athlete Bishop Wordsworth broke down. Talking with one of whose sympathy he was sure, Dr. Potts could not long keep away from the subject of Fettes. The humble writer rejoices when a clever man will talk 'shop' with him. For it means that you get a clever man's thoughts of what he thoroughly understands, and really cares for. The beautiful chapel of Fettes is a lay chapel. The prayers are read and the sermons preached by the masters : all laymen in those days. Dr. Potts was one of the best of preachers to boys. He ought to have been a clergyman. His heart was in such work. And he often told me he would take Anglican orders when he came to leave Fettes. One thing struck me as peculiar in one who was himself a preacher : the interest with which he heard others preach. Our eminent preachers for the most part listen impatiently to any one but themselves. To themselves they can listen, without weariness, for a long time. On the Thursday that Dr. Potts was with us, I had gone by an early train to Dundee to preach for Dr. Watson on the morning of his Fast-day. Just as I gave

out my text, I beheld with wonder the stately form and bright face of Dr. Potts come into the fine parish church of Dundee. He had followed by a later train, that he might be present at public worship. It seemed strange. On another day, a number of people came to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Potts; and were charmed with both. But the thing which mainly pleased our honoured guests was, that not a man or woman was present who had not at least one boy at Fettes. One used to count eighteen boys going from this little place by the same train, on the day the holidays came to an end. And Fettes could then take in only two hundred. Dr. Potts was Second Classic at Cambridge. He maintained that the Second Classics, as a rule, had come to more than the Seniors. He came to Fettes from Rugby. And much as one had ever venerated the name of Arnold, it was even more when one saw how, from his rest, that great and good man inspired every Fettes master. The Fettes masters used to be all Cambridge men. And it was singular how, without anything unfair, they managed to turn the thoughts of the boys to Cambridge rather than to Oxford. When one of our boys went to Cambridge, sixteen Fettes boys went there together. To Oxford, at that term, not one.

That Spring went on, at St. Andrews, in cold and darkness. On May 13, a characteristic duty. With a great canvas bag, filled with half-crowns, I met a faithful helper at the parish church, and went round a long array of pensioners. A kind soul, many years before, had left certain acres of land, the rent to be dispensed to the

deserving poor by the parish-ministers. Sad to say, land is worth little now : and what we have to bestow is sorrowfully lessened. Following the example of my beloved predecessor Dr. Park (a great preacher in his day, just about as impressive as I ever heard) I gave my share in half-yearly pensions : as near as possible to November 11 and May 15. At these terms the rent of houses is paid in Fife : and generally over Scotland. The heartiness of the welcome one received, making these visits, was pleasing. Five shillings, and seven and sixpence, was the usual dole. We were accountable to no one but ourselves for the use we made of this money. But let me offer a suggestion to my young brothers ; who may be charged to act as the almoners of kind people departed. Keep a strict account of every shilling you spend. I have mine for more than six and twenty years. Indeed, for many years, I got a valued Elder, who was manager of a Bank, to audit my book once a year. When he died, some years since, I ceased this. It appeared just a little fussy. And no other incumbent had ever done it. All the same, it is impossible to be too particular in dealing with money not your own. An extremely-clever business man lately said to me, 'Every man who deals with public funds should have his accounts audited.' And he added a very terrible story. For ten years, he had sent five guineas yearly to one of the chief officials of a great city for a certain charity. When the official died, it was found that no part of that fifty guineas ever reached the charity. Which is a very awful thing to think of.

CHAPTER XVII

SELSDON PARK

THURSDAY May 15, 1879, was 'the blackest and most horrible day of the year: would be a very bad December day.' There was the very bitterest North wind. And coming down Castle Street to the Scores, I can hear yet how the furious waves dashed themselves on the rocks below the Castle. I had fought on, wearily, since that dreary coming back from Liverpool at the end of March, in the hope of a little holiday away far South. Now two Sundays were undertaken by two bright youths who had just been 'licensed': that is, received something like Deacons' Orders. Yet not very like. A licenciate can preach, and do the church service of an ordinary day. But he cannot baptize, nor take any part in celebrating the Communion, nor minister at a wedding. And as our assistants (we never say curates save as a mild joke) are always licenciates, you see a great deal remains which only the parish-minister can do. My holiday was to be a visit to Bishop Thorold, now of Winchester, but then of Rochester, at beautiful Selsdon Park in Surrey. And that yearly May meeting (it was sometimes in June) became a great thing in the writer's little life. No year has passed

without it. One year it came twice. So that till now I have abode with that beloved Prelate fourteen times. And my visits to Selsdon Park count up to just six months under that roof. There one saw much which was of extraordinary interest: and came to know some little of very many remarkable men. I think I understand the working of an Anglican Diocese just as well as the working of a Scotch parish. And I understand, well, what a terribly-overdriven man the faithful Bishop of a great Diocese must needs be.

A very dear and eminent friend, no more distinguished name has been named on any page of this book, once (perhaps oftener) said to me, 'When a friend is made a Bishop, you lose your friend.' I have not found it so. No Bishop ever did his work more worthily; and the dignity of his great office will never lose in his hands. Though Bishops are very unlike each other, they all come to have the benignant fatherly manner. And Bishop Thorold, in public function, in society, looks the Prelate of the greatest of National Churches all over, managing to be adequately dignified though absolutely without donnishness. But in private intercourse, just as frank and kindly as may be, I find him exactly what he was thirty years since: what he has been in continual converse and correspondence through those thirty years. Selsdon Park is quite fit to be called a palace; and Farnham Castle is one of the stateliest of English homes. But the Prelate who abides in the keep which dates from King Stephen, and who sits in the chair of Stephen's brother and of Lancelot Andrewes, is exactly

the same man as when I first abode with him in the year 1862, in St. Giles' Rectory in Bedford Square. Not but that was a very pleasant dwelling too; and the parish a tremendous 'sphere of usefulness.'

I was not due at Selsdon Park till Tuesday May 20; but when Sunday was provided for, one could not miss the chance of seeing and hearing the church functions of great London. So I made the long journey on Saturday May 17, with many thoughts of the bright young companion of the last time. The season was late, but the country was growing green. And the Flying Scotchman was twenty minutes late: a notable thing. Housed, instantly, under the roof of the Great Northern Hotel, where Tulloch often staid. The next day, Sunday, was gloomy and rainy, 'like a dismal November day.' I betook myself to St. Alban's, Holborn, for the eleven o'clock service. The choir were in their places, when I entered. The church was quite full. I found a place on the front bench. At eleven exactly the procession came: the Celebrant in a cope, and two attendants in cassocks, and surplices to a little below the waist. It was the Communion Service only. No doubt morning prayers had been said before. The imitation of Rome was very close; but there was no incense. A sermon was preached by Mr. Stanton. It was Rogation Sunday: and his text was 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' The sermon was most admirable: it could not have been better. It was given without book; and I should say was quite extemporaneous so far as concerned the words. It kept up breathless attention. There was

an immense amount of manner ; but the impression was of simple and devout earnestness. There was not a syllable from first to last flavoured with any special doctrinal leaning. The discourse might have been preached in any church in England : for that matter, in any church in Scotland. I knew what a saintly and self-denying man I was listening to. Everything was in harmony. No mortal could hear that sermon and not be the better for it. The solitary thing that jarred some little was the surplice reaching to the waist. One could not help thinking of the pictures of Mrs. Squeers. And when the orator, 'fleein' about,' leant sometimes on the front of the pulpit and sometimes on the back of it, the surplice, plainly starched, stuck out in ridiculous fashion before and behind. Then the Communion Service went on. The Consecration Prayer was said inaudibly : the congregation with their heads near the ground. Only two communicants received out of that crowd : a man, and a woman. A clergyman next me said, 'We ought to receive the Sacrament' : we went up and knelt down. But the good man who had celebrated (it was a sweet but weak face) came to us and said that 'all the Hosts were consumed.' We had to go. The law is plain. But doubtless the ground might have been taken, that we ought to have given in our names the day before. All was over at half-past twelve. Some things were sung, and some were said, which are not in the Prayer-Book. But what wise man would meddle with that great devout congregation, gathered in such a place ? And such as like not that type of worship may go elsewhere. I

remember Archbishop Tait speaking, with his sad smile, of 'the eccentricities of St. Alban's': but he acknowledged, very solemnly, 'the work that was being done there for Christ.' Surely, as long as a good and earnest man does not do something absolutely outrageous, he may be suffered to work his parish in his own way.

At 3 P.M. to the Temple church. First, a walk through many nooks of the Temple, familiar in old days. The service was of course very fine: and we had an excellent sermon from Mr. Ainger. The first thing I noted, going into church, was the face of a St. Andrews student of Divinity. Coming forth, and entering a carriage of an Underground train, there before me was Mr. Ainger. He must have been an active man. As only we two were there, I could not but thank him for his sermon, and say I was a member of the Temple which nobody knows better than he. He was, of course, most courteous and kind: I never found any Anglican parson who was not. He asked me what was my parish; and when I named this remote city, he held out his hand with a heartiness of recognition very cheering to a lonely stranger in Great Babylon. I note, just to-day, a Scotch newspaper states (to my prejudice) that I have a great love for the Church of England. I have extremely good reason. And I think any educated man might understand how one may be loyally attached to both National Establishments. It was Tulloch's desire to receive Anglican orders without in any way vilipending his Scottish: that he might be free to minister on both sides of the Tweed. I found Mr. Ainger knew Scotland

well. And the day came when I shook hands with him at St. Andrews.

At 7 P.M. to St. Andrew's, Holborn. The church was crowded ; but I went through the Rectory, and found space in Mr. Blunt's pew. There, for the first and last time, I beheld my countryman, Colquhoun Campbell, Bishop of Bangor. The service, full choral, was bright and hearty. The Rector read the Lessons. I had gone that I might hear Dr. Vaughan preach to a plainer congregation than in the Temple church. It was a very good sermon. The text was, 'If it were not so, I would have told you.' But I am constrained to say that the sermon was (in my poor judgment) the third in order of merit of those I had heard that day. It was given with animation enough. It was read : and the preacher two or three times lost his place and had to pause awkwardly. I never saw the like elsewhere. But even the greatest preachers are not always at their best. And I had gone with such expectations that I was very likely to be disappointed. Supper pleasantly at the Rectory. Then to the hotel, always a very uncongenial home on the Lord's Day. The ways of many persons in such a place are on such a day especially jarring to a quiet soul, accustomed to 'keep the sabbath' in a reasonable way.

Next day, in the crowded Strand, I again beheld the St. Andrews student. I was on my way to the Deanery at Westminster, and I took him with me. It was something new to the youth ; and Stanley gave him the kindest welcome. Stanley was very well, and in great spirits. Of

course always busy, and always more or less confused. I pervaded Westminster Hall, and looked into most of the Courts, once so familiar. Cockburn was sitting as Chief-Justice : I remember him, a very young-looking Queen's Counsel, sitting in the Court of Queen's Bench with very little to do. But Lord Lyndhurst for many days sat in the Common Pleas with nothing to do at all. It is a tremendous lottery. And you may see broken-hearted failure and flushed success, in such a place, very close together. I felt very thankful I did not go to the Bar. The Dean of St. Paul's was out : so on that day I missed what was ever the immense interest of a little talk with him. He knew things which Stanley did not know. And the points of view were far apart. Paternoster Row, Lad Lane, many strange little nooks of the City once familiar as South Street is on this first mild day of March.

Tuesday afternoon, Victoria to East Croydon. How perplexing that station at first view, which in coming years was to grow so familiar and so easily understood ! I had my written instructions by what door to come forth, and as to every little detail. The Bishop is an awfully accurate and punctual man. 'A Dragon of Punctuality,' I have heard it put. And there, sure enough, was the open carriage : and my dear friend, looking rather worn and tired. Two large Confirmations that day ; and a drive of many miles. Away through Addington Park : the Archbishop's acres of blossoming rhododendrons are a great sight at that season. The Park is beautiful : ascending, you get among Scotch firs and heather which are Perthshire all

over. The house is large, and extremely ugly. I was more interested, passing a pretty lodge covered with climbing plants, to enter on the deep-green grass and great buttercups of Selsdon. In a little, the large House : the very ideal of a quaint old English manor-house : wreathed chimneys, fantastic gables, great bay windows, a vast porch which you drive under and which easily shelters carriage and horses. Enormous trees ; and near the front of the dwelling several great hawthorns, white clouds of fragrance. The park contains a hundred and fifty acres. The garden front is utterly unlike the other façade of the house, and even finer. The ground slopes down from it to where in Perthshire there would be a river ; and then rises into rich wood. The horizon, looking southward, is all round level as the sea ; and the country seems an expanse of forest. Forest in Shakspeare's sense : grand trees : not in the Highland sense of bare heathery mountains, the abode of deer. There was no one in the great house but the two little daughters, who bore names long familiar in that family : Dorothy, and Sybil. The Thorolds of Lincolnshire have been there through many centuries : some recall what Kingsley said of them in *Hereward the Wake*. The Bishop's grandfather was member for the county for five-and-forty years. If you look out on the left, coming near to Grantham, you will see the great dwelling on a wooded hill. There was a boy at school : his name was Algar. Besides the family proper, there was the resident Chaplain, Mr. Alexander, a cousin of the popular poet-prelate of Derry. He was to become a

greatly-valued friend. One cannot speak too warmly of him. He started with the unfair advantage of being remarkably good-looking : a dark, thoughtful, rather-sad face. Eton and Oxford had formed that fine nature ; and never was high ability more consecrated to the good cause ; never more modest. He had been one of the Curates at St. Pancras : and courtesy, firmness, punctuality, minute accuracy, made him exactly the right man for his place. Alas, the youngest of the little party of that first evening at Selsdon Park must be the first to go. In a little, he became Vicar of a fine church in South London, where wisdom was as needful as zeal and ability. All were there. But after a too-brief ministry he was called. Though quiet, he was so life-like that one had never dreamt that the young brother was to go before us. The evenings in that house were short. Dinner was at 7.45, and chapel was at 10 to a second. The chapel was a charming little place. Not so little : for with the painful accuracy which will not be exorcised from some folk, I made quite sure of the number of its chairs. They were a hundred in all. Many mornings and evenings have I been present at the quiet but solemn worship. The Bishop and the Chaplain sat in stalls, looking to the Altar : the chairs looked at each other, cathedral-wise, across a broad centre-alley. On Sunday evenings there was full service, with a sermon ; and some neighbours came. Then the lawn-sleeves : only the surplice at other times. A hymn was sung every evening : Alexander played the harmonium. The only thing that ever jarred me in that peaceful place was the

hymn-book used. I am not going to name it. Its editor was the Bishop's friend; and is now a Bishop himself. But oh, the horrible transmogrification of hymns! Every change terribly for the worse. Some indicated great ignorance of (let us say) Scottish modes of expression. Mrs. Cousin's fine verses beginning 'The sands of time are sinking' (from which a very good hymn can be selected) has a stanza which starts 'There the red Rose of Sharon Unfolds its heartmost bloom.' *Heartmost* no doubt is a Scotticism: it means *innermost*. Would the reader believe it, *heartmost* is changed to *heartsome*: which means *merry, lively*.¹ The line is made rank nonsense. Nor does Holy Scripture itself fare much better. Everybody knows that the text prefixed to Mr. Lyte's only very fine hymn, is 'Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.' Would the reader believe it, that exquisite text is tampered with. It is made 'Abide with us, for the day is far spent': thus losing the very *motif* of the hymn: 'Abide with me: *fast falls the eventide*.' The self-sufficiency implied in altering such a text (for of course that Editor thought he could improve upon St. Luke) irritates me more than words can say. But indeed the mortal who could add a fourth verse to Cardinal Newman's unimprovable 'Lead, kindly Light,' is probably capable of anything in the way of presumptuous cutting and carving. It was a comfort, when we had that hymn in chapel, to hear the Bishop say, always, 'omitting the fourth verse.' I have

¹ See Stormonth's *Dictionary of the English Language*: Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1884.

frequently thought of treating that Hymnal as it deserves. Only the wrath which arises in me when I turn it over makes me ill. And I have been told that some of the most atrocious instances of Snooks, the painter of signposts, improving Raphael, have been withdrawn in a late edition. Further, in mitigation, let it be said that the peccant Editor has himself written a very nice hymn, quite worthy to be put in the second class. And as its music is first-rate, we sing it here not unfrequently.

The next day, Wednesday, was a lovely summer day. Drive away with the Bishop through Croydon to Beddington, where at eleven o'clock was a Confirmation. I had seen just one before : Archbishop Tait's first Confirmation in Canterbury Cathedral. This was pleasanter. The Archbishop walked along the line of kneeling catechumens, rapidly putting his hands on two heads at a time ; and then said the beautiful words over half a rail-full. And, though the kindest of men, there was what seemed a certain severity in his addresses to the young folk. The Bishop's tone to-day was far more sympathetic. He gave an address before the actual Confirmation and one after : the addresses thoroughly held the attention of the lads and girls. And he said the words over two at a time, first putting his right hand on each head. I learnt long after, from the Bishop of Lichfield, that in some parts of England there is a dread that evil will befall 'the left-hand child.' No degree of liturgical exactness will maintain uniformity. I remember, as if I heard it now, Dean Alford's voice saying on that day at Canterbury, 'Different Archbishops

have different ways.' The church at Beddington is beautiful : and it was interesting to remember that the saintly Dr. Marsh was Rector, and is buried in the churchyard. I went to the Rectory and visited the room where he died. But in his days the church was extremely ugly : it was Mr. Bridges, who succeeded Dr. Marsh, and who was taken in this year 1892, who made the sacred building perfect. Mr. Bridges was a most kindly and attractive man, suave and dignified : and being (happily for the parish) extremely wealthy, he did incalculable good in many ways. He was the Squire as well as the Parson : and lived in the charming Beddington House, giving up the Rectory to the senior curate. His wife seconded him in all his good works. They had a residence in Scotland, far North ; and spent a good deal of the year there. The Confirmation over, a great party gathered for luncheon at Beddington House ; and here I beheld, for the first time, an incident impossible in the Kirk of Scotland. A youthful parson of a sudden dropt upon his knees, and asked the Bishop for his blessing. It seemed all very simple and sincere. But a venerable Bishop, well-known to me, told me that, coming out of church after his consecration, a cleric rushed hastily before, disorganising the procession. And when the Bishop entered the vestry, there was the cleric on his knees, begging to have the Bishop's first episcopal blessing. 'That man was a thorn in my side, for many years,' was the summing-up : given with a sigh. And one who became Archbishop of Canterbury told me that whenever he got a letter from one of his clergy, signed 'your dutiful son and servant,' he felt

inwardly that this man would be a trouble. On this occasion the Bishop gave his blessing very briefly and quietly. It was not as when a youth, recently gone over, went down on his knees in a Protestant drawing-room, amid a large party before dinner, and asked a Cardinal who entered for his blessing. The magnificent old man looked decidedly ruffled ; and said, in impatient tones and without any punctuation, 'God bless you Get up sir'; and turned away. Some present thought of Mr. Burnand's suggestion for a picture : *Archbishop cursing pilgrims.*

Another Confirmation some miles off : but I abode and made myself familiar with pleasant Beddington. When the Bishop returned, we got ready under Mr. Bridges' roof, and drove a good many miles' to where there was a large dinner party in a pretty country house. I thought after giving four addresses, and saying the solemn but lengthy *Defend, O Lord, these Thy children* nearly two hundred times that day, that had I been a Bishop I should have got away home and rested. But I learned that for extremely good reasons it is often necessary that a Prelate should make these efforts. Our host was a conspicuous M.P., and could be very helpful. But it was a long drive home in darkness : and Selsdon not till 11.30 P.M.

Thursday May 22, 1879, was Ascension Day. Chapel, as invariably, at 8.30 A.M. Then in blazing sunshine all about the beautiful gardens. At 12 there was the Communion in the chapel. A little congregation gathered. The Bishop and Chaplain ministered : the former giving a touching little meditation, fit for the day. Everything was

very solemnly done. But what seemed strange to a Scot was, when a quiet little weeping woman came up and knelt down in her turn. Her husband, who had been coachman, was to be buried that afternoon : she had come from the pretty cottage leaving him lying there. In due time, along a winding lane that keeps by the brow of a height, a lane shaded by grand trees, some of them in the glory of their blossoming, to Sanderstead churchyard, now first seen but to grow most familiar. The beautiful little church : the wonderful service, now (God be thanked) as well known here as there : and again the poor widow calmly standing by her husband's grave. We ought to be able to do what English folk can : but with us women hardly ever go to the churchyard. And as for the Communion : I have known Christian people stay away from it a month after a burial, on the ground that they were in too great distress to go. A strange reason for absence from the place where they might have hoped for peace and consolation. And I have known a good man (gone where all clouds have lifted) look on without receiving when I was giving the Communion at a little church in this parish, on the ground that 'there would be the Communion in the parish-church in six weeks' time.' There is no more singular instance of the fashion in which the actual teaching of the pulpit may deplorably fall short of the teaching of the Church, than was long to be witnessed in Scotland. Even yet, it is very hard to get into many minds something like the Christian doctrine as to the nature and place of the Holy Eucharist.

On the evening of that Ascension-Day Mr. Spence, who succeeded the Bishop at St. Pancras, arrived, and staid till the next afternoon. Mr. Spence is now Dean of Gloucester; and he has written some very attractive volumes. He looked young, and small, for such a huge church. But I have often thought that in Scotland the men are often bigger and better than the churches, while in England the churches are often bigger (let me not say better) than the men. But think of Norman Macleod finding the utmost length of his tether in the hideous and despicable Barony Kirk at Glasgow. Once upon a time I ventured to suggest this daring idea to Archbishops Benson and Magee (the latter only a Bishop then), and Bishop Temple of London. The benignant Primate, holding up his hands in horror, exclaimed, 'Oh, you must not say that.' But the great Temple, Double-First, Master of Rugby, and fit to be anything whatever, intervened. 'He's perfectly right. Just think of St. Paul's, and then think of me!' He was very safe in saying so. Put either of these three men anywhere, however high: and the man would be equal to the place. But I have gone to a magnificent church, joined in the stateliest worship, and then met the awful anticlimax of one appearing in the pulpit of whom it was nothing at all to say he preached very badly. For, in fact, he could not preach at all.

Next morning the Bishop was off early to two large Confirmations in London. With Mr. Spence and Alexander away for a round of four miles, much of it in the Park. Can one forget that blaze of primroses that made

scores of acres of underwood yellow underneath with pale gold? I have seen, in my beautiful country parish, before the middle of April, great *geens*, wild-cherries, standing in the white array of angels, lovely beyond words with the soft blue sky behind them. But never, in Scotland, have I beheld such unutterable wealth of primroses as I have beheld in Surrey and Kent: though primroses are the first flowers I remember, and a wooded glen beside the manse at Auchinleck had them in glory too. But, as on most days, while we enjoyed the beauties of Selsdon, the Bishop was toiling through fatiguing functions amid dense streets. We drove to the railway, three miles, and brought him back: Mr. Spence going. In the evening Dr. Carpenter of Croydon dined: a very bright and interesting man, and a keen teetotaler. The Bishop is one too: but decidedly less aggressive.

Saturday is (sometimes) a Bishop's holiday. Never was sunshine brighter than on that twenty-fourth of May. All the forenoon given by the Prelate and the Chaplain to writing letters which made a mass dreadful to see. Then, a long walk through the lanes: lanes so quiet that one could not take it in that great London began about two miles off. First, to the Rectory: just as charming a house as Selsdon Park, though not one-tenth of its size. The Rector's grandfather had been Bishop Randolph, of London. I esteemed the Bishop's place less enviable than his grandson's. There is an exquisite little chapel in the house, wainscotted with old oak, and the one window giving a very dim light through its deep colours. The pleasant

garden commands a grand view over bare downs. For though you would not think it, looking from London Bridge, there are bare downs and wide expanses of heather in Surrey. The chalk, continually showing through the soil, is strange to a northern eye : so is the architecture of split flints with edges of freestone. Alas, lovely Surrey and Kent lack streams. You have the Thames and the Medway : but one ever thinks how in Perthshire a brawling brook makes for the valley at the boundary of every second field, and grand rivers go down each strath, befouled by no factories. The sound of flowing water is never out of one's ears : and then the lochs, sometimes magnificent, always beautiful, to be counted from every little height. We came away back : and in accordance with the rule of the most methodical of houses, had afternoon tea with the little daughters in a great conservatory, roofed with huge yellow roses, which opens out of the chapel. Good Mrs. Tait here remarked how convenient for bringing flowers into that little sanctuary. The cautious Archbishop uttered no word. But he shook his head, certainly. That may be taken as assured, whatever it meant. And he smiled, as if in pain : that great and dear man.

Sunday was an interesting day. A long drive to Cheam. The Bishop preached, in the pretty church. The Choir were in their proper places in the Chancel : men and boys. Sad to say, not surpliced. There had been opposition. At a handsome house where I went after service, I heard strong objection made to surplices : also to chanted Psalms. I ventured to suggest that the Psalms were com-

posed to be chanted : and that it was treating the inspired volume with scant respect to refuse to utter its verses in the way the authors intended. With surprise, I found the suggestion received as something new. At 3 P.M. to the chapel of Mr. Tabor's great School. More than 200 boys. A hymn : it was Bishop Walsham How's fine 'We give Thee but Thine own.' A short lesson. Then the Bishop an admirable address to the boys. He wanted a collection for his diocesan fund : and he got it. Away back to Selsdon : at 7.15 full service in the chapel, which was as full as it could hold. It was a very hearty and uplifting function. That May 25 was the Sunday after Ascension-Day. One of the hymns was, 'The Head that once was crowned with thorns.' Another, 'The Church's One Foundation.' The sermon was from the text 'They returned to Jerusalem with great joy.' And, coming fitly after that discourse, the closing hymn was 'Jerusalem the Golden.' I suppose when all we wearied people enter that Jerusalem, it will be with the chiefest joy of all. And yet, how congenial to us is Wordsworth's 'dear green earth!' Yes, 'The earth hath He given to the children of men.' Just yesterday, speaking to one of the best of young women comfortable words about the best of mothers whom I had buried the day before, about where the mother was gone, and about happy re-union, she put it all aside in a desolate way, and said, 'I have no pleasure in that : I just want my mother back again here.' Of course, she will come to another mind when soothing and calming weeks have gone over. Meanwhile, I am thankful that my parishioners

whom I have seen grow up from infancy say to me what they think and feel, and not what they fancy that they ought to think and feel.

That pleasant holiday-time went over. One day to London, to St. Pancras Vicarage in Gordon Square: known of old under the rule of the last vicar. A known house looks curious, with new people. One must not get morbid: but I often look round this room, where I have worked for nineteen years, and where I can hear to-day the cheery voices of Tulloch, Stanley, Liddon: and wonder what will be the aspect of it when a few years more have gone. And I am beginning to wonder about my successor in the parish. That day, the only time, I went over the beautiful Irvingite church, hard by. I like not any nickname: and I have known saints in that Communion. But I really cannot say 'The Catholic Apostolic Church.' Strange, that from the austere Church of Scotland, with its bare sanctuaries and bleak services, the most ornate worship in Christendom should originate. St. Paul's to Afternoon Service: heart-warming to see the multitude on that week-day: many of the very poor. Pleasant to kneel down in that quiet place with the roar of the greatest city round it, and ask Christ's blessing on Dean Church and Liddon. Pleasant to meet the good Alexander at Victoria: go with him to South Croydon, only two miles from home; and walk together over that fine wooded hill which parts off Selsdon, where the trees stood in living green and the primroses blazed everywhere: where, too, at the fit season of the day, innumerable nightingales make the

shades re-echo with their mightiest song. Alexander had many things to tell which were of extreme interest to one who knew the ways of the Kirk, and wished to know better the ways of the Anglican Communion. The bright, sweet-natured, cultured, kindly, unambitious, hard-working young priest was the man to speedily become very dear. Temper varies in a family. Lovable as was that youth's nature, his Uncle was the great Ambassador of Constantinople, Lord Stratford de Redclyffe: who was not sweet-natured at all, but much the contrary. Another day to London, just to come from Liverpool Street to South Croydon by the line which comes through the old Thames Tunnel, and under the water of the London Docks. I know no railway which so gives one the feeling of being immensely deep underground.

On a day in that week on which I was left alone, I walked two miles to Addington Church, now seen for the first time, but to grow familiar. You go away down the hill, under blossoming may, by beautiful and intensely-tidy little cottages, the Archbishop's woods facing you. A lonely place, save on a Bank holiday. Then, a crowd comes here. I never like to say of undesirable people: they never had the chance of being anything other: and they may be the better for what they see. Still, on such a day, a party of irreverent youths met the Chaplain and the Bishop. Apparently they were unfamiliar with the peculiar garb of the Hierarchy: for one lad yelled out in (I fear) a derisive spirit, 'Blazes! See his legs!' The church, of the flint masonry of Surrey and Kent, is

extremely pleasing, having been admirably restored. But beautiful churches are common in that region: the special interest of that sweet churchyard (which is kept with exquisite tidiness) is that so many who in this life stood high sleep soft under its daisied turf. Here rest Archbishops Tait, Longley, Sumner, Howley, Manners Sutton: the first-named three in simple graves. Four of these men I have seen: I remember well when Archbishop Howley gave me a prize at King's College in London for a Latin essay, uttering in a mild voice the memorable sentiment, 'Three excellent books.' Two of them I have read: the third extinguished me. Archbishop Tait's place was waiting for him, that day. The mother and son (the latter Alexander's great friend) were at rest, side by side, under a cross of grey granite. A vacant space was left between. Many times I have visited that spot since the waiting space was filled: and have seen rich and poor uncover their heads for a silent minute. The text, graven on the stone, names the tie which would last for ever: 'We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends.' Still more modest is the inscription under a cross of white marble near, set up for some of his kin. Just 'C. T. Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury.' Near the east end of the church is the place of Archbishop Sumner. At an earlier day, an inscription in Latin was deemed more dignified: you remember how Dr. Johnson would not desecrate Westminster Abbey by one in English. Manners Sutton is *Archiepiscopus Cantuariensis!* You see whence the signature comes. Dr. Robert

Chambers was fond of telling how the abbreviation of old was *Cant.* But the suggestion was too painful, and it had to be changed.

Friday was the last day meanwhile: the shortest of these many times of rest under that roof. For Sunday had to be met at St. Andrews. It was the Oaks day, but it mattered not to us. The record of the time says, 'I am taking my last look from the windows of my room on that lovely English landscape, richly wooded to a wide horizon, amid which I have lived for ten days. This is the sunshiny side of the wall. Certainly all the surroundings of the Anglican Church, here at least, are such as we have no idea of: so beautiful in every way.' One recalled that venerable old saint, not without a dash of quaint humour, Dr. John Hunter of the Tron Kirk in Edinburgh: how he said on divers occasions, 'Oh, I have no objection at all to Episcopacy, provided I am to be a Bishop myself.' And an admirable Bishop he would have made. You never remembered he was a very little man, so stately was his old-fashioned bearing. And he did not approve of other people being little. Old Dr. Grant of Edinburgh used to tell how, in one of Dean Stanley's first visits to that city, I had got a lot of our clergy to meet him in Great King Street. They were all delighted with the Dean: all who came. One admirable man flatly declined to meet him, on the ground that he was a 'Latitudinarian.' When they departed Dr. Grant and Dr. Hunter went together. 'Well, what do you think of the Dean?' was Dr. Grant's first question. And the dear Dr. Hunter, a good deal smaller

of stature than Stanley, replied, drawing himself up with immense dignity, 'A charming man: but somewhat deficient in personal presence.' When Dr. Grant related the incident, at this point his massive face expanded; and he laughed silently, with great enjoyment.

At Clapham Junction my friend and I parted: he to two heavy London Confirmations. I managed that day, before the night express left King's Cross, to go by rail from Moorgate to St. Albans, through the lovely green fields of Hertfordshire. The day had grown bright: and I had three hours for the Cathedral, and for Verulam. To some quiet folk, it is always trying to part company; and it was rather a sad time. All about the church, carefully studying it though rapidly. My opinion is of little worth, but to me the restoration appears most admirably done. Down the green slope, cross the little river Ver, pass by or through the vanished Roman city, taking a memorial flint-stone (I see it daily) from a ruined wall, wait in this quiet lane, and gaze intently on the little red city (not 'a rose-red city,' a different hue), and the vast length of the great church: which is built of thin Roman bricks, serving a second use. It is singular how the striated central tower shows its strange material. And very singular to think that in distant days this grand edifice was smoothly plastered over, and whitewashed. Here is the place which poor Jo called *Stolbuns*. Here came Lady Dedlock on her last awful walk. Now I see the blossoming apple-trees and the great yews. But, knowing that a Cathedral is (to some) a temptation to expatiate, I must turn away.

The more so, that the story of that little journey is told elsewhere.¹ A Pullman sleeping-car from King's Cross to Edinburgh: then the weary Firth of Forth, which the author of *Les Misérables* states is rendered in French as *Le premier de quatrième*: The First of the Fourth. The statement is most mysterious to such as know the great estuary. But in the same work we are assured that the favourite musical instrument of Scotland is *Le Bugpipe* (sic). At such things Tulloch used to laugh, with his great hearty laugh, long ago. And even with the five miles of rolling water, St. Andrews was not so far away from the centre of the earth. Leaving King's Cross at 8.30 P.M., you set foot on this sacred soil exactly at nine next morning. The journey is now very much easier and pleasanter: whereof in due time.

It was very characteristic of the most lovable of Prelates that I found a little letter from him waiting my arrival. It was so in all succeeding years. And I cannot but record that next day, Sunday, on the back of a re-addressed envelope, the legend appeared, 'I comforted myself last night reading your *Recreations*. It was almost like having you.' Trust to that kindest of friends ever to say a kind and cheering thing. And that Saturday afternoon (as each time I came back from England) Principal Shairp came in, full of questionings as to what and whom I had seen. He was an enthusiastic Scotsman, but he had a great love for England, and specially for Archbishop Tait. In 1879, Whitsun-Day, my first whole

¹ *Our Little Life*: First Series. Chapter XIII. *Of Parting Company*.

day here, was June 1, but it was very dark and rainy. The services were very pleasant. The record of the time says that in the morning 'the parish church did not look bad, even after where I have been.' A terrible hail-storm as service ended. At evening service, St. Mary's was very crowded: the music was beautiful: everything was pentecostal and uplifting. But as the day recurs yearly, I chafe anew in the recollection how one of the things in which I was beaten was an endeavour to get into the Scottish Hymnal the most beautiful of pentecostal hymns.

Spirit of truth ! on this Thy day,
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

CHAPTER XVIII

ST. ANDREWS AND MARLEE

ON Sunday June 15 was our Summer Communion. 1,185 actually received. The previous June the number was 1,196. The number of separate souls who receive once in the year is above 1,700. No church-function in this world is more solemn than a Scotch Communion. But it is most regrettable that people come so seldom. I never could get Liddon to admit that our Communion is valid. But of course he expressed himself in very grave and serious words. It was not at all as when a man, bred a Scotch 'Seceder,' got Scotch Episcopal orders: and said to a well-known nobleman 'I assure you, my lord, you might just as well receive the Communion from your butler as from your parish-minister.' No doubt, in the authoritative judgment of what is beyond all comparison the largest of Christian Churches, the Archbishop of Canterbury has no more authority to celebrate the Sacrament than any of the vergers of the Cathedral. But we are very particular in Scotland that the Holy Communion shall not be given unless by those who are (in our judgment) duly commissioned so to do. And though Shairp repeatedly told me that he would give the Communion to

any one who would receive it at his hands, I am quite sure that there is not a soul in the Kirk (or in the Free Kirk) who would have done so. At that Sacrament, I had Dr. McMurtrie and William Tulloch assisting me : and after evening service we walked out the Links to the Eden, returning by the beach, according to unbroken use. So near the Longest Day, the light here lasts long. I make a point, yearly, of reading a page of fairly-large print by daylight at 11.30 P.M. But I do so at a lofty window looking to the North, where the Bay is a vast reflector, casting up the lingering gloaming. The sun goes down very far to the North ; and the after-glow remains above the horizon, travelling back from the West to the point in the East where the sun will rise again. But go up to Shetland, and you have no night at all. A school-inspector told me he was busy writing a report, by daylight, through the midnight. When it came near 12 o'clock, he had to carry the little table at which he wrote close up to the window : but that was all. And he thought it an experience to remember.

Ever since I was a youth, I had known how Aquinas, 'the Angelic Doctor,' had ventured to pray for the Devil : and I was aware that Sir Francis Head, who rests in Sanderstead churchyard, was in error when in a famous *Quarterly* article he stated, in the words of a good old Highland minister, that 'there's naebody prays for the poor Deil.' Aquinas had learned hopeful charity in a short life for what he did in it : for he went at forty-seven. And I had in my memory the beautiful verses which came

out forty years since in *The Leader*, purporting to interpret the prayer of this St. Thomas, which did not hinder his being canonized. 'Pray for the Devil, Jesus, pray,' was startling: and it was repeated over and over again. So it was a very interesting event when on June 28, in this 1879, I got a pleasant letter from Mr. W. M. W. Call, abiding in London, and a volume containing the familiar lines. They are extremely worth reading, and thinking over. But even this author had got frightened about the daring words: they now ran 'Pray for Thy lost one, Jesus, pray.' Spite of our own Burns, one had thought of the Tempter only as incurably evil: Archbishop Whately often urged, not like a bad man, with some traces of good in him, but evil through and through, with no relenting. These verses made one think how miserable he must be. The reader must find out the poem for himself: it is far too long for quotation. But the last verse is touching. Aquinas prayed all night, with an awful earnestness: but there was no answering voice. Yet, as the hours went on, the daylight came in; the darkness had gone, and it was brightness everywhere. Then St. Thomas, not doubting like the first who bore the name, arose perfectly content. He felt he had got his answer. He had advanced far beyond the point which was to be reached ages after by Robert Burns.

Of course, I showed the verses to Tulloch. Anything of interest in that sphere had to go there. But Tulloch's belief was more advanced than that of either Mr. Call or St. Thomas Aquinas. And he expressed it with the

perfect frankness which was characteristic of the brave man.

In this July, a county member, much concerned in matters agricultural, came to me one afternoon in the Club, and informed me that by far the greatest compliment had been paid the humble writer that ever had been or ever could be. An animal of extraordinary value and beauty appeared in the published record of high-bred cattle as bearing my odd initials. I was somewhat startled, and liked it not. 'Don't you know,' he said, with indignation, 'that the Marchioness of A. and the Duchess of B. are proud to have their names in that book? You don't understand things at all.' I certainly remarked, for a while after, that my namesake got many prizes at Shows. But the last mention of him was tragic. The murrain got into that unpurchasable herd, and they had to perish. A paragraph said 'A. K. H. B. is still alive, but he is to be killed to-morrow.' I heard no more.

It was a cold rainy summer. But the Links cannot have too much rain. And after the heaviest, you may walk over them and never fear to wet your feet. On July 11 it is recorded 'At 4.15 walked away alone out to the end of the Links, the 1,000 yards target, first time for long. The turf was like velvet. And though the light was overcast, it was a summer day.' That evening a little party dined. Bishop Wordsworth and Tulloch came to meet Professor William Lee of Glasgow, who was spending part of the season here. Professor Lee's father was the marvellously-learned Principal of the University of Edin-

burgh, the 'Archdeacon Meadow' of Mr. Hill Burton's famous *Book-Hunter*. He had such a tremendous library that when he wanted a book, he would go and buy it, though knowing he had four or five copies already. For he could not find even one of them. The Professor's brother was long the Attorney-General of the Kirk, the Procurator; and he went far too early as a Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland, Lord Lee. William Lee had succeeded Dr. Jackson. He was learned, bright, able: but if ever there was a man with troops of friends, and without an enemy in this world, it was he. The suave and cheery kindness never failed. Never was man more beloved. His son was Head-boy of Fettes College: worthily. I sat next Lee at table in Fettes on Founders' day, when Dr. Potts spoke in the warmest fashion of the youth, then leaving. I recall the Head-Master's hearty tone as he said how young Lee, through all his years there, had 'worn the white flower of a blameless life.' And I thought that on that day the Professor was a man greatly to be envied. Then, what good stories he told: very keen, but never ill-natured. Had Lee, with his sharp insight into people, been a spiteful man, he would have been a man to fear. The Bishop took to him. The Bishop always took to a good and clever man. But Wordsworth could be a little impatient too. On another occasion, he had come to dine with one who disappointed him. Next day he said, benignantly, 'Well, I was rather interested in your friend. A respectable dull man.' I heard Professor Lee preach just once. It was in Glasgow

Cathedral. The sermon was admirable: and it was extremely interesting. Of course I had expected scholarly culture. But I had not quite looked for the bright lively popular treatment of his subject. These men all had to go awfully early. Oh, if they could come back to St. Andrews, and walk out the Links as of old! I know, perfectly, that Lee and Tulloch, where they are to-day, as I (left behind) write these lines, are far better and kinder than when we had them here. But most of us would be well content to find them just as they were, and in the likeness that we knew.

When a parish is left vacant here, by the removal of the incumbent (whether by translation or death) the Presbytery sends one of its members to preach each second Sunday. I vividly recall July 13, 1879. It was the most wintry and dismal day in a dismal season. A bitter black North-Easter, turning to drenching rain. I drove away, twelve miles (not with the Bishop's beautiful horses but with one weary creature): through beautiful yellow broom, and much fading hawthorn. The brother who had gone was younger than myself: a Son of the Manse like me. And he left a young widow and several little children: all to turn out happily and well, as it ought to be. But nobody was sure of that, on that dreary day. Two services, with no assistance: then two Baptisms, in separate places. Among a certain class, there is a curious desire to have a service all to themselves. I have repeated the Baptism service five times here on a Sunday. When in Edinburgh, a great many people used to come to the house

to be married on Friday evenings. The happy thought struck me of arranging for four couples to come at the same hour, and marrying them all at once. But I never did it but once. The mortification of all concerned was so extreme, so apparent.

There is a tragic association with that target which gives our Volunteers their range of a thousand yards. There was a poor old friend of mine who had so very frequently announced his purpose to make away with himself, that he became a subject of derision to his friends. One beautiful summer evening, close to the Longest Day, he appeared at a crossing near the Cathedral which is called *The Lady-Head*, by many good people who little think what Lady is intended. Here quite a crowd was assembled, of men and women enjoying a talk now the day's work was done. My poor friend informed them that he was going to do it at last. Amid a general incredulous laugh he disappeared round the corner at the Castle, going away westward into the red after-glow. Nobody had a thought or fear. But in the morning something dark was seen against that distant target. The poor fellow had hanged himself on a corner of it with his woollen cravat, and he was far away from St. Andrews.

The mention of *The Lady-Head* recalls a curious use in Scotland before the Reformation. There were very many churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. But none of them were called St. Mary's. The name was always *Our Lady's*. Many folk do not take in the identity. If you called the Cathedral of Paris St. Mary's, they would

think you were ignorant. They would not know you were no worse than pedantic : they would not recognise Notre Dame. And I wonder how many in St. Andrews know that we too have our little church, dear to many, and dedicated even so. But knowledge of saints and their names is not our strong point. Once, passing St. Salvator's College in company with a visitor, one of our very best parochial clergy, I said to him that many did not know Who St. Salvator was. 'But I don't know at all,' was the answer : 'Who was He?' He was a good Latin Scholar. 'Translate *Collegium Sancti Salvatoris* into English ; and you will see.' No doubt such dedications as St. Sepulchre, and St. Cross, are perplexing to some. And Holyrood, at Edinburgh, is not recognised as St. Cross : till you suggest Sancta-Crux, or Santa-Croce.

On August 4, to Marlee, as heretofore. Near it is the wonderful beech hedge, seventy feet high, which bounds the princely Meikleour, standing where the grand Tay and the very considerable Isla meet. It is the dwelling of the Marchioness of Lansdowne. St. Andrews was this month to be disappointed (not very deeply) at missing a royal visitor. Lord Strathmore wrote that the Crown Prince of Sweden was coming to Glamis, and that he wished to see our city. I willingly arranged with some of our dignitaries to welcome him : but when the day came the Prince was laid up, seriously ill, at Hopetoun. I confess it was a relief to avoid the weary journey to St. Andrews and back in the middle of a week : the Sundays were hard enough. But on Saturday August 23 I went down

in time to dine at a house where were interesting visitors : Dr. Smiles and his wife. Once before I had seen him : dining with John Parker. But as his popular books came out, he had sent me them all ; and they were greatly valued. All of them are pleasant to read : and those which treat of engineering matters are splendidly illustrated. A young writer remembers a good word said of him : and when Mr. Smiles had summoned up courage to publish his first work, the *Life of George Stephenson* (it was in 1857, when I was a youth in my country parish) it was given to me to notice both in *Fraser* and the *Saturday Review*. And it was with bits from these articles that the book was regularly advertised, for long. So the publisher was content with what was said. Next day, Sunday August 24, was sunshiny. At that season the churches are very full of visitors. I took Dr. Smiles for a walk by the sea-shore in the afternoon : and brought him for a little into this room, that I might remember his being here. No man could be pleasanter, or more unaffected. He is a Scotsman ; and was well aware what a great man was Lord-President Inglis. He told me with what interest he had watched the President in church : saying that we had that day had in the congregation the most eminent man in Scotland. And indeed it was so. For Carlyle, though Scotch, lived in England. And the Duke of Argyll cannot be said to permanently live in Scotland. Lord Rosebery had not become then what beyond all question he is now. And illustrious as Mr. Gladstone is, a man born in Liverpool is not a Scotsman.

Sunday September 7 was a dismal day, after a drenching night. The minister of Dunkeld had gone to take my duty at St. Andrews, and I took his in Dunkeld Cathedral. The distance was twelve miles there and the same back : the roads so dreadful that a pair of horses were needful. It is a magnificent drive, and you have a choice of ways : nothing in Britain is more beautiful than the situation of Dunkeld itself. But the record of the time says, 'the rain like a waterspout, and a howling moaning wind.' But to any Scotch parson it would be profoundly interesting to minister for one day in that grand old church. No doubt the present internal arrangements are horrible. The beautiful Cathedral, the Nave in ruins, stands just within the Duke of Athole's grounds, and beside the Tay at one of its loveliest reaches. Morning and evening the Choir was filled with an interesting congregation : and it was a pleasant sight to see rich and poor meeting together as they ought. At each service the Duchess-Dowager walked into her gallery, followed by all the visitors who were staying in the house. A very fit and becoming thing : for divers reasons which need not be said. The evening service was not over till 8 o'clock : then in pitchy darkness, and drenching rain, the weary miles along the black roads.

It is not often one hears candid criticism. It was very dark, outside the Cathedral, and I came out unrecognised. A young man and woman were close to me : when the outh exclaimed, 'How did you like the Doctor?' The young woman uttered a prolonged sound of the letter M ;

and I anticipated the word *Middling*. But she changed her mind, and said 'Oh, very well.' Not enthusiastically. I thought of good Dr. Black, of the Barony of Glasgow. He had several students of divinity at dinner; and he said to us, 'Now, don't you think that you can much impress a Scotch country congregation.' Then he went on to tell how Dr. Hamilton of Strathblane, father of the well-known London preacher and popular writer, used to relate how he had preached in a little rural kirk, got fully into the spirit of his discourse, and gave it (as he thought) energetically and well. The people gathered on either side as he came forth. But as he walked through them, Mordecai appeared. A miserable little tailor, supported by two crutches, with his nose contemptuously elevated in the air, said in a very audible voice, 'It's wonderful what a buddy will do for a piece bread!' Dr. Hamilton said he felt that the tide of public feeling was turned: and that any impression made was effaced.

Think not, young orator, to fish for compliments. Not here. A youth, walking home from church with a venerable Elder, in an evil moment said 'That was a fine text I had to-day.' Whereupon the Elder, with much impatience in his voice and manner, replied, 'Oh yes. There was naething the matter with the text!'

We had in St. Andrews for several years a saintly and clever old man, Mr. Hamilton, of St. Ernan's in Donegal. He wrote a very remarkable book, called *The Church of the Banned*. For though a devout Christian, he found dogmatic trammels painful; and felt himself in a manner

shut out. He used to come to church fitfully : sometimes twice on a Sunday, then not for a while. But, unlike that Elder, he had ever a cheering word for the preacher. And he would discuss subjects, with striking intelligence. I always felt he ought to have been a preacher himself. But much more marked was the way of the saintly Erskine of Linlathen. I went one morning to St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, to hear Mr. McMurtrie. As the crowded congregation slowly went out after the blessing, the saint ascended the pulpit stairs, and then and there discussed the sermon with the minister who could not leave the pulpit till the passage to the vestry was clear. Such was the saintly man's use, and it appeared an odd one.

No heavier blow could have fallen upon many in this place than when, on Monday September 15, away at Strathpeffer, where she had gone (as we hoped) to come back strong and well, the very kindest of womankind died. Her delight was to do a kindness : and she did kindnesses innumerable : to people beyond numbering : both rich and poor. Tulloch used to say that the way to please her was to let her do you a kindness which cost her perhaps much trouble. She was of that race of Playfair which, near and far, in arms and in affairs, has reflected honour on the place from which they originated. And the writer, for one, while he lives, will warmly cherish the remembrance of dear Mrs. Grace. He has found many kind friends in this city : but she was the kindest of all. Never woman was more missed than was she. On Friday September 19, I read the burial service over her. I have read the service

at the wedding of three of her daughters. I walked back from the Cathedral with Principal Shairp. I remember, vividly, the fervour with which he spoke of that inestimable woman.

All the bereaved family were at St. Mary's on Sunday morning. There was not a syllable of allusion to their case; but the entire service was meant to soothe and comfort them. Now, when we give out a hymn to be sung in church, we read only the text prefixed. Then, we still read a line or two of the first verse besides. I see, yet, the shadow on many a face as the lines were read :

Friend after friend departs :
Who hath not lost a friend ?

Not many sorrowful souls in the little city but had parted with the very best they were likely to know.

CHAPTER XIX

DR. LIDDON AT GLAMIS : THE TAY BRIDGE

A PLEASANT glimpse of Liddon, not so very brief, came in October of this 1879. Early in the morning of Monday October 6, by railway to Glamis. It was my first visit. You come out from the station, and soon enter the fine Park. But though the Park be fine, there are others like it : while one knows not where, in Scotland, to match that weird Castle. As one drew near, the grand pile looked perfectly familiar, though unseen till now. Pictures of it abound. It is an eerie place. But though very many things suggest the fourteenth century, some suggest the nineteenth. For one, the castle is lighted with gas. Then the bedrooms are made very bright and cheerful. I saw the room in which Sir Walter slept, and where he was so frightened. The look of it is enough to frighten anybody. But my room was large and modern-looking. It commanded a grand view from two windows, one looking South and the other West. But when I spoke to the Chaplain of the smiling aspect of things, he silently took me into the dressing-room, turned back the rug, lifted a trap in the floor, and indicated a secret stair winding away to anywhere. There is a beautiful chapel, of which many

have read. Curiously, it is high up in the pile. There were a number of visitors : chief (in my judgment) of course Liddon. With him, his constant friend Mr. Malcolm MacColl. The drawing-room is distant : so before dinner people assemble in the Crypt, a great vaulted gallery which would look rather awful if one were there alone. I had the honour to take in Miss Alderson, who has written many things with conspicuous ability. A beautiful hymn of hers is one of the Passion-hymns which we sing (even here) each Good Friday. Her father was one of the most eminent men of his day : Senior Wrangler, and a Judge of great distinction. Such (well-grounded) confidence had he in what he could do, that you may read in his Life that when he went to Cambridge had he been offered the second place forthwith, he would have declined it. Such confidence is rarely justified so magnificently as it was with him. Somebody still more outstanding is that bright and charming lady's brother-in-law : our present Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury.

Everybody has heard of the haunted room at Glamis. It has been put about that the mention of it is a painful subject in the family. Never was ranker nonsense. In the morning, the first question of the delightful Countess to her guests was, 'Well, have you seen the ghost?' The Earl treated the subject more scientifically, in a fashion yielding practical counsel. He told us that some years before an excellent dignitary, who was always collecting money for church-building, had just gone to bed, when of a sudden the ghost appeared : apparently a Strathmore of

some centuries back. With great presence of mind the clergyman took the first word. Addressing the ghost, he said he was most anxious to raise money for a church he was erecting: that he had a bad cold and could not well get out of bed; but that his collecting-book was on his dressing-table, and he would be extremely obliged if his visitor would give him a subscription. Upon this the ghost vanished; and has never come back any more.

Tuesday was a lovely sunshiny morning. Chapel at 9.15. The morning service of the Church of England abridged: a hymn prettily sung, Lady Strathmore organist. After breakfast Dr. Liddon, Mr. MacColl and I walked away to the village, which is just outside the Park. As we passed the parish-church, Liddon expressed a desire to see it: so I got the key (of course it was locked up), and we went in and sat down. It is a horribly ugly church, with no ecclesiastical character whatever. I had often heard of it: for my cousin, Dr. Crawford, Professor of Divinity in Edinburgh University, was for a while minister of the parish. Silence for a space. Then Liddon, looking round, said 'This is a terrible place.' The answer was, 'Yes, it is. . . . But let me assure you that successive generations of good Christian people have had the help and comfort of God's worship and of Holy Communion here, just as much as you can give it in your revived St. Paul's.' With unusual fervour Liddon replied: 'I believe it, heartily. And why was it so? Because they knew nothing better.' Then Liddon proposed to call at the Manse. Unluckily Dr. Stevenson, who is one of the ablest

of our clergy, was not at home. Of course, we had much talk of Presbytery and Episcopacy. Never was more lovable man than the great preacher: but he would not bate a jot of his principles to please a friend. I acknowledged the unapproached beauty of the Liturgy: but suggested that there might be circumstances in which something else would serve better. 'Suppose you collected a hundred of the most wretched and untaught of some great city: poor souls that never had been in church in their lives, and knew nothing of Christianity. Would it not be better to have a man like Norman Macleod to say a prayer for them in their name, in homely language which would express their sin and misery, and which they could really join in; than to have a man come in, in a surplice, and begin the *Dearly beloved brethren*, and go on through an elaborate service of which they could make nothing at all?' But Liddon would yield nothing. His strong point would have been, *Where are you to get Norman Macleods?* He said, 'I would not, with a congregation like that, go through a full service. But I would say to them, This is a very serious matter: We are going to speak to God: and I have written down here something which I hope may be suitable, and I want you to say it along with me.' I think I have given the very words: I hear them this day. Then to other things. Liddon expressed great regret that Bishop Lightfoot of Durham, lately his colleague in St. Paul's, had written a well-known passage admitting that Presbytery was the primitive government of the Christian Church. Liddon very strongly expressed

his belief in the Divine institution of Episcopacy. On this I quoted to him the saying of our Lord President, already recorded¹: and said, If you want to make converts from the Kirk, pitch your claims low. For no man, with a vestige of self-respect, who has ministered, and dispensed the Sacraments for many years, will even listen to you, if you try to prove that he has no authority whatever, and that his sacraments have been a nullity. I never will forget Liddon's reply, given with intense feeling: 'I tell you, I dare not plead for Episcopacy on grounds of expediency. I see many objections to it. But I suppose that God knows best how His Church is to be governed.' Very much more was said: but I have given the sum of all. And never did friends who were obliged to differ, differ more kindly.

Those who knew Liddon well are of course aware of his views on this matter. Some readers may be surprised at what I have said; and may think I mistake the meaning of that great and saintly man. I will therefore show that I did not mistake it. I have many letters from Liddon, of deep interest. Some I hope to give in this volume: but not till I have received permission to do so. Here, however, I give at once a short extract from a letter dated October 17, 1881.

'Of course I do not forget that you would not agree with me as to the worth of the evidence in favour of the Episcopal Constitution of the Church of Christ. But I must frankly say that if I did not believe that evidence

¹ Vol. i. p. 69.

to be decisive, I do not think I should belong to an "Episcopal" Communion. The Episcopate, if not necessary to the Church, is surely a wanton cause of division among the Reformed Christian communities: to say nothing of the evils of ecclesiastical ambition which it sometimes occasions.'

The reader will discern that apart from authority, and on the merits of the system, the great Lord President Inglis and the humble writer of this page thought actually better of Episcopacy than did the great preacher of the Anglican Church. For, believing that Episcopacy is founded on the word of God and agreeable thereto (as Presbytery also is): and that it is an excellent working system with a grand history, we (like Tulloch and many more) should have had no difficulty whatever in joining an Episcopal Communion, if all the nation would do so. Doubtless we both knew the evils which attend the practical working of Presbytery: as Liddon knew those which attend the practical working of Episcopacy. And the sum of them all is, that imperfection will attend all systems worked by human beings; and that wherever human beings are there will be found a great deal of human nature.

So we got home. We had walked very slowly: a prolonged saunter: and had listened with profound interest to very much which was said by the great orator which shall not be repeated here. He was behind the scenes in politics, and related some strange things. Nor did he fail (on most sufficient occasion) to condemn wrong-doing in a fashion which Scotch folk call teetly. But here we had

arrived where there was but one mind among us three. Let it be said that, while reprobating sharply certain Dissenting methods, the very worst he called the Dissenters themselves were 'these dear people.' No part of that sunshiny crisp October day amid the changed foliage could be lost: so, luncheon over, Dr. Liddon, Mr. MacColl and I again went forth, now guided by the Chaplain, an extremely pleasant and intelligent young man, arrayed in a purple cassock and a wideawake hat. I noted here, as in many other places, that deep veneration for the abstract Episcopal office may go with very little regard for the opinions of the concrete Bishop. For when that kindly youth showed me his vestry, he indicated a certain robe which he assumed 'while receiving confessions.' Being asked what Bishop Wordsworth thought of the confessions and the vestment, he conveyed to me in cheerful tones that he did not know. I thought he meant that he did not care. Away along the same avenue as in the morning, but now to climb the Hunter's Hill, whence is a grand view. Long time we abode on its top, eschewing all controversial talk. Liddon conversed most charmingly, of many things and many men. At one moment, indicating a double fieldglass carried by his friend, through which we gazed on the prospect, he said 'That's the glass through which we saw the impaled body.' All the world knew the story then: and many declared it was false. I had even read the suggestion that Liddon was capable of intentional falsehood, he being a partisan. The being who said that might say anything. But Liddon might have been mistaken. A sheaf of beans

drying on the top of a pole. I said to Liddon, 'Show me how far off that pole was.' He indicated a tree close at hand. I turned the glass upon it; and could have seen anything at that distance just as distinctly as I do the paper on which I am writing. Next, to test the beloved man's sight. 'Tell me the hour on the clock at the Castle.' The Castle was more than a mile off. Liddon told it to the minute. And there were two eye-witnesses. Of course the story was true. And those who contradicted it most loudly knew it was true. Liddon went on to say that a year after he met one of the greatest of Eastern travellers. The great traveller said 'The thing that surprised me was that you should have been surprised by that sight. Why, in a journey of fourteen hours, near where you were, I once counted close on fifty impaled bodies.' The traveller added that of course he did not know whether the bodies were put up alive or dead. But he regarded the probability as very strong. As for the assurances of Turkish officials, nothing need be said. I have heard a man, not undistinguished, profess his faith in these. I had heard the same man, some years before, expressing violent sympathy with the Southern States fighting for slavery: and adding that it was a profound illusion that slaves were ever ill-used, and that it was much to be regretted that our own working classes were not slaves too. I could but tell the man that I should like to hear him say that from the platform of any large public meeting in Britain.

A carriage came and took us back: and, solaced by

afternoon tea, Liddon went (as the Countess said) 'to his rest.' So did others. But first, all over the Castle: profoundly strange and interesting. The rooms innumerable, but none of them very large save the picture-gallery. Then to the top of the Castle, whence a wide view. Forfar seemed near. Speaking of the eerie look of the great house from the Park, the Chaplain said we should see it on a stormy winter day, when showers of snow were driving wildly by it. It was quite weird enough, for most, as seen in bright autumnal sunshine. After dinner, the lights in the drawing-room were turned low, and ghost stories were invited. One was so remarkable, that Liddon said 'we had been enriched.' Nobody seemed the least nervous.

I had to go, unwillingly, the next day by one o'clock. Chapel again: the pleasant and hearty music. I staid in the Crypt with the two friends to the last moment. Then I said farewell; and saw Liddon no more. I do not wonder in the least at the affectionate admiration in which he was held by all who knew him. Some men complain of having found him provoking. To me he appeared not merely a great preacher and self-denying saint, but the kindest and most delightful of companions. No more venerated memory abides with me.

It was about this time that Bishop Claughton of St. Albans and some of his family came to Bishop Wordsworth's, as aforetime. There was a pleasant dinner-party at the Bishop's, where one of the company was Sir James Ramsay, Double-First: whose daughter, trained in the great Girls'-School here, was to be Senior Classic at Cambridge, to the

unquenchable pride of all St. Andrews. It was marvellous in how short a time she attained her unique scholarship: and with how little apparent effort. But of course, there is hereditary talent. Her father has been named: her uncle is the eminent Professor of Latin at Glasgow. Bishop Claughton was anxious to see the picture of his Cathedral as at the end of the eleventh century, in Sir Gilbert Scott's delightful Lectures on Mediæval Architecture.¹ He was profoundly impressed, and a good deal astonished. The proportions of the vast design were beautiful: but the fact that the church was built almost exclusively of Roman tiles from Verulam necessitated 'the most rigid and almost gaunt simplicity.' That is little. The awful truth cannot be concealed that the Norman builders, unwilling to show the real material, veneered the whole building, both within and without, with a coating of the smoothest and whitest plaster. So St. Albans looked 'like a white mountain: hewn out of a single block of marble.' We fancy that mediæval taste was perfect: Not many remember that St. Wilfrid boasted to have washed York Minster 'whiter than snow.' This, however, was done in good faith. It was not as when the vile workers of the Puritan period whitewashed the interior of every Cathedral in England with intention of destroying the old glory. Of course the whitewash has been scraped off: but Westminster Abbey is the only great church whose interior is virgin. Nothing could quite efface the accursed profana-

¹ *Lectures on the Rise and Development of Mediæval Architecture.* By Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., F.S.A., LL.D., &c. Vol. ii. p. 100.

tion. There is a bloom on the interior of Westminster which is found nowhere else in Britain. The picture shows a great central tower, and two western towers: all carrying low-pitched spires. Under the central tower, the open lantern soared high above the church: Beneath this lofty centre were the stalls of the ritual Choir. The benignant and fatherly Prelate, being first refreshed with afternoon tea to sustain the shock, then came into my study and earnestly studied Sir Gilbert's two beautiful volumes. On another day he and all his party had carefully gone over our Cathedral. I show our buildings to very few: and only to such as can duly value them, only to such as have some claim. For the time was in which I found certain saintly old ladies had begun to offer me as a guide to friends of their own who were total strangers to myself. The which had to be stopped, definitively. If only because nobody could well be busier.

On this day I presumed to ask Bishop Claughton if he had not thought of reviving the ancient name, instead of signing himself with the modern *St. Albans*. 'Oh,' said he, with hierarchical humour, 'if I had signed myself *Verulam*, some might have thought I meant I was a *Very Lame* Bishop.' No mortal could have thought that.

The day we went over the Cathedral here, and the Castle, the party (not a very small one) was increased by a most bright and eloquent visitor in Mr. Lyttelton, Vicar of Hagley. The name of his parish is classical. He had a strong speculative faculty: and the ability of his family. He sent me a suggestive and striking volume of his own,

upon a Future Life. And he told a story, whose internal evidence was strong indeed. Once, when in London, being in the Deanery, he stated to Stanley certain thoughts which had occurred to him concerning the doctrine of the Trinity: on which Stanley said he had just written a sermon which would remove all perplexities, and that he was to preach it in the Abbey next day: the time was most opportune. So, at the appointed hour, Mr. Lyttelton was there; and Stanley gave a most charming and interesting discourse on St. Athanasius. He described the Saint as champion of the orthodox belief: spoke of his undaunted courage, and of divers great appearances: showed vividly the eagle face and the masterful presence of one who was perfectly sure he was right though standing against the world. And after a magnificent piece of historic eloquence he closed his sermon, not having said anything about the *ipsissima* doctrine of the Trinity at all. Service over, Mr. Lyttelton hastened to the Dean's study, and explained that no help had been rendered to any perplexed soul: that difficulties had not been touched with so much as a little finger. Whereat the charming Dean was quite surprised. Of course, in many ways, we had all been made to feel that he was not a theologian in a scientific sense: that he was the most life-like of historians. But more than that is needful to help some. And Dean Stanley did not even understand their case.

Now a little example of that homely tragedy of which one sees so much. A young girl whom I had prepared for her first communion had come back from Edinburgh

dying, and wished to see me. The family had moved into another parish : and we are very particular about these things : but I asked leave of the parish-minister, and it was given at once and of course. On Friday October 10, a lovely bright day, I walked slowly away uphill, reading Bishop Wordsworth's charge just published ; and five miles off found the cottage, and the poor consumptive girl in her bed. I have seldom seen a living creature so worn to a shadow. A few days before she had managed to come by railway from Edinburgh to St. Andrews, arriving when it was dark. They did not know at home that she was coming. They had no idea that she was seriously ill. She was not fit to walk a quarter of a mile. But, God knows how, and with what unutterable extremity of suffering, she struggled up the steep hill those dark five miles, and fell down at her father's threshold. She was laid in her bed, and never rose from it again. She was barely twenty. It was a heartbreaking story. ' My poor girl, why did you not come to me ? I should have been thankful to have had you driven out ! ' She looked at me solemnly : and said ' I thought of that when I had come a good bit on the way, and thought I was never to get here : but I was not able to walk back, and it was late, late, and dark.' She did not even know the way certainly : the family had flitted since she had gone to service. Twice more, always in the wonderful October stillness and sunshine, I went out again to see the young sister who was to go before us : and then she went, very silently ; as homely Scotch folk do.

I cannot refrain from looking back, to-day, over five-

and-thirty years, to the time when I was the young country parson of Kirkpatrick-Irongray. I dare say I have told the story somewhere : but that matters not. I was waiting in a very little cottage by the bedside of a poor fellow, 'just a labourer,' dying. He was thirty-two, and had four little children. After lying silent for a while, he said he would like to see them, and the poor wife brought them to the bedside. He could speak quite distinctly, though the change came in an hour ; and I thought he would say something of parting advice, were it only to bid them be good children and kind to their mother. Yet all he did was just to take each of the three elder children by the hand, and to say *Gude-day*. As for the youngest, a wee thing of two years old, he said to it, 'Will ye gie me a bit kiss ?' and the mother lifted up the wondering child to do so. 'Say ta-ta to your faither,' she said. 'Ta-ta,' said the little boy, in a loud, cheerful voice, and then at once ran out of the cottage to play with some companions. Then poor David closed his eyes, and some tears ran down his cheek. But he said no more. I know the ways of my nation. We are not a demonstrative race. We have not words to say what we feel : and if we had, we should be *blate* to use them. It was the abundance of that poor friend's heart that choked his utterance, and brought down his last farewell to a greeting with which he might have parted from a neighbour for a few hours. He was weary, weary, too : and so *Gude-day* was his only word.

I remember how touched Stanley was when I told him of a parting I had seen. A lad of twenty, very well

known to me, died. He left a widowed mother, a sister and two brothers, younger than himself. He had been their main support (ay, *ætatis* 20), and he had been full of anxieties as to what should come of them. His last words were, holding the hand of the brother next himself in years, and looking at the poor sobbing woman; 'Try and do as weel's ye can.' The great Dean thought them grand and all-comprehending words. I heard them. Believe one who knows it: It is thus that homely Scots die.

On Thursday November 13, 1879, I ministered at the consecration of the handsome church of St. Margaret at Arbroath, just across our Bay. It was an interesting occasion. If a thing be possible, it may happen, however many the chances against it. The following Sunday, the first Sunday on which the church was opened for worship, was the day on which Margaret of Scotland, Queen and Saint, died. I made something of this in my sermon on the day of dedication. Sad to say, nobody knew till I told it. The coincidence was purely accidental. And the chances against it were exactly three hundred and sixty-five to one. We in this parish (God be thanked) have come to know pretty well about the Christian Year: only two days gone a good young woman whose name is Agnes, told me with pride that she was born on St. Agnes' Day. The name was given by those who never had heard of St. Agnes. On that Thursday there was a large congregation: an excellent Choir and fine music: a great many of the clergy. Of the sermon I say nothing: but (though I

read them) I will say that the Prayers were beautiful and befitting. I have read them upon many occasions. But on this, I had a curious experience of the fashion in which suspicion sees things. You remember the Greek story of certain men who were trying who should squeak most like a pig : a strange rivalry in itself. One was told that his imitation was quite the worst : whereupon, withdrawing his mantle, he showed that it had been a real pig that was uttering its voice. A few days after that November 13, a worthy minister made an attack on the writer, and some good-natured friend sent me the newspaper which reported it. The precise charge was that my dedication service had been 'a poor imitation of the consecration-service of the Church of England' : and upon that the good man (whom I never saw) expatiated. Now, however evil my service had been, it had assuredly not been an imitation (successful or otherwise) of the Church of England. *It was the consecration-service of the Church of England word for word.* Good Bishop Wordsworth had lent me his copy : and I read it faithfully. The day came on which that most beautiful service was placed in the Book of Common Order of the Church Service Society : and there it abides. The title of the office is given, *The Order for the Dedication of a Church* : but the word *consecrate* is frankly used in the prayers. I am not going to exhibit cheap learning : or I might point out that the Church of England has in fact no Consecration Service. You seek it in the Prayer Book in vain. It is used in each diocese by the authority of the Bishop. And the great Archbishop Whately of Dublin

would not use it. It is remembered how, a crowd having gathered to witness the consecration of a church, the Archbishop, without his robes, walked into church and signed the document upon the altar : all the law requires. Then, turning to the congregation, he said, ' You have come here to see me consecrate the Church. You are the Church ! Go home and consecrate yourselves.'

I have heard that legend times innumerable. But of late I have come to regard it with doubt. For I remember how the great man, in one of his latest summers, told me he thought he could publish only one book more : which would be a collection of good stories about himself ; not one of them with a word of truth in it. Then, gazing into distance, the Archbishop said, ' You have heard of the Ass and the Archbishop ?' The answer was, ' Of course ; and told it many times.' ' Not a word of truth in it. It happened before I was born. A French Abbé said it. You see the flaw in the story. A Protestant Archbishop does not wear a cross on his breast. It could not have happened here.' But that story, though historically false, was eternally true : that is, it set out faithfully the Archbishop's nature ; and conveyed with extreme accuracy what would have been the portion of any man, old or young, who was wild enough to think (as Scotch folk say) *to take his fun off* Archbishop Whately.

November 30, 1879, a beautiful sunshiny frosty day, was St. Andrew's Day, Advent Sunday, and the Preparation Sunday before the Communion on the Sunday following. This last, according to the use of the Kirk, is made

much of. So those who preached in this city on that day had only too much to speak of.

The impatient reader may regard these facts as beneath the dignity of history. But in a little though famous city we make much of little things. And I have known less recorded solemnly. There is a most beautifully situated town in Scotland which supports a weekly newspaper. I think I can quote with accuracy a paragraph which once appeared in it :

‘We regret to have to chronicle that our esteemed townsman, Mr. John Smith, driving his cow out to the field last Tuesday, slipped in the mud at the entrance-gate, and came somewhat heavily to the ground. Our esteemed townsman at once got up again, and we rejoice to say that he has suffered no inconvenience whatsoever from the accident.’

No doubt this is incident : or what the inestimable Helps used to call real life. But real life is sometimes dull. Not to the busy. Not to those who often think how little can remain on what Chalmers called ‘this side of time.’

And Sunday December 28 was thought of with concern all round the world. The morning was dark and mild, without rain. I had the parish church : and I ventured to give a sermon written when I was twenty-five. The eloquent passages had been toned down, and the very eloquent quite struck out. The record of the day says that the only Professor in church was Tulloch, who would know a ‘Vealy’ : that is, an immature production. Rain came on in the afternoon ; and the story, written at the moment, says ‘dismal rain, but calm.’ This was at

4.30 P.M. By 5.30 the wind had suddenly risen into a howling storm, from the West, and it swept the rain away. When I went to evening service at St. Mary's, the sky was clear and the moon bright: but little clouds were racking at great speed over the moon. It was stormy enough to give an excuse for abiding at home: so it is written 'Surprised and pleased to find a quite crowded congregation, densely filling the church.' We had the Christmas music: and Maxwell Wright, now one of our most hopeful young clergy, read the Lessons. I had not remarked what many others did, that the open roof creaked under the blast like a ship at sea. One of my boys came from Edinburgh by the evening train to Dundee, leaving it at Leuchars with several others, who drove together to St. Andrews. The youth, much interested in machinery, watched the fine engine and the men upon it till the train went. One passenger for St. Andrews was sound asleep when the train was about to start, and was wakened up just in time. Near seventy souls were in the train. Two lads, as good lads as were in this parish, one married a few months (both had been at church in the morning) walked away the six miles to Leuchars Junction and joined the train. They had been spending the Sunday at home, and must be at work next morning by six. It was a very stormy night. And one special gust, identified by many to the minute, swept the carriage with six passengers several feet across the wet road. Under that blast the Tay Bridge went down. It was two miles long; and near three quarters of a mile fell.

The train went down a hundred feet into the deep and black water. Not one was saved. Not a sound was heard. One poor fellow, a great swimmer, had had time to take off his coat. Many, watching from the Dundee side, saw the train coming, at great speed, in the bright moonlight ; and saw a great line of fire go down into the Tay. One had often read of a cloud being cast over a district by some terrible accident : one knew the meaning in quite a different way. The feeling was of absolute horror. One durst not think of the doomed people as they felt the bridge under them giving way. And the thing was brought so near to many homes. I had crossed the Bridge twice on the Friday afternoon. A poor lady, living next to my brother's house in Moray Place in Edinburgh, eager to minister to a sick friend, had resolved to come by the morning train that day. Her cabman 'slept in' : and so she came by the evening one. While we were quietly gathered in church, the awful event befel just eleven miles off. I went in the afternoon of Monday and saw the poor girl left a widow at twenty-two with a little baby. The others in that stricken house could speak. But the poor girl sat and looked with widely-opened eyes at me stonily, quite quiet, and without a tear.

It was a dark and awful time in the little city of St. Andrews, and in the great city of Dundee. It was an awful lesson against attempts to do huge works cheaply, and against unfaithful work. But the poor souls that went down were not responsible for these. After leaving Leuchars, that train stopped once, at St. Fort : and there a working man's wife with her eight children got in. And

there, too, some thoughtless creatures in the train, beginning to feel the blast which was coming down the Tay, inquired jocularly when the Tay Bridge was to fall. The business-like answer was, that the Bridge was to stand as long as the Company wanted it.

The year went out: and on its last evening was the Old Folks' Party, as usual. The man entitled to the credit of starting it was Bailie Mackintosh, whose son is Professor of Natural History in the University, and bears the highest reputation as a scientist. The good Bishop Wordsworth came before the beginning at six, and faithfully abode till the end at 8.15. I asked him to say the prayers at the beginning; and he made a kindly and admirable little speech in due time. Then we ended by singing Auld Lang Syne: whose words, untranslatable into English, thrill the Scotch heart through. People take hands as they sing the last verse: and the good man and great scholar gave one to me and the other to a poor old woman sustained by chilly legal charity. But as we came away home together, we agreed that the Tay Bridge, never mentioned, was never absent from any mind. Next day, New Year's day, Thursday January 1, 1880, we were to have morning service. But the sermon prepared had to be cast aside, and quite another given: upon the *Meeting of Crushing Trouble*. Such is the record written at the time. And the text was 'I was dumb; I opened not my mouth: because Thou didst it.' Certain presumptuous preachers ventured to state that the terrible event was 'a Judgment' on the sin of travelling on Sunday. I can but say that the God

in whom such-like souls believe, is NOT the God I believe in at all. Indeed, their God approximates awfully (in a good many respects besides this) to my Devil.

A good many letters came to St. Andrews which had gone down with that train, but which were recovered miles down the river. Some came to this house: and one from Mr. Gladstone to Tulloch. The great engine was got up, little the worse. It was put right and set to run again. But though railway boards are not much amenable to sentimental considerations, I am told it never has been sent across the magnificent new Tay Bridge into Dundee. I was shown it once at Glasgow.

The story of 1879 has been given at too great length: the reader may think. How easily it could have been made much longer! Of what most concerned the writer, and this little household, the half has not been told. There has not been a whisper of the things one thought most of in that departed year. Nor will there be of the next, and the next again.

And St. Andrews, its hard work of learned and unlearned, of hopeful youth and wayworn after-life, never out of the writer's mind, has been set in the background. This is not even a history of the sacred city: and far less an autobiography. Had it been this last, it would have told how many pages of sermon or essay were written at this table daily from 10 A.M. till 1 P.M.: what the texts were, and the strange way in which they came: what the subjects were, and how suggested. Then how many sick and sorrowful folk were visited: then the

quiet blink at the Club most days between 6 and 7, and generally the talk with Tulloch and the walk home together: for Tulloch was still here, always the more valued and beloved the better known. The weary long days of house-to-house visitation, beginning at 10.15 A.M. and sometimes going on without a break till 5, and in the country sometimes implying a walk of eight or ten miles, often across fields and hedges, always under the sky of the Winter half-year: for my good colleague and I, for long after this, managed, between us, to get over the whole parish once in each year. We had not come to the counsel of the later time: 'Preach regularly, and visit the sick; and do as much more as you can.' The books read, with extreme rapidity, in the evening rest: when the rule had been accepted, 'No work after the last meal of the day.' Something, too, of continual encouragement from a kind congregation and parish: only emphasised by the rare instance, once in each year or two, of something else. A word of abounding anonymous letters, coming from all about the world: most of them very cheering, but one now and then showing that a quiet person, never intending it, may awaken extremely bitter dislike. And no doubt there are writings which, if you do not like, you will hate. 'Reading him in a rage,' abides in memory, over thirty-three years: standing out amid sheaves of kindly criticism: for never was writer whom the reviewers have used so gently. Most of all, the letters from afar: telling the little story of those who have gone out over the threshold but are never forgotten.

CHAPTER XX

FIFE AND SURREY

JANUARY 7, 1880, brought a communication from Dean Stanley which was so characteristic of that inestimable man, that it must be named. In going over the papers of his departed mother, he found a letter addressed to me, dated August 19, 1861. At that time I was in my Edinburgh charge, and I was only Half-Way. But something written had pleased that good lady: and she wrote a letter expressed in terms of extraordinary kindness, and suggesting a subject for an essay. Perhaps the letter was a copy of one sent: perhaps it was written and never sent: I could not remember receiving it. It was very like Stanley to wish that I should see it. And he said just a little of what-like his mother had been.

Two churches were opened, far apart, in that cold January: one on a week-day. I likewise wrote for my old friend Edmund Yates, who had been one of the very first to write kindly in a newspaper about my first volume, a 'Celebrity at Home' for his widely-known *World*. I learned then how hard it is to please people, writing in that line. For while two of my very best friends here were much aggrieved for that I had outrageously

puffed my Celebrity, making him much bigger than they thought he deserved, some few of the friends of the Celebrity were equally aggrieved because I had not puffed him sufficiently. So offence was given, both in the East and in the West. I did not care in the least about the Celebrity's friends, from whom I received a few of the usual anonymous letters. But I speedily set things right with my dear and valued friends here.

On March 7, Dr. Donald Macleod, of the Park Church, Glasgow, preached for the University Missionary Society. He came to us on the Saturday afternoon. A more charming guest could not be. I have always felt that Donald Macleod has been somewhat unfairly treated. No doubt, he was from the first regarded with special interest as the great Norman's brother: and when Norman went, he succeeded him both as a Chaplain and as Editor of *Good Words*. But when Donald preached an excellent sermon or gave a capital speech, the tendency was, instead of acknowledging his merit, to say, 'Ah, not at all equal to Norman.' Well, taken all round, nobody in the Kirk was. And I cannot but say that of late years, I have heard him speak in such fashion that the distance between the brothers seemed almost to have vanished. But men who did not bear the name were not subjected to that comparison. I note that the last time Macleod preached here was Sunday January 14, 1866: on that day my brother christened at the parish church a boy of this house who has been to-day for near two years a priest in the Church of England. I note, too, that among those

who dined with Macleod on the Saturday at that time, was a very bright and cheery undergraduate known only as John Gordon: who in 1880 was known as Earl of Aberdeen. Now, Macleod preached in the afternoon at St. Mary's. It was Mothering Sunday. I read prayers, a student the Lessons, and Macleod gave us 'a *capital* sermon.' Doubtless, with the big brother, the word would have been *magnificent*, or the like. In the evening the large parish church was quite full, and Macleod did the entire service quite admirably. He read his prayers, but not from our Book of Common Order. And the record of the time, while praising the sermon warmly, could not be without the inevitable comparison. Next morning Shairp, Norman's greatest friend, came of course: and we had the regular walk about the Cathedral. Finally, at 1.15, our visitor went, leaving just the pleasantest possible impression. There is a wonderful charm about that hearty Highland manner: it is quite irresistible. And I know no man who has it in a more attractive form than my old friend Donald Macleod. His father and mine were Glasgow ministers together. I have known him since he was a rosy-faced boy. It may be added, that besides being now in the first rank of our preachers and speakers, I know no man in the Kirk save Mr. Brewster of Kilmany (nephew of our Principal Sir David) who sings nearly so well. I have heard him many times sing a song of Norman's about an old Waterloo soldier; but never without moistened eyes.

On May 12, 1880, again to Selsdon Park: now for a

great rest of three Sundays, and more than three weeks. It was the loveliest of all summer weather, and the place was beautiful beyond words: far beyond recollection. And the Bishop was, as ever, the very kindest of all friends. The amiable Alexander was here too: and that first evening there were but the three. At evening chapel the hymn was Dr. Neale's 'O happy band of pilgrims.' I have written an immense deal about the blossoming trees of Selsdon: the hawthorn and horse-chestnuts are magnificent: never were more glorious lilacs and laburnums: but chiefest to me, for old sake's sake, were the marvellous apple-trees of the kitchen garden. I went daily, several times, and gazed at them against the soft blue sky: notably at one great tree, round as the plum-pudding of childhood (boiled in a cloth, and not yet tortured into unnatural shapes), which was a miraculous cloud of pink and white bloom. 'Flourish,' some good folk in Fife call it: but the word blossoms is to me what *hermit* was to John Foster, long ago. Not of that, however, this year. Only that Thursday, my first whole day, was one of rest. Two great confirmations for somebody else, and a drive of thirty miles. But Alexander and I, first visiting the apple-trees, wandered leisurely for six miles through woods and over downs, and back through acres and acres of primroses. Next day, Friday, two confirmations again: 160 candidates in the morning, 250 in the afternoon: four addresses, and the sentence said 205 times. Two charming vicarages: one was Cheam, the other Mitcham: the Vicar of Mitcham the grandson of Bishop Wilson of Calcutta.

Saturday a resting-day for the Bishop. Save writing fifty letters, he had nothing to do. And in the afternoon a walk through the Park to a primrose wood, where for illimitable space the ground was carpeted with pale gold. Sunday was 'Pentecost, day of rejoicing.' The Chaplain was in London : with the Bishop to the pleasant parish-church. We sat together in the chancel, he not in his robes : and I was surprised when the Rector, having said the confession, remained kneeling for the Bishop to say the absolution. I remember the vehement statement of another Rector, a great scholar : ' I don't know that the Bishop is in church, unless he wears his robes and sits at the altar or on his throne.' Of course, the Communion. It is curious how, through its coming so much more frequently, there are years in which I receive the Sacrament three or four times in the Church of England for once in my own. I dare say most readers remember glimpses of time which abide and stand out wonderfully. That afternoon, we walked across the Park, just an hour and a half out. Often, years after, we both recalled the aspect of nature for that little season. The exquisite living green of the trees, the wonderful blue of the sky, the miraculous primroses, may and apple blossoms. There are great masses of rhododendrons, now in glory : and two great Lebanon cedars. All very grand : but give me the homelier things. The Chaplain came down in time for the full evening service : which was specially enjoyable. An interesting little function one evening that week at Addington Church. We walked slowly down through the Archbishop's trees, where a Society of young

women from London, 200, were having a peaceful day. At 6.30 a service of just half an hour. First, 'O happy band of pilgrims.' Then the Bishop, in the pulpit, said two collects and gave a beautiful little address. Then 'Abide with me,' and the Blessing. All over at 7 exactly.

I was witness, now, for the first time, of an Anglican Ordination. It was profoundly interesting. The ways are so different from ours. With us, the first step, admitting to what corresponds to Deacon's orders, is given at a meeting of Presbytery: few lay folk, men or women, have seen it. But, as a rule, a licenciate is admitted to full orders only after he has been appointed to a parish: and is then ordained, himself alone, in the church where he is to minister, in the presence of a crowded congregation. Accordingly, with us, everybody has seen an ordination, most people many: while Dean Stanley told me that in his youth most members of the Anglican Communion had never witnessed such a thing. Indeed Stanley added that he thought the well-known passage in Mr. Buckle's History about Scotch clerics being incapable of acting as Bishops till they had travelled to London 'to be touched' by men Bishops already, was not a sneer at episcopal consecration, but might have been said in good faith. The thing appeared incredible.

At Selsdon Park, everything went as clockwork goes when it is best. And Bradshaw, generally falsified by fact (save in the case of the Flying Scotchman), was nowhere in comparison with that mapping out of the day. The programme lay on the table in the Hall: long, low, warm,

large, irregular in form through divers bay windows, lesser and greater. On Friday May 21, the candidates had all arrived. They numbered some 27 : the Bishop put them all up till Monday: besides three Chaplains. At 2 was dinner. At 3.45 the chapel was open for prayer and meditation. At 4 all gathered in the chapel. The Bishop wore only the Doctor's robes. An excellent practical address from Mr. Stevens on *The Clergyman in School*. At 4.45, tea in the Hall. At 5, walk. At 7, prayer and meditation in chapel. At 7.15, the Bishop, now in Bishop's robes, gave what the record calls 'a really splendid address' on *Extempore Preaching*. At 8.30 supper: all in the same places as at dinner. Then all in the drawing-room till 10, when prayer in chapel. At 10.15 P.M. Retire. The Chaplains were Dr. Currey, Master of the Charterhouse, Archdeacon Cheetham (already well known through most valuable biblical works), and of course Mr. Alexander. All the examinations were well over : there remained only the last solemn step. It was a memorable time for all there ; and these quiet days could not fail to lift up and impress the candidates. At any hour, entering the chapel, you saw devout young forms kneeling in private prayer : an atmosphere of kindly devotion pervaded the whole place, indoors and out : and yet there was no pushing things too hard : abundant time was allotted for walking and resting under those magnificent trees. I am not to give the engagements of each day : the first was a specimen. On Saturday morning there was early communion : on Sunday deacons and priests were ordained at Sanderstead Church, the com-

munion being part of the service : and on Monday forenoon, after early communion (the third on three successive days), all separated, each to his appointed work. On the Sunday evening there was full service in the chapel : Archdeacon Cheetham preached. On Saturday the time for walking was from 12 to 2, and again from 4 to 6.30. The Bishop, on Saturday, saw each candidate separately, praying with each.

I was deeply impressed by that ordination. I have witnessed more than one since, the last in beautiful St. Mary Overie, and seen one of my boys receive deacon's and priest's orders from the Bishop's hands. Yet an odd association abides too. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rector of Sanderstead. After he had gone on for a few minutes he stopped, and producing a box of matches, with great deliberation proceeded to draw two or three till he had got a light. He then lighted a pair of candles at his right hand, and calmly went on. The dim religious light had been too dim. It seemed to me that the entire function must take out of a Bishop, severely. Yet from 5 to 6 on that lovely Sunday afternoon he and I walked about the Park ; and he was not tired. And he said, truly, how pleasant and touching it was to see the young men walking, generally in pairs, quietly about the peaceful place, on that memorable day in their history.

Things have mended, wonderfully ; ay, in the last forty years. Mr. Harry Jones, in the Second Series of his *Holiday Papers*, gives a truly awful account of how he was ordained, at 8 of a mid-winter morning, in a chapel in

Regent Street. It was not by the Bishop of London. It was by a Bishop who did not find it suited him to use his own Cathedral, and borrowed a chapel in town. The candidates saw nothing earthly of the Bishop before ordination. They were examined in a chamber in Parliament Street, and turned out for an hour at one o'clock. No hospitality whatever. I would I knew that Bishop's name. It should stand on this page. He hurried in to the ordination twenty minutes late, and unshaved. He got through the service at a tremendous rate. And there was no congregation. It was not an anti-state-church lecturer, but it was Archbishop Tait of Canterbury, who said that thinking of divers things which were habitual seventy or eighty years since, he wondered any Christian folk remained in the Church at all. There are regrettable things yet, North and South. But God be thanked for a marvellous quickening to life and work, everywhere.

Had I been a Bishop, and gone through these days of constant stretch (the thing is barely conceivable), I should have slept for the greater part of that Monday after the dear youths had gone away. But the beloved Prelate refreshed himself by writing forty letters, and then going to Clapham for a great Confirmation in the afternoon. Perhaps it ought not be added that in the evening there was a little dinner-party, at which one of the guests told me that in his judgment 'Lead, Kindly Light,' was much improved by the additional fourth verse: that in fact, without that, it was not a Christian hymn at all. Curiously, it has recently been made known that the Car-

dinal himself did not like the fourth verse. After all, I have heard severer condemnation of the exquisite song. When it was put into the *Scottish Hymnal* a good Ayrshire minister, really dear to me, wrote to me that he 'would as soon put in a hymn by the Devil, as one by Cardinal Newman.' For, as he added, Newman had induced many souls to 'go to perdition, with the speed of an arrow shot from a giant's bow.'

However that may be, next day it was my lot to have one of the most interesting interviews of my little life : I had my solitary glimpse of Carlyle. In early days, I had not liked his works at all. But knowing this to be my own fault, I set myself to read a daily task of so many pages : and I soon got caught. Still marking his crotchitness, one came to an immense admiration and reverence for the great man. Through a lovely summer day, Tuesday May 25, 1880, up to London to lunch with Mr. Froude. I note that an admirer of the beloved historian judges it to be presumptuous in me to call him Froude. Let it be said, in apology, that even such is the style in which I have spoken and written to him for more than a quarter of a century. A meeting with him has ever been a delightful experience. Those who viciously attack him know him not at all. He is as lovable as he is great. And never was a great man more unpretending. Two hours went far too fast : and then Carlyle came, in a brougham, for Froude to go with him on his daily drive. We went out to the carriage door, and there I had my first sight of the great Scotsman. He looked old : beard and moustache

white and smooth : he was eighty-five. The impression of the time was 'not very like his portraits, which all flatter.' Not such a worn and melancholy face. He was very clear : not in the least deaf. It is impossible for me to relate all he said : but I will relate what I may without aggrieving some good-natured friends. Froude said, 'This is a countryman of yours, who wishes to see you.' Carlyle shook hands, rather indifferently : and looked at me in silence. I said, 'I know Craigenputtoch well : I have often seen it : I was once Minister of Irongray.' Carlyle said, 'I know Irongray well : a beautiful place. Boyd was once Minister there, who is now in St. Andrews : Boyd, that writes.' Fearful of a smashing review, I burst in : 'I am Boyd.' At once Carlyle brightened up to the keenest but kindest attention : exclaimed 'God bless us, are you Boyd?' : took my hand and held it in a very strong grasp, adding 'God bless you.' Then he added two sentences which I did not repeat to the Bishop that evening, and cannot record here. I never told them to anybody. I said, 'I was very sorry I was away when you were at St. Andrews : I am glad you have been in my church : I should have been delighted to show you the Ruins once more.' Then he said, 'Grand place, St. Andrews. You have there the essence of all the antiquity of Scotland, in good and clean condition.'¹ He went on with two sentences more : I had been cautioned that his mind staid bright for only a little while : so I proposed to go. He took me by the hand again, as warmly as ever any in this world : said again

¹ *Ante* : vol. i. p. 1.

‘God bless you’ very solemnly and kindly : then he and Froude drove away. I knew well how capricious he was ; and that my reception might have been quite other. But I speak of my great countryman as I found him : and as I must remember him. The record of that day says, ‘It is something, a glimpse of that great man, whom I shall never see again, and never saw before. And I was pleased to find he knew about me.’

He had come to St. Andrews, in his last visit to Scotland, a year or two before ; and of course had gone into the parish church, whose severe plainness pleased him. Then he asked who was minister of the church : and being told, he said ‘God bless him.’ For, like the great Duke, he was (sometimes) very kindly as he grew old. Some good friend hastened to write to a newspaper, that Carlyle, being told I was minister of St. Andrews and its parish kirk, shook his head, and said sorrowfully ‘God help them !’ I am far from denying that the congregation of this city needed then, and needs still, that help in a high degree. I merely record that such was not Carlyle’s aspiration. I read the kindly little legend from time to time in print. I never have thought of contradicting it. For it evidently gives pleasure to good folk who think differently from me in things ecclesiastical.

It was on that day that Froude told me of a singular instance of a man looking at a matter from only one point of view. A youth at Oxford in his day, being examined in Paley, was asked if he could mention any instance of the Divine goodness which he had found out for himself

'Yes. The conformation of the nose of the bull-dog. Its nose is so retracted, that it can hang on to the bull, and yet breathe freely. But for this, it would soon have to let go.' The bull's point of view was not regarded at all.

I could but cap the story with one from Glasgow College. A youth had preached in the College Chapel. After service, the Professors, in the beautiful 'Fore-Hall,' were discussing the sermon. They were all very complimentary. But Professor Buchanan, the great Professor of Logic (whom, strange to say, Archbishop Tait did not think very clever), broke in, 'Oh, don't say that. There was a sad want in our young friend's sermon. He said a great deal about how Jonah felt. I should have liked to hear something about how the whale felt.'

I must not tell about my first sight of 'The Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent': nor my first glimpse of Cobham Hall, and woods. Of these hereafter. Only that Cobham is the ideal village: and the Hall and woods the perfection of such in beautiful England. The almshouses, the hopfields, were new things to me, that May 27. Two Confirmations, the second in Cobham church. Next day, 500 confirmed in South London. The first Confirmation of May 27 was at Gravesend: one confirmed was a girl from St. Andrews: a young communicant of mine.

I cannot linger upon days, each remarkable to me. Only on Monday Alexander was greatly pleased. For first, early, I took him to Froude's, where an hour and a half's bright talk. Then luncheon at Sir John Millais'. A son-in-law was there, son of Lord Justice James, who had

been at Eton with Alexander. Like everybody else, he was charmed with Lady Millais. The great painter quite frankly showed us many paintings which were going on: unlike Sir Daniel Macnee, who never would show unfinished work to any mortal. The day was one of ceaseless drenching rain. Through it, to the Deanery at Westminster in a Hansom. Let it be interjected, with justifiable pride, that we have three Hansoms at St. Andrews, and have had them for years. We had a long and pleasant talk with Stanley. He told us some stories, notably one, with admirable imitation of a deep pompous voice, and assuming a stolid wooden expression. Some would be aggrieved if it were recorded here. If one could tell all one knows, what a widely-read volume this would be! Indeed I was once offered tremendous terms for a book which should freely relate certain facts. But it could not be. Nor would I leave such a book behind me. Finally, to the railway: where I met my host, Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, and Bishop Moberly of Salisbury. To East Croydon: then the three miles home in a specially large and handsome carriage, fitted for so dignified a 'lot.'¹

Bishop Moberly had been Head-master of Winchester for thirty years, and was raised to the Bench late. He looked frail in body. But he was sharp as a needle in mind. He related several stories with a cynical though good-natured humour which made one feel how formidable a man he could have been had he chosen. One, of a foolish man, who came to an unnamed Head-master (whom

¹ *Ante*: vol. i. p. 259.

I thought I could recognise) with many complaints about his boy at school. He ended by asking 'What would you do in such a case?' The answer was 'Flog the father.' The Bishop of Lincoln looked older than his brother here. I found him a most charming man. Years before, on his sole visit to this city, his brother had brought him to this house. But I was away, and I met him now for the first time. In repose, he had a worn and austere expression. But never on any human face have I seen a sweeter smile. On the instant, the features were transfigured. His scholarship was supreme: Senior Classic, and a great one. His learning was a great deep. But never did more beautiful modesty, nor deeper devotion, go with such eminence. Kneeling next him in chapel, his rapt abstraction, his deep *Amen* often said twice, were liker a Wesleyan of the old school than a calm Anglican. I fear that like his great Uncle, he lacked humour. That evening the party was but four, and the pleasant talk was general. It is not every day that one in my place meets three such men, talking with outspoken frankness: one listened with deep interest. But in the drawing-room Bishop Wordsworth asked me to sit next him by the fire; and told much of the labour which had gone to the production of his learned works: speaking in the most attractive manner. We were old friends when we parted after chapel at the door of our rooms.

Next morning, the Bishops were off to Convocation. Dean Stanley had promised to get me in to every function, if I went with them. But it was my last quiet day at

Selsdon : the place was in the glory of summer : I never was drawn to Church Courts of any kind : and I missed that chance. In the evening the Prelates came back. Bishop Moberly, before dinner, spoke in sorrow of 'a false concord' in Archbishop Tait's Latin opening-address. He said, 'We might not have minded, with some Archbishops : but Tait was a Head-master like the Bishop of Lincoln and myself.' The Bishop of Lincoln had been Head-master of Harrow. The world knows that Tait succeeded Arnold at Rugby. But he had an assistant there to correct the exercises of the sixth Form : showing in this his usual good sense. The exact error was making *Synodus* masculine. When I came home, Shairp speedily appeared, eager to know if I had seen or heard anything of his friend the Archbishop. I related the fact. And Shairp said, sorrowfully, 'Well, even I could have told him that *'odós* was feminine.' That evening, a party at dinner. Another Bishop was added, the then Vicar of Croydon, who had come back from a Colonial See. A kindly old man, who told me a curious story of the extreme loneliness of his life there. A Rector of that evening is a Bishop to-day. I did not mind about the false concord : though it is rather to false quantities that Scotch scholarship runs. For the Bishop of Winchester brought down kindly upbraidings from Stanley, who had arranged to smuggle me in where I had no right to be : also the pleasantest invitation from the Archbishop, which I was obliged regretfully to decline.

Convocation again on Wednesday June 2. I to lunch with an old school-friend, not seen since we were both

little boys : Mr. Wyon, the eminent artist of the Royal Mint. Strange, to find him with a family of grown-up daughters, most attractive girls. In the evening, another Bishop was added to the Selsdon household : a 'one-horse Bishop,' working hard to get up a Cathedral in a new See : but with no Chapter, no Canons, no Dean. But my host had said to me, 'Mark that man : he will rise.' And indeed he did, higher than any one thought on that day. He was Bishop of Truro then. But when Tait was called, he succeeded him : 'quite the best choice possible,' my host wrote to me : and he is Archbishop of Canterbury to-day. We walked about the Park for an hour before dinner : and were next at dinner when the ladies went : the record says 'a bright lively man' : and a great friend of Shairp's. He told me some singular experiences in Cornwall. If you could not preach extempore, 'you had not the Spirit.' Next morning, at breakfast, our dear host said to him that whenever he woke, he thought of the proposed Cathedral at Truro : and something impelled him to cry out, 'He'll do it.' 'Yes,' said the Bishop, with great pathos : 'HE'LL do it. But it will not be done by me.'

As interesting to me as any there were Professor Plumtre, soon to be Dean of Wells, and his wife, the sister of Maurice. I had been a year under Maurice at King's College when I was seventeen, and knew not my privilege. I understood now. The day came when the Dean of Wells and his wife visited us at St. Andrews : of which hereafter. Also when I staid with them in blazing summer at Wells, where every prospect was too charming

for this life. If any drawback, Man; and Woman. But most of these delightful too. I had never seen Mrs. Plumtre before: but of course one took to her at once. And her brother had spoken to her far too kindly of his former pupil: wherefore my welcome was more than gracious.

That was my last evening. 'I feel the burden of St. Andrews coming down upon me, as it grows nearer.' I had been three Sundays away from it together: for the first time since I went to it. I had had a time of wonderful peace and quiet. It is always an effort to take to work again. And it is a trial to some to say good-bye. Chapel was at 8.15 next morning. The four Bishops went at 9.30. Mr. Disraeli had got Bishop Wordsworth to lead a forlorn hope that evening in the Lords: the very man for it. They all said farewell very kindly: and the two elder I never saw again. That day, at 5, evening service at All Saints in London. At 8.30 a Pullman sleeping-car as before from King's Cross: and St. Andrews next morning to breakfast.

The Summer Fast-day was on Thursday June 17. One got a new preacher occasionally. This time Mr. Strong, of the beautiful Hillhead church at Glasgow. He is one of our very best men. He gave a most admirable sermon: one thought just as good as well could be. Tulloch was a keen critic: but he was delighted. And he came to dinner, and liked the preacher as much in social talk. There was a grand sunset: and we walked on the beach till late.

The incidents one would wish to relate are endless. But they would make this History as long as the *Decline and Fall*. I pass on, unwillingly, to tell of a new departure in the Kirk. Dr. Lees, of St. Giles', Edinburgh, organised in this year 1880 the first of a series of historical lectures, to be given in the Cathedral on Sunday afternoons without any service. *The Scottish Church from the Earliest Times to 1881* was the subject. There were twelve lectures. Not without pride it was remarked in this city that three went from such a little place : Tulloch, Professor Mitchell and myself each giving one. We might also have counted Flint, who had lately left us. Perhaps also (we did not know) Cunningham who was to succeed Tulloch.

And we had trained MacGregor ; and Story in some measure too. So St. Andrews gave seven lectures of the twelve. And I think they were as good as any. I will not even except my own : for when delivered it went down wonderfully. It was as good as I could make it. Dr. Lees gave the first lecture : *Heathen Scotland*. I had the second : *Early Christian Scotland, 400 to 1093 A.D.* I fear, indeed, that all my goods were displayed in the shop-window. I had got up my subject very carefully. But only what was needed : and I said everything I knew. The function was curious. The hour was 3 P.M. I was at St. Giles' by 2.30, when a stream of people were going in with tickets, soon growing a very strong stream. It was strange, in the little vestry, to hear the hurrying feet. At 2.45 the doors were opened to all : and a rush crammed all the space, passages and all. At 3 to the pulpit, not without a squeeze. No

music : a collect and the Lord's Prayer : then the lecture. All were the same number of pages. I went on fast, and got through in an hour and a quarter. A pull, going on so long at the top of one's voice. But it was a very remarkable and interesting congregation : though the day was of howling hurricane. Then the blessing : and away from church in a furious blast of rain and wind, making an umbrella impossible. Speedily away to the Lodge at Fettes College : dinner with Dr. Potts. The blast had grown so awful, that coming near Fettes my brother's horses would hardly face it. The College stands high. Evening service in the chapel at 7.30. The boys quite filled it : and a few visitors sat where they could. The organ is fine : the music was beautiful. One of the hymns, fitly, was 'for those in peril on the sea.' Never was more silent or interesting congregation. Even one's voice, very worn out after St. Giles', came back nicely. And the sermon was only twenty minutes. Our only Fettes boy of that time dined with the Head-master, and felt the honour duly. And the labour of getting up the lecture was repaid by a cheque for sixteen guineas from St. Giles', and ten more for redelivering the treatise in the Park Church at Glasgow. We all thought this handsome. But in future years the pay was to grow much more. The lectures were published when each was given : then in a volume. This went on for five years.

Thursday December 2 was our Winter fast-day. A day to remember. I had St. Mary's, and we had only morning service there. The sermon was preached by good Dr.

Watson, this year Moderator. It was most wise and admirable : very quiet, and short, but awful. The text was, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' It was the last he ever preached in St. Andrews. No one dreamt he was so near the end. But he was not a man to last long. It was a powerful head, with marked features : but a slight and worn frame. He preached, after that day, just once in the parish church at Dundee, on the first Sunday of the year : and never again did he enter a pulpit save in the May of 1881, at the opening of the General Assembly : when, as retiring Moderator, he preached in St. Giles'. Then he got through with little appearance of exhaustion. But in a few weeks he was gone. Tulloch came to dine with him on the fast day evening, and one or two more, including Dr. Watson's son who was here at College. He was bright and cheery : but never other than quiet. When his son took him away to catch the latest train to Dundee, none of us thought that he was to cross this threshold no more. But so it was to be. We had parted with that wise and good man.

In a long day's visiting of the country part of the parish on Friday December 10, I found that many good old folk had been greatly disappointed through not being able to get to the Communion on the previous Sunday. Accordingly I arranged to have the Communion in a cottage on the following Monday : and told a number of frail people. To my surprise and encouragement, I got twenty promises to be present. For in Scotland, the Communion has for long been so linked with the church,

and the Sunday, that this meant getting over a good deal of prejudice. On the Monday, at 11 A.M., Dr. Anderson and I went out, and we had the little service, lasting half an hour. But eight who had promised failed to come. I fancy they had got frightened. The occasion was most solemn. We hoped it was comforting to several old folk, who would never be in church again. It was a fine sunshiny day, which was pleasant. But Sunday plainly would have been preferred. And now, when we have the Communion in our Chapel at Boarhills, four miles out, we have generally a 'Second Table' at a cottage in the little village, for such as are unable to come to church. It is greatly valued.

On Thursday December 30 it is recorded that I went and sat for a while with Tulloch. He was keen and clever as ever he was. But the cloud was falling which fell so mysteriously. And none could help.

CHAPTER XXI

DEAN WELLESLEY: THE C. C. C.

THE year 1881 came in with a dark rainy morning, and day. We had service that morning as usual. New Year's day is a great popular holiday in Scotland: so that a rainy day is very regrettable for divers reasons, some of them better understood than expressed. A rainy holiday, in or near a large town, eventuates, by the evening, in pandemonium. The wine of this country, when bad, is awfully bad, physically and morally.

Pardon the statement that each month in this year, I had a little essay in the Parish Magazine of the Church, which bears the happy title of *Life and Work*. Committees are great agencies with us: and the 'Committee on Christian Life and Work' has done about the best work of any. We owe it to Professor Charteris, who succeeded Dr. Lee in the Chair of Biblical Criticism at Edinburgh. Biblical Criticism practically means the study of the New Testament. An association, less grave than the occasion, comes with the name. Of old, a Club existed among the undergraduates here, the qualification for which was that after absorbing an incredible amount of toddy, a youth should, with clear articulation, say the words *Biblical*

Criticism. I have no doubt the legend is like many other legends : but I put such levities away. Professor Charteris early gave himself to ecclesiastical affairs ; and he has shown a really statesman-like mind. He is singularly unselfish : he is absolutely devoted to the Church and her welfare. He has remarkable tact and unfailing good temper, combined with a quiet unyielding zeal. He has gradually won the hearts of some who at the beginning liked not his methods, and even now essentially differ from him : for the gravitation of our best men is to the Anglican Church, while Charteris and some others are more at home with our fragmentary Presbyterianism. But he has done more for the Church, in his own field, than any living man : and this year of grace, 1892, he is righteously designated Moderator. Among many things done by his Committee, one was the establishment of this Parish Magazine. It has been edited from the first by my dear friend Dr. McMurtrie ; and it has attained a great success : 110,000 copies being sold monthly. It costs but a penny. It is handsomely printed and illustrated. And it pays its contributors with a liberality which leaves little to be desired.

My twelve essays in 1881 were each *Of Life* : thought of in divers ways. I found the work of writing them very pleasant. I had hitherto written, almost exclusively, for readers outside of Scotland : assuredly quite outside her Kirk : Now I had come home. And never did wanderer meet a warmer welcome. It was Dr. McMurtrie who had suggested a series of essays on *Life and Work*. And resting at Marlee in August 1880 they were given to me

without an effort. I wrote the first four there : the others here as they were wanted. There is something pleasant in a short flight : in writing what is written at one or two sittings : in writing what *comes* to one. On successive mornings, my subject and its treatment were given : I had but to write the sentences which flowed. And it was most touching to read the host of letters from readers high and low which came : all that year, all years since. Some were highly phonetic in spelling. Very many, from aged, poor and suffering souls, were not read without a tear. At the end of 1881 they were published, with some others, these essays ; in a volume called *Our Little Life*. And when twelve more essays *Of Work* had been published, they were collected in a second series bearing the same name. If any mortal should care to know what this humble writer was, as he grew old, it will be found in these two volumes.

Young preachers may care to know that when I began my Wednesday afternoon services in Advent 1880, I gave, for the little sermon, the first four essays *Of Life*. But, though so successful when published, they were a distinct failure : did not interest the congregation like the short extempore meditations to which people had grown accustomed. For they had been written *to be read* : and they did not do to be preached. Of course, there are sermons which will serve both to be preached and read ; but then both ends must be latently but perpetually held in view while writing them. And if they prove extremely popular when read, it is very likely they were not specially so when delivered. There is the other alternative too. There have

been sermons which men and women held their breath to hear, which, being published, could not be read at all. I have tried to read them.

For four months this season our skating pond bore most days. On January 11 I went down in intense frost; and realised Dickens' imagery of 'a white and yellow desert' under the sinking sun. That day, I saw the most miraculous skating ever beheld of me. Several Canadian ladies were there sometimes: they had had opportunity to study the art such as is not given here. Upon that day Mr. Gilmour of Montrave in this county, a laird of great wealth and public spirit, who ought to be in Parliament, was there, and skated finely. But Mrs. Gilmour's skating was quite marvellous. One looked on in amazement. With perfect ease she did things which were not only terribly difficult and dangerous, but things which seemed absolutely impossible. Nor did she keep her secrets to herself: she had quite a class of promising girls whom she was instructing in these mysteries. It appeared to me that (as with the doings of great wizards), even after being told how to do the thing, you were not materially nearer unto doing it. You must practise, practise, practise.

On Sunday January 16 I preached at the opening of the new church of Duns, in Berwickshire. Surely never was cold so awful as at that time. It had lasted long, that frost: it grew ever more intense: till the air entered one's lungs like a sword, and all water-pipes were frozen. I went to Edinburgh on the Friday, and staid the night at the University Club. But though I had a piled-up fire in

my room, and all possible wraps heaped on the bed, sleep was impossible through absolute starvation from cold. I can remember nothing like it. Deep snow covered all the country on Saturday. On Sunday the scene was Arctic : the roads, feet deep, were opened by the snow-plough. Of course the congregation was crowded all the same. People can come to church when they please. The organ and music were fine, and the services hearty. I cannot forget next morning : a time of a weird miraculous beauty in combination with extreme physical misery : the misery of the cold that kills, and that had lasted for weeks. We must arise at six ; and drive away through an atmosphere which (as Milton expressed it) *burned froze* : an unutterable chill the like of which no man remembered. I saw the sun rise over that great white expanse, where the prospect reached twenty miles : a cold yellow glory that stretched across the whole South-Eastern horizon, and glinted level on the snowy slopes : a magnificence never to be forgotten : on either hand the snowy walls piled-up, in some places ten feet high. One felt that to keep in the spark of life amid such surroundings was all that was possible. A very little more would be death. Such a Winter is beautiful beyond all words : but it is fatal.

On Monday January 24 I was profoundly impressed by what may be done through determined pushing. The awful weather continued. I had gone out two miles into the country that forenoon, and found the roads cut through snow often six feet deep. I had promised, long before, to take the chair at a lecture, with lime-light illustrations, in

the Town Hall, to be given by one I remembered as a bright youth at Glasgow College, and had not seen since I was nineteen. When he called that afternoon, I told him I feared it was hopeless to get people out : just the Monday before a very attractive entertainment had proved a dead failure. 'Just you come at eight o'clock and see,' he said. He had found out all our schools, public and private : all boarding-houses where were many boys. Poor fellow, he must have gone to them all, and probably offered special terms, and exerted much eloquence. No doubt, much practice had made him perfect. But, in any case, at eight the hall was quite full : with young and old : and he gave a really interesting lecture. Not Mr. Disraeli better understood the power of flattery : I would that a tithe of what he said of me, as undergraduate, preacher, and author, were but true. And many of my parishioners here learnt for the first time that I had been a successful student at Glasgow. In the Kirk, University standing goes for nothing. And some of our preachers frequently say that University honours are not the smallest proof of ability. Never mind about that. But how that poor lecturer must have worked the oracle : and that in a place he never saw before. I felt within myself that in his circumstances I should have caved in, and lectured to empty benches, or not at all. Some of us deserve no credit for not being Pushers : it simply is not in us to be such. And the moral disapproval with which we contemplate the Pusher, specially in our own vocation, is tempered with a certain admiration. After all, thickness of skin, selfishness, self-

conceit, and impudence, are not admirable. But these were not present in that poor lecturer: not at all. He was fighting, that bleak winter-time, for his wife and children. He asked me for a certificate. I wrote it, as warmly as I could, ere I rested that night. He needed it not. For he caught a cold in his weary journeying: he could not stop to take care of it: and in ten days he was gone. Then I lamented, bitterly, that I had not shown him more kindness than I did.

The record of that January says that the roads were like Switzerland. Walking towards Strathtyrum, on the footpath, the snow was piled up to that degree that one could not see the omnibuses going to the railway on the carriage-road.

Well I remember February 21 in that year. I was coming out of the Club in Edinburgh when I met John Brown coming in: the sweet-natured and beloved John Brown of 'Rab and his Friends.' I never saw him looking so ill: very worn, weary, beaten. He asked with great earnestness for Tulloch, who was now passing through his very darkest days. I made things as hopeful as I could. Then Dr. Brown made his solitary remark to me about what we all knew. With a terrible look, he said, 'You know I understand what that is.' Yes, I knew: knew that times came when that pathetic and lovable genius was whelmed in depths of darkness which our Principal (God be thanked) never knew. One could but hold John Brown's hand a little while, and silently look at his face. Then we parted: for the last time.

Saturday, March 5, 1881, was a memorable day here. It was a dismal morning of stormy wind and bitter cold : the snow deeper than ever, and most of the railways blocked. Though it was Saturday, I was out by 12 o'clock on duty : and going along South Street met the Kate Kennedy procession in a heavy fall of snow : the East wind killing. Kate called at this house in due time, and was received with all honour. But the heavy snowstorm ceased not all that afternoon. A vessel was driven upon the West sands ; but the lifeboat went out and saved the crew. Much worse was to befall. A large three-masted ship had been driving in before the wind. She was seen miles off : the masts were gone, but she could steer. Had she been steered fifty yards to the right, she would have run on the soft beach. But, through some deplorable blunder, she was steered upon the rocks at the Witches' Lake. There the rocks are fifty feet perpendicular : there are great reefs, with deep water between : and the lifeboat could not reach her. But a rope was thrown over her by a rocket : and the poor fellows on board, not forty yards from the crowd upon the rocks, cheered, thinking danger over. Then the ship, in a moment, turned on its side and slipt into deep water off the reef it had rested on. There were eight on board, and every one perished. They were stiff and starved, and wore great yellow waterproofs : they had not a chance, poor souls. The bodies were not found for days. I read the burial service over those unknown brothers, two and three at a time.

Seven youths were rusticated for taking part in that

Kate Kennedy function. The sympathy of St. Andrews, generally, was thoroughly with them. But of course students must obey the authorities of their College. There has never been another Kate Kennedy's Day.

On April 14, Maundy Thursday, I dined with Principal Shairp to meet Mr. Bonamy Price. He was a Double-First; and an extraordinarily vivacious man. One listened to him with vast interest, as he poured himself out. He was, as Shairp and I also were, Wordsworthian through and through. He said that for pathos, there is nothing equal to *Michael* in all literature. I do not know all literature: but so far as I know I can go along with him. He told us of an interesting talk he had with Tennyson in some public conveyance. He said much to Tennyson about *In Memoriam*. Finally, when they had to part, the great poet took him by the hand, and said 'Who are you? I must know who you are.' But Bonamy Price said, 'No: I'm nobody': and so went away. I think even Tennyson would have been pleased to know who it was that prized his writings so highly. Double-Firsts are not many. And I have known some who would not have cared a doit for *In Memoriam*. Further, an Oxford Professor is of mark anywhere.

On Thursday May 12, round my good old pensioners, in anticipation of May 15 when the rent must be forthcoming. I always end that round near a large garden, where I hope to see blossoming trees. But, this late season, there were none out. But I had been cheered by finding some very fine 'flourish' in a dirty back-court

in the town, where doubtless the trees were kept warmer.

I was due at Selsdon Park on Thursday May 19. But a memorable little visit on the way thither. On the Tuesday before to London, to the King's Cross Hotel. The mangy little bit of green behind it was shabby as ever: it has been tidied in these last years. On Wednesday, a gloomy rainy day, by rail through the exquisite English landscape to Windsor: and up to Hugh Pearson's charming house in the Castle. The Queen was in residence, as the flag testified. Pearson was in London, at a Christening: where the Godfather was Lord Selborne, then Chancellor. Pearson remarked with what fervour the good man said, 'All this I steadfastly believe.' Much to be envied. For one has known men just as able as Lord Selborne, and just as conscientious, who were *Not Quite Sure*. Pearson also spoke of a deaf Godfather who, being asked if he believed what all Christians hold as vital verities, said with emphasis 'I renounce them all.' I had time to look about a little: then at 3.30 service at St. George's Chapel. A good congregation: the music very splendid: the Anthem, by Purcell, took fourteen minutes. Out at 4.30. My stall was near that occupied by Dean Wellesley: which is in fact the Sovereign's. The Clergy have no place they can call their own in that fine church save the space within the altar rails. When I came out, there was drenching rain. In a minute the Dean came, and recognised one seen but once before. He said, 'Whenever it rains like this, I walk round the Cloister

after service for an hour. Come and walk with me : I know you are at Pearson's.' I was too happy, and we proceeded to walk, not very slowly, round and round. It was a singular experience. It was just like walking with the great Duke : the Dean was exactly like his Uncle. A sharp keen face : white hair : he generally looked straight before him. Of course, it was his to speak, and mine to hear. And only a special idiot would think to 'draw' Dean Wellesley. But, in a little, how startlingly outspoken ! I have read that it is incredible that he should have said certain things recorded in the Life of Bishop Wilberforce. Anything but incredible : extremely likely. The error was in repeating what was said. But I am not going to tell what he told to me : unless things which might be published on the house-tops. Having gone round the Cloister once, in silence, he said, abruptly, 'It is very strange how capriciously the great places of the Church of England go.' I replied, meekly, that some of us were under the impression that he knew as much about these hidden matters as any one living. 'Oh no : not at all : I know just what anybody may know.' A minute's silence. 'Well, I dare say I know as much as any one else.' I should say, Of a surety he did. For he went on to pour out strange things : things affecting both Church and State. Not a word shall be said, save Dean Stanley's word, 'Election !' What a toss-up it is ! Men who appeared in the certain way to any possible height, tripped-up : and the outsider winning the race. I learnt a lesson. *Be insignificant !* Then you give no offence :

you make no enemies. Any very eminent man has made many enemies. And no one can say who may some day stick a spoke in the wheel, and arrest a triumphal progress. It was a man who has risen just as high as may be who once said to me, 'The fact is, it's a miracle that anybody ever gets anything.' The practical lesson was, 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.' You are just as likely to get them: and you will save yourself much fever, much suspense; and the temptation to very mean arts. And all this, which is true of the great places of a great Institution, is just as true of the little places of a small Institution.

There is no reason why one should not say that the Dean expressed his opinion that it was all right for the Sovereign to attend the parish church in Scotland; but that he had strongly set forth his objection to receiving the Holy Communion. 'Why?' The answer seemed of no force. 'Because the Anglican Communion is an essential part of the Coronation service, and therefore one who has been crowned ought not to receive the Sacrament elsewhere.' I ventured to reply that nobody dreamt of the Sovereign ceasing to attend the Anglican Communion: that we in the North thought one might well embrace every opportunity of receiving, whether North or South of the Tweed. I spoke in vain. He said that Archbishop Tait had expressed the same opinion: likewise that another had expressed it too, whose name I was greatly surprised to hear, and will not mention. But, as years have gone on, I have had reason to know that

everything Dean Wellesley said was accurately true, both of things past and things to come. He did indeed utter one prophecy : which the event, so far, has neither confirmed nor contradicted. Whoso lives, will see.

It was the hour exactly. I never, in any hour of my life, heard things so remarkable. As it came to 5.30, the drenching rain still falling, we arrived at his own door. He held out a very iron hand : said just ' Good-bye ' : disappeared into his dwelling ; and I never saw him more.

A keen strong sense was what impressed one : a certain cynicism. Hard intellect and insight, without much of the emotional element. But he once, for a minute, softened. A bright, good-looking youth appeared : but for him, we had had the Cloister to ourselves, all that hour. ' My son, Arthur Wellesley.' One had heard the name before : and could but wish that he might bear it worthily.

So into Pearson's house : even his curates called him *Hugh Pearson*. Such was his wish. And Dean Stanley was never anything but *Arthur*. Pearson had come : and there was the kindest of welcomes. All over the beautiful house. You enter it on the level of the Cloister : but looking out from the other side, you are high in Windsor Castle (which is a little town) : and you look down on the wonderful plain below, Eton Chapel, the Thames, and in the distance the heights of Harrow. Tea : then all over St. George's Chapel : the minute inspection of it which is accorded to privileged folk. At eight, a cheerful little dinner-party. Two men, with magnificent voices, who had

done the service that afternoon: two ladies and two men who had been at St. Andrews. Like the drawing-room at Sonning, the dining-room here was wainscotted with black oak. The entire house was a picture to remember; and it had been furnished in the most exquisite taste. The Queen, a few yards off, had nothing about her so delightful.

Next morning, at 10.30, service at St. George's. Pearson put on his surplice in his house: all the way was under cover. He read the Lessons, simply and well. When we parted, I did not think that I should see him no more. His call was sudden. On Good Friday of next year, 1882, he preached in Sonning Church. On Easter Day, April 9 (the natural Easter Day, the actual day of the Resurrection), he was at early Communion: and he preached at morning service, telling the people it was his fortieth Easter Day among them. On the Thursday in that week he died: the same man as he had lived. 'Unexpected this: but God's will and therefore best: yet it is a bitter wrench to leave all you dear ones.' He might have been Dean of Westminster when Stanley died.

That afternoon by 5.48 train from Victoria to East Croydon, my daughter and I: Alexander joining us there. A man of striking aspect passed the carriage, who might from his dress have been Dean or Bishop. We wondered who he was: when a young parson in the carriage said *The Dean of Chichester*: Dean Burgon, of much renown. At Croydon we found with much delight that he too was for Selsdon; and we drove there together. We found the

Bishop very cheery and well, and a little less over-worked than usual. An evening to be remembered. Dean Burgon was the keenest of controversialists, but the most delightful of men. One was drawn to the man who had smitten the awful attempt to revise the New Testament. Scholarship may have been there: but discernment of the music of English prose far away. Further, the line came back, in his prize poem on Petra: 'A rose-red city, half as old as time.' And how he talked! Fluent, pathetic, humorous, full of quaint stories: altogether charming. He had that kind interest in young women, of which every one knows. While he lived, at least twice in a year, he sent a long letter to my daughter, sometimes telling all about a Quarterly paper which was in writing. I remember, too, how pleased he was when, the hour of chapel having come, she appeared in a great cap suited to the function. Others were bare-headed: and he liked it not. He went next morning: but not till we had held a long and interesting talk concerning the ecclesiastical systems of North and South. We could not quite agree. But, in the very kindest and most brotherly way, we could agree to differ. Nor was the difference great. He could say, and write, terrible things. But I know what I found him: and I cherish the warmest and pleasantest remembrance of Dean Burgon. Nor can I ever forget how heartily he spoke and wrote of the *Scottish Hymnal*.

It was the morning of Friday May 20, 1881, on which we parted. I was in luck in my experience of Chichester. For, long before, I had found Dean Hook just as kind as

Dean Burgon : and had been taken by him over Cathedral, Palace, Deanery, and all the other sights. And the days were to come on which, more than once or twice, I was to meet the like gracious greeting from the dignified and sweet-natured patriarch Bishop Durnford : surely the ideal of a wise and sympathetic Father in God. That Friday was memorable in this little household : for my daughter and I went down to Beddington church with the Bishop, and there she was confirmed : one of 160. In due time, the Bishop did the service when she was married. And, as he ordained my son both Deacon and Priest, one would be aware of a warm tie to him : even if there were not fifty others.

May 22 was Rogation Sunday. Sixteen miles drive to Surbiton : morning service St. Mark's. Archdeacon Burney bears a name which is classic. At 3, the chapel of Mr. Tabor's great school at Cheam, as two years before. At 7, evening service at Selsdon. The brightest of days : and a full one. One day this week we had for the night Mr. Bourke, brother of Lord Mayo who was killed when Governor-General of India ; with his wife, daughter of Archbishop Longley of Canterbury. She had quite her father's face. When a little boy, I had my first look of the Queen in the Chapel Royal, St. James's : and the Bishop of Ripon (as he was then) preached. I remember the sermon, vividly : and the text. It was all very graceful and beautiful. We had Handel's Coronation anthem : which if I were a sovereign, I would rather not have. It is quite too much. I never heard but one other person

preach to the Queen: and it was in much homelier surroundings. On Sunday May 29, twenty miles to Kew: where the Bishop preached for the restoration of the church. Then early dinner, with quite the most respectable people one could well meet. Never before did I take in a Princess, who was likewise a Duchess; and who was amiability itself. She introduced me to a sweet young girl of fourteen, who, a little while since, was to be tried as few have ever been tried. We had walked a while about the pretty garden. A pleasanter man than the Commander-in-Chief (if that be his proper designation), could not be. The charming Princess confided to me the awful fact, that she downright hated the service of the Kirk. I told her that she had not seen it quite at its best: and revealed something of the innovations of these latter years. She summed up, with incredible attractiveness (most admirable of women): 'Ah, if I could only see the service done by you!' People of that rank, it is impossible to deny, have the faculty of making themselves extraordinarily agreeable. They may not mean what they say. But they say it sweetly. Furthermore, they tell you things with a frankness which transcends all expectation. Nor do they crack all the connection up. Likewise, they speak modestly. I was quite touched when Prince Leopold, speaking to the lowly writer concerning Windsor Castle, called it 'our house.' I suppose, in fact, it does belong to us all.

On the evening of Monday, May 30, I attended a function very singular to me. That morning, my host

went early to London for much duty, bidding good-bye. It was a day of blazing sunshine : and, following an unwise fashion, I penetrated to every nook of the grounds, having a last look. It is noted that the hawthorns and lilacs were wonderful. Good-bye to the two little girls, whom I have seen gradually grow up : and at 3 P.M. drove away. To Victoria. At 5, tea with good old Bishop Claughton of St. Albans, who had London rooms in Belgrave Mansions, near the station. I staid till 6, and the Prelate questioned me sharply as to what I was to say that evening. Finally, to the Deanery at 7.40 : my last visit to it. It was a meeting of the C. C. C. Society : a Society of forty of the London clergy : some of the most outstanding in divers ways. The brightest and most lifelike of all was Dean Stanley, who just on that day seven weeks was to pass from this world. How vividly it all comes back : the quaint old house, under the shadow of that august church : the look-out upon the ancient buildings round : the fading twilight of the beautiful summer evening : the entire moral atmosphere of that departed day. All the stranger, just in this hour, because so unlike the surroundings which are present. For I have sat down, with the outlook of three hours, after a day mainly spent among dear folk who know not what exactly is a Dean, and who assuredly are ignorant of the meaning of a Chapter. The last statement is made advisedly : for I lately read a paper, written by a Glasgow man of vast wealth, in which it was declared that the Chapter-house of a Cathedral was so styled, because of old a chapter of the Bible was daily read aloud there. Arch-

deacon Cheetham was President for the year : and I remember Mr. Fremantle, Mr. Llewellyn Davies, Mr. Garden, Mr. Harry Jones, Mr. Brooke Lambert, Mr. Ross, Mr. Malcolm Maccoll. It was in the drawing-room of the Deanery, which many remember well. The only artificial light was two great candles on a little table. The Archdeacon said a collect and the Lord's Prayer : and I noted with envy the heartiness with which it was joined in. I did not think then that in 1890, and 1891, I was to hear it just as heartily joined in by the General Assembly. The Secretary read a brief minute. Then I sat down at the little table, and proceeded to read a Dissertation, prepared with much care. The President had not only asked me to do so, but had given me my subject. It was *The Treatment of Heresy in Scotland*. Though I should not have chosen the subject, I *took to it*. It was one of great interest just then. Never had I more sympathetic or attentive hearing. On my right hand, close by, sat the Dean, to receive (when I had to pause) occasional whispered explanations. My purpose was, if at all possible, not to be tiresome. The dignity of dulness I held cheap. I had my ample reward. One good man, very Low Church, complained of a lack of gravity. But my hearers appeared to rather enjoy the discourse : and Dean Stanley uttered an occasional yell, and clapped his hands. The reader may possibly think that these eminent men were easily pleased : he may read that dissertation if he choose so to do.¹

The paper having been read, a discussion followed. It

¹ *Our Little Life* : Second Series, p. 256.

was extremely bright and lively, and very outspoken. But in a very few minutes, the discussion passed quite away from the *Treatment of Heresy in Scotland*: and it became a debate on *The Treatment of Heresy in England*. And I was disillusioned. I heard it maintained keenly that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is not a whit more impartial than a Church Court: that the members of that mystic body vote according to their ecclesiastical or theological bias: and that the judgment often founds on considerations of policy. My conclusion was, that wherever there are human beings, North or South, Episcopal or Presbyterian, there will be a great deal of human nature. We know that in the House of Lords, in a judicial appeal, such a thing has been known as a strict party vote, the Judges being divided according to their politics. It is best, if you wish to retain reverence and confidence, not to know too much of even the most elevated of our fellow-creatures. And I remembered how Dr. Grant of Edinburgh, shrewdest of men, once spoke to me of a most conscientious not to say saintly brother. 'He tells me that when there is to be a division in the Presbytery, he casts aside all bias, and prays God to guide him right. I have no doubt he does exactly as he says he does. But, all the same, I can always tell beforehand how he is sure to vote.'

At ten o'clock the discussion ceased: each man confirmed in his previous opinion. Then there was supper. I sat next the Dean, who said many kind things. Finally, as it drew towards midnight, I took Stanley's hand for the last time; and departed with Archdeacon Cheetham to the

Old College at Dulwich, then his charming home. The final words which I heard Stanley's voice say were, 'Yes, I'll preach for you on a Sunday in August.' But that was not to be. The Sunday came. But A. P. S. had gone away. He preached in Westminster Abbey on Sunday July 10. He died on Monday July 18. It would be a vain thing to tell how his loss was felt here. Dr. Watson of Dundee died on Wednesday July 20. The record of that day says, 'I feel it a heavy blow, and a solemn warning. How long I remember him!' He left more brilliant men behind him in the Kirk: he did not leave wiser, truer, or better. Next Sunday, here, as in many other places, a word must be said of both. How warmly I have heard each, the Anglican dignitary and the Scottish presbyter (more than once or twice), speak of the other!

In July 1881 Tulloch's name disappeared from the cover of *Fraser*. He had in fact ceased to edit it six months at least before. He was now away seeking restored health at Torquay. While he lived, he did not cease to speak warmly of the considerate kindness he met from the Publishers through this trying time.

The outstanding incident of our seven weeks this season at Marlee was the setting-up of the stones of a little Druidical Circle on the estate. For thirty years at least, three of the six great stones had been cast down, one of them being broken into three pieces and put in a ditch. No mortal man seemed to take the smallest interest in the thing. Finally, having spoken much in vain, I wrote to the Laird, a total stranger, living in London; and pointed out

how interesting a relic was being neglected, and in the way to be destroyed. He was a shy recluse, and hardly ever saw his pretty estate : hence it was that the strange old House fell into decay, and came within our reach. In days when fine shooting went with it, Sir Richard Bethell, then Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Chancellor, had it one Autumn : and Mr. Rae, the parish minister, told us how simple and frank the great man was, all his airs being left behind him in London. The Laird at once, in the pleasantest way, issued orders that the Circle should be set right. The stone which had been broken was bound together with clamps of iron, and set in its place. Finally, the six awful-looking monoliths stood upright, as two thousand years ago. A public road runs through the circle, just missing the great stones on either side. This by good luck : for those who made the road knew not the extraordinary interest of the relic they used so heedlessly. Very often, generally in the fading light, I used to visit the spot : the Circle always had to me a weird and eerie look. It was not made quite as I desired. I should have had the space within levelled, and mown continually, so as to show the full height of the stones. A heap of road metal profanes it : and the repaired stone stands on the farther side of the ditch in which it lay. The stone could not be elsewhere : the ditch might be. It is singular how the site of the Circle is the regulation one : on a considerable level, elevated somewhat above the country round, and commanding a vast view through the great hills rising all round it, miles away.

To very many houses all over the land there came this August a memorial volume from the great Dean's library. Mine is the handsome quarto, *Men of Mark: A Gallery of Contemporary Portraits*. It bears the inscription, *A remembrance of the Deanery, Westminster: with Mrs. Drummond's kind regards*. Wherever these volumes went, they were prized as few have been.

On Tuesday September 20 a welcome guest arrived: Mr. Alexander, now Vicar of St. Paul's Church, Walworth. He had never seen St. Andrews till now. His days were few, and the first were of Equinoctial tempest. But he had rest: and he seemed happy. It was a great change from Selsdon Park, and diocesan business: also from St. Paul's, to which the Bishop had presented him, and where he had difficulties at first, all beautifully got over. A cynical little boy of this house remarked that I had expected he would walk about the Cathedral with me, and talk of church things: whereas he gravitated to much younger folk, and gave himself to tennis parties. I would he could come back again, exactly as he used to be. I thought of asking him to preach at the parish church on the morning of Sunday September 25: I was free to do so. But I thought it might get him into trouble in his parish, and did not. He read prayers that morning at our Episcopal church instead: many were disappointed that he did not preach. But in the evening he came to St. Mary's, which was much crowded, and where the music was at its very best. There was an anthem, very well sung. On the whole, I could not conscientiously tell him that

though the praise was hearty, it was not nearly so good as usual. I remark that whenever I preach for a friend who has fine music, the case is so. We had hoped a much longer visit of this most attractive young parson. But there were engagements of duty. And after a good deal of telegraphing, he had to go on the evening of Monday.

On one of the first days of October, Tulloch came back from Torquay perfectly well. He had passed through his longest time of darkness ; and he had gone away under the belief that he should return no more. But Sir Andrew Clark took him in hand resolutely : and the Principal, who had small faith in medical men generally, found his master and had to obey commands, with the best result. Possibly, he was coming from under the cloud in any case. He did come out, and walked for many days in sunshine. At least, in equable daylight. He was bright and cheerful. He came and dined with us soon. And it is noted that it was near a year since he had done so last.

There are a great many clever young parsons about, who never get their due. On Tuesday November 15 we had a meeting here on behalf of the McAll Mission at Paris. Mr. Campbell, then the Scotch Chaplain at Paris, made 'a most admirable speech : I hardly ever heard a better.' It was singular how in look, and every little detail of manner, he had become quite a Frenchman. In due time he returned to Scotland, and is now minister of a church at Aberdeen. He is a Son of the Manse, like many of our very best clergy. Duncan Campbell comes

from beautiful Pitlochry : known as the place where Bishop Ryle of Liverpool persistently preaches in the parish kirk, and knows not the Episcopal at all. If all his public appearances are like that one at St. Andrews, my brother of the Manse must do credit to his ancestry.

One's brothers of the Manse generally do so. There are few great places in this country which they have not reached. But if one went down to the grandsons, the record would be remarkable indeed. I name but two. They did not like one another. Quite otherwise, indeed. Brougham, and Macaulay. In Mr. Macvey Napier's Correspondence, you may read a letter in which Macaulay says of Brougham, 'That man is inspired by the Devil.' The statement is strong. But a letter a few days later had advanced upon it. For indeed it ran, 'That man is the Devil.'

CHAPTER XXII

SIR THEODORE MARTIN LORD RECTOR: GADSHILL

WITH November 1881, our Colleges entered on their work as usual. But it was a great occasion when Sir Theodore Martin, now Lord Rector, came in this month to give his inaugural address. He gave a really excellent address, flavoured with Conservative politics to a degree not usually popular in Scotland, but which gave no offence: and we were all delighted with him in private; both those who now made his acquaintance and those who had known him long. But I do not think Sir Theodore, whom I may venture to call an old friend (for I met him first at John Parker's, and that many times, in May 1860), would be aggrieved were it added, that he brought with him the most charming of all possible companions in that supreme dramatic genius Lady Martin, much better known to world-wide fame as Miss Helen Faucit. Her name and presence were quite enough. But when she read *As You Like It* to the University in the Town Hall, it can but be said that she stirred our warm-hearted youths to a wild enthusiasm.

Our Rectors have been a very remarkable set of men: and their selection says much for the electorate. But the

roll would be even more remarkable, if there were added to it the names of the unsuccessful candidates: if candidate be the word here. Thomas Campbell was Lord Rector of Glasgow. But Sir Walter was the rejected. When Sir Theodore was chosen, Mr. Freeman was cast aside. When somebody whom I remember not at all was chosen at Glasgow, the rejected was 'Vir doctus, Gulielmus Wordsworth': I hear Professor Ramsay, with clear voice, read the result in Latin. There happily abides one who is certainly the most brilliant of living Scotsmen: who has already, at an early age, been Rector both of Aberdeen and of Edinburgh, and who must of a surety be Rector of each of the remaining two Scotch Universities in time (they have each begun by making him LL.D.), who has written of St. Andrews: 'What a grave splendid procession of Lord Rectors has passed you in Court polonaise into the land of shadows beyond, while you sate among your saintly monuments and sketched them! You have a noble background for historical figures.' I have seen many Rectors of St. Andrews: and the present, Lord Dufferin, who gave his inaugural address just a year ago, is equal to any of them from the first. But I trust I may be allowed to live to see the chair filled by Lord Rosebery. How the enthusiastic young fellows here bellowed when he got his degree! Lord Reay was Rector then. When the grave procession filed out of the Hall, the Earl was laid hold of and kept behind: then the undergraduates (and graduates) environed him, shrieking for 'A Speech!' I think I see the solemn look of reprobation with which he

began in awful tones: 'Gentlemen, this is most un-academical.'

On Saturday November 19 Sir Theodore and Lady Martin arrived at Principal Tulloch's. That evening we met them there. Time tells not upon either. But I thought how in that departed May, I had the great honour to take the lady down to dinner in her own house. It was quite bewildering. I had seen her continually before, but never in private. And it seemed as though Lady Macbeth had taken my arm, and Constance, and Pauline, and Lady Mabel in the forgotten *Patrician's Daughter*. Never was genius more unaffected: never more kind. And after a while, when I ventured to introduce the subject, she spoke with a charming frankness about those unforgettable appearances: telling me many things of extreme interest. Sir Theodore has written much: and all well: though I would he had not been so hard upon our St. Andrews Lord Chancellor in his *Life of Lord Lyndhurst*. But after all, the Bon Gaultier Ballads stand out in most memories: whereof the merit belongs pretty equally to Sir Theodore and to our lost and dear Professor Aytoun. Sunday November 20, though so deep in Winter, was beautiful and bright: The Lord Rector and Lady Martin came to the parish church and sat in St. Mary's College seat with Tulloch. She had never been in a Scotch Kirk before. But the Rector, an Edinburgh man, was pleased to hear the old Psalms and Tunes. After service, they went round the church: and the Rector came down and sat in my study. It was a lovely summer day when at 3 P.M. we

walked away, the Rector and his wife, Mrs. Tulloch and her girls, to the Cathedral, St. Mary of the Rock, and the Castle. Lady Martin had looked fragile: but she clambered up the ruined walls of the Castle in the most active way. At evening service at St. Mary's the crowd was extraordinary, the church a good deal fuller than it could hold: I fancy from some hope that our distinguished visitors might appear there. Next day was the Inauguration: two o'clock as always. I was there at 1.30, and delighted in the students' songs. The music is really excellent: but the songs are all their own: you cannot hear them anywhere else. Sometimes, under this roof, they have been rendered in past years: but they need, for true enjoyment, that old Library Hall. The Rector had been diligently instructed how to make himself heard by Lady Martin: none more competent. He spoke out admirably, and was heard of all. His address took a little more than an hour. At 7, dinner in the quaint old lower hall of St. Mary's College. A small party: the Professors and the Lord Rector: but he had kindly begged that I might be there. I thought of a party at John Parker's table where I first met him: Helps, Kingsley, Buckle, Ormsby, Smiles, Pollock, Robertson (Canterbury), Lord Stanley of Alderley, and many more. Things were changed. At 9, a crowded reception in the Library. Next day, the Rector, Tulloch, and William Tulloch, lunched here that some might meet them: but Lady Martin, most wished for, was in bed, ill. Saving herself, too, for the evening, when she read for quite two hours to a dense

crowd, 1,000 people. First, from the *Merchant of Venice* : then, as already recorded. The reading, of course, was quite above all praise.

As when Stanley was here, luncheon over we came into my study, and had some interesting talk. It appeared to me that men living in awful London come to have many alarms about the political outlook which never reach us here at all. Possibly they are right. It is not of the Rector I am now thinking. I trust that those of whom I am thinking are wrong. For if they are right, the ground is mined beneath our feet.

A fortnight at Selsdon Park again this 1882, beginning with May 18. But I am not at present to expatiate on the beauty of the place, or the doings of my dear and kind friend. Only to remark that having gone up to London one day to the Royal Academy, I met in my first five minutes there the only two ministers of the Kirk who are graduates of Cambridge : they being there unknown to one another. Also that I was impressed with the speed with which a dinner-party of all the Bishops was got over at Lambeth, in Archbishop Tait's time. For having spent a long afternoon with Mr. Alexander, going about his parish, seeing his schools, and ending with evensong in the church at 8, I met the Bishop at London Bridge Station a few minutes after 10, he having dined with all his brethren at 8, and driven from Lambeth. On such occasions, Selsdon was far away : not home till 11.30. Next day to Hayes Common, where the hawthorn blossom was in glory : and to the handsome house where is Pitt's table, and hard by

the tree under which Wilberforce urged upon Pitt the abolition of the slave-trade. But the day which stands out in that visit is Friday May 26.

Away early that morning, and by rail from London Bridge, by Gravesend, a road quite new to me, to Higham. A Confirmation at the parish church, all most interesting and good : but I was familiar with such now. And when my friend went away to another in the Marsh Country, I walked up with Dr. Wood, the Rector, to Gadshill. I had looked forward with deep interest to seeing the place so dear to Dickens, about which he wrote so much, and where he died. The present proprietor most kindly took me all over the house. It was smaller, and nearer the road, than I had expected : otherwise exactly like the pictures of it. I saw the study in which he wrote, not permitting any interruption : the dining-room in which he was stricken down, in which he died : I went to every corner of the bit of ground he held so dear : saw the traces of his orderly ways, his tidiness, his love of light and brightness, his desire not to be overlooked and stared-at. One saw it all : the garden, the meadow, the wilderness where the *châlet* stood, the tunnel that passes under the highway and links the severed portion of the little domain. The tunnel disappoints one. You go down a deep well, whose sides are ivy-clad : you pass under the highway : and then climb up another similar well. There was ten times the trouble of walking across the public road : but then there was the sense that the domain of eleven acres was made into one instead of being cut in two. Shairp,

who alone of us here did not fully appreciate Dickens, used to say that he was 'an inspired bagman.' In any case, few human have excited in so many so keen a wish to know all their ways. But it is not here as at Abbotsford, where things remain as nearly as may be as the Wizard left them. Gadshill belongs to the race of Dickens no more. In the study, a chair and table like his stand in the old place. Many have seen Mr. Fildes' touching picture of *The Empty Chair: Gadshill, June 9, 1870*. His bookshelves remain. In these days of oak, one is surprised to find them of mahogany. But the door abides, covered with backs of sham books. None of the titles are so felicitous as Hood's 'Cursory Remarks on Swearing.' Yet there are three volumes, 'Burke (of Edinburgh) on the Sublime and Beautiful': three more, 'Five Minutes in China': one, 'Hudson's Complete Failure': and twenty, 'The History of a Short Chancery Suit.' Mr. Fildes' picture (I see it daily) pleasantly suggests high summer, as you look through the open window. It also suggests a larger room. But if the apartments of the house be smaller than expectation, the Châlet (it is at Cobham Hall now) is a great deal larger, and more substantial every way. And when it stood where Dickens wrote in it all his last day of consciousness, it was up among the June branches, and the June scents and sounds.

The view is very fine. The grand woods of Cobham do not come so near as one expected: but Dickens, who enjoyed long walks, thought less of distances than most men of his years. The ground falls on the North to the

Thames, on the South to the Medway. I had somehow fancied the Marshes were on the Medway. But on the left, as you walk towards Rochester, miles away, is the broad Thames, with the long line of bright green level stretching by its side. Also, I had thought the Marshes would have looked black, like an Irish bog-land. At a bleaker season they may.

Three miles to Rochester : miles worn of his frequent feet who will walk them no more. I have come out from the little gate : passed the little inn where Dickens put up his friends when his own house was overcrowded : parted (with due thanks) from the kind friend, never seen till to-day, through whose introduction the house was opened to me : and am going towards the little Cathedral City (a great place if you count in Strood and Chatham) which had such interest to the great genius gone.

It would be pleasant to relate an incident of that walk : likewise to give some account of the Close and Cathedral of Rochester. But I have already done both.¹ And repetition is needless. But seeking entrance into the Cathedral, I found the door locked. Happily for me, a young clergyman passed at the moment, and in the kindest way offered to bring the verger and get me admittance. Not only this, but he went over the church with me, pointing out all that was of interest in a specially pleasant way. The verger conveyed to me, in a confidential manner, that my guide was Mr. Cyril Grant, Vicar of Aylesford, a

¹ *Our Little Life* : Second Series : p. 174. *East Coast Days : and Memories* : pp. 178-192.

few miles off, and son of Archdeacon Grant, one of the Canons of Rochester. Even I was aware that the Archdeacon's Bampton Lectures made an epoch in the work of the Church of England: and Bishop Wordsworth had told me of an act of self-denying kindness on his part such as has been done by few. Two young ladies who were with Mr. Grant followed round the Cathedral at a little distance. When I bade him good-bye, with warm thanks for extreme courtesy, I offered one of these a beautiful rose from Dickens' favourite tree. It was graciously accepted: and we parted. Little did I think that these charming strangers were to become very special friends. My son Bertie was to become one of Mr. Grant's curates: not merely to minister in his most beautiful church, but to abide as one of the family in the delightful vicarage. No words which can be written here could express what all under this roof feel towards Aylesford Vicarage and those who dwell in it. Both Mr. and Mrs. Grant were to come to know St. Andrews well. And the Vicar, not much dreading prejudice, was to preach in both our churches here: and that with as much 'acceptance' as any who have preached in my time. For brightness, interest, and power to hold silent attention, I have listened to few such preachers. Further, not a scrap of manuscript: though the sermon is as symmetrical, and accurate, as if fully written-out. No higher testimony can be borne to the Anglican Vicar's attractiveness to a Scotch congregation, than when a hearer of great intelligence told me 'it was as good as Dr. Caird.' The vivacity, and energy, were such as

we used to think specially Scotch. Now, they are not uncommon in England.

A glimpse of the grand old Castle : and then, sharp to the appointed moment, I met the Bishop on Rochester Bridge, back from his second Confirmation that day. By rail to Bromley, through beautiful scenery, on that magnificent summer evening. The glowing green, the sapphire sky, the flood of sunshine, how we both enjoyed them : and how beautiful, with a heavenly beauty, all the world seemed ! Then the eight miles drive, through the hawthorns of Hayes Common : and Selsdon Park at 7.40, in two hours from the Cathedral City. One always wished the distance less between the Bishop and his church. But everything must yield to the working of all South London.

Whitsun-Day, May 28, was singular. To Woldingham, where the shabbiest Anglican church I had yet seen. Years after, I found it made beautiful. No vestry. From a rude box, at one corner, the Bishop did the entire service, and preached. As a Prelate had never ministered there before in the memory of any living, the church was crowded, centre passage and all. I numbered the people : 37, counting myself and the Bishop. Yet 15 received the Communion : and everything was uplifting. And coming out of the little sanctuary, which stands high and bleak, on one hand you saw the Crystal Palace, and on the other Windsor Castle.

Next day, at dinner, a guest told me a curious fact. A friend of hers went, one Sunday morning, to the Episcopal church of a certain town in Scotland, not St.

Andrews. She listened to the sermon. In the evening she went to the parish church. The sermon was the same, word for word. In the evening, it chanced that I preached. Having published thirteen volumes of sermons, I now and then, following the good advice and example of Dean Alford of Canterbury, deliver a discourse which is in print. Not a soul remembers it. That day I had been led to one which an unknown friend selected too. For only preachers know how sometimes a sermon presses itself on you, and has to be given that day. Also how sometimes, after breakfast on Sunday morning, you are constrained to put aside a discourse fully written, and to make a few notes and give unwritten your message for that occasion. I do not wish to be mystical. But in every such case I have found that somebody needed that word, just then. Let it be hoped that some poor soul, that morning and that evening, was bettered. The text was, 'And there was no more sea': a text which, as now interpreted, does not mean what you would think at the first glance. Let it be suggested, too, that if any man try to pass off as his own a discourse which he has stolen, he is very likely to be found out.

At Marlee, in August of this 1882, I read Principal Cunningham's Church History of Scotland. I knew of its publication from the first, years before: but had somehow concluded such a work must be dull. Such had been my experience of ecclesiastical annals. Now that a new edition had come out, in two attractive volumes which had a livelier look, I bought it; resolving it should be

my solid study in the holiday-time. But I found it so bright, lively, and enchaining a work, that I raced through it for the enjoyment of reading it : and then went over it carefully a second time. I delighted in Dr. Cunningham : but I grieved, with a despairing grief, over the story. Ah, what a record of wrong-headedness and ill-temper ! Shall we ever become peaceable and reasonable ? There are manifestations, in these present days, which do not promise well. 'There must be a great deal of religious zeal in this town,' said somebody, seated on the box, to the driver of a four-horse coach : 'there are so many churches.' But the shrewd old Scotsman said, with much contempt, 'It's no religious zeal ava' : it's just cursedness of temper !'

I know that certain beloved Anglican friends will look askance at me, when I say that on the morning of Tuesday August 1, we had service in the parish church : 1,200 people gathered on a working-day at 11 A.M. : I said the prayers, and the address was given by the famous Mr. Moody. My Colleague and I had carefully thought over the matter. I never saw Mr. Moody till that morning : I cannot but say I liked him extremely. He gave one an assurance of extreme honesty and earnestness. And in this country, where the want is not of *Light, More Light*, but of *Warmth, more Warmth*, one thankfully welcomes help rendered by a good man from wheresoever. Furthermore, just at that time we were trying to have instrumental music in the parish church, and it was vehemently opposed by three or four. If Dr. Macleod of Govan, Professor Story and I had brought in a great harmonium that day

there would have been suspicion of something 'ritualistic' in good souls who dreaded it not at all when coming with the American evangelist, with no orders (I fear) at all. And singing beautifully in a great choir got together for the occasion, was our Free Church minister : to become a truly-valued friend. Yes, Mr. Moody gave us help : and he certainly did no harm. I did not hear his address : for I had to hasten to St. Salvator's Chapel to marry Maud Tulloch : one of several charming young sisters, specially dear for their parents' sakes and their own, for whom I did that duty. Her brother helped me that day. The chapel was beautiful adorned with flowers : the music was the best : and Francis Colson the bridegroom and his bride made as pleasant a couple to look at as you could have found that day, anywhere.

Suffer me here to preserve certain verses sent me at this time by an unknown friend in the author's manuscript. For the reader will not find them anywhere else. It is a very faded sheet of old-fashioned letter-paper : the hand is clear and legible, but the ink is faded like the paper. Seven verses of four lines each : in the metre familiar in Scotch Kirks. At the end there is signed an honoured name : *J. Montgomery, Oakbrook, Nov. 5, 1838* : No one quite forgets the author of *Prayer*, and *The Common Lot*, *Friend after friend departs*, and *For ever with the Lord*. But the four volumes which contain his works are growing dusty now. These verses were written at the request of a friend, visited with total deafness. And the sheet of paper was given me by the widow of that tried

man. I think the little poem should be printed as the gentle and beloved author wrote it, with a star between the verses. Poets, like other authors, have their fancies : and these should be respected.

To me, though neither voice nor sound
 From earth or air can come,
 Deaf to the world that brawls around,
 That world to me is dumb.

*

Yet may the quick and conscious eye
 Assist the slow, dull ear :
 Sight can the signs of thought supply,
 And with a look I hear.

*

The song of birds, the water's fall,
 Sweet tones and grating jars,
 Hail, tempest, wind and thunder—all
 Are silent as the stars :—

*

The stars, that, on their tranquil way,
 In language without speech,
 The glory of the Lord display,
 And to all nations preach.

*

Thus, though one outward sense be sealed,
 The kind remaining four,
 To teach me needful knowledge, yield
 Their earnest aid the more.

*

Yet hath mine heart an inward ear,
 Through which its powers rejoice :
 Speak, Lord, and let me love to hear
 Thy Spirit's still, small voice.

*

So, when the trumpet, from the ground,
Shall summon great and small,
The ear, now deaf, shall hear that sound,
And answer to the call.

I may be permitted to mention that in December 1882 I published a volume of sermons which somehow met remarkable favour. At that time, one was possessed with a feeling that the work was nearly over: and the book was called *Towards the Sunset: Teachings after Thirty Years*. In a few months it had reached a third edition: then more slowly advanced to a fifth. It was reprinted in America: but all I got from that country was two copies. Sometimes I get none.

The last day of 1882 was a Sunday. Dr. and Mrs. Potts of Fettes College were with us for a few days: and it is a pleasant association with St. Mary's church that at morning service Dr. Potts read the Lessons. His appearance and voice were grand. One felt he should have been reading in Westminster Abbey rather than here. Mrs. Potts played the piano wonderfully: her husband sang finely. And, the year drawing to its close, at evening prayer in my study we sang Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn: she accompanying. It was a pleasant time. The same day brought a kind letter from Bishop Benson of Truro, designated Archbishop: sending his 'Happy New Year, and gratitude for a salutation from the Kirk.' When Stanley was appointed Dean, he told me he got six hundred letters of congratulation. But a Primate gets ever so many more.

In January 1883 a distinguished native of St. Andrews died, of whom the English reader probably never heard : Dr. McCulloch, of the West Church of Greenock. He went at eighty-two. Scotland had no worthier minister. I was little more than a boy when I first heard him preach, but I have never forgot it. I remember text, and treatment, and many sentences word for word. He was one of the earliest in this country to use polished and graceful forms of prayer, instead of the rambling rigmarole of extempore supplication. For this offence I heard a blatant person in a Presbytery meeting (who was not worthy to black Dr. McCulloch's boots) make a violent attack upon him : ' drivelling folly ' was the mildest epithet applied to the wise and good man. I was a youth, but I arose and dissented : suggesting that Dr. Caird and other eminent ministers did the like. The blatant person had the courage of his opinions, and conveyed that they were all drivelling fools. Hard-worked as Dr. McCulloch had been, not in the church only, but as one of the most attractive of educationists (his books must have been a fortune to somebody), and early looking fragile and nerve-weary, the wonder was he lasted so long. When I was a youth at Glasgow College, it was an occasion when Dr. McCulloch preached in the great city : we were all there. He was offered the Moderatorship : being ten times as eminent as half of those who have held it : but with characteristic modesty he declined the office. There are more heroic names linked with this city. But when we recall his, it comes with a halo of gentle saintliness : of the culture of

the graceful scholar, the eloquence of the charming preacher, and the loveableness of one of the best of men.

In April the good Miss Leigh, who has done such work in Paris, had a drawing-room meeting in this house, and gave a really beautiful address. Above 80 were present : and all were much impressed. She is not Miss Leigh now : but she is as much interested in her work as ever. Another remembrance of that April is how at a Hymn Committee meeting at Edinburgh, a great preacher told us he had recently been in England, and a good woman had spoken to him with much pathos of her little girl who died. She had a favourite hymn, which she often sang near the end. The first line of it was cut in the stone above the little grave. All feeling is worthy of deep respect. But my dear friend was well-nigh upset when the poor mother took him to the spot. For the line ran exactly thus : ‘ I would be like a Hangel.’ Doubtless the little pet is ‘ even as the angels ’ now.

This year, 1883, is to be passed rapidly : though I have countless things I should like to tell. The days at Selsdon, for the first time, had to be in June and July. On the Longest Day, with the Bishop to East Grinstead in Sussex. A quaint little village-town. First, a great luncheon party in a large hall, presided over by the admirable Bishop Durnford of Chichester, now first met. How sharply that good man remembers things : being now in his ninetieth year ! In June 1891, I said to him that we had last met on such a day. ‘ O no,’ said the venerable Prelate : ‘ you forget this day last year.’ Of course he was right, and I

was wrong. I think I discerned in him a slight elation at the fact. Service was to be in the parish church at 3 P.M. I got away at 2.30, to visit the grave of John Mason Neale, profoundly interesting to me. I have fully told of that little pilgrimage elsewhere.¹ A great surpliced procession entered, singing 'The Church's One Foundation.' I once remarked to Bishop Thorold how touching it was. The answer came: 'Yes: but if you heard it about a hundred times in a year, you would grow tired of it.' The Bishop of Chichester came last, his pastoral staff borne before him. A hearty congregation and service: an excellent sermon from the Bishop of Winchester (then of Rochester). Service over 4.30. Then a gathering at Sackville College, so associated with Dr. Neale: a charming old-fashioned place. Would we had such retreats in the austere and hard-working North! There is nothing for us here, but to do our work as long as we can keep on our feet at all. Sometimes the thought comes across one, heavily. All the party dispersed: then Bishop Thorold and I had a quiet walk by ourselves for an hour in the loveliest of English lanes, under a Longest Day exactly such as Wordsworth's.

Three other days come back. Tuesday, June 26, drive by Wimbledon, through Richmond Park to Petersham, to a drawing-room meeting about the Diocesan Fund. When I was a lad, I had staid a summer at Sudbrook Park, hard by. Now I beheld the view from the Star and Garter:

¹ *Our Little Life*: Second Series. Chapter VI. *Of Work: All Over*, p. 44.

and various paths worn of my frequent feet, thirty-three years before. A disciple of Byron would not care for such simple things : but they come home to a Wordsworthian. The meeting was extremely interesting : the speeches heart-stirring. The Church of England is not going to die of dignity, now. It was singular to meet Mr. Hough, the Vicar. I had heard him preach just once, a generation before : but I quoted to him, letter-perfect, a bit of his sermon of that day. It was a very pretty sentence ; and true. I fancy both of us understood it better than we had done in youth. I should like to say much of the people seen at Petersham, but it is not to be. Then away back to Selsdon. Bishops, in these days, must dine when they can : the hour that evening was 9. The deer in Richmond Park were as when I was a boy : so were the great cedars in the lower Park : Pembroke Lodge was as when I looked with awe at Lord John Russell walking about the paths within the fence, and sometimes stopping and meditating with his arms folded. He was Prime Minister. Meeting him, one took off one's hat : and one thought that a Premier must be happy. Now, one knows better. Possibly the word should be worse. Like Sydney Smith's friends in the West, I was mortified that he was not bigger. The head looked little, to hold so much.

Next day was a curious one, too. The host, and a guest, away early to London. I had a quiet forenoon of letter-writing, and sketched a little speech. By an afternoon train to New Cross : thence walked away, through a strange mangy-looking tract, to Bermondsey. I knew that

region well of old, but it was unrecognisable. Then, great stretches of orchard: one gazed with longing on the blossoms in May, from the Greenwich Railway. The relative with whom I lived then was a Director: we went down continually in Summer, and walked about the Park. After wandering, I found St. Augustine's Church: a grand building to be in such a region. On that Wednesday, at 5 P.M., a vast congregation of working folk: an immense surpliced choir. The occasion was the opening of the completed Nave. The Bishop preached, fitly, from the text, 'This man began to build, and was not able to finish.' At 7 there was one of the most singular parties I ever saw. In the crypt of the church, cheerfully white-washed, a great tea-party of 300: the Bishop in the chair. And I, who had ever refused to attend such entertainments at home (in my boyhood, in Glasgow, they were called *Surrees*, with a strong accent on the second syllable), found myself next a Bishop, at exactly such an entertainment in the decorous Anglican Church: and that within the consecrated walls. The Vicar made an excellent little speech: then the Bishop: then a rich layman, a great benefactor: then I gave my little oration, of a quarter of an hour, not (let me proudly say) without some signs of popular approval. A varied diocese! Yesterday and to-day: the places seemed hundreds of miles apart. What impressed me much, and pleasantly, was the hearty Church feeling shown by many good local men who in the old High and Dry days would have been repelled into Dissent: but whom the bright service, the enthusiastic hymns,

the warm unconventional preaching, in combination with the genial Bishop and Clergy, each with a word for every one, and the abounding tea and (what we call) cookies, had kept where they ought to be.

The third day, Thursday June 28, was the most memorable of all. Up to the House of Lords, early. When one has enjoyed a forbidden privilege a few times, one cares not for it. Prayers at 10.15. Only the Lord Chancellor Selborne, and two or three more: two of them being of the Kirk. I stood behind my curtain and looked in: having no right there. Then to the robing room and wrote some letters. It is curious how each Prelate's letters are tied in a bundle, and fastened to the key of his wardrobe where are his (second-best) robes. In a little Mr. Phillips Brooks of Boston, U.S.A., the great preacher of the American Episcopal Church. A great burly man, frank and friendly. With the Bishop, we walked to Victoria: Mr. Brooks being dressed like a respectable game-keeper or the like: not a trace of clerical attire. When I came to know him better, I revealed to him my perplexity at his appearance. But he said that on the street, at home, he was merely a citizen: when he entered into church, he was duly arrayed. And he expressed a frank disapproval of professional dress, and of other things, notably of palaces, equipages, and purple liveries in relation to the Hierarchy. In fact, one felt he was a Republican first: and resolutely. Away by rail to Dulwich. To the picture-gallery. This was the day in the year on which the Royal Academy comes down to inspect the pictures:

and there was a great luncheon-party in the gallery, to meet the (presumably) chief painters of the age. We were there in good time, and walked about the lawn, with many more. Here I was introduced to Mr. Browning the poet, who was very frank and pleasant. He did not look a great genius. I thought of Robert Chambers' description of him, as 'a little, self-asserting man.' But he had been proposed for Lord Rector of St. Andrews: and he was anxious to know all about the office. At 2 was luncheon: things were very handsome. A party of about 200. One or two Cabinet Ministers, many members of either House of Parliament, many warriors, some of whom had even seen service. Miss Jean Ingelow was there, but to my sorrow I saw her not. Just before going in, the Bishop informed me, to my consternation, that I was to return thanks for Literature: Browning would not speak. I am not a man of letters, but a hard-working parish clergyman: never before had such a task been assigned to me. It could not be helped. And when I ceased to talk, and walked on with lugubrious countenance, the acute Phillips Brooks said, cynically, 'He's making his speech.' Mr. Rogers, Rector of Bishopsgate, was in the Chair: well-known for his interest in systematic theology. He did very well, though no orator: and we had some really good speaking. The Chairman, who evidently knew nothing earthly about me, described me as 'the Scotch author.' What impressed me very much was the great warmth with which Mr. Browning thanked me for what I had said about him: I fancied that so very eminent a man would have taken it

as a matter of course. Not so: no young writer could have expressed himself more strongly: 'grateful' was the word, among others. It was plain, too, that some folk there were surprised to find a Scot attired like other men, not wearing the kilt, and speaking the language of England in a way which was (in a measure) intelligible. What one regretted was that so many outstanding persons were present, but one did not know them. Mr. Frith, R.A., was just opposite me, but I was not aware till he had gone. I am aware that there would be practical difficulties. But if a large placard were hung round the neck of each person who was somebody, bearing his name and vocation, it would be pleasant for others, though possibly not for himself. Back to Victoria: thence to the House of Lords. It was quite full: a great debate. I heard some admirable speaking, and some incredibly foolish and bad. I thought of Sydney Smith's *Noodle's Oration* as one Duke went on. But the Duke of Argyll spoke as well as could be: so did Bishop Temple, then of Exeter: who, after his speech, fled towards his diocese, bearing his robes in a bag. Lord Bramwell was clever, but somewhat irreverent. Lord Chancellor Selborne gave an undisguised sermon: which would not have filled a church in Scotland.

On July 22 I saw, not for the first time, what interest is excited here by special services, even yet. Dr. Burns had organized a system of evening services in Glasgow Cathedral many years before: which were kept up for six Sundays in high summer. There was no gas in the

Cathedral then. The music was very splendid, of course : Dr. Peace played. And even with ordinary preachers, the crowd was great. On that day, I took the service for the fourteenth successive Summer : having begged that it might be my last : for the fatigue was extreme. The hour of service was 6.30. But when we went to church about 6, it was densely crowded, so that we got in with difficulty. We had to begin ten minutes before the appointed hour. Lady Chapel and all passages were tightly packed : a multitude in the Nave : and we were told that as many went away as would have filled the Cathedral again. It is a grand sight, when the setting sun falls upon the magnificent stained windows along the North side of the church : they seem to blaze. And although there was fine music, rendered by the Choir alone, there were homely hymns in which the great congregation lifted up its voice. The length of the building is 330 feet : you are heard from end to end. All this crowd goes on, year after year, undiminished. But though the occasion be most interesting, it is a heavy pull upon an aging preacher. And I return no more. I know it is giving-up. But one has to give up divers things.

On the shortest day in this 1883, a little volume came bearing upon the title *Nugae Ecclesiasticae* : which had been advertised as suited for the Christmas reading of the Clergy and Laity. It bore to be by a minister of the Kirk, a Glasgow D.D., lately deceased, of whom (curiously) I had never heard before. It contained many verses which were wonderfully bright and smart : but which would be

quite unintelligible out of Scotland. Indeed, when one of the poems appeared in the *Scotsman*, years before, I had read it to Mr. Froude : who said ‘ I can see it is extremely clever, but I don’t understand the allusions, and can’t appreciate it justly.’ I bought a copy, and gave it as my Christmas tribute to good Bishop Wordsworth. But the venerable man shook his head at a statement in a brief biography of the author. When he received his D.D. degree, he had to compose a theological thesis. ‘ I have good reason to believe that it was the unanimous opinion of the Theological Faculty, that no more suggestive and erudite treatise had ever been laid before them than Doctor Peerie’s paper, on “David’s Dancing ; or, The Hebrew Fling.”’ It must be admitted that a certain lightness in the treatment of grave matters is characteristic of this clever study in Church History. No doubt if a Professor of that subject were to cast his lectures into a ballad form, such as is exhibited in certain pieces in this work, he would attain a great popularity. On the other hand, it is quite conceivable that some good men among the senior clergy might disapprove so startling an innovation.

CHAPTER XXIII

NORTH AND SOUTH

ON Wednesday January 9, 1884, a considerable party of St. Andrews people assembled in the Cathedral Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh. The occasion was the wedding of William Tulloch and Esther Adamson. I had known the bride well since she was a very little girl: and of the bridegroom I need not speak. A wedding in St. Giles' is done just as well as it can be in Scotland: the music was excellent: and I conformed carefully to the use of the church. There was a crowd of spectators. But one visitor of special interest, who saw a Scotch wedding for the first time, was Bishop Thorold, then of Rochester. He had come to Edinburgh to give an address to the Teetotal students of the University. He came the evening before, and staid with Dr. MacGregor, who had many notable persons to dine with him on his arrival. Next day he visited St. Cuthbert's church, supposed to be the ugliest in Christendom: excepting the Barony church at Glasgow. The elder Lord Derby, the Prime Minister, when Lord Rector, visited Glasgow Cathedral: and coming out, his eye fell upon that terrific erection. He staggered, and appeared as though he would faint. But he recovered

himself, and said in faltering tones, 'I once saw an uglier church than that.' Dr. Black, then the minister, ever lamented that he had not been present. For, as the dear man said, 'I should have asked, Whaur?'

That wedding day, the Bishop gave his address. We dined quietly with MacGregor beforehand. MacGregor said to me, with deep feeling, when the Prelate had gone to get ready, 'He would give a far better teetotal lecture if he would take some grog.' The orator's voice trembled with emotion as he uttered the words. Then we drove to the place appointed. A large gathering. A good man uttered a discourse intended to be a prayer. I should have sent him a copy of Euchologion, but that I knew he thought his own production much better than anything therein. Then the Bishop spoke for an hour, quite without book, and with entire fluency. But I felt the address was far too reasonable for that gathering. For the Bishop admitted that there might be really-good people, not teetotallers. And it appeared as though he were not prepared, in the memorable words of Lord Neaves, 'to permit me, to prevent you, from having a glass of grog.' When he was done, an excellent and learned individual uprose and moved a vote of thanks. He disapproved of Bishops. But he said that if Thorold had not been a Bishop already, he should be made one for giving such a lecture. This was very good. But then the speaker, jerking convulsively all over, proceeded to set forth views far more thorough than the Prelate's, amid loud applause. Nothing could be more awkward than the speaker's manner :

but one was carried away by the unfeigned earnestness of his speech : and (I am obliged to confess) by its high ability. In fact, that speaker was a very extraordinary man : for ability, for simplicity, for unselfishness. Had he been self-seeker or pusher, anything in Scotland would have been open to him. It was my one glimpse of Dr. Cairns. I am just as decided a Churchman as can be. And he would, if he could, have stript the Kirk of all her worldly patrimony and privileges. Yet I carried away the impression of sweetness and goodness from my single talk with him.

On February 13 I buried a poor woman in this parish. Scotch folk are very reticent : so it impresses one when they break out. A little before, I had buried her husband. The service in the house over, the coffin was lifted from the poor bed, and carried forth. Then the silent woman started up, and burst forth, 'My house is empty, and my bed's empty' : and cast herself down as in despair. She must have been near sixty. There was true pathos. I went back next day, and said all I could to comfort. But the poor heart was broken : and she followed her 'man' soon. Just to-day it was said to me, 'There's no use my praying : I'll not get my mother back : and that's the only thing I care for.' The powerful but pretty young face is before me : and it will be for long. By God's good mercy, Time will bring some cheer. 'I said that to my sister : and she said I was wicked.' I am very thankful that old and young in this parish continually speak out to me what is in their heart : not what they think ought to be.

There was a series of St. Giles' Lectures this year : also a series of lectures to the Young Men's Guild. I had my part in each. And I never did anything in all my life more heartily than my discourse on 'A Young Man : His Home and Friends.' Dr. Charteris gave me that subject : and I did it to my very best for the sake of the best of all good lads, far away. One has quite forgot many 'occasions,' very great when they came to a person who is not great at all. But I remember, vividly as yesterday, that dense crowd of young men in St. George's church at Edinburgh, on the evening of March 2, 1884.

On Sunday March 16, at the afternoon service, Bishop Wordsworth preached in the parish church, where no Bishop had preached for near two hundred years. It was a memorable occasion. A question had been raised, Was he to wear his robes, or a Doctor's gown? He had been asked to preach for the University Missionary Society : and he had accepted the degree of D.D. from this University. It seemed to me that though the Kirk has no Bishops of her own, she might well recognise the fact that Bishops exist elsewhere : and the Bishop robes were fixed on. I note that an ignorant Cockney, quite clear that we so far from London cannot know anything, lately remarked that apparently I thought a Bishop wears nothing but lawn sleeves. I know a Bishop's robes exactly as well as I do my own. But when old Bishop Moberly of Salisbury said in my hearing to half a dozen other Prelates, 'Are we expected to go in our sleeves?' I fancy only a born idiot would have failed to catch what he meant. The Bishop

and I walked into church side by side : I yielding him the right hand ; as befitted his place and years. I have seen the church fuller : but we had above 2,000. My colleague and I said the prayers. In due time the Bishop ascended that lofty pulpit, where so many great men have stood : and after a Collect and the Lord's Prayer preached a sermon on St. Peter. It took three quarters of an hour. A beautiful voice : perfectly heard everywhere : not a controversial word. I have told already how Tulloch remarked that in five minutes after the very first appearance of the lawn sleeves in a Scotch pulpit, they seemed quite the natural thing. After sermon, the Collect about ' our unhappy divisions.' The Bishop asked, ' Would it give offence ? ' The answer was, ' I read it continually.' The Magistrates were all in their place : the two Principals, many Professors, and all the students. Everything was most cordial and successful : the Bishop had a warm greeting from many Elders in the vestry. One came home very thankful : for we had been somewhat anxious. Bishop Wordsworth, who has any number of Degrees, wore his St. Andrews D.D. hood. Such a man never fails of doing what is graceful and befitting. On Monday morning the *Scotsman* had a paper in large type, describing the occasion. Of course I knew who wrote it. Blair's *Grave* is being forgotten. But one or two recalled the lines which foretell the drawing-together, in coming days, of

The lawn-robed Prelate, and plain Presbyter,
Erewhile that stood apart, like sister-streams
That some huge interposing rock had split.

On Wednesday April 9 in this year, the youth came back from India who had left us five years before. That March 28 had been the era from which things were reckoned in this house through all that time. He abode in this country till November 22, and then returned to Calcutta. Such events are not of public account, though of profound interest in one household.

On Friday May 16 I looked out again from my windows at Selsdon on that beautiful level wooded horizon, as before. Not a word shall be permitted of the scenery or the events this year. But a story, related with great effect by the Bishop, acquired in one of his divers visits to America, must be preserved.

A zealous advocate of missions was pleading his cause, over there, before the inmates of a large lunatic asylum. The patients heard him with great interest. He told how sad heathenism was in many ways: how sometimes parents cast their little children into the river to be eaten by crocodiles, and sometimes children cast out their aged parents. As he spoke, one man was moved to floods of tears. The function over, the speaker expressed a desire to see this person, and he was brought. 'You seemed much interested in my address?' 'Yes, very much interested.' 'And even a little touched by what I said.' 'Very deeply touched,' said the patient, sobbing. 'May I ask what it was that so came home to you, my friend?' 'I was thinking'—then the patient's utterance was arrested by violent emotion: 'I was thinking'—again he sobbed heavily—'what a pity it was that your parents had not

thrown you out to be eaten by a crocodile when you were an infant.'

Usually, one sees whereto a story is tending. I think it is not so here. The story is true. Various thoughts suggest themselves. But it is needless to expatiate.

One long afternoon, we had Mr. Justice Denman. A long walk in the Park after luncheon. The conversation of an eminent lawyer is always most interesting. Here it was specially so. The Judge was son of Lord Denman, long Chief Justice of England. He had been Senior Classic at Cambridge. He had long been Lord Palmerston's colleague as member for Tiverton. He had seen very much both of the Law and of Parliament. He spoke frankly of his own great profession: which, though the writer from conscientious but possibly mistaken motives turned away from it, remains to him the most attractive of all to talk about. Assuredly, it can give an insight into human nature in its strangest nooks and manifestations, which is not got elsewhere save by a medical practitioner. And we were told, with immense effect, of the butcher at Tiverton who, in the days of the hustings, set himself (in Scotch phrase) to *heckle* Lord Palmerston habitually. The old Prime Minister was sharp. And he had the off-hand manner which takes an English crowd. But I do not think the butcher commonly came off second-best. One day the butcher, turning to the crowd, said, 'You can never get a direct answer out of that man. He always wriggles out with a joke, or some dodge.' Whereupon Lord Palmerston said, with perfect good nature, 'Not so

bad as that. I'll promise you a direct answer now to any question you may put to me.' The butcher said, 'If such and such a thing is proposed in Parliament' (mentioning some very ticklish matter which I cannot recall) 'what will you do?' 'Is that your question?' 'Yes.' 'And you want a direct answer?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I promised you one: and you shall have it. I WON'T TELL YOU!' Thereupon the butcher turned to the multitude, and merely said, 'I told you he'd get out of it somehow. And you see he has.'

I fancy Judges often have such questions put to them by children. Indeed, I know they have. One of the little girls said, 'You're a Judge?' 'Yes, I am.' Then, with a wistful look at the pleasant dignified face, 'Have you sentenced many people to be hanged?' The reply was prompt, and I fancy has served before: 'Never anybody who did not richly deserve it.' There the matter took end: though the young lady did not appear fully satisfied.

On a day in that May, at a grand house in London, I met Sir Herbert Sandford, one of the distinguished sons of Sir Daniel Sandford, the great Glasgow Professor of Greek, who died on his birthday, the day he was forty. Three candidates ran near for the vacant place. Archbishop Tait of Canterbury might have had it. He was no more than a Fellow of Balliol, and the temptation was great. It was the turning-point in his life. Mr. Robert Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, had great recommendations. But Lushington, Senior Classic, was preferred. I walked

with Sir Herbert from Portman Square to Covent Garden, to the famous house of Chapman and Hall. It had become a limited company: and Sir Herbert was its chairman. I was introduced to Mr. Chapman, and had a most interesting talk. Hardly can a great lawyer tell you more enchaining details than a great publisher. I did not know till now that Dickens and his Wife never met again after they parted. It was at the fatal forty-five, when many clever men get amiss in body and mind: and the great sensitive genius lived to fifty-eight. Looking at the story of the happy early years, surely that separation need not have been. Any way, it is a sad story. Mr. Chapman said that though Thackeray did not use pathos much in his writings, he was easily moved himself. He related a simple story, which moved Thackeray to tears. Many remember how Thackeray's cheeks were wet as he sat at Edinburgh listening to a sermon by the pathetic genius Guthrie. Anthony Trollope was one of the Board of the publishing House. I delight in Mr. Trollope's writings. No human being can read them with keener interest. *There* is real life; if you have it anywhere. But the account was quite frank of his manner at the Board Table. I will believe everything you can say, of his essential goodness: as well as of his untiring industry and his charming faculty. But the unfortunate manner was there. Those who knew him liked him none the less for it. And he had lived through 'the dark ages' as well as Robert Chambers. But Robert was sweetened, if saddened. With Anthony it was not outwardly so.

Sunday July 6, 1884, was a memorable day in St. Andrews. There was the special service for the Volunteers of the City, which for long has been an annual function. But that evening, for the first time, the praise at the parish church was accompanied by the Brass Band. We had always had full congregations. But now the church was a grand sight. It was crammed in every corner. Very many could not find admittance. At least 3,000 were present. I never had seen quite such a crowd there. Not Dean Stanley could *draw* like those eighteen wind instruments. When the multitude arose at the praise, no mortal could tell where the passages were. All our own Volunteers were there in uniform; and many of the famous corps, the Fife Light Horse. The first hymn sung was 'Onward, Christian Soldiers': of course to Sir Arthur Sullivan's tune. When I heard the vast volume of the first line, every soul joining with heart and voice, I felt the question was settled. Fifteen times we have now had that music: and never but with a crowded church. I never supposed that the people came to hear my sermon. But I never have seen congregations more reverent and devout, anywhere.

On St. Swithin's day, Tuesday July 15, Dean Plumptre of Wells and his Wife came to us for a too-brief visit. It was a beautiful sunshiny afternoon when they took their first walk along South Street to the Cathedral, and home by the Scores, the cliffs above the Bay. The faded record of that day says, 'They were enthusiastic.' For though Wells is in glory and St. Andrews in ruin, if you appre-

ciate Wells, you will St. Andrews too. The next day we went over the buildings more deliberately. This took the morning: and as a treat to the Dean, who was anxious to see our national game, I had got four of our very greatest players to make a match, 'a foursome': and the Dean and I walked with them. The play was magnificent. But it too soon became apparent that the eminent theologian and Double-First did not care for it in the very least degree. However, we went on the two miles out to the Eden, and then turned off and returned by the beach. Two things impressed me. Considering Dean Plumptre's great familiarity with proofs, it was surprising that when the revise of a *Longman* essay came that day, he eagerly read it over. The other was the devotion to one another of that lovable couple. My affection for Mrs. Plumptre was warm, for her brother's sake and her own: and both because I had been his pupil, and because in *Longman* for that self-same July I had reviewed my old Professor's Life in very eulogistic terms, I am proud to say the dear lady held me in undeserved favour. Yet when we came in from that semi-round of golf, she told me, privately, that she would like that her husband and she should go over some of the ruins again, only they two together. Further, I remarked a disposition on the part of the dig-nitary to subordinate state to ease. He *would* walk about wearing trousers under his apron. The things agree not together. On each of their three evenings under this roof, some people came to dine with them: and each evening the Dean asked, wistfully, before apparelling himself,

if he must put on what he called 'shorts.' He had to go through it, dear man. We had not such a Dean here every day. Two necessary guests on the Wednesday evening were Bishop Wordsworth and Principal Tulloch. On Thursday morning the Principal took him over the University library: in the afternoon we climbed St. Regulus: my first time since with Liddon six years before. The last evening Principal Shairp came. Every one was delighted with both the Dean and his Wife: they were quite charming guests: and when they went away on Friday morning to Drumtochty Castle in the Mearns, they said they had greatly enjoyed their sight of St. Andrews. That Castle is the possession of my old College friend James Gammell, who was Dux of the Edinburgh Academy like Archbishop Tait, and who carried off many honours in Glasgow College days. It stands in a magnificent glen, which is classic ground. For there Beattie wrote much of *The Minstrel*.

Mrs. Plumtre was a saint, but there was nothing sheepish about her. She was quite able to testify keenly against what she held to be morally evil: notably as this appeared in the traducers and enemies of her saintly brother. She loved these, no doubt, as she was bound to do, in the sense which Dr. Wallace had pointed out:¹ but she liked them not at all. And her heart did not go forth at all towards the extreme Low Church of her girlhood. She particularly disapproved a preacher whom she, with many other school-girls, had to listen to in departed

¹ *Ante*: Vol. i. p. 130.

years. From the descriptions given, he seemed to have nearly resembled Mr. Slope, in Anthony Trollope's *Barchester Towers*, in the matters of bodily appearance and of manner. He was a convert of that ancient race which unhappy associations in recent years have made difficult to render generally popular. One day he said, 'Young ladies, henceforth I am going to preach extempore. And why is it, think you, that I am going to preach extempore? Can any of you imagine why it is I am going to preach extempore? Ah, dear young ladies, I will tell you why it is I am going to preach extempore. It is because I have got more grease.' So he said the last word. 'And as he said he had got more grease, his face was all standing over with great drops of oil. We thought he had quite enough.' I know not why it is that so many stories are current concerning persons of that ancient lineage. I remember a most eminent Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh saying he had gone to a meeting of a Ladies' Missionary Society in that city; at which an immensely stout and very repellent speaker began his address with the sentence, 'My dear young ladies, I loafe you very moshe.' The feeling was not reciprocal. And, having ended his address, he said in a loud voice 'Let us Bray.' The eminent theologian added, with emphasis, 'And he *did* Bray.'

I know that many of the clergy, North and South, will understand the feeling which made my colleague and me print, at this time, in our parochial supplement to *Life and Work*, the following moan :

'In many parishes, unreasonable persons may be found

who give no information to ministers or elders when a visit is desired, and then grumble at not being visited. As in cases of sickness you send for the Doctor, so send for the Minister. The one is not likely to know he is wanted without being told, any more than the other.'

On October 1, 1884, the second series of *Our Little Life* was published. And on February 4, 1885 a volume of sermons. From the subject of the first of these, the volume was called *What Set him Right: with other Chapters to Help*. Some of the reviewers complained that they had taken it for a novel.

On the morning of November 22, in warm beautiful sunshine, the youth went away to India again. The previous afternoon, in a grand yellow Winter sunset, he and I had taken our last walk for the while together, to the Cathedral, to the angel of white marble already named, and round the Abbey Wall. It is a great blessing that one cannot take in, at such a time, that the one who goes is going for so long. And let me sympathetically counsel parents who must go through that trial: Part at home, not in some desolate place far away.

CHAPTER XXIV

LORD REAY'S RECTORSHIP: THE WESLEYANS

THE installation of Lord Reay as Lord Rector in January 1885 was attended with more circumstance than any previous installation. The University of Edinburgh had celebrated its Tercentenary in April 1884. It had granted a vast number of Doctors' Degrees at a crowded public function, presided over by the Chancellor, the Lord President Inglis. It had attracted eminent men from all parts of the world. It had given in the evening what was not unfitly termed a Banquet. There 1,200 dined: all partaking of an admirable dinner. This had been supposed a thing impossible: but by extraordinary skill the thing was done. Many speeches were made: but the outstanding speech, even for popular effect, was that of Bishop Lightfoot of Durham. I know not whether these events put the far more ancient University of St. Andrews on its mettle. But this year, certainly, the number of Doctors' Degrees was vastly increased: and the Degrees were publicly conferred on the day of the installation. On the evening of Thursday, January 29, some who had gathered for the ceremonial of the day after dined at Principal Tulloch's. It was a pleasant party, and there were some remarkable

people. Sixteen in all : and when the ladies went, among them the ever-charming Lady Aberdeen, this was the order of those remaining : Professor Baynes, Bishop Wordsworth, Lord Aberdeen, Marquis of Lorne, Tulloch, Mr. Lecky the historian, myself and Professor Campbell. I was greatly interested in Mr. Lecky's conversation. Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography had just come out : and Mr. Lecky spoke much of that very eminent man. I had received the proofs as printed, to prepare a review which might come out simultaneously with the book : and, though an extremely warm admirer of the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*, I could not but speak of the unconscious arrogance which was apparent. Sir Henry had lived too much surrounded by worshippers : and even his grand appearance overawed. 'The fact is,' the distinguished historian summed up, 'he's too much like God Almighty.'

The installation next afternoon was not, as heretofore, in the University Library amid academic surroundings, but in a huge hall recently built, which can accommodate a vast assemblage. There Lord Reay gave his inaugural address : there also Mr. Balfour and Lord Dufferin. Even those who regretted the change, acknowledged that the function was most impressive. The Rector's address was excellent, and well-heard. Among the LL.D.'s of that day were Lord Lorne, and the Earls of Dalhousie, Elgin, Aberdeen, and Rosebery. As each LL.D. received his degree, a functionary of St. Salvator's College invested the new Doctor with his hood : and through the ill-luck of

human affairs, combined with the inexperience and nervousness of the agent, all the hoods but two were put on wrong side out. The ceremony began at 2 P.M., and lasted till 4. It was at its close that Lord Rosebery was laid hold of, in a fashion already related. And at a reception afterwards in St. Salvator's Hall, a genial speech was drawn from Lord Dalhousie. And there, too, I pleasantly renewed the acquaintance with the Lord Rector, begun with Baron Mackay many years before.

The Students' Play this Spring was *Still Waters Run Deep*. On the evening of Thursday March 19 it was going on brilliantly before a crowded audience. All the actors did excellently: but it is recorded that Miss Ethel Heddle and Mr. Kenneth Macleay acted very finely indeed. We saw the beginning of that play, but not its end. For I was called out, and found a message from this house that our Nurse was dead. She had been with us for twenty-six years: and having come at twenty-three was but forty-nine. We have been, in this house, this day, for nineteen years: and that good woman was the first to go in it: the only one till now. Never was there better or more faithful friend. The title she bore was outgrown in a dwelling where the youngest was a boy of near fifteen: but Mary Todd had grown a member of the family, and here was her home. She had talked brightly to my wife, who according to custom had gone to see her before going out: and had been anxious how the play was to go: of course interested in some of the actors. In three quarters of an hour, after some minutes' difficulty in breathing, she

fainted off, and was gone. All the children of this house were devoted to her. She had kindly nursed every one under the roof through illness: but she never needed to be nursed herself. She is laid in the Cathedral Church-yard: a wealthy brother in Australia set over her a costly cross of white marble. As marked days come round, flowers are laid above her: and the boys, coming back, never fail to visit the good Mary's grave. The inscription tells true: 'Faithful: Kind: Wise. Beloved by the children whose early days she tended: missed continually in the house where for near twenty-six years she was a much-valued Friend.'

The yearly University Play has long been a great event in this city. I cannot compare the acting of our youths with that of others at College elsewhere, not knowing how they perform. But I do not think ours can be surpassed anywhere. It is quite wonderful for intelligence and interest. No doubt much is due to the patient training of Professor Campbell and his wife; and of Mrs. Baynes. Mrs. Baynes could have been a great actress. I never knew an amateur who could be compared with her. The plays are of high class: *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *The Rivals*, have been given excellently. Where all do so well, it is invidious to mention names. But among the young men, Somers, Macleay, and Fergusson, come vividly to remembrance: likewise Robert Thomson, who in *Cox and Box* (*sic*) could act, sing, and dance, to admiration. These all went into the Church. Thomson was my Curate here for a space, and now holds the living of Penicuik. Somers

has the charming parish of Moffat, and Macleay has Kilcreggan on the Firth of Clyde. Fergusson has just received orders, and is of the staff at St. Columba's in Pont Street, our Kirk in London. All these used to read the Lessons at St. Mary's, reading admirably well. There are not brighter nor better young parsons in the Church of Scotland. But I confess that, beautifully as Somers read, when the three last evenings of the week he had acted Tony Lumpkin amid general enjoyment, and then on Sunday morning the same voice, now subdued to fitting solemnity, began the first lesson, the congregation tended for an instant to smile. Among the young women who performed, I remember Miss Armstrong acting wonderfully a difficult and heavy part. Miss Heddle, and her sister Ethel, daughters of one of our Professors, seemed to me to have in them the makings of actresses of the first rank. For grace, power, and appreciation of very diverse characters, they have been for several years quite outstanding.

A visit to Roseneath in April is memorable. William Tulloch and I met in Glasgow, and from Wednesday till Saturday abode with Dr. Story in that lovely nook of the lovely Clyde. On Thursday we went with Story in a steamer to the head of the Gareloch, where he had parish duty : and walked the five miles back along the seashore in the brightest summer, but with the snow lying white on the Cobbler and the great hills of Loch Long under the bright blue. By-and-by, we marked great spots of blood on the road, and traced these for a mile or more. Then,

by the wayside, we found a grand dog, of great value, lying very near death. The poor fellow-creature had cut a foot deeply on a piece of broken glass, we afterwards found. We tied up the foot : and at a cottage near got some restoratives, and had the dog carried there to rest. In a fortnight the beautiful Collie was going about with his master, all right again. Let me tell the reader, there is something deeply touching in the imploring eye of a dying dog. In one of a series of attractive papers which W. T. gave weekly for many years to the *Glasgow Citizen*, he told the little story, very prettily. And some fine genial fellow wrote and told him the sequel. We both wished we could shake hands with him. And we made sure that a blessing from Him who 'made and loveth all' would come to the good man who carried milk to his dying fellow-creature, and turned him back towards life.

But though W. T. and I are both very fond of dogs, holding a living dog to be better than a living lion, and knowing many men who have little right to speak of a fine Collie as 'an inferior animal,' it was for a reason partaking of a literary character rather than for this remembrance that I have related this among divers pleasant visits to Roseneath. I had found, in an American Magazine, what purported to be 'Sonnets from the Afghaneese': and discerning in them a very singular vein of humour, and knowing Story's love for any such literary curiosity, I had conveyed them with me. I was rewarded. These remarkable verses met with due appreciation ; and were

voted equal to anything in the *Nugae Ecclesiasticae*. Portions of them have entered into the conversation of the friends who met on the Gareloch ever since that pleasant April time. They are hardly known in Europe. Two of them shall be preserved here.

No. I. TO A MULE.

A weird phenomenon, O Mule, art thou !
 One pensive ear inclined toward the West :
 The other Sou'-Sou'-East by a little Sou',
 The acme explicate of peace and rest.
 But who can tell at what untoward hour
 Thy slumbering energy will assert its function,
 With fervid eloquence and awakening power,
 Thy hee-haw and thy heels in wild conjunction ?
 War, Havock, and Destruction envy thee !
 Go, kick the stuffing out of time and space !
 Assert thyself, thou child of Destiny,
 Till Nature stand aghast with frightened face !
 A greater marvel art thou than the wonder
 Of Zeus from high Olympus launching thunder !

No. II. TO A GOAT.

Thou hast a serious aspect, but methinks
 Beneath the surface, Billy, I discern
 A thoughtful tendency to play high-jinks,
 A solemn, waiting wickedness, supern.
 Within the amber circle of thine eye,
 There lurketh mischief of exsuccous kind,—
 A humour grim, mechanical, and dry :
 Evasive, subdulous, and undefined.

I would I understood thee better, Bill.
 Beseech thee of thy courtesy explain.
 Now, doth the flavour of a poster fill
 Thy utmost need? Of old hats art thou fain?
 I prithee, goat, vouchsafe some information.
 Oh! say! come now! Get out! Oh, thunderation!

It would be pleasant to write a brief lecture on the construction of these excellent pieces. But life is short: and the reader who can at all appreciate them may be trusted to trace the linked coherence of thought for himself. Only let it be said that in times of sudden trouble, there are leading men in the Kirk who have adopted, as a safety-valve, that final exclamation. And even at the table of the Venerable Assembly itself, when some unlooked-for worry has befallen a most eminent Clerk of that body through some member's perversity, those near him have heard the stifled cry, 'Oh, thunderation!'

Each morning at Roseneath the writer toiled at composing a sermon to be preached in exceptional circumstances. I had always cherished a warm admiration for John and Charles Wesley: rating the hymns of Charles as of the very best. And it was a pleasant surprise when I was asked to preach the annual sermon of the Wesleyan wing of the English Church on Friday May 1, 1885. I would rather have preached in an Anglican parish-church. But an Act of Parliament makes that impossible. And nearest to the National Church in my affection is that community of kindly and hearty Christian people who ought never to have been parted from it. I have already

related, with a grateful heart, my experience of Wesleyan kindness.¹ I never spent a happier week than that which began with Wednesday April 29 under the roof of Sir William McArthur, lately Lord Mayor of London, and now as for many years member for Lambeth. The house was princely : the hospitality as of the Mansion House itself. On the morning of Thursday April 30 I was taken to the Centenary Hall in Bishopsgate Street : where, after the Anglican morning service, gone through with a heart-warming fervour, I heard a most admirable sermon from Dr. Greeves, their Primate. For dignity, wisdom, and true spiritual power, that sermon was worthy of a worthy Archbishop of Canterbury. I never had been at Wesleyan worship before. There was no extravagance, but I never saw such heartiness. The frequent saying of *amen* during both prayers and sermons was most touching : it seemed so real, and simple, without self-consciousness. And it did not strike one as odd at all : though I am of a self-restrained nation where it could never be. Next morning at 11, was service in the chapel in Great Queen Street. It was precisely an old-fashioned London church, with galleries. We had the full Anglican morning service : a great organ and very large Choir rendering the praise excellently. I wore the robes we wear in the Kirk : which are those in which John Wesley was laid out for his long rest. There was a very large congregation, as I discerned on ascending the pulpit : a great number of preachers. I

¹ *Our Homely Comedy; and Tragedy* : p. 143. *Among the Good Wesleyans.*

had not dressed up an old sermon, but written one specially for the occasion : and just as well as I could. I was told to preach an hour : but I split the difference from our way here and took three quarters and a little more. I never, in my life, addressed a more sympathetic congregation. At first one was startled by occasional cries of *Amen, Hear hear*, with some applause, and the ripple of a smile once : this speedily left behind. A great many good people, men and women, came to the vestry with warm words when service was over : and I felt it a high honour when a saintly old lady assured me I ought to be a Wesleyan. My heart will gratefully warm to all such, while I live. I was somewhat grieved to find that certain saintly folk were surprised to find that I preached as I did. I trust nothing I had ever written was inconsistent. And I preached exactly as I do at home. But I remember how my very dear friend Froude (whose well-deserved Oxford Professorship has made this April 1892 bright to me) said, at his first visit, that he really had not taken in how essentially I was a cleric, with my main interest in my parish-work. I never quote, on these pages, anything which implies a compliment. But I cannot refrain from quoting just a line from a Methodist paper which published my sermon at full length. 'The preacher who has made the initials A.K.H.B. happily familiar in many households any time this quarter of a century past, spoke with a heart-searching power which some who knew him only from his pleasant essays perhaps hardly expected.' I confess that it vexed me to read this. And if any reader really cares to know

what kind of person the writer is, he will know a great deal better from that Wesleyan sermon than from lighter compositions. The day came when that discourse, with some omissions but no alterations, served extremely well to give in St. Giles' Cathedral before the Commissioner and the General Assembly of the Kirk. And after a while it gave its title to a volume in which it stands first.¹ I have known good souls who thought it strange when a preacher gave the same discourse in divers churches. Does any sane person suppose that a sermon which took ten days' thought to write is done with when it has been preached once? Further, after four years, even in one's own church I hold a written sermon as new again.

Resting, on that May-day afternoon, I looked out from my window on a most beautiful view, exquisite green trees and magnificent houses. The record says : ' All so strange to me. A perfectly new world. And though I went through the service to-day without much nervous tension, the whole thing looking back on it was a most strange experience.' A dear old woman came to the vestry and said with tears that she 'knew me before I was converted.' The kindest of all kind Wesleyans, standing by, told me she meant before I went into the Church. Ah, well I knew she did not mean that at all.

I should like greatly to expatiate upon the events of that week. What a number of M.P.'s are hearty members of that Communion! One day at dinner I made out fourteen. But the party numbered forty. I was specially

¹ *The Best Last : with other Chapters to Help* : p. 1.

charmed by Mr. Fowler, member for Wolverhampton, and then Under-Secretary for the Home Department. I heard him give at Exeter Hall one of the most stirring speeches I ever listened to. I said, 'Norman Macleod at his best.' One very touching incident only. On Sunday May 3, I preached at St. Columba's Church in Pont Street, as I was bound to do: morning and evening. It is a beautiful church, with a developed chancel, and a Choir of thirty men and boys. London-like (it never happens here save in the three months of visitors) many people came to speak after service. Only one is to be named. An old gentleman came only to the vestry door, and sent in an inquiry if I had been at King's College, London, forty years before: Archdeacon Allen, of Lichfield. I hastened to greet my old instructor of that distant time: quite recognisable. He was Chaplain and Divinity Lecturer: our Principal, and Divinity Professor, was Bishop Lonsdale of Lichfield, then Dr. Jelf of Oxford. I could relate sentences of the Archdeacon's lectures yet: he did not hesitate to say odd things. He said, now, that he 'had been much touched by the sermon': and indeed it was plain he had been. But I am well aware that some people object to this, particularly: and are extremely angry if they are moved to tears: holding it as an unjustifiable assault, so to speak. I heard Archbishop Magee complain of having been described as 'The Pathetic Prelate,' just after hearing somebody else called 'The Emotional Moderator.' There is cheer in the suggestion that such as hold either office generally refrain from touching any mortal. Of course

they could easily do it if they liked. So my old Teacher and I parted, for the last time.

This Summer of 1885 the Scottish Hymnal was published complete: 442 Hymns. The Committee sent a copy of it to each Bishop and Dean of the Church of England. We were greatly cheered by the warm way in which nearly all hastened to speak of our book. I was at Selsdon again on May 26 till June 8: and each day at first brought six pleasant letters of thanks and kindly criticism. No one was heartier than Liddon. Phillips Brooks, too, was extremely pleasant. Liddon was specially pleased that we had the grand *Praise to the Holiest in the height*, from *The Dream of Gerontius*. It was a very cheering and restful time at Selsdon: the Bishop continually overdriven as usual: yet in the evening casting off his cares. Sometimes by ourselves. And we sat on either side of the fire in the drawing-room as though we had not been parted a week since the last summer. Among memorably interesting visitors were Phillips Brooks: Lord Victor Seymour, Rector of Carshalton: the Countess of Darnley and her daughter Lady Kathleen. I was to come to know Lady Darnley well, and (like all others) to find her altogether charming. And the bright lively daughter I was to hear sing many songs in a magnificent contralto voice. From Selsdon to the Deanery at Salisbury. The office is filled by the son of an Elder of the Kirk, the Lord President Boyle. It was blazing Summer: and the Cathedral was vastly improved since last seen in 1866. I never heard any one find fault with that church save

Bishop Moberly : and what he said is not without foundation. 'It is a house of cards : it will collapse some day.' Indeed, while material is lavishly used in most ancient Gothic churches, here it was minimised. That marvellous spire stands on four slender shafts, each a hundred feet high. But it has stood for five hundred years : though off the perpendicular in two directions. It weathered the gale under which the Tay Bridge went down. That evening, after dinner, looking out upon the grand West front, I could not but note that of the party gathered in an English Deanery, every man had been born in the Kirk of Scotland. I alone abode there. Next morning away to Wells, through a fair country : It seemed that in Somerset the hawthorn was richer and the fields were greener than ever before. It is difficult, with two railways, to get to Wells : Dean Plumptre said that if a third were opened, it would be impossible. Change at Westbury : the White Horse upon the hill as of old. Then at Witham. At Frome a gentleman with two daughters came up and asked whether I liked this or St. Andrews best? Then explained he had been in our churches last Autumn. After all, Wells before one o'clock. A wonderful Deanery ! Salisbury was delightful, but this beyond words. And at Wells you have the ideal Cathedral City. Also Avalon and Glastonbury are, to some, words to conjure with. The previous afternoon, service at Salisbury : now at Wells. How careful and reverent the service, compared with my remembrance of nineteen years before. Next morning, Communion in the Cathedral : Dean Plumptre celebrated. It

was St. Barnabas' Day : and quite a considerable number received. At ten, morning service, with a most interesting sermon from the Dean, on St. Barnabas. In a charming way, it was shown that the Saint was extremely like holy Bishop Ken.

That afternoon we drove to Glastonbury. Avalon is too fine a name for common use : 'The Avalon Tileworks' appeared a profanation. Well, for many a day the two outstanding palaces of Europe were called *The Tileworks* and *The Cinderheaps*. The reader can translate *Tuileries* and *Escorial*. And to some souls, Glastonbury is more than words can say. The famous Thorns (there are more than one) blossom not at Christmas only, but on most days of the year. At five o'clock a little party gathered in the quaintest and most peaceful of all gardens : there was pleasant and cheerful talk. Next morning, Friday, the Dean and I to the chapel in the Palace : all about the charming dwelling, girded by its moat, with the kindly and dignified Bishop, Lord Arthur Hervey. In miraculous gleam and glow, I sat on the garden wall and gazed on the west front of the Cathedral, close by, rising out of miraculous green into unutterable blue. But repetition cannot be suffered : and I have elsewhere told of these things.¹ Through blazing sunshine to Paddington : five hours. And this time, for change, in a Pullman from St. Pancras by the Midland line. St. Andrews in the morning : which is at least ten thousand miles distant from

¹ *Our Homely Comedy ; and Tragedy* : p. 226. *The Charm of the Old Communion*. And p. 312, *Dean Plumtre of Wells*.

Wells. But one should be thankful to be easily pleased. On Sunday the record is, 'St Mary's in bright day : choir at its best : crammed : and pleasant even after the music of Salisbury and Wells.' I listened with close attention to Dean Plumptre on St. Barnabas' Day. But, all the same, my sermon for this morning was given me while he was preaching. Preachers will understand.

After ten successive years of Marlee, we desired something more Highland : and went at the beginning of August to beautiful Grandtully on the magnificent Tay, the largest and most beautiful river in Britain. It is three times as large as the Thames : that is, carries to the sea three times as much fresh water. And, climbing a hill, in five miles you come down upon the Tummel, and the Pass of Killiecrankie. Grandtully is Sir Walter's Tully-Veolan. Grandtully Castle is one of three from which the Wizard composed Bradwardine. Aberfeldy is near ; and Taymouth a little farther on. There is no finer scenery in the North, nor in the South. The smell of burning peat is delightful, from the cottage fires. Our little garden went down to the Tay : here a continued rapid. To sit under a great tree, and look at the flowing river, was enough for mortal man. With these were combined the reading of Bishop Burnet's *History of the Reformation* ; and of *His Own Time*. Every prospect, up and down the great water, and of the surrounding hills, was delightful. But on the Bishop's pages, man (for the most part) was vile.

CHAPTER XXV

BISHOP THOROLD AT ST. ANDREWS: CHURCH DEFENCE

WE never had more welcome visitor than came to us on Saturday September 19, 1885. That evening, Bishop Thorold, then of Rochester, came to us, and beheld St. Andrews for the first time. He had had a tedious journey, and looked tired. But on Sunday morning, he was as bright and alert as might be. Often, on an evening at Selsdon, he came into chapel looking worn-out after confirming some hundreds: but next day he was always equal to the requirement. I had the parish church that morning. The Bishop sat beside Tulloch in the place of the St. Mary's Professors. He heard hymns quite familiar: among them of course 'The Church's One Foundation.' I said some words, closing my sermon, on our great loss in Principal Shairp, of whose death we had heard the day before: and the Bishop remarked that Tulloch was moved to tears by what was recalled to him. On the Saturday I had a kind letter from Bishop Wordsworth, who was absent, suggesting that the Bishop should preach at the parish church in the morning, and the Episcopal in the evening. I thought it far better he should rest: but I felt that Bishop Wordsworth's letter was a sign of the times. He

would not have ventured to write it, twenty, or even ten, years before. It was pleasant to see the Prelate's face in that familiar church. Twenty-two years before, I had beheld it in St. Bernard's at Edinburgh. I had preached to him many times besides these two: but it was where I did not wear the sombre robes of the Kirk. I can testify he always listened attentively: which is what preachers often fail to do.

That Sunday afternoon was one of drenching rain. We had purposed a walk on the Links, but it could not be. And my friend had intended to go to afternoon Episcopal service: but was persuaded to rest. So we sat by the fire in my study, he very bright and well. I never knew any man more keenly enjoy a holiday. He was to have gone to St. Mary's in the evening: but the howling blast, driving the sleet bitterly against the windows, forbade. He is a teetotaller, as the attentive reader of this volume knows. And as he sat beside me, I taking a great cup of extremely strong tea before going to church, he said, with solemnity, 'Now, that's just as much a dram as anything you could take.' True: but it does not confuse the head. It braces one up wonderfully to preach. Doubtless, it may be difficult to sleep after it. The drenching rain did not affect the congregation. St. Mary's was crammed: possibly in some hope of the Bishop preaching.

Sunday's delivery brought him seventy letters: all answered, where needful, on Monday by twelve. Then the first turn about the city: never more pleasantly appreciated. In the afternoon, drive to Magus Muir, where

Archbishop Sharpe was murdered: the Bishop remarking that in his first day of sight-seeing here he was shown the places where two Primates were slain: Cardinal Bethun at the Castle, the other in what is now a thick wood: a bare hillside then. Through beautiful Dura Den, by Kemback Hill to Guard Bridge, and so home. In the evening a pleasant party dined. There was nobody the Bishop was so pleased to meet as Mrs. Oliphant: he begged that he might sit next her at table. Of course Principal Tulloch and his Wife were there: but they were familiar guests. And there is no one I remember so vividly as the grand old Dean Liddell of Christ Church, sitting by the drawing-room fire after dinner. One is generally disappointed, when a meeting has been much anticipated: but the Bishop found Mrs. Oliphant in every way even more than he had expected, and often said how charmed he had been with her,—looks, manner, conversation, everything.

On Tuesday, letters till twelve: then Tulloch was guide to his College, and the University Library: both most interesting. Several hours in the afternoon were given to the parish church: St. Leonard's church (in ruins) and College: and to a very full examination of the Cathedral. Among the remaining sedilia of the Chapter House is one where Liddon sat down: looked-at with interest by many. Then the Prelate sat down too. The day was bright, but cold. On Wednesday a long drive: a bright Autumn day. Due South, by Cameron, whose kirk was gazed on with intense wonder: by bleak Largoward: over the back-bone of Fife by Balcarres to Kilconquhar: to lunch with the

Earl of Lindsay and Lady Lindsay. Though both members of the same House of Parliament, the spiritual and temporal Peers had not met before. They were mutually delighted. And it is a charming old house. Back by Pitcorthy, where we beheld Sir Frederick Hamilton's workshop with interest. By Pittenweem home. A drive of thirty miles. But my brother James and his family were happily staying in St. Andrews for three months: and his horses made little of the distance. On Thursday Lord Dalhousie opened a Bazaar for the Fisher-people: he standing in a boat as he did so: and making an excellent speech. Among other things seen that day, the Chapel of St. Salvator's College was much admired: though certain flies in the ointment were justly pointed out. I knew them well before, and had often chafed at them. Afternoon tea with Mrs. Oliphant: whose conversation, so lively and well-informed, without a vestige of self-consciousness, was voted as perfection. And the perfectly quiet evenings, with only our own little household, were enjoyed as very restful by an overworked man. On Friday afternoon I opened the Fishers' Bazaar: and was impressed by the firmness with which the Bishop staid away from the Function. But he is quietly keen. I had arranged with those in charge that we should have a little speech from him. I had not indeed told him so. But he *jaloused*, as Scots folk say, what would follow had he been present: wherefore he was absent. All this he stated frankly, when I came back. Such is the regrettable craftiness which tends to develop itself in the very best of men, once they

are numbered among the Hierarchy. It contrasts painfully with our artless simplicity. A suspicious reader may indeed say that I had attempted to impose upon the Prelate. But that is a totally different thing.

On that Friday evening, Bishop Wordsworth and his Wife dined : a little party. The nephew of Bishop Wordsworth was one of the Canons of Rochester in those days. He is now Bishop of Salisbury. So there was a tie. And Bishop Thorold was greatly charmed with his venerable Brother. Few men have ever had such a wide acquaintance among persons of eminence. His collection of testimonials, when a candidate for the Second Mastership of Winchester, is quite extraordinary. The Bishop had classified them at the beginning under heads : Bishops, Deans, Cabinet Ministers, Governors-General of India, and the like. Lord Chancellor and Prime Minister each stood alone. Turning over, I said. Here are two or three Chief-Justices.' They were not held worthy of separate classification there.

It was touching, when after thirty years of silence, intercourse was resumed with Cardinals Manning and Newman. Newman was quiet and reserved, though friendly. But the old school-companion, Manning, overflowed with joy and affection. The letters began *My dear Bishop* : passed into *My dear old Friend* : warmed up to *My dearest Charles*. Yet one never had the feeling of gush, but of sincere affection. I trust that every reader knows Bishop Wordsworth's Autobiography. Had he been a Pusher, or a man who desired to sound his own

trumpet, things might have been a good deal heightened in divers places in that book.

Saturday September 26 was a memorable day. At 9 A.M. our guest and I drove away, eleven miles, to Newport: crossed the Tay in the steam-ferry: a carriage waited on the other side: and an hour and three quarters of sharp driving conveyed us from Dundee to Glamis Castle. The Grampians were deep with snow: and though it was sunshiny, a keen North wind blew upon us over those snowy slopes. Never were places less like than smiling Selsdon Park and weird Glamis: yet Lady Strathmore had spent many of her early days amid those low Surrey hills. I had taken a large volume, *Scenes and Legends of the Vale of Strathmore*: but we had been too much occupied to look into it. As we left, the eagle eye of Lord Strathmore espied the book: and he said, with feeling, 'Don't believe a word of it.' Indeed, on examination, we did not wonder at the Earl's disapproval. For it appeared that not merely had divers of his ancestors been carried away of evil spirits in an entire form, but that sometimes they had been torn into little bits and left lying about their chamber. Terrible howls accompanied the process of tearing-up: so that no one liked to go in and help. Of course, the pleasantest of all welcomes. The Countess, and several daughters worthy of such a mother, were there. And the haunted place was gone over thoroughly, with deep interest. The family name is Lyon: and the number of lions all about the house is wonderful. Two great animals (in brass) on either side of

the drawing-room fire : and others beyond reckoning both without and within. We staid as long as we possibly could : then the long drive back to St. Andrews. From door to door, three hours and three quarters. But we made out about ten miles an hour. A quiet evening : and that game of Logomachy which interests some.

Sunday was a bright cold day. The Bishop, always careful of the proprieties, went to the Episcopal church in the morning with my Cambridge lad whom he was to ordain. But on the way, he went in to look at St. Mary's. He said, however, quite frankly, that he was much more interested in seeing the old-fashioned worship long characteristic of the Kirk, than in attending a service which very nearly approximated to his own. I have found this with others, high in the Anglican Church. It turned to a beautiful sunshiny afternoon : and we had a long walk about the Cathedral, and round the grand Abbey Wall. An ancient prophecy says that wall is appointed to fall upon the best man in St. Andrews. And it is stated that my predecessor, the kind old Principal Haldane, never durst walk under it. He was indeed a man much revered and beloved. Yet he could be peppery. I once said to an old St. Andrews man, who knew him well, 'Was not the Principal a wonderfully amiable man?' The answer came : 'Amiable ! He wasna' amiable at all. He was worse-tempered than Dr. Park and you put together.' Dr. Park's incumbency had come between his and mine. He was an old bachelor : and like many such, was extremely kind to all young women. He never got

angry with them. One day a pretty girl said to him, rather forwardly, 'Principal, Why is it that you say everything three times over?' The dear old man looked at her benignantly, and answered in these precise words: 'Well, Miss Jeanie: I do repeat. I do repeat. I do repeat.' This in pathetic tones. As who would say, Don't be hard upon an old man. And Jeanie was silent.

That Sunday was September 27; but the brightness of sea and sky remain in memory as transcending summer. The verdict of one who knew was, 'the sea is like the Mediterranean.' It would be many times dark enough ere we should see it together again. For next morning at 7.20 we must leave this house. And the Bishop departed to visit his old friend Sir Emilius Bayley, now the Laird of Maxwellton: fitly assuming the name of Laurie. To Edinburgh: then to Glasgow. He went to the Cathedral. But the Choir was still vilely arranged: and the verdict was 'simply painful.' It would not be so now. Yesterday, April 17, 1892, being Easter-Day, I went for the twenty-sixth time to assist my old friend Dr. Burns at his April Communion: and had the great privilege of ministering in the only church in Scotland to which the name of magnificent may with propriety be given: the arrangements now leaving almost nothing to be desired. And Dr. Burns has assisted me at the Communion in St. Andrews for twenty-six successive years: a long time in this changing world. The Bishop went out to the west end to see the new buildings of the University. I had unluckily told him that the shafts which carry the

centre alley of the great Hall are of iron : and he did not enter in. A chamber which from foundation to roof cost a hundred thousand pounds ought not to have admitted such material. But when I said this to the man through whose munificence it is there, the statement was vehemently controverted. So I speak humbly, though resolutely. To differ from the Marquis of Bute on any question implying knowledge of mediæval art is, beyond question, presumptuous : unless you were Mr. Ruskin. And so far, those iron shafts have not been treated as it is intended they should be.

Few visitors to St. Andrews have left so pleasant memories behind them as one who spent a while here in this October 1885. Mr. Thackeray's daughter Mrs. Ritchie and her husband were more than welcome. For her father's sake, and her own, one marked very intently all the charming authoress said and did. Everybody was delighted. She was very like her father : and sitting by her, and looking at her, one felt drawn somewhat nearer to a man who is certainly one of the most delightful of all writers of English prose. On the evening of Monday October 19 we dined at Tulloch's to meet the interesting pair. Her first words to me were, 'You knew my father ?' Alas, it was not so. I never even saw that great man. But from where I sit now I can reach a shelf which bears all his writings : and I have read everything about him which I could find. Mrs. Ritchie's manner was most attractive : extremely frank and friendly, and quite unaffected. And it is very pleasing to a small writer to find

a big one extremely well up in what he has published. The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie dined with us. Of course I made sure of the privilege of sitting next her : her conversation was delightful. I could not but remark that she had not quite forgiven Anthony Trollope for that red volume : which I confess I had not thought so bad. But it is a terribly perilous kind of literature : and I fancy the wise man will keep out of it. It was a first shadow of what was coming, that though Mrs. Tulloch was with us that day, her husband could not come. But not a soul dreamt of what this meant. On Saturday October 24, too cold a day for the function, I took Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie round the ruins. Like many men, I think he did not care much about them. But she was intensely interested. And she was amused by a not very brilliant specimen which the *Saturday Review* published at this time of the stories which are put about without foundation : to wit, that it was too true that Tulloch and I had been bought over to the Tories by the Duke of Richmond promising us early racing information, which would enable us to make bets at an advantage. What a pity the false stories which are circulated about some small folk, though just as veracious as that, are capable of being believed by some. Then the authoress and her husband departed from this city ; and unhappily have returned no more.

Sunday November 8 was a marked day in our little history. The magistrates were 'kirked,' entering on a new year of duty. My Colleague had the honour of welcoming

them in the morning. But they came in the afternoon too: and I take for granted they must have approved my sermon, inasmuch as the Provost came to the vestry to thank me in their name. We always pay due honour to dignities: unlike old Dr. Muir who once, kirking the Corporation, said in his prayer, 'Lord, have mercy upon the magistrates of Glasgow, such as they are. Make them wiser and better.' And when the Town Clerk called, to say that the magistrates were much aggrieved at being prayed for in such fashion, the answer was instant: 'Dr. Muir's compliments to the Lord Provost, and he is very sorry to find that his prayer has not been answered.' I have kirked the magistrates many times, however: and it is not for that reason that I recall the occasion. It had been intimated at the services during the day, that Dr. Mitchell, our Professor of Church History, would lecture in the parish church in the evening on 'Some Aspects of the Church Question deserving of consideration in the present Crisis.' Dr. Mitchell was that year Moderator of the Kirk: and he very seldom preaches. The church was filled by a great congregation. I should not in the least degree have been surprised to hear Dr. Mitchell preach wisely and devoutly: that is his usual way. But it did surprise one to find that man of calm and well-balanced mind fire up into a pathos and vehemence which I have rarely seen equalled and never surpassed. The question of disestablishment had been raised: and one was made to realise how it stirs the blood of good men here. And not merely were there this evening a fire, a keenness, a power

of stirring a multitude to the depth of their nature, which are rare indeed, but an incisive severity of denunciation which few had expected from that calm, cautious man. And if the preacher was at white-heat, so was the congregation long before he was done. Several times there would have been loud applause, had it not been hushed.

But I am not to tell the story here, for a good reason. The sermon lasted fifty minutes : but it came to an end : and everybody went home. I had taken two full services that day, besides being present at the third : and my rule for many a day has been, No writing in an evening. But the good Professor had got at me, for once, and at 8.45 I sat down and with incredible rapidity wrote some account of that memorable function : writing as vehemently as the preacher had spoken. At 9.30 I had finished : and in a very black night conveyed my packet to the post-office. On Tuesday morning, in large type, the intelligent reader had my story before him in the *Scotsman*, with only one misprint. Tulloch had arranged to have his lectures read by another, and he had gone away to rest and come back well : none knew that he had quitted St. Andrews for the last time. But wherever he was, the *Scotsman* went : and though my little production bore no name, he knew at once who was its author, and hastened to write that it was *Very Fine*. In due time it was republished elsewhere.¹ Tulloch was a keen Liberal in politics. But

¹ *Our Homely Comedy ; and Tragedy* : p. 54. *How Disestablishment Touches People*.

words cannot express the intensity of his feeling upon this question. Others, who neither could nor would speak out their mind like him, were practically of even the same way of thinking.

On the evening of Tuesday November 17, a beautiful day of keen frosty sunshine, we had a great Church Defence meeting in the Town Hall. It was crammed to excess, and an overflow meeting was held elsewhere. Sir Alexander Kinloch was in the Chair: Sir Robert Anstruther, late member for Fife, was at this time returned for St. Andrews. These two, and several others, spoke well. But the outstanding and unforgettable speech was Dr. MacGregor's. Both he and Sir Alexander staid in this house. We dined at 6.30 for the meeting at 8, and I remarked that both were nervous and silent. But in a minute after MacGregor got upon his feet, you felt the orator was at home: and he played on that dense mass like Dr. Peace on the Glasgow organ. Whether to move to howls of laughter, or to silent tears, it was equally easy and natural. He went on for just an hour: and he could quite easily have gone on for two. A man must enjoy what he does so supremely well. He held his argument well in hand, and never lost sight of it: but the profusion of stories, and quaint illustrations, passed belief. Some people failed to see the orator's method: I have known it said, 'A capital story: but what had it to do with the defence of the Church of Scotland?' The enthusiasm was tremendous: one could quite understand that people would fight for the Kirk: if need were.

Specially from a mass of students, in one corner, came vehement applause of the old St. Andrews student now set on high. MacGregor saw them : and turning to them went on, 'Ah you dear young men : how my heart warms to you ! It seems yesterday since I was one of you. Just to hear your voices, and look at you, makes me young again !' If they had applauded before, they became like yelling maniacs now ; and so abode till the end. But the most effective thing of all was a simple story. The orator said he could not stand the enemies of the Kirk saying they wanted to strip us bare because they loved us so much. It reminded him of a friend of his who long served under Garibaldi : and came home with a red jacket. One Summer day he was walking through a field near Dumfries, when a large bull went for him, and sent him flying over the hedge. As he picked himself up, the bull stood on the other side, putting down his head, and pawing the earth, and roaring. The Garibaldian mistook the bull's meaning : and shaking his fist at it he exclaimed with great indignation, 'None of your apologies ! You meant it, you brute !'

Of course, success has to be the test of all oratorical arts. I know not what the reader may think of this affecting legend. But many remain to testify what frantic enthusiasm it awakened when orally delivered. Many started to their feet : and the thunderous applause stopped the speaker for five minutes at least. It arose again and again : MacGregor meanwhile standing with blazing eyes and outstretched hand. Not even at Aberdeen, when he

told of the merited hanging of his progenitor,¹ was the popular emotion so stirred. Immediately after concluding his speech, the orator departed from the hall, with the avowed purpose of going straight to bed. But the steam had been got up far too much for that: and when Sir Alexander and I returned home, late, he was vehemently talking, and continued to do so till an early hour. Next morning, all the land was white with snow: there was bright sunshine and keen frost. We saw the Cathedral and Castle, looking wonderful: and ended by a talk with good Bishop Wordsworth, as usual. Late in the afternoon the two speakers departed to Edinburgh.

In a most respectable Edinburgh newspaper, on Tuesday December 8, a paragraph appeared concerning the election of our City member:

‘A notable incident in the forenoon was the appearance of the Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd heading the members of his Kirk Session as they marched from the church to the polling-booth to record their votes, in accordance with the wishes of their spiritual adviser, for Sir Robert Anstruther.’

There was no foundation for the statement. I went from this house to vote, quite alone. I never asked any member of Session to vote for Sir Robert. So far as I know, the Session did not go in a body. Certainly not from the church: which is exactly opposite the polling-place. Further, I have done my utmost to get people not to name me with those initials, a fashion I detest. When

¹ *Ante*: Vol. i. p. 96.

I was made a D.D., this day twenty-eight years, April 20, 1864, my revered Father was one : and it was necessary to distinguish. But it has not been needful for many a day.

Just at this time, the beloved and revered Dr. Liddon wrote me several long letters : very kind, very touching : on our only point of difference : the vital necessity of Episcopacy. He had sent me the sermon he preached at the consecration of the Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter in St. Paul's : and all my reverence and affection for him could not prevent my expressing my personal conviction. At this time, the great preacher was far from well : and he wrote with a vehemence which was unusual. The letters were five in number : and one, of sixteen closely-written pages, sets out with great eloquence and power his view. Dr. Liddon was incapable of writing anything which could be held unworthy of him : but, deeply interesting as his letters at this time were, they were written with an intensity of feeling, and a sense of speaking to a friend in outspoken confidence, which make it impossible for me to give here what very many would read with profound concern. I take two characteristic sentences :

'Of course I knew that you could not agree with me. Yet it would not be sincere in me to profess anything else, or less, than the doctrine of the sermon, on the serious subject with which it deals. I believe it to be demonstrably a part of the Revealed Will of God, and as such am bound to teach it, when a natural occasion for doing so presents itself, whether men agree with me or not. And I must add that I believe it to be the only doctrine which justifies the

retention of Episcopacy whether in England or Scotland. Certainly if Bishops are not a necessary element in the Church of God, the Bishops in Scotland are organisers of a wanton schism—introducing division and heart-burnings where else all might be one. They have no right to be where they are on grounds of taste, or antiquarianism, or even expediency. They are more than justified, if they represent a feature of the Divine will, which Presbyterianism has lost. And here in England, the Episcopate forms a real barrier to union among Reformed Christians: all the Protestant bodies, external to the Church, which are loyal to the Puritan Tradition, regard it with hereditary aversion. If it is not necessary, it ought to be abandoned in deference to the prejudices of such millions of weaker brethren: and I may add, in order to diminish temptation to ambition and worldliness among ourselves. To this danger those of our Clergy are especially exposed, who have no real belief in the Apostolical Commission, and who consequently see in the Episcopate a mere earthly prize of professional success,—such and such an income, and a seat in the House of Lords. If I believed the Episcopate to be a matter of human Institution, I should earnestly desire its abolition: As it is, I see in it a Divine gift, rejected, or—worse still—abused by the passions or the selfishness of man: but about retaining which I have just as little discretion as about retaining the Gospel of St. John.’

Never, in this world, have I known so kindly and candid a controversialist as this great man. Long letters passed at this time. Of course, agreement was absolutely

impossible. Nor did Liddon like my views a bit the better for that I was quite ready (like Tulloch and many more) to accept Episcopacy on the clear ground stated by our great Lord President Inglis.¹ But, as we went on, there was, in that illustrious friend, only a kinder desire that one whom he thought seriously wrong might be brought right. And I give the last sentences of all :

‘ Some day, I cannot but hope, so clever a people as the Scotch will see this ’ too : and I pray that, when they do, they may have the grace to set in order the things that have been wanting to them ever since John Knox has been an authority—beyond the Tweed.

‘ In saying this, I rejoice to remember how *very much* we have in common, and shall have, I trust, in life, and in death, and beyond.’

Notwithstanding what Liddon here says of John Knox, I cannot forget with what a solemn face Liddon, each time he was here, entered the pulpit whence Knox preached, and stood a space in silence.

And as for the good man’s closing aspiration, let us say Amen, Amen.

On one other occasion, I had differed from Liddon. Rather (though it sound presumptuous to say so) he had differed from me. It was at Glamis. It was at dinner ; where controversy is rightly excluded. I found that the lady I had taken in, and who sat between Liddon and me, was much interested in Gothic churches. Accordingly, I was developing a view, that a height of anything above a

¹ *Ante* : Vol. i. p. 69.

hundred feet (as in Westminster and York) is just as impressive to the eye as a hundred and eighty (as at Cologne): while immense height dwarfs the ministrants and the congregation. Further, that to carry a roof of stone at near two hundred feet high necessitates such a lavish use of flying buttresses outside, that the church looks as though surrounded with a scaffolding of stone. Likewise, that a gable two hundred and fifty feet high, as at Cologne and Strasburg, destroys the apparent height of the spire: as is manifest when you compare Strasburg spire with that of Salisbury. As I expatiated, flattering myself that I was persuading my auditors, I became aware that the eagle eye of Liddon was watching me with an awful intentness. Scarce had I ended, when with much intensity the great preacher burst forth in these terms: 'Don't believe a word he says! He is utterly wrong. For dignity, and sanctity, height is everything. No matter what it costs. A Choir, a hundred and fifty feet high, is the thing to aim at.' Then he said, vehemently, that the blight of modern building was the desire to finish. 'There is St. Mary's Cathedral at Edinburgh: they have built it at once. A miserable error! They should have built a Choir a hundred and fifty feet high: and then have left it to the generation after next to go on with the building.'

I was not wholly overwhelmed, even with the great Anglican orator of the age against me. But it was plain that much might be said on either side. Also that Liddon could express, with a marvellous charm, what he had to say: on any subject whatsoever.

CHAPTER XXVI

SORROW AT ST. ANDREWS

IT was quite an interesting incident to many, at evening service in St. Mary's on the last day of January 1886, when some of the company which had acted in *The Private Secretary* on Saturday night, appeared in church. I had seen them act, but in church I rarely remark anyone: and no doubt the young persons in question were otherwise arrayed than when doing their duty. Many recognised them at once. And they were specially welcome. Many theatrical companies visit St. Andrews. Here, too, we have all the interest of dramatic performances, without any of the risks of larger places.

On Candlemas-day, February 2, 1886, there entered this study something which will abide as long as I do; and which I trust will be taken care of afterwards for that it was dear to me. A beautiful elm-tree, one of three standing in front of the beloved little St. Mary's Church, was blown down on a stormy December night in 1883. I had watched it continually, as a lover of trees watches a fine tree in a place where such are few: and I knew well its look in each of the seasons. Specially, at a summer evening service, on one of the two Sundays in the long year on which

you might sing Bishop Walsham How's hymn, *Summer suns are glowing*, without its looking absurd, I used to see through a stained window the branches gently waving in the soft breeze of July. I miss that tree more than I tell anyone. But it had fallen, and it had to go. Just as close as might be to the roots, a slice was cut across the grain of the wood. Two years of seasoning, and the slice was deemed fit to be made into a table, which was carried into the room wherein I work, and set down at the left hand of my writing table, where a great many things are put upon it daily. On the day on which it came, it suggested an essay: the thought of which kept me awake that night. In due time it appeared in *Longman*, bearing the title *That Elm*.¹ And a curious fate befell it, which gives it special interest to me. On June 29 in this year, I was travelling by the Caledonian railway from Edinburgh to the South. It was a wonderfully bright and beautiful day. At Lockerbie the train stopped a minute: and an old gentleman descended from the next compartment of the carriage, and soon re-entered it. A little man, extremely upright and active. The face seemed familiar, but I was not sure. At Carlisle we had seventeen minutes: and I ventured to ask him if he was not *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, though unseen till now, had sent me all the books he published for many years, and had written me very many long and kind letters. Notable among these prized volumes is the grand illustrated edition of the *Autocrat*, bearing the inscription

¹ *Our Homely Comedy; and Tragedy*: p. 105.

A. K. H. Boyd: with the kindest regards of Oliver Wendell Holmes. September 1861. I received the most cordial of welcomes: and we had pleasant talk through that wait at Carlisle. He had been made LL.D. of Edinburgh, and was going to Oxford to be made D.C.L. But the old man was wearied out: and forbidden to talk while the train was running: so I left him in care of his daughter and an attendant, and went back to my compartment. The next stop was at Preston: twenty-five minutes. He talked brightly all that time, and it chanced I had the *July Longman* with me, containing *That Elm*. Further, that essay contained some mention of the Autocrat, greatly in his praise. I gave him the magazine: but he would not look into it till we started again. And singularly, that same number contained an article entitled *Oliver Wendell Holmes*. But he said he would not look at it: not on any account. The next stop was at Crewe, where we parted: he to Oxford, I to Wolverhampton and Lichfield: whereof in due time. And here he gave me back my *Longman*, I having got another copy for him. He had written at the end of it, in a large clear hand, as follows:

‘Read on the Train from Edinburgh to Oxford, June 29th, 1886, by Oliver Wendell Holmes: in full sympathy with the writer.

‘Elm measured at Oxford 25 feet 6 inches in clear girth. I never saw but one American elm reach 23 feet. I have seen them reach 120 feet from bough end to bough end.

‘O. W. H.’

The paper bearing the honoured name began just on the other side of the page on which the Autocrat wrote. But his rule was inflexible. If any reference came in an article on another subject, he would read that if he came upon it. My last view of the dear man remains vivid in memory. My carriage went on : but he had to turn out. And Crewe, to the unaccustomed visitor, is a perplexing station. As I moved away, he and his daughter were standing by a truck, whereon their luggage was piled. No mortal was noticing it or them. People were rushing wildly about the platforms, and trains hurrying in and out. In humorous despair, Dr. Holmes held up both hands on high, and exclaimed, ' I don't know at all where I'm going ! ' And so I left him. However, he got safe to Oxford, some time.

I have lingered upon these incidents : because I now come to the day when the heaviest blow fell upon St. Andrews which has fallen since I knew it. And none so heavy can fall in my time.

Principal Tulloch had been sent to Torquay, and was there in the house of Dr. Ramsay : for many years a picturesque figure at Holyrood and elsewhere during the General Assembly : Purse-Bearer to the High Commissioner. Of course, Dr. Ramsay was an old friend of the Principal's. We were all anxious. But Tulloch was not sixty-three : and once before he had come back from Torquay perfectly well. On Sunday February 7 I had ministered at the dedication of St. George's-in-the-Fields at Glasgow : a fine church, though of classic style. I had got home on

Monday, 'awfully weary'; and was resting, when a telegram came from the Principal's daughter Fanny, who was with him. It said that her father was very ill: worse than they knew at home: and asked me to beg her mother to go to Torquay at once. I went over to St. Mary's College: and asked first to see a married daughter who was at home. One felt under what unexpressed pressure that household had been living, when first the daughter and then the mother hurried in with the same cry, *I know he's dead*. They were shown the telegram: it was not so bad as that. And next morning, in the bitter frost of an awful season, they set off in the dark, and travelled on for twenty-four hours. As the gathering weakness came over Tulloch, the pathetic cry of *Jeanie, Jeanie*, had been constant. But when his good angel came, though he was but half-conscious, the heart-breaking words ceased. This was on Wednesday morning. His two sons, William and Frank, had arrived from Glasgow: and for a day there seemed a gleam of hope. But it passed: and in the early morning of Saturday February 13, 1886, he was gone.

On that Saturday morning, the post brought a letter from William Tulloch, quite hopeful. I was getting on with the preparations for Sunday, when at 10 A.M. a telegram came: that Tulloch was dead.

I am not to go back upon that time. Everything one wrote, for months, had in it the sense of loss. I see now, after years, that perhaps it was morbid: but the moan could not be suppressed. It was as when Arnold went from Rugby. There was but one feeling, everywhere. I am not

going to say, again, what was said elsewhere.¹ One had not thought that Tulloch could die : not, at least, till we should many of us go together. Without repeating myself, just a word of the way in which things went now. I went straight to the desolate house : only two of the daughters were there, Amy, and Blanche. Of course, Tulloch's daughters were like my own : and I had christened Blanche. The poor girls knew already. As kind and good friends as are in this world were there before me : Professor Baynes, and his Wife. I had always held both in warm affection : but from that sad morning, on which I saw such wisdom, kindness, and sympathy, more than ever. If human beings could soothe and help under such a blow, they could and would. The poor daughters were very quiet : there is firmness, as well as sweetness, in that family. I went back in the afternoon. In the evening I had to change my sermon for the parish church next morning : and write something. There was no use in trying to begin one's discourse as if it were a common Sabbath-day. And how keenly the newspapers know everything ! It is their business. One thought of Dean Stanley taking to bed when Dickens was to be buried, to escape the *Daily Telegraph*. He used to tell the story. I did not think at all about *The Scotsman* : but sure enough *The Scotsman* came, and was promised my MS. by 10 P.M. Everyone who has gone through them knows what prosaic little

¹ *Our Homely Comedy ; and Tragedy* : p. 59. *A Dark Sunday at St. Andrews. East Coast Days, and Memories* : p. 219. *Principal Tulloch*. This was a review of Mrs. Oliphant's *Life* : and had first appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, December 1888.

details are linked with the remembrance of our heaviest trials. The 'funeral sermons,' so called, would be on the Sunday after the funeral : but a word must be said at once of what was in everybody's heart. Sunday February 14, St. Valentine, began drearily, but turned to a day of bright sunshine. At Torquay it was a Summer day. There was a large congregation at morning service : and a crowd of students, expecting. One got through, by keeping very quiet, and well in hand. It would have been easy to break down, at any point. The record of the time says, 'Just managed.' It was a great blessing to read one's prayers. At St. Mary's in the evening a dense crowd, in expectation : but very little could be said. One of the hymns was 'Friend after friend departs' : to a beautiful manuscript tune. Another was Archbishop Maclagan's 'Remember me.' Before coming home, I went to see a poor fellow, dying : who was to be laid to rest on the same day with our dear friend. He was gone in an hour.

On Monday the newspapers were full of what was indeed a national loss. Not a dissentient voice was heard. Those who had vilified him in life were cowed into silence. Those who had suggested that 'there was room enough for him without,' felt that the Kirk had lost its foremost man. As I look over the record of what was said that Sunday morning, the feeling of the time comes back : I cannot help quoting some part of it. It was thus the sermon ended :

'I know well of whom you have been thinking continually as these words were said. Yesterday, while some

little of the breath of Spring was cheering us, and while we were (not without reason) clinging to the hope that we should in a little welcome him back to years of active and enjoyable life among his old friends; there fell upon this City, upon this University, upon this National Church, upon broad Scotland, and upon a quiet and loving home very near us, the heaviest blow which could fall. Not since Arnold was stricken down and taken away from Rugby, has such a stroke fallen upon any little community by the removal of a single man, as this which has fallen on St. Andrews by the loss of Principal Tulloch. It is not yet that it is possible to speak fully. It is not for any of us who have lived in brotherly relations with the brother who has gone before us, to sit down coolly and try to estimate him; or to set him forth to strangers as he was in intellect and heart. All we can do yet is to feel and acknowledge our bereavement:—we to whom he was not merely the enthusiastic orator who swept a multitude along with him, as one can in a million,—not merely the bright philosophic theologian and historian, whose latest volume, published but the other week, showed only the brightening and mellowing of his rare faculties. No: to us he was, beyond these things, the lovable man, whose noble presence and beaming face and cheery laugh can never enliven our fireside and cheer up our hearts any more. It seems but the other day,—it is not five months yet,—that a word had to be said from this pulpit of the removal of the Principal of our other College. A Prelate of the great Anglican Church sat beside Principal

Tulloch upon that day, and said afterwards how touched the Principal seemed by the loss of Principal Shairp. That was a loss, and a great loss. But this comes far nearer to some of us. This is something taken out of our daily life, the stimulating presence with us continually of a noble type of Christian manhood. What will St. Andrews be without Principal Tulloch? For many a day past, wherever our language is read, the man and the place were named together by all educated people. We have valued friends yet; and we shall value them more than ever. But years and years, even if we could find another like him, would not make a Head of our University who could fill his place. We were proud of him, and we loved him: all of us: but to-day it seems as if, could he be given back to us in the old likeness that we knew, we should prize him infinitely more. Some of us know to-day the vague remorse that comes when a privilege is taken away. Some of us, thinking of the loss to his students, to his colleagues, to the world of letters, and to these Church Courts for whose coarse and soul-debasing work he seemed to me far too finely-strung and too noble a man, will think most of that sacred inner circle, that pleasant home, not to be spoken of here save to say that (God be thanked) every member of the family has proved worthy of such a husband and father. He has passed to his rest: and few have passed to rest after a life of harder work. But our tenderest sympathies and our best prayers are with them on this sorrowful day.'

On Monday afternoon I went with Frank Tulloch to

the Cathedral ground, to select a spot for his father's grave. He chose one which has become familiar to many, on the lower terrace in the new ground. A great cross of granite has been set over it. There was the brightest sunshine as we stood at the place, and the sea below was beautifully blue : ' the sea he was so fond of,' his son said. On Wednesday afternoon I went over to Tulloch's study, a great handsome room : there the coffin of light oak, with not a vestige of unchristian black, was set in the corner where he used to sit and write, where I remember the bright face look up when I went in, never looking impatient. It had just arrived from Torquay. It was covered with beautiful flowers. His son William and I sat beside it for two hours. One was not able to take in that he was there. Then at 4 P.M. to my week-day service : where prayers, hymns, lessons, and the little meditation, all bore upon our loss. Thursday February 18 was the funeral day. My very dear friend Story came that morning to stay : he was certainly Tulloch's chief friend. And Mr. Mitford Mitchell, now one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, and one of our very best clergy, came from Aberdeen : a long journey. We were a sad little party in my study that day. At 1.30 to Tulloch's house : where, in the familiar library, only the children and a few friends, among them the inestimable Baynes, and Donald Macleod of Glasgow. I did the service according to our simple order. It is a great blessing that at such a time one is more or less stunned. For I note, in the tear-stained record of that day, how, as we knelt at

prayer, I leant my stupefied head upon the coffin, 'where Tulloch's dear old head was within.' Then to the parish church, a few yards off. It was crowded. More than 2,000 were there, all in mourning. The church was black as night. All kinds of Christian people were there: Bishop Wordsworth to represent Scotch Episcopacy: Father Angus to represent the ancient Church out of which we all came. And there were representatives from each of the other three Scotch Universities. The coffin was set near where Archbishop Sharpe's had been set, two hundred years before. The service began with the proper sentences. Then the ninetieth psalm was beautifully chanted. Mr. Rodger of St. Leonard's Parish read Job xiv. I read the grand lessons from 1 Thess. iv. and 1 Cor. xv. Then Professor Mitchell, the Moderator, read suitable prayers. Next, 'When our heads are bowed with woe': all objections to the great hymn had long since been trampled in the dust. The Moderator said the blessing. Then six students of St. Mary's College, in their robes, took up what remained of their Head, and carried the coffin out. I have seen many funeral services, north and south of the Tweed: Never one more touching.

Nor has any living person seen in St. Andrews so striking a procession as passed along our fine South Street, under the windows of the desolate home, eastward that day. The quaint robes of students and Professors,—our own and many from far away: and the boy who came at thirteen to St. Andrews, and whose life had been bound to St. Andrews ever since, was carried through characteristic

St. Andrews to his rest: not through modern streets the like of which you may find anywhere. I do not know what grand processions may have swept along that street in ages gone. Perhaps when Robert the Bruce came from Bannockburn to the dedication of the Cathedral, things were statelier. But never was there deeper feeling nor truer mourning, never since gray St. Andrews was young.

I see plainly, to-day, the gloomy street, the dark sky, the vested procession. Neither rain nor snow fell as yet. I hastened on by another way, and was at the new gate in time. All the service as usual. Just as the words came, *Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear Brother here departed*, the windows of heaven were opened, and a tremendous blast of drenching sleet poured down; which went on and grew into a heavy snowstorm. So we left him. But immediately one heard the great Dead March: the Volunteers came, bearing one of their brethren: and I read the service again. He was a skilful sculptor: and all round his grave were standing crosses and headstones, beyond numbering, the work of the cold hands. Next day, another was buried near who had died far away in Florida, and been brought across the Atlantic to rest under the shadow of St. Regulus. The snow lay thick and white as the grave procession passed along the nave of the Cathedral, bearing the great American 'casket,' mainly made of iron.

Story was to preach at Dundee on Sunday. But Tulloch had begun his ministry there: and the people would

look for many words about him. On Saturday forenoon we severally prepared what we were to say. Story's account of his friend, very touching and beautiful, was 'hand-written.' The representative of our chief Scotch newspapers came at ten o'clock, and I dictated to him : he writing several copies at once. He gave me one : but I learned how much more easily you read your own hand-writing than that of another, though far better written. And that afternoon Story and I went to St. Mary's College, and took three of the children to their father's resting-place.

Sunday February 21 was a dark day here. The great congregation at the parish church looked a black mass, save for the scarlet of the students' gowns, and for bits of colour in the Professors' hoods. The church looked black. Pulpit, altar-table, galleries, were draped with black. The prayers were read by Dr. Anderson : the psalms and hymns quietly signified what was in every one's heart. The Moderator, Professor Mitchell, had not a trace of the fiery orator of three months before. He was a stricken man, mourning the loss of a friend of near half-a-century's acquaintance. He was very quiet ; plainly holding himself in hand for fear of breaking down. A great many (the writer was one) were more or less stupefied. In the afternoon Dr. Gray of Liberton preached : but I was not there. An old friend of the Principal's. But I went to evening service at St. Mary's. The church was densely crowded, passages and all. The music was very touching. But the tension of the long day was telling on most. The

congregation was affected to a degree which was painful to witness. The student who read the Lessons came to a dead stop as he reached the words, 'Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?'¹ And the preacher 'just got through.'

Tiring as the day had been, I could not rest. And at 9.35 I took to a little account of it: and got on feverishly. At 11.35, in a dark damp night, through dead-silent streets, to the post-office. On Tuesday morning many could read it if they so desired. And it became the short chapter to which the reader has already been referred: *A Dark Sunday at St. Andrews.*

Many desired to know when and where Tulloch preached in this city for the last time. It was at St. Mary's church on Sunday October 11, 1885: at the morning service. He never preached but once again. It was that day four weeks, from Story's pulpit at Roseneath. There his public ministry ended. It was fit, as these things commonly are not. He had introduced Story to his flock, twenty-five years before. And hard by that church sleep the ashes of Robert Story of Roseneath and John Campbell of Row, both saints, and one of them saint and martyr.

¹ 2 Kings ii. 3.

CHAPTER XXVII

A BLAZING SUMMER: DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

IN the first days of March, 1886, a terrible snowstorm visited a large part of Scotland. On Saturday February 27, through deep snow, over a country stretching away, gleaming white, I went the long journey to Aberdeen. On Sunday the snow lay deep in the streets, and was falling heavily. But I noted there, as often elsewhere, that if people desire to go to church, no weather will prevent them. The service in the evening in the beautiful West Church of St. Nicholas, was for the University Missionary Society: and I remember it well. On Monday the snow was still falling heavily. I came away by the last train that got through from Aberdeen for a time. The railways were blocked. On Tuesday March 2, 'never a more awful morning.' There had been high wind and heavy snow all night: the windows were opaque with snow. I had a funeral that afternoon: the snow was to one's knee. The west gable of the Cathedral looked extraordinary. It was perfectly white: the snow had been bitterly driven against it, and had stuck. One of our lads, who had been ill, got a fortnight's holiday: and after travelling from London, he was snowed-up at Leuchars, six miles off. It was hard,

having made out 450 miles. I sought to go to the railway, to inquire : but found the road six feet deep with snow. That night passed over, with many thoughts of the lad so near : just getting out of fever. Wednesday was sunshiny, with blue sky : but the awful hurricane of yesterday made one feel how vain all human power is, even yet, against the forces of nature. And in the afternoon the youth walked in, none the worse. With two others, he had walked from Leuchars : through snow sometimes over their heads. No letters nor newspapers reached this place for three days.

On Saturday March 6 Dr. Richardson managed to get to St. Andrews : and he gave a lecture in St. Salvator's College Hall in praise of teetotalism. The lecture was extremely good and persuasive. I fear I shall lose credit for stability of purpose when I confess that I came away quite resolved to be henceforth absolutely teetotal : but that after a little space my resolution failed. Dr. Richardson lectured at twelve. And that evening, in the same place, Sheriff Campbell Smith of Dundee gave another lecture. His subject was Culture. I never heard a brighter or cleverer lecture. The Sheriff had been a student of extraordinary mark at this University in his youth. His brilliant reputation abides with us. And many think he should have risen higher in the law than to a Sheriffship. Another St. Andrews student, who has risen high, sometimes tells me how he and the Sheriff attended a Sunday evening class conducted by a Divinity Professor of extreme amiability. The thing which chiefly remains in my

friend's memory is the Professor's astonishment at the recondite stores of knowledge the undergraduates possessed. 'Can you tell me, Mr. Green, where was our Saviour born?' 'At Bethlehem,' was the answer. 'Thank you very much, Mr. Green: exceedingly good. Now, Mr. Whyte, can you tell me who was our Saviour's mother?' 'The Virgin Mary.' Then in a rapture of approval and wonder, the dear man would exclaim, 'Quite admirable, Mr. Whyte. Admirable. Perfectly accurate. Nothing could possibly be better. I am extremely obliged to you.' Still, there were ruffles. One day, with a benignant smile: 'Mr. Cooper: will you kindly tell me, Who made you?' But Mr. Cooper said, shortly, 'I don't know.' The sweet-natured Divine of course supposed that his question had not been duly caught. 'What I said, Mr. Cooper, was, pardon me for repeating it: Who made you? Who made you, Mr. Cooper?' But the youthful Agnostic, in unmistakable tones, replied, resolutely, 'I don't know. And neither does anybody else.' There the story, as often told to me, ends. It must have been a terrible occasion.

A bit of criticism may be permitted, in which most readers will agree. On the morning of March 12, the record of the time bears: 'Read a most powerful and extraordinary story by R. L. Stevenson: *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*' In the few days which followed, I read the story seven times over, with as much care as when of old preparing for an examination: watching every clause of every sentence, and its bearing. The story deserves to be

studied in that way. And its moral is most awful : but irresistibly true.

On March 20, a poor man who had died at seventy-six was buried from the West Poor House. He had once been coachman to a very big Duke, and had saved 1,000*l.* Yet he came to this. At the funeral, all the inmates assembled. Most of them could not come to church, through infirmity. So, besides reading Holy Scripture and offering prayer as usual, I suddenly thought to give them a little sermon. They were pleased. And at the Cathedral, where friends were few, I helped to lay the poor old fellow's head in the dust. The story was a touching one of homely tragedy.

I really cannot help relating an incident which occurred on a Sunday in April in this year. I will take my chance of being accused of self-conceit : wrongly, I think. I was preaching at the afternoon service in Glasgow Cathedral. After service, I was in the Chapter-house, which serves as vestry there, when two gentlemen entered. One began by saying that he came from a great town in England, where he employed seven hundred men : and then asked 'Are you Dr. Boyd?' He went on to say that he and his friend had come to church by chance, to see the Cathedral : they did not know me in the least, never thought I was to preach, did not even know I was a minister of the Kirk. But he added that I had not said three sentences when he turned to his friend and said, 'I could take my affidavit *that* is A. K. H. B.' He asked nobody till he asked myself whether his surmise was true. He said a great deal more, not to be recorded here : but all very

encouraging to one who values a little cheer more than most. Then we parted, kindly : never to meet again. Several stood by, and listened : but took no notice of what had occurred. Nor did I. But I wrote it all down, very accurately.

On April 30, I read the burial service over good old Mr. MacBean, long University Librarian. He went at 92, after a blameless life. He was a licenciate of the Kirk, but never got a living. But he used to tell friends, that he 'had the prospect of a church.' His windows looked upon the parish-church here. He saw Tulloch come to St. Andrews as a boy, and saw him go. He was thirty years Tulloch's senior. He was an extremely kind and interesting old man. And such as have got on in their profession owe special deference to such as have not : deserving just as well. I used to go and see him ; and to hear strange stories of the old days here.

On May-day, a bright cold day, with snow on the Grampians, I was present at one of the earliest of those Choir Festivals which have become common here now. It was at Perth, in the East Church : once very beautiful, and to be made so again. Like our own church here, it has echoed to the voice of John Knox. There were 360 voices in the choir : there is a fine organ : and the music was really very excellent. Sixteen clergy walked into church in their robes : but the decorous procession was spoiled by the too-great success of the function. For even the passages were densely crammed ; and we had to struggle through as we might. Mr. Carmichael, the incumbent,

read the prayers. We had Dr. Dykes' fine *Te Deum*; for anthem, *Arise, shine*: and the service ended with the ever-popular 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' So successful was that first gathering of the choirs of the surrounding parishes, that it has been kept up yearly. *The Pall-Mall Gazette* of Monday, and many other papers, related an incident which really occurred. Of course, the sermon was on Church Music. And the newspapers stated that just as I said that music prepared the soul for the receiving of God's Spirit, and of uplifting spiritual influences, in that moment, by special evil luck, the Salvation Army Brass Band in awful blast marched past the church, making a truly-horrible uproar. I had to stop: and there was a general titter among the congregation. It was vain to ignore what had happened: so I resumed (when possible) by saying that that was not the sort of music I meant. Then we resumed the graver thread of discourse. But the papers stated that 'one of the most affecting passages of the sermon was almost drowned.'

At this time I learnt something, never forgotten. Principal Tulloch had a good library. Of course, he had the command of the grand library of the University, and did not need to buy much. But though the books looked very well, the College Librarian said that they would not pay the cost of carrying them to Edinburgh for a sale. Of course he knew: but I should have thought many would desire to possess a volume of Tulloch's. On Saturday May 8 I sat a while with William in his father's study. He said that, by way of trial, he had sent eighty of the

best volumes, in perfect condition, to a second-hand book-seller he knew well : and received for them fifty shillings. From that day I began to look over my books : and when I found a volume which no mortal had looked at for twenty years, and which would sell for nothing, to burn it. I have got rid of some hundreds in that way : a great relief. For my shelves cannot be multiplied. The way to burn a book is to have a very hot clear fire, and to drop it in solid, like a brick. Then it disappears, leaving no traces. If you open books to make them burn, your fire will soon be choked with the unmanageable ashes of paper. Only let me caution the reader, that to burn books is as going about pruning with a keen knife in one's hand used to be when I was a youth writing my first *Recreations*, a thing to be held in check. It takes possession of you : and you come to burn for burning's sake. It is a temptation. And some will disapprove. I once read in a magazine a fierce attack upon myself for burning books. It was said that one might as well burn an old grandmother, or the like. I did not see the analogy. The cases are wholly unlike. And the brilliant writer and valued friend who admonished me, might well have discerned this. So, even yet, I burn three or four volumes, time by time, when their room is wanted for new ones : always remembering how one used to snip off shoots which need not have gone, for the pleasure of snipping. Remembering, too, how evil habits grow : as of De Quincey's youth who, having thoughtlessly committed a few murders, went on growing worse till he came to be habitually late for dinner.

That same May 8, the wooden centering was taken away from a bridge which spans the new line of railway hard by this house. We had watched, with the peculiar interest of a little place, the cutting out of the deep passage through which the line runs, making southward towards Boarhills and Anstruther ; and the spanning it with that arch. At any hour of the day you would find a good many human beings standing at their ease, and looking down upon the bridge, slowly rising. 'Most interesting' was the phrase commonly exchanged. When the centering went, and the bridge stood firm, there was general joy : and one could not but mark the moral help and consolation which came of the building of this inconspicuous viaduct, and that to many souls. Being possessed by the subject, on the afternoon of the Saturday which came next, I told the story on five large pages, rapidly written : and sent it away. On Monday morning readers innumerable had it in large type, in what we think quite the cleverest of all newspapers. And a letter came from the Editor of a pathetic character. 'Many thanks for your delightful paper. Your quiet life at St. Andrews makes a poor harassed fellow like me think of the happiness of the Blessed.' Such are the ideas of a clever man in a great city. But we have our worries too ; and are not so well strung-up to bear them.¹ Possibly that Editor regretted having been so complimentary. For that Monday May 17 I departed on my yearly visit to Selsdon Park ; and thence poured upon him four other papers, celebrating the

¹ *Our Homely Comedy ; and Tragedy* : p. 64. *How We Built the Bridge*.

charm of things there. He printed them all, with much good nature. I left Edinburgh on Monday evening, and was at the Episcopal dwelling on Tuesday morning: through great London to London Bridge station, and East Croydon in eleven hours from Princes Street. Here, for the first time, I found a pleasant and much-travelled countryman, associated with all following visits to Selsdon Park: Mr. Baillie, one of the Dochfour family. He has travelled to many distant places with the Bishop: Mexico, the Rocky Mountains, Vancouver, Alaska (Campbell's *Oonalaska's shore*): and being the best of amateur painters has preserved charming remembrances of all these. Finally, when I sadly bade Selsdon farewell, in the summer of 1890, for the last time, the ever-thoughtful Bishop sent me five beautiful views of it by the same deft hand. I have not a word to say against Farnham Castle, which is the home now. But I shrink, awfully, from saying good-bye either to places or people.

Never was lovelier Summer weather than in those latter days of May, 1886. Little thinking what I should yet come to, my first thoughts went forth in a chapter called *Well out of It*. More heartily still, in that lovely and peaceful retreat, *Of a Blossoming Tree*.¹ But my hearty bits of description were ignored by the newspapers generally: and with one consent they reprinted a true story. There was, long ago, a Divinity Hall, presided over by a most amiable and dignified Professor. On certain days, the senior students in rotation opened

¹ *Our Homely Comedy; and Tragedy*: p. 172, and p. 176.

the proceedings of the day with prayer. One morning, a rough youth from a remote region performed this duty ; and it was a memorable occasion. Commonly, the supplications were so expressed as to imply something much to the advantage of the good Professor ; but not so now. None who were present can forget how the venerable man turned and gazed on the untutored lad who prayed for him as follows :

‘ Lord, have mercy on our Professor, for he is weak and ignorant. Strengthen his feeble hands, confirm his tottering knees, and grant that he may go out and in before us like the he-goat before the flock.’

Yes : this appeared to be the really popular part of a little essay which contained the most sympathetic description of a most beautiful apple-tree in the high glory of its blossoming. Such is one of the many mortifications that humble writers know. But I must not permit a thought of Selsdon in those glowing days : I should not soon be done. Nor of the queer little city courts in London which I often pervade, many of them each containing an ugly though costly church of Wren’s, and various little green trees. Rather let me recall the day on which I went up to town, and had a long quiet talk with Mr. Froude, walking round and round the green expanse on which his library windows look : and finally, away with that charming writer (charming whether you agree with him or not) to call on the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, who this early summer was staying in London, and was made a lion of. When we issued from Onslow Gardens, I proposed

a Hansom to Dover Street, where Dr. Holmes dwelt. But Mr. Froude said Carlyle preferred an omnibus: so we went in one. As we rolled on our way, a Hansom followed, containing one individual. Froude said, very solemnly: 'Look at that man. Now is your chance. That is the greatest man in London.' After a pause, the historian added the qualifying words,—'in his own opinion.' The Autocrat was not at home. And though next day brought a kind letter of regret, and an invitation to a great *At Home*, I could not meet him now. But Froude and I walked about a while, and I heard many stories of Carlyle, of Helps, of Archbishop Trench, which have not appeared in print, and will not for many days, if ever.

On Wednesday June 2, I went to Cambridge, going from Liverpool Street by the Great Eastern Railway, quite new to me. There I had two most interesting days with my boy who was an undergraduate of Trinity Hall. I was greatly delighted with Mr. Latham, now the Head of that College: which indeed he mainly made what it now is. I dined with him in hall one day, and then heard much interesting talk in the combination-room: ending with a stroll with him in the fading light. Even in that brief experience, I had a glimpse of the wonderful skill with which he managed young men. The rein appeared extremely slack. But, when necessary, it tightened into steel. This was very seldom indeed. I should like to expatiate on Cambridge. But it has been done already.¹ And I hasten to that day in June, on which, having re-

¹ *Our Homely Comedy; and Tragedy*: p. 157. *By the Cam.*

turned home, I had a glimpse 'of the keen intuition with which some can see into one's inmost nature. On Tuesday June 8, a lengthy anonymous letter came from Edinburgh, severely condemning me for an uncharitable hatred of Anglicanism, and of Anglicans. I had not myself fathomed my evil estate, till I read the searching words, 'You are always abusing the Church of England; and you plainly think Presbytery a synonym for Perfection.' There was a correspondent who could read the heart.

I was making for Wolverhampton on that June 29 whereon I made personal acquaintance with the Autocrat at last. Mr. Prosser, Vicar of St. Luke's, Bilston, was an old Fife friend, and I went to his kind dwelling. Next day, I found what a grand building is St. Peter's church. It is of quite cathedral dignity. In the evening, choral service at St. Luke's, and an excellent little sermon from the Vicar. Thursday, July 1, was a magnificent Summer day. A very early start; and with Mr. Prosser by rail to Lichfield. To the Palace, to stay with Bishop Maclagan, for the great Choral Festival. Morning service in the Cathedral was at 10.45. It was the grandest function I ever saw. There were 1,400 surpliced singers; and all kinds of musical instruments. The Cathedral was packed tightly, from end to end. Two hundred and eighty clergy in their robes. There, his pastoral staff borne before him fair to see in his Convocation-robes of red, the good Bishop. Surely it was his predecessor, last but one, who when offered a crozier said he would rather have an umbrella. But things change. In early days I looked with awe on

the grand old Bishop Lonsdale, who was my earliest Professor of Divinity. Now, I had been sitting in friendly talk with the existing Bishop in his library, till it was time that he should be arrayed : and, forasmuch as his apparitor was showing people to their places in the Cathedral, I helped the Prelate into his handsome vestments. I wish he had preached : but he only read the New Testament lesson. We had a sensible sermon from the Dean of York, Dr. Purey-Cust. He is not a great preacher. And that sermon would have been better, had he taken more pains. It got careless in style towards the end. And oh, that horrible dropping of the final g's ! But here, too, I come upon a beaten track : and turn away from it.¹

The Palace is a pleasant old house, with a charming garden. It is in the Close, on the north side. But under that sky, and that sun, the place appeared a miracle of beauty, the beauty of the quiet English landscape. And the church itself, though small, is perfection of its kind. There was a great party at luncheon : 87 guests. Mrs. Maclagan directed me to make myself generally agreeable. I endeavoured so to do. It is strange how, in a strange place, one meets people met elsewhere. One man was there whom I had seen, preaching at Crathie twenty years before : and again had met in the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, the only time I was ever there. At 4.30 Evensong. The music now was more elaborate than in the morning, as there had been opportunity for a rehearsal with all singers and instruments present. It was very splendid. But

¹ *Our Homely Comedy ; and Tragedy* : p. 193. *A Function at Lichfield.*

without a sermon, the service lasted full two hours ; and was on all hands pronounced too long. And how dead-weary many of the little choristers were, even before they began their long drives homeward.

There is a really beautiful chapel in the Palace : and the Bishop played the organ himself. All Maclagans are musical in a high degree. And William Maclagan's singing, in distant years, is well remembered in Edinburgh to this day. He was a young soldier then.

Next day, Friday July 2, was the loveliest of summer days. There was a curious old-world service at 10.30. I went with the Bishop to the west door of the Cathedral, where he was received by the Choir and Clergy ; and the procession went slowly towards the Altar, singing the *Te Deum*. Then the Holy Communion. The Chapter, numbering about twenty, lunched : then I wandered about the city, once seen long before. But a most interesting engagement remained. With the Bishop in an open phaeton, he driving, to the Trent Valley station, out of the city : By rail a few miles : then to a quaint old house, with a great history : then to a pretty little church, where was a Confirmation of thirty-one plain young folk. The record of the time, not written to be seen of any, says, ' I must record that it was done most touchingly and beautifully.' I have seen many Confirmations : all touching and interesting. Quite the worst, was Archbishop Tait's first Confirmation in Canterbury Cathedral. His matter and manner were singularly unsympathetic : even the grim look with which that admirable man regarded the crowd of

young folk was not conciliatory. The schoolmaster manner was there. 'Stand up, and open your prayer-books at the Confirmation Service': 'Sit down, and shut your prayer-books, and attend to me.' Of Bishop Maclagan I can say truly, that not merely was the service done just as well as ever I witnessed it, but that I do not think, for adaptation, interest, kind sympathy, and dynamic force in the right direction, his address could by possibility have been better. The parish clergyman was Bishop Staley, formerly of Honolulu; whose three daughters had all been educated at our Girls' School in St. Andrews. We got back for a very late dinner: at which were only the Bishop and Mrs. Maclagan, and myself. Kinder folk are not in this world than my host and his wife. I was able to tell the Bishop that my last evening service at home had begun with the pathetic tune *Nebraska*, composed by his son Cyril, whose work is far away in the backwoods. It is set to Mrs. Alexander's beautiful hymn, *Jesus calls us*: which every one knows: and which is specially popular in this City. For the second verse begins, *As, of old, Saint Andrew heard it*. More interesting still, I was able to show him, in the *Scottish Hymnal*, Dr. Gauntlett's striking music to his own fine hymn, *Lord, when Thy kingdom comes, remember me*. He had heard of the tune, but never seen it: and he and Mrs. Maclagan sang it over and acknowledged its effect. It needs, however, to be sung by a trained choir. And the intervals in the third line are so peculiar, though wonderful for adaptation to the sense, that unless the line be sung confidently by singers manifestly equal to it, the

congregation will think the choir has gone wrong. But I, for one, could not bear to listen to that hymn sung to other music.

All this time, the heat and glare were excessive. The thermometer on Sunday July 4 was at 80 in the shade. I had gone from Lichfield on the Saturday to London : and on Sunday was morning and evening at St. Columba's in Pont Street, a handsome church which has come in place of that where Dr. Cumming ministered for forty years. On Monday to Windsor, to Mrs. Oliphant. There till Wednesday evening, when back to St. Andrews. On Tuesday evening the Dean, now Bishop Davidson of Rochester, and his wife, daughter of Archbishop Tait, and extremely like him, dined. A Scot notes such things. Dean Davidson was the grandson of a minister of the Kirk : and his wife the granddaughter of an Elder. Mrs. Oliphant had undertaken to write Tulloch's Life : and each of my two forenoons at Windsor I was giving her all the information I could. Everyone knows how well she wrote the Life : but not all can discern how thorough and accurate the work is. Of course, in no Life, till a century after, can the whole truth be told. An aged lady, who knew Tulloch very well in the years at Dundee and Kettins, said to me, with much intensity, ' John Tulloch was a far braver man than you would think from Mrs. Oliphant's book.' For several hours, on each of those days under her roof, the great authoress subjected me to a kindly but keen examination. No lawyer could have done it better. What surprised me was that she made not a single note. At length I ventured

to suggest that it might be well to put down these details on paper, lest they should be forgot. For I knew how many separate threads of work she was carrying on together, each requiring to be kept in mind. But I was told there was no need, and so it proved. The marvellous accuracy of Mrs. Oliphant is as remarkable as her creative and poetic faculty. One very outstanding memory of that time is of a visit to the delightful old-fashioned dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Tarver in Eton College. Mrs. Tarver is Principal Tulloch's eldest daughter : the first I married. Charming beyond words to an untravelled Scot, born with an inexplicable but intense love of Gothic, is Eton : is everything about it. An old-world staircase in the Tarver mansion would be a great feature in the writer's life, had he been allowed to possess anything like it. Nothing in that blazing day is more vivid in memory than a story, fully vouched, of a supernatural communication to one at a distance of an event which had not yet occurred. And as I walked away, in such sunshine as comes not in these days, across the bridge which spans the Thames, that story took possession of me in a wonderful manner. It frightened me : and blotted the sunshiny surroundings out. All that day, I could not in any way get rid of the jarring and terrible impression. But I pass from it to what is pleasanter : I would give something to be able to blot it wholly out of recollection : but that cannot be. I have already said that Mr. Tarver, as an actor, is quite marvellous. And never did amateur or professional player receive more graceful or more characteristic compliment than did

he, after appearing in a piece where the good and great Tom Morris was of the audience. 'Ah, Mr. Tarver, you could give me more strokes at acting, than I could give you at golf.' It was exquisitely said. And only a St. Andrews man quite understands how much it means.

Fain would I linger on that August in Strathtay : on the height above the spot where Tay and Tummel meet. How the trees by the wayside were festooned with honeysuckle : and what a sight it was to see the Limited Mail, coming from Inverness, pass Ballinluig station at seventy miles an hour, having come through the Pass of Killiecrankie ! Here I met, after many days, Bishop Ryle of Liverpool : who used to spend his vacations near. I had heard him preach, ere I left my country parish for Edinburgh, in a barn hard by : and had been profoundly impressed both by his eloquence and his ability. Coming forth from hearing divers of our big preachers one says 'That was very eloquent and striking,' or the like words of simple appreciation. But after listening to Ryle, one felt that criticism would have been profanation. Get away by yourself and solemnly think how it is indeed with you. The Bishop and Stanley were the same age : but Stanley had faded out of life, and the old cavalry-officer, upright as an arrow, and a Hercules to look at, was here to live and work. Indeed, looking at his manly limbs one thought of Stanley's saying, as he and another walked in to dinner behind Archbishop Thomson of York. 'What calves he has !' said the friend. But Stanley burst forth, 'Calves, do you call them ? They are bulls of Bashan !' Bishop

Ryle preached regularly in the parish church of Moulin : the place is better known to the world as Pitlochry. But like other great preachers, he cared not much to hear. One day this year, it was August 29, I preached in that church. The Bishop walked by it on a Sabbath day's saunter as worship was going on. But he entered not in.

Just the day before, a clever paper had appeared in *The Scotsman*, called *An Ecclesiastical Dream*. It was written by a very bright young country parson, one of the best we have trained here, who had to go too soon for the Kirk. Should that dream ever come true, the drawing power of certain preachers, now somewhat lessened by the sobering years, will be sensibly increased : and Bishop Ryle would not pass the door of the church where one might be ministering. A resolution was passed in the General Assembly, restoring Episcopal government in the Church of Scotland.

'It appeared to me in my dream that the motion was put to the House, and carried by a large majority amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs from the side galleries. And as the business was transacted with an unreal but enviable celerity, I perceived that certain gentlemen were thereupon elected and declared to be Bishops, among whom were the following :—Dr. A. B. C. D., author of *The Refreshments of a Country Person*, was elected Bishop of St. Regulus and Primate of All Scotland : Dr. Robert History, Bishop of Argyle : the Very Rev. Dr. Giles, Dean of the Order of the Dandelion, Bishop of Mid-Lothian : and among other names I gathered in my dream (or elsewhere) that the Bishop of Inverness was the Rev. Dr. McClaw, minister

of the United Parishes of Benscart and Inveryeukie. These had all, I noticed, voted for the motion : and not one of them was heard to say *Nolo Episcopari*.'

No difficulty would be experienced, in Scotland, in identifying the men thus mysteriously indicated. The question of their fitness for the Episcopal office is a deeper one. And it will be remembered how when a Scottish barrister said to a Judge, discussing a vacancy on the Bench, 'I think they might find worse than myself,' his lordship's answer was a monosyllable : 'Whaur?'

Talking one day to the Bishop at Ballinluig station, a good-looking bucolic person came up and said 'You have forgotten me, but I remember you well : I was once a student at St. Andrews.' Being engaged with a bigger person, I said, 'Well, and what was your name?' The answer was, 'I was called Glenorchy there.' I could but exclaim, 'Do you mean to say you are the Marquis of Breadalbane?' But I had recognised the pleasant face. Only a Scot understands how stupid it was, in that region, to fail to recognise that very big man. For the more than magnificent Taymouth was but a few miles off, surely as princely a dwelling as is in all the land : and Breadalbane can do what no other can in Britain, go a hundred miles in a straight line on his own land. We are not snobs in Scotland : but we respect a great territorial prince, of ancient race : specially when he is (like that Marquis) the most unaffected of men, and the most diligent in doing the duty of his station. And he is well seconded. It was a grand testimony, borne by an old man at Kenmore,

'Wherever the Marchioness can help any poor body, she's *There!*' The year before, we had been invited to a great entertainment at Taymouth, illustrated by the presence of divers royalties: whom to behold is to some as a beatific vision. But we could not go. In any case we did not.

St. Andrews had distinguished visitors this season. The Princesses Victoria and Louise, grand-daughters of the Queen, attended by Mrs. Stopford, now Countess of Arran, and a German Baroness specially bright and pleasant, staid in a quiet hotel in Queen Street for a month. We were coming home from Strathtay on Thursday September 2, when a letter came from the lady-in-waiting that the Princesses were coming to the parish church on Sunday morning, and wished to have a seat provided. The seat used by the magistrates is in fact the Royal pew: and of course it was gladly given. On the Friday I called and saw the young ladies: of course they were most frank and pleasant: and certainly bright and clever beyond what is usual. It was wonderful how quickly they learned things. The Princess Victoria asked if I had not two churches, one called St. Mary's where there was a nice service; and said they wished to come there on Sunday evening too. On Saturday afternoon I went for the little party, and took them all over the parish church, the University library, and the Cathedral. Of course they were familiar with incomparably finer things: but they seemed interested and pleased. It is singular how the traditional features of Prince Charly of the Forty-five are perpetuated in that family. One would say the Stuart blood had been diluted.

extremely. But it tells, still. And the faculty of recognising faces has grown quite extraordinary. Many months after this, my Cambridge son was on the platform of the station there, when a train came in bringing a large party from Sandringham. The young ladies had spoken to him here. Instantly, they spotted him in the crowd, and started up and bowed pleasantly. It is easy for people so placed to make themselves popular. And, after all, they are generally so. In my small experience, with good reason.

On Sunday morning, September 5, a very gloomy morning, the parish church was full, as usual at that season. And there, sure enough, in their proper place, facing the pulpit, the two Princesses and the other ladies. The eldest sat in the Provost's chair. The music was good, and the service better than immemorial. I am glad to say that though many hundreds of the congregation could have looked straight at our visitors, not a soul did so. This was as it ought to be. I have seen it very different (long ago) somewhere else. There was however a crowd to see the strangers depart : but a passage was formed, and they went in peace. The philosophical Victoria, the elder of the two, said to me, very wisely, ' I'm sure if it is any pleasure to people to look at us, they are welcome.' She recorded that somewhere else, she had to dig her elbows into the people, to get through. Not so here. I can testify that after a few days walking about the streets with those pleasant young persons, no mortal noticed them. But there was a general kindly feeling. ' Extremely nice girls,' was the general voice. There were white mist and drenching rain

all the rest of the day : and though the resolute Baroness came through it all to St. Mary's, a letter came to say the others durst not venture out. St. Mary's was packed : no doubt in some idea that the visitors would be there. It had to be another day. And while here, they went to the parish church and the Episcopal on alternate Sundays. I know which of the two they liked best, so far as the service was concerned. But I am not going to say. Only that in Ritual, it is easier to go up than to come down. And our ways, at the parish church, seemed bare. St. Mary's was approved. And, as a general rule, our preaching is better than that south of the Tweed. It ought to be. For it costs a great deal more trouble. Our best preachers, in late years, continually press it upon the people, that the church is the house of *prayer*. Then they give to their sermon at least twenty times as much pains. And when people settle themselves, a first-rate preacher having given out his text, it is too plain what they came to church for. Well, when the beloved Liddon preached in St. Paul's, what brought the thousands there? And did not Liddon do all he knew to bring them? We have among us a good many preachers who make sure, every Sunday, and from first word of sermon to last, of the hush in which a pin may be heard fall. No doubt, there is a great nervous strain. It is one thing to take a grip of a large congregation and pull it along with you : and quite another thing to read in the people's hearing something which they may listen to or not as they please. Further, even clerics who cannot preach gain from the existence of those who can. For a

congregation, trained to listen with that intentness, will listen (for a few minutes at least) to almost anybody.

It was interesting, on Monday, to take to the house where Queen Mary used to live much, long ago, two of her direct descendants. They are of the thirteenth generation. And in these days of usefulness being held in honour, it was pleasant to see a very pretty Princess wheeling a perambulator along South Street to the spot : and to hear her inquire if I could recommend her as a nursery-maid. She failed, however, quite to appreciate her famous ancestress : insisting that poor Queen Mary squinted. That same day I heard from Story that Caird had resigned his chaplaincy, and that Story was to be appointed instead. I hastened to congratulate Story, heartily. Everybody approved his receiving the little decoration. And no mortal suggested that the giving of it was what schoolboys call 'a Charity.' This has sometimes been seen. It might be invidious to point out the cases. But it would be extremely easy.

On Tuesday September 7, several St. Andrews people went out to dine at Mount Melville, to meet Lord Moncrieff. This eminent Judge was our second Chief Justice : known in the North as Lord Justice-Clerk. Such titles are hard of apprehension to the uninitiated. A previous holder of the office, one day out shooting, strayed into a neighbour's land. A gamekeeper speedily discerned him, and with little respect challenged him. That eminent man, startled, exclaimed, 'Do you know who I am? I am the Lord Justice-Clerk!' But the undaunted gamekeeper

replied, 'I don't care a straw whose clerk you are : clear out of this ground.' Lord Moncrieff had long been Lord-Advocate : and had passed several measures through Parliament which were not popular in the Kirk. One was the abolition of University Tests. Till his time, all Professors in Scottish Universities had to belong to the Church of Scotland : or, more accurately, to pretend that they did. Now, only the Professors of Divinity need to be churchmen. In distant ages, when Lord Advocate, that clever man said to me that Dr. X. would like to burn him for what he had done : naming an irreconcilable Church Tory. But it was suggested that even better than to burn the Lord Advocate, Dr. X. would like that the Lord Advocate should burn him. All present felt the truth. For the saintly man would be Inquisitor, or Martyr : by preference, Martyr. After Lord Moncrieff had attained the Bench, of all strange things to do he wrote a novel. It appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the rule of Mr. Froude. I read it with great enjoyment, and thought it extremely good. Its title was, *A Visit to my Discontented Cousin*. Probably, there was too manifest a bringing in of Scottish Bar stories. But the stories were good, and well told. In due time the novel was published : and it was reviewed with extreme asperity in a very brilliant organ indeed. Little did the reviewer know from what dignified pen the work proceeded : for his contention was that it was a not unsuccessful imitation of the humble writer of this page. I am perfectly sure it was not an imitation of anybody : it was Lord Moncrieff's natural talk ; and bright talk too. Of course, like Lord Brougham's

novel, it was published without an author's name. After dinner, that day at Mount Melville, I ventured to allude to the book : saying that perhaps I ought not. But the Chief Justice, in the most good-natured way, acknowledged the authorship : and now it appeared that of a considerable party of men, all of whom had known Lord Moncrieff for many years, I alone had ever heard of the work in question. 'Do you mean to say,' said our host, not without severity, 'that the Justice-Clerk has written a novel?' And general consternation spread round that hospitable board at the answer, 'Yes, he did : and a very good novel : and what for no?'

I am not going to relate the story of our eminent visitors and their stay here. But one incident stands out amid many. The new line of railway which runs southward from this city was so far advanced that an engine could run, slowly, and in places over temporary and very uneven rails, to Boarhills : four miles and a half by road, seven by railway. It was arranged that the little party from Queen Street should be the first passengers. The line, in fact, was not opened for several months. On the afternoon of Saturday September 18, cold and bright, I went as usual for the young ladies and their friends. On the way, they went into St. Mary's to see it : and they approved. Then to the railway. There was no platform whatever, but they went up actively into the carriage prepared. The carriage was a truck, which had been nicely fitted up with crimson and green damask, and provided with seats. There was a ramshackle little engine.

A small crowd had collected to witness the start. The story of that journey has been told.¹ Under *The Bridge*: under Argyle: away up a steep and winding track to Prior Muir: and Boarhills was reached safely. Then slowly and cautiously back, the engine now pushing the truck before it. Many good people along the line were looking out, most in their Sunday dress, and they raised a little cheer. I ventured to suggest to the young ladies that some recognition on their part of this kind welcome would be valued: and it was pleasant to see them, with great deliberation and solemnity, bow in a fashion closely resembling the dignified Original they had in mind. Monday morning disseminated widely the history of that run: but it was not said who were the passengers. With great approval they read the statement, that 'the party was small, but respectable and even intelligent.'

On Sunday morning, again in their places in the parish church. And in the evening at St. Mary's. There was a crowd: but the people stood on either side as they were conducted to their place: and at the end of the service they tripped out, alertly, before any one else moved. They expressed next day great approval of the music, which had been at its very best. And the elder Princess remarked how beautifully my son had read the Lessons. It was not he: but a Cambridge friend, who attained the honour of rowing when Cambridge beat Oxford, and who is now doing well at the English Bar. For the sake of

¹ *Our Homely Comedy; and Tragedy*: p. 81. *The First Run upon That Railway*.

such readers as may like to compare the ways of England and Scotland, let it be recorded that the service began with 'Brightly gleams our banner.' The Psalms (for that evening) were 98, 99, 100. The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were Bunnett's. The other hymns were Dr. Neale's 'Those eternal bowers,' and Mr. Baring Gould's 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'

On Tuesday November 2, 1886, Principal Donaldson, the new Head of St. Salvator's College, gave his first address at the opening of the University. The scarlet-robed crowd was there, in that decent oaken hall; and they poured forth songs, according to a pleasing custom. A ringing cheer greeted the train of Professors, headed by the new Principal. And Dr. Donaldson read just as manly, downright, and interesting an Introductory Discourse as mortal could desire: full of thought, of life, of knowledge, of sagacity: in perfect adaptation to the assembly, young and old; and listened to with a silent attention, varied with the hearty cheer, which would be a sufficient reward to the most charming orator. So a rule began, which has been wholly a success: and we all felt that an energetic influence had come into the little community, which has been proved, in the years since then, to be ever helpful, kind, and wise. It has fallen to me to be thrown much into contact with the new Principal: and I have found him ever clear and alert in business, perfectly firm to rule, and entirely amiable and sweet-natured.

Principal Donaldson was formerly Head-Master of the

High School of Edinburgh, gloriously housed (in the judgment of lovers of classical architecture) on the Calton Hill. Then he was Professor of Latin at Aberdeen ; and thence came to us. We were assured, from several quarters, that Revolution would follow in his train : but that has not yet occurred. And it was stated, strongly, that he is on terms of special friendship with Lord Rosebery : of whose extreme brightness and cleverness some stand in fear. And indeed, though Lord Rosebery is just as wise as a very brilliant man can be, even his warmest friend could not claim for him, with any success, credit for safe stupidity.

CHAPTER XXVIII

LOCAL CONCERNS

WE have in St. Andrews an interesting little institution called the Cottage Hospital. It would not have been here, but for the zeal of good Principal Shairp and his wife. And when first started, as a very little place, it bore to be maintained in memory of Lady William Douglas, Mrs. Shairp's mother. I never saw that admirable woman ; but I remember her name with vividness. For there was a certain day whereon I was dining at a Deanery whose locality shall not be indicated. Among the guests was the Canon in residence : a charming cleric. He learnt that I came from St. Andrews, but had not grasped what my position was in that city. And as the good Dean was distinguished for the height of his views, a minister of the Kirk was hardly to be looked for at his board. By-and-by, in the drawing-room, the Canon drew me aside, and asked me if I knew his cousin, the Principal's wife. Then he went on : ' Her mother, Lady William, was a really excellent woman : but, between ourselves ' (and here he lowered his voice to an awe-stricken whisper, as of one about to say what was not decorous to be said)—' between ourselves, she was very little better than a Presbyterian !'

I replied,* in a similar tone, that I feared it was too true : that, in fact, it was even worse than that : if by a Presbyterian was meant a member of the National Church : that she had gone farther, and belonged to a little body called the *Free Kirk*. But as I said this, with great solemnity, I beheld an extremely bright young woman, a guest in the house, looking on with much amusement : and as I soon took my leave, I knew the good Canon would speedily know to what unsympathetic ears he had made his moan.

I relate the incident precisely as it occurred. And what I said of the ecclesiastical position of the admirable lady in question was said in entire good faith. But I have recently been assured that she, in fact, never joined the Free Kirk, though she may have sometimes worshipped in it ; that she and her husband were members of the Episcopal Church, and that their children were brought up in that Communion. A remark concerning the late Bishop of Bombay¹ is therefore erroneous. He was not brought up in the Free Kirk : but in a family of Episcopal profession whose sympathies were such as to draw the remark I have quoted from that unnamed Canon. The result upon some children would be substantially the same : and it would be to drive them in an opposite direction. I have been asked by the Bishop's widow to correct this blunder ; and I correct it accordingly : though I do not think either the Bishop, or any of his race, had any reason to be ashamed of the religious proclivities of

¹ *Ante* : Vol. i. p. 105.

those who went before him. They were truly good people. When I came to St. Andrews, Professor Shairp's sympathies were very strongly Free Church. He told me this continually and in the frankest manner. I wrote down, carefully, what he often said about our Clergy, and our Students of Divinity. But I am not going to record it.

On Sunday afternoons the Principal used kindly to visit the inmates of the Cottage Hospital, and sometimes to give them a little sermon. For, though a layman, he would not acknowledge that there was any duty which he was not accredited to do. Very often has he told me that he had just as much right to give the Holy Communion as I had, or as the Archbishop of Canterbury had: and that he would willingly give it to any who would receive it. I do not believe that in Scotland he could have found such a communicant. And this was in the days when he refused to kneel at prayer in church or stand in praise. So it may be hoped he ended in another mind. I am a great deal too busy to conduct needless services. But, just once, I had a little service in the Cottage Hospital: there being good reason. There was as solemn a little congregation as ever I saw: and my text came to me, as it never fails to come. It was, 'And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.' And I gave my ten suffering hearers the very best I could. Once again I had the Communion there. Twelve received: and among them one dying. I remember a blatant speaker in the Assembly declare that it was superstition to give this precious help to the departing: and that it was 'ritualism'

to have the Communion at the opening of the Assembly's sittings. But the decent man was far from *Thorough*. To have been consistent, he should have proposed never to have the Communion at all.

I am far from proposing myself as an example to any of my brethren. But having preached on many occasions, and being very run down and worn-out, on January 25, 1887, I wrote down a resolution which I think was wise. Here it is :

'I wish to write down my resolution about these Functions. It is interesting to preach at them : generally crowded congregations, and the people seem pleased. But very great fatigue, and much discomfort : an old person misses his own surroundings. And there is a good deal of expense, travelling. Then one comes away and never sees the congregations or churches again. It is too much like an actor going for an occasion : only no pay. I will never again open a church or organ unless when there is very strong reason : and (if possible) never at all in the winter.'

One personal matter more. May it be asked, is this, which stands in the record of Ash Wednesday, February 23, 1887, in the experience of my brothers, whose duty and pleasure it is to preach ? The writer is not mystical, nor transcendental : but this statement shall be copied but this once, and never repeated any more.

'*As always*, my text and sermon *given*. After breakfast rapidly sketched out : No effort. *I am helped*, in a perfectly wonderful way. D. G.'

Then there was quite a considerable little congregation at 4 P.M. The music was very pretty, and everything most hearty. My brother, do you know the heartiness, the adaptation, the uplifting, of extempore preaching when you 'get on' at your best; and feel that if you could but reckon on that always (as apparently Mr. Spurgeon could) you would never write another line? A preacher's best preaching is his best extempore preaching. But ah, with ordinary mortals, extempore preaching is a hit or a miss. Attempt it rarely, save in your own pulpit. I remember yet, vividly, over thirty years, going to a church at Plymouth, where was a grand and hearty choral service. There a man about forty, a stranger, ascended the pulpit: and began to preach without book. One saw he was in use to do so at home, and successfully: but here he lost his head, could not find words, and made a truly deplorable appearance. And he knew this just as well as I did. I never felt more sorry for any one than for that poor preacher, when he came down from the pulpit the picture of misery, and began to wipe his bedabbled face. When nothing would come, I perceived he fell back on his recollections of certain 'Notes' of good Archbishop Trench. He made them nonsense. In fact they were excellent sense. Yet not all valued them duly. The beloved Helps did not. But then I believe he had never read them. Yet it is true that on a departed day he said to a great and most eminent friend of his and mine, these awful words: 'You don't know what you might have done if you had had twelve children. You might have written *Notes*

on the Parables.' Apparently, in Milverton's mind, this was the last resort of a man in utter desperation.

Long ago, at Glasgow College, there was no brighter nor more hopeful student than Henry Dunckley. I never exchanged words with him: but I remember the keen, fine face yet, as he went up on the great First of May to get his prizes. And I never saw him again. But one day, turning over the visitors' book kept at the parish church, I read *Henry Dunckley, Manchester*. Of course, I knew well how distinguished had been his career: and how he had proved both a singularly able and influential man, and a very good one. And I wrote to say how pleased I should have been to see him, when here. A volume, several times quoted, had been published in January 1887, and noticed with much kindness in a very influential paper which Dunckley was understood to rule. On a day at the end of February in this year, a pleasant and cordial letter came from my old fellow-student: most interesting to read. One gets glimpses of a very attractive personality, now and then: and wishes heartily one could have one long talk with such a man. But it cannot be.

The day came round, in February, on which Tulloch was laid to his rest: and, with many more, I 'kept' it. And I could not but write a little paper, which was called *After a Year*. It was duly published where a multitude could read it: and then it went into a volume.¹ Dear and good Mrs. Tulloch, now very near re-union, wrote me a letter which I could not have read aloud to save my life.

¹ *East Coast Days ; and Memories* : p. 123.

There had been losses, in the little company which in this place is journeying on together. On Thursday March 24, I read the burial service over a grand old sterling Scotch-woman, Mrs. Louden was her name, who went first, leaving the husband to whom she had been married sixty-five years. She had gone to school, as a girl, with Sir David Wilkie. That pathetic and humorous genius was the son of the parish minister of Cults, not very far from this city. He had grown a great man, and died at fifty-six, in June 1841: but in the dear woman's memory he abode as the minister's little boy. But on Sunday morning, March 27, the Janitor of St. Mary's College came early, to say Mrs. Tulloch had died a little before. It was quite unexpected. I had seen her a day or two before. She had gone through the wrench of leaving St. Mary's College, her home for thirty years: she had borne wonderfully the terrible blow of parting from her husband: and the sad smile had come back to her pleasant face. Yet I remember how she broke down, when for the first time she saw in the *Scotsman* an advertisement of the books of 'the late Principal Tulloch.' She held out the paper to me, and just said the words. The great full-length portrait, by Mr. Herdman, now in the University Library, hung in the house in Queen Street while she lived. I remember the last interview: I had gone to speak of the text of scripture to be put on the cross above the grave. A little blank was to be left for another name. It needed not so to be. An unforgettable passage of scripture was in many ears that bright March day: 'In their death they

were not divided.' I went after church and saw the orphaned girls : Fanny, Amy, and Blanche were there : and happily their brother John had come home from China a few days before. They were very quiet : but William said, when he came, that this was even a heavier blow than the father's death. Never have I seen death so life-like, or so pleasing, as I did that day. It was a young, sweet face : no trace of care or pain at all, where I had often seen much. She seemed asleep. She was but a few weeks younger than myself : but her hair was not gray. I copy here what I wrote on that evening : ' As kind, good, brave, and unselfish a woman as ever lived.' Many can remember the soft voice saying ' Never mind about me.'

The funeral day was Thursday March 31. First, the service in the house, by the flower-covered coffin. Then to the Cathedral churchyard, and I read the service as last time. All the Professors were there, in their robes : all the students : South Street was crowded. It was a clear cold day. Nine of the ten children were present at their mother's funeral : one married daughter was in Ceylon. Their homes, and duties, are far apart : and William said to me, quietly, that it was likely they would never all meet in the same room again.

In that sorrowful time, I had a very hurried run to London on business concerning the Madras College. I travelled up on Monday night, arriving on Tuesday morning : and came down on Wednesday night, reaching St. Andrews on Thursday morning. Bishop Thorold was living this season in Portland Place : and my only evening

in town was of course spent with him. A few outstanding men dined. There was Dean Spence of Gloucester, who had succeeded Thorold at St. Pancras. Also Mr. Chapman, a fervid and popular preacher, once curate to Alexander. But I was specially interested in Mr. Rogers, Rector of Bishopsgate. Most people have read his autobiography. His influence with many great folk is marvellous, and assuredly it is got without subservience. But, with all his good qualities, he is best known for his peculiar relation to systematic theology, upon which he once pronounced a homely anathema. The Bishop was away, from morning to night. My business in Whitehall, which was most satisfactory, was done in an hour and a half. And awful London crushes some souls down, when left to themselves. But on Tuesday morning to All Saints, which was a help. In the afternoon to St. Ethelburga in Bishopsgate, a strange little city church, where I was just in time for a good little sermon on the Passion: next Sunday being Palm-Sunday. It was curious, the devout little flock in the quiet place, with the roar of the great city outside. Then into St. Paul's, and sat there in peace a while. And at five, evensong at All Saints'. I fear the reader may agree with Tulloch, that I have a morbid appetite for going to church. Next day was different. For, business over, I went to the House of Commons, where I had to see the Lord Advocate, now Lord Justice Clerk Macdonald. After a talk in his room, he put me under the gallery: where for three hours and a half I listened to an Irish debate, and looked with interest on Mr. Bradlaugh,

till it was time to run. With my London boy, I dined at the great place in Holborn. The judgment upon it, of that day, was 'Showy, and very bad.' Then walk through Bloomsbury Square, Russell Square, and Euston Square, to King's Cross: and away at 8 P.M. St. Andrews next morning at 9.30.

I suppose all writers who have tried to give people what may help and comfort, get many touching letters of thanks from unknown friends, never to be known. I know one writer who has been kept up through what otherwise would have beaten down, by such. Just on May 12, 1887, a specially hearty letter came from far away in Devonshire, sending a little volume of very pleasing verses. I had quite forgot the little book, till it became needful to read that old history. But I really must give some lines from a poem entitled 'St. John xiii. 7.' The passage of scripture is sacred in my memory, for strong reason. It is 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.'

Only two old shabby volumes, in torn lids of dusky green,
With some frayed and faded markers, laid the time-worn leaves
between :

But full many a heaven-sent lesson have their pages to me taught,
Breathing sweetly words of comfort, to sore heart and brain o'er-
wrought.

Calmly now, in life's grey autumn, I can read them once again :
Stormy passion long since vanished, peace outweighing all the
pain :

But a tear will start at seeing some beloved, familiar word ;
And the ear is almost listening, for a voice no longer heard.

I can ne'er forget the summer, when they first were given to me,
 And the dear delight of reading, in the giver's company :
 Or, when some sweet passage touched us, seeming writ for us
 alone,
 How his lines crept up the margin,—very faint and pale now grown.

Ah, the dear dead hand that traced them lies beneath the daisies
 now ;
 But each mark recalls the expression, of his eye, and lip, and
 brow :
 And I ask that these old volumes may my last low pillow be :
 Like my own—their mission ended—let them fall to dust with me.

I have an old friend who has several times spoken to me, with frank contempt, of my 'emotional style of preaching': thinking my College days gave promise of better things. I look with deep respect on preachers who essay a higher flight, than to help and comfort commonplace souls. Perhaps I might have attempted their line. But I have (in some humble measure) done what I intended : deliberately intended. The two worn volumes were published respectively thirty and twenty-eight years ago. They contain what their writer had found out for himself: and many pages which were not written with dry eyes. They are called *The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson*.

This is Tuesday. On Sunday evening I heard a friend preach in the parish church here, who was one of the very first students of his time. Going into the Church, there was nothing beyond what he might have looked to. But he calmly resolved to give himself to practical usefulness,

and to know no other end. I never heard a sermon which more searchingly took hold of the conscience of those who listened. There was no oratory, no special grace. The sermon was not written, and many sentences were far from polished. But a power was present, quite above that of unaided man. And the self-forgetting preacher compassed his end. The Sunday was May 1, 1892. The preacher was Dr. McMurtrie : preaching at a summer sacrament here for the twenty-fifth time. I did not agree with all he said. It would need Francis Xavier to carry it out fully. But you had to think, very seriously. And most certainly, to do something.

Principal Tulloch was Chaplain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. In recognition of his loss, the office was allowed to remain vacant for a full year. But at the May Meeting of this year I was unanimously and very kindly elected in his place. The duty is light, but it is conspicuous. The emolument is small, but appreciable. I esteemed it an honour to be asked, in such a way, to fill such an office. And my relations with those who rule in this premier Club of the world have ever been singularly pleasant. I cannot but note how good the speaking is, now, at the two annual meetings. Long ago, men who had somewhat of value to say, lacked the gift of articulate utterance to put it before their fellow-men. I have seen Lord President Inglis, most fluent and graceful speaker of his time, sitting silent while the floor was held by an excellent member who could not say half a sentence intelligibly, yet who persevered in saying many. Now, every

man speaks fluently, clearly, and even gracefully. Surely the younger generation of Scotsmen has wonderfully improved, at least in this respect. I used to think the fluency of Dublin miraculous. We do not, here, speak quite so fast yet. But quite as readily, and epigrammatically.

Selsdon Park this early Summer of 1887, as ever: from May 18 to June 1. Not a word of that time, save one: the more so as a good deal has been written of it already.¹ But there is no mention of a solitary wander, on the slopes of Croham Hurst, where I lost my way in a perfect maze of paths, through thick copses and little glades, amid acres of primroses and masses of wild hyacinths. It was my last walk there for the season: Tuesday May 31. The scenery was essentially English. And a confession may be made which may cheer somebody, in a drooping way: and which was confided only to the silent page. I felt that life was lower in me this time at Selsdon, than ever before: and I had a strong presentiment that I was there for the last time. I was much less interested in the blossoms and trees, than I had used to be: and I thought of Tulloch's 'It will pall, like everything else.' At evening service on Whitsun-Day I had looked about Sanderstead church with the like strange feeling: Never to be here again: and had thought anxiously of some who could not well spare me yet. The record is, 'I feel life dwindling within me; and am losing the desire of it, for myself.' It was drawing near to the climacteric time. I was happily

¹ *East Coast Days; and Memories: The First Quiet Walk; Disillusioned; That Spot Once More; An Unwonted Sunday*: pp. 193-211.

able to keep all these things to myself, till time proved them illusory. I was to be at Selsdon four times more : being again fairly strong and hopeful. But the Bishop is very sharp : I knew he gauged me wistfully : and when things had come right he told me that last year he ' had not liked my look, at all.' If any reader of this page is vexing himself with fears of breaking down, let us trust they are needless fears. Cambridge on my way home, all as a year before : and with my undergraduate lad to Ely, unseen for twenty years. It was a memorable day.¹ And it was commemorated duly.

Many people in Britain remember the Longest Day in this year. I was one of a little party of clergy and laity, who represented the Kirk in Westminster Abbey. The function there was on Tuesday June 21 : and with others I travelled up to London on Monday and came home on Wednesday. There were ten ministers and seven laymen. The hawthorn blossom on the way up was glorious. The representatives of the Church of Scotland walked a short way, in an awfully-arranged procession, to the Abbey : happily no one looked at them. They were seated in a gallery in the North Transept by 9.45 : and it was three hours, 12.45 exactly, when the Queen came. It was a historical sight ; not to be described here. The magnificent church, at a cost of 30,000*l.*, had been transmogrified with galleries quite in the manner of the parish kirk of St. Andrews. The like taste ruled in both cases. It had to be, at Westminster : but, all the same, the church was

¹ *East Coast Days ; and Memories : Down the Water* : p. 165.

sad to see. It is quite consistent with mediæval taste to yield to the inevitable. The Lords were opposite us below: the Judges above. It was an amusing sight when the small Lord Chancellor, with overdone dignity, came to his place. The Ambassadors' gallery, near us, never more than half full, blazed with magnificent dresses. The Queen and royal family, many in number, were just below us. It was pathetic: the good woman coming back after fifty years to the place where she had been crowned as a girl of eighteen. The heroic sufferer, with death upon him then, who was in a little to die as German Emperor, was there, looking indeed a King of men. Three Kings sat in a row just opposite us, below: but the grandest human presence visible from where we sat was Archbishop Thomson of York, in glorious array. Surely, amid that throng in official robes and uniforms, there was blame to those who did not advise the Queen to appear in her royal robes and crown for that once, even if never any more. The bonnet and ordinary dress of the central figure seemed inconsistent with all around. But the Queen looked remarkably young and well; and absolutely without self-consciousness. She was nervous, one saw: the copy of the service in her hand shook conspicuously. And she had soon to sit down in the coronation-chair.

The function lasted just forty minutes. Archbishop Benson of Canterbury read the prayers extremely well, and must have been well-heard. The music, certainly, was disappointing. The choice of it was natural; but it sounded very thin and poor, and did not in any way flood the

church. Many who were present both times declared that it was most inferior to that in Glasgow Cathedral at the like commemoration there. And surely it had been well to have had one homely hymn, in which all that congregation might have joined heartily. As it was, the character of the music made it quite plain that any such lifting-up of united voices was not to be. We have in this place a permanent memorial of what people have resolved to call the Jubilee year in our new railway-station. It is moderately-handsome; and it is distinctly clean and wholesome. I arrived at it for the first time, returning from Cambridge on June 4. It was an awful place, the station which Forbes, Shairp, and Tulloch knew. We were always told it was merely temporary. But so is Ben Nevis.

A system is coming in here, which is distinctly popular with some. This year we benefited by it. The beautiful parish of Callander in Perthshire, which contains the indescribable Trosachs, the Pass of Leny traversed of old by Dugald Dalgetty, and other charming scenery, was vacant by preferment of its minister: and I was asked to take the Sunday services of the parish church for much longer than was possible. But I took them for four Sundays in July, receiving in return the use of a pretty villa, much handsomer than I could have afforded to pay for. Lubnaig Villa was its name. Here we abode from July 1 to August 2. I went to St. Andrews for only one of the five Sundays of the month: and made up for that by preaching to the good people on a Fast-day; and furthermore by giving a

lecture of an hour in length on a week-day evening. There is a handsome new church : and we sat under our own trees around the dwelling provided. It was a most interesting time. But its story cannot be told here. Only that on the evening of Thursday July 7, I went to the famous Dreadnought Hotel, to dine with the Magistrates of Glasgow, making their annual inspection of their magnificent water-works. About a hundred were present : a most cordial and charming set of men. The Lord Provost, Sir James King, presided ; and I was much interested in Mr. Underwood, the American Consul at Glasgow. He was the first Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* : and Bret Harte succeeded him as Consul. By-and-by he sent me his pleasant Life of Longfellow. I was impressed by the excellence of the speeches : the local parliament of Glasgow is a training-place of orators. And Glasgow hospitality, whether at Calander or elsewhere, is magnificent. The large party had spent that day in tracing their works from Glasgow. Next day they were to visit Loch Katrine ; and I was kindly pressed to join them. So next morning at eight I came back to breakfast. The record says ' Large Glasgow party : kind above words.' And we set off in three four-horse coaches : while the Lord Provost, the Consul, and myself unworthy, went first in a carriage and pair. The brightest of days. Loch Vennachar : the Trosachs in glory. Then a steamer on Loch Katrine. At the other end, coaches waiting for Inversnaid on Loch Lomond ; whence down the queen of lochs to Balloch, and Glasgow by railway. I went a bit on a coach : but had sorrowfully to turn back

alone, amid cheers intended to keep up my drooping spirits. When I got back to Stronaclacher, I sat on a rock above Loch Katrine and wrote a little paper till the steamer should go. This was on Friday evening : and on Monday morning, at St. Andrews, I beheld that piece in the *Scotsman*. Every one knows the *Scotsman* is published in Edinburgh. Many know that there is a certain jealousy between the two great cities of Scotland. Wherefore I found, with satisfaction, that immense approval was expressed, in the Western metropolis, of the entire little composition. I attributed this, in part, to the opening sentence : which set out a true expression of feeling. It ran as follows :

‘By far the pleasantest, cleverest, and kindest set of men whom I have companied with for very long, are the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Councillors of the great city of Glasgow. The same I am free to maintain.’¹

My experience has led me to the conviction, that very many human beings like being spoken of kindly and favourably. Glasgow is a singularly hearty place : and various letters in a few days reached me from it, approving and indeed ‘homologating’ that quotation. And next year, when the waterworks came to be inspected, the kindest of all kind invitations brought me to accompany the expedition from first to last.

Let it be added, that offence is sometimes taken when an unfavourable judgment is expressed, however sincerely. A great man once said to me, with an air of extreme sim-

¹ *East Coast Days ; and Memories* : p. 212. *The Water-Works*.

plicity (he was the keenest of his time), 'I can't imagine what's the matter with Stiggins. He'll hardly speak to me. And yet I never gave him the least offence. The only thing I can remember at all, is, that one day Smith came to me at the table of the House and asked me to do something. I replied, I'll do anything you like: but I'll have nothing to do with that leein' body Stiggins. Just as I said that, I found Stiggins was just at my shoulder, and heard me. But that's the only thing I can think of.' My natural reply was, 'And of course that's nothing.'

Sometimes, when one is beaten and failing, a succession of blows fall upon the poor heart and head. But through this Summer and Autumn, when I was barely equal to my duty, quite a number of cheering circumstances occurred: of which nothing shall be said. Only that from divers lands (even from Scotland, which seemed strange) an unusual succession of unknown friends came to our churches.

Small matters interest humble folk. I have always known them accurately: that is a matter of certain natures. But on September 17 I carefully recorded the number of steps from this door to the parish church: the number to St. Mary's: the number to the railway station (which is one-third the number to the old one): the number to the post-office by all possible routes. When I knew this city first, there were but the chief office and one pillar-post. Now, in every corner, you find let into a wall an iron receiving-box. Life is being made easier than of old. At Marlee, it was three miles to the post-office. At Grandtully it was a daily and appreciable enjoyment to have

one just across the road. It has been said that he who posts his own letters is possibly a good man, but certainly a wise one : it was said first by Shirley Brooks. I can go from this table where I write, post my letters, and be back in just three minutes. It is a great luxury. Privileges, indeed, are sometimes less valued than they ought to be. This is Friday ; on Wednesday this week I heard forty-two sermons. This is too much for man. Six bright young fellows, candidates for Orders, appeared before the Presbytery of St. Andrews and read seven discourses each. Six discourses were in Latin. The Presbytery meets in the Session House of the parish church, which is our Vestry. It is not recognisable for the same place as on Sundays. Sitting there, listening to the sermons, I thought of the suspicions of good men. The sermons are read from a little pulpit, above which, on the wall, is a plain cross of wood. Principal Shairp, entering that chamber in the season when he hated innovation, said to me, austere, pointing to the cross, 'Yes, I see your hand here.' But I had nothing earthly to do with its erection : which had taken place years before I saw that chamber. It was even as when an admirable woman told my Colleague, that she discerned my tendencies in the fact that the gaslights at the pulpit were continually burning. I had not been aware of the fact. They were lighted, wholly at the discretion of our first church-officer, when he thought they would be needed. And indeed on most Sundays (I now know) they are needed. For an ancient beadle said to me, when I first came here (I trust he spoke

in simplicity and did not intend to convey reproach), 'There's no a darker pulpit in Scotland than the pulpit here!' Possibly some may agree with him.

I note, looking back over the record of that weary time, how often the serious resolution is recorded that henceforth Monday shall always be made a day of rest. I suppose many preachers make it such. But I have never been able to manage it. Saturday afternoon has ever been my little blink of leisure. But on Monday morning the neck goes to the collar, regularly. Sometimes wearily enough. But I fancy that in every parish, though the parson does a good deal more than he has either time or strength for, one or two may be found who think his work very easy. And I have known a parish-minister, here and there, who really did next to nothing. Such are commonly treated with great tenderness by their Presbyteries. Here it is that our system practically breaks down. Each incumbent, in consideration of being let alone himself, lets his brethren alone. And no doubt this is better than a perpetual fussy intermeddling. Practically, under Presbyterian church-government, if any parson is eager to pull up a neighbour for neglect of duty, it is (unless indeed he be a very venerable and saintly man himself), because he has conceived an enmity against the neighbour, or because he is a meddling soul. Tulloch used to tell, with sympathy, of the keeper of a public-house in his parish, who, learning that a gentleman living near had complained of the noises proceeding from the public-house, accosted him one day with the startling statement: 'Weel, sir, I'll just say this

for ye : ye're a confounded interferin' individual.' And the wise and good Helps maintained that the grand thing is to get men to do with as little governing as possible.

In the fall of this year Dr. Story, now Professor of Church History at Glasgow, with his wife and daughters, abode in St. Andrews for several weeks. He was hard at work writing his lectures. Not without difficulty, I persuaded him to preach on Sunday October 2. He had the morning at the parish church, and the evening at St. Mary's. We have no Scotch preacher in these days more likely to interest cultured people. And that Sunday he was at his best : admirable in the morning, and in the evening better still. The sermons abide in memory : but even more, the miraculous sunset of the evening before. On that Saturday we walked along South Street as a magnificent red sunset filled the whole Western sky to the zenith. When we turned, under a great pointed arch of inexpressible perfection, and looked due West, the vast expanse of red sky, the rows of fading limes, the gray long street, bending naturally as mediæval streets bend, we both exclaimed, *A glorious sight.* And truly it was so. A pilgrim from beyond the Atlantic who visited this city ten years ago, when he went back put it upon record that never, till he entered the New Jerusalem, did he look to have his heart so stirred as walking along that street on a still autumn day, and thinking of its associations. Some of us can sympathise with that enthusiast. And it was a Glasgow merchant (one of outstanding culture and feeling) who, looking at the city from the Links when the sunset

of mid-September fell upon it, gilding the towers and making the circling sea to blaze, said to me, with eager face, that it reminded him of Jerusalem the Golden. And indeed, for a glimpse of time, a blink of a few minutes' duration, St. Andrews was a Golden City, bounded by a sea of glass mingled with fire.

It was very quickly over, but it was a memorable event in our history, the visit of the Lord Rector of the University. Only for part of two bright frosty days in December, we had that most outstanding man among us. And among all our eminent Rectors, I fancy there has not been one whose movements, at this season, were more eagerly watched both by friend and foe. Mr. Balfour was Irish Secretary : and, agree with him or not, few could deny the pluck with which he did the duty of that most difficult of all offices in the public service. And knowing the imminent peril amid which he was living his daily life (even in this quiet, law-abiding place, he was diligently watched by two detectives at least) one wondered how he had the heart to prepare that elaborate and well-thought-out, though graceful, gay, and sparkling inaugural address. There stood a brave man : besides whatever else. And there was a vast deal else. There were keen frost and bright sunshine on Friday December 9 when the Rector came : and that evening there was a great reception in St. Salvator's Hall : the same place where the awful fright possessed the beloved Dean Stanley. Possibly Mr. Balfour, with all his courage, might have been frightened under like circumstances too : might have fled in terror, as did the Dean.

But everything went off admirably : the Rector, and the brave sister who shared his dangers, delighted everybody. Politics had nothing to do with the matter. Most of us, on the great question of the period, were of Mr. Balfour's way of thinking. But such as thought quite differently were quite as much charmed. That Friday evening we had a great congregational tea-party. It was held in the same hall where the guest of the University was to speak next day. It had appeared that it is not a thing to be approved that people should worship in the same church for years, and know each other perfectly well by sight and reputation, yet never exchange a word. Hence this very successful social gathering: now for the second time. Some sixteen hundred were there. There was hardly any speaking, but there was abundance of enjoyable music: there were seats for such as wished to sit, and abundant space to walk about. The cup which cheers was present in abundance: and everybody was cordial and happy. The entertainment began at 7, and ceased not till 10.45 P.M. So it was that such as were bound to be there present could but reach the College in time to pay due respect to the Rector and Miss Balfour; and speedily to go. They had said a word to every student; and had gained all hearts, including some which had been resolved not to be gained. I thought it a touching thing, to see the brave brother and the devoted sister standing together in St. Salvator's Hall.

Saturday December 10 was a beautiful frosty day, with bright sunshine and sapphire sky. The function was at

2 P.M. in the Recreation Hall. There was a dense crowd. The Professors walked in first in procession: then graduates in their robes followed them to the great platform. The Rector's address was listened to in deep attention. He had an enthusiastic reception. He made himself perfectly heard. At first, there was a certain air of weariness and languor: but as he warmed to his work that quite went: and keen, bright cleverness, thoughtfulness which never grew dull, were the characteristics of that discourse. Like all rectorial addresses which I have heard, it was fully written out: and in a day or two most of the educated people of Britain had read it. We have had addresses as good: never a better address in its own line. But surely never had an elaborate discussion of an interesting subject been prepared under circumstances so likely to distract any ordinary mind. How Mr. Balfour lived through those years of constant tension, some could not in any way understand. But he made the place easier, for a time at least, to any successor. When the address, and the proceedings, were over, the Rector rested a space in West Park, which (in a far more modest development) had been the dwelling of our great Professor Ferrier: and here a deputation attended him, with expression of thanks and confidence. Principal Cunningham was spokesman, and spoke excellently. But though I was one of that deputation, I doubted (with many others) the fitness of a political demonstration on occasion of a Rector's visit. The Lord Rector has no politics. But Mr. Balfour, with consummate tact, having listened with an extremely wistful face to all

that was said to him, gave a short reply which any candid political opponent would have thoroughly approved. The thing could not have been better done. And it is ever a pleasant thing to see cautious wisdom combined with unquestionable brilliancy. Many good folk believe that wisdom can go only with dulness. And they have a profound fear of what a very clever man may say or do. The instant that little interview was over, the Rector departed. The inauguration had been at 2 ; and he was off by 4.20 : by railway. Nobody had known beforehand the hour of his arrival. But the students saw him off. And any man might have been cheered by the fervour of their greeting. Mr. Balfour may be popular or not elsewhere. But no mortal can doubt what he is at St. Andrews.

There was a point in the inaugural discourse where the Rector said, very firmly, that stupidity is a grace, a natural gift, not an attainment. Here certain of his hearers recalled a well-known passage of Samuel Johnson's, from which it appears that the great lexicographer believed that stupidity, like other gifts, may be cultivated. 'Why, sir, X is dull, naturally dull : but he must have worked very hard to become as stupid as he is now. No, sir : God never made any man as stupid as X is now.'

On December 22 I received a communication to the effect that I was a Jesuit, but did not venture to avow my real character. And it is certain that if I were a Jesuit, being placed where I am, it would be highly inexpedient to say so.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE YEAR 1888

THE year 1888 was full of incidents of extreme interest in this house, but not of much public concern. Yet a good many people would have listened, very intently, to a document which was read here on the evening of Tuesday January 3. A little party dined that day. First, was that most distinguished barrister and Member of Parliament who used to stay at St. Andrews sometimes in those days ; and who (somehow) was generally called Finlay, Q.C. His eminence in his profession is acknowledged : he is in the very first flight of political speakers : and in society he is most bright and charming. Still more so is his wife : who is daughter of Mr. Cosmo Innes, a great man in the Parliament House and in Scottish letters in his time. I remember well how pleased Froude was to meet him on his first coming to Edinburgh. Bishop Wordsworth dined that evening : also Principal Donaldson of St. Salvator's College : and Butler, our Professor of Natural Philosophy : nephew of the Master of Trinity, and grandson of that Head-Master of Harrow who was Senior Wrangler when Lord Lyndhurst was second. There were two or three others. But the event of that evening was when, the ladies having retired,

the dear old Bishop took out of his pocket a great old-fashioned letter, which had lately come into his possession on the death of his brother the Bishop of Lincoln. Charles Wordsworth, being at Christ Church, Oxford, had written this letter to Christopher at Cambridge on May 24, 1831. It was the time of intense feeling as to the earliest Reform Bill. A petition against the Bill, setting out the most obstructive Toryism, had been prepared by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Lincoln, and Bishop Charles Wordsworth: and was signed by four-fifths of the undergraduates and bachelors. And the letter gives a lively description of the politics of the University: and specially of a great debate, kept up with the greatest spirit for three nights. Many eloquent speakers are named, and their honours: but chief of all, on the side of fixedly sitting still, was 'Gladstone (a certain Double First)' who made 'the most splendid speech, out and out, that was ever heard in our Society.' The speaker that ran him nearest was Bruce, who became Earl of Elgin: brother of the incomparable Lady Augusta Stanley. The party which desired reform consisted wholly of contemptible fools. 'They possess no aristocracy either of rank or talent.' And they never could come to anything. For among them were '*Lowe*, Univ, (nobody): *Tait*, Bal. (nobody).' There is a list of names, each ticketed *nobody*. *Lowe* (nobody) came to be known as a Cabinet minister of great weight: and *Tait* (nobody) was a competent Archbishop of Canterbury. As Bishop Wordsworth read the ancient document, occasionally interjecting a remark, all listened intently: and when he ended, the great advocate

said to me, 'One of the most interesting bits of contemporary history I ever listened to.' The venerable Prelate added, 'You see the foolish things young men write.' Then, addressing me, he said, 'Now, you must promise not to say anything in print of this letter while I live.' Much interesting talk followed. For Principal Donaldson is a politician of fixed views: whereas some of us here tend to wobble. For we have open minds. I should not have spoken of that letter here, but for the fact that the good Bishop in his *Autobiography*, published in October 1891, has printed it at length.¹ All may read it now. And many reflections will follow the reading of it.

Tulloch, though President of the Church Service Society, cared as little as Carlyle for the lesser details of outward seemliness. Principal Cunningham, though not a member of that society, is well aware of their importance in the present development of mankind. Soon after entering on his office, he introduced the decorous fashion of the Professors of Divinity attending church in gowns and hoods. And on Sunday January 15, 1888, the students of divinity for the first time, came duly vested. To give due emphasis to the change, the professors and students had come in procession from St. Mary's College (the distance is but a few yards), preceded by the mace. I took that morning service; and was extremely pleased. And I said a kind word of the removal of Dr. Phin: long a prominent Assembly speaker, and a useful doer of Church work. He was not a preacher: and he had given up the living of

¹ *Annals of My Early Life*: 1806-1846, pp. 84-7.

Galashiels to devote himself to the management of our Home Mission. He had no liking at all for hymns, organs, or read prayers. But he was a wise man: and bowed his head to the inevitable course of events, which he was quite powerless to resist. It was pleasant to some of the 'Innovators' that the acerbity of former days had quite passed away: and that, at the Westminster function of June 1887, Phin and they had met and parted in the kindest fashion. I was exactly at the opposite pole from him in my views as to the Worship, Government, and Doctrine of the Church. Establishment kept us in visible unity. It was when Phin was Moderator that Archbishop Tait came to the General Assembly, sitting for a space beside the Commissioner. The Assembly rose to receive the Archbishop: an almost unprecedented mark of respect. And some good men, who would have deposed any Scotch parson for doing the like, hastened to humble themselves before the Primate who had thanked God that in the Anglican Church a clergyman might now cherish the hope of Universal Restoration. It is possible they did not know this. But if they had known it, they would have humbled themselves all the same.

Beginning with Ash Wednesday this year, February 15, I diligently got up the Aristotelian logic from the lectures of my dear old Professor Buchanan of Glasgow. There was reason for this Lenten penance. It took me just three months. I found it extremely interesting work: and gave it the hour from five to six daily. I have my notes of the lectures, in two closely-written volumes: they were taken

when I was eighteen. Yet I, grown old, had no difficulty in feeling my identity with the lad, past away. At first, it was humbling to find it hard to understand them : and one thought (to compare small with great) how Isaac Newton, grown old, could not follow his *Principia*. And the Moods and Figures, with all the details, are tough. Gradually, the work became easy. My old Professor's lectures make the whole subject beyond comparison clearer than Archbishop Whately's book : clearer than any book I know. And it is a grand mental gymnastic. I have always hated Mathematics : but I love Logic. I am aware my readers may not have thought so. Curiously, Archbishop Whately knew not that every Scotch student must study Logic for a year. He once said to me he 'was a resurrection-man ; he had revived a dead subject : Logic.' I hastened to explain to him that the subject had not been dead, North of the Tweed. He appeared to think the fact of little moment.

It brought back departed days to read Sir Frederick Pollock's pleasant volume of remembrances, which came out in February 1888. I read therein :

'23rd May (1860). Dined with J. W. Parker. Theodore Martin, Boyd (A. K. H. B.), Buckle, Arthur Helps, Canon Robertson, Smiles.' Also,

'1st August (1862). We had at breakfast Arthur Stanley, Venables, Lacaita, Boxall, Knight Watson, Spedding, and A. K. H. Boyd, the Country Parson of *Blackwood's* (sic) *Magazine*.'

I remember both days vividly. I had hardly ever seen any eminent author till then : and it was profoundly

interesting. Ages before, I had been at school with two of Sir F. Pollock's brothers : Henry and Richard I think were their names. With the peculiar humour of school-boys, not wholly amenable to grammar, we used to call them '*Geminus Pollux* : the two Pollocks.' That first of August was my first sight of Stanley. He wore a large collar, a good deal serrated ; and was carelessly dressed all over. It was my only glimpse of Venables, who wrote the first article in the first number of the *Saturday Review*. He was a man of commanding presence, and ready speech. Tulloch told me that he and others wrote their articles at the Athenæum Club : and that they used to writhe about and glare at the ceiling in the agony of composition. Then Tulloch sat down and writhed about awfully, and glared upwards in an alarming way. I thought most men would prefer to go through these efforts where they would be unseen.

On March 7 there was sent me from America a pretty little quarto-shaped volume, called *A Characteristic of Modern Life*. The title was new to me. But, opening it, I seemed to recognise what I saw. I found the volume consisted of five essays, reprinted from the First Series of *Our Little Life*. Leave had been given to reprint them. But I was unprepared for the new title. Nor did I know what essays were to be taken.

I doubt whether any preacher was ever asked to minister in places so deeply severed, as I was in May 1888. On May 19 and 20 I had the great privilege of being one of those who were present at the consecration and opening

of the parish church of Govan : where doctrine and ritual are quite the highest in Scotland. And just the following Sunday I was asked to preach at just the opposite pole of the ecclesiastical world : to wit, at the opening of the Gilfillan Memorial Church at Dundee. This is an Independent place of worship : and the minister is my old friend David Macrae ; who is one of the very cleverest men in Scotland, and who had been turned out of the U. P. Body (much to his own advantage) for venturing to hold the same precise doctrine whereof Archbishop Tait of Canterbury had spoken so charitably. I had to be at Edinburgh on Sunday May 27, and so could not be at Dundee. But on the evening of Sunday June 17 I preached for Mr. Macrae. For so doing I was severely blamed by some. I was indeed strongly told by an old friend that any one who would recognise the unattached and unsound Macrae was unworthy to take part in the beautiful worship of the beautiful church of St. Constantine at Govan.

The Dedication service was on Saturday May 19 at 2.30 P.M. Seventy clergy met in the vestries, and walked into church in long procession, two and two, the crowded congregation arising as Psalm 122 was sung. The church can hold 1,800 : but it did hold many more. The choir was of immense power, and the organ a grand one. The church is the stateliest built for the Church of Scotland since the Reformation : the worship is the most fully developed that has been with us for two centuries. This dedication service was the grandest function I ever

witnessed in Scotland : this quite beyond doubt. There is a great double chancel. On the right-hand side of the altar (looking towards the congregation) were Donald Macleod, Dr. Lees, of St. Giles', and the minister of Govan, the saintly and eloquent John Macleod himself. On the left-hand were Norman Macleod of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh (the minister's brother), Professor Story, and myself. The Consecration service was done by John Macleod. Never was such service done with greater solemnity. He also preached the sermon : the record of that day says 'wonderfully.' The function lasted two hours and a quarter. Most extraordinary solemnity was given to it by what could not have been foreseen. The afternoon had been one of drenching rain : the day grew dark as night : and at the most solemn moment there burst over Glasgow the most awful thunderstorm which had been for years. Vast flashes of lightning made the church blaze for an instant : and the thunder was like the Voice from Sinai. No one who was present will ever forget that hour. It seemed, as that beautiful church was given over to Almighty God, as though an awful Hand were stretched forth to take it from those who presented it. One thing was remembered. Several, who had never been able to get over a nervous terror of thunder and lightning, felt how grand it all was, but felt not the smallest fear.

Next day it was recorded, 'No flies in the ointment yesterday. All the worship was solemn as the best Anglican. Norman Macleod and Lees read the Lessons,

very finely. It was altogether a wonderful sight. And there was the deepest seriousness. Every one seemed awe-stricken. John Macleod has worked hard for this, nearly killing himself. But he has his reward. A very great day, for the Scotch Kirk.'

This was Saturday. Sunday was bright and beautiful, as becomes Pentecost, day of rejoicing. There was an immense crowd at the morning service, 11 o'clock. The worship was most delightful and uplifting. The music was grand. The Nicene Creed was splendidly sung. I had the great privilege of preaching at that first Sunday service in the consecrated church. Of course I had prepared a sermon for the occasion: to the very best of my ability. The Holy Communion was celebrated as reverently as ever in this world: 1,000 received. Dr. Dykes' Te Deum was sung beautifully, 'with intention of thanksgiving,' at the end of all. The service was long. It began at 11, and was not over till 2.10 P.M. Afternoon service was to be at 3: Caird was to preach: I would have given much to hear him: but I was weak and weary, and had to go home and sleep. I missed much: for Macleod said Caird preached as grandly as forty years before. The evening service was at 7. As John Macleod and I walked round the church to the vestry, in sunshine that sparkled and gleamed, there passed solemnly by, within a hundred yards of the chancel, a huge Atlantic steamer, going up to its berth. It was a strange and wonderful sight. But it made one think of the deep stillness of the Ayrshire Sunday, when one was a boy. There was a dense crowd

that evening. The praise was all that could be wished, for overwhelming heartiness. And as Macleod read the beautiful prayers, so fervently responded to : as the great choir, with solemn faces, and with never a look at the prayer-book in their hands, intoned the Apostles Creed, looking as if they meant it : one could but thank God, and say one never thought to see the like in Scotland. Any preacher would have been lifted up by that congregation that worship. There was dead silence : but the exertion of holding such a crowd, in an unfamiliar church, was killing. The record says, ' Home, all thankful. I shall go down deep again ; but God be thanked for this.'

I had staid at Macleod's fine manse since Friday : not without thought of the homelike little dwelling of old, hard by the Clyde, then running through green fields. But the pleasant old manse and the green fields were gone. You lose something, by abiding in the second city of the empire. On Monday, with hearty good wishes, I bade Macleod farewell, and in a blazing summer day came through the living green to St. Andrews. Nearly four years have passed since then. The promise of that fair beginning has been nobly fulfilled. And a man, not second to any of our preachers, has a church worthy of him. And he is turning it to worthy account. They are a bright race, the Macleods. But since the great Norman went, John is first : without one worthy to be placed second to him.

On Thursday May 24, the General Assembly met. I was a member : not having been such for twelve years.

For in our Presbytery, it comes round just once in six years. And six years before, I had not gone: thinking, like my predecessor, Robert Blair, that I was better elsewhere. In the year 1652, that good man was so disheartened by what he saw, that he 'did, with grief of heart, looking on all growing differences as a sad prognostic of our ruin and desolation, leave the Assembly and return to St. Andrews: judging that he could do more good among his flock and in his family than in the Assembly.' In the Assembly of 1876, the last at which I had been, several blatant persons, with a few pettifoggers, had done their little worst to crush the saintly man from whose beautiful church I now came: whose shoestrings they were not worthy to tie. But there was an end of all that now. That unspiritual and debasing element was quite eliminated. The record of June 1888 says, 'No kinder, more brotherly, more wise, tolerant, and truly liberal Assembly ever met. To one grown old in the Kirk, it was a hopeful and pleasant sight, that mass of bright and energetic faces: the real strength, courage, culture, and devotion of clergy and laity there.'

I have always felt myself warmly drawn to my great predecessor: never more than for another incident in his history. For, though a saintly soul, he was not soft by any means. Coming out from an interview with Cromwell, 'Mr. Dickson, rubbing his elbow, said, I am very glad to hear this man speak as he does. Mr. Blair replied, And do you believe him? If you knew him as well as I do, you would not believe one word he says. He is an egre-

gious dissembler, and a great liar. Away with him, he is a greeting devil!' Well said, Mr. Blair. Let the English reader know that greeting means blubbering. Blair had far better opportunity to understand his man, than Carlyle had.

In various ways, that Assembly of 1888 treated an undeserving member of it with great kindness. An ex-Moderator (who had deserved to be Moderator) informed me that I was regarded as a prodigal who had returned. But I had not changed my views by a hair's breadth: it was the Assembly (which means the majority of it) that had come over to the party led by Story and of old by Tulloch. I was appointed to preach in St. Giles' before the Commissioner on the morning of the first Sunday. It was Trinity Sunday, May 27. I had done the like 32 years before. How things were changed! Neither church, nor worship, were recognisable for the same. The prayers were beautifully read by Story, and the Lessons admirably by one of the Cathedral staff. Such services generally attract. The church was crammed: a great many had to stand. It was curious, to sit at the North end of the altar during the prayers: and then, preceded by the mace, to go to the pulpit (which is set under the crossing) at the proper time. Just last week, a Lord of Session told me that a brother-Judge had said to him, the Sunday before, 'Is this a Scotch kirk?' Being assured it was, the Judge went on (he was a humourist) 'Have the Covenanters died in vain?' The Commissioner was Lord Hopetoun. Both he and 'Her Grace' succeeded in charming everybody. There is no dinner-party at Holyrood on Sundays. The

only guests beyond the people in the palace were the Solicitor-General Robertson (now our Scottish Chief-Justice) and myself. We came away together. His father and mine were the closest of friends: my father christened him. We met as the sons of these good men ought.

I remember, sorrowfully, the night of Friday June 8. It had been a day of December cold and darkness. It does not do to 'think of things' (though John Bright thought of his speeches then), when you ought to sleep. And being awake and anxious all that night, I did not know that a little way off a good girl whom I knew well was finding this life too heavy. Cheerful, quiet, good, with nothing to vex her, she had yet felt the awful cloud stoop down upon her: and when daylight came in, they found she was gone. On Tuesday June 12 I read the service over her in the Cathedral churchyard: with firm faith that the poor soul had found elsewhere the peace and light which had not been here. The rain came down in torrents on the narrow grave: and one thought of the old rhyme. She had left a pathetic word of farewell: very short and simple.

Sunday June 17 was a beautiful Summer day. After morning service here, away to Newport, 11 miles: cross the broad Tay: and evening service in that Gilfillan Memorial, already named. It was very unlike Govan. I found it a theatre-looking place, with two rows of galleries. But the great thing about any place of worship is the congregation. I was told the building holds 2,000, and it was crowded. There was an excellent organ: an excellent choir. I followed exactly the order prescribed: the good

Macrae was away on a holiday. It is the use here for a minister to break down after building a church or chapel. The worship was very enjoyable, and I came home in a grand sunset. The next day I purged my schismatic action by passing to the region of undoubted orthodoxy. For the first time, leaving St. Andrews at 7.20 A.M., I went straight to Selsdon Park, arriving at 9.15 P.M., and at ten the usual evening service in the pretty chapel, when the Bishop and Chaplain read prayers. It appeared of the nature of gain, that one should be able, pleasantly, to feel at home in places so unlike as those of Sunday and Monday evenings. Nor was I much aggrieved when a very wooden churchman said to me, by way of reproach, 'Oh yes: you can sympathise with anything.'

Two things are memorable about that episcopal dwelling this June. One was that having forgotten to carry quills with me for my individual use, I found with sorrow that not a quill existed in that house whence letters go out by hundreds weekly. All the writing there is done with steel pens: hateful to me. The other (and greater) was my first meeting with the beloved and charming Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, U.S.A. With his wife and granddaughter he came to stay. I knew before that he was the outstanding Bishop of the American Episcopal Church: I had heard how Abraham Lincoln said that when the Bishop spoke to him, pleading for the poor Indians, he 'felt it to the heels of his boots.' And I knew by photographs the sad, ascetic face. Surely never was man of sweeter nature. His diocese was about as big as England.

And the hardships of his early years in it passed belief. He gave us a vivid idea of how to sleep in the open air in winter with the frost far below zero. Self-denying, heroic, modest: such was that saint. On Sunday evening, June 24, he preached in the chapel at evening service: giving one of the most beautiful and touching sermons I ever heard. It appeared to me (prejudiced) that there was something republican in the fashion in which, in his sermon, he made mention more than once of the 'Lord Bishop of Rochester.' I certainly should not have given the title in speaking from the pulpit. But that was nothing. Possibly the American Prelate thought he was doing what we should expect. And I can never forget his extraordinary kindness towards myself. He and his little party went on Tuesday morning. The record of the time says, 'Very sorry to part. We shall never meet again, here.' I did not know that we were to meet once again under Bishop Thorold's roof: and still less dreamt that the day would come on which Bishop Whipple was to walk into my study at St. Andrews.

On the Longest Day, Thursday June 21, I had gone to the Diocesan Conference at Gravesend. The day before, I had been received in the beautiful vicarage of Cobham by Mr. Berger and his Wife, a charming Scotswoman, one of the Colquhouns of Luss. Her mother, the reader probably does not know, wrote the larger part of the well-known hymn, 'Much in sorrow, oft in woe.' Kirke White wrote only the first six lines of it. I listened to a debate at Gravesend for two hours and a half, and then departed

with Mr. Berger to Rochester. We lunched in the room which Mr. Pickwick knew ; and walked about the street where Trabb's boy exclaimed ' 'Pon my soul, don't know yah.' All about the Cathedral, thinking of Edwin Drood : and then my first walk through Cobham Woods, five miles, to the Vicarage ; thinking of Dickens. But the story has been told.¹

A handsome stained window was put into the parish church in August : it was first seen by the congregation on Sunday August 19. It was given by the family of Dr. Watson Wemyss of Denbrae, in memory of their father. It is the first recognition, in three centuries, in that church, of the fitness of beauty in God's house. For many a day, the great Puritan principle was, 'The uglier and more disagreeable anything is, the likelier it is to be the right thing.' And as it was extremely cheap to carry out this principle, it was faithfully carried out here. The Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Morgan, were in church that Sunday morning, and beheld the national worship for the first time. Of course, the terrible weakness is, that it is whatever the officiating minister may choose to make it. And it is precisely the men who stand most in need of liturgical aids, who will not use them.

St. Andrews had just a glimpse, in September, of Bishop Harold Browne of Winchester. He was seventy-seven : a most benignant and lovable old Prelate. He came with his wife and daughter on the evening of Tuesday September 18. He had taken rooms at the

¹ *East Coast Days ; and Memories* : p. 178. *That Longest Day*.

Alexandra Hotel, a quiet pleasant house close to the railway station. Bishop Wordsworth was to have taken care of him, but was laid up in bed, and asked me to do so. Accordingly I met him when he arrived, and took the little party to their destination. Anglican-fashion, they overflowed with cordiality. Next morning, they went very fully the regular round: ending with this house. It is a pleasant remembrance, that the grand old prince-bishop was for a space in this room. Strange to say, he regretted being Bishop of Winchester. He said that was the mistake of his life: he ought to have staid at Ely. He was a Cambridge man, a Cambridge Professor: in Ely Cathedral he was ordained Deacon and Priest, and consecrated Bishop: *that* was his home. And he looked wistfully at the little model of the chair of St. Augustine which is in my study: I knew what was in his mind. But we knew not that from the wall the face of his successor at Winchester looked down upon him: a good and pleasant picture, in the robes. I note that certain kindly critics say that I am easily pleased in the matter of Anglican Bishops. It may be so: and if the critics had met as much hearty kindness from such as I have met, they would (I think) be pleased too. But every one under this roof retained the same impression of dignified and fatherly benignity, thinking of one who appeared pretty close to the ideal of the man for the great place he filled.

A little bit of that incident which is real life, our little life, comes back. We had Mrs. Oliphant in St. Andrews this season. Her *Life of Tulloch* was soon to be ready.

On the evening of Thursday September 27, I was coming up from the Club : when she looked out of her window, which opens on the Links and beach, hard by ; and called me in, to say good-bye : she departing on the morrow. I have seen that most eminent woman much, through more than thirty years : I never once, nor for one moment, saw her fall short of the beautiful ideal of genius, sweetness, and goodness, which all who know her link with her name. For many a day, one could not make out when it was she wrote. But this year, in an afternoon, one sometimes saw the sheet of paper lying on a table near her, covered with the minute handwriting. It was felt as presumptuous to talk to her of her work. But when, now and then, one ventured, there was the unaffectedness, there was the frankness, which characterise all she says and does. The hearty good wish of the smallest may somewhat help the biggest : and in the record of that evening, which never mortal saw save its writer, there stands the warm *God bless her*.

An interesting work was this season done in our Cathedral. I saw it complete in the keen cold twilight of St. Michael's day. The outline of all the vanished piers and walls was marked out in the turf. The precise size and outline were shown ; and the space so filled in with ashes of coal, beaten flat, that weeds cannot grow. It was most skilfully done. The North Transept, with a side-aisle on its East side, had wholly disappeared. But so accurately had the calculations been made, that digging down some feet, there were the foundations exactly where they were looked-for. You have the ground-plan shown to

perfection. It came to be known that builders, eight centuries since, did not much regard the work of those who had built before them. Several Celtic crosses, covered with characteristic and elaborate ornamentation, and of immemorial age, had been laid on their sides and built into the foundations of the East gable of the Cathedral. They are a foot or more beneath the surface of the ground. It has lately been proposed to take them out and place them in the museum of the University. It may be hoped this Vandalism will not be perpetrated. It is of great interest to see these crosses where the builders of the church placed them. Here is a characteristic fact of history. To which may be added the less worthy reasons, that fifty visitors see them where they are for one who would see them elsewhere: and that to underpin a huge gable of a hundred feet in height, standing without support to meet the fiercest blasts of the German Ocean, and which has stood for more than seven hundred years, would be very risky work indeed. And hanging would be a great deal too good for the mortal who should bring that sacred gable-wall down.

I had to be at Aberdeen on Sunday October 7, and thus had with regret to miss meeting the Bishop of Salisbury in the house of his uncle here. He is son of Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln: and his learning is such that he might be an efficient professor of half-a-dozen different things. His visit was extremely brief. But he preached in the Episcopal church on Sunday. Scotch folk cannot judge of recondite learning. But they are keen

judges whether a man be an attractive preacher or not. The verdict was quite decided. The Bishop had gone elsewhere. But going to Edinburgh at 7.20 on Thursday morning, I recognised him in the steamer on the Forth: he had come from Dundee. I knew him from a photograph; and found him pleasant and unaffected, but not without the shyness of a great scholar. He was making for Auckland Castle, and did but pass through Edinburgh. I knew Waverley Station well, and he did not: so I helped him to find his train. And I was impressed by the fact that this distinguished Prince of the Church adopted an economical method of travelling which we humbler folk do not. So he disappeared. But I met him once again.

The biographies of two very diverse men came to me this October: Tulloch's on October 20, Lord Westbury's on October 23. Of course I cannot pretend to do work with the immense rapidity of men who are strung up by great London. And I am unable to review a book without reading it carefully through. Far apart as were the Principal and the Lord Chancellor, both faces were most familiar to me. My admiration of Lord Westbury was intense. With Tulloch affection was mingled: and it exceeded. I wrote careful notices of both biographies in great time for the December periodicals. That on Tulloch was published in the *Contemporary Review*: that on the Chancellor in *Longman*.¹ I think they were generally approved as fair. A good many people, known and unknown, wrote me about them both. Both articles were

¹ *East Coast Days ; and Memories* : pp. 219-266. *Two Diverse Lives*.

written in days when it was very hard for me to write anything at all. I was little fit to write. That 1888 was the heaviest year I have ever known. And I have had my share.

But it ended pleasantly, with what must be named in a word. On St. Andrew's Day, my daughter was married at St. Barnabas', Kensington, to Granby Burke, of the Marble-Hill family. It had been found impossible to collect those who desired to be present except in London: where the bridegroom's parents reside. They were married by Bishop Thorold of Winchester. He came straight from a consecration of Bishops at Westminster Abbey, and was bright in Convocation robes. He was assisted by Mr. Thornton, the Vicar. The service was beautifully done: and the Bishop gave an admirable exhortation. He had known the bride all her life, and had confirmed her. The great race of Burke are most of them Catholic. Several had never been in a Protestant church before. The saintly Lady Mary said to me that she would have come all the way from Ireland to hear that exhortation. Yet she added, 'Little did I think ever to find myself kneeling under the roof of a Protestant church.' But that is permitted to such as hold the ancient way. A good Monsignor, a frequent visitor to St. Andrews, was there too. Let it be added, that at such a time, one is profoundly sensible how much hearty kindness is in this world. Further, that amid all the innumerable marriages my very dear friend has performed, not one can by possibility have turned out more happily.

The next day my wife and I went down to Selsdon Park, and began the Christian Year hopefully there. I never had seen the place, indeed, in all these years, save in high Summer : and I was there for the eleventh time. I went soon to look at my blossoming trees, and found, with sad satisfaction, that in mid-winter, Kent and Surrey are just as bleak as Fife. On Advent Sunday, the Bishop went, after a magnificent red dawn, to a Confirmation at Lambeth. Among those confirmed was Dorothy, the elder daughter of the house. I went in the morning to the parish church, where my old friend the Rector managed wonderfully, though nearly blind. The Bishop had commanded me to preach in the chapel at evensong : as oftentimes before. Let the reader note that the chapel is not consecrated. I could not ask God's blessing on a breach of the law : even of that Act of Uniformity which excludes from Anglican pulpits some of the warmest friends of the Anglican Church. I had not a sermon, nor any other requisite : I had never thought to preach now. But my little message came. And that service was (to me) specially pleasant. Mr. Marriott, the Chaplain, read prayers ; the Bishop said only the Absolution and the Blessing. Of course, I said a great deal more about Advent than would have been said by the Bishop. As is natural, in the circumstances. Long before, on a Rogation Sunday, I had gone to church with him in the morning. He preached : and spake no word about the subject of the day. And he was pleased to find that my subject that evening was Prayer : also that if any one came to service

ignorant that it was Rogation Sunday, that ignorant person knew the fact remarkably well long ere departing. That which the Prelate had lacked, the Presbyter amply supplied.

Let it be confessed, too, by one who has habitually to preach in the black silk gown, and who has also on many occasions preached in the surplice, how much pleasanter wear the surplice is. It is much lighter. It is incomparably fresher than a gown which has been worn for years. And most gowns are old. My entire array on a Sunday is just ten years old. That which goes on to be drenched at a funeral (where no umbrella is permitted) is more than five and twenty. Then, the colour of mourning does not worthily befit the conduct of church-services. The note is 'joyful in the house of prayer.' And our robes, all but the bands (which in Scotland denote full orders), are merely academic. Those among us who are Doctors both of Divinity and of Laws (let us trust, knowing more of the former than they do of the latter), make a point, in celebrating the Communion, to wear the D.D. hood, which none but a clergyman can wear. To all which considerations add this serious one: that the surplice is very much cheaper. Our vestments are costlier than people think. Even a Bishop, as he stands, costs only about thirty guineas. A Moderator of the Kirk, in like circumstances, is worth a good deal more than sixty. Where the luxury of lace is added in an extravagant degree (as through the kindness of parishioners I know it occasionally to be), it is difficult to fix a limit to the decent man's temporary value. And then it is very surprising to himself.

CHAPTER XXX

OUR FIRST GIFFORD LECTURER

MY dear and old friend Dr. MacGregor, who to-day has but another week in the dignity of Moderator (if he goes to Court, 'his rank in precedence is above a Baron, as that of a Lord Bishop in England'), is a man who takes time by the forelock. On January 5, 1889, he wrote, in contemplation of the rebuilding of St. Cuthbert's Church, and with due authority, 'You must come and open the new building.' Here was a case in which it was impossible to say No. And my answer was that should both of us be permitted to see the completion of the grand church designed, I should esteem it a great honour to minister at its Dedication. But beyond the long time needful for the erection of a fabric on such a scale, legal difficulties came in (as they are sure to do in Scotland): and the foundation stone is to be laid by the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly, the Marquis of Tweeddale, on Wednesday May 18, 1892. Then, I fancy, two years more. But I shall hope to be allowed to see the day, still equal to a great function: I mean equal so far as I ever was. I confess that in making engagements only a short way in advance, one has come very solemnly to say *If it please God*. The

reader will remember how seriously Dickens always said the like.

Any suspicion of insincerity in such a matter is very grievous. And there have been good men who suspected insincerity, approaching to humbug. Lord Provost Brown Douglas of Edinburgh told me he was present when a worthy minister, being invited by Dr. Guthrie to dine with him next day at an Assembly time, replied, with what Dr. Guthrie thought undue solemnity,—‘ Well, if I am spared.’ The great orator listened with displeasure ; and replied, in the most unsympathetic manner, and putting the contingency in the most disagreeable possible light,—‘ Oh, we won’t expect you, *if you are a Corp.*’ Such is the name which homely Scotch folk give to the deserted tenement. And it always affects one with a certain horror. The worthy minister had in fact not realised the contingency in just that particular way. And he was startled. Which was what the humourist intended.

Quite the outstanding feature in the life of St. Andrews, entering on 1889, was the delivery of the Gifford Lectures by Mr. Andrew Lang. As we in this city are specially proud of this brilliant writer, holding that we in a measure ‘ raised ’ him, and are entitled to credit for all he does, it is to be admitted that, in token of affection, he is always called *Andrew Lang*. This has ever been. Many years ago, coming up from the Club one evening with Tulloch, a young man of very striking appearance, dark and keen, walked rapidly by us. He had left this University before I came to St. Andrews ; and in answer to the question who

he was, Tulloch's answer was 'That's Andrew Lang.' Lord Gifford, a Scotch Judge, who suffered much from sceptical doubts and wished to deliver others from them, left 80,000*l.*, the interest to be applied in maintaining theological lectureships in the four Scotch Universities. The office is held for two years : the lecturer may be re-elected. At Glasgow, Max Müller had two terms of office. The Judge desired that a number of able men should apply their minds to the contemplation of this universe, in the hope that light might be brought to darkened souls, and assurance to perplexed. I cannot but say that the lecturers, in several cases, appear to me to have been eminently successful in bringing their hearers to the state of mind from which Lord Gifford designed to deliver them. The resultant conclusion, in more than one case, has been briefly this : *Nobody knows anything at all about the matter.* I should say that Professor Flint's Baird Lectures on Theism are much liker what the Judge wanted, than any of the courses which have yet been delivered under the Gifford bequest.

Mr. Lang gave his Introductory Lecture in St. Salvator's Hall on Thursday January 17, at 5 P.M. There was a great crowd : which (as weeks went over) gradually lessened till the attendance was small. There was a procession of Professors. The lecture was a very remarkable one. There was an extraordinary amount of recondite knowledge. There was a wonderful brightness and liveliness of treatment. In a clear, high-pitched voice, heard in every corner, and without a shade of nervousness, the lecturer went on ; and held breathless attention. There was abundance of

applause, and the occasional hearty peal of laughter. I heard two of each three lectures this season; and nearly as many in the next. Sometimes they were read. Much oftener they were spoken from notes. But though treating matters where vague extempore talk was excluded, and entire accuracy of statement was essential, the lecturer was always equal to his work. Indeed, as he went on, week after week, the impression of his marvellous power was deepened. And though Mr. Lang has long studied the matters on which he commonly lectured, it must have been unaccustomed work to address a large mixed audience, of men and women, undergraduates and grown-up and aged folk, in this particular way. 'Very clever': 'wonderfully bright': is the brief record written at the time, on returning from hearing Mr. Lang. Yet the dreariest Professor of Divinity never filled his prelection fuller of weighty thought and rare learning. I never, besides, was more impressed than at this time, with the fact how natural it is to suppose that what is sparkling and effervescent must be lacking in weight: that what is brilliant cannot be solid. 'Wonderfully smart, but very slight,' one often heard: when the lecture had in truth been as massive as if given by Dr. Dryasdust. One felt that in this world it is not safe to be too bright. And brightness of thought, and a certain lightness of touch in speaking of all things, are characteristic of our distinguished Gifford Lecturer. Yet it must be said, that the occasional bit of serious counsel and deep feeling came home in a singular way. No preacher, designedly seeking to influence and help, could have quite so

startlingly impressed a congregation, as did Mr. Lang, notably in his last lecture: when, as though in spite of himself, he got at the conscience and heart of all. One thought, 'Now this is not said because it is his business to say it: it is forced out of him.' And I can testify how seriously he impressed certain souls, which would have put Mr. Moody and Mr. Spurgeon contemptuously aside: ay, and would have felt that even Caird went by them and hit them not.

I have not said that on October 16, 1888, my latest volume of sermons reached me, which I think likely to be my last. The title, *The Best Last*, has been explained. A second edition was wanted in December. And a good Anglican parson, as old as myself, wrote to me that as their wedding day came round, his wife and he each provided a little gift for the other. Each had provided this volume. And on Advent Sunday, at Selsdon Park, I had made a beginning of the book entitled *To Meet the Day: Through the Christian Year*. I had long been anxious to prepare a text-book for the use of devout people. For of the few I had seen, all appeared either repellently Low, or absurdly High. Also it seemed as if those who prepared them had a very limited acquaintance with English poetry. A text of Scripture, a little meditation, and a verse or two, were provided for each day in the Church Year. I worked very hard upon this book, daily, from December 10, 1888, till March 20, 1889, when with great thankfulness I finished it. I had intended, at first, to gather the meditations from all quarters: but found I had not sufficient acquaintance with

devotional literature : and it was easier to provide them all myself. A great many were written new for this book : these were generally drawn from the notes of the short discourses for week-day services. Others were taken from volumes already published. I had a fair knowledge of sacred poetry : this from my boyhood : and it had grown in my quarter of a century as convener of the Committee of the Kirk which prepared the Scottish Hymnal. No volume I ever published cost so much thought as this : at the beginning the work was very perplexing. Many an hour I lay awake at night, trying to see my way. But the work was pleasant : was helpful : and, growing old, help is what we want. The book was published at the end of August 1889 : and in March of next year a second edition was published. Of course, I knew such a work would not be much used in Scotland : where Church people have (till lately) been unhappily trained away from the observance of the Christian Year. And, with many devout Anglicans, a devotional book is placed at a disadvantage through being written by one outwardly parted from the English Church. But the proofs were read by the Bishop of Winchester : and I do not think he was aware of the smallest deviation from the orthodox teaching of his own grand communion.

It would be most ungrateful if I failed to record that on Maundy Thursday, April 18, 1889, I received from the University of St. Andrews the degree of LL.D. It was just twenty-five years before, April 20, 1864, that I had been made a D.D. by the University of Edinburgh.

And it was on April 29, 1846, that, being a lad of twenty, I was made a B.A. of Glasgow. Dr. Lees of St. Giles' was made a Doctor of Laws along with me: the crowd was dense in the old library-hall: and I may say we were very kindly received. I got quite a host of cordial congratulations. And this final degree came, like my Edinburgh one, in the only way in which it is any honour to get it, absolutely unsought: absolutely unexpected. I had not dreamt of such a thing: and was more than content with what degrees I had already. The St. Andrews hood is far too splendid for common use. It is scarlet silk, ribbed; lined with white satin. It shows out splendidly upon our black robes. But a damp finger would mark it. I keep it for special occasions: Easter-Day, and the like: and for weddings. And I generally wear the modest Edinburgh hood: black cloth lined with purple silk: which with our robes is almost invisible. With the surplice it is very manifest.

On Easter-Even, Saturday April 20, the youth from Calcutta came home for the second time: and staid till November 6. These things must be recorded. But they cannot be further spoken of. But that Easter-Even was a tremendous day of joy and thankfulness, under this roof. Save when he left us, that youth never gave his parents a moment's pain. I know there are hosts of good sons. But there never was a better.

On Saturday May 25, under the brightest of May sunshine, and when the fresh turf around was blazing with daisies and buttercups, we laid to his rest in our sublime

churchyard a son of the University whose renown as a scholar had spread wide over the world of learning: and who, in his own field of oriental scholarship, stood second to no living man. Professor Wright had filled various places with singular success and goodwill; and for seventeen years had held the eminence of the professorship of his own subject in the great University of Cambridge. His modesty and goodness equalled his intellectual distinction. And it touched many, to know that from the glories of that grand place, now in the season when its gardens and colleges are a dream of magnificence, he charged those dearest to him that his mortal part should be borne to the sacred city of his birth; and laid in that solemn burying-place amid the dust of his kindred, and in the sight and hearing of the sea. He was a son of St. Andrews: his heart was here. They began the burial service at Cambridge, with a pomp to which we cannot attain. But it did not express feeling more sincere than when I read the great words of Christian hope over his quiet grave: in the presence of a silent little company of real friends.

Tuesday June 11, St. Barnabas' Day, is memorable in this house. At St. James's, Hatcham, close to New Cross, our lad Herbert Buchanan was ordained deacon by Bishop Thorold. I had gone to London the day before, on my yearly visit to the Bishop: and was present, and received the communion. Then I hastened away to Victoria: and with a considerable party, outstanding in which were Mr. Frederick Locker and Mr. Andrew Lang, by rail to Sole Street: whence various carriages conveyed us to beautiful

Cobham Hall. Most sightseers know something of that princely place : all readers of Dickens, works and life, are familiar with the name of Cobham Woods : and, standing just second in the first volume of the charming work called *The Stately Homes of England*, you may read a full account of the dwelling and its history. The scenery is English, all over : vitally English : and exquisite for beauty. Many have heard of the magnificent avenue, with three rows of grand trees on either side, which leads to Cobham church. The superstitious legend which even Dickens has given concerning it is absolutely without foundation. There was a large party in the house : and a specially pleasant one. Here I abode till Friday afternoon. On Thursday afternoon Lord Darnley led certain of his guests through the woods, a walk of a good many miles. The trees were quite the most magnificent I have ever seen ; and the deer were countless. As strange a sight as ever I beheld was from a crow's-nest, a wooden tower fifty feet high, near to Gadshill. Never were more contrasted pictures than you had in the views to left and right. On the left-hand below, and seemingly within a mile, was the great Thames, covered with greater and lesser steamers, a marvellous watery highway : was cockney Gravesend, wholly unpoetical. A vast Indian steamship passed up as we looked on, and was instantly identified. And turning from that scene of life and bustle, on the right-hand stretched the quiet woods, silent as though human worry were a hundred miles away. Looking due East, there were places identified with the personality of Dickens : Shorne,

Chalk, where he spent his honeymoon, getting a little money advanced on the security of *Pickwick* : and Cooling, marvellously depicted at the outset of *Great Expectations*. Never, in this life, can I abide for a little space in lovelier surroundings, than I did through these wonderful days of blazing light and glow. And I may venture only to say that the human denizens are worthy of them. On Friday afternoon Lady Darnley took me to Cuxton Vicarage. I had married two sons of that pleasant house to two daughters of Tulloch : so do people meet those of whom they know some little. Thence by rail to Aylesford, a few miles off ; where the Cambridge undergraduate of former days had been appointed junior curate. It was strange indeed to meet the Vicar and Mrs. Grant again : and to recognise the young lady to whom I had presented the rose from Gadshill in Rochester Cathedral, long ago. The church is most beautiful : the vicarage all it ought to be : and never was young curate more happily placed in this world.

On Saturday morning only the vicarage family went to church : but the worship was solemn and calming. That afternoon to Maidstone, three miles off. The Medway which flows through Aylesford village, flows also under the west end of the grand parish church of Maidstone, a building of cathedral dignity. June 16 was Trinity Sunday. I had begun the Christian Year at Selsdon : and was again in England on the day which ends its round of marked remembrances. Never was lovelier morning : and to one starved in such details, it was delightful to hear the

eight fine bells of the church flood the blue air. I did not go to early communion: for I wished to go when my boy should minister for the first time. At 11, the exquisite building was full: in the evening it was fuller. The surpliced choir entered in silence: vicar and curate last. The vicar preached an admirable sermon. At the communion, my boy gave me the cup: a strange and touching thing in one's little history. In the afternoon to a pretty little mission-chapel: where was a shortened service: and the youth, who had had some months' practice as a lay-helper there, preached a capital little sermon, lively and sensible, and without book: in a manner absolutely free from self-consciousness. So I cheered myself by saying to myself, *There is a preacher, by-and-by.* And coming home, and noting that the youth, quite naturally and easily, had a kind word for every little child and every old person we met, I said to myself, thankfully, *There is a pastor.* In the evening, at the parish church, the service was full choral. The choir entered, singing 'Through the night of doubt and sorrow.' The youth, with accurate ear and good tenor voice, intoned the service: we had the Ely confession. There was not a hitch. We had the grand Nicea to Bishop Heber's grand Trinity hymn, morning and evening. And, after another excellent sermon from Mr. Grant, which I noted was listened to in the hush which recalled St. Andrews, the procession went out, the recessional hymn being Bishop Mant's 'Round the Lord in glory seated.' I never heard a choral service better done. And so ended that beautiful summer day. Only in one thing, at that

season, we have the distinct advantage. Our wonderful twilight, here in the North, makes the day last more than two hours longer. Indeed, for a space about June 21, materially, 'there is no night' here.

I pass over Selsdon this year. For next summer was my last there; and was in divers ways memorable; and must have its record. Only let it be said that the Chaplain now was Mr. Parry, son of the admirable Bishop of Dover, met many years before in Dean Alford's house at Canterbury: a bright, clever, attractive young parson. Also that on my last whole day I wrote the last essay of four, bearing the general title of *When We Come to be Tried*, which had been given me in London darkness in the early morning of St. Andrew's Day. This was called *All my Sheaves*. They were given to me, truly. In a moment, the general thought, and all details, flashed upon one. They were written for our Parish Magazine already named, which circulates more than 100,000 copies monthly: and then were collected, as usual.¹ One memory more. My kind and eminent friend Professor Crombie, our great scholar, who had held the chair of Biblical Criticism for many years, and to whom I had bidden farewell on leaving Scotland, died. Though I am very little out of the parish, it continually happens that I am specially needed when I am away. Dr. Crombie had left instructions as to his funeral: specially directions that I was to read the service over his grave. It could not be. But the service was just as well read by his good friend and my good colleague Dr.

¹ *East Coast Days; and Memories*: p. 335.

Anderson, and at the hour I went into the chapel at Selsdon Park, and solemnly read the service through, being alone. It did not matter to the brother who had gone before us. But it was soothing to one's self.

At the beginning of July to Perthshire, just for that month. First, Marlee: where we saw the last of good Mr. Rae, our parish-minister and kindest of friends there. Then to a lovely spot where the Tay ran at the door of a little dwelling covered with roses: just opposite beautiful Murthly, and with the noble Dunkeld hills hard by. Millais, for long, has painted that scene in all ways. That year, his two pictures in the Academy were *Murthly Water*, which was the reach of the Tay seen from our door: and *The Old Garden*, the garden of Murthly Castle two hundred yards off. And the fine picture, *Christmas-Eve*, is Murthly Castle itself. Sir Douglas Stewart, the aged Lord of that magnificent estate (there is nothing finer in the Highlands) was more than kind. Lady Stewart was a great deal more than charming. Everybody found her so. But the Laird was a humourist, sometimes of a grim kind. It was put about that he had directed his keepers to shoot the parish-minister if he ever entered the Park: which contains certain of the finest drives and walks in this world. The old Baronet, of course, had not intended anything of the sort. But I knew how the thing got about. For one day, when I was walking with him in *The Old Garden*, he severely condemned Millais for transposing a turret of the castle in the picture. He said, 'If you let a man paint your garden, he should do it accurately.' I

ventured to suggest that the great painter thought what he did would improve the picture: adding, 'There the turret is, exactly as he has shown it: only the place changed.' But the Laird would not yield. After a pause, he said, with apparent seriousness, 'Do you think I should be justified in telling my keepers to shoot Millais?' With great solemnity, grasping the situation, I replied: these were the very words: 'Well, Sir Douglas, I am sometimes asked questions which I have a difficulty in answering. But, in this case, I see my way, clearly. I have no hesitation at all in saying, that it would be better *Not* to tell the keepers to shoot Millais.' 'I dare say you're right,' was the dignified rejoinder. Who, out of Bedlam, could have dreamt that the Baronet's question was anything but a characteristic joke? I came away, having received kind invitation to come back and stay a week. But I never went. In a very little the old man departed (let us trust) to a far more beautiful place than even Murthly, or Dunkeld.

Sunday, August 25, 1889, is memorable. Mr. Grant of Aylesford, and his wife, were staying with us, the most welcome of guests. And on the morning of this day, the Vicar preached at St. Mary's. Notwithstanding his Scotch name, the Vicar had never been at a Scotch service before. But, after the ornate services of Aylesford, our ritual (even where advanced) is simplicity itself: and no mortal would have guessed but that Mr. Grant was as familiar with our worship as I was. The church was tightly packed, all over, with educated folk. I had not the opportunity of

assuring the Vicar that our music was usually much better: for it was at its very best. We began (as at Aylesford) with *Through the night*. Then came the Psalms, Te Deum, and Benedictus, precisely as there. The other hymns were Miss Waring's fine *Father, I know that all my life*; and the distinctly St. Andrews hymn *The sands of time are sinking*, which is founded on the (traditional) last words of Samuel Rutherford, Principal of St. Mary's College centuries before Tulloch. The Lord's Prayer, and Creed, were said just as heartily as at Aylesford. The Vicar read the Lessons; and then preached just about his best: though in a strange place and extempore. He gave his sermon just as heartily as we do. Everybody was delighted. Somebody said (sic) 'Better than Caird.' And I took the opportunity of conveying, generally, that people should have heard him in his own church, at home, far away in Kent. Of course, even as I wear the surplice in England, he wore our sombre robes here.

Mr. Jowett was in St. Andrews for a brief visit in September: of course with Professor Campbell. Campbell, always delightful, was always even more so in such days. I remember well Shairp saying, with a beaming face, 'Campbell is in a state of vague spiritual elevation, because Jowett is here.' One could but say it was an enviable thing to be in a state of spiritual elevation, from whatever cause. Then Shairp added, 'I don't believe Campbell can swim at all. But if Jowett told him to plunge into the sea, and swim across the bay to Forfarshire, he would do it, though sure to be drowned in the first fifty yards.' Then

Shairp smiled, with that beautiful smile which made sunshine around ; and rapidly departed. On September 20, Jowett called. The record is, 'A long pleasant talk.' I was reading Marcus Dods on Genesis : noted as 'very wise and good' : and we discussed it. I don't always agree with Jowett. But I am thankful to be able to sympathise with all good earnest men. I tried to get Jowett to preach. But he had not a sermon ; and could not stay over Sunday. He promised it next time. But that is not yet.

East Coast Days ; and Memories : my twenty-seventh volume, was published on October 15. *To Meet the Day*, August 30. The volume of essays contained all I had had time to write for a good while. And after this time, I was too busy with inevitable duty to write more in that line, till I came to the first volume of the present book. And that was begun, as the reader knows if he cared to know, on September 3, 1891.

Let young writers be told that no volume of mine ever was received by the reviewers with such unanimous favour as *East Coast Days* ; yet that it did not sell nearly so well as usual. One takes such things quietly. And every now and then, I get a letter from people getting up a bazaar for some good purpose which I know nothing about, in a region of Britain quite unknown. That letter says the writer could not possibly ask for a contribution in money : but that a few of my inestimable books would be much prized. These books, the writer plainly dreams cost me nothing. Which is not the fact. And I hasten to direct a few copies of *East Coast Days* to go. Literary success,

as tested by selling, is a curious thing. Though this volume has done fairly well, it has not sold in the least as others did ; which appeared to me far less readable. I fancy that after many years the manner grows tiresome. And glancing at the sixpenny edition of my first volume, which has just been published, I am startled to find that thirty-three years ago I wrote very much as I write now. That is, in the regard of style. But I have learned an immense deal since then, by sorrowful experience.

On Tuesday November 12 Dr. Menzies, who had succeeded Crombie as Professor of Biblical Criticism, gave his Introductory Lecture. It was extremely good. He is a very competent scholar, and a most amiable man. He came from Abernyte, a pretty parish in the Carse of Gowrie : where, long ago, James Hamilton had ministered : he who wrote *The Mount of Olives* and other very popular books. Professor Menzies is an excellent preacher : but best suited for educated folk : and he found his proper niche in a Chair of Theology.

Once in each month through the winter session, the students ask some eminent preacher to discourse to them in their fine chapel in St. Salvator's College. On November 17, the preacher was Bishop Boyd Carpenter of Ripon. We had dined with him on the Friday evening at Professor Campbell's. He is a most admirable preacher and lecturer : though, like Dean Stanley (as old Dr. Hunter said), 'somewhat lacking in personal presence.' Things come round, strangely. I had met him before at St. Pancras Vicarage, when Thorold was made a Bishop,

and would have liked that Mr. Boyd Carpenter of remote Holloway should have succeeded him at St. Pancras. But it was not to be. The Bishop of Ripon very deeply impressed all who heard him. Besides preaching on Sunday, morning and evening, he lectured on Dante in St. Salvator's Hall on Monday afternoon. His fluency and memory, appeared quite marvellous. I had asked him to preach at the parish church on Sunday evening: but he thought it better to preach at the Episcopal. On the Monday forenoon I showed him some of our sights. Long time we sat in the St. Mary's College pew in the parish church, which he beheld with wonder. His criticism was, 'You could easily make this a fine church: whereas my old church at Holloway was hopeless.' He left with one the impression of great brightness and vivacity; and of great amiability. Surely a sweet-natured man; and absolutely without pretension. When next I saw him, it was in the Lords, in his robes. I was hard by. His face was that of a pleasing boy, with a decided look of a kindly and sagacious Newfoundland dog.

When I said the students brought eminent preachers to instruct them, I did not advert to the fact that after going far afield they returned home, and that for December they were content to invite a very old friend indeed. I went most willingly: having diligently prepared a sermon for them. With some change in local colouring, that discourse served, just that day four weeks, for the vast University Chapel at Glasgow. My morning here was that of December 15. There was a bright daffodil sky

that morning. I noted, with pleasure, divers innovations : all for the better. For, as the procession of professors and ministrants entered (by no means accurately arranged), the congregation stood up to receive us. The music was extremely good : there is a really fine organ. But the arrangement of the praise was not ecclesiological at all : and it might just as easily have been right as wrong. The ministrant there does not say the blessing from the pulpit, but standing in front of the altar. Yet, with all this, the amens were not responded, save after the blessing. The prayers were said from the pulpit. The Lord's Prayer was not joined in. The Creed was not said at all. But the prayers were devoutly rendered by Dr. Rodger of St. Leonard's parish in this city, whose congregation is permitted to worship in that beautiful little chapel. And I gave my hearers just my very best. It was accepted with a cordial kindness which I shall long remember. And we knew to come out of church in reverse order. It is one thing to preach to academic people, old and young, when they are lost in a general congregation. Quite another to address them specially : not knowing the presence of any one else.

It is the use of the Kirk that when the Commission of Assembly meets in November yearly, the name should be announced in the papers of the person fixed on by the little electoral college to be Moderator of Assembly in the following May. This was done as usual on Wednesday November 20, 1889. Owing to circumstances which need not be named, the selection, in fact made near six months

before, was generally anticipated. It would be affectation, and ingratitude, if I did not say that the announcement was received with extraordinary kindness. I have a great list of those who offered congratulations : both known and unknown friends.

On Sunday December 22, I enjoyed the great privilege of being at Govan church at the Communion. The beautiful building, still lacking spire and bells, and all interior decoration, had cost till now 27,000*l.* And besides this, Dr. John Macleod had built other churches in the parish at a great cost : all of which had now been paid. The service, that Sunday morning, the fourth in Advent, was most solemnly rendered. But it began at 11, and was not over till 1.40. Too long for most. Macleod preached : at his best. The Lessons were admirably read by his nephew William : who is now appointed to the charming parish of Buchanan, which contains the finest part of Loch Lomond. I note that in the evening, 'the congregation was an awful sight to see from the pulpit' : a thing not easily forgotten. But killing to an old preacher, who in preaching forgets that he is old.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE CENTENARY AND THE ASSEMBLY

SECOND, in the Scottish Kirk, only to Govan, is the fine new church of the Barony parish at Glasgow. In some respects, indeed, the Barony church excels. It has taken the place of the frightful erection where Norman Macleod ministered through his Glasgow years. And it has been built mainly through the energy of John Marshall Lang, who succeeded the great Norman. On Sunday January 12, 1890, Dr. Lang entered his eighteenth year in that great charge. He is a very popular preacher and speaker : most energetic in all good works : an outstanding parish-minister in the vast city. Nor do I know, anywhere, a man of kindlier or more sympathetic nature.

Special services were held that Sunday, in recognition of the day. It was a beautiful Spring day, after a wild night of storm. The prayers in the morning were read by Dr. Lang, and I gave the same discourse which I had given some months before, on entering my own twenty-fifth year in St. Andrews. The organ and choir left nothing to be desired : the church was quite full : and one could not but speak heartily of an old friend, known since his student-days, whose record is as honourable as that of

any man among us. Then I drove away, three miles, to the University: for the service in the chapel. There is but one: at 2.30 P.M. It was a strange and touching scene, to one going back to the place of hard study these long years ago. There were many Professors: and as we walked in, two and two, the crowd of students arose, and the general congregation. The chapel is the vast place which the University owes mainly to the Marquis of Bute. It stands on a grand cloister of granite shafts: the gift of another. Professor Story read prayers. A very little would have made one break down, preaching to those youths of whom I had been one thirty-nine years before. But, like dear Dr. Watson, I felt 'It was nothing: it was no time at all.' I had walked in side by side with Principal Caird. His hair was gray: but otherwise the very man one had revered as a lad, a boy. Curious, we both wore the St. Andrews LL.D. hood. It was twelve years, within a month, since I had been there before: I had come on Story's kind invitation: and I felt it was for the last time.

We had an immensely-hearty service at the Barony church in the evening. The crowd was dense, the music uplifting, and the silent attention of the people inspiring. But, notwithstanding, the solemn resolution was put in writing: 'I will never preach three times any more.'

On the evening of Thursday February 20 I was present at the University play. This year it was Professor Campbell's *Aias*. It was made plain that a Greek tragedy does not hold the sympathy of a St. Andrews audience of the

present age. Possibly, to duly impress, the play demanded surroundings which were not here. But it must be recorded that no farce was ever received with such yells of laughter. A Cambridge man near me, who had acted in the same play when rendered there in the Greek, became quite hysterical: hid his face, and sank down on the floor convulsed, uttering shrieks. One of the most popular authors of the day lost all command of himself: and produced such prolonged, high-pitched yowls, as I had not thought the human organs capable of. Fergusson, our best student-actor, was Aias. But it was not acting at all: it was mere roaring recitation. And the death of Aias was received with wild hilarity.¹

This city had its only visit of Max Müller at the beginning of March. He came from his work at Glasgow. On Sunday March 2, coming home from afternoon service and the Sunday Schools, I found the eminent man had called: and I hastened to Professor Campbell's house, where he was to be found. I had never seen him before. I was greatly delighted. The record says, 'A long pleasant talk. He mentioned several curious facts, unknown to any of us. He was full of accurate and recondite information. He was frankness itself. And he was absolutely devoid of what our students call *side*.' Next day he went: and returned no more.

On Friday March 14, just a glimpse of a man eminent in quite another way. Dr. Pierson, the great American advocate of foreign missions, was in St. Andrews just from

¹ See Vol. i. p. 27.

12 to 4.20. I received him at the railway, never seen before: he lunched here, and then in fine sunshine we looked at our sights. I was pleased to see that he seemed interested. At 3 we had a missionary meeting. It was in the Free Kirk. I presided. We sang the inevitable 'From Greenland's icy mountains': Mrs. Macrae, the wife of the minister, playing the harmonium beautifully. Then Mr. Troup, our Independent minister, a devout and excellent man, prayed. Then Dr. Pierson spoke, with an extraordinary quiet impressiveness, for just an hour. A carriage waited, and I took him to his train, which he just caught. He was to speak again that evening in Edinburgh. Simplicity, sincerity, enviable belief in his work, seemed this good man's characteristics. I note that during Mr. Spurgeon's last illness, he took the services of his great Tabernacle. I can quite believe he would keep the congregation together. But as he is not a Baptist, the people must have been content to treat as an open question what we understand they hold as vital.

Thursday March 27, in this 1890, was a memorable day with many. It was the Centenary Festival of the Glasgow Society of the Sons of the Clergy. The Council had asked me to preach: and I had the privilege of ministering on an occasion as outstanding as can ever come to a minister of the Kirk. I had gone to Glasgow the day before: and at noon on that Thursday (which has been the day of the Sons' service for a hundred years) I went over with Story, whose guest I was, and heard him give his concluding lecture to his students. It was admirably

wise and good ; likewise extremely smart and incisive. It was received with the applause which is permitted in the lecture-rooms of that University. The great Function was at 2 P.M., in Glasgow Cathedral. The magnificent Choir was quite crowded. There were some 150 Sons : the President for the year being the Lord Advocate Robertson : now our Chief-Justice. It was not unfit that his Father's son, and mine, should thus be together. The Magistrates always attend, in their robes : they looked every inch the men for their place. The service was liturgical, and special. It was mainly drawn from the Book of Common Order of the Church Service Society : but there were special prayers for that day. Everything, prayers, praise, lessons, had been diligently arranged to reach the heart of Sons of the Manse. And even Liddon, who liked not the Kirk, thought the office a very fine one. The music was just as grand as could be heard anywhere : Dr. Peace at the magnificent organ. The prayers were read by Dr. Burns of the Cathedral, and Professor Story. The Lessons by Dr. Lang of the Barony, and Dr. Donald Macleod. All of us five who ministered were Sons of the Manse. As, in fact, nearly the entire offertory comes from Sons, I had often chafed at hearing preachers appeal in an abject manner to the general congregation. One might put one's dignity in one's pocket, if immense gain were to follow : but not when nothing is to be got by it. I recall yet, with wrath, ' We are not beggars, and we do not ask your alms : but we are poor ' (this word with a dolorous whine), ' and we appeal to your liberality.' As a lad

in the Moral Philosophy (that is, an undergraduate) I had said in the presence of three who had preached for the Society that surely the right thing for the preacher (if a Son) was to appeal to the rich Sons on behalf of the poor Sons and daughters. I hear distinctly, yet, the sneer with which one of them answered, 'Oh, you'll do that, when you preach': which he plainly fancied was an unlikely event. I knew better (aged 19) than to make audible answer to what was meant to shut me up. But I said to myself, *Please God, I will*: and, preaching to a congregation which was (no thanks to me) as big as all the congregations of the last twenty-five years put together, *I did*. The first words were *My Brothers of the Manse*: and I spoke to them, only, all through. I had a good deal to stir me that day. It was that day twenty-five years that my revered Father died. The Psalms for the day were splendidly chanted, in their proper place: and Liddon wrote fervently of his thankfulness to find the Magnificat between the Lessons. There was a grand Anthem, grandly sung. But these were not what came home that day. I saw the tears run down many an old man's cheeks, as *Such pity as a father hath* was sung to Martyrdom: *O God of Bethel* to Salzburg: and *Pray that Jerusalem may have*, to St. Paul's. Never, that I can remember, have I seen such feeling stirred by any service, as by the worship of that solemn Centenary. And I need not say that every word of my sermon was written for that day, and bore upon it. I did not care, not a grain of dust, for one or two who cynically spoke of 'emotional preaching'; nor

for others who said it was 'not a sermon at all.' It was what it was meant to be: and I had my reward a thousand times over: in things said and written by brothers and sisters of the Manse, from the highest to the humblest. The English reader must be told that *Jerusalem*, in our conventional phrase, means the Church of Scotland. The text for that function really came to me: 'But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the Mother of us all.'

At the meeting after service, my Brothers asked me to publish the sermon in a fashion not to be resisted. And the special service was given with it.

According to use, there was a great dinner-party that evening, the President in the Chair. One toast is always *The Manse*. Of course, it is not difficult to praise Athens, speaking to the Athenians. I do not think I ever got such general and warm commendation in my life, as that day. But the thing to be remembered while I live, is how more than two or three old men, whom I knew not, came up and took my hand in a tight grasp, and then could not speak a word at all. The old time had come over them. Each was, for a space, again the minister's little boy.

There are drawbacks: not great, indeed. Next day one of the papers gave a picture of the Cathedral pulpit, and its occupant for that half-hour. The title printed above it is, 'A.K.H.B. preaching the Centenary Sermon in the Cathedral.' That picture is preserved: the inscription beneath is *Most Awful!* If I were on a jury, and a man of that aspect were placed in the dock, I should offer to find him guilty of any offence which might be named,

without hearing the evidence. But some days later the *Daily Graphic* set things right: giving a view of all the officiating clergy in their places: also of Dr. Peace, vehemently going for his vast organ. And all these likenesses were favourable enough. As for the pulpit, it was quite splendid. And the wonderful arches, carrying the roof of ninety feet in height, were skilfully suggested.

On the evening of Thursday May 1, the kind and good ladies of the congregation here presented me with the entire array worn by a Moderator. The robes, and the Court dress, were all the handsomest that could be provided. But their value was made about ten thousand times greater, by the extraordinary kindness and heartiness with which they were given.

Two men, far apart, each first in his own way, wrote very kindly about that Glasgow service. They were Liddon; and the Archbishop (Benson) of Canterbury. May 5 brought another letter from the Archbishop, very interesting and remarkable. I had sent him the order for Holy Communion at the Assembly, now for the first time printed. I had prepared it: but it was approved by a committee appointed to take charge.

On Sunday May 18 we had an ordination of elders at the parish church. My Colleague preached the sermon: I ordained. Nineteen were ordained, and one admitted who was already an elder. The function was a striking one. It made the Kirk-Session of St. Andrews up to 58 members: 56 elders and 2 ministers. But we have 3 churches to take charge of: so the number is not so

great. In Edinburgh I used to have 24, for one church. This is the first Kirk-Session organised after the Reformation. Two volumes of its minutes have been printed: anything but pleasant reading. Things were very strange in the parish, three hundred years ago. The fresh green of the limes in South Street was beautiful on that showery day: also of the trees which in Summer veil the parish church. Now, this last public duty here being over, it was needful very seriously to set one's face to the General Assembly.

It is just possible that if a Moderator were frankly to tell all about the view of the Venerable House from the Chair, some might read his story with interest. I note that on Monday May 19 I spent the evening in carefully reading in the Lives of Macleod, Tulloch, and Principal Hill, all that is related concerning the Assemblies over which they presided. But, on the other hand, a much greater number of readers might feel no concern about the matter. I confess that when one went to the Supreme Court as a youth, it never occurred to one to think how the Moderator might be feeling. Worse than this: in the record of the time it is never mentioned who was Moderator; save in the case of Tulloch and Macleod, and one or two more. And I grieve to say that the dignitary's closing address is generally despatched with such brief criticisms as 'Very dull': 'Extremely stupid': 'Nobody could hear'; and the like. Now and then, the words were 'Really splendid.' And then, the speaker's name was given.

But, interesting or not, the story of the General Assembly of 1890 cannot be told here, in any detail.

William Tulloch was of course my Chaplain and Secretary. The work is very hard. But a Moderator, when elected to the Assembly by his Presbytery out of his turn, is allowed to name the elder who is to go with him. I named a youthful elder whom I found as a little boy of four when I came to the parish, and had seen grow up into a clever lawyer : Charles Grace, whose father is a member of Session also : and he worked hard as a Secretary too. Sixty or seventy letters came daily. These were opened by W. T., and he gave me only those which I must see. I suppose some days he sent out 300 letters. Each morning the Moderator has a large party at breakfast. Our greatest number was 161. The details to be thought of are innumerable. And do all you can, a Secretary is sure to forget to invite somebody who ought to be asked : either to breakfast, or to the dinner on the day after the close of the Assembly.

I had never thought of the office till shortly before my nomination. It lay quite out of my line. Not only had I not put myself in the way of it, but I had quite decidedly put myself out of the way of it. Yet gradually, from all parts of the Church, there came what I regarded as a call. The invitation of the Old Moderators would certainly not have brought me to the Chair. For I never cared for Church Courts, and had a keen dislike for the ways of some Church Court men. I was not afraid of the concluding address : for, after all, that is like a sermon, or an article in a review : and the Assembly Hall cannot by any crowding take in more than 1,400 souls. But I shrank

from the business: the keeping order: the many little formal speeches. All these proved unexpectedly easy and pleasant. The kindness of the Assembly was quite beyond words. It cost no effort to be civil to everybody: and never a discourteous word was said to me. And, in the Chair, one had the best and wisest of all counsel always near. Always next to me on my left, was my dear friend Story, Junior Clerk of Assembly. On my right, Professor Milligan, once Moderator, whose book on the Resurrection is known south of the Tweed. Next him the Procurator Sir Charles Pearson, now Lord Advocate, the very pleasantest of eminent lawyers: and beyond Story Mr. Menzies, W.S., the 'Agent': that is, the Church's Solicitor. Surely never was keen energetic business faculty so genially blended with unfailing helpful amiability, as in Dr. Scott of St. George's, Convener of the Business Committee, who practically arranges the sequence of matters brought before the House. These, with an old Moderator or two, form what some call the 'circumtabular oligarchy.' Every man was kinder than another. And there never was any desire in the mind of one of them but to get through the business accurately, fairly, and promptly. Dreary speeches, I found, are just as tiresome when one is sitting in the Chair as when one is sitting anywhere else. But these were few.

My last duty in St. Andrews was to read the burial service over a good old man of 92 in the Cathedral, on Tuesday May 20. On Wednesday May 21 my wife and I departed from this city by the 10 o'clock train: my

good colleague being there to send me away with kind wishes. And travelling by Alloa Bridge for the last time (the great Forth Bridge was opened during the Assembly) I read a lengthy and kind account of myself in the *Dundee Advertiser*, wishing it were all true. All Moderators stay at the Waterloo Hotel, where is a grand room for their entertainments: where are many apartments which they and their party always occupy. The dear Secretary was already hard at work, addressing breakfast invitations. Though recommended by the College, a man is not Moderator till elected by the House, and no invitation can go till after that event. Here was our home for just a fortnight, till Wednesday June 4. And our party, which was at first no more than William Tulloch, my wife and myself, gradually grew large. With Story and the Secretary, I had my last walk for a while: save crossing the pavement to and from the carriage. Even then, many gazed at the old-fashioned dress. In the evening to Holyrood, to dine with the Commissioner and 'Her Grace.' The Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale held office for the first time. Everybody knows they won golden opinions. I had gone to Yester for a night, a few days before, to talk over things. But after dinner, according to old rule, the outgoing Moderator Dr. Gloag whom they knew not at all, solemnly presented his successor whom they knew quite well. The more than charming Marchioness said, with deep gravity, 'I am extremely happy to make your acquaintance.' It had been pleasant to find, at Yester, that the grand title is given as it ought to be: *Tweed-dale*. It is

very horrible to hear people call it *Tweddle*. Among the guests was the titular Archbishop of St. Andrews, Roman Catholic. I had pleasant talk with the Marquis of Bute. But I liked not to see the Marchioness of Bute kneel down and kiss Archbishop Smith's ring.

Next day, Thursday May 22, was the great day. It had been a dark rainy morning, but by 10 A.M. was a beautiful summer day. Our windows looked upon the Commissioner's state procession: always very impressive. I could not go to the Levée, or to service at St. Giles'. But having got into the dress, I drove up with W. T. to the Assembly Hall, and slipped in unseen, taking shelter in the Moderator's private apartments, high in Pugin's grand spire. In a little Dr. Gloag came: then the Commissioner, By-and-by the Senior Clerk Dr. Milligan, to say 'Unanimously elected.' There is always another possibility. One is really quite strung-up. I went away downstairs more coolly than I had often entered my little country kirk. The Hall was densely crowded. I got the kindest reception. All rose up. The Ex-Moderator took my hand: he had proposed me very gracefully, as I found in a little: and I went to my place and bowed thrice as I had seen others: forward, right, left: then to the High Commissioner. Then all was done in order. The Commissioner gave an excellent address, with due dignity. I read my little speech to him: which I think was audible, and was kindly received. Then various formal business, which I think I got through with favour. All was over at 2.45 P.M., and I said the Blessing as I always do. The

Moderator dines at Holyrood daily, sitting next Her Grace. The party to-day were the Provosts and Bailies of Scotland ; and of course many others. Dr. Ramsay, the Pursebearer, looked grand in his antique array. He had held the office since I came as a lad to my first Assembly. One of the ladies in waiting was the daughter of my old acquaintance of Invergarry, now Speaker. One of the Commissioner's sisters is wife of Sir Robert Peel, son of the Premier. Another was the beautiful Duchess of Wellington.

On the morning of Friday May 23 was our first breakfast-party. It numbered 104. Prayers were said by my old friend Dr. McMurtrie. The Lord Provost, a Boyd, took in my wife : I took Lady Boyd. The hour is 8.40. At 10.30 the Holy Communion in St. Giles' Cathedral : all most solemn and touching. I celebrated, being assisted by the ex-Moderator Dr. Gloag, a learned and devout minister, whose brother is a Judge under the name of Lord Kincairney ; and by Dr. Story. The church is very beautiful : the Elders who ministered were representative men : the music was fine : the communicants were many. I had carefully prepared a service, which had old and high authority : it was printed. The prayers were read, the amens being duly responded. The Creed and Lord's Prayer were said by all. The service was used again the year following, 1891. But yesterday, May 20, 1892, it was somewhat ostentatiously cast aside by the Moderator of this year. Here is the weakness of our offices : they are absolutely at the will of those who officiate. The

Moderator did what he was quite entitled to do. I had no more right to impose my order on him, than he to impose his on me. And there are those who hate devout and beautiful Catholic ways, as deeply and sincerely as others hate vulgar and ugly Puritan ways. It is, happily, hard to quite spoil a Divine sacrament. And one can at least try to withdraw one's attention from what is too painful to bear.

One innovation, I am thankful to say, dates from my Assembly. Every morning I closed the prayers with which the Assembly is opened with the Lord's Prayer; and the Assembly, I thank God, joined with a thunderous voice. I never, anywhere, heard the Lord's Prayer joined in more heartily. The time had come. Some suspicious soul put it about that I had pre-arranged this. But I had not spoken of the matter to a human being, save one. The doing was absolutely spontaneous. I had hoped that this great improvement would never be lost. I am not in the least sure of that, to-day.

Some time after the Assembly rose, I read some account of it, written by a decent man to whom I would willingly offer a copy of our Book of Common Order if I had any hope that he would know how much he needs it. In this little legend, it was stated that I habitually read the prayers at the opening of the meetings. It was not so. On Friday May 23, opening the Assembly for the first time, my prayers were written and read. After this, I felt at home. And every morning, on till Saturday May 31, not merely were the prayers not read but they

were given me on the moment. They were quite extemporaneous. But I ventured on this, simply because I felt I might. Had it not been so, I should have read the prayers regularly, as Chalmers did when he was Moderator.

But I am not to tell the story of that Assembly of 1890. In the papers of the day it was very fully given. Nor am I to name the outstanding speakers. Only I will say, quite confidently, that the best speaking in the General Assembly is quite equal to the very best in either House of Parliament. One thing is pleasantly remembered. We had lovely summer weather; and each morning, driving with the Chaplain up the High Street, it was fine to see the grand spire of the Assembly Hall piercing the blue sky. Nor can I ever forget William Tulloch's constant thoughtful kindness. He was full of resources, and always bright and cheery. The record of the time, very brief indeed, says 'the kindness of everybody is quite beyond words.' As that long week went on which began with Whitsun-Day, the same authority says 'getting very confused and bemuddled.' I remember vividly on the second Saturday afternoon going to the Deaconesses' Home in George Square. The place, the good and saintly women, the work, were all profoundly interesting. For this, and for very much other Church-work, the credit is due to Professor Charteris. He is a man of statesman-like mind, and will not be disheartened. And he is a very amiable man. But in all that concerns the worship and offices of the Kirk, he and I are a thousand miles apart. Frankly, I should not regard the

Kirk as worth keeping up, if it were made what he would make it. I should be pleased if he were to come to me : for it is absolutely certain I shall never go to him.

That Saturday evening the most welcome of guests came from London : Bishop Thorold of Winchester. All of our own household who were within the seas had before this time gathered. The Bishop was in time to dine at Holyrood. He was greatly interested in the old palace, and the old-fashioned ways. But nothing thrilled him quite so much as when seven pipers came in and walked round the dinner-table, making a sound delightful to a Scottish ear. How the long picture-gallery re-echoed ! Then the three Toasts given in just a word. *The Queen* ; and *Prosperity to the Church of Scotland*, by His Grace the High Commissioner. Finally, *Her Grace the Marchioness of Tweeddale*, by the Moderator. I do not venture to speak of that lady : save to say that the human being never was who spoke of her other than in one way. And it is absolutely true that a homely civic person, having gazed on her for about a minute, said to her, with emotion, 'Oh Wumman, I was a Wumman-hater till this day, but I'll never be a wumman-hater any more.' It was a tremendous triumph, to have so easily overcome a mortal antipathy. And it recalled to some poor scholars a famous statement of Anacreon, read in early youth.

The two Assembly Sundays were Whitsun-Day and Trinity Sunday. With no small state the Commissioner comes to morning and evening service at St. Giles' Cathedral. The Bishop and my Curate-son went in the

morning where they felt they ought: in the evening the Prelate came with me to St. Giles'. The service there is liturgical, and the prayers beautiful. The music was extremely fine. The great church, in the evening light, crowded from end to end, is an inspiring sight to any man who can be called a preacher. And a man who is not a preacher has no business in that pulpit on such a day. The Moderator has no voice in the selection of the preachers in his year.

On Monday morning June 2 I arose somewhat anxious. We had 161 at breakfast: the numbers on Friday and Saturday had been 139 and 140. Morning prayers were admirably said by Mr. Carrick of Newbattle, a devout young Churchman: the blessing by the Bishop of Winchester. The Prelate was interested in the breakfast party, which reminded him of America. Then he came up and saw the opening of the Assembly. But he soon departed, and drove away with my brother to see the great Forth Bridge. Mr. Grant of Aylesford arrived in time to dine at Holyrood. I had my great task in view. The Assembly had adjourned to 10 P.M. Its close is a very solemn and touching function. We drove up at 9.45: and the Bishop was taken at once to a chair at the table. Never Bishop had sat there for two centuries. He was received with loud applause: the hall was densely crowded. My predecessor said prayers: and I came in at 10.10. In a few minutes came the Commissioner and his party. I bowed low to him as usual: and then began my closing address. I shall never again do so conspicuous a duty. I

read the address from print: it took an hour and twenty-three minutes. I never addressed quite so delightful and sympathetic a multitude. I was able to make myself heard: and to say I was received with immense warmth, is nothing. Of course my address had been written in my own way, and it was not much like the regulation thing. My position in the Kirk is exceptional: but I kept to the field in which I was at one with all my Fathers and Brethren: and I did not say a word but what I felt. Some men are fond of saying, after any public appearance, that they did not get on nearly so well as usual: but I have to confess that my good friends, soon to be parted, heard me at my very best. It brought the tears to one's eyes, when at one point very many started to their feet and cheered: one dear white-headed old man whom I knew not at all wildly hallooing and gesticulating. Then the solemn liturgical sentence which closes: all rising to their feet:

AND NOW, RIGHT REVEREND AND RIGHT HONOURABLE, AS WE MET IN THE NAME OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, THE ALONE HEAD AND KING OF THIS CHURCH, SO IN THE SAME GREAT NAME I NOW DISSOLVE THIS GENERAL ASSEMBLY: AND APPOINT THE NEXT GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH TO CONVENE IN EDINBURGH ON THURSDAY THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1891.

It is something in any man's history, that in the most solemn circumstances, he should have said these words.

Then what delighted Stanley: the reminder of the

drawn battle between Church and State. After a little parting address to the Commissioner, he gave a quite admirable discourse to the Assembly: and concluded by dissolving the Assembly *in the Queen's name*. He ignored my words: as I had ignored his claim. There is no need to fight that question out. We, practically, have got on beautifully for 202 years. No one ever forgets the closing psalm: the *Pray for the peace of Jerusalem*: sung (to St. Paul's) in thunder. It is always heard with tears. Then I said the blessing at 12.15 A.M.: and my Assembly was over.

The papers next day gave the address *verbatim*: and Messrs. Blackwood published it in handsome form. It was called *Church Life in Scotland: Retrospect and Prospect*. I kept utterly away from those contentious matters for which I have neither heart nor head. And I cannot speak too gratefully of the way in which that discoursè was received. I noted that the adjective used by some critics was *magnificent*: these were (of course) the more intelligent! Others, less confidently, spoke of my *prose-poem*. And some complained that it was a new chapter of the *Recreations of a Country Parson*.

The Moderator's Dinner comes on Tuesday evening. About 80 sat down. It was a very distinguished and good party. I was particular about invitations. For I remembered, rather vividly, how sitting down at table on such an occasion beside a very eminent man, he said 'I can't imagine why the Fellow asked me. I never spoke to him in my life.' And I had resolved that the speeches should be the best. I remember the bright face of the

Solicitor-General, now Lord Stormonth-Darling, returning thanks for the Commons ; surely as charming a lawyer as was ever seen. And now, for the very first time, the toast which followed *The Kirk*, was *The Church of England*. I proposed it. It was most heartily received. And Bishop Thorold replied in a speech of twenty minutes, perfect in brightness, cordiality, and wisdom. I never have pretended the warm affection for those who want to pull down the National Church, to which some of my brethren have attained. I attach not the smallest importance to Presbytery. The tie I acknowledge is to the National Establishment. When in England, I belong to the Church of England ; and that most heartily. A few days since I heard a statement that all true Scots are essentially Presbyterian. It was interesting to remember that, if this be true, Sir Walter, and the late Duke of Buccleuch, and Dean Ramsay, and Professor Aytoun, and he who gave us Tulloch-Gorum, were not Scotsmen. Neither, of course, was Archbishop Tait of Canterbury.

One calls on a very special friend, at such a time. As I had proposed Tulloch's health at his dinner, so now Story proposed mine. And not even Story ever did anything more gracefully. It was somewhat incisive, too.

Next morning, by the Flying Scotchman, the Bishop was away to Selsdon Park. I was to follow, the day after. The record says, 'Never mortal had more reason for gratitude. But very confused and bemuddled.' It was sad, that Wednesday at 5 P.M., when William Tulloch said good-bye, and parted. It was closing a most interesting

chapter of this life. My own people went away to St. Andrews, by the Forth Bridge for the first time. And on the morning of Thursday June 5, the Vicar, the Curate, and I, away to London. We went at an awful rate. These mathematicians made out that our speed was sometimes above 70 miles an hour. Leaving York 8 minutes late, we were at King's Cross 3 minutes too soon. They saw me away by the Brighton train, a helpless traveller, ere going to their own: and by 8.30 I was under the Episcopal roof, my thirteenth visit there. I was to have a month's quiet time. And the Prelate had written that he wished my last stay to be a specially pleasant one. It was so, indeed. The apple blossoms were over, and the lilacs. But the laburnums were fine still, and the hawthorn was in glory. My little friends of old were growing into big girls. Which has to be. Parry was Chaplain. Nearly as charming a man as my own. My old room: the grand view from its windows: the double doors through which, at morning-tide, I had heard a comparatively-young Bishop sponge himself with such incredible energy, that I knew he was to rise. Which he did. And that very high.

CHAPTER XXXII

AFTER THE ASSEMBLY

OF course, when the pressure was taken off, one felt very far run-down. But it was pleasant to make a little speech at a meeting for the restoration of beautiful St. Saviour's. On Friday June 13, the Bishop's birthday, Story came from London, and was able to stay six hours : three of which were given to his first drive in Kent. That evening a dinner party. And here a parson asked me if St. Andrews was 'just outside of Edinburgh.' On Monday June 16 a long drive by Wimbledon to the House of Lords. A good deal of talk in the robing-room with Archbishop Magee, and Bishop Goodwin of Carlisle. Magee made his great speech, well-remembered, on Infant Life Insurance. But he complained of the chilly atmosphere : though it did not seem to affect him. I had the privilege of being at the steps of the Throne, and heard excellently. It is not always so in that dignified House. Next day my first great City feast. It was at Mercers' Hall : a grand oaken chamber. Here I first beheld the quaint old fashion of the loving cup ; and noted the consternation of two ex-Lord-Mayors, when I declined a second plate of turtle. They told me it ought not so to be.

A grand old butler came and expostulated, kindly, but firmly. What is best remembered is a most eloquent speech by Bishop Temple of London. We Scotsmen must be permitted our ways : it was 'as good as Norman Macleod.' Next day, it is written, 'Touched by the extraordinary kindness of many letters from ministers of the Kirk : it is quite overpowering.' Then that Waterloo evening, June 18, to dinner at Goldsmiths' Hall. There, behind the Prime Warden, is displayed the finest gold plate in the world. We were told we should each have a sovereign, fresh from the Mint. But it did not appear.

Quite my most interesting party came next day, Thursday June 19. Of course, I owed all these to my kind host. To Fulham, where the Bishop of London, on the anniversary of the Queen's accession, has all the Bishops at dinner. A drive of an hour and a half, through beautiful sunshine, covered the distance. First, there was tea : then, at 7 P.M., service in the fine chapel, built by Archbishop Tait. Dinner was at 8. There were only Bishops. The custom arose when Bishops had no wives, and Mrs. Temple and her friends did not dine. All honour was done to the Kirk. The Bishop of London put the Archbishop of Canterbury on his right hand, and the Moderator on his left. Next me was Magee, not yet Archbishop. 'We are only the Heads of Dioceses, you are the Head of a whole Church' : were the words of the great Irishman. There they were, the whole Anglican Hierarchy. Save Archbishop Thomson of York, I do not

think there was one lacking. And what a weary, over-worked set of men they looked! Their cordiality was quite extraordinary. The record of the day says (such is human assurance), 'I certainly did not feel overawed.' The Bishop of London is teetotal: but his champagne flowed, and was the very best. Magee told all his finest stories, and told them marvellously. I thought, under the influence of his presence, that he was the greatest storyteller I had ever listened to. I say, yet, second to none. He told us who it was that of a surety preached the great sermon in which the passage came, 'Not *A* calf: but *The* Calf: the old familiar calf which had grown up in the family year after year': and so the orator went on. Of course I know that if any man tells amusing stories, this means that he is a melancholy man. I believe it was so, oftentimes, with that most charming Prelate. Beyond Magee was Ely: opposite were Carlisle, Hereford, Lichfield. A Bishop near the farther end of the long table said to me, afterwards, that hearing the obstreperous merriment which came from Magee's vicinity, they tried hard to hear, and were mortified they could not.

An erroneous impression went abroad that the Kirk had largely contributed to that excessive hilarity. The Bishop of London told two or three stories with great effect. The Patriarch of the Anglican world had his share too. And here it was that, speaking of the two Established Churches, I ventured to say that I thought one note of difference was that while in Scotland the men were generally better than the buildings, in England the

buildings were often better than the men. The Archbishop held up his hands in horror: with the exclamation 'You mustn't say that.' But the Bishop of London (very safe in saying such a thing) replied, 'He's perfectly right. Just think of St. Paul's, and then think of me!'¹

The long fifteen miles between Fulham and Selsdon Park were covered in just the hour and a half: arriving at midnight exactly. The Selsdon horses were extremely good. As indeed they needed to be.

On Thursday June 24, St. John Baptist's Day, in beautiful St. Mary Overie, commonly called St. Saviour's, I saw my boy Bertie receive Priest's orders at the hands of my very dear and old friend. The morning was of drenching rain and darkness: the afternoon was lovely. The unworthy Nave was in process of demolition; to be worthily replaced: a memorial of a memorable episcopate. The long procession entered, singing 'Through the night of doubt and sorrow.' The sermon, admirable for ingenuity and brightness, was preached by the Vicar of Aylesford. But I thought it hard on an extempore preacher to have to deliver his message at the beginning of a function: not warmed-up by any preceding worship. My lad was the first priest ordained. Of course, to the Communion. The service was long: it began 10.30 A.M., and ended 2.15 P.M. At 3.45 a shortened Evensong, where the Bishop gave a kindly and helpful little sermon. All was over at 4.30. Then the Bishop and I drove home

¹ *Ante*: p. 62.

in a lovely summer day. As we passed a beautiful suburban church, the Bishop said, 'That is one of the pleasantest charges in my Diocese; and it is in the gift of' no matter who: a very big Prelate. I replied, 'You should ask him to hand it over to you: you ought surely to be the patron, if it is in episcopal hands.' But the Bishop gazed on me sorrowfully: and uttered the quotation, 'I give thee six-pence? I will see thee further first!' From which I gathered that such a request would be made in vain. Very grateful was the perfect quiet of the beautiful garden, walking about it before dinner, after the hurry of several driving days. A friendly letter waited, proposing to interview me for a famous evening paper. But by this time it could not be.

Sunday, June 29, St. Peter's Day, at Aylesford. At the 11 o'clock service, my son took the chief part in the Communion for the first time. I was the first person to whom he gave it. At afternoon service in the pretty mission chapel. I gave a little sermon. In the evening the beautiful parish church was crowded. After an uplifting service, I listened to the sermon with rather more concern than I had ever listened to a sermon before. The record of the day says, thankfully, 'He is a true preacher.' And if there be anything in heredity, he has a good many generations of preachers behind him. I derive my Christian name from my great great great grandfather: once minister of Kells in Galloway, and a laird besides. As for the fabric, the same history says (this was on Saturday), 'Much about the church. Splendid. Oh the awful difference!' The

recessional hymn was 'The Church's One Foundation.' I had once said, to the Prelate, how touching it was in such circumstances. But I recalled now, as once before, his somewhat unsympathetic reply: 'If you had it about a hundred times a year, you would get tired of it.'

The last evening in London, Wednesday July 2, to the great feast at the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor of London yearly entertains the Bishops, and very many more. Three hundred dined. Here I met Newman Hall, with whom I had been charmed at Chamouni twenty-seven years before, and who did not look much older. The Lord Mayor spoke excellently: and, though very far away from Her pale, proposed the Church of England gracefully. The Archbishop made a long reply, very sensible and good, but quiet. But now the drive home took two full hours. And one could not but think how pleasant it would be to be housed in a few minutes. And so it came about, the following Summer.

On Friday morning July 4, at St. Andrews. First, to face the great trial of our youngest boy leaving us for India on the Wednesday after. It came on us quite suddenly: but it was an opening not to be put away. And his closing days had been made as happy as such can be. July 6 was his last Sunday: the last hymn he heard at evening service was 'Abide with me.' The record says (and some readers will understand), 'Strange, to look at Harry in his usual place: and to think. But we can't take it in. A little would have made me break down.' The sad Wednesday came: and the good lad went, not

to be twenty till the end of September. 'The house looks very empty without him. And his little room he liked so much and kept so pretty. All very strange.'

But one must gather up heart for what little remains of the story. On Sunday July 20, the famous Volunteer corps, the Fife Light Horse, came at morning service to the parish church. It was quite crammed: 2,500. The Band accompanied the praise, very finely. The grand old Colonel Anstruther Thomson read the Lessons finely. He was long Master of the Pytchley Foxhounds: then of the Fife. And it appeared to me that the exercise his voice had enjoyed as M.F.H. had made it a really magnificent voice for reading in church. Never were Lessons better read. I never will miss a chance of getting a Master to read for me. Unluckily, such chances are few. Mr. Nasmyth, the Chaplain of the Light Horse, with great judgment, preached a very short sermon. It was not for the sermon that the great congregation had assembled. We all knew that. It was the fourteenth time a brass band had played in that church. Not a soul had a word of objection. We have not as yet ventured on the drums, which do nicely under the sublime roof of Glasgow Cathedral. Still less on the bagpipes, which the patriotic Scotsman Archbishop Maclagan has had in York Minster. Apparently the congregation there quite enjoyed the music of the Prelate's native land.

On Tuesday August 5 Miss Dove, Head-Mistress of our great Girls' School, opened her charming grounds to all, for a bright afternoon. The band of the *Mars* training-ship

played excellently. The grounds are beautiful : they are large in extent : they spread behind some of the most characteristic buildings of old St. Andrews : they command a magnificent sea-view. St. Regulus looks down grimly, as it has looked for eight hundred years. It was a pleasant sight to see a multitude of good people (so far as a multitude can be here) quietly enjoying a scene of great natural beauty.

The Girls' School is a great institution in this city : very characteristic, and most successful. It began, fourteen years ago, on quite a small scale. But Miss Lumsden, the first Head-Mistress, is a very remarkable woman : outstanding in ability, and in every way charming : and the School never looked back. When Miss Lumsden went, Miss Dove most worthily succeeded her. Gradually, the numbers grew, till now for several years the School has been quite full. Gradually, all the attractive old houses with pleasant gardens in the eastern section of the city were annexed : a house-mistress of high capacity ruled each : and the Head-Mistress herself became possessor of the interesting buildings of old St. Leonard's College. What was built for a students' resident hall passed into a use analogous to its first : being now filled with girl-graduates and undergraduates. And a really beautiful common-hall was lately erected in what Samuel Johnson called 'the most academic-looking bit of St. Andrews' : which, in its attractive Gothic features, has caught the tone of all the surroundings. The ancient University itself, beginning with the Session of 1892-3, has opened its

venerable halls to women as to men. And many look with warm interest to the issue of so marked a new departure. Let it be added, that a large contingent of the girls from several houses comes to St. Mary's church: forming a specially interesting part of the congregation of that quiet little sanctuary.

All this year, and round till May 1891, it was my duty to hold myself at the service of the Church at large in the matter of preaching upon occasions. Although I could accept only one in ten of the kind invitations which came, I had to be absent from my own parish to a degree which my parishioners bore with in the pleasantest way. And in all parts of the country I beheld manifestations of the energy of my brethren which were wonderfully cheering to a very decided Churchman. It may likewise be confessed that it makes one feel very amiable, to be made much of.

I mention only one of these occasions: as it was my first such duty, and is sure to be my last. On the afternoon of Wednesday September 3, amid beautiful sunshine lighting up the yellow fields around, I laid the corner-stone of a decorous church at Ruthrieston, a suburb of Aberdeen. About thirty clergy walked in procession, in their robes: and the service was done with a solemnity very pleasant to see. We had three hymns. Of course, 'The Church's One Foundation.' It was a touching and solemn function, not to be forgot.

Thus genially ended my Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews. But time will not stand still: and to-day I have

held my charge a year and a half longer. And, thinking only of my first quarter of a century, I feel I have ever so much more to say of it. Some day, these things may be related. And the further story may be told of this greatly-changed city.

Only, concluding, let it be confessed that it is a very strange thing, in these latter days, when one has grown more than a little weary, and all the surroundings are so changed, and so many of the old familiar faces gone, to look at a sentence written by the young man of thirty-three, who wrote the first chapter of the *Recreations of a Country Parson*. It spoke of that quiet lovely church-yard of Kirkpatrick-Irongray: and of the silent walk about it on summer mornings long ago, when the turf blazed with great widely-opened daisies amid the mossy stones.

‘You sit on the grave-stone of your predecessor who died two hundred years since: and you count five, six, seven spots where those who served the cure before you sleep. Then, leaning your head upon your hand, you look thirty years into the Future; and wonder whether you are to grow old.’

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