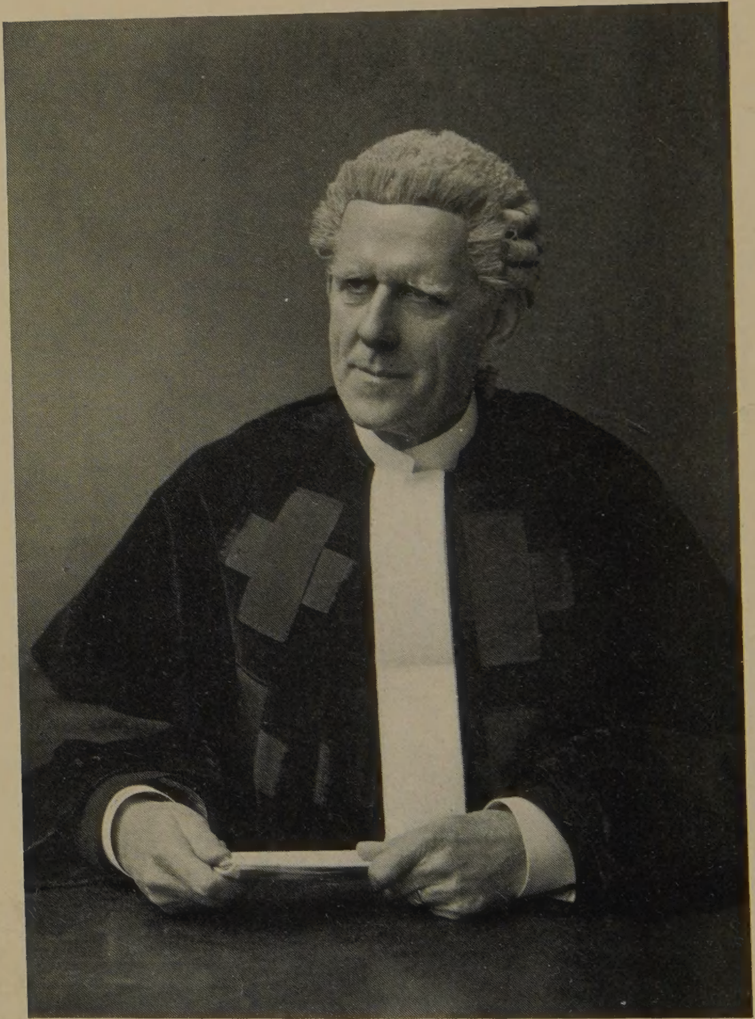

LORD GUTHRIE.

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LORD GUTHRIE

A MEMOIR

BY

SHERIFF

ROBERT LOW ORR, K.C.

AUTHOR OF
"ALEXANDER HENDERSON: CHURCHMAN AND STATESMAN"

WITH TWO CHAPTERS BY LORD GUTHRIE

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LIMITED LONDON

TO

LADY GUTHRIE

AND HER FAMILY

PREFACE

It is to be regretted that Lord Guthrie did not live to write his Reminiscences. His rich and genial humanity, his many-sided activities, his long and intimate acquaintance with men of all sorts and conditions, his powers of observation and description, his humour—all those qualities, in short, which made him one of the most typical, as he was one of the most eminent, Scotsmen of his time, would have combined to produce a work both attractive and valuable. He had been repeatedly urged by publishers and personal friends to undertake such a task. "They seem to think," he wrote on his seventieth birthday, "that my varied personal experience of life in Scotland and outside of it, legal, ecclesiastical, political, literary, artistic, philanthropic, and social, coupled with older traditions inherited from my father, has been wide enough, intimate enough, and long continued enough to furnish a record 'baith edifyin' an' divertin'.'" "My friends, legal and clerical," he continued, "have been extravagant enough in their friendliness to suggest that I might do something to fill the gap left by Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of His Time*, which were brought down to 1830 and were published in 1856. Of course they are not so lost to all sense of shame as to credit me with Lord Cockburn's eloquent and picturesque style. Yet they seem to think that my portrait may be less coloured by personal and political prejudice than his, and more accurate in detail."

Had he lived to enjoy the leisure to which he looked forward when he wrote these words, it seems likely that this congenial task would have occupied his later years. He had already made a beginning with the two chapters which are included in this volume, but, valuable as these are, they brought

him only to the threshold of his own career. Nothing can fill the gap thus left.

In this Memoir I have sought to let Lord Guthrie reveal himself as far as possible through his own letters and journals. He had a strong sense of the peculiar value of the actual writing of the past. "It is," he said, "the nearest you can rationally get to the dead." His own intimate writings are highly characteristic. To all such papers in their possession Lady Guthrie and the members of her family have freely given me access; I cannot adequately express my indebtedness to them in this as in other respects.

I have to acknowledge also kind help from quarters too numerous to mention in detail. I hope these unnamed friends—some of them previously unknown to me—will accept this expression of my gratitude.

Special thanks are due to Lord Dunedin and to Lord Strathclyde for valuable aid. Lord Strathclyde has enriched the book with a delightful portrait of his old friend and colleague for which every reader will thank him. With the utmost willingness and courtesy Lady Millicent Hawes placed at my disposal a number of letters; for these I desire to express my indebtedness and thanks.

Mr. H. P. Macmillan, K.C., has kindly read the MS. and made valuable suggestions.

Miss J. E. MacDonald, who assisted Lord Guthrie in some historical investigations, supplied me with information on certain matters, and I have to thank her also for preparing the Index.

R. L. O.

EDINBURGH,
1923.

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TWO CHAPTERS BY LORD GUTHRIE

CHAPTER I

MY FOREBEARS

Pro Memoria, non pro Vana Gloria

It is natural that I should say something about my father's and mother's ancestors. For better or for worse their descendants have reproduced many of their traits, and they have been influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by their democratic opinions and their Presbyterian faith. That fact, I am aware, can be of but little interest to outsiders. Yet I can undertake for my forebears that, although none were "noble," and few "mighty," many of them were people of general interest, racy of the soil and the time—"kenspeckle," as we say in Scotland. In this chapter I shall select the men and women among them whose lives illustrate the substantial identity in essential characteristics of Scotland to-day with the Scotland of Reformation, Covenanting, Restoration, Revolution, and Rebellion times.

When people talk of their ancestors, they usually restrict the word to those of their own and their father's surname. They speak of their great-grandfather, meaning generally their father's father's father, ignoring their three other great-grandfathers. In dealing with my father's ancestors I shall follow present usage, and treat only those of the name of Guthrie. In my mother's case, I shall cast my line wider, anticipating the day when altered views as to the position of women, as yet confined to the rights of the living, may induce us to prefer maternal to paternal descent, as is the custom of some races.

In the *Autobiography of Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., and*

Memoir (which my eldest brother David, Free Church minister at Liberton, and I issued in 1874), my father says a good deal about his parents, and paternal grandparents, and great-grandparents. But Mr. Andrew Ross, the Marchmont Herald, is right when he says in his book on *The Lyons of Glenogil*, " Guthrie is a famous name in the annals of Forfarshire, and it is surprising that no genealogist of that gifted clan has yet appeared." It is at least certain that the name, probably Scandinavian, existed long before the date of the absurd story which ascribes its origin to the command of a Scottish king. When asked to fix the number of fish to be prepared for his supper, that monarch is alleged to have said, " Gut three ! "

My father's paternal ancestors, back at least to 1700, were all Forfarshire farmers, with the exception of his father, David Guthrie, who, in the ancient cathedral city of Brechin, in Forfarshire, was nearly everything except a farmer, being a bank agent, a shipowner, a distiller, a part owner in whalers, and a trader, wholesale and retail, in many commodities for man and beast, urban and rural.

His grandfather, my great-great-grandfather, another David Guthrie, exemplified the mixed motives which entered into the Jacobite Rebellions, associated although they be, in song and story, only with loyalty and self-sacrifice. A tenant of the Earl of Panmure—who lost titles and estates in the Rebellion of 1715—he did not share his landlord's political opinions ; but he saw in the Rebellion an opportunity of getting rid of a rack-rented farm ; so he duly appeared, booted and spurred and armed for the fray. The Earl, however, rating his tenant's rent higher than his skill in arms, dismissed him with the words, " Na, na, David, gang hame, and mind your farm ! "

In the " Forty-five," thirty years later, David Guthrie cut a more creditable figure. Many years before, the Rev. John Willison, author of a once well-known book, *Sacramental Meditations*, a man of great influence with the Hanoverian Government, required horses and carts to convey his family and belongings from Brechin to Dundee. The other farmers, overawed by their Jacobite landlords, refused assistance. Guthrie came to Willison's help, and his courage had its reward. In 1746, after Culloden, Willison successfully appealed on his behalf to the Duke of Cumberland ; and David Guthrie was the only farmer who had horses to plough his fields, the Hanoverian troopers having swept all the other farms clean of horse-flesh.

We have tried, as yet in vain, to prove with certainty our connection, through this canny and kindly Scottish farmer, with the ancient family of Guthrie of Guthrie. We can only say that he was probably a son, or a grandson, of Patrick Guthrie, the last representative of that family in the direct line. We know that Patrick Guthrie became bankrupt, and the estate of Guthrie was sold to his cousin, the Right Rev. John Guthrie, Bishop of Moray about 1670, in the days when the Episcopal Church, under Charles II., was the Established Church of Scotland. My father's attempt and mine to prove the farmer's descent from the bankrupt laird arose, no doubt, partly from the love of pedigree, a harmless vanity, common to all Scots, if not indigenous in human nature, and partly because it would give us a direct historical connection with the battle of Flodden, on which bloody field the representative of the family, Sir David Guthrie of that ilk, fell with his three sons and four sons-in-law.

But, to do us both justice, I think our main desire was to establish a blood bond with the Scottish Covenanters through one of their greatest leaders who belonged to the family of Guthrie of Guthrie. One may detachedly laugh at the Covenanters' eccentricities and yet be profoundly impressed and inspired by their heroic struggle for civil and religious liberty; one may deplore their intolerance and excesses and yet be proud of their determination that, whatever principalities and powers might threaten or do, the Scottish people should be free to choose and follow their own way of worshipping God. It might be a more refined country for "gentlemen," in Charles the Second's sense, to live in; but it would not be Scotland if Wordsworth's lines about the Scottish Covenants should ever cease to be true:

> Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour.

The name of the Rev. James Guthrie, minister of Stirling—"Guthrie the Martyr," as the Scottish people still call him—stands, with the Marquis of Argyll's, on the Martyrs' Monument in Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh. He was executed by Charles II. in 1661, and his head fixed on the Netherbow Port. I treasure an original version of his manly speech on the scaffold in the handwriting of his secretary. He was a younger son of the Guthrie of Guthrie of his time, and was thus, like most of the leading Covenanting

ministers (*pace* the fantastic travesty which Sir Walter Scott has unfortunately made popular), a man not only of learning and culture but of ancient lineage. Oliver Cromwell's description attests his courage: "The little man that would not bow." Even the near approach of death could not quench the humanity and humour of these heroes and saints. When at supper with his friends the night before execution, he asked for cheese. His physician reminded him that it was a forbidden luxury. Guthrie smiled, and said that he was now "beyond the hazard of all mortal diseases!"

Through the same connection we claim another Covenanter, who has left the impression of a more genial personality than his cousin of Stirling. I mean the Rev. William Guthrie, minister of Fenwick in Ayrshire, and proprietor of Pitforthie, a small estate near Brechin, now belonging to my brother James. He has had many biographers. They do no more than justice to his piety, his exalted character, his arduous labours, and the value of his book, *The Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ*, which is still republished. But why are so many devout men and women depicted in such a way as to make their example of no use to ordinary erring mortals? Why are William Guthrie's worthy biographers so mealy-mouthed about his broad humanity and genial humour? They tell of his study, consecrated by fervent prayer. Quite right. But why do they relegate to a footnote in small print the corner of that study where he kept his fowling-piece, his fishing-rod, and his curling-stones? These things were equally a part of the man, and a source of his influence. The countryside rejoiced to meet him on moor and loch, and at the curling-pond. I once illustrated this point in a pamphlet, with a title which some people thought self-contradictory: "The Scottish Reformers and Covenanters—their Humanity and Humour."

William Guthrie's biographers do him even greater injustice. They class him with those who, according to St. Paul, are worse than infidels, because they provide not for those of their own house. They glory in his voluntary, and apparently unconditional, surrender of his ancestral estate to his brother; surely an indefensible proceeding in view of his obligations to provide for his wife and children. But, when I examined the Pitforthie papers in my brother's possession, I found that like a wise man, the minister of Fenwick, when handing over his property to his brother,

had reserved ample life-rent provisions to his wife and children out of the rents.

I end these references to my Guthrie ancestors with a fact about my grandfather, David Guthrie, curiously significant of the changes wrought by less than a century. He was Provost of Brechin, as two sons,[1] two grandsons,[2] and a great-grandson [3] have been in later years. In my grandfather's days, down indeed to 1832, the common people had not yet "found their hand," and Scottish Burgh Members were sent to Parliament by the Town Councils, which were at that time close corporations, electing their own successors. It chanced that Brechin's vote turned the scale in the election for the Montrose burghs, the other burghs in that group being equally divided between Whig and Tory. My grandfather commanded a majority in the Town Council of Brechin, and really elected the member, who was no less formidable a person than Mr. Joseph Hume, the Reformer and Radical—a fact Mr. Hume never forgot, as I shall later show. My grandfather's radicalism, strenuously held and suffered for in days when such views were thought in high quarters synonymous with chartism, if not with anarchy, did not end with him, but has persisted even to the third and fourth generation.

I turn now to my mother's ancestry. In 1902 I printed a book for family circulation, with seventy-six illustrations, dealing with two lines of her forebears, the family of Chalmers from the fifteenth century and the Traill family from the sixteenth century. Out of widely scattered materials, sometimes hidden away in unlikely quarters, many facts, previously unknown, were brought together, and wrong dates, inaccurate names, and garbled family traditions were corrected. The book, in which all available family portraits were produced, was titled *Genealogy of the Descendants of Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., and Mrs. Anne Burns or Guthrie, connected chiefly with the families of Chalmers and Traill. Also incidental references to the families of Guthrie and Burns. Compiled from Family Records, Letters, Diaries, Wills, Tombstones, Titledeeds, Newspapers, Church and Parish Registers, Minutes of Church Courts, State Papers, and Contemporary Literature.* I might have added "mort-cloth payments," that is,payments

[1] David Guthrie, secundus, and Alexander Guthrie, surgeon.
[2] David Guthrie, tertius, Colonel of Volunteers, and John Guthrie, M.D.
[3] Thomas Maule Guthrie, Solicitor, Captain.

for the hire of the black velvet pall put over coffins at funerals. No record could be found, in ordinary sources, of the date of death, or of the burial-place, of my great-great-great-grandfather, Rev. James Chalmer (1686–1744), Professor of Divinity in Marischal College, Aberdeen. The mystery was solved by the following entry, under the year 1744, in the book kept by the sexton of St. Nicholas Church, Aberdeen: "Rev. Professor Chalmer, A.M. For mort-cloth dues, 6s."

My mother, Anne Burns, was a daughter of the Rev. James Burns, M.A. (1774–1837), minister of the First Charge of the Cathedral Church of Brechin, and of his wife, Christina Chalmers (1774–1837).

Through her family I can trace a line of ministers of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland by law Established right back to within a few years of the Reformation. Looking to the services of Scottish Presbyterianism to religion, civil and religious liberty, education, and democracy in Scotland, and far beyond it, that is a descent of which no well-informed Scotsman will be ashamed. The earliest of these ministers, Rev. George Chalmer, was born in 1572, the year in which John Knox died. The most notable thing about him was an attempt on his life by William Hay of Linplum, who "presentit ane bendit pistollet at him, quhilk misgave."

This apostolic succession was only twice interrupted: first by a printer, my great-great-grandfather, James Chalmers, born 1713, died 1764, son of the Reverend Professor the hire of whose velvet pall cost 6s.; and again by another printer, his son, my great-grandfather, James Chalmers, junior (1741–1810).

James Chalmers, senior, was a fellow-apprentice in Watt's printing office, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, with Benjamin Franklin, and he afterwards studied at Oxford. The *Dictionary of National Biography* calls him "a learned printer," and he is described in the *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen* as "a printer of high classical attainments." He was at the battle of Culloden in 1746 as a writer of Hanoverian "broad-sheets" or "news-letters," not as a combatant. His style must have been more plain than pleasant, for one of his earlier news-letters so enraged the Highlanders that, in November 1745, they broke into his house in Castle Street and sacked his printing-office, he himself barely escaping with his life; for all which he was consoled by a Government Commissionership on some of

the Forfeited Estates. He was printer to the Town and University of Aberdeen, as well as Crown printer of proclamations, and other official papers in the North of Scotland; in 1748 he founded the *Aberdeen Journal*, now the oldest extant provincial newspaper in Scotland.

His son, James Chalmers, junior, my great-grandfather, a printer, publisher, and newspaper proprietor and editor like his father, met Robert Burns in the printing-office in Aberdeen, and Burns alludes to him in his Diary as "Mr. Chalmers, printer, a facetious fellow." My great-grandfather, I fear, cannot have held my total abstinence views, for Bishop John Skinner (son of the author of "Tullochgorum"), who was also present, says: "We adjourned for a dram, and, though our time was short, we had fifty auld songs through hand, and spent an hour most agreeably." The two printers, father and son, were both noted musicians, as well as men of considerable learning. The father was appointed by the Town Council of Aberdeen to the unsalaried offices of Precentor of the West Church and Master of the Song School. He was the first to publish that admirable tune "St. Paul." It is anonymous in his *Collection of Psalm Tunes* published in 1749. He may, or he may not, have composed it; we like to believe he did.

Both my father's and my mother's ancestors had important characteristics in common.

They were all Lowlanders, in name and in speech, with no more love for their kilted and tartaned Gaelic-speaking fellow-countrymen than was possessed by Bailie Nicol Jarvie. English people can never be made to understand the sharp cleavage in race, language, traditions, and usages which subsisted, and still to some extent subsists, between the Highland Celt on the one hand, and the Lowland Saxon and Norseman on the other. So far as I can find out, there was never a Mac among my forebears, or a Stewart, or a Campbell, or a Chisholm. Not one of them, I suppose, knew a word of Gaelic. I do not state this in their favour. I was a Highland Sheriff for seven years, and I often regretted my ignorance of the Celtic tongue when I had witnesses before me who did not know (or at least who said, in excellent English, that they did not know) one word of English.

In the Rebellions of 1715 and 1745 my forebears were all Hanoverians, not for love of the alien Georges, but as patriots, for love of their country. I am proud to think that none of them (David Guthrie's ruse in the "Fifteen"

did not come off) were led astray from their obvious duty to Scotland by Jacobitism, that fantastic medley of disinterested loyalty to an unworthy and essentially foreign race, and of sordid self-seeking and base treachery. Yet some people seem to think that the only romance in Scottish history is to be found in association with poor Prince Charlie!

Lastly, my ancestors on both sides were all law-abiding citizens with two exceptions, both belonging to my mother's family of Chalmers. I shall frankly own up to these lapsed ancestors. But I can urge in mitigation that the crimes of which they were rightly or wrongly accused, although grave enough—murder, in short,—were political rather than personal in their origin.

The earliest suspect was David Chalmer, lawyer and historian, born about 1530, died 1592. In 1565, through the Earl of Bothwell's influence, Queen Mary made him a Judge of the Court of Session; he was one of my few legal ancestors. The inconvenient and misleading practice of making the Scottish Judges "Paper Lords," instead of knighting them as in England, seems to have prevailed even in those days. He was Lord Ormond, while his wife would be Mistress Chalmer. That awkward usage was only got rid of a few years ago through the good offices of Lord Dunedin, acting on the good sense of King Edward. The sole grievance now left to judges' wives is that they only rank along with knights' wives, while their husbands go before baronets!

Lord Ormond has not come down in history for judicial eminence, but for his alleged share in the murder of Queen Mary's second husband, Lord Darnley, at the Kirk o' Field, in the early hours of 10th February 1567, a "deed foully done," no doubt, although, in truth, "the loon was weel awa'!" On 16th February a placard was fixed on the door of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh in which the Earl of Bothwell, Lord Ormond, Master James Balfour (Parson of Flisk), and Black John Spens were publicly denounced as "the principal devisers" of the murder. David Chalmer fled to the Continent, and was received with favour in the courts of France and Spain. I have a copy of his *Histoire abbregée de tous les Roys de France, Angleterre et Écosse*, published by Coulombel in Paris in 1579. He remained a Roman Catholic to the end; and the General Assembly remonstrated in vain when King James VI. removed his forfeiture and restored him to his Judgeship.

A contemporary account calls him "a Scholar and an author, who had studied and served abroad, knew the politics and the customs of most European States, *and had no scruples*."

The second doubtful character was also a Chalmers. John Chalmer was accused, along with the Earl of Huntly and others, of slaying "the Bonnie Earl of Moray," the "Good Regent's" son-in-law, on 8th February 1592. The transaction is mysterious, but the popular song does not suggest the true explanation. There is no historical foundation for the suggestion that the Bonnie Earl was the lover of the prosaic Anne, the Danish queen of James VI.

Thus, if the Guthries had their historical characters—Sir David Guthrie, of Flodden fame, the Rev. James Guthrie, the Covenanting martyr, and the Rev. William Guthrie, the saint and sportsman—my mother had these two notable members of her mother's family of Chalmer, or Chalmers—Lord Ormond and John Chalmer; and she had also three forebears of more than family interest belonging to her maternal great-grandmother's family of Traill.

The first of them was the Rev. Robert Traill, born in 1603, died in 1678. His father was Colonel James Traill (1555–1635), Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Henry, Prince of Wales, and son of Colonel Andrew Traill (born about 1530, died before 1608), who was an officer in the army of the Confederate States in the Low Countries in their war against Spain. Like other Scotsmen in these days—scholars, soldiers, traders—Robert Traill's views were broadened by Continental study and travel. Before he settled down as minister, first at Elie, and then at Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh, he studied at Saumur, travelled in France and Italy (no doubt mostly on slender fare and on his feet), and tutored "that distinguished and pious princess," Mademoiselle Anne de Rohan, sister of the great Duc de Rohan. At the battle of Marston Moor he was one of the chaplains in the Scots Army of the Covenant commanded by Gustavus Adolphus's famous officer, the Earl of Leven; and in 1650 he attended the Marquis of Montrose to the scaffold.

When Oliver Cromwell besieged Edinburgh Castle, the minister of Greyfriars' worked a big gun against the besiegers and was severely wounded. His brother, James Traill, was at the same time Lieutenant-Colonel in Cromwell's army in England, and a favourite of the

Protector, who used to say that, if he had ten thousand James Traills, he would drive the Pope out of Italy! When the Castle was taken, Cromwell sent for the clerical artilleryman and said that he would be glad of an opportunity to serve him for his brother's sake. Robert would have none of Cromwell's kindness. "You have been persecuting the people of God in Ireland," he said, "and you are come to do the same in Scotland." Oliver emphatically repudiated the charge, but ordered that Mr. Traill's effects should be carefully restored to him.

In 1661 Traill was with the Marquis of Argyll on 28th May as his chaplain, when Argyll, in black velvet and plumed hat, walked down the High Street of Edinburgh from the Castle to the headsman's block at the Cross; Traill, his chaplain, on one side, and Cunningham, his physician, on the other. It was then that Dr. Cunningham touched Argyll's wrist to test his alleged cowardice, and found the pulse as calm and regular as if nothing unusual had happened or was going to happen.

Traill was charged before the Secret Council of the Scots Privy Council (including Sir Archibald Primrose, Lord Rosebery's ancestor, and also Archbishop Sharp) with "troubling the peace of the Kirk and Kingdom, refusing to subscribe the oath of allegiance to Charles II., or acknowledge His Majesty's Government." These were the stereotyped phrases of the time for a charge essentially based on Traill's refusal to disobey his conscience, and abandon his religious convictions. His defence, fully reported in Wodrow's *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, shows ability and ingenuity. In the end, the Government offered him death on the scaffold or exile in Holland. Not unnaturally he chose Holland, where he was joined by his son Robert, outlawed as a "Pentland Rebel." His brave wife, who remained in Scotland, was imprisoned for communicating with him; and he was at last permitted to return to Scotland to die. I have a copy of his portrait in Holland by a Dutch artist of the Rembrandt school.

Robert Traill's son, William Traill, M.A. (1640–1714), was one of the founders of the Presbyterian Church in New England, and for a time minister of Borthwick. Of him a contemporary record says: "Every morning about three, when he had public work on hand, he heard three knocks at his chamber door. If, through weariness or heaviness, he disobeyed these, there were generally three

others at his bedhead, which he durst not refuse, but rose to his duty. When old and infirm, these knocks entirely ceased." This seems to me more credible and convincing than the useless and puerile operations and communications of modern spiritualism.

Following the direct line of my mother's Traill ancestors, I would like also to mention Robert Traill's grandson, the Rev. James Traill, M.A. (1681–1723), minister of Montrose. I possess a devout confession of his faith written in his own hand, in which, in accordance with the introspection characteristic of the time, he attempts to define those spiritual relations which must always remain "hid with Christ in God." In one act of his life he was before his time. When Scotch Episcopacy, besides being anathema to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland by law Established, was politically identified with "the King over the water," an Episcopal "Chapel" (the common designation till recently in Scotland for all dissenting places of worship) was built in Montrose. The sensation may be imagined when it came out that Mr. Traill, the minister of the parish, had been broad-minded enough to subscribe a guinea! Poor man! it killed him. He was prosecuted in 1718 before the Presbytery of Brechin as a "malignant," with a view to deposition from the office of the ministry. It broke his heart, and he died while the long-drawn-out proceedings before the Presbytery, the Synod, and the General Assembly were still pending. Yet his accusers must not be condemned on the wrong ground. In their eyes his offence was political even more than it was ecclesiastical.

It was the Rev. James Traill's daughter, Susanna, who married James Chalmers, my great-great-grandfather, the "Government Agent" as his friends called him; the "Hanoverian Spy" according to his Jacobite detractors.

Other interesting forebears I shall only mention: Alexander Chalmers, F.S.A., my great-grand-uncle, originally a surgeon, afterwards editor of the London *Morning Herald*, compiler of the *General Biographical Dictionary* in 32 volumes, and editor of a standard edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. He was almost the last survivor of the "Grub Street hacks," the slaves of the London booksellers. An obituary notice describes him as "an honourable man, a delightful companion, very convivial, and a true Christian," a description which is largely justified by his genial and rubicund portraits by Catherine Douglas

(1752–1832), my great-grand-aunt. She kept a fashionable milliner's shop in London, patronised by Nelson's and Romney's Lady Hamilton. On one occasion her Ladyship was accompanied by Lord Nelson. They spoke in French, and the conversation was becoming so scandalous that my great-grand-aunt thought it proper to tell them that she knew French intimately. There is a silhouette of Miss Douglas, representing her in a portentous mob-cap.

James Ferrier, W.S., Edinburgh, my great-grand-uncle. He and Sir Walter Scott were colleagues as Principal Clerks of the Court of Session. One of my mother's early recollections was that of her grand-uncle and Sir Walter sitting side by side at the table of the Court. Scott described James Ferrier as " a man of strong passions and strong prejudices, but with generous and manly sentiments."

Major-General Islay Ferrier, a brother of James Ferrier. He married Jane Macqueen, a niece of the Lord Justice-Clerk Macqueen, the " Bloody Braxfield," immortalised by Robert Louis Stevenson in *Weir of Hermiston*. In 1782 he was a Lieut.-Colonel in the Scots Brigade, a regiment in the service of Holland. That regiment was disbanded by the Dutch Government in that year, and in 1793 the name was given to a regiment raised for the British Army, in which officers of the old Dutch " Scots Brigade " got the chief commissions. He was appointed Governor of Dumbarton Castle in 1796.

Anne Ferrier, a sister of the Principal Clerk and the General. She agreed to marry a Dr. Glen, a miserly old Edinburgh physician, on condition that he gave her a carriage. Anne Ferrier became Mrs. Glen and the carriage was duly forthcoming. But the doctor declined to provide horses, these not being in the bond. All which and a good deal more ended in a judicial separation. The old gentleman is the subject of a caricature in Kay's Portraits.

Susan Edmonstone Ferrier (1782–1854), James Ferrier's daughter, author of three admirable novels—*Marriage*, *Destiny*, and *The Inheritance*. In his *Life of Scott*, dealing with the last pathetic years, when Miss Ferrier was a frequent visitor at Abbotsford, Lockhart draws an attractive picture of Miss Ferrier. Sir Walter would begin a story with his accustomed gusto. His memory failed him, and Lockhart says he appeared like a blind man who had lost his staff. Whereupon Miss Ferrier would strike in : " Oh, Sir Walter, you must excuse my deafness, but the last thing I heard you say was "—so-and-so, giving him the

clue he had lost. On which Sir Walter, sorry for his young friend's prematurely developed infirmity, took up the thread, and went on gaily to the end!

I end these genealogical notes with a suggestion. The investigations which I made and recorded in the case of my mother's ancestors impressed me with the conviction that similar investigations might be usefully undertaken, on similar lines, for many other middle-class families. There are many such families whose representatives down the generations have done good service in Church and State worthy of permanent record, even suppose none of them have been religious martyrs or even political murderers!

CHAPTER II

MY EARLY SURROUNDINGS

When I was born at 2 Lauriston Lane, Edinburgh, on 4th April 1849, my father, the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., was one of the ministers of Free St. John's Church, situated near the Castle of Edinburgh. My mother, Anne Burns, was the daughter of one of the ministers of Brechin Cathedral. I was their sixth son, and we had five sisters to keep us civilised, and, with our parents, to render home more attractive to us than any other house.

Our parents illustrated the successful union of opposites in marriage—they were a notable contrast physically. My father stood six feet three inches, and was broad-shouldered, erect, and straight-limbed, a Hercules as well as a son of Anak. When a student in Paris the Quartier Latin nicknamed him "le grand Monsieur"; and, as an Edinburgh minister in a poor locality, he visited the lowest criminal slums without fear of attack. I once witnessed the discomfiture of a French shopkeeper who was unable to fit him with a big enough hat; I overheard the poor man's baffled groan: "Mon Dieu! Quelle tête!"

My mother was equally robust, but she was of slender build and as noticeably under, as he was over, middle height; indeed she scarcely reached his shoulder.

Their dispositions were very different. Both had singularly even and sweet tempers, not prone to take offence and capable of taking large views and making large allowances. I have seen my father very angry; a tale of cruelty to a slave, or a child, or a dog seemed to sting him like a blow. I have seen him very indignant at meanness or treachery, even when it kept a long way within the law. His keen sense of humour blunted the edge of attacks on himself. After reading a violent article in the *Scotsman* newspaper he would laugh and say that the editor, Mr. Russel, whose style was easy to recognise, must have had

a bad egg to his breakfast! I have seen my mother grieved, vexed, disappointed, but I do not recollect ever seeing her angry. Their dispositions in other ways were equally contrasted. He was eager, enthusiastic, quickly responsive, ready to leap into the arena " for the cause that needs assistance, for the wrongs that need resistance," to use words he often quoted. She was just as much in earnest and just as much interested in the great causes to which their lives were devoted. But she had not his welcome for new ideas and untried schemes; she was cautious in forming opinions or attachments; outside matters of religion she was incapable of being what is called " carried away " either by a cause or an individual. In the days of the Covenants they would both have gone to the scaffold rather than sacrifice an essential religious conviction. But while my mother would have cheerfully suffered the last penalty as a passive resister, my father's broadsword, swung by his mighty right arm, would assuredly have first emptied some saddles among Claverhouse's dragoons!

Musically they afforded the completest contrast of all. I have heard my father say that the finest voices in Europe were those of Spurgeon preaching in the Tabernacle, London, and Pope Pius the Ninth blessing the people from the gallery in front of St. Peter's in Rome! His own might have been added to the list. It was of the richest musical quality, of wide compass, and of great strength. He had a delicate feeling for rhythm but no sense of harmony or discord. Jenny Lind's splendid humanity moved him to tears, and my sister Helen's dramatic singing of " Father, come home," the despairing appeal of a drunkard's child, could rouse him to painful indignation. But the great composers of vocal and instrumental music had lived for him in vain. My mother had a perfect musical ear and a keen appreciation of harmony. A false note jarred on her ear as a false metaphor offended his literary sense. I have heard him say that a false metaphor was the nearest idea he could form of a musical discord.

Happily their eleven children were all above middle height and all musical! My father used to say that we were the luckiest family he knew; for we might all have been dwarfs, and all of us might have been as " timmer-tuned " as he was himself!

MEMOIR

CHAPTER I

SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY

"WE have now a sixth son. I have just come from seeing him—he is a gallant boy." So wrote Dr. Guthrie to a friend on 4th April 1849. The boy was named Charles John and was the tenth child. One sister, Helen, was younger. "I am rich in nothing but children," the father used to say, and he delighted in his possessions. He made himself the friend and companion of his children. He gave up his evenings to them as far as possible, helped them in their lessons, took an interest in their games, and went rambles with them. A visitor observed that Dr. Guthrie's household talk was remarkable for its racy vigour, the homeliest common sense and the highest ethical wisdom were always mixed together in it. His talk and his reading with them were his children's first and best school, and there is a tradition that the youngest boy early showed a healthy disposition to argue topics that cropped up. Religion in that home wore an attractive dress. It was associated with nothing gloomy or selfish; it meant a family circle animated by love and brightened by humour, thoughtfulness for others, especially the weak and suffering, enjoyment of life, kindness to strangers. The income on which the family had to live was not large, but prudent housekeeping on the part of the mother made it suffice to meet even the claims of a generous hospitality. "I do not remember the time," Lord Guthrie said in an appeal in Glasgow for the Central Fund of the United Free Church, "when I was not as familiar with that blessed word 'Sustentation Fund' as I was with 'Ragged Schools' and 'Total Abstinence.' There were in the house in which I was reared ten children of abnormally large stature to be

clothed, and with abnormally healthy appetites. There are two things connected with the Presbyterian manses which have often amazed me. The first is how rarely a minister appears in the list of bankrupts or dies in debt. It has always been a mystery to me how, with such meagre incomes and so many claims, our ministers manage honourably to pay their way. The second is perhaps not surprising at all—how the children of the manse, piously brought up, frugally reared, inheriting an honourable name and fighting their own battles, attain positions of usefulness and eminence at home and abroad in every walk of life, altogether out of proportion to their numbers."

In one respect the Guthrie children were singularly fortunate. They heard much about church and religious matters, and there was in those days no little keenness in Free Church circles. But Dr. Guthrie was a stranger to sectarian bitterness; loyal to his own church, he was at the same time large-hearted, tolerant, compassionate. His son used to recall in public the fact that he was the first Free Church minister who preached in a pulpit of the Established Church, a step which brought him a kindly but strong remonstrance from Dr. Candlish. In his Ragged School work he was supported by men of other churches; he delighted in the friendship of Dr. Norman Macleod and Dean Ramsay, and as editor of the unsectarian *Sunday Magazine* he was brought into touch with a still wider circle. The atmosphere of such a home and the companionship of such a father were of the highest value to the growing boy, and they bore fruit in his later years.

He was first sent to a small school known as the Southern Academy, carried on for a time in George Square and afterwards in Park Place. In due time he became a pupil of the Royal High School of Edinburgh. It had not then come under the School Board: it still continued its old traditions and represented all classes of society. The head was the learned Dr. Leonard Schmitz, who was Rector for a long term of years. Schmitz was an outstanding man in his profession. He was selected by the Prince Consort to teach history to the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, and the pupil showed his appreciation of his master by inviting him frequently to Holyrood in the evening to be his companion. Looking back on his schooldays Lord Guthrie saw both advantages and disadvantages. Addressing the boys of the Leys

School, Cambridge, on Speech-day in 1913, he said, "Boys are not like pens, or pins, or nails. At the Leys individual treatment is possible. In the school I attended it was very different, for I was in a class of a hundred boys. My great aim was to reach and remain in the middle of the class, in a position of delightful obscurity. I was uncomfortable when I happened to sink to the bottom, but I was still more uncomfortable when by a fluke I found myself at the top. Yet, in that school, the High School of Edinburgh, we had one advantage over you boys at the Leys, it was a more democratic school than yours. All classes attended it. I am sure it did me a great deal of good to be cuffed in the playground by the butcher's son, and to be outstripped in the classes by the sons of working men." He had experience of another school where the classes were smaller and doubtless equally democratic. Sir Robert Simpson remembers well the occasion when he, a young man of twenty, made the acquaintance of the High School boy. It was in the Sunday School of Free St. John's Church—Dr. Guthrie's church. Sheriff Maitland Heriot was Superintendent and asked him to assist. He found Charles in a class of ten or twelve boys of thirteen years or thereby.

At the school closing in 1914 he told the High School boys what he thought was of permanent value in school training. "He was afraid they thought too much of mere distinctions, of letters after a name or a title before it, and perhaps they forgot that these were not the essentials of the man. What they were receiving at the school was something more important, something much higher—the building of character. What they wanted the boys to remember about the men who had made the school famous all over the world was not the positions they had attained to, but their character, their humanity, their sense of duty, their industry, courage, and courtesy." He gratified his own tastes and his love for the school by presenting portraits of Dr. Schmitz and Sir Theodore Martin, a former pupil, to be hung in the school. He believed that the walls of all schools should be clothed with portraits of those who had done honour to the school, and he commended the idea to the High School Club that there should be portraits not only of men like Sir Walter Scott and the Chancellors Erskine and Brougham, but of all persons of whom the school had reason to be proud. He was sure it would add to the *esprit de corps* of the school.

Charles and his brother Alexander, the two youngest boys,

were at the High School together, and, of course, much in each other's society. A delightful story of boyish fun, and of affection outlasting boyhood, occurs in one of Charles's letters. Writing to a friend in 1912 he says: "I am glad you saw my brother Alexander in Liverpool. Notwithstanding his resemblance to me he is quite a respectable person! Indeed were he not my brother I should go further and say he is one of the finest specimens of humanity I have ever known. I have the greatest admiration for him. We were constantly together in childhood and youth. Well I remember our withdrawing the mercury from our father's barometer, and then with guilty conscience watching him morning by morning thereafter tapping the instrument and relying on it implicitly as before! I have never believed in barometers since!"

In November 1864 Charles Guthrie matriculated at Edinburgh University when a few months over fifteen years old. He took the usual Arts classes and graduated Master of Arts. Among the professors in the Faculty of Arts of those days Masson and Campbell Fraser shone with a steady and helpful light on the pathways of Literature and Philosophy, but the bright particular star was John Stuart Blackie, who perhaps contributed more to the gaiety of the college than to the study of Greek. In the Greek class there were frequent written examinations, the purpose of which nobody could understand. Questions were set on all manner of subjects apparently at random, with an occasional question bearing on the work of the class. Guthrie and his class-fellows never forgot one memorable scene. A question set was, "Is suicide ever justifiable?" The answer written by a certain student was read aloud by the professor. The sequel is best told in Guthrie's own words. "At its apparent close the essayist stood up, his face white as a sheet, and said in emphatic but quite respectful tones, 'The professor has not read the last sentence of my essay. Will he please read it?' The professor at first declined, but the demand from the crowded benches became at last too urgent. '*I have given a foolish answer to a foolish question*,' was the missing sentence, plain and pungent! For a few moments, I remember, we were struck dumb at our comrade's audacity; and then roars of laughter and rounds of cheers acclaimed his legitimate triumph." The student was Thomas Kirkup, afterwards a well-known writer on Socialism and kindred subjects.

Among Guthrie's friends of this period were W. D. Thorburn, William Whyte Smith, Thomas Young, who became parish minister of Ellon, William Cunningham, Archdeacon of Ely, A. H. L. Fraser, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, David Patrick, well known as Editor of *Chambers's Encyclopaedia* and other works, and Adam Moffat, the most intimate of all, whose great promise was early cut off by death.

In 1867 a fortunate experience befell young Guthrie, unusual for a Scottish student. He had already seen something of France, having travelled in Brittany and Normandy, and later, while still a student, he had visited Switzerland and Italy, but in 1867 he had the advantage of a five months' visit to the States and Canada. His father had arranged to go as a deputy of the Free Church to the Presbyterians there, and Charles was to accompany him. But Dr. Guthrie was in ill-health and after reaching Ireland was compelled to turn back. His son, however, went on with the other deputies and had an interesting and enjoyable trip. The Civil War had ceased only two years before, and he saw numerous traces of its havoc, notably in and around Richmond. Among the many things noteworthy that the observant traveller saw one impressed him apparently beyond even Niagara or the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky—the Prairie. "Perhaps one's first day on the prairie is the keenest enjoyment of an American tour. You feel emphatically a new sensation."

The journal which records his impressions of men and things shows him already a youth of thoughtful and more than usually mature mind. Mrs. Fyvie Mayo noted the same thing on a visit to the Guthrie family at their summer retreat, Inchgrundel beside Lochlee. In her *Recollections of Fifty Years* she remarks: "Charles, now Lord Guthrie, was then but a lad of 18, but so full of dignity and character that it was hard to realise his youth. I never knew anybody who has been so little changed by advancing years and gathering honours. We had several rides together and we discussed the deepest subjects in the most solemn and final manner."

It had been settled that his profession was to be the Scotch Bar and he now joined the Law Classes at Edinburgh. To these he added two valuable years' practical training (1869–71) in the Parliament House department of Messrs. Gibson-Craig, Dalziel, and Brodies, a leading firm of Writers to the Signet. It is to this part of his university

life that his connection with the Speculative Society, familiarly known as "The Spec," belongs. All the world knows now that the golden days of the Speculative were the days when Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Horner, Cockburn, and others took part in its debates. But the members in the early 'seventies little dreamed that a second glory was being shed on the Society by the presence among them of a figure at first strange and solitary and never really understood. R. L. Stevenson became an ordinary member in March 1869. Guthrie joined in the session 1869–70, as did also John Maitland Thomson, Sir Walter Simpson, and Charles Baxter. In 1872–73 Andrew Graham Murray, now Lord Dunedin, was admitted a member. In 1871–72 Guthrie was secretary, and president in 1872 and in 1873–1874. It was as secretary that Guthrie left his mark on the Society. Its latest historian writes: "Mr. Guthrie's secretaryship marks an epoch in the Society's history. Like many other ancient and learned bodies the Society was in use to dwell amid material surroundings of time-honoured dirt and shabbiness. Under the strenuous administration of Mr. Guthrie and his equally zealous successor Mr. Baxter, all this was reformed. The hall was repainted, a new carpet was bought; the old furniture was re-upholstered, and such new furniture as was necessary was supplied; the records were overhauled and put in order; and the fine collection of engraved portraits of old members which the Society now possesses was acquired." A lighter touch is added to the picture by Charles Baxter's graphic pen. "The candelabrum has always been regarded as a fetish, and has survived the venerable bench, wanting one leg, upon which the newly elected members were—up to the time when Stevenson became one of the presidents—invited to take their seats, while they ministered to the gaiety of the light-hearted crew they had just joined. The well-merited destruction of this ancient nuisance was due to Mr. C. J. Guthrie, now Q.C., one of our most famous secretaries." A record not to be ashamed of, but the reforming zeal of the secretary was not satisfied. Let him tell the story himself. "When I joined the Speculative Society the practice was to adjourn, between the essay and the debate, 'to buy pencils,' which novices were amazed to find meant beer at Rutherford's public-house. 'Clue' indeed, our servitor, provided coffee, but then he made it in a kettle, according to the recipe in use in the Cape Wars early last century—vile stuff. Soon after

Stevenson and I joined the Society the pencil trade at Rutherford's dried up, because some of us [*i.e.* C. J. Guthrie] introduced coffee freshly ground and roasted by Mr. Law of St. Andrew Square, and made as in the best Parisian Cafés with boiled milk or rich cream according to taste. Nobody acquiesced in the change more readily than Stevenson; and, among many associations with him as a member of the Speculative Society, those of us who remain to tell the tale cannot forget those weekly half-hours round the fire, the admirable coffee, a revelation to many Britons of what coffee means, the clouds of smoke, the floods of talk, the shouts of laughter. If we did not break up into groups, but were kept together by one man's jest or story, that man was pretty sure to be Louis Stevenson." Guthrie always declared that no one in the "Spec" guessed Stevenson's future distinction; "we did not believe in his future eminence, either in law which he loathed, or in letters, a profession ordinarily requiring for success an iron constitution and habits of dogged hard work." But Lord Dunedin's words suggest that this may be an understatement so far as Guthrie is concerned. He writes thus of his lifelong friend: "My introduction to him was at 'The Spec.' In those days he was much more matured than the rest of us. He had the grace to recognise in a way we didn't the budding genius of Stevenson; and his antiquarian lore made him beautify the 'Spec' room with a collection of prints—a hint which years after I borrowed from him as regards the Lord Advocate's room in Dover House."

The years 1873 to 1875 were occupied mainly by a literary task imposed upon his elder brother, the Rev. D. K. Guthrie, and himself by his late father's wishes and by filial piety. This was the editing of Dr. Guthrie's Autobiography and the writing of a Memoir. The Autobiography and Memoir were published in two volumes in 1874 and '75. A task of no little difficulty, it was accomplished with notable success. The public read the book; it used to be said that it was the only one of the many biographies of Disruption Free Church leaders which the public has read—with the exception, of course, of Hanna's great *Life of Chalmers*.

CHAPTER II

CALLED TO THE BAR

CHARLES JOHN GUTHRIE was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates on December 10, 1875. His is the last name on the list of eight who joined in that year. There are few survivors of the group to-day. One has attained to high rank in his profession—Thomas Shaw, now a Lord of Appeal, Lord Shaw of Dunfermline. One name is world-famous, Robert Louis Stevenson, admitted on July 16. Guthrie had intended joining the English Bar also and had entered his name at Lincoln's Inn, his papers being signed by Mr. Farrar Herschell, Q.C. He consulted some friends of his father as to the line of study for the English Bar. One of these was Earl Cairns, with whom he had some correspondence. But his earliest acquaintance with that distinguished lawyer, then ex-Lord Chancellor, was in September 1872, at Millden near Brechin, where Lord Cairns was shooting tenant. Young Guthrie called with an introduction from his father. Then followed an invitation to breakfast and another to dinner. A careful record was kept by the visitor of his impressions and of the conversation: a habit early formed and adhered to through life in regard to persons and events of interest or importance. The picture presented is an engaging and certainly an unusual one. The ex-Lord Chancellor received the law student with cordiality, and not only talked with him about his future studies but discussed in the easiest and openest manner persons and topics connected with the Bar both of England and of Scotland. Lord Cairns had the reputation of being cold and distant: but the impression left on Charles Guthrie was very different. The younger man was observant of all he saw and heard, and probably left an equally favourable impression on his host and hostess. That Lord Cairns should receive him in so friendly a manner and discuss so frankly matters of mutual interest is pleasant to record; but that an unknown youth intro-

duced for the first time to the presence of a man who had reached the shining eminence of the woolsack should not feel abashed and tongue-tied, but should address him with the ease almost of an equal, state his own opinions, discuss persons and things, observe and remember all that passed, is noteworthy and is highly characteristic of him. There never was a grain of vanity about Charles Guthrie, but there was already a singular maturity and dignity of character along with modesty and simplicity. This is the earliest example of those traits which Mrs. Fyvie Mayo had already noticed in the lad of eighteen, and which Lord Strathclyde discerned years afterwards in the mature man.[1]

"My first impressions of Lord and Lady Cairns were very favourable. Lord Cairns is tall, with very round shoulders and a narrow chest. His face has chiefly an expression of keenness and penetration. It is an open face too, with the hair, still brown and unmixed with grey, brushed well back. The nose is prominent and slightly hooked. The lips are thin and compressed. The forehead is more broad than high. The eyes are searching. Altogether it is a face not easily to be forgotten. As a whole no one could see Lord Cairns without recognising him as a man of ability, but one would also be very apt to conclude that he was a man naturally passionate. He wants in particular that sweet smile which struck me so much in Sir Roundell Palmer's face. His manner is exceedingly courteous, and has none of the impatience which I should have almost expected from his appearance. He never interrupts, and though he has plenty of conversation never went out of the course of the talk to bring in any particular thing or person. His manner to his wife was very kindly and affectionate, and he talked of his children and their doings with much naïveté and evident delight. Lady Cairns is very frank and pleasant. She said she had sometimes considerable difficulty in understanding the Glen people, which led Lord Cairns to remark that Andrew Campbell, his former gamekeeper, used never to speak of the grouse but always of 'thae fleein' beasts.'

"In speaking on law Cairns asked me all about my plans, and said he thought my going to the English Bar an excellent idea, both because it made the way open to me to remove thither if it seemed desirable, and because it opened Colonial appointments to me, and also because the preparation involved tended to give one breadth of mind.

[1] See p. 333.

He is strong on the desirability of having a broad education. He thought that if possible I should have a winter in London. When I told him that my father had sent me to scientific classes in the university as well as the ordinary literary ones and had also sent me to travel in America and on the Continent, he said he thought that was very wise. Some men, he said, seem to think the great thing is to hurry on to the Bar, and that it is a grand thing to be a barrister of five years' standing. He enlarged on the desirability of being thoroughly equipped before you went to the Bar. Many men, he said, go to the Bar with the idea that they will get nothing to do for the first few years, and have plenty of time to read. 'But,' said Cairns, 'in point of fact men do soon get a chance. They are not prepared for it. They make a mess of it and are shelved for life.' After breakfast we went into the drawing-room, where Lord Cairns and I continued the conversation for about half an hour standing in one of the windows, Lord Cairns resting one knee on a chair. Cairns has a great opinion of Sir James Moncreiff. As a man he considers him a very fine fellow, and as a pleader he thought him both eloquent and able. I said he was always considered eloquent but many people thought him not much of a lawyer. 'Well,' says Cairns, 'I have heard him make some very able arguments and I used often to wonder why he was not more employed. When Rutherfurd was Lord Advocate he was in almost every case, but James Moncreiff got very little to do. Almost the whole business was in the hands of Roundell Palmer, Rolt, and myself.' . . . At a quarter to eight I went over to Millden. At dinner a great many subjects were discussed. Nothing could have been more simple and beautiful than the way the ex-Chancellor referred to his children. He laughed greatly when telling of the fell attempt of one of them to bribe his mother into giving permission to bathe by the offer of twopence. Lord Cairns said he often wondered what made the Scotch people so fond of eating peppermints in church. His sister was once much astonished at being offered one by a friendly ploughman. Talking of the Scotch version of the Psalms Lord Cairns said he thought many of them were very fine. I admitted that a very few of them were fine, and Lord Cairns instanced as a specimen the version of the 90th Psalm, beginning 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in generations all.' He admired greatly our hymn 'O God of Bethel.' He said that when they had a shooting

at Glenquaich they used to attend the Established Church there, and one year, having arrived on Saturday the 10th of the month to be in readiness for the 12th, they were much amused to hear the preacher on the Sunday give out to be sung the verse of the 50th Psalm beginning 'The fowls on mountain high are all to me well known'! Lord Cairns said they had a lot of visitors, and their heads went down as if they had been shot, and he himself was never so put to it to keep his gravity. During dinner Lord Cairns, observing that I took no wine, asked me whether I followed my father's example in that. I said I did, and remarked that I would be the first man at the Scotch Bar who was a teetotaler. I said that I had been told that no man could succeed at the Scotch Bar who was a teetotaler but that I did not believe it. Lord Cairns said he did not believe it either, but that certainly at the English Bar in the old days it would have been a little awkward for a man at the Common Law Bar. We talked of the House of Lords as the Appeal Court. He asked about a young Scotch Counsel who he understood was a very rising man at the Scotch Bar. He could not remember his name, but thought he was some way connected with Gibson-Craig's firm. Gibson-Craig was not the name. 'Was it Balfour?' I said. He said it was, and that he liked his style of address very much. He thought his arguments very clear. Rutherfurd Clark he did not seem to think much of as a speaker. Inglis's style of speaking he admired greatly, and he thought that Young tried to copy it. Asher he had not heard of. Gordon he spoke of with great respect and esteem. He thinks his mind eminently judicial, and said that he never remembered to have seen him the least ruffled. He said the House of Lords did not despise the technicalities of Scots Law, nor were they unacquainted with them. He thought it was a mistake to despise technicalities, but at the same time he said he always found that the more thoroughly you understood them the more fully you saw that there was nothing in them. It was the man who only half understood them that viewed them with reverence. In fact, he said, they decided in the House of Lords on broad, general principles. These principles were to be found in all laws, and he did not consider that the differences between English and Scotch laws were very great or important. Cairns asked me what number of advocates there would be in actual practice. I said I supposed from fifty to a hundred. He asked as to

the state of the Conservative side of the Bar. I said that in addition to the ex-law officers there were two excellent men, Watson and Macdonald, and I said that it seemed a great shame that neither of these men should be Sheriffs. I told him also that among the men who had recently passed I thought no one was so promising as a Conservative, Charles Pearson. He said he was very glad to hear that the Conservative side looked so well, as he knew the great disadvantages a Conservative was exposed to at the Scotch Bar. (Young Guthrie was strangely silent at this point !) He thought the system of having the Law Officers of the Crown assisted by paid Advocates-Depute a very good one. In England the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General have to pay for whatever work is done for them by juniors, and these juniors have no responsibility, and thus do not receive the admirable training which Advocates-Depute in Scotland get. After tea about 10 P.M. we went to the dining-room to prayers. Twelve servants were present—four men and eight women—who remained standing till we were all seated. Lord Cairns read a chapter from the New Testament. The prayers consisted of several Collects out of the Prayer Book and the Lord's Prayer, ending all with the Benediction. Everybody repeated the Collect and the Lord's Prayer and very audibly. We went back again to the drawing-room and I at once said good-night. Lord Cairns accompanied me into the hall, and said they hoped to see me in London when I was up eating my dinners. I came away about half-past ten, having spent one of the most pleasant and certainly not least instructive evenings of my life. No one could have been kinder than both Lord and Lady Cairns."

Writing in the following month of October Earl Cairns advised him against entering the chambers of an English barrister as his immediate career was to be at the Scotch Bar. "I would rather recommend you to attend the winter course of lectures of the Inns of Court, reading in conjunction with them some of our Institutional law writers and works of Constitutional history such as Hallam. I think you should also attend the arguments of Scotch appeals in the House of Lords, reading and studying the printed cases beforehand. In this way, with your present knowledge of legal principles, and with resolute application to work, I think you might pass a winter in London which would ultimately be of great advantage to you." Mr. Farrar Herschell and Mr. James Anderson, Q.C., gave

similar advice. He had some correspondence also with a contemporary of his own at Edinburgh University who was then studying for the English Bar—Mr. Charles B. Bright McLaren, now Lord Aberconway. In the end he abandoned the idea of entering the chambers of a barrister and decided to follow Lord Cairns's advice. He spent the winter of 1872–73 in reading law in Lincoln's Inn, attending also the hearings of Scotch Appeals in the House of Lords, getting sets of the papers from Lord Cairns. At these hearings he sat with "Macqueen" of the Law Reports.

The most practical advice of all came from Mr. John Clerk Brodie, W.S. He approved of the plan of the winter in London and of study as suggested by Lord Cairns, but he disapproved of his joining both Bars "with a view of having two strings to one's bow." He advised the young man to make up his mind which Bar he was going in for and to stick to his resolution. He thought that being a member of the English Bar would not help him in the direction of giving opinions on points of English Law. The opinion of a man who had had no practice in the English Courts, and who could not be keeping himself properly read up in English Law, would not be in much demand. As to better fitting an advocate to quote English Law in the Court of Session Mr. Brodie was no less emphatic. "He thought there was no desire on the part of our judges, but rather the opposite, to have English cases quoted to them, and though they might not stop a counsel who gave them such quotation they frequently expressed their belief that from want of knowledge of all the circumstances they were not warranted in holding English decisions as of much weight. He thought generally that there was no demand for English Law at the Scotch Bar." "I quoted to him," writes Guthrie in his notes of this conversation, "the cases of Lord Brougham and James Anderson, Q.C., who had been supposed to know both Laws. As to both he said that their case was very different, for they did not attempt to get up the two Laws simultaneously, but after getting up one proceeded to acquire the other. In addition he said that the knowledge of the first (Brougham) of Scots Law was exceedingly superficial, and that he often made blunders in the House of Lords which were absolutely ludicrous. He said, in short, that he knew of no one dead or living who had mastered the two Laws. If I thought of the English Bar I ought to go to it at once and to it alone, and that I ought not to attempt to work the two,

and if I did it would probably result in confusion of ideas and failure at both." As to the Scotch Bar itself this experienced and accomplished lawyer used some wise words. "He attached the greatest importance to a broad foundation, and stated to me, as he has often done before, that he considered the want of this was very conspicuous at the Scotch Bar. He thinks a thorough grasp of the general principles of all Law of the highest consequence, and considers that twenty-five is quite an early enough age to come to the Bar. He said that men went to the Bar young and not fully equipped, and though their friends would have liked to have given them work at once, yet they could not do so for the men were not really fit for it."

Fortunate was the young lawyer who had such a friend and listened to such advice. We hear nothing more of joining the English Bar. He began the usual apprenticeship of going on circuit. His first appearance was at the Glasgow Christmas Circuit Court in December 1875. Unquestionably the young advocate possessed advantages which few if any of his compeers could claim. His name and lineage were a passport to favour and goodwill. He was Dr. Guthrie's son. And in appearance he was prepossessing. He had a powerful physique, a tall form, and an earnest face. His eyes were dark and full of expression, he had a pleasant voice, he spoke easily, and his speech was lit up with a genial humour. When men first saw and heard him they were strikingly reminded of his distinguished father's appearance and bearing, and prophesied great things of the son. When Gladstone first set eyes on him his countenance, we are told, kindled into liveliest interest as amid the warmth of his welcome he exclaimed in true Gladstonian diction, "I rejoice to see a noble face so strikingly perpetuated."

He made his first plunge in what was known as "the Greenock child-stealing case," with Lord Young on the bench, and secured a verdict of "Not proven." The recording angel on the press noted the fact that the verdict was received with applause by the people in the body of the Court. More important was his earliest appearance in the First Division of the Inner House in the Court of Session. The event passed off most successfully. Lord Dunedin who was present describes the scene. "I well remember his maiden speech in the First Division. It was a small case but with one or two salient points. He had prepared himself carefully and he did the thing really very neatly,

and I remember that when it was over and he had received the usual little compliment which the President gives to a maiden speech old Ardmillan sent him down a congratulatory letter from the bench which pleased him very much and which he showed me." Lord Ardmillan's note runs thus :

DEAR CHARLES—Very glad to hear you. Statement clear, argument judicious, whatever be the result. Ever yours, JAS. CRAWFURD."

The general impression produced on the spectators in Court is reflected in the following paragraph in a provincial newspaper under date February 3, 1876, from an Edinburgh correspondent.

"EDINBURGH, *Tuesday*.—When a new advocate dons the horse-hair and gown there is sometimes a flutter in the courts when he gets his first brief and essays first to speak—I.P.D.—in presence of the Lords. Such a flutter took place on Saturday when a son of Dr. Guthrie made his maiden speech and made a palpable hit, alike in the ease and fullness with which he stated his case, and the capacity for argument he displayed. We believe a good many agents at once booked him as a good man to retain as junior, while in the ranks from which 'advocates' clerks' are recruited the general opinion was that here was a clerkship that would soon be worth a good deal to any young fellow who could secure the position."

Another report found its way as far as New York. The *New York Observer* had also apparently a correspondent in Edinburgh, who sent this message which appeared on March 16 :

"You may be interested to hear that the youngest son of Dr. Guthrie has just been admitted a member of the Scottish Bar. More than any of his other brothers he has inherited his father's talents, and high hopes are entertained of his success as an advocate. Already he has made a most successful *début*, having spoken with great coolness and ability for an hour before the four judges of the Inner Court of Session in Edinburgh."

An event still more pleasant followed a few months later. On 30th March 1876 Charles John Guthrie and Anne Jemima Burns were united in marriage at the Free Church Manse, Kirkliston. Miss Burns was the third daughter of the Rev. James Chalmers Burns, D.D., minister of the Free Church, Kirkliston, and afterwards Moderator

of the Free Church Assembly. Miss Burns was his cousin, her father being a brother of his mother. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, the groomsman was Mr. J. P. Wood, W.S., afterwards Professor of Conveyancing in Edinburgh University. Of all the gifts and words of love showered upon the happy couple none was more valued than an affectionate message from Adam Moffat, then in far-off Tasmania. He wrote to Miss Burns, "I would fain have been with Charlie. He is my greatest and best friend. The man whom I love and respect above all others, who has been more to me for good than any one has been or can be." The happy bridegroom assured the guests at the luncheon that he and his bride had proved the proverb that the course of true love never runs smooth to be false. The course of their love had run smooth; and the forty-four years of married life which began that day ran their course of ideal companionship, unbroken happiness, and deepening affection. The honeymoon was spent chiefly in the Lake District: at Coniston they were welcomed by Miss Susannah Beever and her sister, old friends of Dr. Guthrie. Back soon to 13 Northumberland Street, their first home (exchanged four years later for No. 54), Guthrie had his first experience of Church Courts in April. He was Counsel in Presbytery and Synod, and later in the General Assembly, for the Rev. Mr. Mackie of St. Mary's Church, Dumfries. The case was a troublesome one, it dragged on and was fruitful in appeals and discussions. Already at the end of the winter session, 1875–76, the young counsel had made a substantial beginning of a good general practice, so good indeed that Lord Ardmillan was able to write to a friend as follows:

"Perth Circuit, *4th April.*—I am glad my friend Charles Guthrie has made an early and happy marriage. I respect greatly the young wife's father and I hope to make her acquaintance: and for Charles himself I have a sincere regard. I am sure none can wish them happiness more sincerely than I do. Charles has begun his career at the Bar with great success both in fees and in reputation. At Circuit I propose most loyally, 'The Queen.' I hope I shall never be called on to propose 'The Empress,' but I fear I may."

In September and October he went north on circuit. Principal David Brown of the Free Church College, Aberdeen, a connection of the family, wrote to his mother: "You will be pleased to hear that your son Charles has

made a good impression here. Several spoke to me—one, 'That man will make his mark some day': another, 'He spoke capitally.'" To his wife he himself reports: "A very nice dinner at the Douglas last night. Kintore was most marked in his attentions, no doubt intentionally. I was introduced to Professor Milligan, D.D., and sat next him by his request. Beyond was Dr. Forbes, the Professor of Oriental Languages. We three had a great deal of most interesting conversation, about which I shall tell you. The Lord Provost was very gracious, saying to me, 'Ah, I've just been saying to Lord Moncreiff, and he quite agrees with me, that we won't see you often here. *You* won't need to go long on Circuit.'"

The spring of next year, 1877, saw him back at Glasgow.

"CIRCUIT COURT, GLASGOW, *April* 22, 1877.—At 12 o'clock came down here and got a number of poor cases from the agents. None of them interesting."

"*April* 24.—I write under ——'s nose at the end of a trial of three persons whom I defend which has lasted some three hours and a half. ——is prosing through a long and dreary charge to the jury who sit on my right hand . . . 4.15 . . . still at it."

"*April* 25.—To-day while the jury were out considering their verdict in a case which I had in the New Court, Pearson who prosecuted and I who defended rushed upstairs and had an ample share of the Magistrates' lunch. I have had lots to do but no fees. All the fees go to the older men who are specially retained."

"*April* 26.—After dinner in the Deputes' room I aired my teetotal views to the doubting if not denying ears of Craighill and Blair. Much amusement was created yesterday in Adam's Court by one of the policemen examined in a case of mine addressing my Lord as 'Sir, yer Honour—at least yer Washup.'"

September of the same year found him at Inverness Circuit and winning golden opinions. "On arrival I found agents prowling about for counsel. The agent from Elgin whom I had expected to see was not visible. But Mr. Burns, of Messrs. Stewart, Rule, and Burns, one of the largest firms here, collared me with a case of assault to which a fee of four guineas was attached. The three remaining cases were poor's ones. I was too late for the levee in the morning but walked up in the procession, walking alone in front of Blair and Barclay, but nearly as

tall as the two put together. The streets were crowded with people whose faces present the usual mixture of awe and amusement. . . . I had plenty chance in the other two cases, and got on more to my own satisfaction than usual. Everybody, Provost, bailies, different jurymen, and so on have been very complimentary. Some have stopped me on the street to express their pleasure. But the most curious episode in the way of praise was what occurred last night. I went to see General Grant receive the freedom of the burgh. Sitting next me was a man by whose appearance I was rather struck, though I did not have a chance of speaking to him. I observed him writing, but thought no more about him till at the end of the meeting he touched me and said as he went out, 'That's for you, sir.' I took the paper and found the enclosed half-sheet. I immediately looked round, but he had fled." The mysterious paper had this in pencil: "I presume I am not wrong in thinking you Mr. Guthrie, Advocate, and a son of Dr. Guthrie. A marked and high compliment will be paid to you in print this week. You are, if spared, a coming judge. I meant to have written you to Edinburgh, but strange to say I find myself to-night by your side. I have heard no such appearances as yours at the Inverness Bar since Lord Craighill was here." A clue to the unknown admirer was furnished by a flattering letter, duly signed, which soon reached him.

"*Private.* Sir—I had the honour of sitting beside you to-night. I watched you closely at the Circuit Court. I have heard no such appearances as yours from *young* advocates since I heard Lord Craighill's first appearance. As John Scott (Lord Eldon) was told by an English solicitor, 'Your bread and butter is cut for life.' Give me your Edinburgh address—I shall have prints to send you."

The absence of the Elgin agent was soon explained. Messrs. Forsyth and Stewart wrote to their correspondents that their case at the Circuit was not called as the Advocate-Depute became satisfied he had no case. "We are sorry to say our client is poor and we fear we cannot afford a fee of over four or five guineas, but as we are much pleased with Mr. Guthrie's appearance we will be glad if you will take him as junior in some of the cases sent by us."

Social duties were not forgotten. "Yesterday I went to call for Dr. Mackenzie the ex-Provost, who lives at Eilenach on the outskirts of the town overlooking the river. He was out, but I found his wife, a sister of Lord

President Inglis. She was most agreeable, and I had a long pleasant chat with her. She is like her brother and very like the pictures of her father, a very courteous, aristocratic-looking person. The doctor did not return, and I had to catch the 12.40 train for Culloden. . . . In the spacious hall (of Culloden), besides a bust of the great Lord President taken from Roubillac's noble statue in the Parliament House, are many relics of Culloden Moor. . . . Well, Culloden came in and was cordiality itself. He has a great deal to say with a bustling, quick manner, and a simple and very quizzical smile—a most lovable-like man, though far from 'sound' on the Union and Disestablishment questions, about which we had some talk. After a while, in came Mrs. Forbes, a little woman about forty-five, with regular, small, pleasant features and beautiful teeth. After more talking and laughing the gong sounded and in we marched to lunch. By another door entered the heiress of Culloden accompanied by an evident 'follower.' During lunch entered Claimant No. 2 in the person of a dark, military-looking man who looked as if he could have dirked Claimant No. 1 on finding him in possession of the ground. Before going to the garden Mrs. Forbes showed me a lot of most interesting letters addressed to the President by old Lord Lovat, General Wade, Sir John Cope, etc. The footman came down to the garden to announce Mr. Fraser Mackintosh, M.P., and daughters. This drew off the Laird, after enjoining his daughter and me to come up when we had had enough gooseberries. And now commenced the funniest scene. The claimants evidently felt the moment critical. They knew they had nothing to fear from me, for Mrs. Forbes had asked me point-blank at luncheon whether I was married. But they were not to give each other any advantage, so the number of gooseberries Miss Forbes had to eat, pulled by these devoted young men, was really quite alarming. I think she was rather relieved to go up to the house with the sober married man. After some talk in the drawing-room it was arranged that I should drive in with the Fraser Mackintoshes to Inverness."

He gave up "circuiting" after this except when specially retained. His general practice was steadily growing. He was engaged in the early part of the winter session of 1877–78 in a case that attracted much attention in the north. It was a disputed succession to a great Scottish heiress, Miss Macpherson Grant of Aberlour, who left a fortune of over a quarter of a million. There was the

promise of a long litigation, but after Mr. Patrick Fraser had opened the case to the jury all parties suddenly found discretion the better part of valour; counsel retired and arranged terms of settlement by which, as was fitting, the spoils were divided among the parties. In September 1879 he appeared at the Argyllshire Circuit Court defending a culpable homicide case, but the occasion seems to have been notable chiefly because it found Lord Deas in a grimly facetious mood. The public, doubtless surprised at so unwonted a spectacle, were eager to show gratitude for small mercies. When the jury was being empanelled a juror begged to be exempted from serving as he had lately hurt his foot. Lord Deas: "The head is of more importance than the foot." Another gentleman wished to have his name expunged from the jury lists on account of the onerous and constant duties of his office as Dean of Guild at Campbeltown. Lord Deas: "That would require an Act of Parliament which is not yet passed." The jury by a majority returned a verdict of not proven, and Lord Deas in dismissing McIntyre, the accused, advised him to take care and not risk again the clemency of a majority of one.

CHAPTER III

SOCIAL AND PUBLIC WORK

1875–1880

PROFESSIONAL work represented only one side of Charles Guthrie's life. Although his practice increased rapidly almost from the beginning, he never allowed it to engross his whole time and energy. Calls were made upon him from the first to take part in social and public work of various kinds, and he rarely refused the appeals that came. It would be difficult to find a parallel case of a busy advocate or barrister giving up so much time to public non-political work. Looking back near the end of his life he made this observation: "I suppose no member of the Scotch or English Bar in continuous forensic employment for thirty-two years, twenty-one as a junior counsel and eleven as a senior, has ever appeared so frequently as I have done, year in and year out, on so many divers kinds of platforms, secular and religious, sectarian and non-sectarian, utilitarian and æsthetic, in Edinburgh and elsewhere. I daresay I often said 'Yes' when I should have said 'No' in justice to my practice, which I did not spoil but certainly endangered, and to my health, which outside engagements sometimes strained very near the breaking-point. It was not an uncommon experience, on coming in late and tired from a public meeting, to find papers on my hall table for a case in Court next morning, making it necessary either to sit up till five or to get up at five."

His early activities may be described as work and speech in support of philanthropic, religious, and temperance organisations. It was natural that he should from the beginning be an active supporter of the Ragged School work which his father had founded. In this cause he spoke not once but many times. The schools had been so successful and were becoming so crowded owing to the

action of the School Board in sending children to them that the need was already apparent for removing the schools and the children out to the country. This in turn had raised the question of the School Board obtaining powers to subscribe towards the support of children to whom food and clothing were as necessary to instruction as a school building. The Industrial Brigade Home was a kindred institution which claimed his support. It had been started by Mr. David Harris to provide a home for homeless working lads and to guard them from falling into criminal courses. It had already for some years done excellent and much-needed work before Charles Guthrie became an office-bearer.

In 1877 he took part in a function of peculiar interest intended to perpetuate the name and work of David Livingstone — the laying of the foundation-stone of the Livingstone Medical Missionary Memorial Training Institute in the Cowgate of Edinburgh. The site was next to the most interesting old ecclesiastical building now standing in Edinburgh, the Magdalene Chapel, where the first General Assemblies of the Reformed Church met. Most fittingly the stone was laid by the venerable Dr. Moffat, Livingstone's father-in-law. Medical missions — now a proved success—were then in their infancy. Dr. Moffat told the strange tale of his own experiences. "When he first went to Africa nobody had dreamed of such a thing as a medical missionary. He knew nothing about medicine, and four missionaries who went out with him knew still less—he did know a little, because when he was a boy he happened to choose from a packman's store a copy of Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*."

In religious work he took a deep and active interest. He identified himself with the Edinburgh Sunday School Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Working Boys' and Girls' Religious Society. He had a deep sense of the importance of religious teaching for the young, and he lost no opportunity of supporting that work in every way open to him. And in the work of temperance, especially of temperance teaching among young people, he did yeoman service. He was soon a favourite speaker; there was a lightness of touch, an optimism of spirit, and a humour that won their way with every audience. Of course he gave his support to the recently formed Band of Hope Union and became a vice-president. He pleaded for a Band of Hope in connection

with every Sabbath School. He was ready to help temperance propaganda among people of all classes and all ages, lent his drawing-room for the Young Abstainers' Union, supported temperance public-houses, spoke at Saturday Evening Entertainments. He did not agree with many shades of temperance opinion: he went so far as to say that although he was a total abstainer he rejected a whole mass of total abstinence arguments. But he was ready to work with people who were working for the same end: with the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society which advocated prohibition, with the British Women's Temperance Association founded not long before by Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas, John Bright's sister, with the Good Templars, and many more. He spoke out frankly about the attitude of Churches and doctors of divinity, who were not in his opinion sufficiently alive to the evils of drink, nor did he keep silent on what he had observed in criminal courts. Speaking in Glasgow in 1878, he said "he had remarked the utmost indifference with which the most shameless stories, betraying the most horrible forms of drunkenness, were related by witnesses, and these stories were generally received with laughter. He had never heard one word of admonition addressed to these witnesses from the bench. A single word of warning would have come with great weight from that august source." He supported by presence and voice every notable visitor to Edinburgh on the temperance platform—J. B. Gough, Canon Farrar, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Dr. B. W. Richardson, Canon Wilberforce. It is only just to him to remember that in throwing himself into this kind of work the young advocate was imperilling his whole professional future. Mr. Guthrie has left it on record that "an eminent Edinburgh Writer to the Signet warned me that no man who went to total abstinence meetings could ever succeed at the Scotch Bar." But he persevered unmoved. It was out of the temperance sentiment which he did so much in those years to foster that the first suggestion came for a temperance café in Edinburgh. The first circular issued in February 1880, headed "Edinburgh Café Company, Limited," stated that in consequence of frequent complaints "of the want in the business part of the city of a suitable place of refreshment, where a comfortable cup of tea or coffee can be readily obtained instead of beer, wine, or spirits, it is proposed, in the interests of temperance, to establish a temperance

refreshment room of the nature of a French café, in premises convenient to Princes Street, elegantly and comfortably fitted up, and from which all temptation to indulge in alcoholic stimulants shall be carefully removed." Mr. Guthrie was from the first an ardent supporter of this movement, out of which grew the well-known Edinburgh Café Company—not only a success in itself but the pioneer of many more similar concerns.

Under the same inspiration of temperance reform began a year or two earlier another admirable movement in connection with the university. In the Winter Session of 1876–77 the idea took shape of a students' mess. Professor Calderwood, a strong temperance advocate, and keenly interested in the welfare of students, was a leading spirit. The beginnings were on a humble scale, premises were rented at 54 South Bridge, and Mr. Darling of the Regent Hotel arranged to do the catering. It was an immediate success and soon took the form of a students' dining club. Entry money was half-a-crown, the student got twenty-four dinner tickets for £1—the dinner consisting of two courses: tea, coffee, and other light refreshments were also supplied but no stimulants. A committee of the students themselves managed affairs. Numbers soon outgrew the accommodation. In April 1877 a circular was issued signed by four university professors—Calderwood, Simpson, Grainger Stewart, Hodgson; two other professors—Cairns and Blaikie; Samuel Raleigh, A. G. Miller, M.D., Charles J. Guthrie, and other well-known men. It narrated what had already been done, stated that nearly 500 students had been enrolled, set forth the social and other advantages to the students, and appealed for funds to meet initial expenses and extend the movement. New friends were enlisted, and it was resolved to launch out more boldly.

It was decided to hold a Grand Bazaar in December 1878, and in order to place the enterprise on a secure basis the sum of £2000 was aimed at. All this was stated in a circular issued in March 1878. Mr. Guthrie was appointed chairman of the bazaar committee, supported by four secretaries and a treasurer, and on their shoulders fell the burden of the work. A large committee of ladies and gentlemen was organised and set to work; receivers of work and money were appointed at home and abroad. A large number of ladies agreed to become stall-holders, Mrs. Charles J. Guthrie among the number. An impressive

list of distinguished patrons was secured, the Princess Louise at the head. The Lord Justice-General, the Right Hon. John Inglis, three rectors past and present, and other distinguished university officials readily consented to give their names and influence as patrons. For three days (12th, 13th, and 14th December) the bazaar went on and was a huge success. The gross receipts amounted to £2658. The *Scotsman*, *Daily Review*, and *Courant* gave long accounts of the affair. They confessed themselves unequal to the task of describing the wonders of the fair. One great novelty and attraction was a phonograph. The *Daily Review* of 13th December reports :—" The telephone and the phonograph and other apparatus were also to be seen to excite the curiosity and wonder of the visitors ! " The phonograph had been first exhibited in Edinburgh in March of the same year, and was still a popular marvel. It was constructed by Professor Fleeming Jenkin and his then assistant, Mr. J. A. Ewing, now Sir Alfred Ewing, Principal of Edinburgh University. Sir Alfred tells the story in the volume *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Another undoubted attraction was Professor Blackie. He opened the third day's proceedings. Some fragments of his speech have survived—excellent specimens of his unpremeditated art. " I declare," he said, " that the bazaar is not open for business until my speech is delivered. I do not, however, wish to make a speech, as there is too much random talking at the present time, for which reason, being rather too much accustomed to public speaking and being dragged into all kinds and sorts of companies—except investment companies, which I avoid—I have pertinaciously and consistently refused to have anything to do with the opening of bazaars. Now, therefore, you must consider that I have exercised a great deal of self-denial in coming forward on this the first and positively the last time of opening a bazaar. I think Gladstone has hurt himself by talking too much. But I am not a politician, only a professor, and I can say what I please; and I do not care a snuff for Whigs or Tories, the Free Church, or the Established Church, or even the Pope of Rome. For myself, I consider it the proper thing to spoil the Egyptians on all occasions. It is what I do, being myself the most expert beggar—except the Free Church beggar—that has appeared in this part of the world for many years. I am a beggar actually amounting to half a thief—doing cunning things like old Jacob, who I believe, was a Scotchman—

adopting all kinds of shifts which a person with a very tender conscience would not adopt in order to conjure money out of the pockets of those who would rather not give it, but who do give it because of the charming way Professor Blackie has in asking it." Professor Blackie made at least one true statement—he did not exaggerate his skill as a beggar. Charles Guthrie had experience of his power to charm money out of other people's pockets in a letter which reached him about this time:

"24 HILL STREET, *November* 6.

"MY DEAR ORATOR!—There can be no question that *Guthrie* is a name of Celtic origin. What it means I am not sure. It may be *Windy-field* if a corruption from *Gaoth-reidh*, or it may be *Gath-an-riogh*, the King's voice. Anyhow the clear Celtic sound of the name indicates your predestination (which I am sure your noble father would have confirmed) as a founder of the *Celtic Chair*, which when settled will no doubt make clear the significance of your name and of many others now involved in mist and mystery. We only want £1000.—Ever yours,

"JOHN S. BLACKIE."

A few months after the bazaar, on 24th February 1879, at a students' club "Social" in the Oddfellows' Hall, Forrest Road, presided over by Principal Sir Alexander Grant, Dr. Cathcart, chairman of the club, presented to Mr. Guthrie a handsome silver salver "in gratitude for his active interest in the club from its commencement and for his exertions in organising the bazaar lately held in its behalf." Out of such beginnings the Students' Union of a later day was by degrees evolved. New premises were secured for the club at 3 Park Street, adjoining the new Medical School, and the work went on growing in usefulness and recognition.

Already, alas! death had robbed Guthrie of the most intimate friend of his college days. Adam Moffat had quitted Scotland in search of health. In Australia he joined the Episcopal Church and became curate of South Yarra. He was a man of a fine spirit, able and devoted, but in a short time he had to lay down his work. He revisited his native land, went to Italy, then returned to Melbourne to die. In 1877 he felt the end was approaching and wrote his old friend announcing the sad news. Guthrie's reply is tender and intimate and

is one of the most revealing letters he ever wrote. One or two sentences may be quoted :

"*December* 16, 1877.

"MY DEAR ADAM—My wife and I have been grieved beyond measure by the receipt of your letter just received. God's will be done ; but it seems incredible that we shall see your face no more for ever in this world. Yet we are thankful, very thankful, that you can look forward with such calm trust. We too look forward, and with confidence, to a recognition and a reunion hereafter, and we look back on a past intercourse without anything to conceal or regret. I have had many acquaintances but few friends, Adam, and of those friends none with whom I have had the same kind of intimacy as with you. Your sisters, I think, fear the worst, and I do not attempt to contradict their fears. I feel most for Ailie, who worships you. Here we work on steadily and very happily. I have plenty of work of all kinds and from the best class of agents. Hard work suits me and I get it. Yet I have no ambition either for money or fame. . . . I do see directions in which I may be able to do something, with God's blessing and help, for others. Total abstinence is my hobby just now and I think will be my life-work. If I ever get into Parliament it is the one question to which I feel determined to devote myself. Things are getting worse and worse. Our streets on Saturday nights are a disgrace to any civilised not to speak of Christian nation. Free Trade has been tried and failed : we are now trying licensing and all admitting it a failure. Let us try Prohibition. If it fails, the country will be no worse for the experiment. Your very affectionate . . ."

How greatly he valued this friendship and how he cherished its memory comes suddenly to light when an experience in the life of another many years later moved him to write :

"Neither in health nor in sickness is life complete without affection from one's own sex. Their respect or even admiration is not enough, nor is the affection of the other sex, however indispensable. . . . I value nothing more than an old photograph of an Italian picture with this inscription by a fellow-student, long ago dead in Australia, 'A small mark of a great affection.'"

March 1878 found Guthrie appearing in a House of Lords Appeal case as junior to Benjamin, whom he had not

previously met. "The meeting with Benjamin took place in Howard's Robing Room, Queen's Bench. The little, fat, rosy, pleasant-faced tho' rather voluptuous, bright-eyed Queen's Counsel, formerly Secretary to Jeff Davis, who has lived half-a-dozen different lives in one, came in and was singularly pleasant and cordial. I quite fell in love with him. His manner is so boyish and frank. We discussed the case, robed, bands and all, and proceeded to the Lords. We found the Chancellor sitting with Hatherley, Selborne, Blackburn, Gordon, and Lord Denman. Cairns's face is even grander because more weary and care-worn than before. I never tire looking at him. . . . 17*th*—Yesterday about 12 Mr. Bunting and I set off for a 'stravaig.' . . . Then to the Rolls Court, where we found Percy Bunting, talked to him, and listened to Jessel the Jew-Master, one of the stupidest-looking but really most able judges who ever sat on the Bench. . . . This morning, of course, found me at Regent Square. Dykes was entrancing as usual both in prayers and preaching. There seems to be something more like a halo round him than in the case of any other preacher I hear. He seems to be in the immediate and actual presence of the Deity, and many of his petitions touch one very close. People say that his personality does not appear in social intercourse. No doubt that is true. He is frigid, but his personality flows out into his preaching, and that is more important than the other. The congregation are very apprehensive that they are to lose him. . . . Then to Westminster. I was late and was too far off to hear the sermon, but I saw the preacher and heard the heavenly singing and rioted in the glorious building. Nothing in London affects me so much as that building. The vastness, the feeling of mystery, the associations with the mighty dead—it's a mere feeling, not likely to lead to any very practical good, but not bad in itself. The boys' voices rose clear and strong in the anthem by Hiles, which I did not know, and in 'O God of Bethel,' to the tune which we always sing it to."

Mr. Guthrie found that one bit of public service led to another. He was already a prominent citizen. Men saw that he did efficiently and well what he took in hand, and that he did not grudge time and labour for the public weal. He agreed to stand as a candidate for the School Board at the election in April 1879, and was returned along with two other nominees put forward by the Free Church—Mr. F. A. Brown Douglas and the Rev. Alexander Mackenzie.

He had a large poll, receiving support from other than Free Church quarters. Miss Eliza Wigham, a greatly esteemed Quaker lady who spent her life in social and religious work, sent her "Dear Friend" a characteristic note: "We shall be very glad to have thee on the School Board, but we should wish to avoid a contest if possible. I am sure thou couldst represent the Temperance cause most satisfactorily as well as the Free Church." He supported Miss Flora Stevenson in efforts to induce Government to deal by legislation with the case of destitute and neglected children. He served diligently a full term of three years, retiring at the following election in 1882.

Part of the spring vacation of 1879 was spent in his early haunts at Tarfside and Glenmark, and his journal is enriched by the shrewd and kindly eye that misses no good point in man or beast.

"*Monday, April* 21.—Started with Mr. and Mrs. McIlwraith at 8.30 for the loch; day ungenial but dry. Mrs. McIl. sat in front and talked; Mr. McIl. behind and smoked. The minister's wife seems a great favourite with every one. She has the unusual faculty of taking a deep personal interest in each of the people without her conversation about them becoming in the least tinctured with scandal. She is not blind to their faults, but she prefers rather in speaking of them to each other or to outsiders like me to dwell on their good points. This makes her useful as well as beloved."

"*April* 22.—By appointment met John Mitchell at the lodge stables at 12 with a view to the ascent of Mount Keen. I was alone, Mr. McIl. not relishing the idea. I on horseback and John with his dog 'Glen' on foot proceeded up Glenmark to the Macgregors'. John's intelligence, refinement, and information must astonish English sportsmen. His favourites are works of the heavier order. He has read scarcely any novels. I gave him the copy of *Redgauntlet* which I finished at the Falls on Saturday. He has a copy of Hill Burton's eight-volume *History of Scotland*, and also Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, both gifts from Lord Ramsay, with whom he is in high favour. Among other books he is hard at work just now on Page's *Geology*, and wants to read Young's *Night Thoughts*. He bid for the latter at Mr. Guthrie's sale at Edzell on Saturday, but, thinking it would be sure to go for more than he could afford, ceased bidding at sixpence. It was knocked down, however, at sevenpence, much to his disappointment.

He is a most valuable man for the glen to possess. . . . We turned back and arrived at Miss Macgregor's as hungry as hawks. We were in the midst of an ample repast of barley broth, eggs, tea, bread, and oatcakes when a knock came to the door. I looked up in amazement at the unexpected sound in so lone a place. But as Miss Macgregor took no notice I said nothing. Presently, however, the latch was deliberately lifted, the door thrown open, and a head thrust in—not, as I anticipated, of some poor vagrant, but of the honest white horse which shares the Macgregors' solitude and is as tame as a dog. It has learned the trick of lifting the latch with its teeth, and whenever it fancies a bannock effects an entrance in this manner, and patiently waits, half in, half out, till the oatcake is produced."

In the following spring Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie were among the Lakes and lunched at Brantwood with Ruskin, the invitation being conveyed to them by his cousin Mrs. Severn. . . . "We had scarce time for a glance round the drawing-room when Mr. Ruskin glided, rather than walked, into the room. His pictures are very like him, although I expected a bigger man. He is sixty-one, but his abundant sandy hair and whiskers are scarcely touched with grey. His expression is timid and sensitive; and the eyes, although the first glance is keen and penetrating, dove-like in their softness. He is thin and his figure badly proportioned—long legs and short body, stooping shoulders, one much higher than the other, and a narrow chest. His colour is healthy, and he moves about quietly but with great rapidity. He was dressed in a light grey suit with a blue stock of the most brilliant shade. His manner to us was more than cordial, it was almost affectionate. He put both hands in mine, gave me one long look, and recalled his old intimacy with my father in Edinburgh in 1853. We began talking about things indifferent, then something led him to mention the Zulu War. 'I used to think,' he said, 'that however dreadful—unutterably dreadful—war is, yet on the whole it developed the grander features in a nation's character in a way that commerce, with its petty knaveries and sharp practices, does not. I always liked British officers when I chanced to meet them more than other professional men. But now,' and his eye kindled, 'to think of these defenceless Zulus being blown to pieces by our dynamite! We don't read of such things in the history of past wars.' I ventured to suggest that we did not read of such atrocities in past chronicles because they

were so common nobody troubled to record them, and that our horror at them was the sign of progress. Talking of America led him to the mention of slavery and an eccentric view of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* 'A strange commotion that book of Mrs. Stowe's made, describing nothing but how a black woman procured her freedom and safety by flying with her child to Canada. Why, in this boasted country of ours, poor women every day are much worse off. There is nothing for them but to poison their children!' Mr. Ruskin is deep in the study of Sir Walter Scott's character. Among other traits of Sir Walter on which he dilated with enthusiasm, he mentioned his reverence for his parents, recalled how, in the Wizard's bedroom, there hung only two pictures, his father and mother, and how when they were gone he used to love to read their old letters. You cannot hear Ruskin speak on such a topic without a profound conviction of his warm heart and generous, noble nature. All we hear of him in this neighbourhood confirms this impression. Our mutual friend Miss Beever dwells with delight on how he adopted the old dog of a poor old man who died in Coniston, and always took the poor old beast with him in his walks as his master had been wont to do. Our host's last words were a message of love and loyalty to Dr. John Brown ('Rab'). I may add that my wife and I delivered this message in Edinburgh. I remember one remark Dr. Brown made: 'I have a great affection for Ruskin, but he does say wild things, and it's no use trying to argue with him. I once tried it and I gave it up. I had begun by saying, "Now, Ruskin, you surely do not believe that?" "Believe it, sir, I *know* it." What can you do with a man who says that kind of thing to you?'"

CHAPTER IV

GREECE

In the summer of 1879 Mr. Guthrie had an experience such as rarely falls to the lot of a Scottish advocate. He was appointed a Commissioner to take evidence of witnesses in Athens in connection with a lawsuit then pending before the Court of Session. On this pleasant errand he was accompanied by Mr. Patrick W. Campbell, W.S., an intimate and lifelong friend. Their actual business occupied only a short time, but it presented an opportunity which they eagerly embraced of visiting scenes of great natural beauty and historic interest. This first visit, in fact, only whetted Mr. Guthrie's appetite for seeing more of Greece and the East, and oftener than once in later years he returned thither, taking his wife with him to revisit the land which he had found so fascinating.

Guthrie and Campbell were admirable travellers—both interested in everybody and everything they saw, full of good humour and ready to make friends. "Campbell is a most excellent travelling companion, who can find amusement and instruction everywhere, who is never discontented, and whom nothing disconcerts." Campbell doubtless said just the same and with equal truth about his friend. "After breakfast we loafed about enjoying the varieties which every turn and almost every passer-by presented. Such sight-seeing is quite as pleasant and instructive as gallery or church visiting. If we amused the people half as much as they amused us, they must have had a merry time of it." Yet to the true Scot one thing was lacking. In the Mediterranean he writes: "They treat us well on board this boat. Yet already I long for a plateful of good porridge. For such a treat I would willingly resign all the patés, consommés, rôtis, and bouillis in the world."

They were fortunate in their fellow-passengers. After Naples they found in the company the Roman Catholic

Archbishop of Athens, Monsignor Marangos, his secretary, and another priest. "They prove very agreeable acquisitions. Monsignor is a tall stately man of about fifty years of age, with all the air of one born to rule. The only marks distinguishing him from his subordinates are his purple stockings, red sash, buttons, and skull cap, massive gold chain and cross, and huge signet ring which, the secretary tells me, has on it a mitre with four tiers and a double cross instead of the mitre with three tiers and a single cross which denote a bishop. He is a Greek of noble family, but speaks Greek, French, Italian, and Latin with equal facility. He talks no English, and Campbell and I regret that our French is not more extensive in order to enable us to profit to the full by such a rare opportunity. It is very easy to get along with shopkeepers, landlords, and railway guards, but to discuss politics, religion, and morals requires very different weapons. Still, we hammer away perpetually, though we find it necessary sometimes to substitute commonplace statements of facts for some of the fine subtleties and distinctions which we fail to get words to express. We have talked much of the Vatican Councils, of Monsignor Howard and Monsignor Clifford and Cardinal Manning. The Archbishop knows Newman, having been a fellow-student with him at the Propaganda College and being now on his return from Newman's installation as a Cardinal. Manning, it appears, knows Italian thoroughly, but Newman so imperfectly that when answering the questions put to him during the great ceremony he began in Italian, but at last stated his difficulty in speaking 'the sweet language of Italy,' and begged that he might be allowed to use his 'dear native tongue.' I told the Archbishop that I sympathised with Manning's views on total abstinence. 'Ah, these are the same as Father Mathew's. But then it is not wine you drink. If you would stick to that it would be all right. But you go on to whisky and brandy!' I said it was too true. He added that it was a pity our coffee was so bad. 'Well but, Monsignor, if we can't make coffee, you cannot make tea!' He laughed, but insisted, 'At all events, our tea is not so execrable as your coffee.'" Of the secretary, Michael Revelli, he writes: "A more attractive man I have never met—unaffected, sympathetic, devout, and yet full of vivacity. Our opinions, political and religious, are wide as the poles asunder. But that did not affect our personal relations.

He is a Jesuit: learned English from his fellow-students at the Propaganda College in Rome belonging to Great Britain and America. He talks seven languages, Greek, ancient and modern, Italian, French, Latin, German, English, and another I forget which. The other priest is a decent, stupid-looking creature. Politics apart, it was interesting to learn from the Jesuit Canon, who had just come from Rome, that no man in Great Britain is more feared and dreaded at the Vatican than the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone." At Athens our visitors saw something of their clerical fellow-passenger. Revelli came to dine with them. "We parted from Revelli with many expressions of affectionate goodwill. He hoped he would meet us again 'in this world.' We wondered—what about the next? Can he really believe his Church's dreadful creed?" Athens in June they found swelteringly hot. "Up at 5 and out in a carriage with the dragoman at 6. Even at this hour it was very hot, and we were glad to return a little after 8." It is charitable to believe that the heat may have had something to do with the Greek methods of conducting business.

"*Wednesday, June* 18.—Began business to-day. (He had been in Athens since the 11th, and on Thursday 12th had seen the Advocate Deligeorges and had a two hours' interview with him.) Instead of the witnesses being all ready for examination last Thursday, the day after our arrival, and their examination concluding on the evening of that day, the first sederunt of the Commission was held to-day, and when it may finish it is impossible to say. Had it not been for continual pressure on my part, brought to bear upon the Advocate Deligeorges and others connected with the case, we should not have been so far advanced. The dilatoriness of the Greeks is second only to the Turks'. People talk of the law's delays in our country. They ought to come here and they would be more thankful for their mercies. In another direction we were amused to notice the same grave fault in the national character, springing as it often does from a want of integrity and conscientiousness. At Pentelicus Monastery we had trysted mules to arrive from Athens at 12 midnight, so as to ensure that they would really be there by 3 o'clock. The examination was conducted in the Ionian Bank Office. I sat at the head of the table and Deligeorges at the foot. On my right hand sat Campbell, who undertook to act the part of scribe, and on my left Xanthakis, cashier of

the bank, who acted as interpreter. I addressed Deligeorges in English and he addressed me in French. We sat from 4 P.M. to 11 P.M., with an hour's interval for dinner, and examined two witnesses."

"*Thursday*, 19*th*.—Resumed our examination of witnesses this afternoon, and to my infinite delight finished it. The hour fixed was 4, but of course the first witness did not stroll in till five minutes to 5. The solemnity of the proceedings was a little impaired by first the advocate and then the commissioner lightening their labours by cigarettes!"

"*Friday, June* 13.—At 6 we started in a carriage and pair, accompanied by the dragoman, for one of the greatest natural spectacles in all Greece—the view from Mount Pentelicus. The road was lined by vineyards, olive groves with gnarled trees of great age, pomegranates, almond trees, fig trees, medlar trees, oranges, and commoner fruits. Yet, as a whole, the country is not well wooded, and the hills have very little pasture worth the name. Even Mount Hymettus, famous for its thyme and its honey, seemed very arid. We passed through some villages, each with its well shaded by an awning formed by an overshadowing vine, and frequented by erect, well-made, flashing-eyed women picturesquely attired in embroidered clothing and carrying the beautifully shaped earthenware water-pots, the models of which have remained unchanged from very early times. About half-past eight we reached our destination for the night, the Greek monastery at the foot of Mount Pentelicus. We halted outside the walls under the shade of the only fine trees we have seen in Greece. Copying our dragoman, we 'boo'd fu' low' to two or three fathers in black gowns and sash and tall Parsee-looking hats who stood in the entrance, and politely returned our 'Asperos Kalle' or 'Fine Evening.' We were conducted up an outside marble stair to the Strangers' Guest Chamber, a curious apartment with stanchioned windows and roof partly vaulted. We found it contained the monks' library, not a very extensive one, but comprising the Old and New Testaments in Greek, the works of Athanasius in Latin, and Chrysostom's works in Greek, the latter with the leaves uncut. The monks are far from learned men. Few if any of them can read either Latin or ancient Greek, and some scarcely their own modern Greek. They live the lives of vegetables, great buirdly men idling about without interest or occupation except at their services,

which, as we found, they gabble over at lightning pace. At 9 we bade good-night to our dragoman, who was to sleep, like two of the monks' servants, on rugs spread under the open sky on the stone terrace in front of our apartments. We endeavoured to sleep in view of an early start at 2.30 to-morrow morning. But for some time the noise of loud talking and laughing from the verandah at the opposite side of the court rendered this impossible. It was a curious spectacle, and the actors in it little thought we were watching them through an opera-glass. It was a supper party, five of the principal monks listening with delight to the gossip and scandal retailed by our dragoman, the guest of the evening. The entertainment was varied by long pulls at a big stoneware jug, doubtless containing Greek wine, and frequent applications to more substantial articles. It was a singularly picturesque scene, far removed from one's daily life, and the effect was heightened by the tinkling of the sheep's bells on the neighbouring hill and the song of the nightingale in the wood. . . . From the top of Pentelicus, which we reached ten minutes before sunrise, we saw all Attica, with the islands of Salamis and Egina on one side, Mount Hymettus, Mount Lycabettus, Athens, and Cephissia seeming almost at our feet. On the east, right in front, stretched the plain of Marathon, where Miltiades defeated the Persians and, perhaps, changed the history of the world. Beyond lay the great island of Euboea and other islands farther out to sea, all glorified by the golden rays of a perfect sunrise."

One thing in Greece gave the visitor unqualified satisfaction. "I refer to sobriety. I walked the streets of Athens late and early. I saw many people poorly clad and scantily fed, but I looked in vain for the wrecks who float about our streets with haggard forms, faces bloated and blotched, all individuality stamped out of them, little of the likeness of humanity left, and nothing of the image of God. I was in Athens for ten days and I saw no sign of drunkenness. Miss Mure, the Scotch schoolmistress, has been in Athens (in 1879) for fourteen years, and she never saw a single person drunk. She had seen the whole town in holiday when Constantine, the eldest son of King George, was born. Everybody was in the streets. The most intense excitement prevailed. Yet not a single case of drunkenness." But he has something more to say—and not quite so pleasant—on the topic of cold water. "One drawback to extended travel in Greece prevails at

all seasons, winter as well as summer. You don't meet it at Athens, where there are three good hotels. But when you go to a country village and get a night's lodging in the khan or inn, you find it impossible to devote the whole night to sleep. Part must be given to a series of pitched battles with a numerous and remorseless foe. Besides your passport you want three things in Greece—quinine for the malaria, curtains for the mosquitoes, and spirits of camphor for—— ! ! The cause of this serious defect in Greek life is nothing but the want of cleanliness. The Greeks set it down to the excessive heat : I remember being told in the Shetland Islands it was due to the peats. The Greeks are great water drinkers. Spring water from the mountains is sold in the streets of Athens out of queer old-fashioned carts, kept cool with straw thatch, at a farthing a glass. The Greeks have yet to learn the universal fluid was designed by Providence for external as well as internal application." But the modern Greek has more good points than sobriety. "Begging, that curse of Ireland and almost all Roman Catholic countries, is conspicuous by its absence. There is abundant evidence of poverty, but none of destitution. One universal custom impresses a stranger unfavourably in Greece as in other Continental countries—there are no shops in Athens where the real price is charged for goods. But we must not forget that even in this country everybody asks more for a horse than he will take. Of actual dishonesty we had no experience. I did lose one thing, but that was my own fault. It happened on classic ground, the field of Marathon, but the article, an alpaca umbrella, was not known to the ancients. On the field of Marathon, just beside the great Mound where the Heroes lie, I left not my shield and my spear but my umbrella ! "

The classical names of the people in modern setting were a constant source of amusement. "It was odd to find yourself in the hotel desiring Themistocles—not to lead his braves to victory but to black your boots, or in accents faint from thirst imploring Demosthenes, not with his resistless eloquence to wield at will the fierce democracy, but to get you an ice-cream. To Solon formerly you went for wisdom, now you go for the best ice-cream to Solon's Café. We grappled successfully with the name of a Café on the road to Eleusis—Café Gladsteon ! "

It was as an oasis in the desert to the Scottish travellers

to find themselves under the roof of Dr. Kalopothakes, the Protestant Greek minister in Athens. "We were most cordially received by him, his wife, and daughter. They had read my father's life, and Kalopothakes has fragrant recollections of my father's kindness to him many years ago in Edinburgh."

"*Sunday, June* 15.—At Dr. K.'s service. The flock are few, but we cannot help believing that in the near future their number will be greatly increased. It seems incredible that this should be almost the only native Greek Protestant congregation. Greece had no Church to do for her what the Waldenses are doing for Italy. K. has a difficult position and a hard struggle against many forms of intolerance. . . . The evening we spent much to our satisfaction at Dr. K.'s house, first on the roof of the house, looking out on one side on the grand remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympian and almost overshadowed on the other by the Acropolis. When it became dark we went to the interior of the house, and before prayers had many Greek and English hymns. At worship, in accordance with their usual practice, every one repeated a hymn, the servants and Dr. Kalopothakes in Greek and the rest of us in English."

After Mr. Guthrie's visit in 1879, he and Mrs. Guthrie did what they could at home to awaken interest in this Protestant work, and to procure support for Dr. Kalopothakes. Greek theological students who came to study in Edinburgh were always welcome in their home. But his sanguine hopes that religious toleration was near at hand for Greece have not been fulfilled. The Greek attitude we begin to understand as we read the following good-humoured conversation.

"*Friday, June* 20.—In the afternoon M. Deligeorges called. He came for a complimentary visit of a few minutes and stayed at least two hours. He in French, Campbell and I in English—we had a grand discussion, first on the question of religious equality and then on the political situation. I am more and more impressed with Deligeorges' talent. It is hoped he may be returned for Missolonghi, his native town, for which his late brother, the ex-Prime Minister, sat at next election. Greece has need of such men. Her politicians do not, as a rule, stand high. Such men are also needed on the Bench, which is not in a satisfactory condition. For nothing is the English rule in the Ionian Islands (now a part of Greece) remembered with

more admiration than the impartial justice meted out to all with stern hand during the English occupation of the Islands. We tackled Deligeorges about a telegram which has just arrived to the effect that if Greece is to acquire Epirus and Thessaly, England will insist on 'religious equality' being granted to all creeds in these provinces. In the most innocent way we asked him what was meant by *religious* equality—in what respects, if any, religious equality did not exist in Greece. He attempted to get out of the discussion by stating that the expression was a misleading one, for all the public offices were free to persons of all creeds. 'But what about education?' we said. 'Well, every one is free to teach what they like to those of their own persuasion.' 'But suppose I think the Protestant Church a better one than the Greek and desire to teach its doctrines to the children of Greek parents who are willing to have their children taught what I believe, am I free to do that in Greece?' By this time he saw that we knew a great deal more about the matter than he had imagined, and were not to be snuffed out. The discussion was quite good-humoured, we maintaining Saxon stolidity, he gesticulating largely and his big black eyes flashing. The discussion ended by an admission on our side that he and his fellow-citizens are occupying the precise position which our forefathers held a hundred years ago, and that these excellent if narrow persons would have thought him right and us wrong. On his side he was equally ready to admit that perhaps in a hundred years hence, if not in a shorter time, his descendants will maintain the position which he now repudiates, and for which we were contending. The political discussion resolved itself into a stand-up fight between Mr. Campbell in defence of his friend, idol, and model, Mr. Gladstone, and Deligeorges, who objects to Mr. Gladstone's alleged pro-Russian sympathies."

In April 1885 Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie were able to appreciate the climate of Greece at its best. "The heat was seldom inconvenient, and the exquisite purity of the atmosphere at that season must be seen to be realised. Sir Richard Temple was staying in our hotel in Athens. He has seen most of the world's great sights. But we did not feel he exaggerated when he told us that he had never seen any sight to compare in beauty to the Acropolis glowing in the wonderful atmosphere with the last rays of the setting sun."

Again, in April 1904, on board the *Cuzco* from Marseilles, they revisited Athens, renewed acquaintance with the Kalopothakes family, and went on to Corinth and Mycenae. Further visits were paid to Greece in 1906 and 1909 in cruises of the *Argonaut* and *Dunnottar Castle* respectively.

CHAPTER V

POLITICS AND CHURCH

The years 1879 and 1880 were a time of great political activity. The Beaconsfield Administration, which had been in power since 1874, was losing ground in the country, and the omens pointed to a Liberal victory at the approaching General Election. Mr. Gladstone was chosen to contest Midlothian against the sitting Tory member, the Earl of Dalkeith, and the eyes of the whole country were soon riveted on the great Midlothian campaign. Under the spell of his eloquence and his slashing attacks on the Government policy, both foreign and domestic, enthusiasm began to rise, and eventually reached a pitch the like of which had not been seen by men then living. Gladstone was the standard-bearer leading the attack which soon became general over the country, and Midlothian was the citadel the fall of which was to be the signal and inspiration of a victory over the whole battlefield. Through the summer and autumn of 1879 preliminary meetings of electors and non-electors were held throughout the country. Mr. Guthrie spoke at several of these meetings on the Liberal side. He was lively, humorous, and effective, and always a favourite with his audience. "A dashing speech" was a frequent newspaper comment on his appearances. Mr. Campbell, his friend and recent fellow-traveller in Greece, was also active in the fray; at a later period he became Mr. Gladstone's political agent. Oddly enough, Guthrie found another outlet for his energies in an unexpected quarter. An old friend of his, Mr. William A. Paton, who had been brought up in Edinburgh, was at that time manager of the *New York World* newspaper; and such was the widespread interest in the great duel between Gladstone and Beaconsfield then being fought out in Midlothian that the American newspaper invited him to contribute a series of letters to its columns. Guthrie's

letters ranged over a wider field than politics, and were eminently racy and fresh. They received great prominence as letters "from a special correspondent of the *World*," and were generally signed "A Scotch Advocate." The letters begin in August 1879. The first glances genially at the American invasion of Edinburgh. "But what has become," he asks, "of the traditional Yankee with long, straight hair, lanthorn jaws, high-cheeked bones, as thin as a rail and as ugly as a satyr, with whom *Punch* has made us familiar? We are always looking for this individual, but somehow he does not turn up. I myself sought for him during a five months' tour in the United States in 1867, and I only found him once in I can't tell you how many States. I caught him in Wisconsin, and he turned out to be an Englishman imported about twelve years before! How do you suppose *Punch's* ideal Yankee originated? Doubtless as difficult to explain as John Bright's eyeglass. That right honourable gentleman has figured for forty years in Mr. Punch's cartoons with a single eyeglass, a thing he never wore in his life." Then he goes on to "The humours and prospects of Mr. Gladstone's great fight for Midlothian." "He is a very prominent figure here just now. The present Parliament cannot in any case survive the month of February next year. Probably a dissolution will be very soon announced, and then we in this county of Midlothian will have the eyes of the whole country on us, because Mr. Gladstone has consented to become a Liberal candidate. The struggle will be a pure party fight, as much as if Lord Beaconsfield were still a commoner and as if Benjamin Disraeli were coming down to oppose his old antagonist. The Conservative candidate is an earl, but not the Earl of Beaconsfield or anybody with the least resemblance to one who has proved how in this country, just as in yours, genius and industry, even though unattended by the adventitious advantage of birth, will command the highest positions. The Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, is what Lord Chancellor Thurlow called 'the accident of an accident.' His best friends and greatest admirers don't credit him with the possession of genius. At the same time he is a man of the highest character, who will maintain when he comes to his kingdom the reputation justly attributed to his father of being one of the best landlords in Scotland. But that is all." Then he touches on the situation as to foreign politics, congratulating America in

language no longer applicable to-day on her detachment from such things. "Ye gentlemen of America who live at home at ease are fortunate in having little or no concern with foreign entanglements." In October the special correspondent descanted on the wigs and gowns of the Scotch Bar. "To-morrow the Supreme Civil Court, which we call the Court of Session, resumes its sittings. I daresay many of your readers have visited the Parliament House as one of the sights of Edinburgh, and they may perhaps have seen the advocates in wigs and gowns, presenting, as Charles Dickens said of a similar spectacle in Westminster Hall, 'all the variety of nose and whisker for which the Bar of England is so justly celebrated.' I find that nothing interests an American so much as my wig. I only wish the person who thus derives amusement from the fashion had to experience its inconvenience. To begin with, they are by no means cheap. A horsehair wig costs about $50, and an ordinary one—they are now all made out of whalebone shavings—about $30. They very soon get dirty, and to powder them, as some men used to do, only makes one's coat perpetually greasy. Then in summer they are hot and tight on the head. Yet we all wear them. We are not compelled to do so. We must wear a gown; that is our mandate. But the wig is not properly a part of our official costume; it is just the small wig which every gentleman wore in the last century. Sir Walter Scott, who was an advocate, never wore one, nor did Lord Jeffrey so long as he was at the Bar. The abolition of the gown I should regret. Its several parts involve not a little curious history. For instance, we carry at the back of the gown a little pocket which, though still worn, is now sewn up. That appendage takes you back more than three hundred years, to the days before the Reformation, when the advocates were Churchmen. No Churchman was allowed to accept a regular payment for his services. But if he was prohibited from handling the money, that was no reason why you, if you wanted your case particularly well attended to, should not put a couple of gold pieces into the bag which he carried at his back. So you see we have still some relics of the past surviving in this reforming age. But it cannot be denied that the country has reason to be proud of her judicial arrangements. I assert without fear of contradiction that there is not a single stipendiary judge in Scotland who is accessible to any corrupt motives whatever. Such a thing as bribery in connection with

the bench in this country is absolutely unknown. Now I am a great admirer of American institutions, and have fought many a tough battle for them over here. But in this particular, however good your arrangements may be in theory, I venture to think that you have something to learn from us." In November he describes Mr. Gladstone's arrival. "From the station half-way out to Lord Rosebery's beautiful residence at Dalmeny Park the carriage was pursued with the not very easily provoked acclamations of the people, the real hard-headed and solid working-people of the old Scottish capital. The great Liberal leader is fortunate in beginning this conflict with the present help and staunch support of so earnest and determined a local backer as the Earl of Rosebery. In his early youth at Oxford Lord Rosebery was looked upon by Mr. Disraeli as a man worth securing for the Conservative party, but the instincts of the young nobleman were too strongly Liberal to make this possible, and of late years, and particularly since his repeated visits to America, Lord Rosebery has come to be recognised as one of the most thoroughgoing and progressive among the younger leaders of the Liberal line. His personal admiration of Mr. Gladstone is of the warmest kind. He has a most enlightened love of all the arts, and Dalmeny is full of objects of interest. Mr. Gladstone is an illustrious china-maniac, and will find abundant indoors occupation and agreeable relief from the exciting work he has come down to Scotland to do in looking over the ceramic treasures of the heiress of Mentmore, now the mistress of Dalmeny."

"*December* 4.—Last week Edinburgh saw the biggest meeting ever held within its walls. Neither royalty nor aristocracy formed the attraction, only the great statesman. I doubt if there is another living man who could have drawn such a crowd at least under a roof. Mr. Gladstone's monster meeting took place on Saturday in the Waverley Market. At the Corn Exchange meeting the building was packed with 4000 men and 200 ladies. The whole city was in a ferment. To describe the welcome which Mr. Gladstone received on entering is out of the question. His subject tested his powers, and they stood the test. It is easy to be interesting on foreign policy, but to talk for an hour and a half on finance with the result of producing enthusiasm and not sleep, was no ordinary triumph. Such criticism is invaluable, and happy is the country which has men competent and not afraid to make it.

Mr. Gladstone when speaking never refers to printed papers or blue-books, but to half-sheets written on one side, which he has in a heap laid on the top of his hat. These papers lie in the order in which they are to be used. They can be taken up without bending down and read without the attention of the audience being allowed to wander. The meeting over, I made a rush to the second gathering in the Waverley Market. Mr. Gladstone, refreshed by a cup of tea, threaded his way between solid walls of human beings cheering with lungs of leather and throats of brass. Heated as he must have been, he kept his hat off in the cold night air. No wonder he gets credit for hard-headedness. It would have killed most men. I shall never forget the first night of the Waverley Market. 'An ocean of humanity,' indeed, to use Mr. Gladstone's expression. Twenty thousand people met to do him honour, and outside twice the number disappointed of admission. In the streets a perfect ovation awaited him."

Events of high importance were ripening to a crisis in another sphere, one in which Scotsmen have always taken a profound interest. The Free Church was deeply stirred and deeply divided over what was known as the Robertson Smith case. It had been before the Church for four years and was thought to have been settled in 1880, but an article on "Hebrew Language and Literature," which had appeared in a new volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* shortly after the General Assembly of that year, had re-opened the case. It accordingly came before the Assembly of 1881. Principal Rainy gave notice of a motion which wound up with the declaration that the Assembly no longer considered it safe or advantageous for the Church that Professor Smith should continue to teach in one of her colleges. Obviously this pointed to turning the Professor out of his chair without proceeding by way of libel, and feeling ran very high. Such a motion was actually carried a few days later. "The Assembly appoint and declare that Professor Smith's tenure of his chair shall cease." Before the Assembly reached the case Mr. Guthrie was appointed *interim* legal adviser of the Church upon an intimation from Sheriff Campbell that the state of his health prevented him from being present at the sittings. He found himself at once confronted with the thorny questions raised by the great case, and he had to consider his line of conduct—a matter of no little difficulty and delicacy. He acted with perfect propriety and

discretion. He was not consulted by the House on the legal question, but he thought it his duty to say on his own responsibility that while he observed an entirely neutral attitude on what might be called the merits of the case, there were certain considerations which the House should have before its mind "as to the power of the Church or of the Assembly in what was distinctly pointed at by the motion of Dr. Rainy." He then dealt with the question whether the Church had any right without a libel to remove any of its professors in the way indicated by Principal Rainy's motion. He came to the conclusion that the tenure of a Free Church professor was just the same as a minister—it was *ad vitam aut culpam.* That meant he could be removed only for *culpa*, and after going through a regular trial. Supposing he were right in his opinion on this legal point, he put the question—What would the civil court (if it were appealed to) do if it thought the Church was not entitled to remove Professor Smith? He replied that in his opinion the court would not repone him, but would give him damages. Plainly it was proper that the Assembly should know what the probable result in law might be if it adopted a certain course, and it was both candid and courageous in the man who had scarcely yet taken his seat in the legal adviser's chair to put the House in possession of that information. His clear and calm statement gained the ear of the House, and it gained for him the respect and confidence of the whole Church. His friend P. W. Campbell gave expression to this feeling in a note written at the time:

"My dear Guthrie—I learn that the *interim* legal adviser of the Free Church did 'not bad' in the Smith case, and is understood by his speech to have secured the reversion to the appointment at present held by Neil Campbell. The *interim* adviser did well, I think, to abstain from debating the question, and finding a clear legal point involved stating his opinion thereon—which, *teste* Sir Henry and even Dr. Begg, seems a sound opinion."

This was only anticipating what the Church did two years later. The Assembly of 1883, on the death of Sheriff Campbell, appointed Mr. Guthrie to the office of legal adviser on the motion of Sir Henry Moncreiff. The appointment was made unanimously and with great cordiality. The post carried no salary, but it involved many responsible duties in advising on a great variety of

matters. Some of the requests for advice were odd and amusing. In opening a Sale of Work years after he had retired from the post he recalled some of his experiences. "He used to be in contact," he told his audience, "with many country ministers. He used to get requests, private and confidential, to clear up difficulties in the minister's household, in his congregation, Presbytery, or Synod. On one occasion an urgent letter arrived from a country minister, who said he was in a difficulty about a couple married years before and who had quarrelled. There was nothing wrong, but the husband left the wife and went to Australia. He did not succeed at first, he did not communicate with his wife, did not send her any money, and she divorced him for desertion. He came back, and the pair fell in love again and the minister wanted to know what he was to do. Was he to marry them over again? He would be obliged if he would telegraph, as it was very urgent, so he wired in reply, 'Marry them by all means,' and he had no doubt they lived happily ever after."

One evening, in February 1881, Mr. Guthrie found himself in a company at Mr. Taylor Innes's house in Northumberland Street, which included Dr. Oswald Dykes, Dr. Walter Smith, Professor A. B. Davidson of the New College, and Professor Robertson Smith of Aberdeen. There was good cheer and good talk, some fragments of which he has preserved:

Oswald Dykes to Walter Smith. What do you do in summer?

Walter Smith. I like to get away from everybody, to get by myself, to hear nobody and see nobody.

Oswald Dykes. That would not suit me. I would get down. I need to be surrounded by cheerful people. You must be a very cheery man.

Walter Smith. No, I am not, but I can go away by myself by the river-side, with a pipe and a book or two.

Oswald Dykes. Breeding poetry, perhaps?

Walter Smith. No, rather fishing, though the fish never suffer much from me. I seldom get much beyond a rise. I have not many dead fish on my conscience.

C. J. G. I thought you were very good at fishing?

Walter Smith. I am not good at anything. For one thing, I was never made to speak. It distresses me terribly. Before I go into the pulpit my pulse reaches

100, and then when it is done I am finished. Then I have no patience for fishing. Our friend John Carment fairly astonished me last summer. I was staying with him in the north. Whether he caught anything or not, he was at it from morning till night. Rational conversation was impossible. He would make prayers at night early and be off afterwards almost in the darkness. I am not sure about the strict morality either of shooting or fishing.

C. J. G. Do you agree with Sir James Simpson's maxim "All unnecessary pain is cruelty"?

Walter Smith. Yes, I do, and that just makes the difficulty. No doubt a really good shot seldom wounds a bird. The death he inflicts is the most merciful because the most rapid of any. But it is an awful thing to think of a poor wounded bird dragging out a lingering death in torture. It's different with fish, where capacity for pain seems very slight, at least if we can judge from the way they will rush at a second hook a few minutes after they have escaped from the first.

Taylor Innes. Have you read Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, Dr. Smith?

Walter Smith. Yes, I have. A delightful book, from which you can scarcely rise. There are some passages which bring tears to your eyes. But I wish it had never been written. It has lowered Carlyle to me. I thought him a greater man.

Robertson Smith. But why should we not know the truth about him? Why should we not know what a strange mixture he was? A mixture of petty provincialism and of the grasp of a master. In the carping criticism of other public men there is just the Kirkcaldy tone. And certainly the way he speaks about Mrs. Irving, his friend's wife, is utterly indefensible. At least, it should never have been published. I can scarcely believe he meant it to be printed.

Oswald Dykes. Mrs. Dykes read the first volume during our journey north. I have not read the book yet. How does it bear on his religious views?

Robertson Smith. There you have the same mixture. Some passages are very pleasant to read, for instance where he talks of now having his feet on the Everlasting Rock, although, of course, it is difficult to know what he meant by that.

Taylor Innes. His belief in immortality comes out very clearly. He talks of meeting his father in another world.

Robertson Smith. Aye, and what is of more importance, his belief in Providence, in an overruling God, is strongly shown.

Walter Smith. All very true. But one passage saddened me very much. That is where he returns home and finds the old people at family prayers. He gives an exquisite picture of the scene, but he adds that it was one which he did not often witness, as his father very considerately arranged that he should not need to be present at such times. Now, that is dreadful. A man may have what religious doubts and difficulties he likes, but he must be in a bad way when he does not delight to join with a sainted father in simple petitions to God.

Oswald Dykes. Yes, and the father's so-called considerateness would seem to point to a very open statement on the son's part of very extreme opinions to the old man.

Robertson Smith. They say he got his religious opinions from Jean Paul Richter. He certainly got his literary style from him. But his opinions came rather from Goethe. If he went to *him* for religion he would be trying a dry enough fountain. Not that Goethe was consistent in his scepticism. You find some passages where he indicates a belief in the divinity of Christ, and it is very strange to find him believing in the *fact* of the resurrection while he utterly denies its *use*.

Oswald Dykes. His Scotch theological training never quite lost its hold on Carlyle.

Robertson Smith. Far from it. He remained a Calvinist and a Predestinarian to the end. But it was Calvinism and Predestinarianism with all the Gospel taken out of them.

Taylor Innes. His allusions to his wife are very touching. But I am told his treatment of her was by no means uniformly tender.

Walter Smith. So I believe, and I would rather gather the same in regard to his father. His devotion to the memory of both had something in its intensity which suggests regret for opportunities of kindness lost and never to return.

It was in July of this year, 1881, that Mr. Guthrie took a hand in that "quixotic project," the proposing of his friend R. L. Stevenson for the Chair of Constitutional Law and History in the University of Edinburgh. The election lay with the Faculty of Advocates: it took place on 5th November 1881. The story is told by himself in *Robert Louis Stevenson—Some Personal Recollections.*

About this time also a new friendship enriched the life

of Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie. Sir Hubert von Herkomer, as he afterwards became, was an artist of genius. His subsequent career was one of the highest distinction. In 1880 he was already an A.R.A., well known as a painter in oil and water-colours, a wood draughtsman, and an etcher. He visited Edinburgh in October to attend a Social Science Congress and read a paper. On that occasion he was the guest of the Guthries, who found him a man of charm, of varied accomplishments and amazing energy. Host and guest discovered an unexpected link of friendship. He wrote from Bushey, Herts: "That you are an abstainer warms my heart. It is no credit to me that I am one, for I have been brought up to it, and bless the fact every day of my life. I might as well mention that, though I come without a member of my family, I come with a constant friend—'tis but a small one—a musical instrument called the 'zither.'" The zither played a lively part during his brief visit.

"*October* 13, 1880.

"My dear Friends—You do not know the sensation that follows one's first visit (at my ripe age) to Edinburgh. It feels like an old debt paid off, or a new leaf turned over in one's life. Still, what would it have been without your hospitality? I do most heartily thank you both for it. There is as much enjoyment in new as in old and well-tried friendship. But for my paper, which (to my mind) was only intended to excite discussion and bring out all the good in other minds, my visit was one of complete enjoyment."

Herkomer did some temperance work at his own door, and told his neighbours in the Watford and Bushey Temperance Society about his visit to Edinburgh, where he "had been staying with a son of the renowned Dr. Guthrie, who was a terrific teetotaler!!!" The friendship so begun became closer with the years. Numerous visits were paid on both sides. Herkomer's growing fame delighted his Edinburgh friends, and he liked to tell them about his work and his success with a kind of boyish frankness—as when he wrote from Boston in 1886: "Miss Grant's portrait has gone to Berlin, where she remains for some months. The picture was here for three weeks, and created an extraordinary sensation."

The change of Government gave Mr. Guthrie his first experiences in the altered rôle of Crown counsel instead of defender in the Criminal Courts. He appeared at times

as prosecutor in the Sheriff Court, and went on Circuit as assistant to one or two of the Advocates-Depute. The "assistant" sometimes found his position rather amusing, as chronicled in home letters.

"DUMFRIES, *September* 2, 1880.—The murder trial yesterday resulted in a unanimous acquittal, and properly so. —— did very well, and has behaved in a very gentlemanly sensible way to me. He has had scarcely any practice either in speaking or examination. So I have had a most elaborate coaching, which he has invited and submitted to with remarkable amiability. In fact the position of senior and junior counsel has been reversed. I made out notes of a speech precisely as I would have done had I spoken myself, and the Advocate-Depute adopted my notes with a closeness which caused me intense amusement."

At Ayr it was much the same.

"COUNTY CLUB, AYR, *September* 4.—The Circuit finished here last night at 7.15. We had a long, hot, anxious day, and many most disgusting cases. The worst of —— is that he can't argue. I can put him up to things beforehand; but it is impossible at the moment the opposite counsel is speaking to suggest to —— the crowds of answers that rush into one's mind for selection and arrangement. But he is a very nice fellow for all that."

Jedburgh was plain sailing.

"JEDBURGH, *September* 7.—The Court to-day has not occupied more than an hour. Moncreiff we breakfasted with this morning: very pleasant and chatty. Ditto Arthur Elliot, M.P., with whom I have been renewing a London acquaintance."

The "assistant's" experience in the south was repeated and improved upon in the north Circuit.

"INVERNESS, *March* 30, 1881.—Yesterday morning we breakfasted with Mrs. and Miss ——. The depute, as you know, always pours out the tea on such occasions, even when the judge's wife is present. Poor —— was not prepared for this, and certainly produced about the poorest result imaginable: not so bad, however, as his performance to-night, when at tea-dinner here he poured the coffee into the tea!! He is an awfully unpunctual, unmethodical, forgetful creature. How he does not notice the outstanding features in a case, or, if he does notice, forgets them, is to me amazing."

"*April* 2.—You will see from the Inverness papers despatched to-day that we finished the Circuit last night.

We sat down to dinner at 9.30. The day's work was long and anxious, and I found myself able to be of considerable use to our friend. He was painfully anxious the night before. He had not got up the cases thoroughly: yet he could not sit still and plod through them, but, after sitting for a few minutes over the precognitions, would take up a *Punch* or a *Scotsman*, then, as if guilty, throw it away and begin work again, then, after a few minutes, start to his feet and pace up and down the room. This went on more or less all day, while I sat without moving, getting up the details. It was as well I did, for the result just was he did not know the cases, and I had to prompt him throughout. He has great faculties, but not for such an office as that of Advocate-Depute. His want of knowledge of the world and of human motives is amazing. He expects people to do what seems most unlikely, and events sure to happen which seem to me only within the bounds of possibility. Then he gets terribly flurried, beginning to examine witnesses before they have been sworn, calling a second witness before the counsel for the defence has begun to cross-examine the first witness, etc. This morning the ——'s off at ten with Sheriff Thoms, almost unrecognisable with his machinery and appliances for keeping out the cold."

In the early 'eighties Mr. Guthrie's practice was already larger and more varied than that of most men of similar standing. He had had the good fortune to be supported from the first by the important firm of Gibson-Craig, Dalziel, and Brodies, and other leading solicitors began soon to employ him. He had a general retainer from the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, and was instructed also by the North British and Caledonian Railway Companies. The Clyde Trustees were already his clients in important arbitrations, both in Glasgow and London. There was a fruitful series of cases between the Trustees and Lord Blantyre, a dripping roast for the fortunate junior. The Winans right-of-way litigations (Tweedmouth *v.* Winans) appeared to be a kind of recreation to the American millionaire: they were certainly a boon to the lawyers, and Guthrie shared in the good things. The Winans "Pet Lamb" case was unique; it excited much notice and was long remembered. The erection of the Forth Bridge and the dispute between the Edinburgh Water Trust and the Clippens Oil Company afforded matter of interminable fighting, and Guthrie was in the thick of it.

But it was by a piece of sheer good luck that one fine day a fat client fell (almost literally) into his arms. A certain coalmaster who had "a guid conceit" of himself was immersed in a sea of litigation, and walked up to the Parliament House to select for himself a junior. For a time he carefully surveyed the counsel parading the floor, and then chose Charles Guthrie on account of the shape of his head!

On the criminal side he appeared in the great *cause célèbre* of those days—the trial of the Dynamitards in December 1883. For a week the High Court of Justiciary was crowded. Ten men were on trial. The Lord Justice-Clerk Moncreiff, Lords Mure and Craighill, were on the Bench. Lord Advocate Balfour and two deputes, Brand and Mackay, prosecuted. The counsel for the accused were Rhind, Guthrie, Baxter, Kennedy, Orr, McLennan, and Lyall. With such a practice already on his hands it is not surprising that when Lord Advocate Balfour, in 1884, offered Mr. Guthrie an appointment as Extra Advocate-Depute he resigned the office after six months, and that on the subsequent return of his party to power he declined the post of Advocate-Depute.

He was fortunate beyond most men, and he well knew the cause. Thirty years later he wrote: "Blessed is the young man who gets an early chance. This is not in the Bible, but it's true. Look at the Bar. From love of my dead father people overwhelmed me with briefs as soon as I went to the Scotch Bar. I made a mess of the first ones, and the clients were not astonished, *because I was young*. Most men wait for years before they get a case of any importance. By that time they are over thirty, and when they in their turn make a hat of the case, solicitors shake their heads and say, 'That fellow should have learned his business by this time. He's no good.'" It is true that his first briefs were sent to him for his father's sake. But he did not make a mess of them. He is too modest by far. From the first he was thoroughly competent; he was able to stand on his own feet and walk without crutches.

[*To Mrs. Guthrie*]

"London, *May* 6, 1883.

"On Friday I did not go into town till about twelve, with Sandy [his brother Alexander Guthrie of Liverpool], to the English Presbyterian Synod, of which he is a repre-

sentative, in Regent Square Church. The meeting lacked dignity, despite the Moderator Dr. Edmonds' gown and bands and the clerk's ditto. Great praise has been awarded to Sandy for his work in the selection of hymns, and the book [hymn book] has been finally adjusted for issue. One hymn invoking 'O ye Whales' was deleted, and also an unfortunate passage in Sir Herbert Oakley's preface, to the effect that unless people can sing harmoniously they should remain silent. About two we lunched, then to the Grosvenor Gallery and the Exhibition of Pictures of Childhood, both in New Bond Street. My belief in friend Hubert's powers and future is greatly heightened. His picture of Herr Joachim the violinist is universally admitted to be a very great picture, full of power and dignity; no accessories, plain black coat, holding his fiddle, which by the way is amazingly rendered. There are many others of H. H., and one figure subject with which we are well acquainted, 'Words of Comfort,' truly beautiful in its glowing colours and beautiful background omitted in the etching. Richmond is also everywhere in the gallery. He seems all the fashion, graceful rather than strong. Mrs. Mirrlees is very noble. The Children's Gallery is a gem. Just about twenty pictures, the gem being the Sonatina by Collier. Yesterday Sandy left. I thoroughly enjoyed my day with him on Friday. He is a very noble character, as far removed in aim and practice from anything mean as any man I know, a man who hallows business and makes it honourable.

"I called at the Chancellor's and had a most kind reception from Lady Selborne. She was very sorry I had not called the day before, and then I would have come to dinner and seen the Chancellor and her daughters and son, who were all out. No doubt if I was going to call at all I should have done it at once. At five I landed at Argyll Lodge and had tea with Victoria and Constance, who promises remarkable beauty. I thought I had been about twenty minutes, but I found I had been an hour. Lady Frederick Cavendish was expected, but did not appear. Poor thing, her friends wish her not to read these murder trials. But they have a kind of fascination for her, and she insists on reading every word. To-day I have heard two grand sermons from Dr. Dykes, and one disappointing discourse from Farrar in Westminster."

CHAPTER VI

HOME RULE AND PUBLIC LIFE: SIX WEEKS IN PALESTINE

The Home Rule split in the Liberal Party brought Mr. Guthrie face to face with the question of standing for a seat in Parliament. He followed Mr. Gladstone on the question of Home Rule. In the Parliament House, as in the country, keen feeling was aroused, and the party was sharply and permanently divided. His position at the Bar in 1886 made it inevitable that men should turn to him as a political candidate. Onlookers fixed on three men as then unquestionably the leading members of the Junior Bar — Andrew Graham Murray, Charles Scott Dickson, and C. J. Guthrie. The two first were Conservative, and both were looking forward to a Parliamentary career. The decision which the third had now to make was of high importance for his professional future. The matter was carefully pondered, and the conclusion at which he arrived was characteristic of the man and of his views of life. Important changes in the professional world were certain in the near future. The Court of Session was then presided over by Lord President Inglis, greatest of Scottish lawyers and judges in modern times, and Lord Moncreiff was Justice-Clerk. The Senior Bar was rich in talent. Its most notable leaders were J. B. Balfour, whose suavity made him only the more dangerous an opponent; Alexander Asher, a formidable pleader and a terror in cross-examination; J. P. B. Robertson, brilliant and bitter; William Mackintosh, admirable as pleader and adviser. A seat in Parliament held out obvious advantages to a leading junior; it opened the prospect of a law officership with certain judicial promotion. Mr. Guthrie would have had no difficulty in entering Parliament had he so desired; indeed, few members of the Bar, if any, would have been more welcome as a candidate in any part of Scotland. In the summer of 1886 he was urged to stand for the Ayr Burghs,

and also for Greenock. On later occasions, when the prospects of his party were more rosy, the appeals to him were renewed. He was invited to come forward for Edinburgh constituencies, for Inverness, and for Kinross and Clackmannan in succession to Mr. J. B. Balfour. More than once offers were made to pay his expenses. But to all offers and appeals he returned a definite refusal. This statement should perhaps be qualified, as he himself humorously qualified it, by saying that "he more than once agreed to stand on condition of a guarantee which he never got, that he would not get in." To some it seemed that he threw away golden opportunities. It certainly needed an unusual amount of courage in a rising and popular advocate to turn his back on a political career and all the rewards it might have in store for him. His reasons are worth examining. He was certainly not without ambition, yet his refusal left promotion much more to the chances and risks of the future. But he was not a fighter. He would not have enjoyed the atmosphere of incessant party conflict; the cut-and-thrust of political battle had little attraction for him. The words he wrote of a well-known friend apply with aptness to his own case: "Still less did public life attract him, with its simulated interests and its friendships *de convenance*. Perhaps least of all could he have adjusted his fastidious insistence on the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to the half-truths, the special pleading, the inadequacies and exaggerations of statement, the parade of irrelevant learning, the euphemisms, which are inseparable from public speech." But there was another and deeper reason for his comparative indifference to party politics. He had no great faith in the effect of merely political measures to cure the evils of society. He would have subscribed to Goldsmith's well-known lines,

> How small of all that human hearts endure
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

What was needed, he would have said, is not better laws but better men and women; and in so far as better laws can help to that end, no political party can be greatly trusted to enact them. His position is best illustrated by two extracts. Speaking at Inverness in 1893 to the Highland Temperance League, he said: "It would be a sad day for the League when it nailed its colours to the mast of any political party whatever in this country. He

Charles J. Guthrie

believed that for two reasons—first, because in his humble opinion the question of temperance was more important than any of those questions which divided party from party. He did not say that it was more important than any single question—than Home Rule, Disestablishment, or reform of the House of Lords—but it was more important than all three put together. And he said that they must put this question above and beyond party for another reason—because he did not trust any party in regard to it. There were three men in this country who were, perhaps, as far back and unintelligent on the true position of the great question as any in the world. The first was the late Prime Minister, the second was the present Prime Minister, and the third was the future Prime Minister. His conclusion was that he did not trust any of them, but when those people—he did not care which of them—gave them a good Bill in Parliament and proposed to pass it into an Act, then he would take it from them thankfully. They had a measure, as they knew, before Parliament, and it was a matter of indifference to him that it was proposed by a Home Rule Government. He wished it had been proposed by a Tory Government, because then it would have passed through the Lords." Many years later, in 1911, when he was a judge, speaking at Birkenhead at a gathering in the interest of the Boys' Brigade, he returned to the subject. "He was not a politician, but he did not think Fiscal Reform or Free Trade of any consequence whatever. He believed in national reform. He did not care whether the House of Lords and the House of Commons were both abolished. He did not want to improve the government of this country; he wanted the people to be such that they did not require to be told by Act of Parliament what to do or what not to do. Personally, he did not care whether we had a Monarchy or a Republic, whether we had one House or two—it did not matter a fig so long as we had the right kind of people who would be a law unto themselves, which was the ideal to aim at. If a young man would come and help in the Boys' Brigade, he would be doing more for the advancement and welfare of his country than if he talked himself black in the face either on the side of Free Trade or Tariff Reform." Some of these sentiments may sound wild and revolutionary for one of His Majesty's judges, but the verbal exaggerations make his point clear, and his words explain why he preferred to continue all his life at work which aimed at

social and personal uplift rather than become a mere party politician.

In 1886 the good work which had begun in a small way ten years before at the Students' Dining Club was proving increasingly fruitful, and the need was felt for still further developing that side of university life. The Edinburgh University Union was now projected, and in December 1886 a five days' Fancy Fair was held in the Waverley Market in its support, Mrs. Guthrie taking part responsibility for one of the numerous stalls. This effort was on a much larger scale than anything previously attempted. The acting committee, of which Mr. Fitzroy Bell and Mr. J. A. Clyde (now Lord Justice-General) were honorary secretaries, presented in July 1889, to the general committee of the Union, a report of their labours from 30th March 1885 to 3rd July 1889. It showed that an enormous amount of work had been successfully accomplished. The Lord Justice-General, the Chancellor of the University, who presided, stated that over £15,000 had been raised. The new buildings, where the meeting was held in Park Street, had been erected though not then completed. Professor Masson, who moved the approval of the constitution of the Union, rejoiced that at last Edinburgh University was provided with that very piece of apparatus in which hitherto it had been notoriously deficient—a Union where, just as in Oxford and in Cambridge there had been trained men who had afterwards figured high in public life, so they might trust that among the achievements of the Union would be the production of men who would carry the accomplishments they had acquired there into another sphere and would be a credit to the Union and to those who had brought it to pass. Mr. Stodart Walker objected to a proposed rule that the Committee of Management should have "no power by itself or by arrangement with any caterer to permit the sale or consumption of spirits on the Society's premises." This brought Mr. Guthrie to his feet to explain that this rule had been suggested as the result of experience. The question had been considered again and again, and the committee had come to the conclusion that, as a reasonable and satisfactory compromise, their law, exactly as expressed, was the proper course to adopt. In the end the constitution, as tabled by Professor Masson, was adopted. Mr. Guthrie became a life member of the Union.

The following year, 1887, was memorable as the year

of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The Faculty of Advocates celebrated the event by one of those rare functions—a Banquet in the Great Hall of the Parliament House. At the Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey Mr. Guthrie, as legal adviser, along with Principal Rainy, Moderator, and some other members, represented the Free Church.

Professor Masson, whose youthful spirit led him to identify himself with new movements like the University Union, loved also on occasion to recall the great names of his earlier years—none more than the honoured and beloved Thomas Chalmers. One evening in February 1888, when Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie were dinner guests at his house, was such an occasion. "At Professor Masson's. He talked of Thomas Carlyle and showed us a mask of Goethe which Carlyle had bequeathed to him. The bequest was executed ten years before Carlyle's death by this writing inside the bust in his own hand: 'To Professor Masson. After me. T. C.' Masson had what he called 'a message from the dead' a few days ago. At the Divinity Hall he was a favourite student of Dr. Chalmers. On Miss Chalmers' death recently there was an overhaul of some of her father's books and papers, and among the rest was a class ticket, as fresh as the day it was written, with the two words on it in Chalmers' handwriting, 'David Masson.' It had evidently been mislaid, and had lain forgotten for more than forty years, while the owner of the name it bore was wandering far afield from the days when he sat at Chalmers' feet. This led Masson into anecdotes of Chalmers—of his greatness, and also his extreme simplicity. He recalled the breakfast parties at Chalmers', and the host's anxiety to know and recollect his guests' names, and the many devices he resorted to for this end. A favourite one was to have in his hand under the table a list of the guests made out by one of his daughters. Chalmers would look under the tablecloth. Then up he came: 'Mister Mawson, will you take fish, Sir?' 'If you please, Doctor,' enabled Chalmers to detect the particular individual. Chalmers thought that this great plan of his was entirely unknown, little knowing that the students looked forward to its occurrence as one of the greatest entertainments of the morning."

Next month, just before the rising of the Court for the spring vacation, the Guthries started for Palestine. Travel was becoming their great holiday recreation. Guthrie did not play golf and he was not a sportsman. As a boy he

had fished on Lochlee with his father, but later in life he practically dropped fishing. But he loved travel. It was more to him than a recreation. He was no mere globe-trotter spending an idle holiday. Travel was to him a means of culture and education. He was interested in pictures and architecture, and still more in his fellow-men. He prepared himself by careful reading beforehand. He observed with a keen eye and an intelligent, sympathetic mind. He was interested not only in mankind in general, but in men, and made acquaintances and friends everywhere, enriching his own life and proving in many cases a helper to others. As his children grew up they frequently accompanied their parents on their holiday tours. Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie had six weeks packed full of interest, which, however, had to be paid for by the fatigues of Eastern travel. Witness this entry:

"A four hours' ride, a pleasant contrast to our journey of yesterday, which meant nine hours and a half in the saddle and palanquin—the longest day we had had. The palanquin has been a great relief to A. J. G. (Mrs. Guthrie); but even in a palanquin such long journeys should only be undertaken by those in health and strength. Towards the end of a day A. J. G. has often felt unable to hold on and to hold in any longer, and C. J. G. on his horse has felt equally unable either to get off or to stay on."

From Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, Mr. Guthrie wrote to his mother:

"Of old-world interest, we were offered at the stations 'moe' to buy. That is *water*, the word thousands of years old, from which *Moses* is made. We saw the Mohammedans in the fields on their knees in prayer. We watched the long lines of camels and the veiled women and the men looking like Jacob come to life again, and we raised a shout when the great pyramid, looking gigantic twenty miles away, and which was old when Abraham was young, came in sight. Of modern interest, we passed Tel-el-Kebir with its bloody memories."

To Mr. David Gloag, his colleague in Stockbridge Church:

"PORT SAID, *March* 24, 1888.—You will know, and many of my [Bible] class also, what the strange figures on this Egyptian stamp mean. Yesterday my wife and I had one of the most interesting days we ever spent. In the morning we were at the pyramids gazing on structures on which Abraham looked, and which were

ancient even in his time. As we drove out from Cairo we passed scores of camels led or ridden by Bedaween Arabs, and saw men dressed and women veiled as in the days when Joseph ruled this country. In the Museum we saw the very man, Rameses II., who refused to let the Israelites go; and on our return this morning up the Suez Canal we passed Kantarab, where Joseph and Mary must have crossed the desert in their flight to Egypt."

Later:

"In Tents outside the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem,
Saturday, March 31, 1888.

"My dear Mother—You see we have accomplished the object of our dreams and desires, and now look upon what has been called the most interesting city in the most interesting country in the world. This is still, what Zechariah called it, the Holy Land, although it may have ceased to deserve Daniel's description of the Glorious Land. Every hour of every day is filled with things worth noting. Take our two hours' walk this afternoon. Turning north we wound through the valley of Jehoshaphat. We had only gone a few paces when we met three poor women, who before we came up went to the side of the road and went down on their knees. We knew what this meant even before the terrible appeal came from them in that peculiar hollow voice which is so painful to hear: 'Abruda, Howadji'—'We are lepers, Sir.' We are very strict in other countries in our rule never to give to beggars. But we make three exceptions—I don't know if you will approve of them all—*first*, lepers, who cannot work and must beg, and whom one never sees without remembering what the Master did for them; *second*, the dogs who prowl about all the streets, and whose predecessors were so kind to Lazarus; and, *third*, the sheykhs or holy men among the Mohammedans, many of whom are half-witted and others blind."

[*To Mr. Gloag*]

"Jerusalem, *March* 31, 1888.

"Here we are amid a crowd of other pilgrims from all parts of the world visiting the Holy City. As you know, the real Jerusalem is underground. No wonder, after the town has been battered down twenty-seven times by as many sieges. Here and there excavations sixty or seventy feet down let you see the level of the streets along which

Christ walked. But the country and the scenes are in many places little altered. Yesterday we travelled the road from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, and to-morrow we hope to walk the old road to Bethany which Christ so often trod. Every step you take teems with interest and instruction, and yet, as you mark in the divisions and enmities between so-called Christians, how little there is of Christ's spirit among them, you hear the old voice asking: 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'"

They were greatly interested in the work of Dr. Wheeler, a medical missionary working among sick Jews and Jewesses. "Beside each bed are placed a copy of the Hebrew and a copy of the Arabic Scripture, which the patient may read or not, just as he or she likes. Above each bed hangs the Lord's Prayer in Hebrew. This is useful not only for self-evident reasons, but because the Jews universally believe that Christians do not pray at all. It also has the advantage over ordinary prayers that it does not contain the name of Christ. If it did, the ordinary Jew would refuse to read it. It appears that the Jews admit its beauty, but maintain that Christ must have got it from some Rabbi." At Hebron they had a taste of Moslem fanaticism. "A week ago a party, accompanied by the American Consul, were stoned by some boys in the street. We profited by this, as it resulted in a threat of a year's imprisonment for any renewed offences. A girl put out her tongue at Anne, and another gave me a dig in the back. Many looked at us as if they could have done more had they dared, and many insulting epithets were hurled at us in Arabic." On the way to Nazareth they had an experience of a different order. "Fell among thieves last night. Joseph [their dragoman] had his saddle-bags taken from under his head, containing money and several articles of value. We had a portmanteau drawn from under the bottom of the tent curtain, just at the foot of C. J. G.'s bed. The loss may amount to £15 or £20. We gave information to the Governor, but do not expect much result. We suspect the watch. Our tent had a sentry well armed, with nothing else to do but to keep us and our property safe. Either he did not watch properly or he was art and part with the thieves."

Needless to say, they received a hearty welcome from Dr. and Mrs. Vartan at Nazareth. Mrs. Vartan had come from a Free Church manse at Kirkmichael in Perthshire—

a cultured and devoted woman who for years spent a life of unselfish service; the Nazarenes learned to call her "mother of all." "Had much talk with Dr. Vartan about his difficulties and perplexities in connection with the Government's attitude towards his work (he was agent of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society). Walked round by the hill to have the imposing view of the surrounding country and the wonderful Esdraelon Plain. The view from the Weby or Sheikh's Tomb is one of the most famous in Palestine. Galilee, you see from it, is entirely separated from Samaria and Judea by the vast rolling plain of Esdraelon. It cuts like a broad estuary between two mountainous countries." Soon they were among the mountains and their perils. "The muleteer, who steadies and guides the palanquin and on whom Anne's safety if not her life depends, is specially attentive. He is a fine specimen of the Moslem—a genial soul, always smiling and cheerful, trudging on mile after mile in scorching heat, and simply invaluable at dangerous bits of road, coaxing the mules or dragging them round corners, or roaring warnings to them to be careful. These animals deserve equal praise. Their performances are almost miraculous. They go slipping and staggering and stumbling at the rocky bits. But they have not once come down. Nothing could be conceived worse than some bits of the road; 'the side of a house' seems an inadequate expression and not an exaggeration. Very occasionally Isaac and I dismount and Anne descends. A ladder is provided for the purpose, but our Mohammedan friend thinks it the highest honour if his back is accepted as a substitute for stepping down upon! Our journey along the plains of Zebulon from Nazareth is almost a continuous descent. The Sea of Galilee is 682 feet below the Mediterranean. We caught sight of it long ere we reached Tiberias. From the hill above you have the whole twelve miles by seven in view at once, and Hermon snow-capped, rising nearly 10,000 feet in the far distance. We agreed that we never saw anything so glorious as the light of the sun as it set behind us and bathed the eastern shore in glowing colours. It reminded us of the same effect in the Acropolis in Athens, but it was finer."

At Tiberias they found Dr. Torrance and Mr. Ewing. "There is no doubt that the climate of Tiberias is a serious objection to the place as a mission-field. It seems impossible for our people to remain in it more than seven

months in the year. . . . At the hot sulphur baths we saw a young girl, a Russian Jewess, deserted by her relatives all except her mother. She suffers from paralysis supervening on diphtheria, and the doctor is keeping her at the baths chiefly at his own expense. He is hopeful she may be cured by the treatment, and is indignant at the way she has been cast off by the Jews. It was touching to see her delight when Dr. Torrance entered, and her mother's gratitude. The latter kissed Dr. Torrance's hand, and said in Judeo-German, 'Ah, I have called you the child's professor. I might well call you her father.' The two are quite alone, the father having deserted them. . . . This morning to see Miss Fenton's school. A bright, airy room filled with bright faces, Moslem and Christian, all busy with the one Gospel story. . . . We notice, passing through the country, that you never see a toy in the hands of a child. At this school they have a swing and other European fun, which is new to them. Miss Fenton found that their only amusements were to play at marriages and funerals. Playing the latter, they bring their dolls and get hysterically excited, weeping real tears over imaginary woes! The mothers are fond of coming in and sitting for hours hearing the lessons. Poor things! not one of them, Jew or Moslem, can read. The mothers and fathers seem proud to have their girls educated. As one of the Jewish women said to Dr. Torrance, 'We women are just so many cattle.' The confidence in the doctor seems to be universal, and is, I am sure, well placed. At Damascus, after lunch we took a carriage and drove to Dr. MacKinnon's, the representative of the Edinburgh Medical Mission. His wife, Lydia Macphail, is a daughter of the Free Church minister of Benbecula. We were warmly welcomed by Mrs. MacKinnon. The house is airy, spacious, white marble floors downstairs, a fountain in the central court with plants, and orange and lemon trees in flower, and fruit all round, and the rooms opening off the court. The streets are a perpetual kaleidoscopic show. Whatever people may be disappointed with in Syria, the variety and picturesqueness of dress will surpass all expectations. Unfortunately the European dress among the men is creeping in. Were it the women who were aping their western sisters one would have less to say. Anything to get rid of the degradation of the veil. It is truly melancholy to see those silent companionless figures creeping about the streets or squatting in groups by the

roadside or congregated on Fridays in the Moslem graveyards. Both among Moslems and Jews they are uneducated, and only in a few cases even know how to pray. Their only amusement is gossip and the discussion of family cares. Of course many of them must be women of intellectual talent naturally superior to their husbands. But their lot is no better than their simpler sisters, but little better than the beasts that perish. If Christianity does little else than to elevate the position of women in this land, it will have accomplished enough to justify its propagation. The custom of veiling has nothing to do with modesty. It is a matter of religion, obligatory on the most advanced in years. . . . This evening just before seven o'clock dinner Dr. MacKinnon called on us. He is an ideal specimen of a medical missionary, young, manly, handsome, full of energy and zeal, skilful in his profession, well informed and intelligent on general subjects, and singularly genial and companionable in manner. If Medical Missions fail in Syria, it will not be the fault of Drs. Wheeler, Torrance, and MacKinnon, all of them the right stamp in the right work."[1]

Mr. Guthrie found a bit of public work waiting for him on his return home. The Marquis of Lothian, then Secretary for Scotland, appointed him a Commissioner, along with Mr. Stair Agnew, C.B., T. G. Murray, Esq.,

[1] This story of Palestine travel would be incomplete without a footnote. Thirty years later Dr. Frank MacKinnon died—in December 1918, and Lord Guthrie, with those Damascus days graven on his memory, was moved to lay a wreath on his tomb. His tribute was an article contributed to the *Oban Times* of January 18, 1919. "Nothing struck us more in Damascus than the supreme position which Dr. MacKinnon had acquired for the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society which he represented. Confronted at first with deep-rooted and not unnatural prejudice, he had transformed hatred into friendship and distrust into confidence. The people's confidence was soon won, and that of the native doctors quickly followed. . . . These very doctors who were at first afraid of the Scottish surgeon's interference with their practice soon came to beg him to undertake operations, which they knew to be, on the one hand, necessary, and on the other hand, beyond their skill.

"But in Damascus nothing about Frank MacKinnon impressed the people more than his manly Christian character. He never forgot the Christian in the physician, or said smooth things to win men's favour. In the service of the King of Kings he flew his flag with the cross of Christ blazoned on it, in all weathers. We heard many instances of the universal belief in his sincerity and straightforwardness.

"If pride is ever justifiable, Dr. Frank MacKinnon was a man to make any one proud of Scotland, and of the Scottish Highlands, and of Medical Missions. During the war he did valuable service in Malta and in Egypt, but his noblest monument will always be the place he won for his religion and for his country in the history of Syria, and in the hearts of the people of Damascus."

W.S., and Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, to inquire into the duties and constitution of the Bible Board for Scotland. The report of the Committee in this important matter was presented in February 1889. The Committee was equally divided on the question of the necessity for the continuance of the Bible Board as a permanent institution. Mr. Agnew and Mr. Guthrie took the view that perfect freedom of competition would be likely to produce and maintain the greatest possible cheapness as well as beauty and attractiveness of typography, and also that under free printing there would be ample guarantees for the accuracy of the test of the Scriptures. Mr. Murray and Dr. Thomson thought that even these securities for accuracy were not sufficient, and that it would be a great risk to allow unrestricted printing of the Authorised Version. They all agreed, in view of this diversity of opinion and of the present state of the law in England, that as a temporary expedient the Bible Board should be continued on its present footing with certain modifications.

Since the days of the Robertson Smith case the legal adviser of the Free Church had found his official life free from trouble, but about the beginning of 1890 he suddenly became the object of sharp attack in connection with a libel which had been brought against a distinguished minister and professor in the Church, Dr. Marcus Dods. The matter is interesting to-day only as illustrating the heat which is needlessly generated over such matters, and the foolish, unfounded, and ungenerous things which good men allow themselves to say against others under the influence of blinding party spirit. The libel had been brought by certain individual office-bearers of the Church, and had been submitted to the legal adviser for revision, in accordance with the laws of the Church. Mr. Guthrie revised it and marked it as revised. Under the certificate of revisal he added a note to the effect that, in marking the libel as revised, he did so under reservation of the question as to the competency of a libel against a professor at the instance of individual office-bearers. He did this because he thought the form of the libel being at the instance of individuals raised a question requiring careful consideration, and he deemed it his duty not to foreclose the question by refusing to mark the libel as revised, but to keep it open by expressly reserving the question of the competency. It does not occur to the ordinary mind

how so simple and obviously correct an action on the part of the legal adviser could give rise to dark suspicions or to vehement attacks. But at once the batteries were opened. He was assailed in the press by members of the anti-Dods party—no fewer than three opponents, two of them anonymous, fell upon him on the same day. It was generously suggested or assumed by one that, contrary to his duty, he must have shown the libel or at least his docquet to some parties, that some parties had been consulted about it before the certificate was affixed. "Was not the hand of Joab in the note?" Another of the scribes, bolder or more imaginative, mentioned names of those who must have suggested the writing of the note—"Whether at the suggestion of Principal Rainy, Mr. Watson, Dr. Whyte, Mr. McPhail, or others I cannot definitely say." Here plainly were all the indications of a plot for some sinister purpose, and the purpose was not difficult to divine. "This opens up if possible a still darker feature of the plot, for does it not seem as if the legal adviser of the Church had violated the laws of that Church that he might supply to the friends of Dr. Dods a plea for obstruction, thus sacrificing the legal rights of the Church to the interests of partisanship?" The case was now complete for a knock-down blow against the exposed and wicked legal adviser. "The question naturally arises—is such a course likely to strengthen any confidence in Mr. Guthrie as legal adviser of the Church? Does it not rather point to the question how far, after having lost the confidence of so many, he ought not to resign his office? The offence is no light one as it has engendered strife of no ordinary kind." Still another commits himself to this sort of language: "We are bold enough to say that Mr. Charles Guthrie's note or opinion appended to the libel is not only the officious and impertinent dictum of a 'man dressed in a little brief authority' but even incompetent. . . . If, therefore, Mr. Guthrie does not display more mental sobriety and acumen, and more soundness of judgment in his own legal practice before the Supreme Courts, he has little chance or prospect of becoming a Judge on the Bench or a Lord of Session." The "plot" and the grounds of it were all a mare's nest. Mr. Guthrie wrote to the newspapers to say that he neither showed the libel to any member of Presbytery nor did he, directly or indirectly, consult any member of Presbytery about it. Finally Sheriff Jameson, who was in high favour

with the constitutional party in the Church, came forward manfully in the press, and "as a member of the Bar" expressed his surprise at the criticisms passed on the legal adviser, adding that he had only done what in the circumstances he was bound to do.

CHAPTER VII

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE

In 1884 Mr. Guthrie was admitted a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and in 1889 became a life member. He served as a Member of Council from 1895 to 1898, again from 1907 till 1910, and a third time from 1915 till 1918. From 1910 till 1914 he was one of the Vice-Presidents. All along he was a very regular attender at the meetings, and took a deep interest in the proceedings. His interest was not so much in purely archaeological matters as in antiquarian historical investigation. Unquestionably his record shows that in this department he had a real aptitude for original work. Lord Dunedin, who knew him well, emphasises this feature. "Personally," he writes, "I think his real *métier* lay in the literary historical line. I thought what he did write was very well and pleasantly put, and had the merit, which for an author is above all merits, of readableness. And he had a real liking for historical and antiquarian research. If his life had allowed it, and he had not had to make his bread at the Bar, I think he would have made a real mark in this line." When antiquarian research related to a matter of Scottish history, still more when it had to do with his great hero John Knox, he was at his happiest and best. He had been appointed in 1883 one of the General Trustees of the Free Church, and found himself in that capacity an owner of the famous old house on the north side of the High Street of Edinburgh just above the Canongate, traditionally believed to be the house in which Knox lived in his latter years and where he died. In John Knox's house Mr. Guthrie took a deep personal interest. The story of how it came to belong to the Free Church is a curious and interesting one. The Disruption of 1843, whatever opinion may be held on the ecclesiastical questions then in dispute, is undoubtedly remarkable in this respect that it called

forth an amazing amount of liberality on the part of the adherents of the Free Church. Enthusiasm for the cause warmed the hearts and opened the purses of its people, and sums of money were subscribed for churches, manses, schools, missions, and other church purposes astonishingly large when it is remembered how poor a country Scotland then was. But there was more. The spirit of liberality, not content with meeting the needs of the hour, overflowed into other channels connected with the cause of religion in Scotland. A large number of Free Church people resolved to erect a monument to John Knox in Edinburgh. They raised a fund and in 1846 the Trustees of the fund, with the Marquis of Breadalbane as their chairman, purchased John Knox's house and some adjoining ground, the intention being that the house and a statue or other monument should form a fitting memorial to the Reformer. The project to erect a monument fell through and the ground was sold. Meanwhile the house itself was in peril. Despite the enthusiasm which had been evoked and had resulted in its purchase, a cold-blooded proposal was made to sweep it away. In 1849 the Dean of Guild Court issued an order for its demolition on the ground that it was in a dangerous condition. The next house farther down the street, known as Lord Balmerino's House, had fallen in 1840, and in its fall damaged its neighbour. Further, it was objected that the house unduly narrowed the street. But the Dean of Guild was not omnipotent: public opinion proved stronger. Indignant letters from all quarters poured in upon the newspapers. Mr. Adam Black, M.P., presided at a public meeting called to protest against the proposed outrage. The Society of Antiquaries was roused by their secretary, Sir Daniel Wilson, and declared they were unanimous in their desire to leave no means unemployed for rescuing the ancient mansion from destruction. A committee of eminent citizens was formed, which included Sir George Harvey, Sir William Allan, Sir J. Y. Simpson, Dr. David Laing, and Sir Daniel Wilson. The moving spirit was the Rev. John Jaffray, Foreign Mission Secretary of the Free Church, to whose efforts largely the purchase of the house had been due. The committee issued a stirring circular calling on every true-hearted Scotsman to show that "in an age when Germany has preserved the lodgings of Goethe and Schiller, when Italy still venerates Dante's house, when England has just rescued from destruction the dwelling of Shakespeare, and when France holds sacred

the houses of Corneille and Voltaire, Scotland regards as no less sacred the memorials of genius and the debt of gratitude she owes to her great Reformer." The end was that the Dean of Guild bowed to the storm. His order was recalled by the Court of Session in 1850 on condition that the house was put into a safe condition. Thereupon the monument trustees spent considerable sums in repairing it, and in 1853 they conveyed it to Mr. Jaffray and to his wife, and the longest liver. As a condition of the conveyance Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray undertook responsibility for the debt on the building, and agreed that the house should be preserved as a public monument. They had no children, and Mrs. Jaffray, who survived her husband, bequeathed the house to the General Trustees of the Free Church, who became vested in it by a conveyance from her testamentary trustees in 1868. Another Knox enthusiast was Miss Agnes Bruce, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bruce, minister of Free St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, who took an active personal interest in all that related to the house, and among the trustees Mr. Guthrie exerted himself conspicuously in looking after its preservation. About 1887 an examination by Mr. Hippolyte Blanc, architect, revealed a dangerous condition in one of the outer walls as well as many of the oaken joists. Wall and floors were made secure by Mr. Blanc, who also effected other improvements with the object of restoring the appearance of the house to its original state. At that time there was on the first floor a collection of curiosities interesting in themselves, but none of them having any actual, and most of them with no possible, connection with Knox. These Mr. Guthrie sent to the New College Museum. At the same time he had the rooms on the second floor, always identified with Knox's actual residence, cleared of everything which they could not have contained in his time. The engravings and photographs on their wainscoted walls he removed, and those relating to Knox were hung in the rooms below. This suggested the last improvement, namely, the formation on the first floor of a collection of portraits, views, and books, and of manuscripts original and in facsimile relating to Knox, to his friends and foes, and to places connected with his birth, life, and death—in short, what Mr. Guthrie called "a Reformation Library and Picture Gallery." Considerable money was spent by the trustees on all this, but it was Mr. Guthrie's energy and enthusiasm that carried the work through.

But now a bombshell was exploded against the venerable building, not for the purpose of demolishing its walls, but to destroy its title to be called John Knox's House at all. The iconoclast was Dr. Peter Miller of Edinburgh, a member of the Society of Antiquaries who in February 1891 read a paper before that learned body on "John Knox and his Manse," in which he sought to prove that Knox had never lived in the picturesque old house at the Netherbow. He examined the records in the custody of the Town Clerk and in the Register House, and made out a strong case to show that up till 1569 Knox had lived elsewhere than in that house. He sought to discredit the current tradition by saying that it began no farther back than about the year 1800. In the following month, March 1891, Mr. Guthrie replied in an elaborate paper before the same Society. It is an interesting fact that a few years previously—in 1887—an attack of a different sort was made on the house. A correspondent in the London *Standard*, a gentleman named Sands, stated that while the site of the present house was the site of Knox's actual residence, the house itself was not more than forty years old, and the writer professed to "mind the biggin' o't." Mr. Guthrie replied that the writer was confounding Knox's house with the adjoining house of Lord Balmerino, which as a matter of fact had been removed about forty years before. The attacker did not attempt a rejoinder. The present assault came from a different quarter. It did not deny that the house at the Netherbow was a building of great antiquity. There is documentary evidence that it existed anterior to 1525—it has been stated to be as old as 1490. But it denied that there was any proof that Knox had ever lived in it. Dr. Miller did not actually assert he could prove that Knox had never resided in the house. The documentary evidence he produced came down no later than March 4, 1569. Assuming it to be established that Knox lived elsewhere in Edinburgh down to that date, there remained three years and eight months unaccounted for to Knox's death in Edinburgh on November 24, 1572.

Mr. Guthrie's argument was that the unbroken tradition which identified the house at the Netherbow as the house in which Knox had latterly lived and had died, being in itself probable and reasonable, was entitled to great weight, and must be accepted in the absence of the clearest evidence to the contrary. The value of tradition is a question of circumstances. It may be weak or strong. To wave

tradition aside with a sneer because it is oral tradition would destroy many of the things most surely believed among us. "The same sneer would deprive us of Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford and of Bunyan's cottage at Elstow, of half the articles which excited such intense interest in the Tudor, Stuart, and Guelph Exhibitions, and of a large number of the treasures in our own Museum, including John Knox's pulpit and Jenny Geddes's stool." In the present case the tradition was unusually strong. Knox was no obscure person. In his latest years he was the most prominent man in Scotland. His house, as we know from history, was constantly visited by courtiers, statesmen, church leaders, and ambassadors; he lived in the public eye, and was laid to rest amid the grief of thousands. His house was known to every one. There was nothing more likely than that the Town Council should have assigned it to Knox as a dwelling. The owner, James Mosman, had fled from it and taken refuge in the Castle with Lethington, Kirkaldy of Grange, and other partisans of Mary Stuart. Its position made it a suitable one for the minister of St. Giles': "the picturesque house," as Mrs. Oliphant so well describes it, "standing out in a far-seeing angle from which he could contemplate the abounding life of the High Street, a most fit and natural lodging for the minister of St. Giles', all the stream of public life flowed about this dwelling." The tradition that this was Knox's last abode was unbroken from his own day. It was suggested rather than asserted that it originated with Stark, an Edinburgh printer who published a book, *A Picture of Edinburgh in 1806*. But Stark simply accepted the tradition which had come down through the generations. Dr. McCrie, then living and writing his *Life of Knox*, published in 1811, must have known Stark's statement to be a fraud, if it really were so. And in 1849 when the fierce public controversy arose about pulling down the house, and when its preservation was urged on the ground that it had been the residence of Knox, it occurred to nobody to suggest that that story had been invented by Stark, though thousands still living in Edinburgh must have known that to be the case had Stark really been the inventor. Unfortunately for the theory that Stark gave birth to the fiction in 1806, it appears that in 1799 a book was published in London entitled *A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland*, by the Hon. Mrs. Murray of Kensington, in which she describes a visit made by her to Edinburgh in

1784. In it she refers to John Knox's house in these terms: "As the street (High Street) narrows on the left in going down is a tottering bow-window to a house whence Knox thundered his addresses to the people." The common-sense conclusion is that Stark simply repeated and handed down the old tradition which was current in his time. It is more rational to believe that the tradition rests on fact than that some one invented a lying story and induced other people to believe it.

Dr. Miller produced no further evidence and the controversy seemed to be ended, especially when Professor Hume Brown in 1895 added the great weight of his authority to the view supported by Mr. Guthrie. He discusses the subject in an Appendix to his *Life of Knox* (vol. ii. p. 315), and reaches the conclusion that it is "sufficiently established that it was Knox's residence during a portion of the last three years of his life, from 1569 to 1572."

In 1898 Mr. Guthrie published a book entitled *John Knox and John Knox's House*, full of historical and descriptive matter and abounding in illustrations. He describes the house as "probably the most ancient dwelling-house in Edinburgh."

In two notes to Mr. H. P. Macmillan, K.C., he writes:

"*April* 1, 1897.—Notwithstanding the date this note is genuine. Not much legal going on here, but a great deal illegal, or at least non-legal. Specially John Knox. Handbook illustrations in process of selection with aid of Bell, lithographer, zincographer, engraver, etcher, photographer, mezzotinter, process block maker."

"*October* 2, 1897.—My handbook to John Knox's House is out of my hands and is now being printed by T. & A. Constable, with 89 illustrations—a regular John Knox Scrapbook of 'fine confused feeding.'"

But the end was not yet. In 1898 another gentleman of the name of Miller—Mr. Robert Miller—renewed the attack in two papers read before the Antiquaries: "John Knox and the Town Council of Edinburgh," and "The Legend of John Knox's House." On some points he seems to have been at variance with Dr. Peter Miller, but he adduced no fresh documentary evidence. Mr. Guthrie dealt trenchantly with this new antagonist and answered him with the same contention as before—that the tradition which supported the case for the Netherbow house was perfectly trustworthy, and was not to be set aside by mere

conjecture. The battle with Mr. Robert Miller ended on a note of high good-humour characteristic of his opponent. Mr. Miller served as a member of the Town Council, and filled the office of Dean of Guild. In 1898 he was on his retirement entertained by his friends to a public dinner. The Lord Provost, Mr. Mitchell Thomson, referred humorously to the controversy, and Mr. Guthrie in proposing a toast declared that the chairman showed lamentable ignorance when he thought that one antiquarian could persuade another that he was in the wrong. His hope was that Mr. Miller would find houses—there were several—in which Knox lived in Edinburgh, and when these houses were produced he promised him that he would not say one word against him. He was getting a new ticket painted for John Knox's House, not because of the dispute as to whether the Reformer had lived there, but in deference to the argument of a German gentleman that no such person ever lived, and the inscription on the ticket would run: "The Alleged House of the so-called John Knox."

John Knox's House has emerged scatheless from all attacks. It is one of the first objects of interest which every visitor to Edinburgh hastens to see. The simple house with small rooms and low ceilings is now a shrine to which a growing stream of pilgrims every year finds its way, and the man who for a few short years found a lodging there is one whose name will be held in everlasting remembrance. Mr. Guthrie mentioned that the visitors in 1895 numbered 6000: for the year 1921–22 they numbered over 14,000. "We welcome," he adds, "all visitors except one class—the relic-hunters! Even these we could tolerate if they would draw the line at the appropriation of descriptive cards as some do. But others have not hesitated to wrench off an old Scotch tirling-pin and to tear a title-page out of a valuable Bible. In the last case the thief had a conscience, although it worked slowly. Years after there came to Miss Stocks an envelope addressed to 'Keeper of John Knox's House, Edinburgh, Scotland,' bearing the Boston, U.S.A. postmark, and containing the long-lost title-page!"

CHAPTER VIII

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD: THE FIGHT AGAINST CONSUMPTION: AMERICAN PILGRIMS IN EDINBURGH

THE year 1893 was memorable to wide circles in Scotland as the fiftieth year of the existence of the Free Church, and gatherings were held all over the land to celebrate its Jubilee. Laymen took an active part in the work. A large collection of portraits, manuscripts, cartoons, and other objects of interest connected with the Disruption and with the religious life of Scotland was brought together and was on exhibition at the New College, Edinburgh. It was hinted in some unfriendly quarters that the celebrations were a whip to spur interest in a waning cause, but in fact enthusiasm was everywhere very marked and the meetings were largely attended. Mr. Guthrie was much in demand as a speaker. The addresses were naturally reminiscent of the great struggle of 1843, and of the events and prominent personalities of that stirring time. But a new note can be detected. Fifty years had not passed without working changes in the minds of thoughtful men. It was proposed by some one at Anstruther, his native place, to consider "how best to carry out the ideals of Dr. Chalmers' life," but Mr. Guthrie raised his voice in protest. "Nowadays," he said, "a good many people seemed to think that they ought to believe all that Dr. Chalmers believed and nothing more. His notion was to inquire not what Dr. Chalmers thought about a present-day question, but what he would have thought had he gone through all the experiences of the time that had elapsed since he departed and been acquainted with the existing conditions of the questions." These surely were the words of wisdom. He himself had already given proof that he was not blind to the teaching of experience. Two years previously, when presiding at a meeting in the Synod Hall to bid God-speed to two Missionaries about to proceed to Africa—a meeting

at which the Church of Scotland and the United Presbyterian Church were represented—he had referred to the cordiality with which the Churches worked together in the Central African Mission field, and said that if the Churches were to join together in foreign mission work and learn the mutual confidence in each other which mutual work always brought, more would be done for union than by all the arguments which could be brought to bear on the matter. And in the General Assembly of the same year, 1891, in seconding the adoption of the Report of the College Committee he drove home the same lesson. He had recently given evidence before the Universities Commission, and he told the Assembly that in giving evidence "he did not conceal his hope that they might live to see the time when the three theological colleges—those of the Established, Free, and United Presbyterian Churches—should be merged into one, and that that might take place without any necessary corporate union between the different Churches. He ventured to think that under a practical measure of that kind there might be more hope for ultimate union than in a great many of the movements of which they heard a great deal at the present time." The Jubilee meetings proved that the leaven of "mutual confidence through mutual work" was operating. Negatively this was shown by the attitude and language used towards the Church of Scotland. It was friendly and kindly; the bitterness of the old days had passed away. Positively it found expression in the more outspoken desire not for co-operation merely but for union. "Going from the past," said Mr. Guthrie at a large gathering, "what about the next fifty years? He hoped there would be no Free Church, no Established Church, no U.P. Church, but one great Presbyterian Church of Scotland." He went on to add that "whether they liked it or not the question of disestablishment and disendowment was one they had got to face." Owing to the unbending attitude which the Church of Scotland then displayed the only avenue to ultimate union which Free Churchmen saw was by way of statutory disestablishment and disendowment. But the Church of Scotland, too, has lived to learn; and no one hailed the new aspect of affairs with greater joy than Lord Guthrie (as he had then become) or more warmly pleaded for union on the lines opened during the later negotiations between the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church. It is no more than the truth to say that the

Jubilee celebrations, so far from adding emphasis to sectarian differences, were handled in such a spirit of good feeling that while justice was done to the Disruption Fathers and the work of the Free Church, they really gave an impetus to the growing sentiment in favour of Presbyterian re-union.

Church politics interested Mr. Guthrie for many reasons, but primarily because religion was to him the greatest interest in life. He opened his mind in characteristic fashion in a lecture which bore the arresting title "The Amount of Interest which Religion adds to Life." The lecture was delivered in September 1893 to a crowded audience of young men in Aberdeen, but the same message—enlargement of life through devotion to Christ—was addressed to many an eager and attentive gathering elsewhere. He spoke of the great gift of life and the *taedium vitae* which led so many to throw away the gift. "It was quite impossible for a religious man to say that there was no use for him in the world. The interest which religion added to life was independent of learning, wealth, or circumstances. Many of their humble religious people in Scotland found a perpetual and ever varying interest in life in following the conquest which missions were making for Christ in heathen lands. One of the greatest pleasures added to his life had been his visit to the Holy Land. Every visitor to that land ought to be two things. He must be what is called a muscular Christian, because of the hardships and the roughing to be gone through. He must also be *a* Christian, full of Christian interest and sympathy. Without these there is nothing to see in the Holy Land, no buildings, no beautiful villas, no magnificent mountains. This interest extends to every place of religious importance, to Iona, for example, in our own country. Many who visit Iona lose the very object of going because they do not realise that there took place the birth of that Christianity which has made this country what it is. Again, if we take away the religious interest in art we would have very little of the great masters left. Unless we have something of religious interest and sympathy we fail to understand their finest work. Looking at the pictures of Rubens and Vandyke we know that they were not Christian men. Their mothers of Christ are ordinary women, their infant Christs are ordinary children without anything of the divine about them. In Raphael it is quite the opposite, and his Madonna at Dresden awes all that go to see it.

Above all, interest in religious work gave a brightness and zest to their lives. One ought to be thankful if their daily work was interesting, but the man who followed a daily uninteresting occupation, as so many nowadays did, could make life more interesting if he interested himself in Christian work. If they were afraid of engaging in any Christian work—say teaching in the Sabbath School—let them try it. They might turn out to be the best teachers because they felt the importance of their position, and the responsibility of the work. The man who was afraid that he would not do a thing well is just the very man to do that thing best. But there were many directions for work, and he believed everybody had one or more directions open to them."

The lesson he sought to drive home was tersely expressed in a single sentence of a booklet which he wrote some years later for the Young People's Commemoration Day in the United Free Church. The title was *Our Scots Reformers: their Humanity and Humour*, and the treatment evoked warm sympathy and agreement from Professor Masson. "My experience," wrote the author, "has been that the happiest people I have ever known, the people who seemed to get the most out of life in all its varied aspects, have been the most religious people to whatever sect they belonged."

The speaker and writer was himself the best commentary on his text. Charles Guthrie found life abounding in interest, rich in its appeal to every faculty, full of opportunities of helpfulness to others and fruitful of happiness, and the secret was the religious faith which animated him. It taught him to put the utmost into life, and he was rewarded by getting the utmost out of life.

In the following year, 1894, he had the satisfaction of seeing the completion of an enterprise in which he was an earnest and active worker. This was the opening of the Royal Victoria Hospital for Consumption at Craigleith: a notable step in the great and beneficent work which Edinburgh has accomplished in fighting that disease. Lord Stormonth Darling opened the Hospital and Mr. Guthrie explained the position of the movement. It had its origin, he said, in 1887 at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. A sum was collected to be spent in sending consumptives to the country, but the work really developed into the organising of a dispensary for consumptive patients. Then in 1892 a regular system was added of visiting the patients

at their homes by a qualified medical man. In 1893 a Samaritan Committee was formed of ladies who supplemented the purely medical work in the homes. Lastly came this foundation of the Hospital, which was an addition to, not a superseding of, the other work. It was a small place with only fifteen beds, and experience proved that it could have been filled ten times over. The later history is full of interest and is now well known. A farm colony in connection with the Hospital was started in 1907, and was carried on with benefit to the patients. Then came in 1911 the passing of the National Health Insurance Act, which led to the transference in 1914 of the hospital, dispensary, and farm colony to the Local Authority of the City of Edinburgh. At a meeting held to consider the question of transference in July 1914, Lord Guthrie recalled the remarkable history of the movement. He quoted a passage from Sir Malcolm Morris's speech two years before at the inauguration of the new dispensary, which puts in its proper light the importance of the work Edinburgh had been doing. "Five-and-twenty years ago," said Sir Malcolm Morris, "when this dispensary was started in Edinburgh there was not another Tuberculosis dispensary in any town in Great Britain or in any other part of the world. You in Edinburgh have something to be proud of that this movement was started in your very midst. I have no hesitation in saying that if the work had not been carried out as it has been carried out by Dr. Philip and by the laymen who took up this matter, by such men as your distinguished chairman Sir Alexander Christison, and others who have worked with him, I am perfectly certain that this would never have been included in the Insurance Act. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would never have dared to touch the question of tuberculosis if it had not been for the movement that has been carried on here." Lord Guthrie continued: "Much they all knew had already been done in Edinburgh, and they were simply advancing on the course which Sir Malcolm Morris said would not have been possible, at any rate at this time of day, but for the great work which they in Edinburgh, under the leadership of Sir Robert Philip, had been doing during the last twenty-seven years." He moved and it was agreed to transfer to the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, as the Local Authority for the City of Edinburgh, on certain conditions, the three going institutions—the Royal Victoria Hospital at Comely Bank,

the farm colony at Springfield, and the dispensary. But the work of the men who had created the Victoria Hospital did not end there. It was stipulated in the Agreement with the City that the trustees were free to continue their work separately under the title of the Royal Victoria Hospital Tuberculosis Trust. Lord Guthrie took a leading part in the working of the Trust, which has done two notable things. In 1917 a Chair of Tuberculosis was founded in Edinburgh University. The Chair was endowed by the Trust and Sir Robert Philip appointed its first incumbent. In 1919 the Trust purchased a mansion-house called Southfield at Liberton, near Edinburgh, and now carries it on for the benefit of sufferers from tuberculosis and allied diseases.

The last Administration formed by Mr. Gladstone had been in office since 1892, and its short career terminated in 1895. With the exception of those three years the Liberal and Home Rule party was in the wilderness for wellnigh twenty years—from 1886 till 1905. During the three years of Liberal rule no judicial vacancy occurred, with the result that promotion at the Bar on the Liberal side lagged far behind that of their opponents. In May 1895 Mr. J. B. Balfour offered Mr. Guthrie an Advocate-Deputeship. In his letter making the offer the Lord Advocate said, "I can quite understand that with your very large practice you might be unwilling to accept a Deputeship, and if you should be disinclined to do so your not accepting it would certainly, in so far as I am concerned, form no bar to future promotion." Whether he would have accepted the position even of Senior Depute at that time is doubtful. The burden of his practice, with his outside interests, was as great as his strength could carry, and he had no desire to add to it. In any case he wisely declined the proposal. When promotion next came Mr. Guthrie's way it came from a different quarter.

Every summer brings its crowds of American visitors to these shores and to the metropolis of Scotland, but July 1895 provided a spectacle of peculiar satisfaction to Scottish Presbyterians. A company of about one hundred American Presbyterian pilgrims came to visit the sacred places of their faith—the spots specially associated with John Knox. Dr. Cameron Lees gratified the visitors by arranging for a Communion service in Knox's ancient church, and the authorities of St. Giles' gracefully requested Mr. Guthrie to assist as an elder. The occasion was

solemnising and thrilling, and Dr. Charles M. Thompson of New York Madison Avenue Church described in his own way the feelings of the pilgrims from the New World. "The Communion service brought us into conscious fellowship not only with the dear friends whose Christian hospitality we were sharing, but with the saints and heroes whose presence on the scene of their conflicts and victories was almost palpable." The occasion was crowned by another friendly act which was warmly appreciated—the pilgrims were invited by Mr. Guthrie to tea in John Knox's house. "There," writes one of them, "we sang together the 23rd and the 100th Psalms, and Dr. Thompson voiced our sentiments of gratitude for God's wonderful goodness to the children of men. We had tea together and talked of the progress of the Kingdom from John Knox's day to our own." Dr. Thompson adds a touch to this picture which surely completes it. "One of the delightful features of the occasion was the presence of the widow of Dr. Guthrie, who in the serenity of a beautiful old age is full of interest in all that pertains to the kingdom of Christ." I almost hesitate to transcribe on this dull page the glowing language in which an American lady admirer seeks to do justice to her feelings as she looks on Mrs. Guthrie's son. "The face that impressed me most in Scotland was that of Mr. Guthrie. That indescribable face had the deep lines of soul experience; whether his own or his ancestors' I could not say. It had learning, enthusiasm, culture, purity, and consecration to a wonderful degree. I was told that his appearance and voice were almost an exact reproduction of his father's. If that is so I am surprised that Dr. Guthrie did not take the earth for God."

CHAPTER IX

AMERICA REVISITED: MAGNANIMITY AT THE BAR: A GREAT DAY IN SCOTLAND

THE year 1897, which was the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, marked also an important domestic event in the annals of the Scottish Bar. The rank of Queen's Counsel, which had hitherto been confined to Law Officers and the Dean of Faculty, was in future to be conferred upon such members of the Faculty as should be recommended by the Secretary for Scotland on their names being submitted to him by the Lord Justice-General. It had for a considerable time been felt to be an injustice that the rank of Q.C. was not open to the Scottish Bar, and that this operated disadvantageously, especially in the case of Scottish Counsel employed in House of Lords appeals or in inquiries before Parliamentary Committees. In July 1897 the names of the first list of nine Q.C.'s were announced. It included men in large practice like Mr. Comrie Thomson, Mr. Henry Johnston, Mr. Andrew Jameson, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Dundas, and Mr. Ure, and men outstanding for other reasons—the scholarly Sheriff Æneas Mackay, Professor Rankine, and Sir John Cheyne. Mr. Guthrie had already in 1895 become a Senior by giving up writing. Thus after twenty years or thereby as a junior he crossed the Rubicon into the new territory of senior practice, a crossing which has proved fatal to some, but in his case marked simply a step forward in a prosperous journey. During the ten years or rather more that lay before him as a pleader he displayed the same qualities of careful preparation and capable handling of his cases, and enjoyed the confidence both of the judges before whom he pleaded and of the clients who entrusted their interests to his hands. A happy illustration is afforded by a letter which reached him one day from a client.

"The Dey Time Register Company,
"Syracuse, N.Y., *March* 7, 1901.

"Dear Mr. Guthrie—Though Lord Kincairney has not yet issued his decision I wish to express our great satisfaction with the admirable work which you have done for us. We think that your presentation of the case in all its details, for lucidity and logical power could not have been surpassed; and it will always be a pleasure to remember the brilliant and masterly way in which you maintained our cause. I hope that the decision will be favourable, and I think it should be, but even an unfavourable issue will not lessen our admiration of your splendid work. With kindest regards and cordial appreciation—Yours most sincerely, John Dey."

In March 1898 the new Queen's Counsel appeared at Court and were presented. "Cheyne, Johnston, and I, all in our Court dress, lunched by the Magnificent Mackay, who also, by the way, insisted on paying the hansom fare to St. James's Palace. We donned our silk gowns and big wigs, Cheyne and Johnston went in one hansom, Mackay and I in another. We had much fun over our respective appearances, and we were naturally the cynosure of all eyes in the hotel and as we drove along the streets. 'Mr. Guthrie, on his appointment as one of Her Majesty's Counsel,' was sung out by somebody. Mr. G. bowed his best . . . Henry Johnston and I came out leisurely, no hansoms were at the door so we walked right up St. James's Street, looking our best in the brilliant genial sun, to the admiration or at least amusement of a great crowd. Up at King Street we secured a hansom which took us back to the Windsor." It was one day in the same month that the little incident here recorded took place. "In the House of Lords Lobby saw Sir Theodore Martin. Resolved to ask for the beloved Helen Faucit. When I went towards him he came up and said, 'You need not introduce yourself. We remember you well.' We had a charming talk, and he wants me to call and see Lady M. She is a great sufferer from neuralgia. He speaks of her as Browning spoke of his wife. It was very charming and pathetic to hear the old man of 82 as enthusiastic as if she were his bride."

Mr. Guthrie found leisure even in busy years for writing and speaking on congenial topics. The Reformation period

of Scottish History, with the towering figure of John Knox, fascinated him above every other, and he took pains to acquire a minute and extensive knowledge of it. Second to it in his interest came the Covenanting times. In different magazines he wrote a series of studies under such titles as these: "John Knox and the Reformation," "Popular Fallacies about the Scottish Reformation," "John Knox, the Scottish Reformer, in his Personal, Domestic, and Social Relations," and many others. He never accepted conventional or traditional views without independent examination, and the consequence was that his writing, like his speaking, was fresh and informative, critical and thought-provoking. A brochure which he prepared for the Free Church Children's Day in 1897 on the life and career of his father drew from Hall Caine a letter of interesting reminiscence. "I do not think," the novelist wrote, "I ever heard Dr. Guthrie preach, though the memory of his face as seen in my childhood, I think in Liverpool, is very vividly impressed upon my mind, so much so that if I were an artist I could at any moment draw it. This vivid vision of a noble face, added to a very strong memory of Dr. Guthrie's eloquent pleadings in favour of Ragged School children, prompted me to say what I did about Dr. Guthrie in the few lines of *The Christian*. How the name Peebles came into my head at the moment entirely baffles my comprehension, but it would be a pleasure to me if you would kindly say where Dr. Guthrie would be living and preaching about the period when an old lady like Mrs. Callender, say of 70 years, was a young girl of 18 or 20."

Kate Douglas Wiggin was in Edinburgh in the summer of 1897. Recollections of a tea-party at the Guthries' house, 13 Royal Circus, survive in a lively note from that lady.

"18 ATHOLL CRESCENT.

"Alas! when you are taking your sophisticated tea with —— and party on the 2nd of June, we shall be drinking a bucolic infusion of some sort of herb, brewed by some unknown Phyllis of Fife. In other words we leave for Upper Largo in the morning to-morrow, and there my husband joins us for a month's rest and quiet.—Sincerely yours, KATE DOUGLAS RIGGS."

But the main task of Mr. Guthrie's leisure at this time

was the exacting one of transcribing into modern English Knox's *History of the Reformation*. It was a praiseworthy undertaking, for this great book, which ought to be accessible to all Scotsmen, "has grave preliminary difficulties," as Carlyle admitted, "even for a Scottish reader. It is really a great loss," he adds, "to English and even to universal literature that Knox's hasty, and strangely interesting, impressive, and peculiar book has not been rendered far more extensively legible to serious mankind at large than is hitherto the case." The book was well received. One of the most valued and quaintest expressions of gratitude that reached the author was a postcard which ran thus:

"LUNHEIM, HANKÖ, NORWAY, *Wednesday*.

"We have just finished *John Knox*. Thank you warmly for the book. We now begin Carlyle's *Cromwell*, another noble book.—Indebtedly yours,

"ALEXANDER WHYTE, J. E. WHYTE, MARGARET WHYTE, A. F. WHYTE, JANET WHYTE, AIRD WHYTE, RHODA WHYTE, L. L. WHYTE, L. C. SPILLER."

In 1898 Dr. Rainy and he were present at Westminster Abbey as representing the Free Church at Mr. Gladstone's funeral. In the *Scotsman* he described the scene as he witnessed it from the Triforium, and some of the impressions it made on him. "Westminster Abbey looked, as it always does, the most majestic of churches in its height and gloom, and in its suggestion by remembered incident or visible monument of nearly everything that is great in the history and literature of England. We looked down on a vast congregation representing every conceivable interest and opinion, ecclesiastical, political, and social. The varied throng seemed an evidence of how completely Mr. Gladstone had demonstrated the compatibility of things people are too apt to think incompatible. He was the greatest churchman of his time, and all men but himself admitted his right to solitary rank both as a spokesman and as a statesman. The great throng was also fitted to suggest, what was in the minds of all, the words hard-by on William Wilberforce's monument: 'There remains and will ever remain the abiding eloquence of his Christian life.' All felt that Mr. Gladstone had shown it possible to be at once a man of religion and a man of affairs; a

Puritan and a man of the world; a gentleman and a politician; a scholar and a statesman; a man of affairs and a man of the world; a statesman and a scholar who loved no spot on earth like his own fireside; in theory a High Church Anglican, and yet in practice acting on the motto *Ubi Christus, ibi ecclesia*."

It was in the spring vacation of this year, 1898, that the Guthries, travelling through Germany and visiting Cassel, Weimar, and Dresden and other cities, went on into Austria and at Vienna met and had pleasant intercourse with Mark Twain and his family. "We found tea going on," writes Mrs. Guthrie, "Mrs. Clemens presiding at the tea-kettle and two elegant and very American-looking daughters flitting about. Mrs. C. is a nice-looking and most agreeable and unaffected woman. Mr. Clemens came from an inner room: his picture was familiar and he is exactly like it—a lot of fuzzy white hair and a big moustache and a kindly eye, and pleasant manners with no side. He talked away in the frankest manner about Vienna and also about his tour round the world. To Charlie he spoke of Edinburgh, Dr. John Brown, Ruskin." "Do you ever smoke, Mr. Guthrie?" asked Mark in one of their walks and talks. The story was so good that the other retailed it next year in America, and it has travelled far. "Yes," was the answer, "when I am in bad company." "You are a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?" "Yes." "Why, you must be a very heavy smoker, Mr. Guthrie." He spoke with unbounded admiration of Queen Victoria. "They talk about republics and monarchies. It's all a question whether the game is worth the candle. Your old Queen is worth all her money and heaps more. She might not have been, but she is; and that's enough for me. You see you have got a flag and we have got a flag. We think our flag is just as good as yours, perhaps a sight better. But then we've got no flagstaff to run up our flag on. *You have always got the Queen*." A month or two later Mr. Guthrie sent Mark Twain a copy of his book on John Knox's House. The gift drew from the humorist a reply which suggests how rapidly a legendary history of Knox as well as of his house was growing up:

"KALTENLENTGEBEN, *June* 17, 1898.

"DEAR MR. GUTHRIE—We read with strong interest your account of the impressive Gladstone services and

were glad you remembered us: and now the 'Knox' has just arrived and we are again your gratified debtors. I can post myself now, and it is high time, for at bottom and privately I don't know as much about Knox as I ought to. In truth I believe that the only really well settled historical fact of his life possessed by me is the incident where he threw a camp-stool at Jenny somebody in church one morning and missed.

"I always regretted that; but doubtless it was because he was excited. If he had waited a while he could have hit her.

"We all thank you for the book and for the pleasure and advantage we shall get from it.

"This place is nine miles from Vienna and has an Arctic temperature.

"We join in warm remembrances to you and Mrs. Guthrie.—Sincerely yours, S. L. CLEMENS."

The year 1899 snapped the dearest living link with the past—his mother died in June at the age of eighty-nine, "literally falling on sleep after a long and well-spent day." She had been her husband's sagacious and loving companion for forty-three years, and survived him twenty-six years. Her son said it was the one shadow to the perfect enjoyment of the tour which his wife and he made to America in that same year that she would not be waiting their return. The tour was in connection with the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance in Washington, then holding its seventh General Council. The meetings lasted ten days in September and October 1899. There was a great gathering of the Presbyterian clans—some 200 delegates—and Scotland was well represented. We find many well-known names: Dr. Marshall Lang; Principal Stewart, St. Andrews; Dr. Stewart of Lovedale; Dr. J. G. Paton; Principal Salmond; Professor Lindsay, Glasgow; Dr. John Robson; Dr. Blair, Dunblane; Professor J. A. Paterson; Dr. C. A. Salmond; Sheriff Watson; Mr. R. R. Simpson; Dr. Alexander Smellie. Of course there was lavish American hospitality: receptions and sight-seeing galore; among other functions a dinner by the American Presbyterian Historical Society. The reception by President and Mrs. McKinley at the White House was the crowning social function. It is amusing to find that difficulties about Mr. Guthrie's title begin to crop up at once. In South Africa some years later, when he was a

judge, the title difficulty was more acute, but it was bad enough here. He went to Princeton to visit his cousin, Mrs. McCosh, the widow of the late Principal. Immediately the Scottish Q.C. figured in the newspapers as Sir Charles Guthrie! Though the Washington meetings lasted only some ten days, the Guthries were nine weeks from home, spent five weeks in America, visiting eleven States, and two weeks in Canada. It is pleasant to read that the Americans pronounced Mr. Guthrie "one of the most popular members of the Alliance." He himself declared the cleverest speech at the Council was made by a negro—a man "as black as your hat"—Dr. Sandars, President of Biddle University for coloured people. Among his audience were many Southern ministers and elders, and without causing offence he managed with great adroitness to say many pointed things in defence of his people. Mr. Guthrie presided at a session when the subject discussed was "Calvinistic Forces in the Formation of National Life," when Principal Salmond, Aberdeen, read a paper, Mr. (now Sir) R. R. Simpson contributed a paper on "The Deacon," and Dr. Smellie on "Sabbath School Methods." Mr. Guthrie himself gave a Sunday address on a topic never far from his mind, "Christian Morality in its Application to Business." It was a variation of his former theme — Religion in Life. "Religion need not trammel and confine the mind; it ought to recuperate and expand it." "An admirable and delightful speech," reports Dr. Alexander Smellie, who heard it. He spoke as a student to students. He quoted, not for the first or last time, his hero, Hugh McCalmont Cairns, who became Lord Chancellor of England. The whole creed of that great man, he said, might be summed up in the short sentence which first awakened his soul when he heard it from the lips of Dr. Cook in a Belfast church—"God claims you." He reminded his audience that of the men who had sat on the Woolsack in our time, five in succession, Lord Hatherley, Earl Cairns, Earl Selborne, Lord Herschell, Earl Halsbury, were every one of them outstanding Christian men, identified with Sabbath School and other Christian work. "He concludes," says Dr. Smellie, "by affirming anew his conviction that there is no divorce between religion and the highest culture. From first to last an address with a splendid and manly ring." When people asked him, "What do you think of America?" Mr. Guthrie usually replied, "What do you think of Europe?" "If you make me free of every bit

of all the States and all the territories I will paint for you one picture mellow as Paradise, and another lurid as Pandemonium."

The entertaining travel-letters to the family at home give us glimpses of them in their wanderings :

"NEW YORK, *August* 20, 1899.

"MY DEAR TOM—Neither sick but glad to touch dry ground again. We made many friends, among others Captain Mahan, author of the *Life of Lord Nelson*, returning from representing the U.S. Navy at the Hague Peace Conference. Here many things are strange to your mother and some things are new to me since my visit in 1867—the elevated railway, the sky-scrapers, and the great Brooklyn bridge. Yet the same English tongue is a great bond of union. We have not yet met Punch's boastful, inquisitive Yankee. One of that kind, Senator Murphy of New York State, found in a hotel book 'Lord Tom Noddy (or some other name) and valet.' So the Senator not to be outdone, wrote his name 'Senator Murphy and valise'!"

"BOSTON, *August* 27.

"MY DEAR TOM—We have now been a week in this country, and yet we have not seen it all! We have been in three States, and three great cities. We have crossed the great bridge at Brooklyn; travelled along the Elevated Railway at New York; ascended a sky-scraper at New York, albeit only a modest sixteen-storey block; travelled in a floating palace river-boat up to West Point; been served by negro waiters; paid one shilling for a shave; seen a minister fanning himself in a pulpit; visited Longfellow's house; looked in at the Confusion of Tongues in the New York Stock Exchange; looked in at laundries kept by such gentlemen as Chang Lee and Wung Fow; worked an index in the Holland House Hotel, New York, in our bedroom, by means of which you could procure a doctor, a fire-escape, a cup of tea, your bill, or a champagne cocktail, and all with scarcely any police to be seen and no soldiers. Truly it is a 'glorious country' with all its transparent defects. This week we hope to see Dr. Emerson, a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, to whom we have an introduction from Ian Maclaren, and to present some letters we have to eminent Bostonians. We have been agreeably disappointed with the climate. We find

it very much depends on yourself whether you suffer or not. If in the middle of the day you walk much or otherwise exert yourself, you will suffer, but not if you accommodate yourself sensibly to circumstances. Travellers talk a lot of nonsense about the excessive heat and cold. Those whom either kills generally die from the effects of alcoholism rendering them unable to resist extremes and indifferent to precautions. We have already at Philadelphia seen something of American family life in a very pleasant way. We find civility everywhere, even from the notorious 'Tammany' police in New York. Here, as elsewhere, the world is like a mirror, whether you smile or frown, it will do the same. Nor have we had any experience of the proverbial inquisitiveness. In many ways, no doubt, manners have softened, notably in the decrease if not departure of spitting."

(In 1867 he notes in a New York church, "The spitting was very disgusting. Dr. —— spat during the sermon even, and on each side of the minister's chair was a spittoon into which Mr. —— spat often. It entirely did away with the effect of the sermon upon me.")

"The Boards of Health have waged a crusade against the practice. This notice was very effectual. 'Gentlemen are kindly requested not to spit. OTHERS MUST NOT.'"

"MT. WASHINGTON, N.H., *Sept.* 3.

"MY DEAR TOM—I write this from the summit of Mount Washington, in the State of New Hampshire, the highest of the White Mountains, and the loftiest peak east of the Rocky Mountains. We stand, or rather sit in the comfortable writing-room of the hotel, 6300 feet above sea-level, and 4000 feet above the valleys. The railway up is a wonder: thirty-two years ago in 1867, I drove up, and at that time the only house was the rough affair at the head of this card. Now there is a hotel holding 200 people, with every modern appliance, and a cog-wheeled railway in which the cars are pushed not pulled, an arrangement we were wishing could be introduced in every railway, for then you would get no smoke."

"ROBERVAL, *Sept.* 9.

"MY DEAR ANNE—Here is a place you never heard of before, nor did I or your mother until a few days ago.

We are here on the outskirts of civilisation, 200 miles into the interior from Quebec, in a district only a part of which has yet been explored. The Indians within three miles of this French Canadian village are 'full-bloods,' many of whom know neither French nor English. We drove before dinner to the Indian village, and found nearly all the men away for their winter's hunt. They left last month and will not return till next June. We appealed to one old woman, a typical Indian with aquiline nose, bright eyes, straight jet-black hair, and prominent cheek bones, whether she had any Indian work to sell. She had an excellent wooden house, but, like them all, preferred to inhabit a very ramshackle-looking tent, out of which she was looking surrounded by dusky children and orra-looking dogs of all sizes. Our driver spoke to her in her French patois which many of the Indians understand. But it all seemed Greek to her until a boy who evidently understood said something to her in Indian, and she then produced some birch-bark boxes, two of which we bought, the boy having again to be appealed to for the price. They charged 20 cents (10d.), and you should have seen the gleam on their dark skins when I gave them a silver piece of the value of one shilling! We have had great times at Quebec and have met many interesting people there. Our chief friend was the Honourable Charles Fitzpatrick, Q.C., Solicitor-General for the Dominion of Canada. At his house we met Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister of Canada, and Lady Laurier, and Sir Louis Napoleon Casault, the Chief-Justice of Canada, and Lady Casault, as well as two distinguished London lawyers, Sir William Kennedy, one of the English judges, and Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C. Then Mr. Fitzpatrick took us out to an afternoon tea to a Mrs. Dobell's, a delightful place some miles from Quebec, where we met Lady Minto, the wife of the Governor-General. Mama says that she is now tired of millionaires and grandees, the one at Philadelphia and Bar Harbour, and the other at Quebec, and would now like a turn in a quiet humble village in New England, seeing such quiet, placid, plain living as Mrs. Beecher Stowe and Miss Wilkins love to picture!"

"ROBERVAL, *Sunday*, *Sept.* 10.

"MY DEAR FRANCES—This morning we attended church at the Indian village of Pointe Bleue, about five miles from here. Comfortable houses have been built for

all the families here, but we saw the whole establishment, men, women, children, and dogs, living in a tent outside, while the house was used as a store-house! Not only have houses been built, but plenty ground for raising grain has been given without any rent. We were told about the difficulty of getting even old people to stop 'at home' as we would call it. Mr. Scott found that two of his best hunters were much impeded in their movements by the company of their grandfather, eighty-three years old, who had been a grand trapper in his day. So the old man most unwillingly consented to remain with the old wife in the village for next winter. But just before coming here Mr. Scott had got word that both the old people had followed their grandsons, the last seen of them being the two in a canoe paddling as hard as their old arms could in the hunters' direction!"

"KATTENBACK HOTEL,
"NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y., *Sept.* 19.

"MY DEAR TOM—Mama is not in the least disappointed with Niagara. To-day the sky is grey and heavy showers falling intermittently. Yet the Falls in this light have an impressiveness wanting in bright sunshine. We have kept the American side, wandering about Goat Island, going to the very verge of the American fall, and gazing with a kind of fascination at the immense volume as it hurries and plunges to the edge, where it does not fall but rather leaps forward with a bound like a racehorse before it breaks into foam and spray and plunges headlong down. We are not alone here. After a very pleasant and restful visit to Mrs. Redpath in her splendid house and beautiful grounds at Montreal we went on yesterday to spend the day at Ottawa. At Montreal we saw one of the first Edinburgh faces, in Mr. Walton, advocate, now Professor of Civil Law in McGill University. We have been exceptionally favoured in every way. This is our first wet day. We have made troops of delightful friends, high and low, rich and poor, and we have visited countless scenes of interest already."

"R.M.S. 'CAMPANIA,' *Oct.* 12, 1899.

"MY DEAR ANNE—It is now five minutes to twelve mid-day and in five minutes it will be about half-past twelve. How do you account for that? Well, we are

gaining about an hour a day—I am told that during the night we heard more than one whistle from other vessels which we did not see. As one of our officers remarked, 'The Atlantic is a big place, but it's a very small one when anything happens.' . . . We are at the Captain's table, which is in many ways a great advantage. The company is good, the latest news of whales or passing ships, or storms you get from the Captain. The Countess of Minto sits on the Captain's right hand and your mother on his left. Next the Countess sits the Hon. Captain Lascelles (pronounced with the accent on the first syllable) and I sit opposite him. The remaining eight seats are filled by millionaires, including Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, junior, and his newly wedded wife, Miss Virginia Fair, herself a Californian heiress, whose pigeon-egg pearl is an eye-opener. We are regretting we did not bring along our diamonds to throw them—countess and millionaires—into the shade! The Captain is very intelligent, a determined, downright Montrose man, the son of a Free Church elder. We have a great deal of entertaining talk with him. . . . Our amusements are necessarily limited . . . there is a good old-fashioned library, and one evening a concert comes off. That took place last night and was a great success. I was in the chair, opened the proceedings with a few facetious remarks, announced each song, etc., giving the name of the composer as well as of the song or piece, and made an appeal in the middle for a good collection for the Seamen's Orphan Homes in New York and Liverpool. hoping that the audience would not be like the Scotch servant girl in an Episcopal church for the first time. Looking through the Prayer Book she saw 'Collect' here and 'Collect' there, and 'Collect' everywhere: so she thought it was time for her to make tracks for the door! . . . There is no doubt that an American tour is seriously handicapped by the long sea journey. Contrast with that a run to the Continent, leaving Edinburgh at midnight and being in Paris within twenty hours. And then think of the delightfully short Continental journeys. The result is that the Britisher sticks to the Continent. It remained true up to our leaving New York last Saturday that, with the exception of the Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P., we had not met a single *bona fide* British tourist all the time, that is to say a Britisher come out simply to travel, and without business to look after or relatives to visit, or a convention to attend."

At last interesting events began to happen at home. A Conservative Government had been in power for four years. In 1899 a large majority of the judges of the Court of Session were men who had been drawn from the Conservative side. A vacancy occurred through the death of Lord Watson. Lord Robertson was appointed a Lord of Appeal in his room and the President's Chair in the Court of Session was empty. The leader of the Bar was Mr. J. B. Balfour, a Liberal, and the Conservative Government did a handsome thing—it offered the appointment to Mr. Balfour. Nothing could so well express the public verdict as Mr. Balfour's own words.

"GLASCLUNE, NORTH BERWICK, *Jan.* 4, 1900.

"MY DEAR GUTHRIE—Many thanks for your most kind congratulations, which I highly value as coming from so old and so good a friend as yourself. It is certainly a very magnanimous act on the part of the Government to give the highest judicial office in Scotland to a political opponent.—Yours very sincerely, J. B. BALFOUR."

The inevitable regret is that Mr. Balfour was so long in attaining judicial office. His best years were already behind him: he lived only five more, and died in 1905. It is a graver reflection on our system of judicial promotion that Mr. Asher, almost his peer in years, in experience, and in leadership of the Bar, but who happened to be a Liberal in politics, never reached a judicial position worthy of his brilliant abilities and long career.

There was nothing, however, save unqualified satisfaction in the promotion that came to Mr. Guthrie himself six months later. It, too, was an act of political magnanimity not uncoloured by warmer personal feelings. He was appointed Sheriff of Ross and Cromarty and Sutherland. A portion of the letter from the Lord Advocate, Mr. Graham Murray, and the letter from Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland, will best disclose the situation.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, *Friday, June* 22, 1900.

"MY DEAR GUTHRIE—It is not often that official duty and great personal pleasure go hand in hand, but on this occasion I hope they may do so with effect. I write to say that with the hearty concurrence of the Secretary for

Scotland I propose, if agreeable to you, to recommend you for appointment as Sheriff of Ross and Sutherland in lieu of W. C. Smith, who has resigned that office. We both feel that your qualifications for the post are beyond question, and I feel sure that your Free Church connection will make you doubly valuable in a Highland county. . . . I am aware that I am taking a novel step in patronage . . . but I shall have the consolation of having made an excellent appointment which, I believe, will be held as such by the Profession, and of having bestowed a great pleasure on myself after so many years of personal and professional friendship with you.—Yours sincerely,

"A. Graham Murray."

Lord Balfour wrote:

"Kennet, Alloa, *June* 30, 1900.

"Dear Sheriff Guthrie—Just before I left London last night I received the return of my submission to the Queen which gives me the right to address you by the title I have used. It was too late to get it into the papers to-day, but it will be out on Monday. With great self-denial I have refrained from putting it outside the envelope! I offer my heartiest congratulations. You have fully earned the rank and dignity, and it gives me the greatest personal pleasure to have a hand in conferring a substantial honour on the son of one whose name was a household word to me in my earliest childhood.—I am, very faithfully yours, Balfour of Burleigh."

Lord Dunedin, looking back on this transaction after many years, and after his old friend has passed off the scene, finds no cause to regret the unusual step he then took. Writing under date August 8, 1922, he says: ". . . My personal feelings for Lord Guthrie are those of sincere admiration. I was much attached to him. He was a truly upright man in every respect and I honoured him as such: and I think I showed my appreciation of him when as Lord Advocate I dared to 'cross the floor of the House,' and make him, one of the opposite political party, a Sheriff."

The year 1900 was memorable in the non-legal world too. The question of women's education and status politically and socially were receiving increasing attention. Pioneer work had been carried on for years by a handful of enlightened and courageous women, and the seed sown

SHERIFF GUTHRIE, Q.C.

was beginning to bear fruit. The doors of the Universities were being opened to women students, and the need was being felt for suitable places of residence for them. Already in 1898, the Muir Hall of Residence had been opened to meet this need among women medical students at Edinburgh, provided by the generosity of Sir William Muir and Dr. Barbour. Mr. Guthrie was actively concerned in this work from the first, and at the opening of the Hall made an explanatory statement of the financial position and requirements of the Hall. Of the women who had spent a lifetime in the cause none was held in higher honour than Susan B. Anthony, an American lady, who in 1900 attained her eightieth year. On the invitation of Mrs. Priscilla Bright McLaren, herself one of the veterans in this country, Mr. Guthrie signed an Address to Miss Anthony which bore the names of Leonard and Mrs. Courtney, Lady Henry Somerset, Frances Power Cobbe, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Lady Aberdeen, and many more. "You have stood," the Address stated, "in the very forefront of the battle which has won for women the position they now occupy, and it is through such devoted labours as you have undertaken in the past that the rough places have been made comparatively smooth."

In the ecclesiastical world of Scotland an epoch-making event took place before the closing of the year. The conflicts and divisions of Presbyterianism are not events—for the most part, at least—that any intelligent Scotsman need be ashamed of, but in the opinion of many thoughtful men the time had come when a serious effort should be made to do something towards healing old divisions and reuniting Scottish Christianity. The Union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in October 1900 was an act of high Christian statesmanship, and of high faith and courage. It encountered difficulties inseparable from such great movements, but it also liberated forces which are already working towards a greater consummation. Dr. Rainy was the leader who reached that day the height of his great career. To Mr. Guthrie, as was appropriate to the Legal Adviser, fell a prominent part in the proceedings in the Union Assembly. He followed the leader in moving the acceptance of the Union Committee's report, and he himself moved the adoption of the Act which declared the United Free Church to be the successor in office of the Free Church. In the subsequent public speaking he took a leading share. Already the note was struck of coming

events. "Their hope and their prayer was," he said, "that they—some of them—might live to see the great consummation of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland one and undivided. It would be something worth living for, and in that way they would show they had done much towards it that day." At the complimentary dinner to Principal Rainy, Mr. Guthrie selected for mention those qualities in their leader which will shine as long as his name and work are remembered—"the candour and catholicity of his mind." "His mind remained open to new impressions and new views to an extent he thought greater than any man whom he ever met, and he coupled with that quality the transparent honesty, the extraordinary sense of honour that characterised all his views, the absolute impossibility of coupling with anything he did the notion of what was mean and grovelling." In view of the opposition and the challenge in the law courts which followed, it is worth noting that the grounds of that challenge were anticipated and answered during those days from the side of the United Free Church as well as from the side of the Church of Scotland. Speaking at a great meeting at Inverness in November, Mr. Guthrie used this language: "It is said there was another and essential principle at the Disruption, namely, the principle of Church Establishments, by which, I take it, is meant the lawfulness in certain conceivable circumstances of an Established Church. That this view was generally held in 1843 is certain. But that this was made a fundamental principle of the Free Church, that is to say, something binding on all its office-bearers for all time and in all countries and in all circumstances, I unqualifiedly deny." At the same time a leader of the Church of Scotland wrote in the organ of that Church: "No doubt there is a certain respect paid to the Establishment principle in the Claim of Right, but all through the emphasis is laid on the spiritual independence of the Church Courts, and this, therefore, must be recognised as the essential principle in the Disruption controversy. Everything else is merely accidental."

From Robert Rainy we turn for a moment to John Craig—from the nineteenth-century Churchman to the sixteenth-century Churchman.

It was fitting that in December 1900 John Craig should be remembered as he was. The 300th anniversary of his death was celebrated by a gathering which filled the Magdalene Chapel in the Cowgate. Knox and Craig, two

colleagues, were both great figures in the old days, though Knox's fame outshines Craig's to-day. Sheriff Guthrie told the assembled company that John Craig might be taken as the great example of the absurdity of the ordinary notion of the Scottish Reformer; he would even say the same of the Scottish Covenanter. They were not rude, uncultured, boorish priests. These men were gentlemen to start with. They had mingled with the highest society, not only in Scotland, but in England and in foreign countries. They were men of humanity: both could be gentle and courteous, and were so habitually, but both could be stern if it were wanted. As to culture, these men were extremely attractive, charming men. When the General Assembly wanted literary work done they turned to John Craig, and he was not sure that our attempts to improve upon his composition had been successful.

CHAPTER X

A SHERIFF IN THE HIGHLANDS

1900–1903

[*To Mrs. Guthrie*]

"DINGWALL, *September* 26, 1900.—The worthy Sheriff-Clerk broke the news that the Registration Courts in Ross-shire were going to be a farce . . . so my dread functions will consist in solemnly signing my name to the Registers as made up for the different places by the Assessor. The reason, of course, is that the Election is to be fought on the old Register."

"GOLSPIE, *Sept.* 28, 6 P.M.—Court at Tain, where there was nothing to do except sign and initial about fifty times: Golspie at 2. Here I had lunch, and at 4.30 proceeded to the Castle [Dunrobin], found it what the reporters call a 'lordly pile.' I was drinking in pictures of the Duke's grandfather and the Queen of Beauty at Eglinton Tournament when Her Grace glided in looking the part all over. A real fine converser she is, quick as a flash in thought, and exact in expression, sympathetic, interested, stimulating, genial, having beauty, distinction, and talent. I explained my engagements to-morrow and Monday, so she said I must come to dinner at 8.15 and I would see the Duke, who is at Dornoch. We then plunged into Lewis houses, Highland grievances, and Home Industries. She asked for Annie Williamson and said what noble help she had given in Liverpool. I said they had a son standing for Moray and Nairn. . . . At the tea-table we discussed Cromarty, Sir Thomas Urquhart, and Hugh Miller, whose *Schools and Schoolmasters* she is going to read on my recommendation, my father's *Sins and Sorrows*, and the Rebellion of 1745, Lord George Murray, and 'Glengarry,' with Andrew Lang thrown in."

"GOLSPIE, *Sept.* 28, 11.50 P.M.—I walked through the darkness to the Castle and entered the drawing-room five minutes late (8.20 P.M.), and yet the first guest and none of the house party down. . . . Then M. S. [Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland], so complete a harmony that I forgot to notice her jewels as I had intended, followed by the Duke in the kilt—a quiet, timid-looking, serious man. M. S. brought him and he was very cordial, then others trooped in. . . . I was between the Duchess and Lady Constance and had a happy time, but a great contrast between Lady C., inclined for chaff, and the Duchess's originality and wide range of interests. The dinner was elaborate. My two ladies and I stuck to seltzer. . . . After dinner the Duke came to my end and devoted himself to me. I took a great fancy to him. I like him and believe in him, a real good soul anxious to do his duty if ever a man was, although on many crofter questions not seeing his way clear. He and I took a tour, just before I left, of the pictures and busts in the public rooms, including his study, with two rapid lightning sketches which Landseer had made in the Game Book, now torn out and framed."

"DORNOCH, *Sept.* 29.—Arrived at Helmsdale, found the Sheriff-Clerk for Sutherlandshire there and the Assessor and the political agents. We polished off the Roll in about an hour and I started for a long walk along the coast till lunch. There is no anti-Union fear in Helmsdale, only in Dornoch, Creich, and Lairg, where things look very serious. But I can do nothing, holding my present office."

It may be stated here that somewhat later—in 1902—when it was found that the state of feeling over the Church Union led to local disturbances in some places within his jurisdiction, Sheriff Guthrie thought it well to resign his office of Legal Adviser to the Church lest there should arise any conflict, or appearance of conflict, between his duties as Legal Adviser and as Sheriff. "Coming back in the train with ——: he has a great admiration for the Duke and Duchess and says they are not half enough appreciated in their efforts for the good of the people. For instance, he says most of the Established Church ministers and some even of the Free sneer at the Duchess's strong temperance views."

"DORNOCH, *Sunday, Sept.* 30.—I addressed the opening meeting of the Sabbath School presided over by ——, who with —— are the only elders in the Free Church

in favour of Union, the other seven being more or less bitterly opposed. In the Free Church at 1.45 we had a stirring trumpet call from —— on 'youth renewed like the eagle.' He is a coming man, physically, mentally, and spiritually. How splendidly he repudiated the Highland association of religion with gloom. 'Life does not need to be made poor in order to be pure. We are promised it by Christ not less but more abundantly than the world has it. He offers us youth, the chief note of which is joy and gladness.' He closed with a splendid illustration. 'A Highlander caught a golden eagle alive and unhurt. In a cage after beating his wings in a vain effort for freedom, he lived a sullen prisoner. After two years the man relented and resolved to give the royal bird freedom. He took his axe and broke open the top of the cage. The eagle was alarmed, but when the noise ceased he sat still on his perch. Then the man hewed away the sides of the cage. But the eagle did not know he was at liberty. Just then the clouds broke and a brilliant ray of light shone down on the eagle's head. He started, gave one quick glance skyward, and then, spreading his mighty wings, he darted upward into the trackless sky and was lost to view.'"

"DINGWALL, *Friday, October* 12, 1900.—Had a delightful drive to the Mound to-day in the front of the mail waggonette beside the quaint ——, a regular Highlander of great physique, but a teetotaler, a Liberal, and an anti-anti-Unionist and anti-Secessionist. He pointed out an old sour-looking man at the Mound—'Jeest an old smuggler, a baaad lot. De ye know, Sheriff, what he says to me? "Ah, Jeems," he says to me, "there are many many streets in Hell. Aye, many many. But ye'll not know the name of the principal street. No, ye'll not know. Well, Jeems, it is jeest the Declaratory Act Street!!"'"

"TAIN, *April* 30, 1901.—Glorious weather; I have just come in from a stravaig out of Tain in warm evening glow, the sea and the distant Sutherland hills with snow on them bathed in ruddy light. At the Court to try criminal cases, which took about an hour and a half: two trials and about eight pleas of guilty. Then came the hearing of civil appeals, two of them, which took till 3 o'clock. . . . On the platform I found all Dingwall and five miles round with the volunteers to welcome home the Seaforths from Egypt. . . . 11.30. Here I have just returned from my lecture (on John Knox). An over-

flowing audience in the Free Church Hall before the Tain Literary Society and others: 8.30 to 10.15, and yet they seemed to rise with an appetite."

"*May* 4, 1901.—Yesterday at Dornoch before the Court met I had a very funny telegram: 'To Sheriff Guthrie, Dornoch.—Seeing that I was the only sober man connected with M'Leod's case it is very extraordinary that I have not been summoned as a witness. In the interests of justice I should have been summoned. ——.' He has evidently been disappointed of a trip to Dornoch at the public expense. After the Court I was walking along with —— when we met a determined-looking old Celt with a striking, strongly-marked face.

"*Celt.* Ye'll be Mr. Kennedy I'm thinking?

"*Sheriff.* No. I'm an advocate like Mr. Kennedy, but I'm not Mr. Kennedy.

"*My Friend.* Do you not know? It's the Sheriff, Donald.

'*Celt.* Oh! the Sheriff is't? Ah, ha—well, I was not pleased with that day-ceeshan at all at all. No, no, to make the old woman pay, an aged woman. No, no, that's not right. No, no.

"It turned out he was referring to a Small Debt case which I had just decided. Truly my constituents are a peculiar people, but they live in a glorious country."

"STORNOWAY, *May* 4, 1901.—At Dingwall; another perfect day. Being Saturday one may safely point this out even in the Highlands. Miss Kennedy yesterday at Dornoch told me about the Celt to whom it was observed on a Sunday that it was 'a fine day.' He replied, 'Ah! may be. But this is not a day to be taalkin' about days!'"

"*Sunday, May* 5.—At 2 to the English service in the Gaelic church. Mr. —— preached and 'fenced the tables' in the old Scotch way. In the latter part he took the Beatitudes, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' You remember the scene. The one man said, 'I thank thee that I am not as other men.' The other man said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I debar the Pharisee. I invite the Publican. 'Blessed are the merciful.' It was on the road to Jericho. The priest and the Levite passed by. The Samaritan was not orthodox just as the Publican was not respectable. But the Samaritan had the quality of mercy. I debar the Levite. I invite the Samaritan."

On a later Stornoway visit the Sheriff heard an Irish story which he passes on.

"ALLAN, FEARN, ROSS-SHIRE, *Sept.* 27, 1902.—. . . Major Matheson was talking about Mahaffy's friend, Father Healey. Lord Morris the judge had a very strong Irish accent, a Catholic, a wit, and a great friend of Healey's. They are at a wedding together. Many people were throwing shoes. Morris turned to Healey and said he was sorry he had no shoe to throw. 'No difficulty,' says Healey, 'sure, just throw your brogue at them.'"

"TAIN, *October* 3, 1902.—At 8.15 I arrived [at Dunrobin] and found no one in the drawing-room. They began to straggle down. Her Grace ordered me to take down the Countess of Cromartie, and presently an affable, spare, dark man informed me he owned the Countess, that she was, in fact, his 'missus,' don't ye know, and that he would introduce me. We went first, the throng of Right Hon. Henry Chaplins, Sir George and Lady Maud Warrenders, etc., trooping after, ended by the Duchess and Lord Castlereagh. The little Countess and I were settling ourselves comfortably when the Duchess from the other end intimated that Sheriff Guthrie was to sit beside her, and I soon found myself pleasantly situated between a Duchess and a Countess in her own right. I declined to assent to some of Millicent's propositions and suggested qualifications on others which seemed to interest her, and I am afraid neither of the C.'s, Cromartie and Castlereagh, got much attention! I told her plainly about her new book, that while I think it full of talent, replete with felicitous phrasing, I thought and was sure she was equal to more difficult work, and that of the delineation of common, wholesome, everyday life.

"*M. S.* I think you are wrong. I write in moods. These stories come to me in railway trains, anywhere, and I felt I had to record them. That is why they are all dramatic or melodramatic; if you like, psychological.

"*C. J. G.* But that is easy work. It is the same in painting: easy enough up to a certain point to paint Your Grace. But it needs a great master to paint a plain woman. You know humble life as few people know it. Of course into your life you cannot put smartness, brilliant talk. But you can put quaintness, humour, humanity. Look at Sir Walter with Mause Headrigg and Cuddie.

"*M. S.* But suppose I had the ability you are good enough to credit me with, when would I get the time? Look at the way my time is broken up. Even in this house everything seems not only to need to be set going

but to be kept going. It's 'Duchess' here and 'Duchess' there all day long. Then soon I'm off to Birmingham to talk about Scott and Burns, all with the view of indirectly interesting them in the Home Industries. And then the Technical School. I've got £750 annual bursaries, but I want £1200 before beginning. Portland has been a great help, but Carnegie might do far more if he liked.

"*C. J. G.* My opinion is that people in Your Grace's position ought to have retreats like the High Church clergy.

"*M. S.* Well, I sometimes do fly from everything and everybody for a bit. Try those strawberries, they're about the last.

"We had much talk about Russia, the dreariness of the winter, and the sameness, the balls at the Winter Palace, the suppers at the Hermitage among the pictures, the little theatre in the Hermitage, her dinner with the Russian Minister the week before his assassination and the indefinable sense of danger and dread she had while sitting at his table.

"Sir Mackenzie Wallace was at dinner, but I had no time to speak to him. Lady Maud Warrender sang in a highly accomplished style in the hall upstairs."

"FORTROSE, *Sunday*, *October* 4, 1902.—By the way, I told Millicent that I saw so much tragedy in my practice that when I read a novel I went for Mrs. Oliphant or *John Halifax, Gentleman*, to get something soothing and commonplace. 'Ah,' says M., 'but you see I am just the reverse. I only come in daily contact with the commonplace at opening bazaars and attending meetings and balls and dinners. When I read I crave for the dramatic.' . . .

"The lecture in the Masonic Hall was crowded, and, like a good operator, went like clockwork from 8.40 to 10 exactly. I was very tired after it and yawned for an hour sunk in an armchair in front of a grand fire in my bedroom. To-day and to-night have been glorious, crossing from Invergordon to Cromarty was something to be remembered. But alas! how desolate that noble bay which, farther south, would be dotted with shipping and surrounded with towns and villages."

"FORTROSE, *October* 5, 1902.—We were meant to be together not apart, but I have not been destitute of great and grand and good female society. I have been travelling with two ladies and spending every spare moment with them—Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot! I am charmed

both with *Jane Eyre* and *Silas Marner*, neither of which I had read through before. The final reconciliation of Jane Eyre and Rochester is a gem and a joy for ever, bearing frequent reading. Had a full Sunday. Except when in the Free Church at Fortrose I spent most of it on the seashore wandering along to the rocky headlands, watching the birds, and listening to the water among the rocks."

Mr. Graham Murray was right in his expectation that Mr. Guthrie would prove a success in the Highlands. He soon became highly popular. In the autumn of 1901 the family were at Drummuie House near Golspie. He was much in request as a lecturer and identified himself with the people and their affairs. His constant aim in lecturing was to awaken interest by bringing the hearers into personal acquaintance with the man he was describing, as he was in the flesh and in his daily life—his faults and failings as well as his excellences, to represent him as a living human being, not merely as a more or less distant historical character. He felt rewarded when he received a note like the following after a lecture on Knox in Golspie.

"Golspie, *Augt.* 15, 1901.—The lecture you delivered here on Knox has quickened our interest in his life and made what was to most people who heard you a merely historical personage, of whom they had the vaguest kind of knowledge, into a man in some respect like ourselves. Knowing him as a great leader in the cause of Scotland's freedom, it is interesting to get a glimpse behind his greatness and know what sort of man he was in his family circle and among his friends. For that reason I would like to thank you personally for your lecture."

At the end of August 1901 a young man of high rank, who has since experienced some of Fortune's vicissitudes, paid a short visit to Dunrobin. Sheriff and Mrs. Guthrie were included in the party invited to meet the German Crown Prince.

"Dunrobin Castle, *August* 27, 1901.

"Dear Sheriff—The Crown Prince of Prussia is here till to-morrow morning. Will you and Mrs. Guthrie, or you alone, dine and meet his Imperial Highness to-night? It would give us much pleasure. Dinner 8.15 for 8.30.—Yours sincerely, M. Sutherland."

Mrs. Guthrie's family letters furnish some details of the function. "The Crown Prince in evening dress and

Garter is a good height, very fair, with nice merry blue eyes, very like his own Papa, but not so clever, I should say, by a good deal. We were introduced, bowed and curtsied, and he shook hands affably. Lady Constance Mackenzie, Miss Chaplin, Miss Elspeth Campbell, her brother Mr. Neil Campbell, nephew of the Duke of Argyll and heir presumptive, Earl of Warwick, Earl of Rosebery, Lord Dalmeny, Hon. Neil Primrose, and Mr. Winston Churchill were of the company. Duchess and Prince trooped off first and were at head of table. I was about the middle. The dinner was nothing remarkable in any way. Table had many silver candlesticks branched and single with candles shaded. Roses only in crystal vases were arranged on table. No table centres to be seen. Water bottles between every two people. Little wine drunk. Crown Prince enjoying himself greatly between Duchess and Miss Chaplin. Charlie came next. Rosebery was at the Duchess's other hand. Prince and the younger men and ladies went from drawing-room into billiard-room adjacent to complete a game they had had earlier. Mr. Neil Campbell is the most delightful youth I have met for long. He took Mrs. Powell and me in to see the game at which H.I.H. was in great force flying about after balls. The Duke came and honoured me with a conversation; he is an attractive, simple, honest sort, I should say. He was in the kilt. Rosebery wore his Garter and Stars. His sons are like their mother and not in the least like their beloved Papa, but nice-like lads. The Duchess is most attractive. You feel she is a clever person and kens a heap."

Exactly two years later — August 1903 — the royal burgh of Tain held high holiday when the Town Hall, repainted and redecorated at Mr. Carnegie's expense, was declared open by Mrs. Carnegie, and the portraits of that lady and gentleman were unveiled. At the unveiling ceremony, when the Town Hall was crowded to the last inch, Sheriff Guthrie delivered a happy and sensible speech. At the luncheon which followed he was on more familiar ground, he descanted on Tain, on ex-Bailie Wallace, the grand old man of the town, and on the antiquarian treasures, which delighted his soul, especially the Papal Bull of 1492. "As regards Tain's grand old documents they had never been published, and he was spending part of his holiday time in looking into them." Small wonder that the *Ross-shire Journal* beamed with satisfaction. "It was the

speeches of Sheriff Guthrie which carried the palm at Tain, and particularly the speech delivered at the luncheon. Sheriff Guthrie has a marked penchant for the historic, and in dealing with the town of Tain a fine field was afforded him." A few weeks later he showed his practical interest by having the oldest charter in possession of the burgh enclosed in an oak frame to be hung in the Burgh Chambers, and by framing also a letter from the Earl of Cromartie, who was sentenced to death for his share in the Rebellion of 1745, that it might be exhibited in the Court House. In September of the same year Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland, came north to lay the foundation stone of the new Sutherland Technical School at Golspie, which had been called into being by the liberality mainly of the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Carnegie, and the Sheriff had a prominent part to discharge on the occasion.

His first visit to Skibo, a few weeks after the public functions in Tain, is graphically described by himself: "After three years' office as Sheriff of Sutherland, I met Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the wealthiest man in my jurisdiction, for the first time at Tain at the opening of the Town Hall three weeks ago. I had ignored many suggestions from others that I should call at the Castle, when holding Courts, three times a year, at Dornoch, four miles from Skibo.

"Knowing that I was to meet him, I read several of Carnegie's books. These yielded a new and heightened impression of the man. The later ones showed that he had modified the extreme form of certain opinions, political, financial, social, and religious, contained in his earlier writings. His breadth of view, his humanity, his shrewdness, and his originality, on such questions as Peace and War, Temperance, Education, Simple Living, Mutual Helpfulness, and Stern Honesty and Strict Truth in business differentiate him from the ordinary millionaire—the Sir Gorgius Midas of *Punch*—as well as from the ordinary unpractical philanthropist. You feel in the grasp of a man of force of character, of lofty ideals, of vast knowledge of men and affairs, and of unusual powers of fresh, lucid, terse, and memorable expression. You notice the absence of theological allusion; but the point of view is distinctly Christian, and, throughout, you recognise the influence, direct and indirect, of the New Testament and its Hero. If not in, he is not far from the Kingdom. I read some

parts of *The Empire of Business* aloud at Kirkhill [where he had a holiday house that year]. As to Mrs. Carnegie, we knew that everybody was in love with her.

"Thus prepared, Anne and I met Mr. and Mrs Carnegie at Tain in the end of last month, August. The musical, oratorical, and gastronomic entertainment there provided was simple but prolonged, and the Carnegies' evident determination to enjoy it, and to show their enjoyment of it, was delightful. Before parting, after a long day of talk, public and private, nothing could have been kinder than their manner to us or more cordial than their invitation to Skibo. Speaking in the Town Hall, I alluded to the foolish blame of Mr. Carnegie, only equalled, I said, by the foolish praise. The latter part of my statement elicited an emphatic 'Hear, hear!' from Mr. Carnegie. Referring to Mrs. Carnegie, when unveiling her portrait, I mentioned the service she and other American women were doing in promoting a good understanding between Great Britain and America. Before leaving Tain, we were grouped by the photographer, Anne standing beside Mr. Carnegie.

"We met the Carnegies next at the laying by Lord Balfour of the Memorial Stone of the Duchess of Sutherland's Technical School at Golspie. Mr. Carnegie and I spoke there in the open air, following Her Grace (after a short space, but at a long distance), and Anne and I drove from Golspie to Dunrobin in the Carnegies' four-in-hand. In the carriage, with other people, was Lady Fowler, whom we had no difficulty in identifying, from her resemblance to her distinguished daughter, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Before leaving Dunrobin, after lunch, we had undertaken to write to Skibo, fixing the day of our arrival.

"On Wednesday, 23rd September, we left the Highland Railway at Bonar Bridge, and drove ten miles to Skibo behind two very fast horses. A wonderful wooded drive, in sight, through the trees, of the magnificent distances and the mighty Bens of a Sutherland landscape; the heather still purple, and the bracken, the birches, and the rowans in their yellow and golden and blood-red autumn dress glowing in the sunlight of a perfect September day.

"Mrs. Carnegie gave us a more than cordial, an affectionate welcome. She was alone in the great entrance hall of the Castle, lighted by the stained-glass windows which commemorate the Bishops of Caithness, who made

the old house on the same site their summer residence, and the Marquis of Montrose, who passed some days there in Covenanting times. She is of middle height; hair turning grey; healthy complexion, remote from powder, still more from paint; an alert manner, studiously but not obtrusively courteous, with that finest and rarest of courtesy, which is incapable of wandering eyes or divided attention; a genial smile, bright eyes, and a firm mouth; a woman to be reckoned with, and to make her talent and tact and goodness and humour felt, whether as the goodwife of a cottage or as the mistress of a castle.

"In the middle of fresh tea and melting scones in came 'The Colossus of Wealth and Munificence,' to quote a Highland penny-a-liner, full of welcomes and of fun. He carried in his hand three offers of Freedom from towns in Ireland. Mrs. Carnegie deplored the consequent absence from home. 'But, Madame, what can I do? I don't want their Freedoms, Lou, they'll do me no good. But I'm quite sure, my dear, you would be the last person to want me to offend these worthy Irish people.' Thereupon I mentioned the suggestion of the *Ross-shire Journal* that Mr. Carnegie should get the Freedom of Scotland, and so end this retail business! Mrs. Carnegie highly applauded the jest, and wished Ireland could be thrown in. As she told us afterwards, every new Library and other benefaction means so much time withdrawn from Skibo, where her husband is happiest, and from her, and from Margaret.

"Enter the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., to give him a few of his many titles, though plain John Morley seems better to fit so lofty a record as man, writer, and statesman. He saluted us for my sister Mrs. Williamson's sake and 'your brother in Brechin.' Thin as usual, but alert and ruddy. I thought the newspapers, which we had not seen, might contain the Duke of Devonshire's resignation, so I asked, 'Is the Duke out yet?' Mr. Morley, more concerned about his forthcoming *Life of Gladstone*, thought I said, 'Is the *Book* out yet?'

"Mrs. Carnegie showed us our rooms on the second floor. Each of the big bedrooms has a name in cut-out brass, flowing letters on the white door. Our largest room was 'Sigurd,' after a Danish chief associated in legend with Skibo. Others were 'Creich,' 'Evelix,' 'Ospis,' etc. 'Sigurd' is panelled, ceiled, floored, and furnitured in light oak; no pictures, or nicknacks, or curios; a grand four-poster; a predominant feeling about the coverings and

curtains of silk and fine linen curiously wrought. Vases with nothing but sweet peas in both rooms. Of course the report about 300 bedrooms in the Castle is nonsense; fifty or sixty would be more like it. Mrs. Carnegie laughed when I asked her if she had heard the story. She shrewdly traces it to the numbering of their New York house, where the architect gave each cupboard and press one of the running numbers along with the rooms, and thus ran up an astonishing total. Our rooms command an inspiring view to the Dornoch Firth and to the mountains beyond, with gay ribbon borders, terraced lawns, and old timber in the foreground. Mrs. Carnegie wanted heather instead of grass. It was tried but did not thrive.

"Soon the bagpipes announced 7.30 dinner. We found, besides Mr. Morley, Sir Walter Foster, M.P., Lady and Miss Foster, Miss Schelaney, an American heiress, Miss Whitfield, Mrs. Carnegie's sister, a permanent member of the family, and Mr. McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and Mrs. McKelway. I took in Mrs. Carnegie, who had Mr. Morley on her right hand, and Sir Walter Foster took in Anne. The bagpiper preceded the dinner procession.

"The dinner was simple and short, without vain repetition or surfeit. Throughout the whole household arrangements a splendid simplicity prevails. The men are in plain black clothes, the maids in white. Breakfast is at 8.30, not 10 or later as in most 'castles,' and late hours are unknown at night. On Sunday all unnecessary work is stopped, the cream in the Model Dairy, for instance, not being 'separated' that day, but stored in a cool room. Mr. Carnegie appears at dinner in a dinner jacket and black tie; Mrs. Carnegie in her favourite white, with some jewels to prevent their entire absence being noticeable, but not so many as to distract from her personality. There is no state, or attempt to ape the ways of the nobility. A more reposeful, at-homeful abode could not be imagined.

"At the other end of the table Anne had great times with Mr. Carnegie and Sir Walter. Mr. Carnegie never speaks of what he is doing or has done or is going to do for other people unless the subject is introduced by another. His only reference to expenditure was a laughing mention of a request by the Linlithgow people to make a road for them round Linlithgow Loch, which he thought was not in his line. He is well read in English literature, and keenly interested in all social and political questions. With Sir

Walter Anne discussed *inter alia* the Roman influence in Britain and Motley's *Dutch Republic*.

"At my end Mrs. Carnegie and Miss Schelaney (who had only one enormous pearl to confirm her million or millions) made excellent company. Of course 'Margaret Carnegie,' the only child, a girl of six, is an absorbing interest; but it was I, not Mrs. Carnegie, who introduced the subject. Hitherto she has been shielded from all infantile maladies. Mr. Carnegie rather believes in the old-fashioned idea that a child is predestined to all the fevers as a puppy to the distemper! Like all children Margaret is a dreamer, and lives in more worlds than this twentieth century. To her parents' delight she is much taken up with all things Scotch, and just now specially with Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald. But she recently received a great shock when in Inverness at the Jacobite Exhibition. There she saw a picture of Flora guarding Prince Charlie's sleep. She expressed herself much disappointed to find Flora so ugly and the poor Prince's clothes so ragged! She has a French governess, and is speaking the two languages. She has her father's colourless complexion. This gives her rather a fragile look. But her legs are sturdy, and she races about with great activity.

"The dinner-table flowers, in vases and lying on the table, were roses and pink carnations—showers of them, a glorious, fragrant show. Next day the roses were replaced by Michaelmas daisies, the delicate fairy variety. There is electric light throughout the house and in the swimming bath.

"We sat a very short time after the ladies left; more over our coffee than our wine. Mrs. Carnegie sticks to water, and Mr. Carnegie takes a little whisky under medical orders. The subject of talk was Truthfulness. Mr. Morley did not go with King David that all men are liars, or yet with the Chinese proverb that there are two good men, one dead and the other not yet born. He told us he had known intimately two men, and only two, of the highest eminence who were absolutely truthful—John Stuart Mill and Charles Darwin. Mr. Carnegie suggested Martineau. 'No, Martineau would fight on for his opinions after he must have known they were proved wrong. Mill and Darwin would admit themselves wrong, and their opponents right.' (The Grand Old Man was conspicuous by his absence from Morley's list!)

"Carnegie does not surround himself with sycophants or flatterers, but with people who do not scruple to contradict him, and doubt and deny his views; Principal Story last week, and now John Morley.

"Reference was made to my father. Morley remembered a sermon in St. John's from Job, and could quote bits from it. Mr. McKelway, the American editor, was brought up on *The Gospel in Ezekiel*, his grandfather's favourite volume. In the Library at Skibo, among the books selected by Lord Acton and Mr. Hew Morrison, are *The Memoir and Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, D.D.*, both the one-volume and the two-volume editions.

"I asked Morley a double question: 'Has your special research for Mr. Gladstone's *Life* altered your opinion of him? Has it raised it?' He thought a minute, and at first evaded the questions by saying that his twelve years' intimate acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone had not left much room for alteration; then he added that he had been confirmed in his view of the two faults which had often annoyed him in Mr. Gladstone's lifetime. *First*, his fondness for hair-splitting, elaborating mere subtle verbal distinctions as if there were real substance in them. *Second*, his practice of expressing himself in a form which, while logically and grammatically capable of the interpretation Mr. Gladstone put upon it, was yet sure to be understood by the public in a different sense. 'Do you call that dishonesty?' I queried. 'No, I do not. Gladstone was always honest in intention. I do not call it want of straightforwardness. There is no single word either for it or for him.'

"Morley at another time said he was not clear that Gladstone was the greatest influence Scotland had given to England. He wanted to know if I did not think Lord Mansfield, the creator of the modern mercantile law of Great Britain, the Colonies, and the United States, was not at least as influential.

"At breakfast Morley asked me as to the position and duties of a Sheriff of a county in Scotland, as distinguished from a High Sheriff in England. I told him there were two Scotch functionaries no Englishman could be got to understand, an Elder and a Sheriff! I instanced the definition of an elder by a perplexed Englishman—'a combination of a curate, a constable, and a churchwarden!'

"Mr. McKelway contributed a Gladstone story which was new to Anne and me. When Mr. Gladstone lost the

Oxford seat, a clergyman came to Hawarden to condole. Mrs. Gladstone came in alone. 'Ah, Mrs. Gladstone, these things are hard to be borne, but there is One above who will put all right in the end.' 'Oh yes, quite so. He is just washing his hands. He will be down in a minute!!'

"Rejoining the ladies, we found some in the entrance hall round the roaring wood and peat fire listening to Mr. Otto Egerer, the Edinburgh pianist, playing on the Bechstein; others in the drawing-room, which, with wide-open doors, leads off from the hall. There is a small pipe organ in the hall, soon to be superseded by a large one, now building. Egerer knows Laurence Guthrie well and admires his singing greatly. He pronounces Helena his wife 'a true artist.' He says that the Laird of Skibo delights in Chopin's and other soft, flowing music, and detests florid, bravura pieces.

"General break-up at 10.15, Sir Walter, Mr. McKelway, and I retiring downstairs to the smoking-room, which Carnegie shuns. Both he and Morley hate tobacco. The big room was chill. We rang for fire, and soon, in front of a cheerful log blaze, sent Mr. Chamberlain and some more to their own place. Sir Walter, originally a doctor, is a strong Liberal. His medical knowledge is proving handy in his attention to Mr. Armitstead, Mr. Gladstone's friend, eighty years of age, who is laid up with gout at Skibo. I went up to see the old man, a massive, stately figure, lying in bed, with his large, strong features, great black eyes and black eyebrows, and long white beard, like Michael Angelo's Moses. He was very kind, speaking about Annie Williamson and how much he regretted he could never persuade Stephen Williamson to take exercise. Later in the day, he was to have a visit from little Margaret Carnegie, 'to cheer me up,' as the old man expressed it.

"Yesterday, Thursday, we were awoke at 7.30 by the bagpipes. Glorious weather now for nine consecutive days. Breakfasted without appearance of servants. Everybody very merry, Mr. Carnegie included, clad in an enormous check, conceivably the Carnegie tartan! A carriage drive of seventeen miles mostly along private roads free from motors, passing Mr. Carnegie's seven new lochs, was arranged for the afternoon. Between breakfast and lunch, everybody was to do what they liked. We could do one or more of ten things:

"1. Nothing.

"2. Fish for trout, sea-trout, and salmon in any of

the seven new lochs, two close to the house, the others among the hills.

"3. Golf.

"4. Bathe in the marble and alabaster salt-water swimming-bath, with glass walls and roof, 80 feet long by 40 feet wide, 3 feet to 7 feet deep, heated to 76 degrees.

"5. Inspect the twenty horses and the twenty-two carriages, British and American—brakes, four-in-hands, landaus, broughams, buck-boards, buggies—shown over by one of the superior-looking grooms, mostly Scotch, and teetotal.

"6. Visit the dairy and hear the cream-separator explained by the intelligent dairymaid from Kirriemuir.

"7. See the laundry and interview the laundrymaid with the fine voice, so useful at the Sunday evening hymn-singing in the castle.

"8. Go through the hothouses, vineries, and gardens, the latter traceable back to the old Bishops of Caithness.

"9. Sample the library, an endless feast, grave and gay, tempting in their dainty calf bindings.

"10. Play the Bechstein or the organ.

"The yacht was not available. In the house there are few pictures, not much bric-a-brac, and no curios. But there is some beautiful Tiffany glass.

"Mr. Morley went off at 11, to everybody's regret. Was there ever a great man more modest? Some men can keep their garments unsullied even amid politics, remaining *sans peur et sans reproche*.

"After lunch, we drove in an American buck-board, holding six, away into the bracing hill air, among the unbroken heather uplands. The lochs looked tempting, stocked with Lochleven and other notable breeds. One ghastly sight we saw. Each loch has a pole at one end. On this a dead sheep is placed. As the maggots develop, they drop off into the water and fatten the fish!!

"Before dinner and after tea I had a talk with Carnegie about temperance. I recalled the views in favour of total abstinence contained in his books, and his recent advice about drink spoken to working men at Kilmarnock. I said he could do a great deal of good in the Highlands by letting his views be widely known. He told me they never give any intoxicating drink at their people's entertainments, and insist on strict sobriety, if possible on total abstinence, among their servants. I remarked that temperance appeared to me the only supremely important

question in home politics. 'I agree with you,' says Carnegie, 'it is worth all of them put together. It underlies most of them, and creates more than one of them.'

"Going out of the drawing-room I heard McKelway remark to Carnegie that somebody or another (whose name I did not catch) had not much religion. 'That's quite a mistake,' says Carnegie. 'He was full of religion. He may not have had much *theology*. That's a very different thing.'

"At dinner yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie were absent. They went to a farewell dinner with neighbours at Ospisdale, leaving to-day for America. We made ourselves thoroughly at home in their absence; Miss Whitfield, a genial soul if ever there was one, pretending great trepidation at finding herself at the head of the table. On their return, I showed them the interesting references to Skibo in Anderson's *Guide to the Highlands*, a book not in the library, and which they had not heard of. Although published sixty years ago, it has never been superseded. They are to get a copy.

"This morning we left at 11. Mrs. Carnegie gave Anne two horn porridge spoons, with 'Skibo' in silver on the handles.

"Mr. Carnegie's last words were 'Now that you have both made this reconnaissance, you must follow it up very soon by a real attack. But, if you only stay two days next time, we shall conclude you think very little of us!'

"Mrs. Carnegie lingered with us at the door.

"*Mrs. Carnegie*. I wanted to say how much my heart was touched by Mr. Guthrie's reference at Tain to any little good I have done, with other American women, in promoting good feeling between your country and mine. It has always been my secret ambition, and I was deeply touched to find you had observed and recognised it.

"*C. J. Guthrie*. Well, Mrs. Carnegie, that part of my speech had at least this merit,—it was true. But there is another great work we notice you and Mr. Carnegie are doing, and perhaps you do not fully recognise its value. That is the cause of temperance. My notion is, it is for Mr. Carnegie to make sobriety easy and for you to make it fashionable in these northern parts. I doubt whether you know how much the Highlanders discuss your daring to have no intoxicants at your public entertainments. The people in Ross and Sutherland have hitherto believed

that social intercourse is impossible without spirits. You are showing them the opposite.

"*Mrs. Carnegie.* I'll not forget what you've said, Sheriff.

"Then her eyes suddenly filled with tears. Throwing up her hands with a quick gesture, she turned to Anne and said with great emphasis, almost with passion, 'Oh, Mrs. Guthrie, what is the use of all these possessions and this great house, if we cannot do some good to somebody with them? Living in a house like this is not a matter of choice. But here I am and I must try to make some good use of all these things.'

"Then Anne and Mrs. Carnegie walked together to our carriage. As I followed, the butler said to me, 'I was glad to hear you say that, Sheriff, about the drink. There's nothing half so important. I am a teetotaler myself.'

"So we left Skibo. Anne returned to Kirkhill from Bonar Bridge; and I went to Lairg to join Mr. Leveson Gower, M.P., and his mother Lady Albert, and go with them in their motor car to hold a Court at Tongue, on the north coast of Sutherland.

"Whatever may be said about the Laird of Skibo, his sayings, his writings, or his doings, we have at least found him a devoted husband and father, a considerate master, a kindly host, and an instructive and entertaining companion.

"No doubt, he has his peculiarities. But they mostly lean to virtue's side. And, moreover, as Mrs. Carnegie said to him at breakfast with a twinkle in her eye, 'You know, Andrew, there is an old saying, "No, no, the Fife folk are no daft, but they are a' queer!"' "

CHAPTER XI

THE GREAT CHURCH CASE

The decision of the House of Lords in August 1904 on the questions at issue between the United Free Church and the small minority of the Free Church which had refused to enter the Union of 1900 was not, as in ordinary litigations, a matter of private concern. It was a matter of national concern : now it has passed into history and by the verdict of history it must be judged. That the legal questions involved affecting property were not free from difficulty was obvious from the first. Counsel who were consulted took different views, and of the judges who heard the arguments in Edinburgh and in London five took one view and six the opposite, or if Lord Shand be included, who died after the first hearing in London and was generally understood to have written an opinion in favour of the United Free Church, five were on one side and seven on the other. It is using the language of moderation to say that Scotland at large was not favourably impressed with the judgment. Scottish Presbyterians had long been familiar with the questions raised, at least with the leading question, whether the Establishment principle, as it was called, was fundamental in the constitution of the Free Church. They knew that different views about it had been openly held in that Church from the Disruption onward, that liberty of opinion in regard to it had never been challenged, that no office-bearer had been or could be libelled for any particular view he held on it. They were therefore not impressed with the opinion of the majority judges in the Lords which exalted this to a fundamental principle. Still less were they impressed with the ground on which the judges proceeded in reaching that conclusion. The ground was largely this—that they found the Establishment principle in a speech by Dr. Chalmers from the Moderator's chair in the first Free

Church Assembly. They did not say it became a fundamental principle of the Church merely because of that. A statement in a speech, even by a leader, could have no such effect, not even though he spoke as a Moderator of Assembly. Hence, when another speech by another leader, Dr. Candlish, made a few days later, was cited, where the alleged principle was referred to in quite a different sense, the judges declared that was of no importance, it was nothing but the opinion of one man. If fifty speeches had been cited contradicting Dr. Chalmers—if another such speech by Dr. Chalmers himself had been cited—the Court would have waved them aside for the same reason. What exalted the one speech by Dr. Chalmers was that the Assembly ordered it to be printed and circulated. The Church, it was held, thereby adopted it as its own. It became in effect analogous to the prospectus of a commercial company on the faith of which shares are taken and paid for. That this analogy was false and misleading is plain to every one who knows what a range of topics a Moderator may deal with and what liberty of speech is permitted him in the expression of his opinions. It would not have occurred to any member of a General Assembly that the order to print and circulate a speech for general information committed the Church to everything the speaker said. A statement of the Church's fundamental principles must be looked for elsewhere—in the documents to which it required office-bearers and members to declare adherence. Such documents the Church in fact drew up; they were placed before the Court; and the alleged principle is not in them. But the position created by the judgment was so amazing that it struck plain men as nothing less than absurd. It declared that a handful of people, mainly in the Highlands, were the owners in trust of the whole vast property of the Free Church, funds, lands, churches, and other buildings, not in Scotland alone but in many other parts of the world. Everybody knew that this handful and their adherents were incapable of carrying out the trust purposes. They had neither the men nor the means. Yet the Court had not set on foot any inquiry to ascertain how far this small minority were in a position to implement the trusts, and to assign to them what they were able to make use of. It had simply declared that the defenders were "bound to denude themselves of the whole lands, property, and funds," in favour of the minority. It had

in short created an impossible position. At once, in public meeting, in the press, and in Parliament, a demand arose for Parliamentary intervention to put an end to such an impasse. Finally, by the machinery of an Executive Commission, whose decisions were not subject to review, the great mass of the property was allocated to the United Free Church unconditionally. If the litigation itself was exceptional this sequel to the judgment is probably without a parallel in legal records. It would not be correct to say that Parliament, by setting the Executive Commission to work, overturned the decision of the Supreme Court. It proceeded on the footing that the decision stood: only thus was the minority entitled to any part of the funds and property. But none the less it interfered drastically with the judgment. It applied equities to the case which the House of Lords had ignored: only so much of the trust property as the minority was able to use was to belong to it, the rest was to belong to the majority. An excellent principle which at least opened a way out of the impasse; but what a precedent!

It is due to Mr. Guthrie, who as legal adviser of the Church had a large share of responsibility in these matters and was constantly consulted, to say that from the first he held and did not conceal his view that the legal question was attended with difficulty and that the property might be endangered. He did not himself take what he held to be the narrow and erroneous view which the House of Lords gave effect to: on the contrary his opinion was that which he publicly expressed in 1900, and which was in accordance with the view taken by all the Scottish judges. But he thought there was always a possibility that the opposite view might find supporters on the Bench, and therefore that the Church, in entering into the Union, did so with a certain risk. Nevertheless, with the policy of the Union as an act of Christian statesmanship he heartily agreed: he believed the Church should go forward in faith and courage. Partly perhaps for that reason the attitude of the House of Lords judges, as it developed during the hearings, did not come upon him as a great surprise. The respondents' argument had a markedly unfriendly reception at the hands of certain members of the Court. The Dean of Faculty, Mr. Asher, their senior Counsel, was a hardened veteran of many campaigns, on whom the fiery darts of hostile interruption from the Bench made little impression, but once and again his equanimity

was disturbed, and in private he did not hesitate to relieve his feelings by the use of vigorous language. It was certainly not easy during those trying days to control feelings and temper. But the writer, who as junior counsel was much in Mr. Guthrie's company late and early, cannot recall one occasion when he was disturbed out of his usual calm. Grave and concerned he certainly was, but his self-control and even his sweetness of disposition never failed. It may be permitted to recall another memory of those days. On no man rested so heavy a load of responsibility as on Dr. Rainy, the leader of the Church, a man trusted and beloved. After the re-hearing in June 1904, it chanced that Dr. Rainy and the writer travelled back to Edinburgh together. They were alone. It was not difficult to forecast the judgment. Dr. Rainy was looking into the future—he foresaw the Church spoiled of her goods, turmoil, chaos, suffering. He spoke of the responsibility resting especially on his shoulders. But there was no complaint: his serenity remained unbroken.

Mr. Guthrie's letters record with frankness and vividness the events of an historic time :

[*To Mrs. Guthrie*]

" Royal Societies' Club, St. James's Street, *Nov.* 25, 1903.—This afternoon at 2.15 I started for Haldane's chambers, having been engaged at 12 Park Place reading the Church case from 10 to 2. Consultation of an hour and a half just over. Resumed reading now. Will have idea to-morrow how long case likely to last. Friday will be a short day owing to a Cabinet Council."

" *Nov.* 26, 1903.—Home from House of Lords at 5.30 with Asher in a hansom, after a long consultation with Henderson in the Lords' Lobby. Robertson wants to be against us if he possibly can. The Chancellor is vacillating, Shand, Lindley, and Davey seem in our favour. Macnaghten has not opened his mouth—the ablest man of the lot. Lindley slept through the Confession of Faith, but woke up with an awkward question to Johnston, as to the Establishment principle being a kind of point, not of doctrine, on which people might well differ. As we rose Asher remarked, 'I tell you what it is, Guthrie, we've got to fight for our lives here!' Now I go to 12 Park Place to resume my reading. It is not yet settled whether Haldane or I will speak after the Dean. Haldane thinks I should

take the second speech rather than him, and the Dean thinks the same. I am not inclined to do it. We shall see. It is really in my option. I feel as if I were too deeply mixed up in the matter to treat it on broad enough lines, and also that I have never believed in the legal soundness of our case as Haldane has done and does. [It was settled that Mr. Haldane should follow the Dean, and he made the second speech for the Church.] . . . To-morrow night I dine at the National Club with 'the enemy,' Henry Johnston, to meet his parson son."

"*Sunday, Nov.* 29, 1903.—To the National Liberal Club after 8.15 breakfast here. There I partly wrote out and expanded a digest of Scots Ecclesiastical History from 1500 to 1843, bearing on the question of Spiritual Independence, for Asher. Started at 10.30 for the Foundling. The usual half-crown produced the usual side gallery front row seat, on the girls' side this time. All unchanged. Dr. Handel was unable to appear at the organ, and the day was too chill for Dr. Samuel Johnson to attend; but otherwise everything smelt of the eighteenth century. There was no display but the ordinary things so gloriously done, with a touch of pathos in it all. In the first hymn the Choir sang

> Lead us on our journey,
>   Be thyself the way
> Through terrestrial darkness
>   To celestial day.

This was done with splendid intelligence, but the concluding verse, sung softly by the girls alone, brought tears to one's eyes:

> Jesus, meek and lowly,
>   Son of God most high,
> Pitying, loving Saviour,
>   Hear Thy children cry.

"I shall not soon forget the crash in the 'Come, let us sing unto the Lord,' or the passage, 'Unto whom I *sware* in my *wrath*,' followed by the slow mournful tones 'that they shall not enter into my rest.' Of course we had an Anthem, and of course it was by Handel, and of course it was from the *Messiah*—no other than 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.' I walked back to the National Liberal, had lunch, and finished in two hours my notes for Asher. These I gave to him at the Devonshire Club, and had some Reformation, Covenanting, Revolution

Settlement, Seceding, Burgher and Disruption and Union talk with him." Our learned Senior the Dean was more at home in Scots Law than in Church History, and Guthrie's notes became his vade-mecum; he clung affectionately to them, and was not happy till he saw them put up on every occasion with the rest of his papers.

"*Nov.* 30, 1903.—Had a busy day. Our case or side rather not started yet. Henry Johnston has now been at the wickets for four days and is not bowled out yet. He will take not more than half an hour to-morrow."

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"*July* 31, 1904.—House of Lords may not finish the judgment to-morrow. Lord Chancellor's said to be three hours long, and House rises for short time at two to give Royal Assent to Finance Bill. Thus may be kept till Tuesday night."

"*Monday, August* 1, 1904, 8.40 A.M.:

Dies irae, dies illa.
Te morituri salutant.

"Interview of an hour and a half last night with Dr. Robertson Nicoll at his house, 63 Frognal (Road), Hampstead, a leafy rambling old house on a breezy hill: books not only on walls in rooms and lobbies, but also in the study on the floor in scores. Dr. W. R. N. in grey frock-coat with white sailor knot, looking as usual, weary, yet without his old pallor. Doors all standing open, lady (secretary?) visible through one of them, as we passed up the narrow, portrait-lined wooden stair to the study. Family away at Lumsden, Aberdeenshire, where Nicoll's father was minister. He joins them to-morrow. We had an animated and comprehensive discussion of the Appeal case, past, present, and future, religious, historical, practical. He has been asked by newspapers to write leaders on the judgment."

"*August* 1, 8.15 P.M.—The House of Lords has repeated its mistakes of 1842–43 from the same cause, its inability—not to sympathise with, but to comprehend the Scotch idea of a Church as a living organisation, with one supreme standard, the Bible, to be interpreted by the Church from time to time. Lord Macnaghten, who dissented with Lord Lindley, said that instead of a living tree the Church has been pronounced a dead branch, and instead of the Bible being the supreme standard, the Confession of Faith has been declared to be the supreme standard. This

stupendous result has resulted from the ' accident ' of the judgment after the first hearing being delayed an unconscionable time, with the result that Lord Shand, whose judgment was for the United Free Church, died, and a re-hearing was necessary. Had judgment been delivered before Lord Shand's death the House would have been equally divided—Lords Shand, Lindley, and Macnaghten for, and the Lord Chancellor with Lords Davey and Robertson against, in which case the judgment of the Court of Session would have stood. The result is that six judges, Lords Low, Justice-Clerk, Young, Trayner, Lindley, and Macnaghten have decided in favour of the United Free Church; Lord Chancellor, Lords Robertson, Davey, James, and Alverstone against the U.F. Church. At a consultation in the Westminster Palace Hotel after the decision it was resolved that, so far as churches and manses go, we are to sit still and wait a movement from the other side. So far as the capital funds accruing before the Union are concerned, we are not to use any of the interest accruing from them. An Emergency Fund is to be raised, to which Haldane is the first subscriber of £1000. The strange result may be illustrated by the mission property. That will belong to the Appellants. But the Missions cost £50,000 a year to carry on. The interest coming from capital funds only amounts to £3000 a year. Where is the balance of £47,000 a year to come from ? In the end there must be an Act of Parliament. But there may be a sea of riots in the Highlands, litigations, and money expenditure before that is reached. To-morrow in the Presbytery Hall, Edinburgh, we meet at 2.30 with a large number of friends from different parts to consider the situation, and settle what attitude is to be taken up at the Commission next week. Query : Which Commission will meet in the Assembly Hall ? "

" Allan, Fearn, Ross-shire, *Aug.* 3, 1904.—At 2.30 found Presbytery Hall crowded. Walked in with Overtoun. Rainy in chair began by saying it was a strange position to be meeting in a Hall which was no longer theirs. His tone was very grave, and so was the proposed circular which he finished by reading. I was then called on and began by indicating that I thought the spirit of the circular was too gloomy. I said it, equally with all the newspapers I had read, seemed to miss a most important, if not the most important point. They dwelt on what we had lost, namely our property, but omitted what we had gained, namely our

principles. The House of Lords had negatived the idea that Free Church people could hold liberty of opinion on the question of Church and State, or could preach the free offer of salvation to every creature without distinction, or were free to interpret Scripture and modify the Confession of Faith in accordance with new light. But they had finally settled that all these principles were principles of the United Free Church. I pointed out the mistake of some of the newspaper leading articles, which deplored that the judges had not only taken away the property of the United Free Church, but had fastened round its neck the yoke of an extreme Calvinism and of an incapacity to interpret Scripture and to adapt the subordinate standards to the needs of the time. Of course, what the decision did was to take away our property because we did not exclude freedom of opinion on Church and State, because we insisted on our right to preach a free Gospel, and because we maintained our duty—in the words of the Second Book of Discipline—to 'abrogate all laws which agree not with the time.' I then referred to a suggestion contained in a letter from Sheriff Jameson which was read in favour of repealing the Union and joining the Frees. I said I thought the writer of that letter must have failed to notice what I had just pointed out. He had proposed to reconstitute the Free Church as it was before 1900. I replied that was impossible because it was now finally fixed that our understanding of what that Church had been was mistaken, as much mistaken as our fathers' understanding had been of what the Church of Scotland was before 1843. I concluded that part of my speech by declaring that, property or no property, I could never belong to a Church which made the principle of selection of one sect for establishment and endowment a term either of communion or of office, which was not free to preach a free Gospel, and which was not entitled to avail itself of fresh light from age to age. The audience were at first puzzled by my line, but when they saw it, proclaimed their comprehension of it by a burst of applause. I promised to be at the Conferences on Tuesday at 4.30 and 7.30, and I said I would consider whether I would appear and speak at the Commission on Wednesday. They would take no denial as to Tuesday. As to Wednesday I am still doubtful. I took the line that an Act of Parliament is sure to come. I said I did not agree with Dr. Rainy in his statement that such an Act was only 'possible.' I said I

thought it certain, and I illustrated the position by the case of the Foreign Missions. They cost £50,000 a year to carry on. But the Frees in the shape of income from capital funds will only have £3000 a year. From their own people they could not hope to raise more than £1000 a year. Where is the £46,000 of deficit to come from? Everything will depend now on the reasonableness of the leading men on both sides. I mentioned that I had had a talk with a member of the Government—I did not mention Graham Murray's name—who said there would be no difficulty about the Government bringing in a Bill provided it was consented to by both parties. I don't know if I told you about this talk in the House of Commons on Monday night. My expectation is strong that the Lowland ministers and people have nothing in the end to fear. Meantime Asher and I have told them to sit tight and do nothing. We added that if in any place in the Highlands intimation was sent by the Frees that they intended to take possession next Sunday, this should not be resisted. I do not think, however, that any such intimation will be sent, but things will remain as they are till the middle of October, when the Court of Session meets. . . . This forenoon held Court at Dingwall. At the Fearn Station found Sir David and Lady Munro with their pair of horses. They are truly delightful people whom I know you would like, as well as this peaceful house, with its interesting pictures, including Sir Robert Munro of Foulis, who was killed at the battle of Falkirk. He and his cousin David Munro of Allan were on the Hanoverian side. That David Munro was a great friend of Lord President Forbes, whose portrait by Allan Ramsay, presented by Culloden himself, is the best painting in the House. To-morrow morning we drive to Tain in time for my Court at 12. Opening of Library at 1 and off to Dornoch about 4. On Saturday I am wanted in Dingwall at the unveiling of a Memorial to the Seaforth Highlanders who fell in South Africa."

"Skibo Castle, *Aug*. 5, 1904.—Found Mrs. Carnegie in the garden. She came with a radiant welcome. C. at the baths with an American College Principal. Introduced to the Misses Lauder, Dr. Carnegie's cousins. Mrs. C. proposed adjournment to the baths. There we found C. and the Principal swimming, Dr. C. with a cork belt round him. Dr. C. with a shout commanded me to try the water, so I retired to a dressing-room and the ladies left to order tea. I had an excellent swim twice up and down the

bath with the Principal. . . . Just finished a charming evening spent mostly discussing with Madame. I took her in to dinner, the American Principal taking the Dunfermline relative. The Carnegies are thoroughly sound on the Free Church case, indignant at the Scotch judges being overturned by the English ones, alarmed at the idea of the Highlands being abandoned to the bigotry of the Wee Frees, and horrified at the doctrinal fetters imposed by the Lord Chancellor. After dinner Andrew retired to his papers while Mrs. Carnegie, Miss Lauder, and I sat round the peat-wood fire; Miss Lauder knitted while we conversed on all things under the sun, as theological as predestination and as mundane as Mrs. Carnegie's rings, diamond, ruby, and diamond and pearl, all good, none extravagant, not better than yours. Her stereoscopic photographs were examined. Then we passed to Missals, and she went for the facsimile of Queen Margaret's Gospels which a great English antiquary, Mr. Yates Thompson, presented to Margaret. Mrs. Carnegie has many latent tastes, literary, historical, artistic, and antiquarian. 'You know, Sheriff, I have had no time to cultivate them. I would have done it if Andrew had cared about them. But, you see, he does not.' I don't think a more genuine person than Madame lives. She is as good as gold, and above rubies; and both Andrew and Margaret know it."

On the 11th of August the Commission of Assembly met. In place of the usual handful of members, mustering little more than a quorum, hall and galleries on that notable day were crowded. Principal Rainy was received with boundless enthusiasm by a Church which was eager to show him in the agony of a great crisis how it trusted its leader. He struck the right note and the Church instantly responded. There was to be no lowering of the flag, no going back upon the Union. The Church stood for its liberties and was prepared to suffer for them. A great Emergency Fund was inaugurated and was supported over the length and breadth of the land. Sheriff Guthrie moved the appointment of an Advisory Committee to take charge of all matters arising out of the Lords' decision—a body which had much heavy and anxious work in the months that lay ahead. He spoke of the efforts of anonymous writers in newspapers, in particular of the efforts, able and persistent, of one anonymous leader-writer—a reference well understood by the audience—to force a

dissolution of the Union. These writers had absolutely failed to accomplish their purpose; the trouble that had come had really the opposite effect, it had bound the two sections of the Church so closely together that they would never be disunited. There would be no repeal of the Union. Another thing he made plain. "They were not going to accept any property under conditions." There must be no surrender: no recall of the Declaratory Act: they must be free from the grip of the dead hand, free, as the spirit of God gave them right, to interpret their Confession, free—as their fathers did in 1647—to frame a new one."

It was not unnatural that some men loyal to the Church should have put the question, in view of the material losses entailed by the decision of the House of Lords, whether the leaders had acted prudently in going on as they had done in face of the risks? Some difficulties of this kind reached Mr. John Nicholson, banker in Edinburgh, who was treasurer of the Emergency Fund. He referred to Mr. Guthrie as the Church's legal adviser for an answer. Mr. Guthrie's full and careful reply on this highly important matter must be put on record.

"Watermillock House, Ullswater,
"by Penrith, *August* 26, 1904.

"My dear Mr. Nicholson—I sympathise with Mr. Ferguson's view. It is natural to inquire whether the past conduct of our leaders as business men can be justified, because, if it can't, people will not trust them in the present and for the future.

"Mr. Ferguson's letter raises one difficulty. Three have been stated:

"*First.*—Why did our leaders go on in the face of the hostile legal opinions of 1873 from Gordon, Craighill, Rutherfurd Clark, and Balfour?

"*Second.*—Why did they not get an Act of Parliament?

"*Third.*—Why did they not compromise the actions?

"There are satisfactory answers to all these questions.

"As to the 1873 opinions, these were got on Memorials framed by our opponents. In business, as you know, such opinions are never accepted without examination of the Memorials on which the opinions were given. These Memorials are contained in the book called *Free Church Principles*, published by Dr. Begg. They are one-sided

and incomplete. In these circumstances the United Free Church did what any well-advised individual or corporation would do. A full Memorial was prepared dealing with the whole documents and history, favourable and unfavourable, and it was sent to Counsel *along with Dr. Begg's book* and other documents referred to in the new Memorial. Opinions were obtained from the only survivor of the Counsel consulted in 1873, who was also at the time the leader of the Scottish Bar, Mr. J. B. Balfour, and from the Counsel who was at the time, and is even more so now, the leading Counsel in Scotch cases in the House of Lords, Mr. R. B. Haldane. These opinions were, without qualification, in favour of the United Free Church; and Mr. Balfour explained that his previous contrary opinion had been given on insufficient information. In these circumstances, any well-advised individual or incorporation would have been justified in acting on opinions so obtained, if the object to be attained were sufficiently important. As to that, it seems enough to point out that the opinion of the world, religious and irreligious, was that there was no intelligible reason for the continued separation, and no reasonable justification for the waste of men and means thereby caused.

"Next comes Mr. Ferguson's point: Why was not an Act of Parliament obtained?

"The answer is that, after careful consideration with those who knew what could be got from Parliament, it was found that no Act of Parliament which the members of the United Free Church would accept could be got.

"Parliament will never decide a legal question by a side wind.

"Had we gone to Parliament it would have been on the footing that the law of the question was on our side, although equity justified certain provisions for the minority. The minority would never have accepted this. They would have opposed any Act of Parliament, maintaining that they were legally entitled to the whole property, heritable and movable, at home and abroad, or at least, will be, when their latent capacity is developed by getting possession of the requisite money and plant. This question of fact, in which the parties would have been at issue, would never have been prejudged by Parliament. Alternatively the minority would have maintained in Parliament that any act must be on the basis that they and not we were right in law, and must contain provisions in their

favour which, if inserted, would have made it impossible for the United Free Church to accept the Act.

"Certain Colonial analogies which have been founded on are not apposite. In at least some of these cases there was no actual opposition, only a possible one; in others, when there was a minority, it was a minority whose ideas were broadened by the freer air of the Colonies. Even suppose an Act promoted by us had got through the Commons, it would never have passed the Lords, looking to the views of Lords Halsbury, Robertson, Davey, James, and Alverstone.

"*Lastly.*—Why did we not compromise the actions?—This assumes that we had an antagonist willing to entertain a compromise, and a subject-matter capable of compromise.

"Both assumptions are ill founded.

"You may have noticed that while certain newspapers have suggested that a compromise might have been effected, the Free Church leaders have never said so.

"Their actions contradict the idea. Their summons contained no conclusion framed in that view. The alleged 'alternative' was no proper alternative. It equally denied all right to the United Free Church and proceeded on the footing that the minority represented the Free Church of 1843, and when Mr. Rounsfell Brown, their treasurer, proposed compromise to the Free Church, they unanimously negatived even the extravagant terms, as we thought them, which he tabled.

"This idea of compromise does injustice to the Free Church leaders. I believe their chief concern was not with the loaves and fishes. What they wanted, and were determined to have, was a finding by the Law Courts that they represented the Free Church of 1843, and that we did not.

"If so, evidently the real subject-matter of the dispute between us was one on which there could be no compromise.

"Take a Peerage case. If the claimant's honest object and ambition is to be the head of the family and the representative of the splendid traditions and history of the clan, you cannot buy him off with any share of the estates which go along with the title.

"I am sending a copy of this letter to Dr. Rainy.—Yours sincerely, CHARLES J. GUTHRIE."

To the position thus wisely taken up in the first days of crisis the United Free Church steadfastly adhered. The

ship righted herself and outrode the storm, better fitted than before for the voyage that lay before her. In the light of to-day this great disaster—as it appeared to be at the moment when the blow fell—can be seen in its larger aspects and later effects to be a lesson (albeit a hard one) in the education of the mind of Christian Scotland towards a drawing closer together of its divided forces. That Mr. Guthrie held this view at the time appears from a letter written a few months later.

[*To the Duchess of Sutherland*]

“*Novr.* 20, 1904.

“The enclosed memorandum will let you see how the matter stands. The Government is taking it up in a statesmanlike, that is a patriotic way, looking to the interests of the nation and not to the aggrandisement of any particular church or churches. The question was to be before the Cabinet on Friday, and the scheme of Graham Murray as approved by the Cabinet is to be sent down to the two parties for suggestion immediately. The great thing will be to avoid new church building as far as possible. Great ecclesiastical re-formations are coming in Scotland. Denominationalism is breaking up, so that Presbyterians in many places go to congregations whose minister they prefer, whether he be Established Church or Dissenter. And Congregationalism is largely leavening strict views of organised Church government. And the relations of Church and State are fading both among Established Churchmen and Nonconformists as essential causes of separation. If things can only be kept going for five or ten years, the improved relations between Established Church and United Free Church (which are so curious and unexpected a result of the Union of 1900 between the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church) will go on, and will lead to union first in missions abroad and theological training at home, and later in a complete union. So the scandal of sundered Presbytery as against united Popery and Prelacy will disappear.”

More as a symptom of this state of mind than as a movement of a practical kind the formation of the Christian Unity Association for Scotland deserves to be noticed. It included not Presbyterian and Congregationalists only, but also Scottish Episcopalians. The first annual meeting and

conference took place at this very time—October 1904. As we might expect, Sheriff Guthrie was a hearty supporter from the beginning. Speaking on this occasion he pointed to the signs of changing opinion: he rejoiced in them and declared, "It was only a beginning, and that great developments were ahead of them in Scotland." Before this Association came into being, conferences had already been held of Presbyterian and Episcopalian Churchmen, among whom Bishop Wilkinson was prominent. A remarkable outcome of these conferences was the appearance in the United Free Assembly of 1901 of a deputation which included Principal Marshall Lang, the Bishop, and others. It was the first Assembly of the United Church, and it gave a cordial reception to men who were already dreaming of greater things. Sheriff Guthrie introduced the visitors in a felicitous speech. He said this conference was the outcome of a feeling which had been growing in Scotland for many years—growing to an extent among the laity which the Churches in their public proceedings did not seem to have been aware of. That feeling was of two kinds. One was in the direction of incorporating union between different sections of Christ's Church. But that was not the feeling with which the conference had concerned itself. The feeling they were considering was this—that Christ's Churches in Scotland, apart from incorporating union altogether, had a duty to assume towards each other a more friendly attitude, although they might see no prospect of unity. They felt that hitherto the Churches in Scotland had stood aloof to an extent that ought to come to an end. Principal Lang spoke of the recent Union as an outstanding event in Scottish history, the consequences of which would reach further than they could now anticipate. What they desired was the cultivation and development of a real spirit of unity—something that must precede all formal union.

Principal Rainy replied in a friendly and cordial speech.

The year 1905 brought round the Quater-centenary of John Knox's birth, and the event was worthily commemorated. To Sheriff Guthrie it yielded a double gratification: it honoured his great hero and it blotted out the divisions among Scottish Presbyterians. He was active both with pen and with tongue. In lecturing he emphasised Knox, "the man, lovable and admirable." In a critical review in the *Speaker* of three works on Knox just published—by Dr. Stalker, the Rev. D. Macmillan,

and Cuthbert Lennox—he pointed out: "It is Knox's personality, in its gentler as well as its grander aspect, in which modern readers require special instruction." And he closes with a well-deserved stroke. "It is still more striking testimony to Knox's greatness and goodness to find as warm admiration and as great appreciation among those who had no sympathy with his religious opinions. It is enough to mention Carlyle, Froude, John Hill Burton, and Algernon Swinburne, not to speak of the latest and not least striking conception of Knox, in Maurice Hewlett's remarkably plain-spoken book, *The Queen's Quair.* We may agree with these writers or we may not. But their utterances are at least free from that note of suspicion, and even of personal ill-will towards Knox, characteristic of the school of Anglicised Scots so brilliantly led by Mr. Andrew Lang."

In May the three General Assemblies united in a great commemoration service. An appreciation of Knox was delivered by the one man who had made the subject peculiarly his own, and who could present it in attractive speech.

Sheriff Guthrie said it was delightful at last to find one subject on which all three General Assemblies were absolutely agreed. He would not pursue the interesting investigation as to which Assembly John Knox, after visiting the three, would finally settle down in. His opinion was that he would be pleased with them all, but content with none of them. He gracefully pointed out they were all entitled to be heard. "There was certainly not a more industrious and acute observer nor more acute critic of the times of John Knox than Dr. Hay Fleming. There was certainly not a more eloquent or more forcible expounder of those great times than Principal Story, and the United Free Church was no whit behind when they could reckon among those who had done best work for scholars and for the people the names of Professor Hume Brown, Mr. Taylor Innes, and Professor Stalker." He went on to say that Knox had unjustly suffered by the concessions of his admirers: but even among his critics he was now coming to his own, and was justly entitled to be regarded as the hero of the Church and the nation. It should be one issue of this commemoration that Scotland should take Knox to her heart as she had taken Scott and Burns, and as Germany had done to Luther. He should not only be honoured, but loved and cherished in living

memory. Knox was not " narrow " : he should be studied in his family and private life, and even his work of reformation was characterised by humanity. Our aim and effort should be to realise Knox's ideal of a great and united Church :

> We shall not cease from mental fight
> Nor shall the sword sleep in our hand
> Till we have built Jerusalem
> In Scotland's green and pleasant land.

In November following a joint committee of the Protestant Churches and societies arranged two meetings, one in the afternoon in the Oak Hall of the Edinburgh Café, and an evening meeting in the Synod Hall. Lord Ardwall presided, and the speakers included Sheriff Guthrie, Dr. Alexander Smellie, and Professor W. P. Paterson.

Meanwhile the Sheriff's keen correspondent at Dunrobin was stirring far wider questions touching the religious condition of the Highlands. Why did the Western Islands and part of Inverness-shire adhere to the old faith ? Why have they so largely continued to do so ? asks the Duchess. He discusses these and kindred questions in some interesting letters.

[*To the Duchess of Sutherland*]

" *May* 8, 1905.

" . . . My own conclusion is a very simple one, not specially creditable to the Highland intelligence or independence, namely, that the people followed the chief. Remember these were the days of the clans and the days also when education was almost unknown in the Highlands. The Reformation was in 1560 ; the chiefs retained the power of life and death as hereditary sheriffs till 1748. As to education, so late as 1800, with 12,000 people in Skye there were not twelve Bibles in the whole island. The result was that the chief's politics, civil and religious, were the politics of his people. Did not the Dougal Cratur want Bailie Nicol Jarvie to come away and be hanged to please the chief ? If anybody thought for himself the power of 'pit and gallows' soon brought him to his senses. At the Reformation the adhesions of the Earls of Sutherland and Argyll and of Mackay of Reay meant the adherence of immense tracts of country to Protestantism. So again in the times of the Covenant ; so again in the 1715 and 1745. In each case the clansmen stuck to the chief. The question

admits of a wider range. Has Popery an attraction for the Celt? Witness the Scotch Highlands, Ireland, and Brittany. Has not much of Highland Protestantism the essentials of Popery? Wider still; why was the Reformation practically confined to the Teutonic nation? Why was it among the Latin races either a failure, as in France, or non-existent, as in Spain, Portugal, and Italy? Further, why has the condition of Europe been stereotyped, the Teutonic countries remaining Protestant (or agnostic), the Latin countries remaining Catholic (or agnostic)?" Then he discusses ancient monasteries in the Highlands. "Their biographers have done them (the so-called hermits) injustice, seeking to surround them with a sentimental aloofness which they were far too robust and human to have encouraged. Chisholm-Batten's account of Beauly Priory gives a good picture of that Highland establishment. Before the days of printing the *raison d'être* (of such monasteries), even in the way of copying manuscripts was obvious. That invention removed their chief excuse. But I am afraid our good old mother church in Scotland was not a very creditable person. There is little doubt the cause of the thoroughness of the Scotch Reformation was neither the rapacity of the Scotch lairds, nor the bigotry of the Scotch Reformers, but was the failure in duty of the Church. She neglected her religious duties, her educational duties, her duties to the poor in Scotland more than any other country in Europe, and the lives of her priests and nuns were exceptionally vicious. . . . There is nothing more extraordinary in Scottish history than the feeble resistance made by that great old Church to the Reformation. All these great dignitaries went down like ninepins, although possessed of enormous wealth and backed by the power of the Court and many of the greatest nobles. . . .

"*P.S.*—I ought to have noted, as an important factor in the Highland adhesion to the Catholic Church, the Gaelic language. In 1560 not one of the Scotch Reformers knew a word of Gaelic: the Bible was not translated into Gaelic for long after: the satirical poems of Sir David Lyndsay were not translated; nor was any of the controversial literature which was spread broadcast through the Lowlands."

A subsequent letter discusses a fundamental matter—the right reading of history. After naming authorities on

one side and the other, Sheriff Guthrie proceeds: "This method (*i.e.* following the authorities) would either leave you a bigoted Catholic, Presbyterian, or Episcopal partisan, or more probably convince you that all men are, if not liars, at least gross exaggerators. . . . The other method is to go to the material of history and form your own opinion, which, if this method be taken, will be different from that ever previously formed by anybody. It may be right or it may be wrong, or most likely partly right and partly wrong, but it will have this priceless advantage that it will be your own. In this view please look at Hume Brown's Collection of the opinions of early travellers in Scotland before the Reformation. Also at the first volume of Sir David Lyndsay's Poems. . . . You go deep when you refer to 'the warp and woof of human motive behind human action.' This is what most historians seem incapable of comprehending. Not so the immortal author of *David Harum* with his saying, 'There's jist as much human nature in some folks as there is in others, if not more.' Take Queen Mary for instance. Historians seem to think they must make her out either an angel or a devil. As I read her life she was more of a woman than either. Looking to the standards of the time and the vile treatment she had received, why should her accession to the murder of Darnley brand her as a criminal even if fully proved? I confess to more difficulty in swallowing her marriage within three months to Bothwell, Darnley's murderer. As Sir Walter Scott said: 'I can pardon Mary everything except her marriage to that blackguard Bothwell.' As to John Knox, instead of a sour, grim demagogue so generally conceived I find him a man full of quaint humour, a tender husband, a loving father, a genial friend, a human enemy; and I do so from Knox's own writings and those of his contemporaries. I admire and love them both. Queen Elizabeth I also admire—and loathe! What a vivid light the saying of her great minister Sir William Cecil casts upon Queen Bess: 'To-day Her Majesty is more than a man, to-morrow less than a woman'!"

The great occasion of the Quater-centenary had still to receive its crown and consummation. That came exactly a year later—in November 1906, when a bronze statue of Knox in St. Giles' Cathedral was unveiled by Lord Balfour of Burleigh. It was the work of Mr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray, R.S.A. The story of this memorial is a

unique one and was told by Sheriff Guthrie in an article written at the time. "Some years ago," he wrote, "Dr. Cameron Lees visited Australia. Needless to say, he found and made there a host of friends and admirers. On his departure he was presented with £350, which he only accepted as the nucleus of a fund for erecting a worthy memorial to Knox in St. Giles'. For a time it was found impossible to launch the scheme. Then Dr. Lees was encouraged by members of his Kirk-Session, especially Mr. J. A. S. Millar, W.S., and by outsiders like Mr. James Macdonald, W.S., and myself, to believe that the proposal would receive general and hearty support. Naturally the recognised authorities on Knox—men like Professor Hume Brown, Dr. Hay Fleming, and Professor Cowan—hailed the proposal with delight. It was next ascertained that the St. Giles' Cathedral Board of Management would grant an admirable site on the east wall of the Albany Chapel, situated on the north or High Street side of the church. A committee was formed, Lieut.-Col. Bailey, R.E., and I being appointed joint-conveners, Mr. Millar, honorary secretary, and Mr. W. A. Wyse, honorary treasurer. Subscriptions were received from all parts of the British Empire and from the United States, in sums from a shilling up to Dr. Lees' Australian testimonial of £350, while Mr. Carnegie intimated his readiness to contribute the last £100." He then describes the statue: "Mr. Macgillivray has produced a statue which will give to many who knew Knox only from his traducers, literary and artistic, intentional and unintentional, a new conception of the Reformer. It is the figure of an orator, the greatest orator of all the Reformers, a scholar, and a courtier, accustomed, as one of Edward VI.'s chaplains, to the manners of a punctilious Court and the society of the leaders of England in Church and State." At the unveiling ceremony Sheriff Guthrie as joint-convener of the Memorial Committee made a statement. "It needed no justification to erect a monument in St. Giles' to St. Giles' greatest minister, in that church the walls of which gave back those wonderful tones, whose echo, to use Wordsworth's phrase,

"Rings through Scotland to this hour.

There has been a strong feeling that it was nothing less than a national scandal that in that church, where so many splendid and interesting monuments had been reared,

there should be no memorial to John Knox. Hence a committee consisting of men of all opinions in Church and State was organised, and hence the list of subscribers was so cosmopolitan that they had been able to inscribe at the foot of the monument, not any words of fulsome adulation, but something much more comprehensive—'Erected by Scotsmen in Great Britain and Australia and Canada and India and the United States.'" Lord Balfour unveiled the statue and Dr. Cameron Lees accepted it on behalf of the authorities of the church.

In the same month two events fall to be recorded. The Secretary for Scotland appointed Sheriff Guthrie chairman of a Departmental Committee on House Letting —or more particularly to inquire into grievances alleged to exist in regard to the letting of the smaller class of dwelling-houses. They heard much important evidence, and their report formed the basis of the statute now in operation. Professor von Herkomer, C.V.O., R.A., lectured before the members of the Philosophical Institution. His subject was "The Painter." Sheriff Guthrie, his old friend, presided, and the fame of the lecturer drew an audience too large for the Queen's Hall to accommodate.

The year closed in sadness. Principal Rainy died far from home. In the roll of Scottish Churchmen his name stands with Chalmers—two greatest among the moderns. A vast company met in Edinburgh to mourn his loss about the time when the funeral took place at Melbourne. It was a striking and pathetic circumstance that this was the first representative assemblage of the United Free Church held within the Assembly Hall since the building reverted again to its possession under the order of the Executive Commission.

CHAPTER XII

IN THE HIGHLANDS—WORK AND PLAY

THE learned Sheriff paid several more visits to the north. They were always pleasant visits, in which the graver duties were relieved by the kindness of the many friends at whose houses there awaited him a warm welcome. He used to tell the story of a cynical wag who said, when he got the appointment, that the great merit of it was that there was nothing to do and a delightful place to do it in. He added that he did not agree with the cynical wag—very naturally, but the reader may be disposed to form an independent opinion on the subject. At any rate the Sheriff is at Golspie in October 1905 and writes thus to Mrs. Guthrie:

"DUNROBIN CASTLE, *October* 7, 1905.—Arrived at 1.30 in time for lunch. The Duke and Duchess were at Skibo for lunch. I had a most hospitable reception from Lady Castlereagh and Miss Chaplin, the Duke's nieces, and from Mr. Neil Campbell, his cousin. We had a merry party at lunch sitting at little round tables, we four occupying one, and the other being filled before we had finished by Sir Reginald Macleod, K.C.B., Permanent Under Secretary for Scotland, Mr. Parker, an officer in the Grenadier Guards who fought through the South African War, and Miss Burdon, a New York heiress. After lunch I told Miss Chaplin there were two things in and about the Castle I had always wanted to accomplish and I intended to devote the afternoon to them. Accordingly I spent an hour in the stately old library, running rapidly over all the shelves and looking at a book here and there. Then I got the Museum key and spent another hour there; in both places alone. I strolled from the Museum to the shore and drank in the marvellous seaward view. Then I walked back to the Castle and found my special mulatto valet 'Charlie' unpacking my things in a charming room

which I have occupied before, looking out to sea. Entering the drawing-room I was greeted by Her Grace, regal and radiant as ever, but looking too ethereal for robust health. I told the Duchess about my visit to her Technical School in the morning and my favourable impressions of both teachers and scholars. She then told me of her afternoon at Skibo, and was as usual entirely devoted to Mrs. Carnegie and as usual highly critical of 'Andrew.' After much discourse with him he has largely increased his benefaction to the School and indicated his willingness to do more if in a year or two the School proves a success. I always stand up for 'Skibo' with her, and told her I thought from my talks with him that he was gradually abandoning his oft-expressed view that the School would not prove a practical success. She was highly pleased with the result of her visit to Skibo and thought she would have the sympathy and help of Mrs. Carnegie. I replied that she might be assured of that because she always spoke of her not only with admiration but with affection, and, I added, she has great influence with her husband. In the drawing-rooms are many interesting photographs on the tables, and unfamiliar pictures of very familiar people, all signed by themselves, the King and Queen—'Edward' and 'Alexandra,' the Tsar and Tsarina, etc., etc. There are some family portraits: a fine Romney of the Countess Duchess, and a charming Allan Ramsay of the 18th Countess, also a fascinating Dutch portrait of the Regent Moray's daughter, flanked by the 'Bonny Earl of Moray.' At 8.30 dinner we were all, of course, looking our best, but in no case, I was glad to see, helped either by paint or powder. The Duke is always cordial and interested. A 'good soul' if ever there was one. He has the 'new commandment' as well as the Ten written on his brow. The Duchess's talk was in a minor key, contrasting London life with a country one. They have got a cottage at Woking, and mean to live much there and very little at Stafford House. 'We are going to do this till Rosemary comes out and has to go to Court. You know, I told you before, I hate London. You are so occupied with meeting the same dull people and saying the same things to them. Of course there are plenty clever, delightful people, but you have no time for them. Then I am never well in London.' After dinner the Duke, Sir Reginald Macleod, and I discussed Dr. Johnson's visit to the Hebrides. He stayed at Dunvegan with Sir

Reginald's great-grandfather, the Macleod of Macleod of the time, and there are still family traditions of his visit. Bed at 12 after an hour's talk among the gentlemen in the smoking-room, where hangs the picture of 'Lady Jean,' divorced by Bothwell to marry Mary of Scots. Lady Jean then married the Earl of Sutherland and became the direct ancestress of the present Duke."

"*Sunday*, *Oct.* 8, 1905.—Lovely morning. Silence reigns: that is characteristic of the Castle at all times. There is no racket. You can always get a quiet nook—drawing-room, boudoir, library, or smoking-room—to yourself for as long as you like. You are allowed delightfully to do as you like. Breakfasted at 9 . . . I could not see porridge anywhere and no servants were present to ask. I only discovered 'them,' when too late, on another table in a far-off corner, flanked by a gigantic jug of cream. After breakfast Neil Campbell got me to the library to show him a manuscript of Drummond of Hawthornden which I had found yesterday. We could not make out whether it was an original or a transcript. . . . I told them I was going to attend the persecuted and evicted United Frees, worshipping in the Y.M.C.A. The others went to the Parish Church. Walking home I met the Duchess, who had not been at church. She wanted to know how it felt to be persecuted. I replied that, looking to the comfort of the Y.M.C.A., as a piece of persecution the service was a distinct failure. Before going to the Y.M.C.A. I called at the United Free Church Manse and walked with Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie to the Y.M.C.A. Hall. This involved passing all the 'Free' congregation, not a large flock, mostly old people. One thing was pleasant to see, namely the kindly and respectful greetings given by all with scarce an exception to the Mackenzies, returned by them with cordiality. The Y.M.C.A. Hall was packed with an interested congregation, who listened well to a lively and pointed discourse on 'He that loveth his life shall lose it.' It is significant of the change going on in the Highlands that the example held up to us was Father Damien of Molokai! . . . After lunch we went to the Technical School. The Duchess took Sir Reginald over the building while I spoke to the boys on John Knox. I was delighted with their intelligence and quick appreciation of a point. Their improvement in this way is very noticeable since I saw them last year. As I was finishing Sir Reginald came into the room. I called on him to say

a few words. He was rather shy about doing it but spoke admirably, and they listened open-mouthed to the representative of one of their own clans, for there are many Macleods in the School. Then to the Lawson Memorial Hospital in Golspie. We interviewed a cheery old Highland woman lying in bed. Her face beamed when Her Grace shook her hand, and she remarked to another old wife who was visiting her, 'Oh, isn't ta Duchess lookin' verra pretty to-day?' 'What do you think of that, Sheriff?' said the Duchess, turning to me. I replied that I thought it was compensation for the way Her Grace had been insulted by —— yesterday."

"INVERNESS, *July* 28, 1906.—Left Ballater 3.35. At Aberdeen we had to wait half-an-hour beyond our time for the Edinburgh train. I was alone in a first-class when in stepped Dr. Whyte *en route* to preach at Huntly! He is looking very well and, notwithstanding the troubles of the colleagueship, is in capital spirits. Dr. Rainy, he hears, is far from well, and he looked grave when I asked him. Fred. [now Sir Frederick] Whyte has been teaching for a year in the Sorbonne, Paris. He has been acting as assistant to the Professor of English. 'You know his whole bent is for affairs, active affairs, something practical. We are very glad he has taken up this Peel business. He's head over ears in it. . . . Oh, the colleagueship! Anxious business that, anxious business. I'll very likely have to go in from Balmacara for it. But Black has been very generous about it. Splendid fellow! He's going to give us all August. . . . I hear it's all right about Sefton Park. I suppose John Watson is going to succeed Dykes. Oh, did ye not see? Dykes has announced his resignation. Watson has done so much for the College and he likes Cambridge. It would be the very place for him. No, I don't suppose he's made so much money as Barrie, but more than Crockett. Jamie told me himself, one night in London he sat by the fire wondering what he would turn to. Well, he thought, I'll try a sketch of my early days. He sat down and wrote to a finish one of the Auld Licht Idylls. He went out with it in the early morning and dropped it addressed to Mr. Greenwood in the *Pall Mall Gazette* box. Next day, that very day, Greenwood sent for him, and he's never wanted work or money since. . . . Yes, he's got the root of the matter in him. Just read his mother's life, *Margaret Ogilvie*, a saint if ever I knew one. She's kept James right, and will

always keep him right. Ye never met his father, did ye? I wish ye'd been at the Moderator's breakfast when he was there. I got him beside me on the platform in the Music Hall, and I insisted on his saying a few words. It was grand. He began, "I kent yer Moderator long afore any of ye. I remember going with the three Alecs to the railway station. I aye ca'ed them 'the three Alecs' —Alec Whyte, him that's in the chair here, Alec Barrie, and Alec Ogilvie, my son and my nephew." Yes, sir, it was the speech of the day. Well, do ye know, Sheriff, the old man was not always like that. He was once a sceptical, cynical, hard sort of a bodie, who seldom or never went to church. But the wife did it, and the bairns, and the grace of God combined. And in the end I never knew a better Christian. But here's Huntly. We've had a grand talk. Good-bye.'"

"INVERNESS, *Sunday, July* 29, 1906.—"—— and I went to the Music Hall together to hear General Booth, whom I had never heard or even seen. He starts on Monday for a Motor Car Mission from Inverness to Plymouth. It was a great treat. There is no doubt the General is a great man. No wonder he has survived all the critics and outlived the petty crowd of detractors. His sweet reasonableness struck me. In his discourse on 'We know that we have passed from death to life,' there was not a sentence which a trained lawyer, speaking from his point of view, would not have delivered. His vitality at eighty and his optimism for the lowest are most inspiring. The man is a magnificent sermon, greater than anything he says. I wonder, taking his work all round, if there is anybody alive who has influenced so many to walk in the triple road of religion, sobriety, and honesty. . . . Back at 2.45 to hear the General lecture on the work of the Salvation Army, with the Provost in the chair, and ministers like Lang and Todd on the platform. I kept out of the way in the gallery."

"*Monday, July* 30, 1906.—Saw General Booth start in the second of the four motor cars conveying self and staff. The old man looked fresh and pleased as the people all saluted him. He has survived both abuse and ridicule. . . . On the pier at Stornoway was met by the Provost, the Superintendent of Police, the Procurator-Fiscal, and the Sheriff-Clerk Depute, and heard their news and complaints against Providence for a bad fishing, and against Parliament for neglect of the grievances of Lewis, and

against the County Council for its greed and parsimony. In Court from 11 to 2 disposing of civil and criminal cases and doing some administrative work. One troublesome case of theft solved itself by the P.F. ultimately withdrawing the charge. After lunch went to the Hospital, going round all the beds with Nurse Macrae. At first it was said nobody in Lewis would go to the Hospital and prejudice was universal. Now the difficulty is to find accommodation for those anxious to come. Then to the Castle. Found Mrs. Matheson and four daughters and second son in the conservatories, which I had not seen before. Had tea with them. They have just returned from a month in London. Nice, friendly people."

"KYLE OF LOCHALSH, *Augt.* 1, 1906.—Arrived at 4 A.M. Slept at charming Station Hotel till 8.30 and had breakfast at 9, looking over to Skye on an ideal Highland morning. Stared at by a couple at adjoining table, Mr. and Mrs. Downes of Liverpool, the husband drawing inferences from my resemblance to Sandy, and the wife from my resemblance to Chamberlain *sans* orchid and *sans* eyeglass, as they afterwards explained. They think there is no place on earth comparable for rest and beauty and comfort to the Station Hotel, Kyle. Left Kyle at 11 and was met by Jem [his youngest son] at Dingwall platform. In Court at 2, then some small criminal cases, one of which, a breach of the peace at Kyle, went to trial, and I had the pleasure of fining a Kyle native £1 for making a disturbance when drunk. The distinctions in the matter of drink are curious. The police sergeant, when asked whether the man was drunk, said, 'No, no, I would not say the man was drunk. He was very very outrageous, and he was violent, oh! yes, he was violent. But he was not drunk, no, no.' Then the neighbours had signed a petition addressed to me certifying that the man was 'highly respectable' and 'a good neighbour.' In sentencing him I commented on the peculiar ideas of respectability and good-neighbourhood entertained by the Kyle people. I pointed out that the man had been three times prosecuted for being drunk and disorderly, and said that he might be a good neighbour but he was certainly a very bad citizen.". . .

"TAIN, *August* 2, 1906.—At Tain started a case about salmon-fishing which took six hours fully. In the end I convicted of the offence of not observing the weekly close

time for salmon fishing and fined the highly respectable salmon tacksman £10. We parted, however, on the best of terms, judge and prisoner not exactly embracing but shaking hands. We do things in a primitive way in these parts." The word "primitive" hardly does justice to the picturesque and patriarchal scenes which sometimes occurred in the administration of the criminal law in these northern latitudes. A comical incident was related by the judge himself to a Tain audience at a safe distance of time after he had ceased to be Sheriff. "There was a bad case of assault at Cromarty and I made up my mind it was a case not for a fine but for imprisonment straight away there and then. I had begun my address to the prisoner by saying that it was a case the nature of which was such that imprisonment would necessarily follow, and not a fine, whereupon Mr. Mactavish (the procurator-fiscal) got up and in a very audible whisper said to me, 'That will never do, you will never get back to Invergordon, he's the only man who can work the boat.' The result was that without taking any notice of Mr. Mactavish's interruption I went straight on and said that in the ordinary case that would be the necessary result, but there were circumstances in this case which enabled me to take the course I was about to do, and to sentence him to pay a fine of £3 upon the spot, whereupon there was another audible whisper to the effect that I would have to give the man time, otherwise I would not get back to Invergordon. So I gave him a fortnight in which to pay, and I never heard from that day to this whether he paid the fine or not." "Then on to Skibo. Irving received us at the door with a broad smile and asked if we would like first to take a turn round the gardens. This we accepted and although he did not mention fruit we sampled the strawberries, rasps, currants, and gooseberries as we went along, not, however, regardless of the roses, which were glorious. Went inside and I took Jem a tour of inspection. In the drawing-room we had a look at the cabinet with Mr. Carnegie's 'Freedoms,' or some of them, in gold, silver, oak, and ebony. In the great hall we inspected the organ and studied the stained-glass representations of the old Bishop of Caithness who made Skibo his country house and of the great Marquis of Montrose who stayed there, not neglecting the Carnegie panes contrasting the Dunfermline cottage with the New York palace, and the sailing ship in which Carnegie crossed as a steerage passenger

in 1848 with the great Cunarder in which he returned in the first class, having made what he calls himself 'a modest competency.' Back from our tour of inspection we found a little and apparently idle old gentleman glancing at a newspaper in front of the peat fire in the hall. Andrew and Jem were soon 'as thick as thieves' over South Africa and the Boers, Andrew plying Jem with all sorts of questions about Briton, Boer, and Kaffir. The gracious lady of the house soon appeared in all her delightful unjewelled but perfectly tasteful simplicity and winsomeness. She gave us an affectionate welcome, and introduced Mr. and Mrs. Tattersall, the organist and his wife, who stay in a cottage near. No stranger would have imagined that Tattersall was paid. Everything he played after dinner was received as a favour. The Laird took in Mrs. Tattersall, Jem followed with the organist, and Mrs. Carnegie and I brought up the rear, the piper, blowing full blast, preceding us all. We dined at a little table in the dining-room window and talked on many subjects. There were many inquiries for the beloved lady of 13 Royal Circus and all the family, and Jem's interests in South Africa were a prominent feature. About Margaret not much was said, but the pressure of grave anxiety was not difficult to trace. I had no chance of hearing about her from Mrs. Carnegie quietly. But all work in the way of education has been stopped, and this year apparently there are to be very few guests at Skibo. John Morley and his wife come next week. After dinner, as usual, we all left the dinner table together for the hall with its organ and piano and peat fire. Much talk and much music. Tattersall at the organ and Mrs. Tattersall at the piano discoursing Handel, Beethoven, and Wagner. Carnegie wants me to read his article on Britain, Russia, and India in the August *Nineteenth Century*, under the title 'The Cry of Wolf.' Jem reports that it contains much praise of William of Germany. No doubt an advance copy would be sent to Berlin. These two are great friends and frequent correspondents. Mrs. Carnegie would not hear of the return motor till 10. Well wrapped up on a lovely night, with the moonlight gleaming on the water, we left the Castle, our kind host and hostess waving us adieux from the doorway."

These delightful letters may suggest that the Sheriff's official duties were of the nature of light comedy, and simply provided an occasion for a round of pleasant visits to

country houses. That is, of course, only part of the story. There was occasionally more serious work on hand. A Highland Sheriff sooner or later makes acquaintance with crofters and land raids and occasionally with gunboats. Sheriff Guthrie was no exception. We get a glimpse of trouble here and there. "This morning I had a long interview with the Chief Constable. We discussed the proceedings of the Bernera crofters in Lewis who have taken possession of a farm and threaten to plant potatoes in the farmer's fields. He does not think they will carry out their threats. I suspect they will, not with any real expectation of getting a crop but to keep their grievances before the public. The difficulty is how to avoid playing into their hands. What they are fishing for is martyrdom. They want to compel me to send them to jail, and they will then provoke indignation throughout the country and in Parliament, not against me but against the land system. Apart from this particular matter they are sober, decent people. . . . On the Stornoway pier I got the latest news of the Bernera crofters. Just as I expected, they have actually planted potatoes on the Croir farm and have written intimating if they are put in prison they will renew the planting as soon as they come out! . . . This morning I have had a long interview with the Chief Constable about the arrest of a German trawler, and the action of the Bernera squatters at Croir farm." A year later the inevitable gunboat is almost in sight. "Glad I came. All kinds of arrangements about gunboats, searchlights, etc., etc., to be made." . . . "A wire from Lord Balfour that he is endeavouring to arrange for a gunboat for Saturday week in accordance with my request. I have felt in a quandary about Saturday week and my duty. If a military expedition is necessary I shall go. But if we get a gunboat and eighty police, as proposed, on Saturday week this may settle the business and make the military unnecessary." Then the gunboat and the eighty police fade from the scene and the Sheriff is presumably left in peace.

His letters are silent about an interesting and important case which he tried at Dornoch, convicting a foreign trawler of trawling illegally in the Moray Firth. A full Justiciary Bench of twelve judges sat on an appeal. The case is known as *Mortensen* v. *Peters* in 1906. The point taken was that the trawling was beyond the three-mile limit, and that the foreigner was not struck at by our

statutes. The Court unanimously upheld the conviction and dismissed the appeal. Nor does his correspondence record a kind and thoughtful act by which he proved himself a true friend in the hour of need. Sir Hector Macdonald's widow and son, a boy of fifteen, were left by his untimely death in 1903 in circumstances of difficulty. The boy had been placed by his father at Dulwich College, but the allowances to his widow and son were insufficient to provide for carrying on and completing the boy's education. Sheriff Guthrie issued an appeal, proposing that the fund to be raised should be invested in the names of Sir Hector Munro, Lord Lieutenant of Ross-shire, Dr. Cameron Lees, and himself as trustees. The *Scotsman's* remarks on this appeal are worth recalling. "The appeal which is made to-day by Sheriff Guthrie on behalf of the widow of Sir Hector Macdonald and their son is certain of a hearty response. On all sides there are indications of a genuine desire among Scotsmen at home and abroad to honour in some fitting form a gallant soldier whose untimely end has not blotted out the memory of his sturdy valour and remarkable achievements. Many of the manifestations of this feeling have been unfortunate. Let there be by all means some visible, some tangible memorial to a man of whose military career Scotland is justly proud, if this be thought necessary, but Scotland can best show her appreciation and her gratitude by making fitting provision for Sir Hector's wife and son. Sheriff Guthrie's appeal is the one clear sound among the babel of discordant voices that has been raised about Sir Hector's grave, and it may be hoped that it will serve to turn the feelings of Scotsmen into saner and more creditable channels."

The reader of these chapters does not need to be told that there were two personalities whom Mr. Guthrie found arresting and interesting beyond others during those seven pleasant years when he held the office of a Highland Sheriff. They were of course Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, and Andrew Carnegie. In an article which he contributed to the *Oban Times* many years later—after Carnegie's death—he frankly owned the impeachment. These two, he said, had something in common—"the desire and ability to benefit others materially and mentally less fortunate than themselves, and they were conspicuous for the practical and permanent success of their public work. To vision they joined insight into human nature, knowledge

of affairs, power of managing others, and appreciation of what was reasonably possible though not immediately realisable." His estimate of Carnegie as he found him strikes one as eminently candid and fair. He illustrates his shrewd common sense and respect for tastes which he did not share by reference to the Papal Bull of Tain. It was pointed out to him that as "Bull of Grace" the bulla, or leaden seal, was attached to the parchment by a silken cord and not by the ordinary hempen string. Carnegie's reply was, "Well, as you are aware, I know nothing whatever about this kind of Bull. But other people do: and if this Bull is so valuable it surely ought not to be knocking about the drawers of the Tain Clerk's office. I will frame it for you." And frame it he did in splendid style. He admits that when, before meeting Carnegie, he set himself to read what he had written he was struck in his earlier works "with the exaggerated belief in the abstract value of popular government, apart from the circumstances of the people concerned, and their inadequate appreciation of the extent to which a constitutional monarchy, such as we happily possess, may have all the advantages of a republic with, in addition, the continuity of government and the common bond impossible in a republic. I read also his later utterances, and noticed how much less dogmatic they are on all these matters." He goes on: "All fair-minded visitors to Skibo came away not only with grateful recollections of Mrs. Carnegie as a warm-hearted friend and an ideal hostess, and with pleasant memories of the simple family life of father, mother, and daughter, but with a heightened opinion of Mr. Carnegie's sterling qualities. As in the case of all men, some things had to be discounted, but they were surface things, and fewer and less important than most people expected. One thing always struck me. It would have been easy to have surrounded himself with sycophants and flatterers. I never met any at Skibo, but rather people like Lord Morley, who did not hesitate to call a spade a spade even when their host was convinced it was a totally different implement. He seemed to detest subserviency and to prefer people who declined, for his pleasure or favour, to abate one jot either of their principles or their prejudices. . . . When Principal Rainy was on a visit to Skibo, Mr. Carnegie attacked Christian Missions in India on account of their tendency to Anglicise the native and to destroy the special characteristics of native civilisation. 'That

is quite true,' said Dr. Rainy, 'there is much in what you say, but then we have *our marching orders.*' Mr. Carnegie seemed struck by the reply, and afterwards spoke to me about Dr. Rainy in terms of warm admiration. Of such a man what the world wants is not censorious critics, but imitators, who will avoid his mistakes and better his methods."

CHAPTER XIII

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

The year 1905 saw the end of the long Unionist régime after something like ten years of power. The Government in its three last years had certainly outlived its usefulness. Since the raising of the Tariff Reform issue by Mr. Chamberlain in 1903 it had dragged out a feeble and distracted existence. The General Election of 1905 came as a deluge sweeping it out of office, and in some parts of the country, notably Manchester, washing the party almost out of existence. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Secretary for Scotland was Captain Sinclair, Mr. Shaw was Lord Advocate, and Mr. Ure Solicitor-General. Some well-known faces had now, alas! vanished from Parliament House. Mr. Balfour, made a judge in 1900 with the title of Lord Kinross and a peerage, too late to serve the country as he might have done, had died after a judicial career of only five short years. Since February 1905 Mr. Graham Murray, now Lord Dunedin, presided over the Court. Mr. Asher did not long survive his old rival and passed away in the same year. His career had missed its legitimate crown, but at least he enjoyed the unbounded confidence and admiration of his brethren at the Bar. Mr. Ure paid a noble tribute to the dead leader in an article in the *Juridical Review* which brought him this letter :

"*October* 17, 1905.

"My dear Ure—If I never before deserved well of my profession I do now in having got you to draw that masterly portrait of Asher in the Parliament House, in the Courts, at consultation, in Parliament, at Faculty meetings, and by a brief but pathetic reference, at home, which your admirable paper contains. It is of great passing interest, but also, in my opinion, of permanent value, as what every great Counsel ought to be and can be—in measure, at least in ideal and daily endeavour.

I had no doubt you who knew him so well would find it a hard task. That was why I knew you would do it so supremely well.—Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES J. GUTHRIE."

Every one who turns to the masterly portrait will agree that both he who suggested the work and he who executed it deserved well of their profession. A great Counsel, like a great singer, is known only to his contemporaries. His work does not live behind him. But Lord Strathclyde's delineation of Dean of Faculty Asher, written with intimate knowledge and literary skill, will go far to explain to those who did not know him why this man who "during a full quarter of a century held unchallenged supremacy as a pleader," was regarded by the profession with a respect which rose to veneration.

Mr. Guthrie was now in the front rank of senior Counsel on the Liberal side. When Lord Kyllachy (William Mackintosh) resigned in January 1907, after eighteen years of distinguished public service, it surprised no one that on this first vacancy Mr. Guthrie was chosen to succeed him. He had been thirty-two years at the Bar. His promotion was cordially approved by the profession; among the public outside the prevailing sentiment was that it ought to have come sooner. He took his seat on January 22, 1907, quitting in his own words "an extremely hard and laborious" life and entering on "calmer waters and serener regions." Congratulations came, of course, in shoals. Four may be referred to. To his friend Mr. Ure he wrote:

"*January* 15, 1907.

"MY DEAR URE—Your delightful letter has given both my wife and me much gratification. I always knew and valued your goodwill and friendship, and now I have a charming record of it for my children. I am looking forward to my work with great pleasure, that is perhaps not an unfavourable augury of success. I have heard you say of an advocate, and I suppose you would say the same of a judge, that the prime requisite for success is love of the business. The way in which the news has been received has been very pleasant. Query: Will my judgments be as much approved as my appointment? I hae ma doots.

"With very kind remembrances to Mrs. Ure and many thanks—Yours very sincerely."

To Sir Robert Simpson the new judge replied:

"*January* 11, 1907.

"MY DEAR SIMPSON—I should have been disappointed not to have heard from an old friend like you, and I appreciate your kind letter much. But I scarcely expected a loyal subject like you to be guilty of something like high treason! Where does the King come in, pray? Suppose he says, 'No, no, none of your teetotalers and Dissenters!' It is delightful to find from the most opposite quarters kind expressions of satisfaction. I had a charming letter from the President last night. Ah me! How those who are gone would have rejoiced. I have an old letter from my father in which he says, 'Yes, I would like to live to see you a great advocate, but what is that to being a great Christian.' My wife desires to join in our hearty thanks.—Yours very sincerely."

It was a far cry back to September 1871. In that month "Charles John Guthrie, M.A., Student of Law in Edinburgh, having satisfied the Treasurer as a Freeman's Son, and made declaration in the accustomed form, was received, created, and admitted a Free and Brother Guild of the City of Brechin, with power to him to use and exert the haill liberties and privileges of the Guildry as fully and freely in all respects as any other Brother Guild does or may do." On the same date, September 13, he compeared also before the Provost, Bailies, and Treasurer, and "was admitted Burgess and Freeman of the City of Brechin with power to use and exercise the haill liberties and privileges competent to a Burgess." Thereupon the Town Clerk wrote to him: "You can now open a shop in the Ancient City when you please"! In January 1907 the Brechin Guildry bethought themselves that the occasion called for a special meeting. "The Dean stated that after consultation with his Council he had convened that meeting with a view to passing a resolution of congratulation to Guild Brother Charles John Guthrie, K.C." The motion, duly seconded, was carried with acclamation, and excerpts, signed by the Dean and the Clerk on behalf of the Incorporation, were ordered to be sent to Brother Guthrie. The Guild Brother replied as follows:

"EDINBURGH, *January* 26, 1907.

"DEAR MR. ANDERSON—Certainly the grandest and one of the most gratifying messages of congratulation and good wishes is that contained in the interesting document forwarded by you. I value very highly the cordial expressions therein contained. I have always been proud of my connection with the Ancient City, and whenever any caviller suggested a doubt of my right to claim a share in Brechin's distinction I always silenced such a one by the information that I was a joined member of the Guildry with all the privileges thereto belonging. Now I feel that such a connection with the Guildry is not merely nominal, and I appreciate very much the friendly feelings which the Minute displays. Many thanks also for your own personal congratulations."

Another message deserves to be recorded—a Minute of the Kirk-Session of Stockbridge Church congratulating their colleague. It drew forth this reply:

"*January* 16, 1907.

"MY DEAR MR. GLOAG—Many thanks for sending me the Kirk-Session's Minute and for your own cordial good wishes. We are all much gratified by the kind terms of the Kirk-Session's Minute. I am toiling through some 400 letters and wires, and have to send many conventional acknowledgments. But to my brethren of the Kirk-Session it is different, from whom I have received so much kindness and consideration. I value their kind expressions more than I can express, and so do we all."

But though all congratulated, some, especially younger men at the Bar who were his friends, felt that something had gone out of their lives from the day when he quitted the floor. It was not the same place to them without him. There was warmth and cheer in his mere presence; he was so sincere and sympathetic and generous a friend, so helpful and brotherly; no man quite filled his place.

Lord Guthrie spent some five years as an Outer House Judge. His Court was popular and busy. He was always patient and courteous to Counsel, and painstaking in his handling of cases. Some quick and clever judges, and some who would not be so described, make up their minds early, and are difficult to move, but he had the far more

valuable judicial quality of keeping his mind open. Men of this type are generally sound, though not always brilliant, judges. For the rest of his thirteen years on the Bench Lord Guthrie was a member, and the junior member, of the Second Division. Most people will admit that a court of review should consist of more than one judge, and of an uneven number of judges. Illogically both Divisions consist of an even number (four), which leads at times to the unsatisfactory result of an equal division of opinion, and the additional trouble and expense of a new hearing of the case before a court of seven judges. The position of a judge who is the junior of four is less interesting and less important than that of one who sits alone. Probably in the majority of cases he concurs with his brethren, and after a topic has been thrice discussed before he opens his mouth there can be little need, nor can he feel much inclination, to labour the matter again. Lord Guthrie's duties in this position were therefore less onerous than before. But once and again a case will appear, the difficulties of which, in fact, or in law, or in both, provoke divergence of opinion and stimulate to greater effort. Such a case was the prolonged lawsuit which figures in the books under the name of *Boyd and Forrest* v. *Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company*. It was truly described as an "enormous litigation"; it lasted seven years and was thrice in the House of Lords. The pursuers had contracted to construct a line of railway; they had found the strata more difficult to work than had been expected, but they went on and completed their contract. Then the dispute arose over their demands for payment for the extra cost. When Lord Guthrie joined the Second Division the case had already been sent back by the House of Lords after a decision on one point. Then the Division after debate found in pursuers' favour, holding that the contract had been entered into under essential error induced by innocent misrepresentation and concealment on the part of the railway company, finding also that defenders were in breach of their contract, and that pursuers were entitled to be paid on the footing of *quantum meruit*. The case was in a region which Lord Guthrie's practice had made familiar to him. He traversed the opinions of his three colleagues and dissented from their judgment in a long and elaborate opinion which gave effect to the contentions of the railway company. In the House of Lords the judges unanimously upheld his dissent,

agreeing with his conclusions both in fact and in law. Lord Atkinson spoke of Lord Guthrie's "able and convincing judgment." The man in the street cares for none of these things. But he is fascinated by a story of a mysterious murder or a society divorce case, especially if it contain an eminent or a notorious name. It was Lord Guthrie's fortune to have his name linked with two such *causes célèbres*. One of these was the Stirling divorce suit, with Mrs. Atherton as the centre of interest, tried in January 1909—a long-drawn-out affair lasting not less than eighteen days. It is unnecessary and undesirable now to recall the story. The case possessed no legal interest, the judge truly said, and he added it ought to have no public interest. None the less the newspapers were full of reports and comments. The judge's "picturesque summing-up," as they called it, did not find favour with a certain class of Society journal. "Most of the proof," said Lord Guthrie, "is taken up with petty incidents in selfish, idle lives containing nothing that is romantic, not much that is even mock heroic, and little that is legitimately interesting." He went on to say that neither Mrs. Stirling nor Mrs. Atherton ranked high in mental endowment or in common sense, good taste, or right feeling, and he gave a curious proof of this by recalling the fact that when they went to Paris and talked of the Louvre, they referred not to the world-celebrated museum and gallery, but to the rather common shop. Remarks like these provoked only a cheap sneer in the columns of the Society journal. "Lord Guthrie seemed to us to show a certain leaning against actresses and in favour of those people who are gently born and bred and sheltered from life's struggle—an unfortunate bias. . . . We should like to see Lord Guthrie's attempt at a romantic novel. It would be as high falutin', we imagine, as Marie Corelli's best, as morally dull as Mrs. Humphry Ward's masterpiece."

The other *cause célèbre* excited a deeper public interest. That was the trial of Oscar Slater in the same year, 1909. He was charged with murdering an old woman of eighty-two in her house in Glasgow. The motive of the crime was supposed to be robbery. The whole web of circumstance enveloping the case gave it the character of mystery which excited curiosity and concentrated attention. Slater's career and movements added a sombre and suspicious colouring to the tale. He was described by the judge as a man who had "maintained himself by the ruin of men

and on the ruin of women, living for years past in a way that many blackguards would scorn to live." He escaped cleverly out of the country, and extradition proceedings had to be taken in New York to get him back. The conviction rested upon circumstantial evidence which satisfied nine jurymen of his guilt. Five were for not proven, one for not guilty. But the case did not come to an end with the trial and conviction. It entered on a new and remarkable career. People continued to discuss, and to differ about it, and agitation brought about what was practically a re-hearing. The Secretary for Scotland, Lord Pentland, requested Lord Loreburn, who was then Lord Chancellor, to determine the question of clemency, and he in turn called on Lord Haldane and Lord Guthrie. The result of this reconsideration was that a reprieve was granted. The reprieve was thought by many to be illogical and unsatisfactory. It did not give the case its quietus. On the contrary the next development was that a popular novelist turned his attention to it. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle produced a clever pamphlet dissecting the evidence and coming to the bold conclusion that Slater was innocent, that there had been a miscarriage of justice, and that the convict at Peterhead should be liberated. He found fault impartially with Counsel on both sides. The occasion was further improved by Sir Henry Stephen and others to point out the need for a Court of Criminal Appeal in Scotland. This was in 1912. Discussion and agitation went on as briskly as ever. Again the authorities moved and took the extraordinary step of ordering a second inquiry. More extraordinary still, the inquiry this time was conducted by the Sheriff of Lanarkshire, Sheriff Gardner Millar—surely an anti-climax after a Lord Chancellor. But the critics and cavillers made no real impression. The result again was to prove that no ground existed for the allegation of miscarriage of justice. Finally Slater and his trial have been immortalised by Mr. Roughead in a volume of *Criminal Trials* published by Messrs. Hodge and Company of Glasgow. Lord Guthrie took a friendly and appreciative interest in this publication. Some letters passed between him and the editor, Mr. Roughead.

"*October* 11, 1909.—Thanks for yours of 6th. I agree in thinking that the Slater Trial ought to be perpetuated as you propose, and I am very glad that the work has fallen into your capable hands. The importance of the case seems to me to turn on the conviction from identification

alone without the usual corroboration, and also on the result—a respite due (*a*) to that fact, and (*b*) to the large minority of the jury. I shall like very much to talk over some aspects of the case which you might possibly think it worth while to deal with in your introduction. So long as the thing is fresh in my mind and I have the notes for my charge I should like to revise the charge."

"*May* 9, 1910.—On my return from London I find your beautifully bound copy of the *Slater Trial.* Many thanks for it. It is an admirable specimen of the book-binder's art. Going through the book again I am still more struck by your skill both in the well-balanced introduction and in the whole arrangement. And there is not a single fault in the way of taste. Thanks also for the pictures which will be very useful. I wonder if Slater will approve the frontispiece; probably he will think he ought to boss the show himself. When we meet I shall tell you of curious ongoings at Peterhead in the way of visits by Antoine accompanied by the Jewish Rabbi!" Slater's counsel were blamed by some of the critics for not putting him in the witness-box at the trial, but his counsel had apparently good reason for preferring his silence to his evidence.

"*Saturday, January* 8, 1916.—I have read the additional matter in the second edition of the *Oscar Slater Trial* with great interest. Your 'Postscript 1915' is very ably done. Many thanks for sending me the book. I suppose the advisability of Slater tendering himself for examination by a Crown Official, before say Sheriff Gardner Millar, with his counsel and agent in attendance, must have been carefully considered and rejected as too dangerous. If, as is alleged, a blunder was made in his not giving evidence at the trial, or if he was right in not giving evidence at the trial owing to the risk of the jury being prejudiced by investigation of his past career (a futile excuse in view of the fact that his past career had already been exposed by his own witnesses), the obvious thing for an innocent man was to tender himself for frank disclosure before a tribunal not open to prejudice. I remember after the trial suggesting something of this kind to the late Mr. John Mair, Slater's junior, and I was struck by the very emphatic way in which he said this would not be done."

Quitting the Bar for the Bench brought with it other changes. A judge is, of necessity, debarred from sharing in some of his former interests. "Since I went to the

Bench in 1907," Lord Guthrie wrote later, "political meetings have, of course, disappeared from my diary, and temperance meetings also, but other outside interests have taken their place." But the cause of temperance lay so near his heart that he was not able altogether to keep his vow of silence on that topic. On two occasions at least he broke it in form if not in spirit. In 1913 he attended in Liverpool a luncheon of the Presbyterian Church of England Total Abstinence Society, given by his brother Mr. Alexander Guthrie, the president-elect in succession to the Rev. Donald Matheson. He then said that for the first time in the six years he had been a judge, he was honouring in the breach the rule which forbade judges to attend functions which were connected either with the temperance cause or with "the trade." The rule, of course, was perfectly intelligible. The judges had to construe and apply a mass of legislation connected with the liquor traffic almost every day, so naturally they had to avoid anything savouring of partisanship, but in the observations he was going to make he did not think he would give himself away. Although he had been silent all these years he had not been unsympathetic. He had seen no reason to alter his practice in this matter; on the contrary he had rather advanced on the convictions in which he was reared, for while his father had not seen his way to banish wine from his table, he (the speaker) had done so. In that matter members of his family had followed various courses. He had one relative who, it was said, gave his guests drink of such a nature that anybody who partook of it would never want to touch drink again. Experience convinced him more and more that apart from religion, there was nothing which more closely affected the progress of the nation and the maintenance of its present position in the world, and that in the forward movement of temperance there was plenty of room for work at the hands of the moderate drinkers, to which total abstainers, though they might not feel able to take any part in it, could at least extend their sympathetic interest. In the forward movement the most important part must be the cause of total abstinence. He often quoted the case of a friend of his who sneered constantly at total abstinence but who came to him when he wanted a butler. He had reminded that friend of the saying of Voltaire: "I don't believe in Christianity, but the man who has got to look after my silver spoons must be a Christian." There was no cause to which a man, whether

as a citizen or as a churchman could devote his life with more certainty of doing good fruitfully and surely than that of total abstinence—a cause which would make the nation more God-fearing, more straightforward, and more efficient. The other occasion was in 1914. A Citizens' Meeting was held in Edinburgh in connection with Lord Kitchener's appeal in regard to drinking during the War. The Rev. Principal Whyte was in the chair. Lord Guthrie moved a vote of thanks to the speakers. He said that at one time thirty years ago he was a very frequent item on the menu of temperance meetings, but since he became a judge he had followed the rule, the perfectly proper rule, never to go to any meeting where any resolution on the traffic was proposed either on the one side or the other. Why was he here to-night? Because in this present question, while he had not abandoned any of the views previously held, they had been increased by his eight years' experience in criminal cases and the divorce courts. They had heard to-night about efficiency, but what about honour? He cared not whether German or Briton, if the spirit of revenge or of lust was intensified in the minds of men by drink, then, whoever he be, they would have atrocities and they would have outrage. He hoped their men would come out victorious, but with honour to themselves.

CHAPTER XIV

A LAWYER'S RECREATIONS

FOREIGN travel we already know was Mr. Guthrie's absorbing holiday recreation. It would be difficult, or impossible, to name another practising lawyer who devoted to it so much time and energy, and who went so far afield in his vacation rambles. But he had many other pursuits which occupied his leisure hours at home, recreations in the large sense of the word, in which he found an outlet for his public spirit and a congenial field for gratifying his artistic and literary tastes.

From 1885 onwards scarcely a year passed in which, along with some members of his family, he was not on the Continent. In this way he visited, and in many cases revisited, great parts of France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and smaller lands, Egypt, the Greek Islands, and coasts of Asia Minor. He saw all the capitals of Europe. At home, too, he was an indefatigable traveller: England, town and country, he knew well, and visited all its cathedrals. Going farther afield, in addition to the United States and Canada and Nova Scotia, he spent a long vacation in touring South Africa.

One favourite holiday ground was Brittany, which appealed to his antiquarian tastes, and was visited in 1897 and again ten years later. But his Journal shows him much more than an antiquarian on holiday; his motto—and he lived up to it—was "Humani nihil a me alienum."

"*Saturday, April* 17, 1897.—We reached Dinan 6.53, had a cordial welcome from the landlady (Hôtel d'Angleterre), who revealed that her mother's name was Maclean. . . . We are *most* comfortable here and can well recommend the Maclean ménage."

"*Sunday.*—It is Easter Day, and the (English) church was literally bedizened with flowers and all sorts of devices savouring too much of the Pagan feasts of the Druids, who formerly worshipped hereabouts. Dinan is quite charming in a lovely situation on a hill. The old ramparts are alleys bordered with trees for promenades. The walls and castle of Queen Anne of Brittany are festooned with ivy, wall-flowers, and ferns in rich profusion, while the ancient fosse in many parts is a garden of apple and pear trees in full blossom. Then who shall tell of the quaint arcaded streets, the tumble-down houses, the quaint women? Two pictures in the Royal Scottish Academy we recognised at once. At the door of St. Sauveur the people were literally flocking in; and outside on the pavement were rows of chairs for hire, which chairs you carried in with you—a good idea for Free St. George's! I saw one woman coming through the street to church bringing her own chair, as Jenny Geddes did, I fancy, down the High Street of Edinburgh one memorable Sunday."

"*Monday.*—Train to Dol . . . arrive at Pontorson, found waggonette with partial cover from Madame Poulard of Mont St. Michel. Along with us in this conveyance came an English gentleman, whose name, according to his card on his bag, was Mr. Hallam Murray, Albemarle Street. He proved a most agreeable companion. I was supposing him to be a scion of the great firm of Murray, but cannot tell. . . . Mr. Hallam Murray turns out to be of the great House of Murray. His great-grandfather was the first of the three famous John Murrays. He himself is an artist, who seems to have seen much of the Continent as well as of India. He is a cousin of Lord Kinnear. A. J. G. (Mrs. Guthrie) talked to him about the book on the Three Murrays, which she had read, and about an admirable recitation which she recently heard given by his cousin, Lord Kinnear's sister, Miss Kinnear. The recitation was at Stockbridge Mothers' Meeting Tea Party at New Year. Mr. Murray saw Mr. Gladstone recently. The ex-Premier of eighty-eight told him that he contemplates a work on Greek religion, to show how the pure and undefiled religion of Homeric times was debased by the impurities and puerilities of the later classical age. Murray spoke to Gladstone about *Cardinal Manning's Life*. Gladstone did not agree with the adverse criticism of that work. He thought it right that the editor had been so brutally frank. As to certain incidents in Manning's career Gladstone

said: 'Nothing more will ever be known,' and then with a curious emphasis he added, 'till the Day of Judgment.' I suppose he had in his mind the letters which Gladstone returned to Manning for preservation and which the Cardinal deliberately burned. Gladstone looks forward to their production in another world!"

"*Tuesday, April* 20.—After early coffee we had a delightful ramble through the queer quaint street, which has no portion level or straight. It ascends and twists all the time. We walked a long way out on the causeway to get a view back on the Mont itself. Returning we passed the ancient cannon, hooped like Mons Meg, at the entrance through the outer wall, and sat down to Madame Poulard's famed omelette at 12. If not unsurpassable, the omelette for lightness and even frothiness is certainly unsurpassed. But everything, including fowl and cutlet, was equally good. Monsieur Poulard, with all Madame's beauty, cannot be called 'A Husband of no Importance,' as he is the chef! Leaving at 12.55 by diligence we looked into the kitchen for the bill, made up by Monsieur asking us what we had had. A very moderate bill, which did not lessen the goodwill with which we shook hands with Madame and received her most charming smiles. So ended as memorable and as delightful a space of twenty hours as we ever passed. At Lamballe we changed carriages, and while standing on the platform heard Breton for the first time. Two young men, one a sailor in the French navy, were talking to an old Breton peasant and his wife, probably their parents. The French navy is largely manned from the Breton coast. As we travelled west both people and country got more distinctly Breton. The peasants had more and more distinctive costumes, the women in black, frequently with green shawls attached with a brooch to the back of the dress, and their infinite variety of caps, each district seeming to have a different shape, and the men, thin but sinewy, dark, shaven, with broad felt hat and velvet strings hanging behind, and short jacket."

"MORLAIX, *Wednesday, April* 21.—At 8.50 an open carriage started with us for Mr. Jenkins' house (Welsh Baptist missionary). The old castle no longer exists. Time has done what the English often failed to do. The Morlaix people are much annoyed that the finest site in the town, and so full of historic interest, should belong to an Englishman and a Protestant. They were saying in

the newspaper only last week that Mr. Jenkins is an English spy and that he is going to use this lofty site to signal to a house on a distant eminence where he has a mission! He says there is still much unreasoning hatred of English among the masses of the French people as well as against Germany. This he attributes partly to the fact that France since the war has felt her back at the wall. The temper of a nation, as well as of an individual, is wonderfully mellowed by prosperity. He thinks the same cause has lowered the *moral* of the whole nation, making them reckless and indifferent to all moral obligations, at least so far as foreigners are concerned. . . . The people in the market-place seemed untouched by touristdom. Except for greater comfort and less appearance of poverty the appearance of the people is probably quite unchanged from the Middle Ages. Nor is there any change in the complete hold which Popery of the most debased type has of the people. No one can doubt the existence of real idolatry of images and relics who visits the heart of Brittany. With the common people these things are not used as means of stimulating spiritual feelings but as true objects of worship."

"*Thursday, April* 22.—Our first day in Quimper. Instead of a rough river-side there is now a substantial quay, and similar improvements have been carried out up and down the river except where the shipping lies! There the quay is very much as I remember it opposite our hotel thirty-four years ago. After lunch we had a walk with Mr. Jenkyn Jones (Welsh Methodist missionary) to the top of the hill opposite Quimper. The Prefect of the Department who lives in Quimper is a good friend to Mr. Jones. The Prefect's wife is Protestant and a great admirer of Ian Maclaren!"

"*Monday, April* 26.—We now go from the Middle Ages to the prehistoric menhirs and dolmens of Carnac and its neighbourhood, and we shall make Auray our headquarters."

"*Tuesday, April* 27.—Carnac is eight miles from Auray. After about five miles we came on the first of the great megalithic remains which have made Carnac famous, along with Stonehenge and Stennes. This is the Dolmen of Keriaval. We saw specimens of all the varieties—single menhirs (standing stones), alignments (avenues of these menhirs, erected in straight lines), cromlechs or menhirs arranged in circles, dolmens which consist of a flat stone supported like a gravestone by menhirs, and,

lastly, tumuli. We spent a long time under the spell of these silent giants, which so obstinately refuse to disclose who built them or when or how or why. The popular belief is that they represent a pagan army which was turned into stone by Saint Cornely, the patron saint of Carnac. This is only a specimen of the childish legends which, in this country, are not only told and believed by the common people, but are stamped as true by the Church. . . . We spent a long time in the museum—'Musée James Miln.' Mr. Miln was a Forfarshire man who devoted much time and money and talent to the investigation of the problems connected with the date and authors and users of the stones. Much digging at the base of the menhirs and inside the tumuli under the dolmens took place at his expense and under his superintendence. The results so far as articles found are concerned are in the 'Musée James Miln' at Carnac, and he recorded his views in a book. It is very much through his efforts with the spade that the sepulchral use of the tumulus and dolmen has been established. The guardian of the museum, M. le Rouzic, who worked with Mr. Miln for several years, showed us all the treasures. We were the only visitors and got his sole attention. On learning that I was a Fellow of the Scottish Antiquarian Society he showed a copy of the Edinburgh Society's catalogue of 1892. He reads English although he does not speak it. . . ." (In 1913, when Dr. Joseph Anderson, Keeper of the National Museum of Antiquities, retired, Lord Guthrie referred in appreciative terms to his distinguished position and services as an archaeologist, and recalling his visit to Brittany in 1897 mentioned how the face of M. le Rouzic, the Breton curator, brightened when he mentioned his name.)

"*Friday, April* 30.—At Rennes. We see a good many priests travelling and some nuns, but scarcely ever a monk. It is not easy for an outsider to gauge the feeling of the French people to the clergy. Certainly we have not heard or seen anywhere the old cry which my father heard in the class-rooms of the Sorbonne in 1826 when the young priests entered—'A bas les prêtres,' although we have seen scrawled up in a railway carriage, 'A bas les juifs, ces voleurs.'" They visited the cathedrals of Le Mans, Chartres, and Rouen, and so home.

Russia alone, which was visited in the autumn of 1902, called forth gloomy reflections even from this genial traveller. Here are the observations with which the Journal

ends: "So we leave this priest-ridden, official-ridden, army-ridden country. What can you expect of a land whose saint is St. Basil, an idiot, whose hero is Peter the Great, a murderer, and whose heroine is Catherine II., a debauchee? We cannot but suppose Russia has a better and more attractive side than we have seen. To the Scandinavian Norway, Sweden, and Denmark you plan to return; to the Slavonic Russia you bid an eternal farewell. For this better side we turn to Russian books, telling of the life of the people, nobles, officials, soldiers, merchants, peasants. We bought Tolstoy's *My Husband and I* and Turgeniev's *On the Eve*, and Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment.* But this with their frauds and falsehood and murders and vice only deepens one's unfavourable impression. These books may be and are powerful, but they are not patriotic. The Russians, being men and women, must have a better side, of religion, sympathy, loving-kindness, self-sacrifice, cheerfulness, humour. Treating this side their novelists might do for their country what Sir Walter Scott did with the Scotch and Scotland, a dour enough and unattractive country and people. On their own heads be the blame if they do not write a page which represents Russia or Russians as attractive, which makes any one's heart warm at the name, or which would induce one to return for a second visit."

Many vacations were spent at home, not in travel, but in quiet enjoyment of the beauties of some district where he rented a house, frequently a manse. Ullswater was a favourite resort, and there were many others, both Lowland and Highland, in Scotland. In such a holiday he never failed to search out whatever there was of historic or archaeological interest. Here is an example:

[*To the Duchess of Sutherland*]

"The Manse, Kirkhill, Inverness-shire,
Sept. 14, 1905.

". . . This countryside is a veritable cyclopaedia of history. We have the stone circles of prehistoric times; the vitrified forts of the Picts (or Danes?): the 'Iona Stones' in the churchyards of Culdee times stolen from the Western Islands: the Roman Catholic ruined chapels: and the abundant memorials of the Rebellions of 1715, 1719, and 1745. With the assistance of two horses, my

THREE FRIENDS.

David Patrick, LL.D. — Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser. — Lord Guthrie.

wife and I and our children have covered a large field, including excursions into the wondrous glens Strathglass, Strathcannich, Strathaffric, and Strathfarrar, which can be excelled only by the west coast of Sutherland, which in our view outshines all else in Scotland. . . . I am going to lecture in Tain on 'Travel.' I am purposely *not* saying 'Foreign Travel,' for the ignorance of people about their own surroundings is deplorable."

And he never failed to prove a friend and helper of religious work in the district where he was sojourning. In this way he and his family gladdened the heart and lightened the burden of many a country minister by their practical sympathy, and ties of friendship were formed which endured long after the holiday was a thing of the past. Here is the story which one minister's wife tells. "Lord and Lady Guthrie were our kind and interested friends since about 1890. Our home was a manse in the highlands of Perthshire, and they, coming to a neighbouring manse with their family during holiday months, brought us a wider outlook and a sympathetic helpfulness that brightened our whole life and is a treasured memory. None know but those who have lived in quiet places apart, carrying on their work in scattered homes amid the hills and glens, how encouraging and cheering it is to have some one like Lord G. come along and be interested. He preached to our people in different parts of the large parish, met with our Sustentation Fund collectors socially in the manse—all not as an official of the Church but as an interested friend, and charmed and encouraged every heart. The *Expositor* and *Graphic* came regularly from Royal Circus, its hospitality was ours over and over again, and all springing from love and goodwill." In an hour of special need his sympathy found expression in unobtrusive acts of benevolence. To a country minister known to him, visited with family affliction, he sent a brotherly note:

"My dear Mr. ——.—. . . You do not need to be told how deeply we, with all your many friends, have mourned and sympathised with you and Mrs. —— in the crushing and mysterious losses you have sustained. . . . We know the expenses that come through illness, and we wish, through the enclosed, to have the privilege of sharing in them. Give our love and most sincere sympathy to Mrs. ——, and believe me, yours sincerely."

To a traveller so indefatigable the science of geography

was, of course, of profound interest. Mr. Guthrie joined the Royal Scottish Geographical Society soon after it was founded in 1884; in 1888 he became a Life Member, and he was a valuable recruit. "He brought," writes Mr. Ralph Richardson, W.S., the honorary secretary, "a ripe mind, an enthusiastic co-operation, and an inestimable asset as an erudite and delightful speaker." In 1898 he was made a Member of its Council, and was frequently called on to take a leading part in its proceedings. One such occasion was the twenty-first anniversary dinner in November 1905. He was chosen to propose the health of Lord Strathcona, who was to be the Society's guest that evening—a great Scotsman and a great Colonial. Unfortunately the state of his health made it impossible for Lord Strathcona to be present. Sheriff Guthrie read telegrams from him expressing his regret and his appreciation of the work of the Society, and on his suggestion the President, Professor James Geikie, was requested to convey their deep regret and hopes for his recovery. In February 1907 Lord Guthrie, newly made a Judge, presided over a large audience in the Free Assembly Hall, when Sir William M. Ramsay lectured on the "Roads and Railways of Asia Minor." Dr. J. G. Bartholomew, on behalf of the Council and members, took the opportunity to congratulate him on his recent promotion. He said he had been a staunch friend of the Society, and to show their appreciation of his many services the Council at its last meeting unanimously elected him vice-president.

He was soon able to do the Society a service of quite exceptional value. Here his persuasive powers as a pleader were put to a stiff test in attempting to wring money out of the Treasury for a Scottish object, and he came off triumphant. The Society at that time rented rooms on the ground floor of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery in Queen Street. For this accommodation they paid H.M. Board of Trustees a rent of £125 a year. In 1907 the Board of Trustees gave the Society notice that they required the rooms which the Society occupied. The Council resolved to approach the Government for a grant to enable the Society to obtain premises elsewhere. Mr. Asquith was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and as he happened to be living near North Berwick at the time he was invited to meet the Council and hear a statement of its case. The meeting took place in January 1908. According to Mr. Ralph Richardson, Professor Geikie, who

opened the case for the Council, did not seem to impress Mr. Asquith, and other speakers who followed came no better speed. Then Lord Guthrie stepped forward, "and in a strong, clear address, which riveted Mr. Asquith's attention, presented so forcibly the claims of the Society" that the vigilant guardian of the public purse gave way and an annual grant of £200 was conceded on the condition (as in the case of the London Society) that the public had access to its maps and charts. The speaker made admirable play by contrasting the generous treatment of the Royal Geographical Society of London, which enjoyed a large grant, as against the very different treatment of the Scottish Society, which was really losing a grant of £175 a year because their present premises, for which they paid £125, were worth £300, and they would require to pay £300 a year for new premises. Justice to Scotland in this case would form no awkward precedent because Government already assisted the English Society, and there was no Irish Society, he understood, to raise any question.

In 1916 Lord Guthrie became President of the Society, and filled that office until 1919, when he resigned and was succeeded by Lord Salvesen.

Another sphere of activity highly congenial to him was the work of the Scottish Text Society. It was founded in 1882. He was an early member, and on the death of Sir Arthur Mitchell in 1909 he became President, and continued in that office till the end of his life. The purpose of the Society was to print and edit texts illustrative of Scottish language and literature. It owed its origin to the desire felt by philological and historical scholars to make the old vernacular writing of Scotland more readily accessible to students. Among its original supporters were Professor Masson, Professor Æneas Mackay, Lord Rosebery, Dr. T. Graves Law, Dr. Walter Gregor, Sir John Skelton, Rev. Professor Mitchell of St. Andrews, and Sir James Murray of Oxford. Lord Justice-General Inglis was the first President. Lord Guthrie, says Mr. Traquair Dickson, honorary secretary for many years, grudged neither time nor trouble in forwarding its undertakings, and his fellow-workers valued much the help he freely gave them. The labours of the Council and of those who were editing books were made heavy and difficult by the war. Difficulties of all sorts were thrown in their way. Foreign universities for a time closed their gates against

them and their books. Several of their workers were detained in German prisons. One who had gone, taking much MS. with him, to collate his work in a German university was made a prisoner, and his papers were destroyed. Lord Guthrie's statements at the annual meetings bear witness to the cheerfulness with which he faced all the difficulties. As an example take his admirable remarks at the General meeting in November 1914. He referred to the interruptions of the Society's operations by the outbreak of war, and said he hoped the delays would soon be overcome. They were clear about the importance of the work done by that and similar societies. The matter, he said, was well expressed by Dr. Gayley, Professor of English Literature at the University of California. "Man will always be the heir of all the ages. You strive in vain to satisfy him with modern languages and literatures, modern history and poetry. He remains the child of the ages, but a child deprived of his full heritage. The training of imagination, emotion, induction, to be derived from a study of our historical and literary heritage is especially necessary to the profession and to the nation." In particular, he continued, their Society and the Scottish History Society claimed that they were doing important national work, and therefore that they could not be regarded, and should not be treated, as superfluous. Scotland had inherited structures and objects reared and fashioned by our ancestors, prehistoric and historic. These were looked after by Royal Commissions and public museums maintained by the State. But the work of perpetuating and interpreting the records and the literature of mediaeval Scotland had been inherited by these two Scottish Societies from the grand old literary clubs—the Bannatyne, the Spalding, and others—which accomplished so much in their generation for the literature, history, and archaeology of Scotland. Notwithstanding the war they should find means to continue their activities. Again in 1917 he spoke with great satisfaction on the position and prospects of the Society. They had certainly been badly hit by the war: for two years they had suspended operations so far as collecting subscriptions were concerned. This had resulted in a loss of £400 a year. Still the work had gone on. Arrangements were being made for the production of new texts, and the Society had been fortunate in securing Mr. David Baird Smith, LL.B., Glasgow, who had agreed to undertake the

duty of Convener of the Editorial Committee. He had got ten men to undertake new volumes. These included Professor W. A. Craigie, LL.D., of Oxford University, Dr. R. G. L. Ritchie of Edinburgh, the Rev. Professor Main, Dr. George Neilson, and other scholars.

Lord Guthrie may be said to have cast his anchor—in more than literary matters—in the sixteenth century, and he rejoiced in what the Society had done in that field of historical literature. Of the six outstanding writers, he pointed out in 1912, they had dealt with three. They had republished John Major's *History*, and they had John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, and Lindsay of Pitscottie, in their series. His favourite was the gossiping Pitscottie, " auld Pitscottie " as Sir Walter called him, " the Herodotus of Scotland." In all, the Society has edited and issued to its members some seventy-eight volumes of early Scottish literature in prose and verse. Lord Guthrie heartily enjoyed the work, and—adds Mr. Traquair Dickson—" he made that work more enjoyable to those who laboured along with him."

It is scarcely necessary to say that of the kindred Society, the Scottish History Society, he was also a member. He became a member of Council in 1901 and served on it until his death. He spoke occasionally at the annual meetings, and never without interesting his audience. Nothing could have been more felicitous than his appreciation of Dr. Graves Law as a man and a scholar, and of his great services as secretary of the Society. He himself contributed an introduction to one of their publications—*The Records of the General Assembly Commissioners*, 1650–52, edited by the Rev. Dr. Christie of Gilmerton. The three years covered by the volume form a period of great importance in the history both of Church and State, from the landing of Charles II. at Speymouth, the battle of Dunbar, and the struggle between the rival parties headed by James Guthrie and Robert Douglas. Cromwell's famous letter is engrossed in the Minutes and Guthrie's reply. Lord Guthrie controverts some of Sir Walter's errors about the Covenanters, and does his best to clear their policy of the charge of being unreasonable and intolerant.

These two Societies he regarded as the lineal descendants of the older Book Clubs which flourished in Scotland during a good part of last century, beginning with the Bannatyne Club in 1823. He took occasion in 1916 to

discuss before the members of the Glasgow Centre of the English Association the subject of those Scottish Historical Societies which issued printed volumes, the Bannatyne, Maitland, Abbotsford, and others. He pointed out that they sprang out of a great movement in which a new spirit showed itself, when a new respect for antiquity became general and a new interest in things archaeological. Men then began to realise the value of original materials—both the cultured public and literary men. He eulogised the work of the two great names of the Bannatyne Club—Sir Walter Scott the first president, and Dr. David Laing the first secretary and general editor. He spoke of the quality of the work done by the societies as amazing, considering that none of them paid their editors and that most of the editors were men who had to live by their pen or business.

It followed naturally from his interest and work in archaeological matters that Lord Guthrie should be named in 1908 a member of the Royal Commission then appointed on Ancient Buildings in Scotland. The chairman was Sir Herbert Maxwell, President of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Mr. A. O. Curle was secretary of the Commission, which was charged with the important work of making an inventory of the ancient and historical monuments connected with or illustrative of the life of the people of Scotland from the earliest times to the year 1707. In August 1914, during a holiday at Iona, he was led to examine carefully certain ruins on Staffa. They had been supposed to be remains of a shepherd's hut, but he became satisfied they formed part of the walls of an ancient chapel. In November 1915 he sent an account of the matter to the *Oban Times*, which concludes thus: "Without having made any exhaustive examination, I saw enough at least to convince me as a member of the Ancient Monuments Commission, that it will be necessary for our Commission, as soon as the war is over, to examine every one of the Western Isles at first hand, and that it will not be safe for us to rely on statements or sketches of previous investigations."

Of the Philosophical Society he was a warm friend and a most efficient helper in years of difficulty. In 1891 he became a member and in 1907 an extraordinary director. In 1916 he consented to become senior vice-president and chairman of the Board of Directors in order to see the Institution through the war. The secretary states

that no office-bearer was more regular in attendance at meetings and lectures, more interested in furthering the welfare of the Institution, or more forward in urging its claims upon the public. And he found time amid a multitude of engagements to prepare and deliver a lecture in 1918 on "Robert Louis Stevenson as I knew him," afterwards adapted for publication in book form under the title, *Robert Louis Stevenson : Some Personal Recollections*. In 1916 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Of the Cockburn Association he was long a member, and in 1915 was elected a vice-president along with Lord Strathclyde, the President being Sir John H. A. Macdonald. He held sane views as to what the Association should aim at in the matter of preserving historic buildings in Edinburgh, and discussed the matter carefully at the meeting of 1915. He had no belief in trying to preserve all the buildings of the past. Public health was the paramount consideration, and many of these buildings must be swept away on sanitary grounds. The true principle was to preserve unique things, samples of different kinds of dwellings and buildings of the past. He thought they were well off in Edinburgh in this respect. Of historic buildings of different kinds they had the Castle, St. Giles', Queen Margaret's Chapel, the Magdalene Chapel, Parliament House, the Municipal Buildings, the Canongate Tolbooth. Of town houses of the nobility they had Moray House and Huntly House ; of houses of well-to-do burgesses Moubray House, Cannon-ball House, and John Knox's House. He himself had done much to rescue Moubray House from destruction. In 1910 he appealed along with others for money to save it. £700 was raised and the house was purchased, part of the price being borrowed on the security of the property. He became one of the trustees, and they restored the ground floor and first floor. In 1912 he appealed again through the Press for other £500 to put the whole house into order. Happily the movement was successful : the house has been—not restored—but conserved. It has been let on a ninety-nine years' lease, and security has been taken that characteristic features are to be preserved—a beautiful stucco-work ceiling, a fine example of the cork-screw staircase lighted by a curious type of miniature window, and a picturesque jutting-out attic story. Along with John Knox's House, Moubray House forms a unique angle in the High Street

with the old water-pump house in front. Cooperating with the trustees of John Knox's House and the Moray-Knox U.F. Church, the Moubray House trustees have also cleared the court at the back of undesirable slums, and have formed a garden and open space in the land of stone and lime.

For the preservation of Huntly House in the Canongate Lord Guthrie did his best. In 1912 he wrote an interesting article in the short-lived *Blue Blanket* magazine. He pointed out that it was the town house of a great, noble Scottish family and one of the oldest dwelling-houses in Edinburgh. Its gables, quaint interior, and wise maxims on the walls, make it a picturesque object in itself, and the house, along with the Canongate Tolbooth, Cross, and Parish Church, all in near proximity, form one of the most interesting groups in the Old Town. At the annual meeting in 1915 he made a fresh appeal on behalf of Huntly House. A ticket to sell was then on it, and the upper story was going to bits. He said they had got from two patriotic Scotsmen offers substantially of half the money needed to buy it and put it into lettable condition. They hoped to prevent the scandal of seeing the unique house removed and a repetition of Carrubber's Close Greek building put up. He did not live to see his plans for Huntly House accomplished.

Another excellent service he rendered was to preserve Murrayfield House, which was threatened by a Town-Planning Scheme in 1915. It was proposed to drive a road through it, but a committee, of which Lord Guthrie was convener, was formed and succeeded in having the plan altered so as to save the house.

The work of the Society of Antiquaries was always a source of interest and pleasure to him. In December 1913 the Council recommended partial Sunday opening of the National Museum—from 2 till 4 in winter on Sunday afternoons and from 2 till 5 in summer. This was on two essential conditions: no interference with opportunities for public worship on the part of attendants, and due provision that they should have in the seven days a full day's rest. The view taken was that the Society were administrators for the public and were not entitled to exercise merely their individual opinions but must look to the public interest. Dr. Hay Fleming and Mr. Oldrieve, two highly esteemed members, moved against Sunday opening. Lord Guthrie moved an amend-

ment in favour of the Council's recommendation, and this was carried by a considerable majority. Lest the reader should suppose that the Antiquaries were constantly engaged in abstruse and learned investigations it may be well to mention that they knew how to unbend on occasions and find amusement in elegant trifling. Sir Herbert Maxwell recalls an occasion when he had come from Glasgow, without a change of raiment, to attend the St. Andrew's Day dinner of the Antiquaries, intending to return to Glasgow by the 10 P.M. train. Lord Guthrie was chairman that night and kept the company amused in a manner that caused him to sit past train time. Sir Herbert bemoaned his sad plight in these lines :

> Beguiled by fluent Guthrie, Maxwell sups,
> Heedless of time, amid the circling cups.
> The train departs for Clutha's distant shore :
> Ye Antiquaries ! now his plight deplore.
> Shirtless, tooth-brushless, on a transient bed
> Listless he lays a solitary head :
> Till roused by Boots ere chanticleer grows vocal
> He crawls to Glasgow by a lingering "local."

A few days later a rejoinder was forthcoming from Dr. Walter B. Blaikie felicitously reminding the President that his misfortune should cause an Antiquary's heart to rejoice.

> Repine not, Maxwell, why should you begrudge it
> That, feasting, you forget that "tempus fugit ?"
> For, while replete, and still in mood plethoric,
> Fate guides you to a marvel pre-historic.
> Thrice happy President ! sing loud "Te Deum" !
> Reclaim the specimen for your Museum ;
> Survival strange of days long gone before us—
> The days of mastodon and dinosaurus :
> This crawling "local," found in our modernity
> Exhausting time, impinging on eternity !

Music was another recreation. He inherited musical gifts and tastes and they were transmitted to his children. He and Mrs. Guthrie found their way to the musical festivals at Leeds and Birmingham, and were careful to give their children every facility for hearing good music. He used to complain in his humorous way that he heard in his own house three pianos and a pipe organ and two harmoniums and the bagpipes, with a zither occasionally thrown in. But he delighted most in the human voice as the finest instrument in the world. He said on one

occasion in public that it was only within recent years that the people of Scotland had really come to realise that the power of song and musical performance on an instrument was quite as distinctive of humanity as was the power of intelligent speech. In the old days the monstrous absurdity prevailed that music was only for women and girls, but he had always believed and occasionally had had the courage to maintain that the singing of no prima donna in the world was to be compared to a boy's voice at its best; and yet in Scotland that great source of enjoyment or delight was even yet practically unknown. For keeping a family together, for providing the means of comradeship between boys and girls, nothing could be compared to music. He hoped people were now beginning to realise that a great composer was quite as great a thinker and expressionist as the greatest literary man that ever lived.

In another direction he thought the power of music among the young was not utilised. "For sacred music there were no voices like those of boys, yet in almost all Presbyterian churches the boys were dumb. Why should there not be children's choirs, supplementary to adult choirs? Then they might have some prospect of gradually getting proper congregational singing. "Was there," he asked, "a single congregation in Scotland of any denomination where the singing was satisfactory? He did not know of one. He had been lately in South Africa. In every Kaffir church they attended the majority of the native women were singing air or alto, according as they had high or low voices, and the majority of the native men were singing tenor or bass. In our churches, generally speaking, all the women who sang at all sang the air, and all the men who sang at all attempted to sing the part written for women's voices. A large proportion of both sexes did not even make a joyful noise, or any noise at all. Yet the late Cardinal Vaughan attributed the rapid spread of the Reformation to the fact that Luther gave back to the people the right to sing, which the Church had wrongly taken from them."

Besides music he liked good acting, and went on pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon to see Shakespeare's plays presented at the Memorial Theatre by F. R. Benson's companies.

Of painting and sculpture he was a discriminating lover and a sound critic. Mr. H. S. Gamley, R.S.A., who

knew him well in later years, writes: "It was exceedingly interesting to meet him in the studio of Fiddes Watt, A.R.S.A., and to find him a keen art critic, an artist himself in his power of discrimination and in his intuitive feeling for the best in painting and sculpture. My knowledge of his interest in the plastic art dates back to the day when I had the pleasure of welcoming him to my own studio in connection with a portrait bust of his grandson, Euan Guthrie, aged two and a half years, which bust in bronze was exhibited in the R.S.A. and R.A., London. In 1920 when King George visited my studio he remarked on the fine intelligence showing in the little head and face. A devoted grandfather, Lord Guthrie was not satisfied until he possessed the presentment of his granddaughter, Jean Priestman, in marble. This portrait bust also met with Royal appreciation, the Queen's interest expressing itself in her acceptance of a photograph of Jean and the sculptor. Lord Guthrie's visits to the studio were frequent and welcome. His criticisms were a delight to me, being always spontaneous and sincere. I have vivid memories of his standing in front of my work and, out of his wide experience of art and life, speaking words that were stimulating and enlightening. Nor was a sense of humour lacking. One day when I was working on the King Edward statue for Holyrood, in which he was greatly interested, he jocularly remarked, 'What about the Kaiser? How would you like to model him?' I replied, 'I'd rather starve.' 'Oh, come now, tut, tut. He is a good-looking and well-set-up man, and after all "all is fair in love and war."'"

CHAPTER XV

THE BOYS' BRIGADE

Lord Guthrie's connection with the Boys' Brigade deserves a prominent place in the story of his life. It began about 1905. From that year till 1909 his work in it was local; he was President of the Edinburgh battalion. In 1909 he became head of the whole organisation—President of the Boys' Brigade of Great Britain and Ireland, and filled the office for ten years, resigning in 1919. During those ten years he did a vast amount of work and presided on public occasions all over England and Scotland. His period of office, broadly speaking, ran parallel with his years of public service as a judge. It is characteristic of the man and of his views on the relative values of things that he considered his work for the Boys' Brigade was the more important of the two. Speaking in 1911 at Milngavie to the local company he used these words: "I have many duties to perform in Church and in State, but I venture to say with perfect sincerity that I don't think I have any duty nearly so important for the interest of the community as being President of the Boys' Brigade." The root of his interest in the Brigade was his interest in young people and especially in the religious training of the young. He had been at that work long before he heard of the Boys' Brigade. He had conducted a Bible Class for boys in Stockbridge Church. About 1898 the first Edinburgh B.B. Company was formed of lads connected with that church, his son Charles being captain. Charles suggested that the lads might join his father's Bible Class and convert it into a joint class. This was done, and Mr. Guthrie's name appeared in the returns as teacher of the B.B. Bible Class. Himself one of the Royal Archers, His Majesty's Body Guard in Scotland, he inspected the 1st Edinburgh Company in drill, bayonet exercise, and ambulance-stretcher work. He had long

held definite views as to the supreme importance of Sunday School and Bible Class work, and he believed that the Church had not sufficiently cultivated that great field. In two important and impressive addresses he developed and expounded this theme. The first was the Murtle Lecture at Aberdeen University, delivered in November 1911 to a crowded audience in the Mitchell Hall at Marischal College. The second was a lecture in the following month, December 1911, in the Bute Hall of Glasgow University. The title and subject were the same in both—"The Church's Work in relation to the Youth of the Country." How opportune was the topic and how admirable the treatment is illustrated by some words of Professor Stalker written after the Aberdeen meeting. "Lord Guthrie was here giving at the University the Murtle Lecture. It is usually a philosophical dissertation, but he gave instead a bright and cheery record of personal experience, especially in religious work among the young, and the effect was quite electrifying. The Mitchell Hall was packed and I have never seen an audience more pleased." He himself wrote to Dr. Hay Fleming, "I had a splendid audience at my Murtle Lecture in Aberdeen three weeks ago, and notwithstanding the bad day, a good audience in the Bute Hall, Glasgow, last Sunday, when I had occasion to deal with the Scots catechisms." The Church, he said, had passed through three phases in its relation to the young. In the first and longest period the special religious needs of youth were ignored, and, save by individuals, their right to separate treatment was denied. Their religious education was directed rather to prepare them for becoming religious at a full age, which they might never reach, than to make them religious in youth. They were catechised along with grown people, and the successive Church catechisms—Calvin's, Craig's, and the *Shorter Catechism*—were bodies of divinity unsuited for the age or mental capacity of the young. The second was that of the Sunday Schools when the Church awoke from her sleep of 1800 years. To-day we were living in the third period, when we recognised not merely that we had duties towards children, but that they had rights—not the same thing—which they were entitled to demand from us even at the cost of our own ease, convenience, and edification. We realised that unless we carried our children safely beyond childhood through youth into fully-developed manhood and womanhood, all our work for them might be only

life's labour lost. The principles to be acted on in regard to the future were clear—namely the duty of members of the Church to abate their right to the Church's services in favour of the religious education of the young, and the necessity, in the religious training of the young, for separate treatment adapted to their different ages and capacities. He advocated the adoption of a simple catechism to be used by all the Protestant Churches, which should be expressed in simple Biblical language dealing only with the essentials of religion and concentrated round the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed. The difficulty had always been and would always be to overcome the unwillingness of the adult to subordinate his or her individual interests to the interests of the young, the interests of the present to the interests of the future. He went on to indicate the changes in church services which he thought might be desirable, and to speak of the place of music in church services and how the power of music among the young might be utilised to improve congregational singing, of the need in Sunday Schools of a larger number of professional teachers, especially men teachers. He concluded by dwelling on the benefit of this work to the worker himself. "We want something to raise us out of and above the monotony and consequent ennui of our daily tasks. You say we can get that in travel, science, literature, music, and art. No one is more devoted to all these pursuits than I am; but then every normal human being has, and wants to satisfy, the altruistic instinct, the instinct to do something to help other people, which is one of the distinguishing features of humanity. And whether we admit it or not, we all feel as reasonable beings, that we ought to live not unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again. As the result of a long experience in this country, and of varied observation in many other countries on both sides of the Atlantic, and south as well as north of the Equator, I wish to record my testimony that there is no work more soothing and at the same time more stimulating, no work more encouraging, no work more in unison with the mind of the Master than work for the young in connection with the Church." On a public occasion some years later, in 1915, speaking in Glasgow he repeated his remarkable testimony on this matter. "Much as he had had of delight in foreign travel, in literature, art, music, and in archaeology, he stated frankly that he had derived

more pleasure, as well as profit, from his thirty years' work in Sabbath Schools, first as a teacher, then as a superintendent, and now as a superintendent teacher."

To such a man the spirit and methods of the Boys' Brigade made a strong appeal. The fact that the movement was spreading over the world proved that there was something in it that was adapted to every side of a boy's nature. It was based on the bed-rock of religion. Sir William A. Smith, the founder, ascribed the spread of the Brigade to two things—discipline and religion. It cultivated in boys the best things learned in military life—obedience, respect, discipline, courage, and promptitude. The element of athletics and drill was attractive to a boy's nature. The Brigade aimed at developing a manly character, making boys good citizens, Christian citizens. It appeared to be a bridge over the dangerous period between the Sunday School age and young manhood; it led the boys to go to church, and in time to become church members. Two other features attracted him. It was founded by a layman and was developed on laymen's lines, and would always be worked by laymen, though with the cordial co-operation of the clergy. And again, it was undenominational—it brought men of different churches together in common work. As he came to possess a fuller and more intimate knowledge of the work, Lord Guthrie grew more in love with it and formed a higher opinion of its possibilities for good. His own work as a criminal judge filled him with something like despair, optimist though he was. At Nottingham on one occasion he said "that after being in such a Brigade atmosphere he did not know how he was going to get back into the Criminal Courts. It was marvellous how in the Courts they got into touch with much the same problems dealt with by the Brigade. There was nothing more lamentable in the Criminal Court than the young criminals. In a sense he saw none, because his office was far less important than that of the police magistrate who had to make or mar a boy or girl at the commencement, and on his decision, involving a fine of perhaps a few shillings which was not paid and was followed then by imprisonment, the whole career of the boy or girl was determined. He, as a general rule, only saw the old hands, and he often asked himself what did it matter whether he gave them five, or ten, or fifteen years, or a life sentence? It was all of very little consequence to the State compared with the momentous decision of

the police magistrate. . . . It was with the young that the hope lay; the young were the field upon which the work must be accomplished, and that was precisely what the B.B. was doing."

While he was president of the Edinburgh Battalion he threw himself whole-heartedly into its activities, and contributed much by the efforts he was able to make to its wider success. An instance of this was a lecture in the Synod Hall in December 1905 to the Edinburgh and Leith Brigades, when there was a muster of over 2000 boys headed by their pipers and buglers. Another happy occasion conceived and arranged by him—an absolutely unique one—was a Reception in the Parliament House in October 1907, on the occasion of the Annual Meeting of the Brigade Council. About 250 guests were present, 145 of them being officers of the Brigade from different parts of the country. The guests were received by Lord and Lady Guthrie, with whom were the Lord Provost and Mrs. Gibson. Lord Guthrie welcomed the company in the historic hall, and gave a short sketch of some of the memorable events with which it was associated. He reminded them that there Cromwell preached to his Ironsides, and that at the Restoration a dinner was given in the Hall, at which so much noise was made that the service in the adjacent Cathedral of St. Giles was interrupted. The Parliament of Scotland met there for nearly one hundred years before 1707. In the Covenanting days the Hall rang to the voice of Montrose, Argyll, Lauderdale, and latterly of Claverhouse himself. He spoke of the legal memories of the place and of some of the famous statesmen who, within its walls, helped to make Scottish history. But these old statesmen had little or no influence over the people of to-day. The Hall, however, was associated with a man who was as much alive to-day as when he walked its boards—Sir Walter Scott. For thirty or forty years Scott was in the Hall day in and day out. To heighten the interest of the occasion a number of manuscripts, historical autographs, and other objects of great interest belonging to the Advocates' Library were exhibited in the Hall during the evening, by permission of the Curators. One can imagine that on such a theme, and standing on such a spot, Lord Guthrie would grow eloquent, and kindle in his guests something of his own enthusiasm. His son-in-law, Mr. John B. Priestman of Bradford, who was present as a Brigade officer, pronounces

it the finest speech he ever heard, and remarks that officers all over the country, from Aberdeen to Brighton, remembered and spoke of it years after. Following the meetings of the Brigade Council, the visitors were received by the Lord Provost and Magistrates in the Council Chambers.

September 1908 was a red-letter month in the history of the Brigade. The movement reached its semi-Jubilee, and there were great doings in Glasgow—the city of its birth—to celebrate the event. The Corporation, with Sir William Bilsland at its head, gave a reception in the City Chambers. Colonel W. A. Smith, who conceived and created the Brigade in 1883 in a humble way with a class of thirty lads, was deservedly honoured. The Duke of Connaught sent a message, which was read by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, conveying good wishes and warmest greeting. As president of the Church Lads' Brigade his Royal Highness acknowledged that it was but a development, and that the whole movement was initiated by Colonel Smith. The Lord Provost, on behalf of the citizens of Glasgow, presented Colonel Smith with a cheque for 1000 guineas and expressed the good wishes of the subscribers. They regarded Colonel Smith as the head of the movement, and joined with the late Henry Drummond in regarding him as an inventor—an inventor of a sure system which transformed the wild untractable boy into the best specimen of boy life. Colonel Smith was a modest person, and confessed that of all the men in the Hall he was himself the most surprised by the proceedings. His chief feeling, he said, was one of utter unworthiness of the great kindness which had prompted the gift. Prince Arthur of Connaught came down to inspect the boys and was entertained to luncheon, a distinguished company being invited to meet him, including Mr. J. Carfrae Alston, President of the Brigade, Lord Inverclyde, Lord Guthrie, and many leading men in the West of Scotland. Prince Arthur spoke of the progress of the Brigade in Canada and the admirable results that accrued from it. At the review in the Queen's Park over 10,000 boys were on parade, including somewhere over 800 officers. His Royal Highness issued an order after the review in which he congratulated Colonel Smith, "who inaugurated this great movement which now extends throughout the Empire." On the following Sunday special religious services were held in St. Andrew's Hall, and Lord Guthrie presided at a

devotional meeting and conference in the evening in Charing Cross Hall. The Bishop of Bath and Wells was present representing the Church Lads' Brigade, and along with him were representatives of the Boys' Brigade in Denmark, and in Capetown, and of the London Jewish Lads' Brigade. Lord Guthrie emphasised the importance of the laity carrying on the work. "I thought of retiring last year from my Edinburgh post in the Brigade, but I agreed to hold on for another year. This grand meeting, however, makes me resolved to hold on to the end—that is, till I am turned down." Lord Guthrie was too valuable a recruit to turn down: what in fact happened was that he was promoted to the highest office. A year later—September 1909—the Brigade Council met in Dublin. The occasion was signalised by the fact that the King conferred a Knighthood on Lieut.-Colonel Smith. The honour was appreciated by the modest receiver of it mainly as an honour to the Brigade. "I don't need to say," he wrote to Lord Guthrie, "that I feel greatly pleased about it on my own and my family's account, but I think I can truthfully say that I feel more pleased on account of the Boys' Brigade and all that it means to the Brigade as an official stamp of approval of its work by the highest in the land." His Majesty's representative in Dublin, the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen, received the visitors at the Viceregal Lodge. Mr. Carfrae Alston retired from the Presidency after nearly twenty-six years' service in the Chair, and Lord Guthrie took his place. Lord Aberdeen, Honorary President of the Brigade, mentioned the interesting fact that it was Mr. Alston who had introduced the late Professor Henry Drummond to the Brigade, and he in turn had first interested Lord Aberdeen himself in its work. From this time onwards Lord Guthrie's connection with the work of the Brigade naturally became much closer and more intimate. One of his first acts was to issue a characteristic Address to Officers in the beginning of the year 1910 sounding an optimistic and courageous note and calling for renewed effort.

In the year 1910 he made three public appearances as chief officer of the Brigade—at London, Brighton, and Dundee. In the Albert Hall, London, the Annual Demonstration took place in May. Drill and gymnastic displays were carried out before a large audience: 3000 lads of the Brigade were present. In September the Demonstration was held at the Dome, Brighton. Major-

General Sir John Moody was in the chair, an old friend of the Brigade. He spoke for 6000 officers and 70,000 boys now members: in addition some 400,000 officers and boys had already passed through the Brigade, the age limit for lads being seventeen, or eighteen for non-commissioned officers. Many of these, he said, had joined the armed forces of the nation, and of the officers many were keen officers in the Territorials as well. Brighton did its best for the visitors. The local press was full of admiration for the President, and spoke of his fine presence and expressive countenance. "Lord Guthrie speaks deliberately, firmly, clearly, and with humour; would more followed his example. According to him religion goes with happiness; they are allies. Nor can he admit that any man can be an all-round man unless he is a religious man to begin with."

The Dundee gathering in October was held to celebrate the semi-Jubilee of the Brigade in that city. The movement had been taken up there only two years later than in Glasgow. Lord Guthrie and Sir William Smith were the chief speakers at the meeting, which was presided over by Lord Provost Urquhart. The President put in a word for his two "fads"—swimming and temperance.

In the end of December he visited Birkenhead in order to open an extension of premises at the Brassey Street Mission of the Trinity Presbyterian Church, Claughton. A reception was given in his honour by the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Willmer), and the opportunity was taken to hold a public meeting in the Town Hall on January 4, 1911, to stimulate interest in the work of the Brigade. Lord Guthrie joined with the Mayor in enforcing the necessity of such movements. "We needed, far more than our forefathers realised, bridges—bridges between the time a boy left school until he was old enough to earn his living, bridges between the Sunday School and membership of the Church." He appealed to parents to send their sons as officers: the boys were waiting in thousands to join the ranks, but they could not get the officers.

In February 1911 he pursued his propagandist work at Nottingham, and spoke to a large audience presided over by Earl Manvers, the Nottingham Brigade President. He called attention to the type of men, shrewd business men, who were giving their time, money, and brains without any selfish interest whatever to serve, and spoke in the warmest terms of the splendid Lads' Club associated with

the name of Captain O. W. Hinds. To tide boys educationally on from 14 to 18 or 19, to train them to spend their leisure hours profitably and pleasantly, to give them a taste for reading, until it becomes a habit—what a boon for life that was, and it was there he thought that Lads' Clubs do an invaluable service. In Nottingham the Brigade was strong in Church of England support, in other places it was strong in Nonconformist support. His connection with the Brigade, he said, had caused him to care less and less for denominational differences: he liked it because it was doing so much to bring people of different Churches together and to find "that they were not bad fellows after all on the other side."

At the annual gathering in May 1911 in London, Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General of the Forces, read a message from the King to the vast audience assembled expressing His Majesty's satisfaction with the good work which the Brigade is carrying out among the rising generation of the Empire. The Archbishop of Canterbury also sent a greeting, and Lord Kitchener wrote that he felt sure that the boys would find the training they were receiving in the Brigade of great value to them in after life.

Prince Arthur of Connaught showed his continued interest in the work by his presence at the gathering in May 1912, when he addressed the lads. "The Brigade," said the Prince, "stands for discipline and self-control, and I need not enlarge upon the noble objects and high ideals underlying these great principles."

In July 1912 the Aberdeen Brigade was in camp at Aboyne, where the President paid them a visit which both he and they greatly enjoyed. On the Sunday evening at an open-air service he gave the boys an address. He spoke to them as "a man of the world." "I have had," said Lord Guthrie, "very wide and varied experience of men and women of all ranks and conditions, in different parts of the world, of Europe and America and Africa and Asia Minor, and I have been both in front of the stage and behind the scenes in many departments of human affairs, public and private. Your knowledge yet of men and affairs is limited. Suppose then, as would be not unnatural, you were to put two questions to me, the first, what in my opinion and as the result of my experience is the greatest and most important thing in the world? I should answer without hesitation, Religion. If you were next to ask me what is the best thing in the world, what element

in life makes it most interesting, best worth having? I should again unhesitatingly answer, Religion. But what do I mean by Religion? Well, I do not mean either Protestantism or Catholicism, either Presbyterianism or Episcopacy, either Established Church or Dissent. Mary Queen of Scots had an uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, of whom it was truly said that he was 'bon catholique mais mauvais chrêtien'—a good Catholic but a bad Christian. The same thing might have been said about her husband the Earl of Bothwell, that he was a good Protestant but a bad, a very bad Christian. No, these things, however important in their own way, have often little and often less than nothing to do with it. I always remember the letters which passed between two famous Scotsmen forty years ago. I knew them both—you will see beautiful monuments to both of them in Princes Street, Edinburgh—one was Dean Ramsay of the Scottish Episcopal Church, the author of the immortal book of Scotch Anecdotes, and the other was my father. They had lived for very many years on most affectionate relations, although the one was an Episcopalian dean and the other was a Presbyterian minister. I remember the dean wrote to my father that both of them had always thought that the only things that really mattered were those things that would seem important on a death-bed. In that hour it matters not to which Church a man belonged. What we then want is not the consolations, as they are called, of the Church, but 'the strength of the Everlasting Arms.'"

On through the succeeding years his activities never flagged. His visit to South Africa in 1911 quickened his interest in the work of the Victoria Hospital at Lovedale, which had been built through the efforts of Mr. D. A. Hunter, an old Boys' Brigade Officer and an ex-president of the Liverpool Battalion, who had devoted himself to Mission work in Africa. Mr. Hunter had asked the Scottish boys to raise as much as would support two beds in the Hospital to be called the B.B. Beds. For many years £60 to £80 a year had been raised in response to this appeal. In 1911 and again in 1912, Lord Guthrie appealed for an increase—aiming at £100 per annum, telling the boys something about what he had seen and heard at Lovedale. He was unwearied in his efforts to win recruits as officers. In this quest he headed deputations to the two Edinburgh Presbyteries and addressed a public meeting in Dunfermline. A memorable event was the visit of Princess Louise to

Glasgow in May 1913, to review the Glasgow Battalion and to present to it new colours, the gift of Lord Inverclyde. The number of officers and boys on parade was a record one, and the occasion was favoured with genial weather. Lord Guthrie was present and received a few days later a gracious communication in which the Princess expressed her pleasure at the visit and added that she considered nothing more worthy of encouragement than the Boys' Brigade.

Halifax, Bradford, Liverpool, and many other towns and districts were visited. In 1914 the Brigade sustained an irreparable loss in the death of its founder, Sir William Smith. Prince Alexander of Teck occupied the chair at the demonstration in the Albert Hall that year. Sir William was seized with sudden illness while addressing the audience and died shortly afterwards. A memorial service, at which 5000 boys, members of the Brigade, were present, was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. Lord Guthrie read the lessons and Bishop Taylor-Smith delivered a short address to the boys. In Glasgow striking demonstrations took place at the funeral. Practically every battalion sent wreaths. A service was held in College and Kelvingrove United Free Church, of which Sir William Smith had been a member and where he formed the first company of the Brigade. A memorial service was also held in St. Andrew's Hall. Lord Aberdeen, Lord Inverclyde, and Colonel J. A. Roxburgh took part, and Lord Guthrie pronounced an appreciation of the deceased leader. He said he had founded a great system designed to meet a want which had long been felt—some practically efficient method of promoting in the lives of boys the very qualities which were set out in the Boys' Brigade motto, an inspired sentence framed by Sir William Smith thirty-one years ago, not for a great organisation, but for the guidance of thirty boys in a Glasgow Sabbath School, every word of which, without a single change, had been found and would continue to be found adequate for world-wide organisations working, so far as details were concerned, on many different lines. He originated and successfully developed a work infinitely more important than the generality of the business of Parliament. Parliament did its best by good laws, saying what the people shall do and what they shall not do, and sought to compel obedience, positive and negative, to the laws civil and criminal so made. But Sir William Smith gave his life to an organisation which

A BOYS' BRIGADE INSPECTION AT GLASGOW.

Sir William A. Smith. H.R.H. Princess Louise.

Mrs. General Spens. Lady Inverclyde. Lord Guthrie. Miss Joan Balfour.

seeks to form a Christian manhood, doing naturally that which the common law and the legislature now laboriously ordain, and avoiding naturally that which the common law and the legislature now painfully forbid. Sir William's special qualities were his character—his Christian manliness, his knowledge of boys, his love for them, his sympathy with them, and the charm of his personality.

Lord Guthrie remained at the head of the Brigade through the period of the Great War. The Brigade's record in those years is an interesting and creditable one. The President, in October 1914, issued an address to the Brigade which defined its attitude on the war issue. "The Boys' Brigade," he said, "must necessarily be on the side of the countries which strive to uphold the principles which secure international goodwill and lasting peace. In this present war the objects aimed at by Germany and Austria, and the methods adopted to carry out these objects, have made for this country only one course possible. The cause which our country has championed is, we believe, the cause of God. We have felt it not only a duty but a privilege to offer the services of the Brigade to the Government in its many departments, and to the Local Authorities. Our offer was unconditional: to have excluded from our offer purely military duties would have been unnecessary, because the age limit of our boys makes it impossible for them to be employed directly either as Territorials or in the Regular Army. To have excluded everything that could be called in a sense 'military duties' would have made our offer valueless. We are sure that the action taken by our Executive, in making an unconditional offer of our services to the different Government Departments, and to the Local Authorities, will meet with universal approval. As a Brigade, we have no direct control over our boys' course of action after they have left our ranks. But, believing as we do in the righteousness of the cause for which our country's very existence has been imperilled, we rejoice to learn of the splendid response being made by our Officers and Old Boys to their country's call for service at home or abroad. We look to them with perfect confidence to maintain the splendid reputation already won by our troops—foremost in the fight, foremost also in self-denial and in humanity." In a letter to *The Times* of February 9, 1915, he set forth the record of the Brigade in a few sentences:

"SIR—With reference to the recent correspondence on the question of National Cadets, may I say, as President of the Boys' Brigade, what our organisation has done, in Great Britain and Ireland, during the last thirty years? The Boys' Brigade is at present over 70,000 strong, and more than half a million boys have passed through the ranks. It is known that at least 150,000 are serving to-day in the naval and military forces, and it is believed that this is only a portion of a great army provided by the Brigade. Other brigades for boys, notably the Church Lads' Brigade, are giving a similar training to thousands of boys, and altogether the Brigade movement must have provided a number equal to six to eight army corps for the Services. The Boys' Brigade has a religious object, and we do not pretend to make soldiers; but the sound disciplinary and moral training and the elementary military drill which the boys learn provide the best possible material from which to fashion in quick time soldiers of the finest description. The extraordinary number of our old boys gaining early promotion testifies to the value of the training and to their strong character and *moral*. Already two have received the Victoria Cross, and a large number have been mentioned in dispatches. But it cannot be doubted that our success, and the success of similar organisations, is the result of an all-round rather than a merely military training. Boys of the working class are not to be held for any length of time on drill alone. They work hard during the day, and the training needs to be recreational and attractive as well as instructive. The officers too need to be more than drill instructors; they are the guides, philosophers, and friends of the boys; this, perhaps, more than anything else, is the secret of the success of the movement. Whether or not Cadet training will provide the solution of the purely military problem, it is to be hoped, whatever is done, that the work of the organisations which have been training the boys of the nation so long and so successfully will be safeguarded."

Lord Guthrie spoke again on the position of the Brigade to the War at the Annual Council Meeting in September 1915 at Sheffield. "The Report," he said, "strikes no uncertain note about the war. On war in general, and on a British war in particular, the B.B. has never varied in its views. We condemn all quarrels, national as well as pesronal. If there must be quarrels we condemn their settlement by brute force, in which (as in duelling in the

old days) the wrongdoer is as likely to prevail as the person wronged. But if quarrels must be settled by force, we are on the side which strives for peace and is forced into war, and we are against the side which plans war and which carries it on by methods outraging and defying every principle of humanity and religion. On the current proposals for compulsory military service our opinions differ, but we are certain of this, that had the whole country responded as our Old Boys have done there would have been no such proposals for compulsory service. The Report, speaking as at May 31 of this year, states that it has been carefully calculated that at least 200,000 past and present members of the Boys' Brigade are to-day in some branch of His Majesty's service. I have made inquiries as to how these figures are arrived at, and I am satisfied that, apart altogether from the large number engaged in making munitions, these figures, if now brought up to date, cannot be placed at less than a quarter of a million."

An admirable piece of war work which stands to the credit of the Brigade was the provision of a Rest Hut for men of the services on ground belonging to the Crown Authorities at the foot of the Mound on the east side of the National Gallery in Edinburgh. It was opened in presence of a large company which included Lord Rosebery in the beginning of February 1916, by Lord Strathclyde, then Lord Justice-General. Lieut.-General Sir Spencer Ewart accepted the Hut on behalf of the Army and Navy. Lord Guthrie, who was chairman of the Management Committee, made an opening statement explaining that what had led to the Hut being erected was the feeling among those who knew best that a place was wanted in the centre of the town at a convenient distance from the railway stations, which should be open night and day, Sunday and Saturday. The present members of the Brigade were asked to raise £500 to build a Hut on the Continent, and the boys gave them £2700. Of this sum £1000 was available for the erection and equipment of a Hut at home, and accordingly that sum had been spent on this Hut which had thus been erected and equipped at the sole expense of the Boys' Brigade. The Y.M.C.A. were in negotiation for a Hut on the present site, and the result was that the two great associations came together. The Y.M.C.A. had agreed to be financially responsible for the running of the Hut. The Hut was to be staffed by the B.B. with the assistance of a Ladies' Committee, with

Lady Russell as Convener and Miss Annie Moir as Secretary. The Executive Committee consisted, besides Lord Guthrie, of Mr. Edwin Adam, K.C., Mr. Archibald Campbell, S.S.C., Mr. F. P. Milligan, W.S., Colonel Roxburgh, Mr. Fred L. Simons, Mr. Robert Darling, Mr. H. Lightbody, Mr. James Mackenzie, Mr. A. Forrester Paton, and Sir David Paulin. A few weeks' experience was sufficient to prove that the Hut was an unqualified success. It proved a great boon to men straight from the front, arriving at all hours and waiting a train connection for their homes. In the Hut they found a welcome and a shelter, food and rest. Mr. Edwin Boyd, Captain 1st Melrose Company, gave his valuable services as Commandant for the first two months. He had had experience in charge of the U.F. Church Guild Hut at Malta, and his work there had been highly successful. He had the assistance and advice of Mr. Archibald Campbell, who devoted an extraordinary amount of time and energy to the interests of the Hut. By the munificence of a lady another Hut of equal dimensions was afterwards erected to the north of the first Hut, and was used for sleeping accommodation and baths.

At the Council Meeting in September 1916 a gracious message was read by Lord Guthrie from the King: "His Majesty takes this opportunity of congratulating the Council on the large contingent of past and present officers and boys who are doing their duty by the Empire." An amusing incident was related. The Brigade had a Hut at Rouen as well as Edinburgh, but the President left the audience to guess to which Hut the story applied. A soldier deposited £30 with the Commandant of the Hut, and when offered a receipt replied: "Oh, no, your face is good enough for me."

The story of the Mound Rest Hut is the story of an undertaking well conceived and planned and carried through to a completely successful finish. Its usefulness went on growing from the opening day: the door was not closed till the need no longer existed. In July 1919 a happy farewell gathering of workers met in the Hut, and Lord Guthrie was able to recount the wonderful tale. He recalled the fact that at the opening ceremony he took occasion to state that he was not satisfied with a Rest Hut merely, and added that later the same afternoon he received a telephone message to the effect that a lady was going to provide a sleeping and a bathing Hut. They owed much to that lady and her brother (they were Mrs.

Corsar and Mr. Clark Hutchison, M.P.. Advocate) for having completed the work. They had also good fortune in their official heads, Lady Russell, Mr. Milligan, and Mr. Campbell, also the commandants and a large body of voluntary workers. Their work was something that none of them would ever forget, and would be a most inspiring memory. What had the Hut done in figures? It had drawn over £50,000. From this it was safe to say that over two million men had been served in that Hut. He estimated the number of eggs consumed at a million, he declined to estimate the cigarettes sold and smoked. In the sleeping Hut something like a quarter of a million men had been accommodated in comfort; he would not say in luxury, but in such circumstances that men coming from the front considered it real luxury. It was an extraordinary boon that they had been able to provide clean, comfortable, and sanitary accommodation for threepence; and out of a secret service fund men who had no money had been enabled to tide over the necessity. They would all long remember the toilsome but wonderful work, now ended, at the right time, which had been done for men who otherwise would have been unprovided for. The Lord Provost, Sir John Lorne Macleod, complimented the workers and presented badges to about 200 men and women who had given their services for two years and over, including Lady Russell, Convener of the Ladies' Committee, Mrs. Milligan, Secretary of the Ladies' Committee, Mr. A. Campbell, S.S.C., Mr. F. P. Milligan, W.S., Mr. Letham, and others. Mr. James Pitman, W.S., and Mrs. Pitman were active workers almost from the first. The visible badge was good, but there was something better—the consciousness in the heart of each faithful worker that a good deed done in an hour of need is its own best reward.

Lord Guthrie himself received honourable mention in August 1919 in the Secretary of State for War's list "for valuable services rendered in connection with the War."

When he resigned later in the same year his colleagues found it difficult to express adequately the debt of gratitude they owed him. Colonel Roxburgh used these words: "It is impossible to exaggerate the value of the work Lord Guthrie has done as President of the Boys' Brigade. With profound religious convictions which influence his whole attitude to life, he is at the same time a man of wide culture and a broad outlook. With exceptional literary gifts, he has frequently laid the Brigade under obligation

by his written and spoken addresses. His counsel has been invaluable, and he has never spared himself when he could promote the prosperity of the Brigade. He has, moreover, a keen sense of humour, which is most valuable in oiling the wheels of discussion and preventing friction. His unfailing courtesy has endeared him to all with whom he has been brought in contact. His high social position has been a great asset to the Brigade, and we cannot but miss his influence with officials of kindred organisations and the public generally." Lord Guthrie wrote a parting letter in which he said: "I have held no office and do not expect ever to hold any which could give me more pride, satisfaction, inspiration, and pleasure. Long before I became Brigade President I believed in the principles of the Brigade. But these ten years have increasingly convinced me of the wisdom and soundness of its management, and of the wholesomeness of its spirit, and have strengthened my belief in the efficiency of its work and its capacity to adapt itself to changing and changed conditions. As you know, I have more than once resolved that other obligations demanded my resignation, but again and again the profound impression of the vital importance of the work, produced especially at great gatherings of the boys, has forced me to hold my hand. But then I was on the sunny side of man's allotted span. Now plain duty to myself and others compels me to take the step which I so much regret."

CHAPTER XVI

SWANSTON : ROSCOFF : WINSTON CHURCHILL : CANON DUCKWORTH : MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

In February 1907 Lord Guthrie repaired to St. James's Palace on attaining his new dignity, and was presented. The Scotsmen who were there found themselves in a gaily dressed throng, but Scottish costumes never fail to attract the Southern eye and excite comments of admiration, or at least wonder. "As we passed through the gilded rooms we had a look at the clever pictures of stupid people by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Allan Ramsay, Lely, Kneller, and Co. We got well stared at, and there seemed to be many surmises as to which of the South Sea Islands we came from." In a King's house if the wedding garment be not correct to the smallest detail, the wearer, however exalted a personage he may be, is promptly reminded of the fact. "Among others, we got in front of Alfred Austin. We were studying a remarkable group of Indians, and another group of Siamese swells, when we saw a little man being checked by the towering gentleman-at-arms, and withdrawn from the procession. This turned out to be the Poet Laureate, whose uniform was wrong somehow and the feathers in his cocked hat hopelessly agee. Whether they succeeded in licking him into shape I don't know. Coming down stairs John Burns, Right Honourable and M.P., skipped down in front in his Windsor uniform. You remember how the Prime Minister told me that the King was much struck by the perfect fit of John's clothes, and wanted C. B. to tell him the name of the Labour Minister's tailor!"

"*Friday, February* 15, 1907.—Spent part of yesterday in the British School of the National Gallery. One regrets that Raeburn is only respectably, not greatly represented. It would be a patriotic work for a Scotch millionaire to present say Raeburn's 'Sir John Sinclair,' and see whether

in the world's opinion he would not at least hold his own with Sir Joshua and the other Mighties. I regretted also in Stafford House last night that Sir Henry had not painted the Duchess Countess of Sutherland. Her four pictures by Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner, and Gainsborough are all superb, but if Sir Henry had had his chance I would have backed him against any of them; and we should have had the woman and not Gainsborough's Grande Dame. . . . Walking along Piccadilly I met Arthur Dewar, M.P. We had tea at the Carlton Hotel, a very *fin de siècle* place, discussed C. B.'s remarkable position in the House and the country. Dewar was also recalling the pathos of Sir Henry's lifelong devotion to his delicate wife. At Belmont she sat at breakfast (on one occasion when Dewar was on a visit) in the old-fashioned way at the head of the table and made tea. In pouring out her hand visibly shook. Dewar longed to offer his help but did not like. Sir Henry noticed the situation from the other end, and came up and laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder he said: 'Now, Dewar, I am going to tell you a great secret. The only really bitter quarrel my wife and I have ever had has been on the subject of tea. She believes that no man can make tea. I, on the contrary, believe that men make tea far better than women can. Now you shall be the judge between us. I am going to make the tea to-day, and you shall give your honest verdict between the sexes.' Whereupon Sir Henry took the teapot, everybody laughed, and the incident, which might have been painful, was at an end. Dewar quoted this pretty domestic incident as an illustration of the tact and humour and human kindness which take Sir Henry and the party out of many tight situations.

"At 7.55 I arrived at the Pall Mall Restaurant in the Haymarket. In a private room upstairs I found Mr. Nevinson, the famous Russian correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* and other papers; next came Max Pemberton, rather a bilious-looking person, somewhat too deferential in manner; then Hilaire Belloc, distinctly and aggressively the reverse, too florid both in face and manner; Dion Boucicault the actor, and Herbert Trench, who organised the party. Talked with Nevinson about Russia. He has a great pity for the Tsar, whom he pronounces as stupid and obstinate as his ancestor George III., and as excellent morally and spiritually as his more remote progenitor Charles I. He expects the country to wade to

freedom through a sea of blood and suffering, which may begin at any moment and may last fifty years. Presently in came the Duchess [of Sutherland] and Mrs. Horner. I had made up my mind to notice the details of the Duchess's costume and jewels. But I forgot, and have only now a vivid impression of a radiant presence and a shimmering, resplendent creature in white with a dash of blue and gold. Yes, now I remember I did notice her usual string of pearls, and that her hair was very simple, almost plastered down on her forehead. No paint or powder, I am glad to say. Winston was, of course, late. With her usual thoughtfulness, wanting me to have a talk with Winston, she put me on her right hand and Nevinson on her left, and when Churchill at last sauntered in, he sat beside me, that is two from her. The dinner was beyond me, very French and very *chic.* Not much wine was drunk, and the Duchess and I stuck to water. Had I been offered my choice I would have preferred tomato soup and prunes and rice! The Under Secretary of the Colonies and I talked on politics, crime, war, the Duchess listening sometimes to us and sometimes to Nevinson. Churchill has always had a hankering after the Bar as a profession. 'I left the Conservative party with great reluctance, I don't mean with any hesitation. But, of course, all my connections are Tory and family tradition counts with us all. At that time it seemed to me I was done with politics. I had tried fighting in India and in Asia and in Africa, and I had had enough of it. So I seriously thought of the Bar. I don't know how I would have got on with the judges, but I have a notion I could manage a jury. I suppose it's something like politics and electioneering. Then I joined the Liberals and that was an end of it. But I still always think the Bar is a grand profession.' Then we passed to crime and punishment. He hates the whole system of penal servitude and long imprisonments. 'Why not shoot the man? I've seen lots of fellows shot in battle, falling by my side. I never felt it dreadful. It may be different if a man does not believe in another world and thinks everything ends here. But surely there's some happier hereafter for those poor creatures who've never had a chance, no, not a single chance, here. I don't know about man's justice, but I believe firmly in God's. Well now, look what you and the other judges are doing. Instead of sending the poor soul aloft where he would get a fair chance anyhow, you

send him to prison, you make him from a man into a number, from a man into a beast. But you take care he shan't die. You weigh him twice a week to see that he's neither gaining nor losing flesh. I think it's a dreadful system and I shall help you to abolish it if I can.' . . . Belloc in his too continuous though brilliant talk flits from one subject to another with fatiguing frequency, although he generally gets back to praise of the French army or of the French people. . . . Left at 11.30, well entertained physically and mentally. Like a grand service in a Roman Catholic Cathedral, such occasions are delightful for a variety, but, for a permanency, commend me to Stockbridge U.F. Church and 13 Royal Circus!"

[*To the Duchess of Sutherland*]

"*Feby*. 26, 1907.

". . . Your reference to Lord Curzon is very interesting. But, Viceroy of India at forty, and one of the greatest holders of that great office, is he not unfitted thereby for the petty details and the deference to colleagues and the opportunism which home politics necessarily and properly involve? What a boon a man like that would be to Russia! What always impressed me most about Lord Curzon was the way in which his subordinates, who knew him best, spoke about him. Such a man, for instance, as my old school and college friend Sir Andrew Fraser, Governor of Bengal. They think that there is nothing Curzon cannot do or be. And they not only admire him, they *believe* in him—a rare thing. I am glad you met Professor Butcher, a delightful fellow, as good as gold and as chivalrous as he looks. His wife—a daughter of Archbishop Trench—is buried in the Dean Cemetery, near our little daughter, with this inscription: 'Vita abscondita cum Christo in Deo'—mortal life over she is with Christ in God."

Even 13 Royal Circus was soon to have a rival. The time had nearly come when Stevenson's old comrade in the "Spec" would be able to gratify a deeply cherished design, and set up his household gods—some of them at least—in the Swanston Cottage which was haunted by an immortal memory. It was about the month of August of the following year 1908 that a lease of the cottage from the Water Trust of the City of Edinburgh was arranged, and here Lord Guthrie remained as tenant till the end of his life. Supremely happy he was in this

"bonny bield," quaint and many-gabled, with its picturesque rose and rock gardens, its old beeches, elms and oaks and ancient holly hedges, 600 feet above the sea. Though only three miles from Edinburgh the hum of the city did not disturb this abode of ancient peace: the lonely summits of Allermuir and Caerketton, with the scars on its face, looked down on it from a thousand feet. The house, which had grown bit by bit from a small thatched cottage, roomy enough for the junketings of eighteenth-century Edinburgh magistrates, with now a storey, now a wing added, had, he said, "its own fascination without being too dainty or elaborate for common use." But the real fascination that drew him thither was the glamour and the memory of R. L. S., who from a boy of sixteen wandered and dreamed through many a summer day "up the burn-side and by the pool." It became a joy to him to convert the house into a Stevenson Museum, to collect here prints and portraits and letters, even Deacon Brodie's great cabinet, in the same spirit of hero-worship as years before he had turned the old house at the Netherbow into a Museum of John Knox and the Reformation. And it was an equal joy to welcome friends and visitors to the Cottage and display its treasures. "Every nook and cranny within the ivy-clad walls recall Scotland's greatest essayist, who lived in this cottage for twelve summers, Robert Louis Stevenson—'Tusitala,' the Teller of Tales. He was a second Wizard of the North to many all over the world. I oftenest recall him as 'my old comrade,' the phrase he used at the end of a letter written to me nearly forty years ago."

When Lord Guthrie reached seventy he hoped to be master of his leisure as he had not been for fifty years. He meant to resign his post and retire to Swanston, and there, surrounded by the pleasant society of children and grandchildren and old friends, to write his reminiscences. That day, alas! never came, but pictures of Swanston and its happy tenant linger in many memories.

His son Charles and Mrs. Charles were much with him there both in winter and summer. So fond was his desire to have them and their children beside him that he erected a bungalow on the scaur of Torgeith Knowe, which they made their home for some years. It was his habit in winter to go out almost every week-end. The young people looked after his comfort in the Cottage, and he loved the quiet Mondays, which were off-days in Court. Then he would wander alone along the hillside with book

or newspaper, listening to the birds, dreaming of R. L. S.'s old haunts at Halkerside on Allermuir. Torgeith Knowe was a favourite walk—he called it his "quarter-deck." At times he enjoyed a "crack" with the shepherd Hall, successor to John Tod, "the roaring shepherd," or Mr. Gavin Jack, the farmer. Campbell the waterman and Matthew Scott the gardener were friends much consulted in gardening matters, cutting and planting, the trees in the park, and such like things. In these and similar occupations, in converse with his rural neighbours, in the quiet of those leisure hours he tasted some of the sweetest pleasures of life. Personal and family friends found their way out to Swanston, invited and uninvited; and to the wider circles of Stevenson admirers from every part of the world, old and new, Swanston became increasingly a Mecca, a place of pilgrimage. To all these the door was ever open and a warm welcome extended by Lord and Lady Guthrie when they were living at the Cottage, generally in the holiday months surrounded by some of their children and grandchildren. He took the visitors over the house and Lady Guthrie, presiding at the tea-table in the drawing-room, dispensed a gracious and generous hospitality.

Mr. Priestman recalls some familiar scenes. "He was at his best out at Swanston. He loved the spot and never tired of planning alterations or additions to the Cottage and gardens. I can see him now, raking the gravel paths before breakfast, generally in his shirt sleeves, in gray flannel trousers with a black-and-white-checked waistcoat. He delighted to show people round the house and garden. Cummy's room and R. L. S.'s bedroom took up most of the time. No one could be a better 'showman,' especially if the visitor was a keen Stevensonian. My father-in-law used to read aloud to us after dinner. I can recollect his delight in R. L. S.'s *Treasure of Franchard*. At 9.30 to 10 o'clock, when we were all sleepy with the fresh air of the Pentlands, he would settle down to write letters. A large wood fire, the ticking of a Hitchcock lamp, supported by two candles, the green baize table-cover littered with books and papers, the creaking of his busy pen, Lady Guthrie reading in a small arm-chair by the fire: my father-in-law's silhouette on the wall with his left hand up to his brow, the low-toned portrait of Cummy by Fiddes Watt occasionally lit up when the fire blazed—these make up a memory of many an evening at Swanston.

Alison Cunningham   Millicent Sutherland

SWANSTON, 1908.

He loved correcting his own proofs, either typed or printed, and nothing gave him greater pleasure."

Two early visitors at Swanston figure in a unique photograph taken at the front door of the cottage—the Duchess of Sutherland and Cummy. The Duchess was making a round of visits in Edinburgh in August 1908, one to the Victoria Hospital for Consumption under Lord Guthrie's care, and dined at Swanston. Cummy appears in the photograph seated beside the Duchess standing, after a good-natured contest, when Cummy protested in vain she ought to stand.

We can guess, too, one of the congenial tasks which occupied his evening hours at the green baize-covered table in September 1908. It was a topic which made a double appeal to him—to his taste for historical antiquities and his instinct for giving practical help where help was needed. He had become interested during his visit to Brittany in 1907 in the ruined chapel at Roscoff associated with the landing of Queen Mary, then a child of five years, in 1548. She had escaped the dangers of the sea and the ships of Henry VIII. sent to intercept her, and she founded the chapel of St. Ninian, the Chapelle de Marie Stuart as it is called, at the place where she disembarked, and herself laid the foundation stone. The chapel was built of granite and remained intact till the French Revolution when it was wrecked and the roof taken off. On his visit in 1907 he found the walls in a deplorable condition and disfigured with hideous advertisements and the building used as a wood-shed. Of the three windows the beautiful tracery of two remained intact though in a condition of peril. Interest was awakened by an article which he contributed to the *Scotsman*. His purpose was to raise a fund of £200, sufficient to point and roof the walls, lead and glaze the windows, remove the advertisements, and turn the place from an eyesore and a scandal into an object of interest and delight to visitors. On his return he appealed to the Franco-Scottish Society to help. The Council cordially approved his proposal. The French Press took the matter up and published a translation of the *Scotsman* article. "Un juge à la cour suprême d'Écosse, lord Guthrie, de passage récemment à Roscoff, frappé de cet état de délabrement, a fait à ses compatriotes par la voie du *Scotsman* d'Édimbourg, un appel pressant." The result of the efforts made was that the necessary funds were raised and the little chapel was put into a creditable

condition, the local Town Council undertaking to look after it in future. The well-meant effort came unfortunately too late. To-day the little chapel at Roscoff no longer exists. It may be that the neglect had continued too long, dilapidation had gone too far, and the repairs that were made were not sufficient. Gales in the end of October and beginning of November 1922 raised high tides and wild seas which destroyed the breakwaters and flooded fields, and at Roscoff the semi-ruined chapel was swept away and nothing left but a heap of stones. Meanwhile in 1908 an interesting question arose: Did Queen Mary actually land at Roscoff at all, or was Brest or some other place the actual spot? Names of high authority were cited on one side and another. Lord Guthrie read a paper before the Society of Antiquaries supporting the claims of Roscoff. A valuable contribution was made by Miss Jane T. Stoddart in her book *The Girlhood of Mary Queen of Scots*. This learned and admirable work was reviewed and discussed by Lord Guthrie in a thoroughly readable article in the *British Weekly* of October 1908. Miss Stoddart's researches were accepted as conclusive. "She proves to demonstration that it was at Roscoff that Mary landed, and not at Brest, as Bishop Lesley says; not at St. Pol de Leon, as M. de Brezé, the emissary of the French King, states in one letter; or at Morlaix, as another contemporary alleges. Her exhaustive research, continued during many years by scrutiny of original documents, stored, many of them, in out-of-the-way corners, and by personal examination of localities, has enabled her to correct the mistakes of former writers." The article was so competent a bit of work as to draw from Sir Henry Lucy this note:

"42 Ashley Gardens,
"Victoria Street, S.W., *Oct.* 25, 1908.

"Dear Lord Guthrie—I have been reading with great pleasure your review of Miss Stoddart's book in the *British Weekly*. I think it is much better than anything Andrew Lang has written on the everlasting subject. I always find that there is too much Lang about Andrew's Essays on Marie Stuart.—Yours faithfully,

"Henry W. Lucy."

Earlier in the year he had forgathered with his friend Winston Churchill at Dundee, and resumed the discussion

on treatment of criminals—very appropriately because the judge was on circuit. But the other was on electioneering bent, and Churchill could not long keep off two interesting topics—himself, and the psychology of the Scotch elector as he then conceived it.

"DUNDEE, *May* 3, 1908.—Very entertaining two hours with Winston, Captain Ivor Guest, and a young fellow Marsh, Winston's secretary: 'Funny country Scotland. You would think it would be bigoted and temperate. But it isn't. It's tolerant and drunken! Did you hear the good thing my Socialistic opponent Stuart said about me? He said this was not the first time a Stuart had been badly used by a Churchill! What are you thinking now about the treatment of criminals that we talked about when we met in London? Do you know I'm stronger than ever against penal servitude. Why, I was only a month in the Boer prison. But by the end of the time I was in such a state of hysteria that a kind old boy that looked after us took away my razor from me! Oh! we are getting along very well here. But I don't want merely to get in. I want a big majority, 3000 if I can get it. Of course 300 is just as good in one way. But 3000 would steady the Government's position a lot. I had six seats offered me by fellows offering to resign. But I did not want that. And Dundee was the first offer, so I resolved to accept. We had a capital meeting on Friday. What a squeeze! But you know the chaps here don't cheer the way the Lancashire fellows do—they yelled whether they understood what you were talking about or not. But here when they respond you know they are following you. Yet you must not believe all these 'Loud Cheers' you see in the *Dundee Advertiser*. I should rather have said 'Gentle Murmur.' Oh! yes, I quite agree with you. I am not going to make the mistake of talking down to anybody. I speak to them just exactly as if I was talking to the House of Commons. The thermometer will rise as we go along.'"

"*Tuesday, May* 5, 1908.—Winston arrived at 10.30 last night and sent along to know if I was ready for supper! Found him in the highest spirits. 'Finest meeting I was ever at. Never spoke to such a set of fellows. They took every point. They even prevented cheers in case they lost anything I said. Hecklers? Yes, just the right amount and the right depth of Tory stupidity. I understand you Scotch people now. I tell you I was depressed

on Saturday after the shouting and yelling of Lancashire lungs. But I tell you they mean business here. I believe now as I never believed that it's going to be all right.' At 10.40 we had poached eggs, devilled kidneys and bacon, and coffee! Captain Guest and Marsh were there, and we had great fun. In the middle in came a representative of the *Dundee Advertiser*, which is doing yeoman service by its reports and leaders. He was very anxious that meetings should be confined to electors, and said that some 2000 electors had gone away from the meeting very dissatisfied because the galleries were filled with 500 ladies. 'Don't care,' says Winston, 'that will never make them vote against me. Men are more complex beings than you think. Besides, I believe the women in the house have a great deal to do with getting the men to take the trouble to record their votes.' I said that was my case exactly."

In September the Guthries, spending some days on a visit to Lord Guthrie's sister Mrs. Williamson, widow of Mr. Stephen Williamson, M.P., at Glenogil, found Canon Duckworth there, full of vivacity and cheerfulness of spirit despite his seventy-four years. He was full of talk, but unlike some talkers he never spoke about himself. His talk was personal, not about things, political, social, or religious, and very little about books. He had a good deal to say about Gladstone. "At Balmoral the Ministers of State were much annoyed because there was no accommodation for their secretaries, which made them write all their letters with their own hands. All but Mr. Gladstone: he loved the pen. One afternoon I went for a walk with him. He had had a splendid forenoon; he had written forty-two letters with his own hand! Once at Hawarden I had a curious experience with Gladstone. My bedroom was right over the library. I sat late in my room and far on in the night I heard from below a curious sound as if some one were chanting. Next morning walking over to morning prayers in the church I asked the eldest son, now dead, what the sound could have been. 'Oh,' he said, 'that was my father. He would be reading Dante aloud to himself. He is very fond of that before going to bed. It would be the cadences of his voice that would sound like chanting.' When Dr. Wallace, afterwards editor of the *Scotsman*, preached his famous sermon at Crathie before the late Queen on, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,' Gladstone was there. I walked home to Balmoral with him, and found him in a state of

great indignation. No wonder; Wallace had, in effect, told us that there was no salvation to be worked out, and that, if there was, there was no need of either fear or trembling. 'Think of the impudence of the fellow,' said Gladstone, 'and the folly of it before the Queen, who above all things likes a useful, practical sermon.' But the Queen was very wise about it. We knew she must have disapproved. But she never said a word."

Speaking of Tennyson he said: "Very curious, is it not, that Tennyson, whose verse was so smooth and graceful, should himself have been so rough and rude, while Browning, the very model of charm and courtesy, wrote some of the hardest and toughest verses in the language! Tennyson once took in to dinner an aristocratic but shy young lady. They had scarce sat down when, in his deep growling voice and broad Lincolnshire accent, he demanded to know from her, 'Do you like the Rooshians?' This question was audible over the whole room, and she, much taken aback, gave some inaudible reply, whereupon the poet thundered out, 'A haat tham like hell'!! Thereafter he said not a word during the dinner."

About another eminent Victorian, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, he had this story: "You know how he lost favour at Court? It was in connection with Manning's secession to Rome. Wilberforce had often urged Manning's claims to a bishopric. There had been a vacancy and as usual Samuel had asked the mitre in vain for Manning. Then came the news of Manning's having gone over, and the Prince Consort said to Wilberforce, 'You see what an awkward mess we would have been in if we had taken your advice!' 'Oh,' said the Bishop, 'if you had taken my advice Manning would never have gone over!' The Queen and the Prince were so annoyed and disgusted that Wilberforce was scarcely ever at Court again." . . . "I was at Balmoral when Dr. Caird nearly stuck in the pulpit at Crathie Church. His exordium was as perfect as ever, and then to my utter amazement he began to rant and talk at large in a most confused way, and then in the end he finished as well as he had begun. I walked back to the Castle with him and his first words were, 'Did you notice what happened? Was it not dreadful? After my introduction I completely forgot every word I had prepared, and I had just to talk at large. And then my peroration flashed back on me. I can only account for it from the fact that I had not preached for about a year.'"

"Once at Balmoral Dr. Norman Macleod showed me the manuscript he was going to preach from. I don't think it contained more than twelve words. I expressed my admiration, but he replied, 'Don't praise me for that. If I had time I would write every word. But it's my misfortune, not my fault. I simply have not time. But I regret it greatly, and would never recommend my practice to others.'"

In June of the next year, 1909, he ran up to London to see his daughter Frances off to South Africa at Southampton, and to attend the dinner given by the London branch of the Booksellers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland to the provincial members. The gathering was in the Hotel Cecil. "At the door we got plans showing our seats and our neighbours. I was electrified to find I was to sit next to the ablest living woman writer, Mrs. Humphry Ward. She is very like her pictures, large but not masculine features, a sweet smile and a piercing eye, rippling hair slightly grey and simply dressed showing her beautiful head. She wore a diamond pendant similar to Mama's, with a thin gold chain through it, and in addition a necklace of pearls of moderate size. Her dress of black with a white satin blouse, low neck, and over it some wonderful transparent soft black material, suited her exactly. She is of fully middle height although not tall, and strongly built although not stout. Her whole personality gives you the idea of strength physical, mental, spiritual, a woman nobly planned. Her manner has no side. She is an attentive, indeed absorbed listener, responsive and sympathetic, and an excellent talker, seeming to have no special subjects of her own because her interests are universal. We talked of literature and art in general, and of Carlyle and Stevenson, Raeburn and Sargent in particular. She has admiration for Stevenson's work, and belief that it will live and grow, and also love for his memory. She sent *Marcella* to him, and got in reply a letter which she cherishes. She wanted to hear all about Cummy and Louis's mother. She likes his Vailima letters and some of his Scots poetry as much as anything he wrote. She thinks the literary value of the Vailima letters has not yet been sufficiently recognised. She ranks them with Cowper's letters and Charles Lamb's Essays. She deplored Henley's treatment of Stevenson, and thought Sidney Colvin's criticism of Louis's productions, sent out to Samoa from time to time, although generally sound was

not sufficiently generous and encouraging considering the difficulties Stevenson had in his Pacific island away from books and literary society. We spoke also of drink. She drinks nothing alcoholic. We shared a bottle of apollinaris. She has strong temperance views. Also criminals. She had read the Slater case and knew all its bearings. Also divorce and the Stirling case, in which she approved the views in my judgment on the idle, petty ways of inferior Society people. Also cripples and the Duchess of Sutherland. She has a strong affection for Her Grace and spoke of her good heart as well as her beauty and talent in the most delightful way. She has stayed at Trentham, and was much impressed with the contrast between the ordinary Grande Dame, the Lady Bountiful, and the active personal interest taken in the cripples by Her Grace, who knew the needs of each. She thought the Duchess's *One Hour and the Next* showed remarkable talent although it failed to express exactly what the author evidently wanted. She talked of the pathetic side of the lives of these great people, their restless lives and want of quiet domesticity. As a result I was profoundly impressed with Mrs. Humphry Ward, and will place her in my gallery of great ladies of talent and beauty with Lady Stuart, Lady Martin, the first Duchess of Argyll, and the Duchess of Sutherland! Saying good-bye she asked me to call. At the dinner Mr. Lucy came round to talk to me, also Mr. Diosy of Japanese fame, also Mr. Maclehose of the great Glasgow house, also Mr. John Murray, the third generation of the publishing Murrays, and others. I got a great welcome from Mr. Elliot, to whose delightful qualities I referred by name in my speech, Mr. Macniven and Mr. Wallace and Mr. Grant, all of Princes Street, and other Scotch bookselling friends. The company included many well-known names, and the speakers included A. E. W. Mason and T. P. O'Connor. But Mrs. Humphry Ward's company and converse eclipsed them all!"

"*Monday, June* 21, 1909.—Started at 9.30 in Sir Hubert von Herkomer's sixty-horse-power Limousine Daimler car for Bushey. It is the biggest car I have been in, and we went at all speeds, disregarding Acts of Parliament in the country roads. . . . We soon proceeded to work. He would not have my scarlet Justiciary gown with its white cope nor my small wig, so I sat in my big wig and summer Court of Session robe. He worked from 10.45 to 12.45 steadily, discussing and replying as he went along, a most

enjoyable two hours' time. We talked of many things artistic, personal, philanthropic. He is anxious about the fate of his 'Last Muster,' by which he first won his spurs in London and Paris. He sold it to Fry (of Elliott and Fry, photographers) for £1200. Fry sold it to Sir Cuthbert Quilter for £2500, and now Quilter is offering it for £10,000. Herkomer wishes Quilter had presented it to the National Gallery. His corresponding national subject showing the Guards cheering at the monument at the end of Pall Mall was bought by the town of Bristol. Before lunch I looked for a few minutes at some of the wondrous decorations in wood and metal and plaster and paint. It is a wondrous abode and over all broods the spirit of that dauntless old artist his father, to whom one has so often heard him say, as he said again to-day, he owes everything. He has the three brothers (his father and his two uncles) standing side by side in a place of honour."

In the previous year, 1908, Lord Guthrie's only unmarried sister Clementina died. She was a remarkable woman, whose death was felt far beyond the family. Her benevolent self-effacing spirit devised ways of helping her fellow-creatures that made her beloved by many a friendless and needy soul. Large-hearted in her hospitality and catholic in her charity, she laboured regardless of sect and nationality, often in quaint but always in practical ways, to promote the material and spiritual good of all sorts and conditions of people—sailors, cabmen, foreigners, waifs and strays, young and old, especially those whom her father picturesquely called "city arabs." She was also a friend of the missions of the Waldensian and Greek Evangelical Churches and of the religious services for French-speaking people and Italians in Edinburgh. She chose to fill a part in life which did not appeal to the public eye. When a Roman Catholic cousin heard of her death she said: "If Clementina Guthrie had been in our Church we would have canonised her." For there were Roman Catholic cousins—not Guthries but Burnses—whose piety found an outlet through a different channel. In March 1909 Lord Guthrie spoke in the Synod Hall in Edinburgh in support of the Women's Guilds of the Church of Scotland. He remarked that he did not believe in convents, but the Roman Catholic Church had utilised a great deal of work that had not been utilised by Protestantism. He was going to London, he said, in a few days, and with his wife he would spend an afternoon in a convent with five cousins, one a sister of

charity, the other four nuns. These cousins did not mope in cells. They engaged constantly in religious work. The Roman Catholic Church had done what Protestantism had failed to do, but they had done it in the wrong way: the Women's Guild was doing it in the right way. Mr. Jacob Primmer was angry about these remarks and about the visit to the cousins. Happily the cousins, Protestant and Catholic, despite their differences, were able to remain friends. On their way to join the *Dunnottar Castle* the Guthries ran down from Charing Cross to Greenwich and called at the Convent. Lady Guthrie notes: "Cordial welcome from Sisters Elizabeth and Harriet of this Convent and Mary from Millhill, in blue with white coif. The others in black flowing veils as before. Had tea and coffee in their parlour. Their manners are most gracious and kindly and high class in every way."

On the Sunday in June after the Booksellers' Dinner, Lord Guthrie found his way to Millhill to visit Sister Mary Burns in an Orphanage with some 200 boys. "I had tea and presented my cakes of McVitie's shortbread, one Pitkeathly, one ordinary shortbread, and my photograph." But the ceremonial he witnessed left him unmoved. "It is curious how familiarity with these gorgeous coloured ceremonials has taken away all their impressiveness."

CHAPTER XVII

THE DIVORCE COMMISSION

For many years public opinion had been maturing in favour of reform in the law of divorce and its administration in England, and in 1909 Lord Gorell took the matter definitely in hand. He had been for seventeen years a judge in the Divorce Court—for three of these President of the Court—and had probably a more complete knowledge than any other man of what changes were needed in the law, and, whether the law itself were altered or not, what amendments were necessary in its administration. In 1909 he raised the question by a motion in the House of Lords with the result that King Edward VII. appointed a Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes. It was a strong Commission, and it did its work very thoroughly. Lord Gorell himself was President. Lord Guthrie was the sole representative of Scotland: the other thirteen members were representative of English opinion of all sorts. Two were women, Lady Frances Balfour and Mrs. H. J. Tennant. An exhaustive inquiry was conducted for wellnigh three years, some 246 witnesses were examined. An inquiry on such a scale had never before taken place with respect to this subject. Two reports were the result, the Minority Report being signed by three members. But there was absolute unanimity on certain very important matters. On the questions of the equality of the sexes and restraint of publication of offensive details the two reports were at one. On the right of the poor to equal treatment with the rich there was no difference in principle although there was divergence of view on certain details. But there was radical difference of opinion on the question of extension of grounds of divorce, the minority proposing to limit the grounds of divorce as at present, the majority proposing to add desertion, cruelty, habitual drunkenness, permanent and long-continued

insanity, and certain cases of imprisonment for life. It is a remarkable illustration of the conservatism of the English mind that although ten years have passed since the inquiry closed, all attempts to give effect by legislation to the recommendations of the Majority Report as to the grounds of divorce have failed. "It rests with Parliament," declared an ex-Lord Chancellor, giving judgment in a case in 1922, "if and when it thinks proper, to end a state of things which in a civilised community and in the name of morality, imposes such an intolerable strain upon innocent men and women." But Parliament has hitherto proved unable or unwilling to end a state of things which can be so described.

Lord Guthrie took a deep and active interest in the work, and gave much time and thought to it. He signed the Majority Report. When he was immersed in the work he chose as a subject of lecture at the opening of a Summer School of Theology in Glasgow, "The History of Divorce in Modern and Ancient Times," and had something of interest to say about the Commission itself. He pointed out that a sense of justice applied to the necessities of human life had in all ages, in all countries, and under all systems of religion provided for the dissolution of truly valid marriage in certain circumstances. In the Roman Catholic Church and the countries dominated by it, it was said that divorce with right of re-marriage did not exist. In a sense that was true, but the same result was achieved indirectly by enacting numerous and far-reaching grounds of invalidity. Those causes of invalidity or nullity were so numerous and often so impossible of antecedent ascertainment that at the Reformation it was a common saying that nobody knew whether his marriage was valid or not. It was ludicrous to quote such a period of the Church history as a time when marriage was treated in practice as indissoluble. As to desertion, the Scots Parliament in 1573 passed an Act, professedly however declaratory of the common law, authorising divorce for desertion, and after seventy years' experience of the working of that Act, the Church of Scotland by its adoption of the Westminster Confession of Faith in 1647, made divorce for desertion part of the law of the Church as it had previously been part of the law of the land. No proposal had ever been made in Scotland, whatever opinion had the upper hand, to abolish or modify the Scots Law allowing divorce both for adultery and for desertion, and placing

the sexes on an equality. It was an interesting fact that one of the most learned and able defences of that law was to be found in a Latin treatise of the seventeenth century by Dr. John Forbes of Corse, the most eminent of the famous "Aberdeen Doctors." In England the reformer Cranmer and his coadjutors agreed with the Continental and Scotch views, and embodied their opinions in a document entitled "Reformatio legum ecclesiasticarum," which owing to the death of Edward VI. never became law. He went on to say that the Royal Commission had made the quaint discovery that the most Utopian views did not come from Roman Catholic or High Church Anglican, but from Mr. Frederic Harrison the Positivist. He regarded the marriage bond as indissoluble, even by death, and condemned second marriages in all cases whether brought about by divorce or death. By a different path he reached the result strikingly and beautifully expressed by the widower who was asked by some foolish busybody why he did not marry again. He answered, "Because I believe in the Resurrection of the Dead." Of possible proposals they had what perhaps he should rather call a suggestion urged by persons whose opinions and character were deserving of consideration, to abolish divorce in England altogether, without however restoring the subterfuges by which the Church of Rome evaded the practical impossibilities involved in the total absence of divorce. This course would place on married people in England bonds more tightly riveted than those of any age or country since the world began.

How valuable Lord Guthrie's help was in the work of the Commission, and how he won the esteem of colleagues, appears from a letter written by the President at the close of their labours :

"14 Kensington Park Gardens, W.,
"*November* 4, 1912.

"Dear Guthrie—Your letter of Saturday last has touched me deeply, and I feel that I have no words adequate to express my sense of the kindness which you have shown to me and of the great services which you have rendered to the Divorce Commission, and through that Commission to the public. Our long talks at the earlier stages of the inquiry were of great assistance to me in learning your views and in considering how matters should be dealt with. It has been an enormous pleasure to me to have had your

assistance on the Divorce Commission, and to have had the opportunity of enjoying the pleasure of your friendship. I shall regard the letter which I have just received from you as one of my greatest treasures.—Yours most sincerely,

"GORELL."

Probably nothing from any quarter yielded Dr. Guthrie's son so deep a pleasure as this note from the Right Hon. Thomas Burt, M.P. for Morpeth, who was also a member of the Commission.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS,
"*June* 20, 1910.

"MY DEAR LORD GUTHRIE—Let me warmly thank your Lordship for the book you so kindly sent. I shall highly prize it alike because of the subject and the giver. I have read the introduction and two of the articles and with such zest that I have a longing to read the rest. The portrait pleases me. It indicates a sunny, genial, strong nature—a fine though a somewhat unusual combination. I thank you too for the friendly inscription which you have placed on the title-page. I told you that your father was one of the heroes of my youth, and everything that I have heard and read of him goes to show that I had been well guided in the selection of that particular hero! Of his large-heartedness and generosity I knew something from my reading. I knew too, as everybody knew, that he had superb gifts of oratory, and marvellous power of presenting truth with picturesque effect. But I was not fully aware, until I read your introduction, how very broad-minded he was, at a time too when there was much narrowness, bigotry, and intolerance in nearly all the churches. Being a bit of a latitudinarian myself if not something worse, I greatly appreciate this breadth and liberal-mindedness in your distinguished father. I will only add that it has been a great pleasure to me to make your acquaintance. May I use a warmer term and say—to have gained your friendship.—I am, dear Lord Guthrie, cordially yours,

"THOS. BURT."

"Acquaintance ripening into friendship" may be said to describe Lord Guthrie's relations with another colleague on the Commission—the Archbishop of York. The Churchman thus records his recollections and impressions. "Lord Guthrie was my colleague for three years (1909–1912) in

the very exacting labours of the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes. He was from the beginning to the end one of the most valuable and esteemed members of the Commission. Our very able chairman, the late Lord Gorell, repeatedly told me that there was no one whose help he valued more highly or on whose judgment he relied more confidently. Lord Guthrie brought to the difficult and often painful subject of the Commission not only his great experience as a lawyer and a judge, but also a very broad sympathy with human nature and a very shrewd knowledge of its ways. He was always most courteous and most patient in his examination of witnesses. Indeed he began his questions almost like a sympathetic clergyman inviting a man to a confidential conversation. But he always got what he wanted. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into friendship and on my side at least into a very real regard and indeed affection. He gave me the delight of several visits to my house at Bishopthorpe. He was a charming companion. Being a true Scot he had a rich and ready sense of humour. He possessed an abundant knowledge of his countrymen, of their history—religious, political, domestic, and personal—of their racial qualities, and of their literature. Veneration for the great Sir Walter was a bond between us—he invited me to succeed him as a President of the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club—he had many associations in his youth and in his home with R. L. Stevenson. His historical imagination and his Christian charity made him a most sympathetic guest even in a haunt of Prelacy: and I well remember the sincerity with which he spoke to me of his impressions of an ordination in York Minster. I shall always value the recollection of my friendship, short but to me most sincere, with a companion so interesting, a man so many-sided in his sympathies, and a Christian so earnest and high-minded."

Fortunately we have on the other side a description of one of the visits to Bishopthorpe of which the Archbishop speaks. The Guthries were at Harrogate in January 1913. There was an invitation to spend the week-end at Bishopthorpe, but Lord Guthrie's "cure" prevented: and it was arranged they should motor to York on Sunday, attend service at the Cathedral, and lunch with His Grace. "We reached Bishopthorpe at 1, and were ushered by our friend the butler into 'The Ladies' Room' as the Archbishop calls it, which his mother and Mrs. Balfour of Dawyck and

other lady visitors make their own. The Archbishop gave us a very warm welcome, only regretting that we had not let the waters of Harrogate look after themselves and spent the full week-end with him. He wore the ordinary Episcopal short cassock (or apron) and knee breeches. Last time I was at Bishopthorpe he used the long cassock. He looks well. He always looks fresh just as if he was newly out of his bath. In all the long Divorce Commission meetings I never once saw him look fagged. He talked of his mother and her wonderful activity. He often jestingly advises her that she should be going on the shelf like a well-behaved old lady, to which she replies, 'Toots! Nothing of the kind!' We four (the fourth was Mr. Woolcombe, the Archbishop's chaplain) lunched in the dining-room where the Archbishops' portraits are to be seen, beginning with Archbishop Scrope, who was tried and condemned to death in that very room; Cardinal Wolsey, who was apprehended at Cawood near Bishopthorpe; Grindal, the first Protestant Archbishop (John Knox's friend, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury); and Archbishop Sandys (pronounced Sands), who appears in one canvas with his wife, the only lady on the walls. She entertained Queen Elizabeth, who did not approve of Episcopal marriages. So when the Queen bade farewell and had to say something civil, she told Mrs. Sandys: 'Madam I cannot call you, Mistress I dare not call you—I thank you.'

"The Archbishop was much amused to hear how thoroughly we had 'done' Bishopthorpe last Wednesday, including the Archiepiscopal pictures, from the butler Raymond's accurate and sympathetic mouth. He found we knew all about the splendid old fellow by Kneller, known as 'the Vicar of Bray,' for he stuck to his Archbishopric whoever was in power; Toby Matthews, a great crony of James VI. and I., who delighted to spend days at Bishopthorpe in Toby's convivial company; a Cavalier bishop, who looks like one of Prince Rupert's officers masquerading as an Archbishop; Archbishop Sharpe, who was as familiar with birds as St. Francis; the Archbishop who had been a pirate but who did one good thing, namely to procure a bishopric for the great Butler of the *Analogy*. Queen Caroline asked him about this wonderful man Dr. Butler—'Is he dead?' 'No, please your Majesty, but he is *buried*'; also Dr. Mountain, who was consulted by William III. about a vacant bishopric which was causing

trouble. 'There need be no difficulty. If your Majesty only has faith, we know on the highest authority that you can remove *mountains*!' Also Archbishop Harcourt, Sir William Vernon Harcourt's grandfather, the last of the occupants of Bishopthorpe to draw the old princely income of £40,000 a year, and the last to keep racehorses and to wear the old curled wig.

"We talked of the vast improvement in the habits of the people in our time. Woolcombe described some scenes at funerals in the East End of London which he did not think would be seen now. At his first funeral everybody except the undertaker, but including the widow, were so drunk that they kept up something between a howling and barking noise all through the service. One lady who thought he was shortening the service pulled his surplice and yelled, 'Young man, we've paid our money and we're going to have it done proper.' Then a particularly drunk mourner wanted to join the coffin in the grave. His friends pulling him back led to a fight, in which eventually most of the company took sides. We at the lunch, at all events, set an example of sobriety, for we imbibed nothing but barley-water and coffee! After lunch the Archbishop took us to see the surroundings, including the lovely view of the palace from the banks of the river Ouse. He told us he never called it a Palace, partly because he does not like the name as associated with an Episcopal residence, and partly because it was never properly a 'Palace.' The Archbishop in the old days had his house or 'Palace' beside his Cathedral, and he had one or more country houses which never got the name. So Bishopthorpe was not the Palace of the Archbishop of York, but was the most important of his country seats. He talked very frankly about the size and splendour and cost of Bishopthorpe. It often worries him under the idea that the very heavy expense might be so much more usefully expended. He tells working men that at the end of a year he has not a penny over of his apparently excessive income of £10,000 a year, indeed that he is often left in debt. 'Oh, but,' they say, 'that is because you choose to live in such a big house.' We thought it was really a little bit of a very big problem, and that it might be equally said that an ordinary-sized church would serve all the essential purposes of a gigantic Cathedral. He says that, of course, nobody would think of building such houses either for Bishops or for Archbishops nowadays.

The houses for the new bishoprics are very modest edifices. But it is another thing to cut and carve on an already existing establishment which has been associated for centuries with an office. He referred to his predecessors having exhibited all phases of ecclesiastical opinion, High Church, Low Church, Broad Church. He pointed to Sharpe and Maclagan as Saints, and to Herring as little better than an unbeliever. We remarked that the Church of England's greatest names, like Butler and Jeremy Taylor and Lancelot Andrewes and Law, were not to be found on the thrones of Archbishops. He said he doubted whether it had always been wise even to make such men Bishops. 'For instance, it would have meant a great loss to have made Liddon a Bishop.'

"In our walk we passed a pond with a lot of wild duck in it. Lang said there had been a slaughter among them recently to which he very much objected. The only kind of sport that tempts him is deer-stalking. This led to our looking at the stick he was carrying on which were carved:

BALMORAL
1911
(A Crown)
G R
(A Thistle).

This was given him by the King in memory of a long day on the hill during which a storm of rain came on, and the only shelter was one not very large stone behind which the King and Archbishop, huddled close together, tried to escape the lashing rain. In the Archbishop's bedroom, which Raymond showed us last Wednesday, we noticed his father's portrait in Moderator's robes hanging above his bed. To-day he told us how Principal Marshall Lang at Skibo Castle rebuked Andrew Carnegie. Andrew, in the blatant way in which he sometimes talks, had demanded from the Principal what good thing God could give him which he had not got already. 'Well, for instance,' replied the Principal, 'there is *the grace of humility*!' We talked about other things grave and gay, including the Divorce Commission, the Rebellion of 1745, and Dr. James MacGregor's *Life*. There is a delightful feeling of *camaraderie* about the Archbishop. He is keenly interested in whatever interests you. You never feel he is forcing the talk. He has strong opinions, but he sees the force and reasonableness of the opposite view. Then he has

two qualities of great value. In the first place he has humour, and knows, like Abraham Lincoln, how a jest may in certain circumstances and with certain people be a more appropriate weapon than an argument. In the second place, he was born in a Scottish manse and bred a Presbyterian, and is well aware of the merits of the Presbyterian system, especially in the place it gives to the laity, and the way in which it evokes liberality in Christian giving. Our Harrogate motor was ordered for 3, and at that hour, after two hours' delightfully frank converse, the Archbishop saw us off on the steps of his stately and beautiful dwelling, with many expressions of mutual goodwill."

Of the two ladies on the Divorce Commission Lady Frances Balfour had long been an intimate friend of Lord Guthrie. One evening in March 1911 he was a dinner guest at her house. References to the Commission cropped up now and then, but the talk was of more agreeable topics. Besides the hostess, her two daughters, her son, home on leave from the Civil Service in the Soudan, and a nephew, the company consisted of the Right Hon. George W. Russell, Mr. Arthur Balfour (as he then was, now Earl of Balfour), Lady Elcho, and Lord Guthrie. "Mr. B. looks very well, good colour, only slightly grey, and with the familiar brilliant eyes, charming smile, and genial, unaffected manners. He was in frock coat and had just come from the House, to which he had to return at 10.30. He is evidently on the most intimate terms with the Addison Road family, addressing them as 'my children.' To them he is not the ex-Prime Minister but 'Uncle Arthur.' On his entry as well as all through the evening there was this among many differences between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Gladstone, that while Mr. G. from first to last was most kindly and companionable, an unselfish listener as well as a splendid talker, he was always le grand Monsieur, the Grand Old Man. Arthur Balfour may, and I hope will live to be a hundred. But he will never be a Grand Old Man. He strolled into the room; Mr. Gladstone marched in. You would call him distinctly casual; he never addressed you as Queen Victoria asserted Mr. Gladstone addressed her, as if you were a public meeting. I never met a more truly unaffected person, absolutely devoid of side, than A. J. B. Yet no one would think for a moment of taking an undue liberty with him. There is great dignity with his simplicity, and a kind of far-away, aloof look in his brilliant eyes.

"At dinner I took in Lady Frances and sat on her right hand, and Mr. B. on the left. Mr. Russell took in Lady Elcho. We talked of James VI. coming to England and wondered why more prominent English posts were not snapped up soon thereafter by Scotsmen hungry for offices. We could only think of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury.

"*Mr. Russell.* Anyhow, they've made up for it since. Why, the Prime Minister, if he is not a Scot, he's a Scotch member, and I have been actually told that the Leader of the Opposition is a Scotsman too!

"The talk branched off to great lawyers. Mr. B. wondered whether any Lord Chancellor had ever been made head of the Government. Cairns, he said, was near it, so was Lyndhurst, and so much did they think of Mansfield, the great Scotch Lord Chief Justice, that he might have had anything he liked, Prime Minister, Lord Chancellorship, or any other office. Then he spoke of modern lawyers, how few of them are House of Commons successes. Mr. B. spoke strongly of Asquith's success. 'He's just what he was in the Oxford Union. You can't improve on his style, every word in its right place, not a loose sentence. What astonishes me is to see him with many of his speeches written out. He does not need to do it. I am afraid I never wrote a speech. But then you see my hand is so bad that even although I did, it would be no use, for I could not read it. Asquith has been a great House of Commons success. Haldane has not. People say he's depressed about going to the Lords. I don't think he is a bit. I had a long talk with him. I think he'll do well there. He'll have a great chance.'

"*Lady Frances.* Asquith tells me that Crewe will be back to work in June. . . .

"*Mr. B.* I doubt if he'll be back in June. Extraordinary breakdown all round. I've just come from a meeting with Lansdowne. He'll have to go away, and Austin's off already.

"*Mr. Russell.* I wonder what Mr. Gladstone would have thought of all this business. He would have been wanting me to find out some statistics for him! What a memory he had, and he expected everybody else to have as good. He had about as good a memory as yours, Balfour.

"*Mr. B.* Me! Memory! I have none, absolutely none except for nonsense verses!

"*Mr. Russell.* Well, I remember he once demanded from me the exact population of Borneo. I modestly replied that I would go and look up Whitaker's *Almanack*. He glared at me and said, 'That I could do for myself!' But what would he have thought of all this upturn?

"*Mr. B.* That would be impossible to tell. His mind had so many sides to it. But I am *sure* he would have been against this Budget, and I think he would have been in favour of the Parliament Bill.

"Something suggested the University of Edinburgh, of which Mr. B. is Chancellor. He regretted he had never known his predecessor, the Lord President Inglis. 'From what I have heard he must have been a great man. I often think of my unfitness to succeed him.'

"*Lady F.* I wonder what kind of a judge you would have been, Arthur.

"*Mr. B.* Not a good one, I fear.

"I dissented and thought Mr. Balfour had that power of appreciating the strength of an opponent's position and of stating an opponent's case fairly and forcibly which betokened the judicial mind. I reminded him of the dinner in Edinburgh to the late Professor Butcher, when he was in the chair, and how Butcher in his speech, after describing the true Greek mind, suddenly turned to the chair and pointing to Mr. Balfour said, 'And if you want to see his modern embodiment, there he sits.'

"*Mr. Russell.* That's all very well, but the question rather is what kind of a judge would you make, Lady Frances?

"I said that Lady Frances had shown, with Mrs. Tennant, one great judicial quality on the Divorce Commission, that of knowing when not to speak as well as when to speak, and I explained how on purely legal matters, the ladies never intermeddled, while, on general questions affecting the people, they gave us most valuable assistance.

"We had an elegant dinner, not too long, and after sitting a short time in the dining-room, after the ladies had left, we found them in the drawing-room, where we formed a semicircle round the fire and talked on all manner of subjects. No one could have been more unaffected and genial than Mr. Balfour, and none more amusing than Mr. Russell with his anecdotes specially about the Grand Old Man. Mr. Balfour remarked that it was a very curious circumstance that Dizzy, as he called him, was from the first in favour of the North in the American Civil War and

Gladstone for the South. He thought that there was some unconscious influence of Gladstone's father's slave-owning in it. The Jew came up.

"*Mr. B.* It's a serious thing this Jewish problem. There are three Jews in this Government, Rufus Isaacs, Samuel, and Montagu, all first-rate fellows. I like the Jews and admire them. Only it's their very merits that make trouble for them. They get on because they deserve to get on. But of course numerically they have no right to such a proportion in the Government. And it's the same in other directions. They are ousting us right and left, with the result that there is something very like persecution going on. There's a political club called St. Stephen's in which I am supposed to have some influence. They've been blackballing Jews right and left, and I've been asked to interfere to stop it. But of course I can't interfere with the ballot box. Even Disraeli had great difficulty before he was first made Prime Minister in 1874. People would not ask him to stay with them. And he had the great advantage that he was baptized a Christian in infancy.

"*Mr. Russell.* Do you know how the Disraeli Christian names were doctored? Sarah was Christian enough and common enough, and Benjamin passed without notice for the Puritans used it. Jacobus was turned into James. But one of the family that proved a stumbling-block was Naphtali Disraeli. I don't remember what they changed him into.

"*Mr. B.* I trust they did not abbreviate him into Naphtha, poor chap!

"Reverting to handwriting, Mr. Russell mentioned that Dean Stanley was fond of writing verses both grave and gay, none of which were published during his lifetime. After his death they thought of making a volume of them, but it was found impossible to decipher a sufficient volume.

"Talking of crime and the new methods of dealing with criminals, I told Mr. Balfour I was going to visit the institution at Borstal near Rochester for the reclamation of lads convicted of crime. He said he was shamefully ignorant of the whole subject, and wanted to know what I thought of the so-called 'humanitarian' proposals. Lady Elcho referred to the meeting going on to-night at the Albert Hall to celebrate the Tercentenary (Mr. Balfour called it Tercenteenary) of the Authorised Version. Mr. Balfour will have nothing to do with any amended version.

He used the Revised Version at prayers, but prefers the sonorous music of King James's version with all its blunders, and had never seen any of the versions in modern English. He strongly objects to my proposal to omit the fulsome preface to King James, while admitting that he had never succeeded in reading to the end of it. The reference to that 'bright occidental star,' Queen Elizabeth, the Royal Mistress of his direct ancestor Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was enough for him. I recommended the substitution of the stately 'Translators' Preface,' of which he had never heard.

"Mr. Balfour said it was Asquith that made Haldane go to the Lords. He found Grey and Haldane together, and said to them, 'One of you fellows must go to the Lords. Which is it to be?' This produced a rhapsody on Haldane's merits from the eldest Miss Balfour, in an appeal to me, 'Don't you think him just a dear? I do.' . . . From Haldane we got to Morley. Mr. Balfour talks of all his opponents as his dearest friends, although he may not agree with them exactly on all points. He treats political differences as an unfortunate but non-essential distinction. To hear him talk in private you would fancy he took a kind of academic, professional interest in politics, and would never imagine he is one of the keenest swordsmen and most deadly antagonists in debate who can use a rapier or a broadsword as occasion requires. It was impossible to conceive of this charming person sitting next me in the drawing-room with crossed legs, in front of the fire, thoroughly enjoying and taking his full share in our animated gossip, as the 'Bloody Balfour' of the old days when he was Irish Secretary, with his life in constant jeopardy. I told about Morley saying to me that of all Scotsmen he thought John Knox and the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield were the most influential. Mr. Balfour at this immediately applied his logic. 'But how can you compare Mansfield with Scott? How can you compare influence in literature with influence in active life? It is the statement of only a half truth.'

"Then the Advocates' Library came up and our difficulties from want of funds in meeting the needs of a great national library. He had not supposed that we thought it necessary to keep all British literature, however trashy and ephemeral. 'Quite right that everything should be kept, for some day it may be useful. But you might leave all trash which is not Scotch to the British Museum,

while you keep everything Scotch, chaff as well as wheat, and only English and Irish things of immediate merit.'

"The Divorce Commission turned up from time to time during the evening, sometimes seriously, sometimes in chaff. Mr. Balfour thinks the Divorce Courts must remain open, but that all reports of details should be suppressed. 'Keep the ordeal of the open Court as a deterrent, but stop the floods of nauseous stuff that the papers deluge us with.' Lady Frances was down on me for having talked in the Commission as if the opinion of Lowland Scotland was the only Scotch opinion worth considering. 'I agree with every word of that, Frances. But what an opening for your Celtic fire! I can imagine your eloquence, I can almost hear your glowing peroration! You must have given Lord Guthrie a bad time of it.'

"In the full tide of talk and story, Mr. Balfour looked his watch and leisurely rose to go. 'Well, we have had a delightful evening. And now I must just look in at the House.' Bidding me good-night he said, 'It has been a great pleasure to meet you. We shall meet again.'"

In the following April (1912), when Lord and Lady Guthrie were in London for the Boys' Brigade Annual Meeting, they dined with Lady Frances and met Sir Robert (now Viscount) Finlay and Lord Hugh Cecil. "We listened," says Lady Guthrie, "a great deal to the clever talk of Lord Hugh, who is certainly a most uncommon personality." Of Sir Robert Finlay, whom she remembered long ago nearer home "with Eton collar," she now remarks, "and he now looks exceedingly well, has a most brilliant eye."

The two Reports were of course much discussed. Lord Guthrie had some interesting correspondence in November 1912 with Canon Simpson of St. Paul's after a sermon preached by the latter, who wrote, "I fully appreciate the honour that you did me in writing, and that so fully, last Sunday night. I little suspected that one of the 'majority' was in St. Paul's on Sunday afternoon. The sermon came naturally in a course which I have been preaching this month as Canon in residence. You would gather from what I said that, while I regard Christ's words as a prophetic ideal rather than as a legal enactment, my influence, so far as I have any, would be thrown into the scale of the Minority Report. . . . What I should feel bound to do would be (1) to maintain the existing law of the Church of England, which recognises no divorce *a vinculo* as the law of the Church; (2) to seek to keep the civil law as

near to this standard as circumstances permit; (3) to resist any attempt to impose any change upon the Church except by its own consent. That of course works out in practice at the Minority Report. There are few people whom I would rather have on my side than your Lordship. But I am aware of the somewhat different attitude which prevails among Presbyterians from that which is traditional in Episcopalian circles. I come of a long line of Scotch Presbyterians myself, and I have lived a good part of my life in Scotland and was married in Dundee. Above my head, as I write, there hangs a portrait of Robert Candlish, of whom I used to often hear my father speak, and the names of Chalmers, Bonar, and your father are familiar to me as household words. I hope therefore you will understand that I can appreciate, even when I differ from, your conclusions. And I appreciate still more the kindness and generosity with which you are willing to tolerate me."

With Mr. J. A. Spender of the *Westminster Gazette*, who had signed the Majority Report, he had also some correspondence.

"45 Sloane St., S.W.,
"*June* 15, 1913.

"Dear Lord Guthrie—You will probably have had, as I have, a letter signed by Lady Willoughby de Broke, asking you to co-operate with the Divorce Law Reform Union in an effort to get the Majority Report carried out, as 'a memorial to Lord Gorell.' [Lord Gorell had died in April of that year.] I agree that we ought to make some effort, but it would be far more effective if in whatever we do we could act together. I am willing to give my name, but I should feel that I was rather hindering than helping if I was the only Commissioner who responded. Will you send me a word as to your views?"

"*June* 18, 1913.

"Dear Lord Guthrie—Very many thanks for your interesting letter. I will write to Lady Willoughby de Broke and say I will join with you in approving their movement. Perhaps some time when you are in London you will come and have lunch with me, and let us discuss what should be the proper approach to the Prime Minister. I think there should be at least a deputation in the autumn."

The story of this chapter must end on a note of sadness. Lord Gorell, the President, died in April 1913, and his

eldest son, the Hon. H. Gorell Barnes, secretary of the Commission, was killed in action in Flanders on 15th January 1917. It was a characteristic act on Lord Guthrie's part to write an appreciation of him in the press. He was a young man born in 1882 and called to the Bar in 1906. "He had already made a reputation at the Bar which would have carried him far in his profession, when his succession to the Peerage through the lamented death of his father opened the way for a public career in other directions. It was in his capacity as secretary of the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes that I came to know him intimately; at Winchester House in connection with the business of the Commission and at 14 Kensington Park Gardens, his and his parents' home, that most hospitable household in which a charming spirit of *camaraderie* seemed to rule all the relations of parents and children. His duties as secretary were more than usually difficult and delicate, for the subject of inquiry affected the very foundations of society; and we, the fourteen members of the Commission, represented many different, if not discordant interests, lay and clerical, Jew and Gentile, State Churchman and Nonconformist, High Church and Low Church, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregationalist. It was the first time that ladies had acted as members of a Royal Commission, an experiment triumphantly justified and often repeated since. Among our colleagues were men so divergent in their points of view as the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Reading), the Secretary of State for War (Lord Derby), Sir Frederick Treves, and Mr. Spender, the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. The Divorce Commission lasted three years, from November 1909 to November 1912, and sat on more than seventy separate occasions. It proceeded smoothly and in the most friendly spirit from beginning to end, and issued a Majority Report and a Minority Report covering the whole vast field of inquiry, which will form the bases for future legislation. This result was mainly due to the great ability, the business methods, the admirable tact, and the pervading and infectious geniality of our chairman and his son, our secretary, whose heroic death we now honour and mourn."

CHAPTER XVIII

PRISON REFORM

Long before he became a judge the treatment of the criminal was a subject over which Mr. Guthrie had pondered. Probably his interest in it dated from his early Circuit days. It was hardly possible for a thoughtful man to be brought into contact with the great and costly machinery which the State employs for dealing with crime and criminals, the housing, feeding, and clothing them, the cost of judges, prison commissioners, chief constables, police, without asking himself whether the results were satisfactory either to society or to the criminal. With wider experience and more intimate knowledge of the prison system, its working and effects, he became the more convinced how " rotten " (to use his own word) it was in many ways and how great and urgent was the need for reform. But he also recognised that public opinion was largely ill-informed and indifferent on the subject, and that until discussion and enlightenment had done their part, little progress could be made. With voice and pen, therefore, he sought every opportunity of stating and pressing home facts and arguments, and he lived to see an immense improvement in both opinion and practice. His voice was not confined to the public platform. He was an active propagandist even at the dinner table. Mrs. Alexander Whyte recalls an occasion in his early years at the Bar. " My first conscious picture of him is in the early 'eighties. He took me in to dinner at a friend's house. It was soon after the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, and the judgment in the trial which had sent some of its directors to prison. In a moment we were in the thick of a discussion on prison reform. He explained the folly of the existing methods by which a man is reduced to a number, everything taken away from him which emphasises his individuality, even his wife's photograph,

and expressed the conviction that the whole system would ere long be changed." He was frankly optimistic; he believed that no boy, girl, man, or woman was to be considered beyond redemption. We could not find any stratum of society, however low, where there was not a chord which would vibrate if we struck the string. Christianity said that every man was entitled to one chance—and to more than one—but some never had one chance. "I never had a chance" is the pathetic plea that sometimes comes from the dock—in some cases with too much truth in it. He used to say that a criminal judge had habitually to act on false assumptions—namely that the man before him was a normal human being and had had the ordinary chances in life; and he would add that he felt the day would come when other standards will be applied than ours, and when many of our verdicts, both ways, will be reversed. The old system is practically summed up in the word "punishment." "The present prison buildings and grounds are arranged with a view, not to the reformation of the reformable, but to the carrying out of our forefathers' idea of retributive punishment which has now been universally abandoned. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' The places were admirably adapted for punishment, but they lend themselves neither to reformation nor to deterrence. Consider that picturesque enormity, the Calton Jail. They were so proud of their criminals that they gave for their accommodation perhaps the finest site in Europe. The present system looks to the physical well-being of the prisoner while he is in confinement. Our prisons would rejoice the hearts of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry. But we degrade personality instead of conserving and strengthening it." "I wonder," he wrote in an article in *Chambers's Journal*, "if people have the least idea of what detention in prison means to the ordinary prisoner. Let them try in imagination to realise something of the sudden monotony, the silence, the loneliness; never to laugh or hear another laugh; never to speak except in monosyllabic answers, or by way of complaint or about the necessary details of work; a life without volition or initiative, even in the smallest details; supervision watching every movement and dogging every footstep—in a word, degradation from manhood and womanhood to childhood and slavery, from personality to a number; and all this going on with cumulative effect, from day to day, from week to week,

from month to month, from year to year! If people knew anything of what this involved under the kindest administration, they would talk less about prisoners being coddled or prisons being made too comfortable. They would not blame the American State Governor who wished to know what life in prison amounted to. He signed an order for his own incarceration as an ordinary prisoner for a week. At the end of twenty-four hours of solitary confinement he begged for paper, pen, and ink; and having got them he wrote and signed an order for his own immediate release! They would understand also the emotion of a convict of the order glibly described as 'hardened ruffians.' A prison visitor said a friendly word, and shook hands with him. The man burst into tears. The visitor looked surprised; and the 'hardened ruffian' explained, 'Nobody has shaken hands with me, sir, for nine years.'"

When he was a judge his interest in the subject became if possible stronger than before.

[*To the Duchess of Sutherland*]

"*October* 26, 1907.—Just now I am deep in the study of crime and criminals. To-morrow I shall spend in Glasgow visiting the two great prisons there. I suspect few judges really know what they are doing when they send a fellow-sinner to exist for years where he never passes a social word, where no man shakes him by the hand, where he never sees a smile or hears a laugh. I think if I had a week of it my sentences might be shorter. Indeed, I believe the whole present system of prison management is out of date—like the tiger which ate his owner's mother-in-law. Thereupon his owner killed the tiger. A friend asked the reason why. 'Because,' replied the owner, 'he has survived his usefulness.'"

He rejoiced in the growth of opinion against imprisonment. "It was extraordinary how slow we had been to come to the conclusion. It took us thirty years in removing that clause in the Reformatory Acts which first insisted on a boy or girl undergoing some days' imprisonment before going to the institution. These few days in prison sometimes—often—made the work of the reformatory impossible." Short sentences of imprisonment he thought particularly futile. "Short sentences, sufficient to affix the indelible prison brand, but insufficient to punish, or

deter, or reform, or keep out of harm's way long enough to justify the expense, should cease. The idea of sending a drunk and disorderly person to prison for a week! Time enough to come out ravenous for drink and to be in prison again the same night." His opinion of the old system may be summed up in the words of a well-known writer: "Imprisonment of the conventional and old-fashioned sort is an unmitigated failure; real remedies or substitutes may be very difficult to arrive at, but the absolute defectiveness of imprisonment as imprisonment is an outstanding fact. Its failure is the same in all countries." As to what should take the place of this discredited system there is great divergence of opinion. But there is substantial agreement at least as to the lines on which the present system can be improved. "All approve," he wrote, "what has been already done in many prisons and penal settlements in the way of increased classification, substitution, as a means of discipline, of rewards for punishments; reduction, or still better, abolition of the preliminary period of solitary confinement; increase in the amount of combined labour; improved dietary; physical drill; introduction of less monotonous employments; more teaching of trades; better libraries; more frequent letters and visits from friends and relatives; Brabazon classes and Bible classes held by lady visitors for women; larger cell windows; improved artificial light for reading in the evenings in the cells; occasional lectures and concerts. By these changes and many others it has been sought in recent years, step by step, to deprive the system of some of the features which make it destructive of that self-respect and that respect for others without which decent living and independent support on liberation cannot reasonably be expected. There are prisons where the prisoners are encouraged to have photographs of their children or mothers or wives or husbands in their cells, with marked good effects. In a Scottish prison I was told that some of the most troublesome women in it were softened to tears when coloured prints of happy domestic fireside scenes were put up in their cells. Thirty years ago a man of education and refinement, whom I knew, was sent to penal servitude for fraud. He petitioned for only one favour—that he might be allowed to retain his children's pictures. The governor of the prison, a most humane man, told me that he had been compelled by the rules to refuse the request. I replied that the refusal seemed to me as brutal as any 'Turkish

atrocity.' In some prisons personal decency has been stimulated by a mirror in each cell—a small, round, silverised glass, rather wavy, let into the wall. I saw a woman in one of these prisons who in a fit of temper had smashed every pane in her cell window, *but the mirror remained intact* ! "

The new system which he advocated rested on the principle that what was wanted was not punishment but to keep the country safe to live in. Two classes of criminals were to be recognised—the reclaimables and the irreclaimables. For the first class the labour colony should be substituted for the prison. In the industrial colonies the first consideration will be to limit as far as possible the number admitted to detention. There must be adequate preparation for safe liberation by the teaching of trades and by moral instruction; suitable employment must be found for those returning to the world; and there must be efficient supervision after discharge. He thought that in these establishments, whatever the other conditions, deprivation of personal liberty and the cutting off of all forms of indulgence, coupled with hard work as a condition of good food, would amply supply the deterrent element. " When I visited Borstal, near Rochester, well known for the great experiment being carried on there on so-called ' humanitarian ' lines for the reformation of young male prisoners and convicts, I was struck by the evidences of discipline and hard work. No doubt the lads get ordinary food; they occupy rooms, not cells; they play games, and at certain periods of the day they are allowed to talk." The whole endeavour with this class will be to use every means to render them at the earliest possible moment physically, morally, and mentally fit to live honest lives in the world outside, and to see to it that on liberation suitable employment and safe friends are found for them.

Next, as to the other class—those who must be dealt with as irreclaimable, subject to periodical revision of the classification. What was wanted was places for their permanent detention, taking care that their lives under detention are rendered as endurable as is consistent with their safe permanent seclusion. " If those lost men and women were kept from doing harm to the lives and property of the lieges, he did not see why their condition might not be so ameliorated that judges might not hesitate, as they would do now, to impose an indeterminate sentence."

CHAPTER XIX

SOUTH AFRICA—1911

In the autumn of 1911 Lord and Lady Guthrie took a long flight—to South Africa. Their youngest boy James had been living there for some time at a farm on the veldt near Kroonstad in the Orange Free State for reasons of health. It had been planned that he should go to New Zealand, and his parents desired to spend a holiday with him before he quitted South Africa. And other interests drew them; the wonderful land with its mixed races, British and Boer, white and black, and the great missionary centre at Lovedale, which they hoped to visit.

Edinburgh was left on 13th July, a week before the rising of the Court, and two days later they sailed from Southampton on the *Walmer Castle.* Following his usual practice Lord Guthrie read every book he could lay hands on dealing with South Africa—both those in the ship's library and a number he had brought with him. To these he added a special study of Sir Walter Scott in view of his speech at the annual Dinner of the Scott Club in November. Sir Walter went with him everywhere; his wife mentions that at Kroonstad on a warm day in August "C. J. G. had been far afield on the veldt with Sir Walter Scott's *Life* in hand." They soon made friends and acquaintances on board ship. Dr. and Mrs. Muir were among the first; Dr. Muir, a genial humorous Scotchman and a writer on mathematics, who had been chosen by Rhodes as Superintendent of Education for Cape Colony. With him and with Sir Thomas Smartt, Commissioner of Public Works for the Union of South Africa, one of Dr. Jameson's right-hand men, racial questions of Boer and Kaffir were discussed at great length. Though an opponent of Botha on many questions, Smartt had thorough confidence in his integrity and in his genuine desire to give equal fair play to Briton and Boer. "He (Smartt) looks forward to the day as

certain when the Kaffir, civilised, Christian, educated, will demand the franchise—and when, as he puts it, the demand can only be met either by the revolver and the brandy-bottle, or by giving him a vote." They made friends with a Salvation Army Captain, Eadie, going out to be Superintendent of the whole work in British South Africa. "This will bring him, amid many other problems, right up against Native Questions, because the Salvationists, like the Roman Catholics and the Quakers, set their faces against any racial or colour distinction of any kind. Whatever Scripture texts these bodies may misinterpret, they and they alone seem prepared to accept and apply in their entirety the words, 'God made of one blood all nations.' I spoke to Eadie of the sudden change in the attitude of Prison authorities to the Salvation Army; prohibition a few years ago, now welcome and encouragement."

The "race problems" were the things that Lord Guthrie wanted to study at close quarters. "The existence," he writes in his journal, "of these problems, difficult and important, requiring consideration both of details and of first principles, makes half the interest of a South African trip. These so-called South African, Dutch-British, and native-race problems are, in truth, not South African problems at all. Every age has had them; every country has them now. They are merely problems of human nature modified by the particular circumstances of South Africa. The theoretical and ideal side of the problems can be perfectly well studied and solved at home; the modifications can only, or at least best, be settled on the spot. To this extent and to this extent only, one would admit what certain worthy people on this boat seem to think precludes all further discussion. 'Oh, you must have lived in the country to understand the native question.' That view ignores the other two elements, quite as essential to a solution, which will have due regard not only to the present but to the future—first, the teaching of Scripture, and second the teaching of history in Africa itself and elsewhere over the world. To obtain by fraud, force, and fear a temporary advantage for present necessities will prove a miserable policy, if it end in a later crop, for our children or grandchildren to reap, of hatred and bloodshed." . . . "Captain Whitehead has a splendid abode, perhaps twice the size of the largest cabin. Two delightful features struck us at a glance. On the wall are the words, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct

thy paths.' And on the table is a charming group of the Captain's wife with the two boys and a girl. He will not send one of his boys to sea. He maintains that there is no trade where the training is so long, or the hardships so great, or the promotion so slow, or the ultimate reward, even if you survive to receive it, so incommensurate. And I think he proved all his points." . . . In conversation President Kruger's name sometimes turned up. A Johannesburg lady had a quaint anecdote. When the Natal and Orange Free State Railway was opened, a deputation of thirty came from the Transvaal headed by Kruger. At the luncheon two novelties staggered them: first, the dinner napkins, and, second, the finger bowls. They were, however, equal to the occasion. They spread the napkins on their seats, and sat on them; and they drank the contents of the finger bowls! The only evil effects occurred in the case of a Boer delegate who swallowed some of the rose leaves floating on the surface of the finger-bowl. He believes to this day that he was purposely poisoned by the perfidious Briton!

"*July* 28.—I carried out to-day a long-meditated project—to write to R. L. S.'s widow in California, whom I have not met since I dined with her and Louis thirty years ago and more in old Mr. Stevenson's house, 17 Heriot Row. I have told her all about Swanston and Cummy, and about what Mrs. Henley and I propose to do with the 350 letters from Louis to Henley which are in Mrs. Henley's possession. I have asked her for her own portrait to hang in Louis's bedroom at Swanston. I have said that Mrs. Henley proposes to give to me all Louis's letters to her husband which relate in any way to Swanston, being dated from it, or referring to it by name, or dealing with work which was done or planned at Swanston by Louis and Henley. Out of the balance it is proposed to make a selection of letters of special literary interest for presentation to the Advocates' Library. . . . I have not seen a letter from Stevenson priced at less than £10 in autograph collectors' catalogues, and I have noticed as much as £60 asked for an interesting letter. I wonder what the twelve letters which Cummy gave me are worth! £500?"

Mrs. Stevenson sent portraits of herself and her daughter Mrs. Salisbury Field. These, with the letters relating to Swanston given him by Mrs. Henley and the letters to Cummy, formed part of the collection of Stevenson relics

bequeathed by Lord Guthrie in his will. A selection of letters from Stevenson to Henley, in all about 165, possessing special literary interest, was presented to the Advocates' Library later in 1911 by Mrs. Henley through Lord Guthrie. He took a deep interest in the general business affairs of the Library; was for three years a Curator, and during that period acted as Law Curator, an office always held by a member of the Bar in large practice, who advises the Keeper with regard to the purely professional side of the Library.

He made some interesting donations to the Library, including a set of photographic facsimiles relating to the trial and imprisonment of George Buchanan by the Inquisition in Portugal in 1550–52, with annotations by himself. Along with Lord Skerrington he was joint donor of a collection of letters of Simon Fraser, 11th Lord Lovat, the Lovat of the '45. After his death Lady Guthrie presented as a memorial of him a Flemish Book of Hours of the fifteenth century and a beautiful Greek MS. of the works of the theologians Dorotheus, Esaias, and others, written in the tenth or eleventh century, bought by him at Athens in 1906.

The two voyagers reached Cape Town on the 1st of August. They had a most favourable journey, but they agreed that a cottage in Lewis would be preferable to a floating palace. They rejoiced to be again on dry land and to begin their eight weeks on shore. They expected to be twelve weeks away from home and to travel 18,000 miles in all.

One problem it was soon evident would be solved in the most delightful way conceivable. From the moment they set foot on shore they were surrounded by friends who took them to their hearts and overwhelmed them with kindness, and that experience was renewed and repeated wherever they went until they set sail on 27th September under showers of good wishes. Old Scotch friends and acquaintances sprang up everywhere, each more warm and enthusiastic than the other. It almost seemed as if South Africa were populated by kindly Scots, every one of whom had some link with the visitors from the old country. And then there were others, of all ranks and classes, who devised every manner of kind attention, receptions and entertainments public and private.

Lord Guthrie was the first Scotch judge, as he reminded them, who had visited South Africa since the Flood, and they resolved to make the most of him. Lord de Villiers, the Chief Justice, was absent in England, but the Acting

Chief Justice, Sir James Rose-Innes, and Sir John Buchanan his colleague called on the visitors. Their plan, however, was to go on to Durban and farther north and postpone social engagements at Cape Town until their return in September. They lunched with a friend, Dr. Murray, and met his brother Mr. Charles Murray, secretary of the Education Department, and had time merely to see the Public Gardens and visit the Public Library and Groote Schur, Cecil Rhodes's residence. Lord Guthrie found that the Library, like most libraries, wanted money to buy books and provide better accommodation for readers. He remarked on the absence of sufficient strong show-cases with unbreakable glass tops, to let the people get a pride in the Library by coming to know what treasures it possessed, and he told Mr. Lloyd, the librarian, about Lord Skerrington giving £100 to the Faculty of Advocates to provide additional show-cases.

On 2nd August they were on board ship for Port Elizabeth. Appeals were already crowding in for speeches and addresses and had to be answered. At Port Elizabeth a night was spent ashore; they found the place frankly Colonial and most interesting. One of the book-stores had a complete stock of the Everyman Library; they bought Lockhart's abridged *Life of Scott* for 1s. 3d. The town was full of Scotch, not so conventionally orthodox as at home, but thoroughly interested in their church and its work. The Presbyterians formed one united Church, and were both amazed and amused at our continued divisions. Here the visitors began to be conscious of one of the great attractions of South Africa—the brilliant sunshine and bracing air. At East London they made a short stop to see Mrs. Stewart, the widow of Dr. Stewart of Lovedale, and under her hospitable roof met other friends from the old country. Soon they were at Durban and in the midst of tropical beauty and luxuriance which delighted them. They were entertained by Sir David Hunter, a warm-hearted Scot hailing from Kirkliston, who had risen to honourable distinction in the railway world. At Durban Lord Guthrie first broke silence in public. His interests here were the same as at home; his first word in public was a talk with young men. It was on a Sunday evening in church. The desire to hear him crowded the building. The *Natal Mercury* vouches for the fact that he "held the audience in breathless attention for three-quarters of an hour, and there seemed no anxiety to get away to the Town Hall

Concert. Another hour of such speaking would not have wearied any intelligent congregation." He arrested his audience because he spoke—so he put it—as a witness drawing from his own experience, not from hearsay. To young men he said: Make your own choice and stick to it. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." His second point was—Let us not live unto ourselves. No man was an all-round man without God. What were the greatest helps a man could have to live a God-like life? He mentioned two. He should belong to a Christian church and take an active part in Christian work. He did not care what sect he joined. Join some body of Christians. A man should find the church where the minister did him the most good. Attend that church regularly and through it, work. Any man could find some work. In saving another he saved himself. The second help was total abstinence. He was not rabid on that subject, but he thoroughly believed in total abstinence. He did not believe in it on principle, but to cope with circumstances. If a man had a son who went astray, he hardly needed to ask the question about the cause. Almost every time it was drink. But for drink the doors of the Divorce Court could be closed. His third point was: "Fear God, honour the brethren, and love thy neighbour as thyself." That meant going into politics in some form. He would not advise alliance with any particular party, but he would advise alliance with the party that any given man believed was able to do the best for the country. The problems in South Africa were not new. The way to get over the difficulties was, not to stand by imputing wrong motives to opponents. The difficulties would be solved by faith and hope in God and in the country.

It is amusing to observe from the press notices of his sayings and doings and from newspaper cartoons that Lord Guthrie himself had added to the number of South African problems. The new puzzle was—how to describe him? Beyond the frontiers of Scotland (and sometimes even within them) the Scotch "Paper Lord" was a mystery. Nobody could understand the designation. He himself described the practice of so designing a judge as "an inconvenient and misleading practice," and in South Africa he found the inconvenience at every step. A cartoonist in Durban made a bold shot, representing him under the heading "Peer and Preacher," with a coronet and a wig adorning the picture! At Maritzburg

PEER AND PREACHER·

DURBAN, AUGUST 12, 1911.

another journalist, less imaginative, was content with "Lord Charles J. Guthrie, M.A., K.C." Other painstaking attempts there and elsewhere resulted in "The Right Honourable Lord Charles J. Guthrie, M.A., K.C."; "The Lord Guthrie"; "Lord Chief Justice of Scotland"; "Sir Charles J. Guthrie"; "The Right Honourable Lord Guthrie"; and, oddest of all, "Lord Justice of Session." A London journalist as ignorant as the other at Durban but with less excuse once wrote about him as "a peer of the realm." While at Durban the travellers had an opportunity of visiting the Trappist Monastery of Mariannhill at Pinetown near by—a kind of Roman Catholic Lovedale. They were graciously received and entertained, and a brother who happily had a dispensation for the occasion dined with them and showed them round.

At Maritzburg Lord Guthrie was welcomed by an old Parliament House friend in the person of Mr. (now Sir) J. C. Dove Wilson, who presided over the Supreme Court of Natal with the title of Judge President, and dined with him and his colleagues, Justices Carter, Hathorne, and Broome. Then they climbed higher, passing into the Orange Free State and making their next halt at Kroonstad, where they had the joy of meeting their son James. Hardly had they set foot when callers were clamorous about a great function next day—the opening of a new Kroonstad Union Club. The Guthries had altered their travelling plans in order to be present at this function. At Kroonstad they remained from 11th till 22nd August happy in the company of James ("Jem") and his friends and theirs, in visiting Congleton the farm where Jem was settled, in making their first experience of the great veldt, of Boer farm houses, Kaffirs, and graves of soldiers who fell in the Boer War. Lord Guthrie rendered a public service by his presence and speech at the opening of the Union Club. The Club was largely a Scottish affair, having been organised and financed by the local Caledonian Society and St. Andrew's (Presbyterian) Church. The speakers were himself and Mr. Patrick Duncan, a George Watson's College boy from Edinburgh practising as a barrister at Johannesburg and a member of the Legislative Council. The keynote struck by both speakers was toleration and co-operation between the two races in the interests of the Union.

In regard to the Union of South Africa Lord Guthrie asked them to remember that the Union of England and Scotland was brought about in face of the strongest

opposition in Scotland. That antagonism would have died down much sooner than it did but for the fact that with the Union the management of her local affairs was taken away from Scotland. He hoped such a blunder would not be repeated in South Africa. History showed that purely local affairs were better managed locally, and that general affairs were better dealt with by the central government. If the Union was to be a success they must let bygones be bygones. Let them preserve by all means whatever was ennobling and inspiring in history, but blot out everything which made for the perpetuation of ancient animosities and the bitter feuds of the past. Why not make a great start in South Africa with a clean slate? He believed in letting "the dead past bury its dead." He was quite certain that would be the work of the Union Club. He liked the idea of the Club being next a church. Many people seemed to think South Africa could be governed without religion. History proved that this was impossible, as in the case of Scotland. He was quite sure that in South Africa it would yet come to be realised that good government must have behind it religious motives and convictions.

He remembered the Church as well as the Union Club, and on a Sunday evening gave an address in St. Andrew's Church on the same lines as the address at Durban. So hungry were those Kroonstad exiles that they asked for more. "We all appreciate very highly your great help, and if you can see your way to give us another address at either morning or evening service we shall be most grateful."

But meanwhile they were due at Pretoria on the 27th of August. Viscount Gladstone had written from Government House:

"Will you dine with us on the 23rd? and I hope you and Lady Guthrie will also come to luncheon or tea because you must see the place in the day time. . . . Prison matters and criminal work here are full of urgent interest, for things are not as things should be, and I shall be glad to have a talk with you thereon. The Prisons Act of last year is full of possibilities, but to a great deal effect cannot be given for years because of non-existent or inadequate machinery. The Pretoria Prison is a great advance. When you go there mind and ask to see the quarters of the *long-sentence* natives. You will see a queer place.—Sincerely yours, GLADSTONE."

Mr. Matthew Greenlees, another member of the Scottish Bar, then practising in Pretoria, was their first caller. Soon they had seen Oom Paul's house and all the sights of the capital, and in the evening dined at Government House. Sir Ian Hamilton was of the party there. Lord Gladstone talked much of Glenogil and all the Williamson family. Next morning Lord Guthrie, eager to see and hear all he could about prisons and prison life, went with Chief Justice de Villiers and Mr. Rouss, Director of Prisons under General Hertzogg, Minister of Justice, to inspect the Pretoria Prison. Then came lunch with Lord and Lady Gladstone when they met Captain Parrish, Lord Gladstone's Aide-de-camp and fiancé of Dorothy Drew. They walked through the gardens with Lady Gladstone, admiring the marvellous flowers and fruits. Every hour was filled by the abundant hospitalities of friends. In the afternoon, tea with Mr. and Mrs. Greenlees, and at 7 dinner with the Rev. Mr. McMillan and his sister. Other Scotch friends were also present. "Great talk all dinner time," notes Lady Guthrie. "Mr. McMillan is doing splendidly here, and his brother ditto in Jo'burg. Neither of them would dream of returning to Ullapool! No relatives left in old country, mother here and a brother in India."

August 25 found them in Johannesburg, the city of gold. Here, too, they were welcomed by friends and relatives and spent some memorable days crowded with new experiences. The very first, "before we got our hats off," was an "Interviewer," who had tracked them to their hotel in search of copy. The second was the Rev. R. A. C. MacMillan in search of an address. They revelled in the Art Gallery and Zoological Gardens, Sheffield Choirs, and Shakespeare Plays. On Sunday they attended a service in the Wesleyan Kaffir Church, "a large barn-like building, practically full, the centre with men, an uneven surface of black woolly heads; the women in the 'transepts' where we sat, rows of children in front. On platform a Zulu preacher and his two translators, Kaffir-Dutch and Sesuto. The preacher was a striking figure, and earnestness and eloquence were evidently there. The dark audience listened with glowing countenances. Being Methodists, in the prayers there were many responses from the worshippers, who all knelt on the floor with bowed head. It was a moving and touching scene; as for the singing, in splendid melodious harmony, of hymns—tune of one was the familiar 'Rock of Ages' tune, and another

was a more florid variety of our old Psalm tune 'Gainsborough.' It was wonderful to us." They forgathered with hosts of friends, old and new, and of course they saw a Stockbridge face in Johannesburg.

If Lord Guthrie made no public appearance in a church he made up for this by two press interviews. The *Evening Chronicle* was not to be outstripped by the *Sunday Post.* "My wife and I can at least say we have found every day in South Africa full of interest and full of enjoyment. And staying some days on a farm near Kroonstad, we have fallen under the spell of the veldt—the silent, mysterious, illimitable veldt. Some time ago in a case tried before me in the Scottish Courts I read many letters from a husband in South Africa to his wife in Scotland. He wanted her to come to South Africa; she refused. And in letter after letter he said to her that he could never return to Scotland to settle. Why? For two reasons: first, because of the glorious sunshine; and, second, because of the frank, friendly, and unconventional ways of South African people. I accepted these letters at the time as a true expression of the man's feelings: I can now understand their force. . . . Of visual impressions I shall name three. First, neither in town, village, nor country district have we yet seen a drunken man—nor, the most dreadful of all sights, a drunken woman. Second, we have not encountered a beggar, white or coloured, young or old. Third, we have not seen an animal cruelly or even harshly treated. Of impressions by the ear, we have heard all varieties of opinions. We have been told by one South African that no matter what wages you offer, the native is so incurably lazy that he will not work; by another that he is an excellent workman but not fit for any employment except that of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water; and by still another that, give him training and kindly treatment, there is nothing the white man can do that the native cannot do. You ask our own opinion, but we are only gathering the materials for forming opinions. The native is a perpetual source of interest to us. Our trip would have been comparatively a dull one had we arrived after all your racial and coloured problems had been settled. But it may be too soon either for us or you to dogmatise for or against the coloured man. . . . 'There's just about as much human nature in some folks as there is in others.' I felt the force of that quaint saying when an Englishman, no lover of the Dutch, was giving me a sketch of their

characteristics. When he finished I merely said: 'That is curious now, for your sketch, in almost every detail, corresponds with the view held about my own countrymen, the Scotch.'"

On August 28 they quitted Johannesburg and remained in Kroonstad district, chiefly at Congleton, till September 10. He gratified his Presbyterian friends by a second address—this time on Knox and the Reformation. He also spoke to the Good Templars. A diamond mine was visited some miles from Kroonstad, and Lord Guthrie was present at a criminal trial presided over by Sir Andries Maasdorp. "I have seen a great deal of the Judiciary in South Africa and expect to see more in Cape Town, and also something of the leaders of the Bar. In the Cape we met Sir James Rose-Innes, the Acting Chief Justice, in Natal the Judge President (the new name for Chief Justice), and in the Transvaal the Chief Justice. It is curious as you dine with those men to remember some events in their careers. In the Transvaal the Chief Justice de Villiers was in charge of a Command on the Boer side, was shot on horseback, the shot passing through the left leg, then through the horse, and then through his right leg, was taken prisoner and sent to Bermuda! Then two days ago I dined with Dr. Krause, one of the Leaders of the Johannesburg Bar, who was condemned to death for high treason during the war."

Their route lay through Bloemfontein to Lovedale. At Lovedale they spent some four or five days and left it, its kind people, genial atmosphere, and interesting work, with much regret. They were received by the Rev. James Henderson, the Principal of the Missionary Institution and Mrs. Henderson (their hosts), the Rev. John Lennox, the Vice-Principal, who when a student in Edinburgh had tutored their sons, and by Dr. (now Senator) Roberts. Profoundly interesting to the visitors was all they saw of the varied work carried on by the staff—missionary, educational, industrial. It was a joy to make and to renew acquaintance with the workers, men and women, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter and many others. On Sandili's Kop stands the monument to Dr. Stewart. "Mr. Hunter drove us two up. We were profoundly struck with the dignified, massive, yet simple monument. On one side is the inscription carved on a flat stone: 'James Stewart, Missionary.' But Lovedale itself is his imperishable monument—the monument of a man who had

heart and vision. On his grave are the words: 'Promoter at all times of that greater Christianity of Divine charity, the uplifting of humanity.'" There was a garden party at which all Lovedale was present and a banquet at the neighbouring town of Alice, to celebrate the official opening of the Victoria Memorial Hall. The Scottish visitors were invited, and Lord Guthrie in reply to a toast delivered an interesting speech: he praised the country and its hospitable inhabitants and spoke of the immense capabilities of the Union. He regretted that Queen Victoria's advisers had not allowed her to visit her South African Dominions. On the Sunday evening before leaving Lovedale he gave an address in the large Hall to a large gathering. "It was a stirring sight and the singing splendid," writes Lady Guthrie. She was struck with the musical powers of the Kaffir boys and girls. Two days earlier she wrote in her journal: "When I entered they were singing 'How lovely are the Messengers' exquisitely, the next was the four-part arrangement of 'Call the Cattle home.' This was repeated by desire: they gave it with dramatic effect, quite thrilling, but the greatest of all was the 'Hallelujah Chorus' without any accompaniment. I have heard it many times and finely done too, but never heard anything like this, it will be a memory for life, those dusky simple souls interpreting the glorious Handelian strains and the lofty ascriptions of praise and thanksgiving with absolute truth as to tone and in full-throated harmony, was glorious, and criticism was defied."

Leaving Kaffirs and ostrich farmers behind they made a luxurious train journey through mountain and plain and infinite variety and beauty of the flowers of the Cape down to Cape Town on Sept. 20. Only seven days more and then they sailed for home. But they made good use of the time; drove to Hoot's Bay and Constantia with its vineyards, inspected the Rhodes Memorial, saw everything worth seeing, especially the relics of the old Dutch times, and received crowds of visitors. In Cape Town their son James rejoined them. Lord Guthrie went to Rondebosch to a Boys' Brigade gathering. Captain Abbott and his fellow-officers were cheered by the visit. The work of the Brigade is complicated in South Africa, as many other things are, by the colour question. In Cape Town he made two public appearances. On the Sunday evening he gave in a Presbyterian Church, where every seat was full, his lecture on Knox and the Reformation. On the following

evening their South African visit was fittingly crowned by a special mark of honour. The Cape Town Caledonian Society opened its session by a function in the Banqueting Room of the City Hall, which took the form of a Reception in honour of Lord and Lady Guthrie. Sir John Graham presided. Lord Guthrie spoke in a happy vein. He acknowledged the kindness they had received everywhere, and discussed Scottish shrewdness and humour with appropriate illustrations. As to his opinion of South Africa, he said he referred inquirers to his forthcoming book on South Africa in ten volumes; but for Cape Town itself, "for majesty one never saw anything that one could really compare with Cape Town."

But he was not allowed to escape so easily: there lay in waiting the inevitable interviewer. A *Cape Times* man duly appeared. One of the impressions of the visitors was the absence of tourists—just as they had found in the States and Canada. They had not in their six weeks' tour met one *bona fide* tourist. "There is room for legitimate booming of South African travel. English (I do not say Scotch !) ignorance of outside places is astounding." Illustrations of this theme lay, of course, to his hand. "We suffer from it in Scotland. Many English Churchmen come and go to Scotland annually, and remain ignorant of the fact that in Scotland our Established Church is Presbyterian and that they are nothing but Dissenters in Scotland! We have had Sunday closing of liquor shops in Scotland for fifty-eight years; but it is not long since a learned and eloquent English bishop speaking at a temperance meeting in Glasgow told his astonished audience of a movement in favour of Sunday closing which had been started in England, and strongly advised us to start a similar agitation for Scotland.

"We are going to tell our friends that if the Bay of Biscay and the Equator are not absolute frauds, the storminess of the one and the heat of the other have been grossly exaggerated. We have found South African hotels always clean and well-managed. We ourselves had greatly exaggerated the fatigues and discomforts of South African railway journeys. On the great through trains the conditions reduce the discomforts to a minimum. On one we found a convenient shower-bath and provision for boot-brushing—neither of these I had ever seen before in railway travelling."

CHAPTER XX

IN PRAISE OF FAMOUS MEN

ONE of the first public duties awaiting Lord Guthrie on his return from South Africa was to preside at the Scott Club Dinner in 1911, and deliver the speech he had been ruminating over on board ship and on the open veldt. "The Immortal Memory of Sir Walter Scott" he treated in a manner unusual on such occasions. It was the speech of a far-travelled Scot who had seen for himself the position which Scotland and Scotsmen held abroad, and had found that the Scots escaped much of the general dislike of what foreigners called the English nation. Largely for Sir Walter's sake, he said, the outside world criticised us more leniently and extended to us a more kindly welcome. "On both sides of the Atlantic and south as well as north of the equator he had been amused and touched to find himself an object of interest merely because he had followed Scott on the benches of the Edinburgh High School and University, and had trod like him the boards of the Parliament House and had held the office of Sheriff of a Scottish county. While Burns was deemed rather the wayward child of universal genius, Scott was accepted as the ordinary current coin of Scotland. Sir Walter accomplished on paper what his fellow-townsman and contemporary, Sir Henry Raeburn, did on canvas. When we visited an exhibition of Raeburn's portraits and looked at the people on the walls, more lifelike than some we left in the streets, we knew quite well that those delightful persons could not all and always have been full of the milk of human kindness, of shrewdness and of humour, as Raeburn painted them. The artist's personality charmed their best to the surface. Scotland had no greater asset than the world's acceptance of Sir Walter and Sir Henry as their country's and their countrymen's truthful limners, corroborating and confirming one another." That led

him to speak of Sir Walter the man, rather than of his writings. "As you read and reflected, the conviction deepened that Scott's daily life, domestic, social, professional and public, so sane, just and strong, so simple, modest and reverent, so vivacious and humorous, so courteous, sympathetic and affectionate, so strict in self-judgment, and so charitable as to others' motives and conduct, was the most wonderful thing about him. If Scott's character was so noble, his genius so splendid, and his services to Scotland so great, Scott clubs ought surely to flourish and multiply. The speaker at a Scott dinner had no thin ice to skate rapidly over, no incidents or writings to avoid mentioning. We must never forget that Scott's life from birth to death was singularly fitted to foster the finest human qualities. He did not forget his misfortunes real and imaginary. But for his misfortunes he would not have written the books on which his fame depended. To what extent was the nobility of Scott's character and conduct attributable to the influence of Christianity? The question was not answered by pointing out that, in the language of the time, he was not an Evangelical but a Moderate. Whatever he might have labelled himself or been labelled, he was a sincerely religious man, and had no sympathy with the school which, while not disbelieving in God, finds Him superfluous. Scott's life cannot be fully explained without taking into account the leaven of Christian teaching and example. As a Bohemian he might have been a greater writer than he was because less trammelled by reverence in his choice of subjects and his treatment of them, and more free to make copy of his deepest thoughts and his most sacred affections. But he would not have been the Sir Walter Scott whom we loved and honoured in our youth, and whom we could continue to love and honour as long as life lasted. No statement seemed to him adequate which did not recognise that he was among the fairest flowers and richest fruits of Christianity, as well as of chivalry and of humanism."

Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo ("Edward Garrett") was an occasional visitor at Swanston at this period and a correspondent of Lord Guthrie. She took an interest in Cummy, and she discussed in her letters current literature as well as the past. She was at one with her correspondent in her worship of Scott, and her experience taught her to adopt Scott's views as to the hazard of using literature as a staff to lean on. "I have been following your example

in re-reading the Scott novels. I remain true to my first love among them—*The Heart of Midlothian*: it seems to have grown with my growth and widened with my experience." Discussing a young contemporary poet she writes, "I would warn everybody from any attempt to 'live' by literature—by poetry I presume it would be practically impossible. In what one may call the literary profession there are such sad stories. Unceasing worry and voluntary mental strain demoralise, and the end is too often drink, destitution, and early death. I think that now all of the men who were my contemporaries are dead, but what is significant is that I could have said the same when I was barely over forty. And some fell to unutterable degradation. One man whose verses won the very highest commendation descended to begging-letter writing of the basest sort, and was living in unspeakable conditions, as I learned through inquiries made by a kindly metropolitan police surgeon. Too often the attempt to live by literature ends in journalism, and you may have noticed that so successful and honest a journalist as Massingham has lately described that calling as '*the grave of literary genius* and a direct pathway down to hell.' I saw enough when I was quite young to vow that I would take Scott's advice and never rely on literature."

The year 1911 was the tercentenary year of the Authorised English Bible and the Jubilee year of the National Bible Society of Scotland. To celebrate both events a great public gathering was held in Edinburgh, attended by representatives of the Town Council, University, and School Board, and by leading citizens of all Protestant Churches. On this occasion Lord Guthrie delivered a speech full of interesting matter discussing the question of Scotland's contribution to the English Bible. Among the forerunners of King James's translators—Wyclif, Tyndale and the others—he pointed out there was not one Scot, with the possible but unproved exception of Knox who might have assisted Coverdale and the other scholars, members of his congregation at Geneva. "The reason why England had the pre-eminence was of course that her Reformation was before Scotland's. By 1560 Tyndale and Coverdale had done their work. They could not even claim a translation of the Bible into the Scots tongue, though they knew there was one of the New Testament. It was not their fault that King James did not call Scottish scholars to his company of translators. From 1607 to 1611

he had a Scotsman at his command within three miles of Westminster, a profounder Classical and Oriental scholar than most of those who worked on the Authorised Version —Andrew Melville—who during those years was confined by James in the Tower of London. But James feared the independence of the man who had dared to call him to his face "God's silly vassal." Had Scotland no credit then in connection with the Authorised Version? He thought it had in two respects. But for King James, a Scotsman, it would have had no existence. He wished to supplant the Geneva translation, which had, he considered, objectionable marginal and other notes. One was that it suggested that in certain extreme circumstances it might be lawful for subjects to dethrone their sovereign. It was strange that one of the causes that gave them the Authorised Version was James's views on the Divine Right of Kings—views which cost his house so dear. The other merit that Scotland had was the earlier and more complete recognition of the merits of the Authorised Version by the Church of Scotland than by the Church of England. It was not till 1662 that on the petition of the Puritan or Presbyterian clergy the Gospels and Epistles previously taken from Tyndale and Coverdale were quoted from the Authorised Version; and to this day the Psalms read or chanted at every service of the Church of England were not those in the Authorised Version, but remain as Tyndale and Coverdale left them."

Although his official connection with the north had ceased Lord Guthrie still held a warm place in the hearts of his old friends there, and a delightful proof of this was given when in April 1912 Tain conferred on him the freedom of the ancient and royal burgh. This signal honour to himself was followed on the same day by a striking and pathetic ceremony, the unveiling by the youngest burgess of a medallion in bronze to his old friend Bailie Wallace, who had died just a year before in his ninety-ninth year. April 23, 1912, was a gala day in Tain: a great assembly of citizens, flags flying, and bunting decorating the public buildings, speeches overflowing with admiration and affection—everything that the warm-hearted folks of Tain could do and say to express their feelings towards him whom they fondly described as "one of our own people." It was an occasion for recalling events of the past. The Provost recounted the outstanding events of Lord Guthrie's career, and he

himself frankly confessed that Mr. Graham Murray's letter appointing him Sheriff was "the most delightful letter I ever received." He spoke of his many friendships among them—with Sir David Munro of Allan, Alexander Taylor Innes, "one of the most cultured, most refined, and most characteristic Scotsmen of a certain delightful type that I ever knew," Mr. Ellison Ross, S.S.C., and Mr. James Macdonald.

The unveiling ceremony took place in the afternoon in the old church of St. Duthus. The medallion was the work of Mr. Gamley and was a fine portrait of a man who was a splendid representative of the typical Highlander and Scotsman. He had loving friends all over the world who united in erecting it. The monument was placed beside others in honour of Patrick Hamilton, Thomas Hogg, and Dr. Gustavus Aird. Sufficient funds had been contributed for a portrait by Mr. Fiddes Watt as well as the medallion. The memorable day was rounded off by a Golf Club Concert which filled the Town Hall. As a matter of course the chair was occupied by the man whom Tain delighted that day to honour, and he filled the cup of enjoyment by himself contributing a reading, "Hiram Goff, shoemaker by the grace of God," which was received with enthusiasm.

In Scottish Church annals the year 1912 will long be remembered. The desire for Presbyterian reunion had been growing deeper and stronger for many years past. The laity were in advance of the Church leaders, but everywhere the atmosphere had come to be markedly more friendly and genial. At last a definite movement began. In 1909 Committees representative of the two great Churches—the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church—met in conference. The movement made an auspicious start. In contrast with previous attempts, when the Church of Scotland ruled out of the discussion the question of its peculiar position as the State Church, it now threw open the door by agreeing to "unrestricted conference." But in 1912 an even more important thing happened. The movement went forward no longer with hesitating, timid step, it leaped forward. This was the happy result of a paper prepared by the Church of Scotland Committee which came to be known as "The Memorandum." It opened a new chapter in the relations of the negotiating Churches, indeed of all the Scottish Churches. It was really the work of a lay member of the committee, the

Procurator of the Church of Scotland, Sir Christopher Johnston, now Lord Sands, who well deserves the title of a pontifex or bridge-builder. The Memorandum stated that "in the course of these negotiations both Churches have accepted the principle that in matters spiritual the Church shall be free from external authority, and shall be governed or limited only by her own constitution." Recognising that she did not possess such rights and liberties under her constitution the Church of Scotland went on to say, "that in the circumstances of the present day and for the sake of reunion she is prepared to seek and recognises the expediency of procuring the recognition of powers of separate action which would be a practical satisfaction of the conception of spiritual freedom entertained by the United Free Church." This was not all. With the claim to the possession of full spiritual freedom the Church declared herself ready to cast aside whatever there was in her constitution of exclusive recognition by the State as a Christian Church. Her Committee acknowledged that "the exclusive theory which they (the statutes) tended to stereotype have infected the spirit of the law and established a legal and constitutional tradition which may tend unfairly to depress other Churches in relation to the State and the law, and to withhold from them due recognition as Christian Churches." Accordingly the Memorandum stated: "It seems desirable to meet it (viz. the view that her exclusive recognition inferred injury to other Churches), if not by positive legislation for these Churches, at all events by a statutory disclaimer of any exclusive claim of the Church of Scotland to recognition by the State in Scotland as a Christian Church." Here surely spoke the voice of Christian statesmanship. Christian Scotland was stirred by a new hope. The response was prompt and cordial. In May, a month after the Memorandum appeared, a crowded meeting filled the Edinburgh Music Hall to urge forward the cause of reunion. The venerable Principal Whyte opened the meeting, which represented much of what was best in the life of Scotland. Lord Guthrie occupied the chair and put the question—How was union to be accomplished in the lifetime of this generation? As to the controversies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, thank God, the feelings of alienation naturally engendered by them had not, he said, been inherited by their descendants. He faced the difficulty caused by the connection between the Church of

Scotland and the State. Was it, he asked, a practical difficulty, or was it a difficulty which in the circumstances had been made theoretical and academic? He frankly stated that while he would have preferred to see union by way of Disestablishment, he was ready to accept some such arrangement as that contained in the Memorandum, to accept such a measure of State connection as would in no way interfere with the Church's legislative and judicial freedom, or hamper its unrestricted liberty of action at home and abroad. If this generation was to taste the blessings of a reconstructed Scottish Church it would not be by Disestablishment. In the old Voluntary controversy men were forced by mutual exaggeration into extreme positions. One side charged the Voluntaries with practical atheism, while the Voluntaries described the Established Church as "a synagogue of Satan." Both views were as dead as Queen Anne. Modern Voluntaries based their views on what history and personal observation seemed to them to prove most expedient both for Church and State. If so, inflexible rules admitting of neither compromise nor exception were excluded and each case must be judged on a balance of considerations. It seemed to him to follow that in Scotland they could now achieve, even with a certain measure of State connection, all that was essentially valuable in the Voluntary principle. Under the proposals of the Memorandum, even if unmodified, the measure of State connection to which they would be committed would not involve any Erastian grant of freedom from the State, but such a clear and unqualified recognition of the Church's inherent freedom in spiritual matters as had never before been known in Protestant Churches."

These were the words of an earnest, loyal, open-minded layman. The best thought of the United Free Church moved steadily in the same direction. It was admirably expressed not long after by Principal Denney, a man of clear vision and independent mind: "For my own part, when I see how completely spiritual freedom has come to be recognised, and how completely in their hearts members of the Church of Scotland are willing to recognise not only the churchmanship but the contribution to the national religion of Scotland made by other Churches, I do not feel very anxious about what it is that may possibly remain of a statutory connection. A Church which has come as far as the Church of Scotland has in these two respects has really eliminated from its relation to the State every-

thing which ever seemed to me objectionable in that relationship."

A cause which is supported by such reasoning as this cannot fail. Scotland has made an enormous advance, and she will not go back.

There seemed to be no end to the variety of public work which Lord Guthrie was called on to perform. With the exception of party politics it is difficult to name any sphere of activity where he was not at home, and where he did not bear a leading part. As a public-spirited Scotsman and citizen of Edinburgh he filled an admirable rôle. At a public meeting or for an after-dinner speech he was in great request. He both amused and instructed his audience. His geniality and humour won the ear, but he was sure also, out of his stores of experience and knowledge, to present new facts or set old facts in some new and interesting light. Witness his speech on the occasion of the annual general meeting of the Federation of Master Printers in June 1912. The banquet was presided over by Dr. Walter B. Blaikie, the president, an antiquary and historian and a very notable Edinburgh man. Lord Guthrie proposed the toast of the Federation. Of course he glanced at the topic of judges and libel actions, but he was soon deep in the subject of Scottish printing and printers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, beginning with the first printing press set up in 1507 by Walter Chapman and Andrew Myllar. He came down to Urie and Foulis in Glasgow in 1770, then followed the splendid outburst of printers and publishers in Edinburgh at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. Great Scottish names like Murray and Macmillan suggested how much the south was indebted to Scotland in this connection. Book-lover as he was, he delighted in the enormous advances that had been made not merely in mechanical appliances but in artistic merits. "And why not? A book should be a joy for ever, but it should also be a thing of beauty, outside and inside, from the title page to the index."

The Guthrie clan had already grown to considerable dimensions and its connections went on increasing. Lord Guthrie had a story about his sister, Mrs. Stephen Williamson, "that young woman of eighty." Talking to a French savant who asked about her family, she told him she had six sons. He held up his hands and ejaculated, "Quelle

immoralité ! " Her eldest son, Sir Archibald Williamson, M.P., now Lord Forres, married in November 1912 the Hon. Freda Herschell, daughter of the Liberal Lord Chancellor Herschell. In October Lord Guthrie was in London and met his nephew's fiancée. Her brother, the present Lord Herschell, Captain Murray, M.P., of the Elibank family, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Balfour of Dawyck, and other relatives were of the company at dinner. " She (Miss Herschell) wore no jewels, but a gold fillet gleamed in the coils of her black hair. Her features were well cut and pale, and she has a lithe tall figure. She has an air of distinction and her manner is frank and engaging. She has evidently thought and heard and seen and spoken and read to good purpose. On returning here I wrote to Archibald to congratulate him most heartily. After the ladies left the dining-room I had a long talk with Lord Herschell. He is a big man with a fair moustache, very hearty and jovial in manner, not nearly so like the Chancellor as his sister. Like his father he is a Liberal, and is a lord-in-waiting. He thinks that the most revolutionary thing in our time is to see the old aristocratic Conservative party led by a plain unlettered man of business like Mr. Bonar Law ! About 10.30 we all said good-night, only to find out that it was quite a different thing to get away. The fog had become so dense that two taxi-cab drivers refused to take me down to Pall Mall for love or money. Then another appeared, and he was willing to take the risk, if I was. Off we went, and it was a funny experience. We crept along by the kerb, and then when we had to leave it got advice from all the spectral figures on the pavement. 'Which is the way to Piccadilly ?' 'To the right, you are going exactly the wrong way !' We at last, after many narrow escapes from collisions with vehicles, pavements, and lamp-posts, got to Piccadilly where the fog was much less, only to find it as bad as ever half-way down St. James's Street."

Two memorable occasions brought the members of the Guthrie family together to do honour to the famous preacher and philanthropist whose name and memory were revered by his children and his children's children. The first was at Edinburgh in 1910, the second at Arbirlot in 1913. Pomeroy's noble statue of Dr. Guthrie which adorns Princes Street was a gift to the city by his son, Mr. Alexander Guthrie of Liverpool. It sets forth in striking and successful fashion both the man and his

outstanding life-work. On the October day in 1910 when it was unveiled by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, it was plain to be seen how deep and warm a place Dr. Guthrie still held in the hearts of his countrymen. Thousands of spectators stood crowded together along Princes Street and up Castle Street, making traffic impossible. The platform party included grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Dr. Guthrie. Lord Balfour pronounced a sincere and discerning eulogium. They were there, he said, to do honour to a great Scotsman. Dr. Guthrie was worthy to take a place in the very front rank of our fellow-countrymen. His works lived after him and would live to the latest generation. He was a great orator, a practical philanthropist, a very apostle of social reform. He was in advance of his time, and notably in this respect perhaps that more than any other he realised sixty or seventy years ago the expediency of endeavouring to prevent rather than to wait for the result and to cure it. It was he who endeavoured to stop the juvenile recruit to crime; who saw the necessity of better housing for the humbler classes, of endeavouring to interfere before destitution overtook them instead of leaving them to the tender mercies of the Poor Law of the day. He was an advocate for shorter hours of employment, for a reasonable amount of holidays, for temperance in those early days. But it was not so much these things as the spirit in which it was done—the spirit of true sympathy for those whom he regarded as his brothers and sisters. He never knew when he was defeated: he knew how to differ without making an enemy. Lord Provost Brown accepted the custody of the monument in name of the Town Council, and Mr. Alexander Guthrie thanked Lord Balfour and the authorities of the city for the splendid site. Lord Guthrie added that was to all Dr. Guthrie's family a very great day. Their gratification had been expressed by his brother, and it was very heartfelt. His father now stood in the most appropriate place he could occupy, in the very heart of the country of which he was so proud and of the great city that he served so long.

The occasion of the gathering at Arbirlot two and a half years later, in March 1913, was more local but not less full of interest. It took place in the United Free Church for the purpose of unveiling and dedicating two beautiful stained-glass windows, by Mr. James Ballantine of Edinburgh, which the family had erected in memory of their parents Dr. and Mrs. Guthrie. Mrs. Stephen

Williamson of Glenogil unveiled the windows. Mr. James Guthrie of Brechin gave a short address and the Rev. Dr. Henderson of Crieff, ex-Moderator of Assembly, paid a fine tribute to Dr. Guthrie and his work for the Church. Mr. Patrick Guthrie, Mr. Alexander Guthrie, Mr. T. Maule Guthrie, Lord Guthrie's family, Mr. and Mrs. Lendrum, and many other relatives were present. An interesting photograph taken on the occasion shows the surviving members of Dr. Guthrie's family: in the centre Mrs. Williamson and on either side two brothers, Alexander and Patrick, James and Charles. The Rev. Mr. Vernon, U.F. Minister, stated that every year pilgrims came to Arbirlot from all parts of the world to see the place where Dr. Guthrie began his ministry.

Lord Guthrie said a few words and intimated that he meant to present to the parish church a wooden tablet containing the names of the ministers of the parish since the Reformation. The board contains some names of interest: George Gledstanes, afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrews, an antagonist of Andrew Melville; David Black, his successor; John Guthrie, Bishop of Moray, deposed by the General Assembly of 1638; and John Kirk, father of Sir John Kirk, Consul at Zanzibar.

In the following month of April 1913 Lord Guthrie was at Cambridge and London attending the International Congress of Historical Studies, and ran down to Sevenoaks to visit Sir John Kirk living in retirement there. He had been Livingstone's companion in his second expedition, and as Consul-General at Zanzibar was one of the main agents in the suppression of slavery in East Africa. Lord and Lady Guthrie lunched and spent a few hours with the veteran. "He is eighty-one, but looks and walks and talks and hears as if he were not more than seventy. But he is so blind that he has to be read to, but finds his way about and keeps up his photography, which he has practised for sixty years. He showed us calotype photographs of the original wooden Free Church at Arbirlot. He is grey rather than white, his cheeks are ruddy. He is alert and erect; the toils, hardships, maladies, anxieties, and dangers of his African life have left mind and body unimpaired. His house 'Wavertree' contains many treasures. The two most valuable collections are his ancient Chinese china plates and jars from Africa, and a Sèvres blue jar which he bought from the Sultan of Zanzibar. This vase

has the imperial crown of Louis Napoleon and the initial 'N' stamped upon it. It and another were presented by Napoleon to the then Sultan of Zanzibar. The Sultan in Sir John's time wanted to get rid of some 'old lumber' and sent a lot of what he considered rubbish to be sold. Sir John saw this splendid vase. As Consul-General he could not buy, but he sent his Indian servant to bid. The bidding stopped at three dollars (12s.). The Sultan thought this was not good enough, and withdrew the jar. Later on it was put up again and this time the price rose to fifteen dollars (£3), and the Sultan let it go at this! You may fancy the value of Sir John's jar when you learn that the pieced-together fragments of the smashed one sold afterwards for some £300. This same Sultan was forced by Sir John to sign the treaty conceding to British war vessels the right of search for slaves within territorial waters, which gave the death-blow to the enormous slave traffic from Zanzibar to the mines in Mexico and elsewhere. The Sultan was for long recalcitrant. At last Sir John said to him in effect: 'All right, take your own way, I have arranged for half-a-dozen British men-of-war to blockade Zanzibar. Nothing will come in and nothing will go out. Do as you like.' Then His Highness caved in! It was this splendid masterful style of Sir John's which, according to Sir Harry Johnston's statement to me, made Sir John distasteful to Bismarck."

Naturally David Livingstone came up often in their talk. His masterfulness and restless determination to keep pushing on, leaving other men to plant and water and reap, might be inferred from more than one incident mentioned by Sir John. For instance, he lamented that he was unable to do more scientific work, botanical, zoological, geological, when he was with Livingstone. "I would see a most tempting mountain that no white man had ever seen before, not to say explored. We would be sailing up the river in the *Pioneer*. I would want to land and explore. 'Oh, no,' Livingstone would say, 'we must push on.' So instead of pursuing science, I would be at the wheel one hour, and then working the engines another, or I would be out shooting game for food! We had to be not only jacks but masters of all trades!"

"I told Sir John how I had objected at a public meeting in Glasgow to the revolver at Livingstone's belt in the Edinburgh statue, and how the *Evening News* had said that the gun and the revolver in the Livingstone Collection

in the Industrial Museum would show me I was wrong. He said I was perfectly right. Livingstone used the rifle only for food and safety and scientific purposes, never to shoot men, as to the revolver he never saw him carry one, and did not recollect he had ever one in his possession. When I told him about the revolver in the Chambers Street Museum he laughed and said: 'I should not wonder if that is my revolver. I had a small pocket one just similar to the one you describe, and when I came home I left it with Livingstone.' He agreed that it was most misleading to depict Livingstone, who was noted for his respect for the sacredness of human life, with such a practical or buccaneering weapon as appears in Mrs. D. O. Hill's otherwise excellent Princes Street statue. I told him about the article in this month's *Cornhill*, by Colonel Prideaux, who was acting as Consul during Sir John Kirk's absence. I mentioned his statement that on the body being unwrapped and extended from the bale of cotton in which it was wrapped and doubled up for concealment, he was able to recognise the features. 'That's very extraordinary,' said Sir John; 'when Sir James Ferguson, the surgeon, and I examined the body in London we could make nothing of it whatever till we looked at the left arm for the bones broken by the lion and imperfectly united. When we found that we had no doubt whatever. One bone overlapped the other between the elbow and shoulder. When he was going to fire I have often seen the one part of the bone sticking up and raising the cloth of his coat. Indeed the natives used to call him the man whose arm bone sticks up like a cow's tail.' He said that the incomplete mend did not cause Livingstone pain but great inconvenience to the end of his days. We spoke of the risks of African travel. As to the danger from natives he and Livingstone had two enormous advantages over ordinary travellers—they were both medical men and could both speak the native tongues freely. Yet he was nearly baffled on one occasion by them. He knew they were in possession of a deadly poison with which they tipped their arrows. They absolutely refused to tell him from what plant they extracted the poison. One day he noticed a curious creeper winding and twisting up a tree. He was struck by its beautiful flowers and asked a native to climb up the tree and bring him some. He refused and so did others. 'Then,' says Kirk, 'I will get them myself,' and he was proceeding to mount when the natives implored

him to stop. 'Oh, ho!' said Kirk, 'then this is the poison plant you would not tell me about!' They saw they were caught and admitted it. Hence the discovery by him of what is now a very valuable drug, much used in cases of heart disease. He sent specimens to Sir Robert Christison, by whom its properties were fully investigated. We had a lot of talk about wild beasts. The only animal he feared was the buffalo. The lion is, or used to be, afraid of man, and is not cunning. The buffalo does not fear man and is tricky. Their most astonishing experience with a lion was one night when Livingstone and he were sitting with some of their followers around the camp fire. They were somewhat scattered and not dreaming of danger when, without warning, a lion stalked calmly between them and stood a few yards off, his eyes gleaming at them out of the darkness. Kirk sprang to his rifle and was raising it to fire, when a native shouted, 'Don't fire. You will only wound him and make him furious,' and at the same moment the native seized a burning log from the fire and threw it at the lion, with the happy result that his majesty bolted! Kirk said that big game shooting nowadays is a very different thing from what it was in his time. Now, the carrying power of the modern rifle and the killing power of the modern bullet are so much greater that you don't require the nerve necessary in old days, when you had to wait till the brute was within a few yards of you before you could fire to kill, with the result that if you failed to kill you were done for. Now you can fire at a comfortable distance. He laughed at the President Roosevelt style of shooting with a big party and all the modern 'arts and crafts,' and said that even with them all modern sportsmen wound without killing far more unfortunate beasts than in the old days.

"Sir John expressed great interest in the Livingstone Exhibition in Chambers Street. I mentioned that it contained the sextant by which Livingstone had steered his way through Africa. He said he thought Sir Thomas Maclear, the astronomer at the Cape, who had taught Livingstone how to use the sextant and other instruments for taking observations during the day, and how to guide his way at night by the stars, had not got sufficient credit in the recent Livingstone meetings. He spoke of Stanley and other African explorers who followed Livingstone and referred to their work in generous terms."

Lord Guthrie's visit to the Leys School, Cambridge, in

June of this year gave him great pleasure. He told the boys he knew most of the founders of the school personally. There was Sir George Chubb's father John Chubb, a silent, shrewd, devout, genial, and kindly man, whose jest about the doors of the Edinburgh houses impressed his boyish memory. "Seeing his name on so many of them I remember he said that he really must be a very large proprietor in Edinburgh seeing that his name was on so many of the doors. Then there were the Buntings, Thomas Percival Bunting the father, and Percy William Bunting (Sir Percy Bunting) the son, whom I knew from my childhood, both of them of beloved memory." He spoke of the great headmaster Dr. Moulton, and of his successor Dr. Barbour. "I like your breadth of view and your breadth of treatment. You treat religion as essential to the making of a boy's character. I believe with you in an all-round boy and an all-round man, and how is it possible to have an all-round man unless in youth due attention has been paid, not only to the physical and mental sides of his nature, but also to the religious and moral? . . . What are you boys going to be? I do not refer to your future business. I want to know whether you are going to grow up. A large proportion of boys, even although they survive to middle age or to old age, never grow up. In knowledge, in wisdom or the lack of it, in tact, in the width or narrowness of their interests, they remain boys. They seem to think that when they cease to grow physically all necessity for growth in other directions equally ends. There could not be a greater delusion. Unless you mean to grow all round I am sorry for you. If you mean not to take an increasing interest in others, but to live for yourselves, I pity you from the bottom of my heart. While if you mean your sympathies to be constantly widened, if you mean not to live unto yourselves but unto Him who died for us and rose again, I congratulate you. In the one case, whatever prizes you may win or honours you may receive, you will ask in the end whether the game was worth the candle, whether the rewards were worth the sleepless nights, the heartaches and headaches. In the other case you will have no regrets."

In the beginning of November 1913 the Marquis of Crewe opened the Winter Session of the Philosophical Institution with a lecture on "Scotsmen in India." Lord Rosebery entertained at dinner on the evening before

the meeting a company which included Lord President Strathclyde, Lord Guthrie, Sir William Turner and Sir James Donaldson, Principals of Edinburgh and St. Andrews Universities respectively, Principal Whyte, Dr. Wallace Williamson, Mr. (now Sir John) Findlay of the *Scotsman*, and some others. Lord Guthrie remarks on the host's "healthy, ruddy colour, his white hair, his cheerful smile, and that absence of 'side,' that 'aristocratic simplicity' of manner, boyish but not in the least boisterous, which is so irresistible to peer and peasant." He revelled in a new artistic treasure. "It was difficult to keep one's eyes off the walls, especially off the latest acquisition, Raeburn's three-quarter length of Lord Newton, the replica of which (but only head and shoulders) is one of the glories of the Scottish National Gallery. I saw this full-size Newton in Christie's Salerooms in London, and was overwhelmed by it. At Dalmeny, with an effective background and brilliant electric light flooding the picture, it killed everything near it. Rosebery told me he bought it from Wertheimer the dealer, and he had to pay a long price for it to prevent it going to America. The sale price appeared in the papers at some £7000. But as Crewe said after dinner, when we were worshipping at the shrine together: 'If you can afford it, what is money in comparison with the joy of owning such a treasure? If you have the money, it may just as well be £50,000 as £5000.' Yet Rosebery said to me half in a whisper, 'I am glad you enjoy it. The fact is, lots of people come here and they never even seem to see it.' Recently he got a letter, the cool assurance of which amused him, from the Director of the National Gallery in London saying that he understood Lord Rosebery had rendered the great public service of saving the picture for England: that he had no doubt Lord Rosebery would bequeath this supreme masterpiece of Raeburn's to the National Gallery in London, but he begged to add that if Lord Rosebery cared to present it in his lifetime, this would be much appreciated!! Needless to say, Lord Rosebery declined both proposals, without thanks! . . .

"The two Doctors of Divinity (Dr. Whyte and Dr. Wallace Williamson) were excellent company. Wallace Williamson and I were discussing the relations of Church and State historically and also on principle when Whyte, who had been a silent listener, struck in, 'You see I know nothing about these things. I don't understand them. I just leave them to you ecclesiastical lawyers,' a designation

which Wallace Williamson laughingly repudiated as the last he should aspire to! But Whyte enjoyed Wallace Williamson's story of how the Coliseum at Rome led to a handsome Edinburgh subscription. Dr. MacGregor and he were deputed to call on a certain gentleman—rich but terribly ill to hook. Fortunately Dr. Williamson had been in Rome shortly before, and at a display of coloured flash-lights in the Coliseum before a vast concourse of people, he happened in a brilliant flash of light, looking across the great arena, to see the face of this very gentleman, who, however, did not see him. So in the preliminary conversation, after exhausting the weather and the crops, Dr. Williamson introduced this anecdote. The gentleman was evidently much pleased that he had been recognised and gave a handsome subscription without more ado. When the two conspirators were well outside the door, Dr. MacGregor said: 'I'll tell you what, Williamson, it was the Coliseum that did it!' Findlay (of the *Scotsman*), sitting beyond Dr. Whyte, was talking about the way in which the Royal Commission on Ancient and Historical Monuments in England push their Reports through an enterprising publishing firm compared with the way in which the corresponding Scotch Royal Commission, of which I am a member, are content to remain in aristocratic oblivion. I mentioned the trouble we had in getting money out of the Treasury compared with the comparatively lavish way in which the English Commission is treated. Findlay, one of the Trustees of the Scottish National Gallery, who has many transactions with the Treasury, said he would believe anything of 'My Lords,' and instanced what happened years ago in connection with the Museum in Chambers Street when Professor Archer was the Director. Archer had a superfluous stuffed tiger worth about £5, and he was delighted when another Museum, appraising the animal higher than he did, agreed to give him in exchange for it goods worth £25. He duly reported this adroit exchange to his masters at the Treasury. What was the result? They replied that as he had in this way received for his Museum a profit of £20, the Government grant to the Museum for the year would be diminished by the same amount!! Sir James Donaldson was reminiscent of old days when I was a pupil and he was a master in the Edinburgh High School, both of us subject to the genial sway of that great scholar and rector, Dr. Leonard Schmitz. We talked of Dr. Schmitz's daughters and agreed in lauding

their cleverness and charm, and we also discussed the remarkable opinion deliberately formed by Dr. Schmitz of Albert Edward's good natural abilities, and of his capacity for study when in the hands of a master whom he liked as he liked Dr. Schmitz, and who could illuminate a period or a person and make them live again as he could do."

Two evenings later another gentlemen's dinner. "This time at Niddrie Marischal, and this time brightened by the cleverness and elegance of two remarkable women, Mrs. Wauchope the General's widow, and Lady Reay." Lord Reay and Professor Hume Brown were of the company. "Lord Reay is a tall, thin, sallow, distinguished-looking man with a slightly foreign accent, the very picture of a diplomat. He told me he was a treble-dyed Calvinist, for he was baptized in the French Huguenot Church, confirmed in the Dutch Presbyterian Church, and is now a member of the Church of Scotland! We talked of Lord Crewe's very successful lecture on 'Scotsmen in India,' and of the contrast between him and Lord Morley, his predecessor as Secretary of State for India. Professor Hume Brown thought Morley, as in his literary work, would be great in generalisation but weak in details. 'On the contrary,' Reay said, 'he meddled far too much in details. I remember there was once a trifling question about a bandsman's pension. In such matters the Executive Council always accept without question the decision of those who have looked into the facts. We were going to pass the pension as a matter of course. But Morley insisted on discussing it, and was determined the pension should not be granted. Unless there was something like the bandsman's pension to worry over, the whole thing was rushed through by Morley in a quarter of an hour. He was so masterful that discussion was almost impossible. I asked him whether the introduction into the India Council sitting in London of a Hindoo and a Mohammedan had been a success. He thought it had, but said the great difficulty was to get the kind of native you want to come to London and reside there. The salary is not sufficient to overcome his objection to the climate and the absence from his family and friends. It is also difficult to get a man who will fairly consider the general interests of India. Naturally the Hindoo backs up the Hindoos and the Moslem Moslems. As Reay put it, both the native members in London have turned out to be 'regular old Tories'! Lady Reay told

us about a three hours' tour of Westminster Abbey in company with Renan and Dean Stanley, during which Stanley poured out a flood of what she called 'British French,' largely unintelligible to her on the one hand and equally to Renan on the other. But at Stanley's worst mistakes Renan never moved a muscle. We touched on crime, a subject into which I usually find myself dragged, a not unwilling victim. Lady Reay, whom I took in to dinner, had always believed that criminal judges must become very cynical. I told her that I thought acquaintance with, and due consideration of, the criminal's upbringing and surroundings ought to have, and I thought usually had, the opposite effect. 'If we knew all, we would forgive all,' as the Frenchman said. Mrs. Wauchope was in great force, always gracious, never gushing. Above her, as she sat by the fire, glowed another great Raeburn, a Wauchope of Niddrie, almost fit to match the great Newton at Dalmeny. Lord Reay mentioned that he had last met my father in Naples in 1869, and he remembered how enthusiastic he was about Pompeii."

In January 1914 the memory of a worthy son of Scotland was fitly perpetuated. A memorial brass was unveiled in the Parish Church of Berwick in honour of James Melville, who died in that town an exile 300 years before. He is linked in Scottish history with his more illustrious uncle, Andrew Melville, in service and suffering for the Church of Scotland, and in his *Autobiography and Diary* has made good a title to the gratitude of students of Scottish history. Lord Guthrie took a keen interest in the memorial movement, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Glenconner also shared. Sir James Balfour Paul, Lyon King-of-Arms, a descendant of Melville's sister Barbara, who married a James Balfour, a minister of the church who belonged to the Melville party, performed the unveiling ceremony.

A few months later the University of Edinburgh recognised Lord Guthrie's eminence and services to the intellectual life of the country by conferring on him the degree of LL.D.

In the spring vacation after the Boys' Brigade meetings at Bradford the Guthries spent an interesting time in South Devon, where they visited and renewed old acquaintance with the Misses Findlater, the well-known novelists, whose home was in Paignton. "We had great talk," writes Lady Guthrie, "about Lochearnhead, their mother

and aunts, their books, Torquay, and so on. I told Jeanie what a success *Monypenny* was and how greatly we had all enjoyed it, and we had great fun about Danube Street and the dentist. She and Mary are in the middle of another collaborated story but had stuck it in the meantime. They have no plan as to dividing the work when writing together, as these two seem one in everything even to their costume."

A week-end was agreeably spent in September with Sir Herbert Maxwell, friend and brother antiquarian, at Monreith in the course of a motoring tour in Galloway. Every ancient building and interesting spot was visited : the old Kirk and churchyard of St. Medan, or Kirkmaiden, Mochrum Old Place, the ruined Castle of Monreith in which James IV. rested on pilgrimage to Whithorn in far-off days. Family portraits at Monreith were full of interest ; a fine portrait of Montrose, Raeburns, and copies of Raeburns. Even the visitors' book in which they signed their names dated from 150 years before.

CHAPTER XXI

WAR TIME

In August 1914 the War cloud burst. In his university days Charles Guthrie had been a humble private of the Edinburgh University Volunteer Corps drilled by the young officer known as Lieutenant Turner, afterwards Principal Sir William Turner. But all his life he hated war and he disliked militarism and its exaltation of war. He was not one who believed that his country had always been on the right side; at the time of the Crimean War he would have stood with John Bright against it. But in 1914 he took his stand without hesitation or doubt. In his message as President of the Boys' Brigade in October he declared that the objects aimed at by our enemies and the methods adopted to carry out these objects "have made for this country only one course possible." . . . "The cause which our country has championed is, we believe, the cause of God." In November he lectured to the Edinburgh Branch of the Historical Association for Scotland on "The Effects of Prejudices and Prepossessions on the Study and Writing of History." The lecture had been arranged and the subject chosen when the world was at peace, but the War furnished illustrations for his argument. "We base our case against Germany on their own writings, not on ours, and there was nothing more remarkable than to find our bookshops and bookstalls filled, not with our defence, but with translations of German books, allowed without comment to pronounce their own condemnation. From these extraordinarily frank, I should say foolishly frank, utterances in speeches and in books we know the motives and ambitions, inconsistent as they appear to us alike with civilisation and with Christianity, which mainly actuated the present leaders of German thought and action." . . . "Germany's assumptions were wrong all round. She assumed that our overwhelming self-interest to remain

neutral and thus to profit commercially from the misfortunes of our neighbours would surely swamp any legal obligation standing on a treaty not made by us but by our predecessors, and still more any moral obligation standing only on elementary principles of justice. Connected with the United Kingdom she saw through spectacles obscured by prejudice a negligible army which could not be rapidly augmented and rapidly trained. Looking only at the surface of things, relying entirely on the obvious, she concluded that a country could never be formidable in war which did not resent the nickname of 'a nation of shopkeepers.'" A year later he was making recruiting speeches. In June 1915, presiding at a meeting, he used this language: "Personally he had been supposed to hold peace views much too strongly, and yet there they were, and why? In this country they exercised their own right to judge about the wars in which their country engaged. But they stood a united country with no division of opinion whatever. The Quakers even had gone to fight, and the Quaker body, wise people, had said: 'We will say nothing about it.' That was why they stood there that night, not for any aggression, not to bolster up any tottering Power, not for additional money, but because they believed that not only was the existence of their country at stake, which it had not been before in any war in their history, but because they believed that the principles for which they stood were great general principles—the principles consistent with civilisation, with humanity, and with Christianity. Personally he cared nothing about German spies. He would stand where he stood now supposing the Germans had not a single spy; and supposing they were conducting the War with the most humane intentions in the world, the essential questions would remain there." He went on to make an appeal for recruits to fill the gaps in the ranks of the 5th Royal Scots.

Before long he was engrossed in activities due to the War in addition to other public work. Already he was identified with a scheme for the relief of Belgian artists who had been brought into reduced circumstances. The Royal Scottish Academy formed a collection of works of painting and sculpture contributed by Scottish artists; vouchers at five guineas each were issued of corresponding number and subscribed for by the public; thereafter with the sanction of the Board of Trade the works were distributed by ballot. Lord Guthrie announced the results

of the drawings to the large gathering present, and expressed the public appreciation of the generosity of the Scottish artists in coming forward as they had done.

Another movement in the world of art was inaugurated about the same time. It was set on foot by the Edinburgh School Board, and the purpose was to create an interest in art among scholars by systematic visits to the Scottish National Gallery of a selected number of pupils from each school. In April 1915 in the College of Art, Mr. Campbell Mitchell, A.R.S.A., addressed a crowded meeting of teachers and others interested. Lord Guthrie, who presided, said that to get the teachers to instruct, and, still more, interest their pupils in the great world of art was a great movement. In this scheme of art culture they had a School Board up to date and sympathetic with the movement, and he had no doubt about the attitude of the teachers. The present was a splendid opportunity of trying this experiment. It did not involve an additional task on an already over-burdened profession, for the hours to be spent in the National Gallery would count as part of the school hours. He was sure the teachers as well as the children would find it a great delight and recreation.

In May 1915 he presided at the annual festival in London of the Shaftesbury Society and Sabbath School Union. He readily accepted the invitation sent by Sir John Kirk, director-secretary, in order to show his interest in this movement in which his father had taken a distinguished part sixty years before. He spent part of a day in seeing for himself the buildings and districts in the East End of London where the mission schools were at work and in meeting with the workers. Luncheon followed in the King's Hall with over 200 present, and in the evening he delighted his audience with a wise, sympathetic, and humorous speech. Sir John Kirk gave a résumé of the year's work—satisfactory despite the fact that a number of the workers had enlisted. Lady Alice Ashley, daughter-in-law of the great Lord Shaftesbury, distributed prizes to scholars. The Bishop of Chelmsford (Dr. Watts-Ditchfield) and the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton were also speakers. The London Press found that Lord Guthrie, "a capital speaker," possessed much more than the vague knowledge of the objects of the society which too often characterised "distinguished chairmen." He was on familiar ground when he spoke of the development of the idea—unthinkable to a past generation—that children have rights, and that the

"inalienable rights of parents" by no means settled the question for the State.

Two short notes, both dated in June 1915, record, one the passing of a veteran from the chair of the Second Division, the other the entrance of his successor on the scene which he was to adorn for too brief a space.

"*June* 21, 1915.

"MY DEAR GUTHRIE—Suffer a word to let me say how I feel the kindness I have received during the time we have been associated together. It will always be to me a pleasant memory to have sat with colleagues who have been so good to me as you all have been.—So believe me, always yours very sincerely, J. H. A. MACDONALD."

"*June* 19.

"MY DEAR GUTHRIE—The best of thanks for your very kind letter. I shall try to do my best, but you 'old hands' will have to be a little lenient to me at the start.—Believe me yours, CHARLES SCOTT DICKSON."

In September some days were spent amid antiquarian and other interests in Keswick and Ambleside districts. The Guthries visited a Roman Camp at Borrans field and attended a public meeting of the Antiquaries of Cumberland and Westmorland, which brought together Professor Haverfield of Oxford, the great authority on the Roman period, Canon Rawnsley, and many others, including Mr. Francis Eeles of Edinburgh. They enjoyed the society for a few days of their old friends Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Paton of New York, who had come up from London before sailing; and on a Sunday afternoon took tea with Canon Rawnsley at his vicarage, meeting at his house Mr. Justice and Lady Horridge. Lady Guthrie found the Canon's study "full of treasures, and the picture of comfort and elegance as well as simplicity, befitting the region of plain living and high thinking."

With his colleague Lord Strathclyde Lord Guthrie had an intermittent correspondence, which grew more frequent when the former was absent at a later date on sick leave.

"*Tuesday, January* 25, 1916.— . . . I have just received from the author, Clayton Hamilton of New York, a book

called *On the Trail of Stevenson*, published by Doubleday Page and Co., the American Ambassador's firm, a lovely specimen of book production, which I shall lend you. And it contains some fresh news of Stevenson. For instance, it propounds that too many people only enjoy the enjoyments of life, but Stevenson enjoyed *Life*—not only the pâté de foie gras and the salmon mayonnaise, but the porridge and the water, even the skilly and the castor oil!"

The next letter refers to Lord Dundas his colleague, who was a man of fine culture—an Italian scholar and no mean versifier. The effusion in the *Cornhill* consisted of some verses in Italian by Horatio F. Brown entitled "Italia Nuova," with a translation in English verse by his friend Lord Dundas.

"SWANSTON COTTAGE, *June* 25, 1916.—Yesterday I intended to have shown you these verses in Italian by Horatio Brown, Englished by David Dundas, as a sequel to the effusion in the *Cornhill* for June which I think you have seen. The 'To Oneself' is, I think, the best. I speak only of the English version, being unable to judge the Italian one except by hazy recollections of an ill-founded Latin past. 'When old age comes, *not yet complete decay*' is happily phrased; and does not the 'childish beating of an empty drum' exactly portray some preachers, pleaders, and platform orators? In 'The Storm in the Lagoon' I don't like 'shivers' in the fifth line, but I admit a better (say 'questions or struggles') is hard to find. The expansion of 'Nembi e dubii' into 'Clouds form aloft and doubts within' is clever; and 'Excelsa torre' into 'Yon tower's slim-shafted form.'

STORM IN THE LAGOON

Clouds form aloft, and doubts within;
Athwart my mind some whiff of restless air,
On the true-mirroring lake's appearance fair,
And o'er my gladsome thoughts, begin
    Shivers that mar and tear;
My faith reels, truth's no longer shining in
    The waves' reflection there.
Faith reels; yet see! once more the sky's serene,
In the lagoon yon tower's slim-shafted form—
God's image, late distorted by the storm—
Takes shape again to crown the tranquil scene.

D. D., *June* 1916.

To Oneself

When old age comes, not yet complete decay,
 Friends will rehearse, for solace to thy mind,
Thy splendid, useless past in brave display,
 Youth's arrogant holiday
 That made for hopes, then left all hope behind.

Perchance thou'lt answer then, full o'er distrest,
 Ah ! prithee vex not my unworthy rest
With childish beating of an empty drum,
 But in oblivion blest
 Let my long, silent, grave-wrapped slumber come.

June 1916. David Dundas.

A few days later a fresh experience at Glasgow Circuit provokes some remarks on drink and crime and Prohibition.

"Swanston Cottage, *July* 5, 1916.—Only four cases in Glasgow yesterday. . . . Of the two I tried, the one, a wife-killing with the most brutal details, was a pure example of what Prohibition (whatever may be said against it, of which I am not ignorant) would make impossible, for it was quite inconsistent with the surreptitious drinking which would go on even under Prohibition. Not long ago it would have been treated as murder, and the man, a fine-looking fellow who was out at the Front for many months and discharged for illness, sent to the gallows (although what good that would have done either him or the community I don't know); and still more recently he would have got ten or fifteen years under the conviction for manslaughter. I ignored the sickening details of the method of death, and gave five years only in view of the evidence that the attack took place immediately after the husband had discovered the wife in a neighbour's house lying drunk in a bed, with a sailor, a stranger, alone in a room."

Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, deep in War work, found time occasionally to send him news and exchange thoughts.

"*March* 23, 1916.

"My dear Duchess—It was good of you to write so soon and so fully and so intimately of Past, Present, and Future, the known and the hoped-for. The great thing in life is not identity of opinion on matters sacred or secular, but coincidence of values absolute and comparative ; and

in that you and I are at one. The old question might well have a *not* tied on to it—' What will a man (some men and women) not give in exchange for their souls ? ' Substance is now getting a chance. I wonder how long it will be after the war is over till the mass resume their fatiguing chase after Shadows ! There is a queer verse in one of the books of the Old Testament (queer because admitting of so much reading between the lines) : ' Thy servant was busy here and there—*and the Man was gone* ! ' I take the word ' man ' as signifying the individuality. And now as to books, I am not in the position of the Aberdeen professor who had to examine the late Sir Arthur Mitchell for his medical degree. The Medical School at Aberdeen was then a small one, and Mitchell was one of the most brilliant students. So the old professor, the last of them to talk Scotch, said to him : ' Weel, Arthur, what's the use of questionin' you ? We a' ken what ye ken, and we a' ken what ye dinna ken ! ' Now I do not know what Your Grace has read, or if there is anything you have not read. But I send you a parcel which may answer to the definition of the haggis as 'fine confused feedin' ! ' The lady authors (I hate the word authoress, it is almost but not quite as bad as clerkess !), Jane and Mary Findlater and Flora and Rosaline Masson, are old friends of ours. Tell me what you think of them. If you like these samples I shall repeat the dose. *The Annals of the Parish* and *Betty Grier* are of the essence of Scotland, and will bring out the essential differences from England. *Mr. Wycherley and Miss Esperance* is about Scotland but more from an English point of view."

" *June* 25, 1916.

" In ' Kitchener ' you have struck a lofty note which will vibrate long in many hearts. . . . Of course he was misapprehended. History and biography teach each age that the preceding age completely mistook its leading men and women, and yet each succeeding period falls into the same mistake, conjuring up ideally saintly or ideally wicked, ideally clever or ideally stupid, ideally frank or ideally shy people who never existed. One of the funniest stories I hear about K.'s ignorance of common things relates to a memorandum found on his desk after an interview in which he received, with singular kindliness and courtesy, a deputation of English Nonconformists : ' Enquire about the denomination called Baptist-Jews ! ' "

In November a granite statue of Thomas Carlyle was unveiled in Kelvingrove Park, Glasgow, near the University. The movement for a memorial had originated in 1911, and had been supported by Carlyle admirers both in Glasgow and elsewhere. The statue, strong, powerful, and rugged, is the work of a Glasgow sculptor, Mr. Kellock Brown. It was unveiled by Miss Margaret Carlyle Aitken of Dumfries, a niece of Carlyle, who delivered a short speech and spoke of Carlyle in the realm of the family and home. Professor Glaister presided and Lord Guthrie delivered an oration in the Art Galleries after the unveiling. He spoke of his own recollections of the Sage in 1873 when as a law student he lived in Cheyne Walk, just round the corner from Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row. He timed his daily journey to Lincoln's Inn so that he might see the old man taking his morning stroll. Carlyle, he said, had been fortunate in his sculptors, and some day a biography would appear which would consign to an unhonoured grave the miserable controversies gratuitously raised by Froude. He went on to discuss the well-worn topic of Carlyle's treatment of his wife in his own shrewd and kindly fashion. "Tear away from the letters of both husband and wife the husks of sleeplessness, pain, drugs, and lifelong and acknowledged habits of exaggeration, and there would be found in them by any unprejudiced reader from beginning to end the kernel of as strong and pure conjugal affection as ever subsisted between a man and a woman." The rest of the speech dealt with Carlyle's pro-Germanism. This topic was appropriate to the hour, but the speaker was not so sure of his ground and carried off less than the same degree of success. The summing up was at least judicial: "Carlyle was emphatically a man of heroic mould, of whose character and writings a large view must be taken. Whatever his defects and failings, the root of the matter was in him as a man and as a writer."

As the War developed, the employment of women in munition factories sprang up as a new feature, an urgent and vital necessity, and the need became pressing to provide huts and hostels for thousands. In many places the sleeping accommodation and feeding facilities were very inadequate, in some cases practically nil. The Y.M.C.A. was already overburdened with its work for soldiers and sailors, and the Y.W.C.A. now came forward and set itself to the task of affording help. In November they appealed in the Press through Lord Guthrie for £12,000 to be raised

in Scotland for this work. Later, more money was needed and more was generously given by the public, and huts were provided at various centres where women were congregated in thousands doing what was urgently necessary national work.

[*To Lord Strathclyde*]

"ALLAN WATER HOTEL, BRIDGE OF ALLAN, *April* 17, 1917.—In Inverness Town Hall I was advocating the Women Munition Workers' Hostels and Huts of the Young Women's Christian Association, of which I am Honorary Treasurer. I had a round in Ross, Inverness, and Aberdeen for the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., and the Scottish Churches' Huts; opening Huts; speaking to the men on Sunday night; lecturing to them on week-nights with the magic lantern on 'Old Edinburgh'; and the officers also, with whom I first dined; and speaking at meetings to raise funds for the Y.W.C.A.; winding up with an address at Aberdeen on 'The Problems of Demobilisation with Special Reference to Intemperance' at a Churches' Congress of the Established and U.F. Churches. I am following the injunction, 'Dinna be blate.' At one Hut opening I asked a big billiard table, and at another a piano, and both were promised at the end of the meeting! I heard many tales. I give you two:

"*Tommy* (to Pompous Person in khaki). I say, are ye in the Army?

"*P.P.* Of course I am. Do you not see my uniform?

"*Tommy*. Weel, what are ye in?

"*P.P.* I am in the Army Pay Office.

"*Tommy*. Man, I'm real glad to see ye. I hae an auld auntie in that regiment.

"The other story was told me at Nigg by Corporal Walker, one of the actors in it. He, two Frenchmen, and a Welshman escaped from the Germans. They had one hundred miles to reach Holland. They did it in seven days. They lived on saved-up, secreted food and stolen turnips. They travelled at night by compass and lay down during the day. They saw many sentries but were never seen.

"What about your clothes, Corporal?

"We were in civilian dress, sir.

"But how did you manage with the prisoners' red stripes and patches?

"Oh, we cut them off. That was what made it possible to get away. We could not have done it if we had had the German clothes. They cut out the cloth and replace it

[*Photo. Donald Scott, Edinburgh.*

WORKERS AT THE MOUND REST HUT.

Back Row (*left to right*).

Mr. W. H. Moffatt, Mr. F. P. Milligan, Mr. F. L. Simons, Miss Guthrie, Mrs. Watherston, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Arch. Campbell. Mr. Burnie. (Mrs. Dawson Scott).

Front Row.

Mr. Edwin Adam, K.C.; Mrs. Milligan, Lady Russell, Lord Guthrie, Mrs. Corsar, Mrs. Wauchope, Sir David Paulin. of Niddrie.

by stripes and patches in red. But we got our clothes from home, supposed to be made according to a pattern sent from Germany. But *they were not*, and the Germans never found it out. *The clothes we got out from home had the red bits sewn on the top of the cloth.* It was easy to rip them off. When I meet this Corporal again, in this world or the next, I shall ask him whether this was a mere accident, or whether they got a message secretly sent home to have the clothes made with this essential deviation from the German pattern. We are here vegetating for a fresh burst."

The Guthries were in frequent touch with their American friends. At the very outset of the War the well-known Seth Low, the Mayor of New York who fought and defeated Tammany Hall, and who had been a guest at 13 Royal Circus during the Edinburgh Missionary Conference of 1910, wrote thus: "Perhaps my own impressions are coloured by my own views. But in this country, outside the German-Americans, the general opinion is that Great Britain could not have declined the conflict. Be sure that our thoughts and our prayers will be with you." A New Yorker in England at the same time (September 1914) wrote: "My wife and I hope to go to Edinburgh for some weeks. When we arrive, we hope you can put us to work in some way, in any way. We want to do whatever we can to forward the great cause of Humanity against Brutality, of Democracy against Autocracy." When the question arose later, "Will America come in?" some memories recalled a remarkable prophecy uttered many years before by an American. Sir Herbert Maxwell at Lady Guthrie's tea-table quoted the language from memory, and a few days later verified the reference and sent General Webb's exact words with this accompanying note: "I think that, considering the view we British had of the American Republic sixty-four years ago, and sundry episodes which have been lived through since (the *Trent* affair and the Venezuela dispute *inter alia*), his forecast is sufficiently remarkable to be held in respect." General Watson Webb, U.S. Army, wrote as follows to the *Times* in March 1854: "The contingency to which I allude as being the only one which could prompt an interference in European affairs is, I sincerely trust, very far distant, but should never be lost sight of in England, and may ultimately be avoided altogether by its being constantly

kept before the world—I mean a combination of the Continent (of Europe) against England as the great embodiment of constitutional liberty in Europe. That day may come; how soon, if ever, He alone knows in whose hands are the destinies of nations; but come when it may, our interests and our feelings will alike combine to make us come to the rescue. *We shall come*; it may be from a conviction that in fighting your battles we are contending for the cause of constitutional liberty. Our plea or our excuse may be self-preservation: but, in such a contingency, *come we will*: and be assured that the youthful giant (for we *shall* be a giant before that day arrives) will not come the less willingly, or strike the less effectively because his strength will be put forth on behalf of a parent who, if she was not always a kind mother, gave to us our Anglo-Saxon blood, and sent us forth imbued with her laws, her literature, and her love of constitutional liberty."

Prophecy is a risky business. Lord Guthrie came near it once or twice in those days of March and April 1917, when he permitted himself to discuss the coming of peace and demobilisation and the problems they would bring. He remarked that "there had dawned a better day for the Allies and neutral nations, largely through the demonstration—for the first time in history—by the Central Powers of what militarism meant in the nude and stripped of its tinsels and trappings, and of what it necessarily led to in the hands of logical and ruthless men. The Central Powers had done a great service to humanity in rendering a bad but attractive thing unpopular and unfashionable, indeed to make it stink in the nostrils of the world. . . . There was a conviction daily deepening in its certainty that our participation in the war, with its unsullied record of chivalry and with its unstinted sacrifices, would be justified by sending war back where William Shakespeare and Sheridan told us war at its best or at its worst should be—hell. . . . Among the masses of the German and Austrian people a tide must be rising antagonistic to war as a permanent national institution. . . . It might be by the overthrow of existing dynasties, when Germany and Austria would learn and put into practice the lessons which other nations had tardily been forced to accept." The dynasties have fallen but the peacemakers' work is only beginning. A few months later his forecast of the future was painted in more sober colours.

[*To Millicent Duchess of Sutherland*]

" *Dec.* 3, 1917.—I do not doubt the world's advance and that the War on a balance of profit and loss will, to some extent, contribute to this advance, but I fear the extent of the possible contribution is being, naturally enough, greatly exaggerated, as also the extent to which this generation will see advance. The stubborn factor, after all, which cannot be abolished is Human Nature. Love of power and of wealth, envy and emulation, ambition, revenge for real or fancied injuries to oneself, one's friends, or one's country are inherent in human nature and will make peoples take the risk inherent in war unless a concert of nations and the increased destructiveness of war's machinery may in the future combine to make war impossible. I fear the selfish prayer of the Church of England Service for ' peace *in our time*, good Lord,' is all that is, as yet, practical politics. But certainly the day of permanent peace will yet dawn, and we can only hope to bring it a little nearer." He was on surer ground when he urged that international peace must rest on civil and religious liberty and equality for all races, white and coloured. " The Church would have to convert the State to the view that the missionary's view was the statesman's view: for black and white people to live together in safety you must Christianise them, educate them, civilise them, cost what it may."

Lord Strathclyde was collecting and digesting material for a study of Lord Fullerton, and various topics germane to his work were discussed in letters between him and Lord Guthrie.

[*To Lord Strathclyde*]

" *August* 28, 1917.—I hope the material will evolve into a permanent memorial of one of the best men and greatest judges the Scottish Bench has ever had. With the ancient learning he had the modern spirit of freedom from prejudice, humanity, and desire to do justice, technicalities and precedents notwithstanding. . . . Your letter touches the real difficulty in dealing with much biographical material, the impossibility of making intelligible use of what would most interest the public. But in Fullerton's case the difficulty, happily, does not arise in reference to things affecting his own honour or morality, or that of his family. Nor does he appear to have had those little weaknesses which, slightly heightened,

may be so amusing in print, although seldom so in actual personal experience, and which a pen like Froude's could make so painful to survivors and so out of perspective in the general picture. As to the dishonesty, immorality, eccentricity, and bad manners of other people, I don't know that you can lay down any general rule, any more than you can exclude gossip, or even scandal, absolutely from conversation. Take Fullerton's reference to Deas. Unless there are living descendants I think such facts, historically interesting and important in forming our estimate of that great judge, ought to be published. . . . Blanks are most tantalising. The old Duke of Argyll insisted on us ruining a good story in my father's *Life* by the omission of the name. It was what Dr. Chalmers, when a high Tory, said about Fox Maule, Lord Panmure, afterwards Earl of Dalhousie: 'I have a moral loathing of thae Whugs, especially Fox Ma(u)ll!' When Fox Maule became —— the point was lost. . . . Professor Aytoun affected Bohemianism, was a fanatical Tory, and an Episcopalian of so extreme a type as to be out of all sympathy with everything which is most influential in Scottish life and history. But I would not have associated him with the phrase 'a mountebank on all points moral, political, and religious.' . . . My list of judges is getting on. But a dogged reading and marking of Hailes cum Brunton and Haig straight through has convinced me more and more of their sins of omission and commission, so that I am throwing over the list already partially in type on these lines and going in for a brand-new list on my own new lines."

The last sentences refer to a projected work on the lives of judges of the Court of Session. The work never got beyond an elementary stage. Lord Guthrie had compiled at the time of his death a list of the names of judges from 1522 onwards with notes more or less fragmentary on their careers. These are contained in four MS. volumes, which have been presented by Lady Guthrie to the Advocates' Library.

Family letters indicate some of his occupations in the early months of 1918.

"*February* 26, 1918.—Went in afternoon to meeting, in Mr. Hamilton Maxwell's office, of organisation for boys in Scotland. The idea is to bring all the Boy Organisations together, including the Boys' Brigade, the Jewish Lads' Brigade, etc. There are many matters in which we are

all equally interested. The Home Office, London, have appointed a 'Juvenile Organisation Committee,' and they want Local Organisations formed all through the Kingdom to work along with the Home Office Committee. All the Girls' Organisations are being similarly confederated. We had one valuable and humbling fact brought before us, namely, that all the efforts hitherto made for boys and girls—great and useful as they have been—do not anything like cover the whole field. We are not reaching more than 20 per cent of the boys and girls who need our humanising, civilising, and Christianising work. I warned the meeting that if we did not look alive, the State would step in and first supplement, then supersede us. One thing is certain, that after the War we ought to have an abundant supply of officers, heroes in the eyes of the boys, just the element we have had difficulty in getting. The boys in tens of thousands have been ready and eager: the difficulty has been to get the officers."

"*February* 27, 1918 (after seeing a friend who was a patient in a nursing home).—I had a long gossip with Sir Harold Stiles about antiseptics and aseptics, and the case of Lord Lister. He mentioned how entirely the use of carbolic acid which Lister used for spraying the wounds and sterilising the dressings has been superseded by the process of sterilising hands, instruments, and dressings, except in connection with wounds which through delay have become poisoned. He mentioned the pathos of Lord Lister's last years, when he would not accept the great position of a pioneer, but was bitterly disappointed because the whole surgical world had moved on from antisepticism to asepticism. He was so obsessed with this idea, poor man, that when a message of respect and admiration was sent to the old man by a group of very distinguished American surgeons he replied reproaching them for having given up the use of antiseptics."

"*February* 28.—Lectured with magic-lantern slides on Old Edinburgh to over 500 wounded soldiers, largely Englishmen, in the Military Hospital at Bangour. Rev. T. Ratcliffe Barnett, of Greenbank U.F. Church, Edinburgh, is the Presbyterian chaplain: and what with his preaching, his teaching, religious and secular, the debates he originates, his musical evenings (he himself plays and sings well), the games he superintends, the fine, healthy, manly, moral, and religious tone that comes out in all he does and says, he is emphatically the right man in the right place. I ran

through some sixty slides, showed them portraits of great people and pictures of historic places. But I said at the end that it was not thus Scotland was made. She came from the village schools, the country churches, the quiet God-fearing homes of the humble folk. There are a few officers in the hospital, among others Johnny Jameson, advocate, Lord Ardwall's son (now Sheriff Jameson), badly hit but always asking the doctors whether he will not be able to go back to the Front next week ! Mr. Barnett and I and two of the American doctors motored to Houston House, a fine old Scotch mansion-house of the smaller size, belonging to the family of the late Principal Shairp of St. Andrews, which is occupied as a residence by the American doctors and some others. The Americans are delighted with the quaint rambling passages and stone staircases and the ancestral portraits of men in armour on the walls. At dinner it was pleasant to see no sign of any kind of alcoholic drink. A great contrast to the whisky-laden mess tables I saw at the Officers' Messes at Nigg in Ross-shire."

" *March* 4, 1918.—Royal Society Meeting this afternoon in the delightful new premises at the east end of George Street. Our rooms were formerly in the building facing Princes Street at the foot of the Mound, now used for the Royal Scottish Academy's Annual Exhibition. We have tea at 4 in the stately reception room hung with portraits of old presidents of the Royal Society, some by Raeburn. Then at 4.30 we adjourn to the lecture hall, or, satisfied with tea and gossip with our friends, depart on other business or pleasure. The Royal Society, is, in any case, an excellent club where you meet all the University people and the leading scientific people. And they give you an excellent tea in which the hand of the Food Controller is not as yet visible. The lectures are often beyond me, in mathematical heights or depths to which I can neither soar nor sink. But to-day Dr. William Wilson, a thirty years' resident in China, gave us a very interesting and intelligible account of a set of apparatus for teaching astronomy in schools invented by himself."

" *March* 7.—Presided this afternoon at a Royal Scottish Geographical lecture held in the Royal Society's lecture hall. The lecturer, the Right Hon. Sir William Macgregor, is a very distinguished administrator. Although I had warned him that an hour was the usual time for a lecture he went on for an hour and fifty minutes ! Yet the people were so much interested that very few left. His subject

was "The Settlement of the Pacific." It was refreshing to hear Macgregor's Aberdeen accent unaffected by his great career and his knowledge of many foreign tongues."

"*March* 9.—Attended a meeting of the Scottish Ecclesiological Society to-day in St. John's Episcopal Church. Mr. Terry gave us a lecture on the history of the Church, which is to celebrate its centenary next week. We saw the graves of Sir Henry Raeburn and of Sir Walter Scott's mother. I proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Terry and mentioned how Dr. Chalmers had compared St. John's Episcopal Church, with its elaborate Gothic ornament, to a Dutch toy, and the adjoining Church of St. Cuthbert's, then an ugly Noah's Ark, to the box the Dutch toy came in!"

"*March* 12.—Took the chair at lecture on 'Three Years in the Russian Army' in the Queen Street Hall by Scotland Liddell, who served in the Russian Army as private, Lieutenant, and Captain till the Bolsheviks told him they were going to kill him as an 'aristocrat' but being personally fond of him gave him the chance to clear out. Another charge against him was that he was 'English'; but, having proved that he was a native of Lauder and educated at George Watson's School in Edinburgh, he was unanimously acquitted of this fatal charge!"

"*March* 26.—Came in to-day from Braid Hills Hotel. . . . In the morning talked to one of the guests—Miss Fowler Smith, a lady of means from Gretna who makes the Braid Hills Hotel her headquarters. She ran a Hut of her own for a time at Gretna for the women munition workers. She told me a most remarkable story about the antipathy at Gretna between the women from the two sides of the Border! It seems to be as bad as it was in the days of the Border raids. There was great difficulty from the friction between the two sets of women. So Miss Cotterell, the Lady Welfare Superintendent appointed by Government (whom I met at Gretna), organised a concert to try and bring the two parties together in a friendly way. All was going fairly well till the Scots girls asked the pianist to play some Scotch reels. When she began the Englishwomen shouted to stop. She declined to stop, and first books and then the chairs were hurled at her by the infuriated Sassenach, and the whole thing ended in pandemonium. Talk of German hate after that!"

"*March* 29, *Good Friday*.—A Ragged School day, getting ready Mama's letters to the Ladies of the Gilmerton Industrial School for Girls, announcing her resignation of

the post of Secretary after thirty-eight years of service. She has beat me at the Sunday School business, for my period of service is only thirty-six years!"

"*April* 3, 1918.—Presided at a Committee Meeting of the Victoria Hospital Trust. We have handed over the Victoria Hospital to the Town of Edinburgh and also the Farm Colony near Edinburgh. The Trust manages the endowments, which we retained when the Town took over the Hospital and Colony. We recently used £18,000 of these endowments to found a Tuberculosis Chair in the University, the first in Great Britain. Sir Robert Philip has been appointed to that Chair. To-day we were arranging to spend £4000 extending the Farm Colony for wounded soldiers. The scheme will cost £10,000. The balance will be found by the Government."

"*April* 4, 1918.—My birthday, sixty-nine. Still on the sunny side of seventy! The Lord Justice-Clerk tells me that our colleague Lord Dundas has just bought his great-grandmother for £12,000 and his great-grandfather for £4000. He did not pick up the poor old people at a slave-market, but at Christie's in London, by Sir Henry Raeburn!"

"*April* 6, 1918.—Heard an illustration of London's ignorance: McClure, Sheriff of Argyll, had to motor in the island of Mull, where there are, of course, no railways, in connection with Appeal Tribunals. But the Treasury Clerk in London refused to pass McClure's account, remarking: 'The Sheriff should have taken the local train!'"

"*April* 9.— . . . At 6.30 I dined at the Conservative Club in Bothwell Street, Glasgow, with Mr. Buyers Black, a Glasgow Insurance expert and a leading U.F. Church elder. He takes a great lead in the Scottish Branch of the Alliance of Honour, of which I am President. The dinner was in connection with the Annual Meeting of the Council. Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth and some others were at the dinner. Went off in good time to the meeting in the Christian Institute close by at 7.30, at which I was advertised to make the speech in moving the adoption of the Report. The meeting was not large but very hearty."

The Alliance of Honour may almost be said to be a by-product of the War. In the previous February at a conference of the Alliance in Edinburgh Lord Guthrie spoke on "The Boy Problem,' the importance of which, he said, the War would emphasise. He spoke of the value of boy organisations, and urged that the Churches should

see that, whoever provided the money to run the ship, the helm should be in the hands of God-fearing men and women. If the boy organisations did not cover the field the State would be bound to step in, first to supplement, and then perhaps to absorb. He would regret that result, but if it came they must make certain that in any State system the most religious elements were not crowded out. At this conference Mr. Strong, President of the Educational Institute of Scotland, pointed out that they were faced with two problems—how to develop in the youth of their schools a higher moral standard, and how to give these pupils some rational knowledge of the essential facts of life and the consequences of abuse of natural functions. He laid stress upon the necessity for adequate religious instruction in the school. The importance of the subject was widely felt. In the following February a representative conference was held in Edinburgh, arranged by the Alliance, when different aspects of the matter were discussed: Dr. Maxwell Williamson, Medical Officer of Health, Bishop Walpole, and others took part. Lord Guthrie submitted a paper on the deepening of the public sense of the spiritual and moral foundation of purity, a subject which, he said, the War had made more urgent than ever. The demoralising effects of the War would show themselves for years to come in all directions, and it would require all their efforts to stem the tide.

In April 1918 the Guthries went to the Lakes for a fortnight.

"*April* 11.—Had two gentlemen with us in the carriage connected with the iron and steel trade, judging by their literature. One smoked cigars of so superlative a flavour that the price would not be less than a shilling each. He went through two while we were with him, and I should suppose smokes six a day. Having myself as a war measure given up smoking I could afford to be critical of his proceedings."

"WINDERMERE, *April* 12, 1918.—I sent a copy of a remarkable letter from Mrs. Jane Welsh Carlyle to Dr. Chalmers in 1841 to Mr. Alexander Carlyle, T. C.'s nephew, who lives in Edinburgh. This copy letter was found by Alice Burns recently among Susan's papers. The copy is in Susan's handwriting. In this most interesting letter Mrs. Carlyle thus refers to the Mighty Thomas, her husband: 'My husband is upstairs with his inkstands and books, *au secret*, in so very strict a sense that even I dare not

intrude upon him!' She goes on to refer to Mrs. Chalmers and to Edward Irving, Jane Welsh's old lover. 'Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Chalmers on my account and also on poor Edward Irving's, who always talked of her to me with grateful affection. Alas! what traces of himself has that noble spirit left on the earth! A few shrieking bewildered men collecting the rabble and the police at street corners! But surely that cannot be all? 'Throw thy bread on the waters and thou shalt find it after many days.' He threw his bread on the waters and his life-blood after it. Shall it not be made good to him even here?' Alexander Carlyle, who edited his aunt's letters, calls the letter a most interesting and characteristic letter. He says it is unpublished, and asks permission to include it in the volume of additional letters which he is going to bring out, which, of course, Alice will be glad to give."

"BOWNESS, *April* 15.—Had a talk with Mr. Gray of Glasgow and his wife (Isabella Gaskell's friend in Glasgow) before breakfast, and with Mr. Rowntree, Headmaster of Bootham School, York, after breakfast. All three are Friends. . . . They all think the War may result in great changes in the Quaker body. There are so many different views held and there are so many differences in practice, some Quakers actually fighting, looking upon this War as an exception to all rules, others not actually fighting, but doing much the same thing in result, namely, making munitions, others refusing to do either but working in hospitals, others refusing to do any of these three as being all directly War work, but engaged in civil occupations indirectly helping on the War, others in prison for absolute refusal of War work, direct or indirect. . . . Excellent specimens all of the Friends. Mr. Rowntree very impressive. The sort of man you could trust your family, your fortune, and your future to!"

Lady Guthrie mentions that Mrs. Gray "showed us the spoons she had bought in a curiosity shop here which had belonged to Harriet Martineau. They are very handsome, solid dessert spoons with the crest—a martin on the handle." Her husband was not so sure about them. "We duly admired them," he says, and adds wickedly, "and then I told her that if she would inquire at the curiosity shop a little nearer Windermere she could purchase there *Wordsworth's false teeth*!! At least I was offered them when here with the Boys' Brigade Executive last year!"

"*April* 16.—News depressing. But we do not for a moment doubt the final issue, although France and French treasures may suffer severely before the turn of the tide. Mr. Gray lent me a Report about the present position of trade in this country and especially the relations between employers and workmen, past, present, and future. It was presented to a conference of Quaker employers of labour held recently at Birmingham. One of the most interesting and difficult subjects is the future position of women as wage-earners. Are they to get the same wage as men? If not, why not? 'Oh, because a man has a wife and family to support, and she has only herself to keep.' But a man may be a bachelor, or a widower without children, while a woman may have her aged parents to keep. We agreed that that test won't do. The real question is whether a woman is as good value as a worker as a man. Can she do as much and as good work in as short a time? This has still to be proved. If she can, then she will get the same wage in the market. Possibly it will be found that there are businesses where she can, and others where she cannot, and the result will adjust itself in time, when the necessary experiments have been fairly tried. We agreed that the ascertained fact that the women nurses will do as much and as well and as long as men nurses is no test, for all nurses, male and female, are picked people, who are no criterion of the average. Mr. Rowntree told me that Dr. Barbour of Edinburgh, who has a great deal to do with Women's Medical Education, thinks that a woman ought to have an extra year for her Doctor's education. In his experience she breaks down oftener than the man does through the strain of medical education and training. He is speaking, of course, of the average medical student. There are some women and some men as strong as the proverbial horse, upon whom no amount of work seems to tell."

"BOWNESS, *April* 17, 1918.—The Grays and Mr. Rowntree left to-day: attractive members of an attractive and historical society. I told them that I had been brought up among Quakers and Methodists as well as Presbyterians, in short, all the straitest sects of the Pharisees, and that, if I ever changed my denomination, which I had no intention of doing, I should join the Society of Friends!"

A day or two later they met Canon Rawnsley and Miss Simpson, whose engagement had just been announced.

CHAPTER XXII

HOME LIFE AND CHURCH LIFE

In the case of the Guthrie family it is not inappropriate to link together their Home life and their Church life. The two were closely interwoven: Home was pervaded and brightened by the spirit of religion, and the worship and service of the Church entered largely into the thoughts and occupations of the house.

Fortunate in his work and in his friends, Mr. Guthrie was supremely happy at home with his wife and children. In the course of the years three sons and four daughters grew up in that home. He was a man who loved children and who easily won their confidence and love. When he was absent from home his loved ones there filled his thoughts, and longing to be back among them overflowed in his letters.

Engaged at an arbitration in Glasgow which lasted several days he writes to Mrs. Guthrie after a tiring day:

"Glasgow, *Nov.* 11, 1881.—Dearest Wife— . . . To-night, having been talking at the full swell of my voice to make the deaf Arbiter hear pretty much all the day, I am a leetle fagged. But not much since my return from Ferguson and Forrester's where I had a charming cup of tea away from the crowd which has been buzzing round me all day. It only wanted you to make the little room complete. There are two women (A. J. G. and A. R. G.) and two men (T. M. G. and C. G.) whom I love beyond all the world. Kiss them all for your devoted husband." He refers to the three eldest children, Anne, now Mrs. Priestman, Thomas, now a doctor, and Charles, now a Writer to the Signet.

Even at home they did not see so much of each other as they would all have liked. An advocate in large practice has little leisure. He is at work in Court during the day; afternoons and evenings are mainly occupied with con-

sultations and reading papers for the morrow. "During our nursery days," writes Mrs. Priestman, "we didn't see much of him: of course he was out at Court all day and busy all evening with consultations and work. But I remember with what pleasure we welcomed his visits upstairs. He had such a way with children." But the cunning little diplomatists invented opportunities for meeting. "A great delight was sometimes to coax our nurse to let us waylay him at the foot of the Mound after Court. I am afraid our goal was a mercenary one, as we knew he would either take us himself to the Edinburgh Café for tea, or give us the wherewithal to pay for it! He was always generous. His great motto was 'Never cry over spilt milk.' How the memory of that has helped me to keep my temper many a time! We often remarked on his patience; many a time we marvelled at it."

We have a description from the father's side of one of those treats. "This afternoon I took the Men to Miss Anderson's toy shop. Carl fastened at once on a trumpet nearly as long as himself and declined to change his mind or take anything else. Tom shifted from one thing to another, but at last carried off a small trumpet and a box of soldiers. Armed with these and a 3d. tambourine for Anne and a 1d. tambourine for Jem we visited Grosset's and bought two jam sandwiches for consumption on the premises and four tarts for dinner and after dinner. Then home amid much conversation both edifying and diverting." One visit to the nursery led to an amusing episode. "I took up to the nursery a little box and told Frances (now Mrs. Dawson Scott) that its contents were for Victoria, aged nine months (now Mrs. Gascoigne), whose want of teeth is the grief of her brothers and sisters. On being asked what she thought it contained, Frances at once replied, 'It will be her teeth.'"

All his children recall his remarkable generosity. He spent money freely on them both in the matter of travel and in education. He encouraged them to cultivate in every way possible their musical gifts and provided the means. He believed that the best thing he could do for his children was to give them every facility for all-round education. If his generosity began at home it did not end there: he was open-handed in giving to others.

To the children their father seemed to be a man incessantly busy, late and early. "In the old days," says Mrs. Priestman, "my father was literally a slave to his

profession. It was no uncommon thing for him to appear at 8.30 breakfast in a dressing-gown, having been at work on some case till 1 or 2 A.M. and possibly then from 5 or 6 A.M. till breakfast. Dinner was usually at 7.15. This was not infrequently interrupted or left unfinished for consultations. Often two or three sets of clients appeared in one evening. I am sure lack of exercise and fresh air during his years as an advocate must have told on my father's constitution. I always felt his morning's letters interested him more than his porridge and stewed apples (his regular breakfast). The letters were strewn about the table and floor and were collected by me after prayers. The after-breakfast cigar was his only regular smoke: this was dropped in later years. Every Saturday morning before breakfast, except in the depth of winter, at one period he used to imbibe the waters at St. Bernard's Well and was accompanied by several of the family. The latter liked the outing but not the goal!"

Mrs. Priestman is probably correct in thinking that her father's health was injured by the heavy work which his practice entailed. He was not sufficiently careful in the matter of regular outdoor exercise. At times he kept a riding horse and used to drive a T-cart, enjoying outings on Saturday afternoons, but the nervous tear and wear went on incessantly, and in his later years at the Bar the strain had grown dangerously severe.

"The two months August and September were for years spent at Ullswater in the English lakes, or in the North of Scotland. In these two months the family saw more of my father than in any other period. Daily excursions, my parents in a T-cart and my brothers and sisters on cycles, were arranged. In the Christmas holidays, the Carnival in the Waverley Market, Cooke's Circus, and the Menagerie in the Grassmarket were regularly visited. My father always took a great delight in horses, and he greatly enjoyed our happiness and excitement."

The grandchildren soon learned to love him too. They were his close and devoted friends. Jean Priestman always spoke of her grandparents as "Ma Guthrie" and "Da Guthrie," but the latter she changed into a happier title—"the Laughing Da."

But sorrow entered the home once and again, and the parents had to mourn the loss of their youngest daughter and youngest son.

Marjorie Susan—another "Pet Marjorie"—lived only

LADY GUTHRIE. LORD GUTHRIE.

ANTHEA TRAIL GUTHRIE,
daughter of Dr. T. M. GUTHRIE.

twelve short years and was taken from them in June 1906. Separated by a gap from the other children—she was nearly seven years younger than her youngest sister Victoria—and never strong, she was the object of tender solicitude and affection on the part of the parents and of her brothers and sisters. A lovable little maid, she gave back love in overflowing measure and had many friends far beyond the circle of home and relatives. She loved God and all God's creatures. With a perfect ear and a clear strong voice music was to her a chief delight, especially the music in which she and her mother alone took part on Sunday afternoons in the dining-room at what she called her "P.S.A." She had her regular P.S.A. seat in a cane chair, which she always placed opposite the fire, while her mother sat in an arm-chair. She used to pay her father a morning visit in his study before he started for Parliament House, prefaced with a gentle knock and an apology for interruption and accompanied by many smiles and winning ways. She had what she called her "Pleasure Books"—to distinguish them from her "Lesson Books"—books of Bible and other stories, and she was careful to see that they were not mixed. Two Irish terriers were companions and friends in succession. After her death Paddy the Second used to wait disconsolate at the foot of the hall stair for her cheery call that never came again. Day after day, before the funeral, he went searching all over the house for his loved mistress, except only in the closed room where lay the silent inmate peaceful and beautiful. It was more than the stricken parents could bear, and after the funeral John Priestman took Paddy to Bradford.

The youngest boy James Hubert ("Jem") suffered from asthma, and persevering efforts were made in vain at home and abroad to find a suitable place of residence where he might live in the enjoyment of ordinary health. He died at Swanston in the summer of 1915. His sorrowing father thus recounts the brief story of his life:

[*To Millicent Duchess of Sutherland*]

"*March* 23, 1916.—Yes, we lost our third son, James Hubert, last July, thirty-two years old. Robust in childhood he early developed asthma, and had a long fight in many parts of Scotland, in Switzerland, in South Africa, and in New Zealand with that terrible malady. Yet, withal, there were compensations for him. His singular purity and

amiability, a certain winning manner and genial goodness of heart, brought him many warm and helpful friends in all these countries. He wrote well and derived great pleasure from botany and astronomy, about which he knew a great deal. We were devoutly thankful that the end came at Swanston which he loved, and among those he loved, not in exile and among strangers; and that it came suddenly, without a struggle or a sigh. He was recovering from a sharp attack of asthma, but when my eldest daughter Anne (Mrs. Priestman, Bradford) wakened me at three o'clock in the morning with the words, 'Come, father,' we knew what it meant. The heart which had fought the malady for twenty years had failed. As I left his room and looked out to the east, I shall never forget that glorious burst of sunshine—the dawn which had come to the world and to him."

"The Sunday," says Mrs. Priestman, "was by no means 'a day of rest.' Morning and evening service, with the Sunday School in the afternoon, was the regular routine. My father was Superintendent of the Stockbridge U.F. Sunday School for more than thirty years. He also conducted the Bible Class of the 1st Edinburgh Company of the Boys' Brigade, which formed part of the Sunday School for many years. The careful thought and preparation for this class of twenty to thirty boys of 12-17 years of age bears testimony to the thoroughness of all the work he undertook."

Mr. Guthrie's connection with the Free Church of Stockbridge forms an interesting and noteworthy chapter in the story of his life. He did nothing which better illustrated the manner of man he was than his attaching himself to that working-class congregation. Members of the Bar who were Free Churchmen in its early days were to be found generally in West End churches, notably St. George's, where Dr. Candlish attracted wealth and culture, or St. Andrew's, under Dr. Bruce, another man of note, and the tradition continued down to later times. In the sixties of last century the old rural village of Stockbridge, lying in that Water of Leith valley where once in a time the "nobility and gentry" of Edinburgh took summer quarters and drank the mineral waters, was waking into fresh life with a growing working-class population. St. Andrew's Free Church carried on an active mission at the foot of Dean Street, where halls had been erected largely by the generous help of daughters of the

once famous Dr. Abercrombie. Sc successful did the mission prove that in 1867 the Presbytery sanctioned the erection of a church. In 1868 the foundation stone was laid, and under the Rev. Alexander Rodger, the first minister, who was settled in 1870, the young congregation made an auspicious start. Among the elders were Norman Macbeth, R.S.A., John Murray Gartshore of Ravelston, D. W. Paterson, S.S.C., and David Gloag, who alone remains of that early company. Mr. Rodger was so admirably adapted for the work of gathering in and building up a congregation that in 1878 he was transferred to Dalry to do similar pioneer work at the instance of St. George's Free Church. It was in Mr. Rodger's time that the young advocate Charles J. Guthrie became a member (in 1876) and soon after—in 1880—an elder of Stockbridge Church. His reasons for passing by the temples where rank and wealth congregated and preferring to worship with plainer folks were perfectly simple and infinitely to his credit. He referred to the subject on one occasion at a gathering in the Cowgate Church when Dr. Thomas Smith remarked he hated a congregation composed of "ladies and gentlemen" only, and he hated a congregation where there were no ladies and gentlemen. He thought distinction of rank should cease altogether in the Church, and it ought not to be the case that half of the money in the Free Church congregations in Edinburgh should be contained in one-tenth of them. What they wanted was all classes mingling together. Mr. Guthrie, who followed, expressed his entire agreement. He said he had never felt so much satisfaction in any step he took, next perhaps to his marriage, as in the resolution that he would not attach himself to any of the temples which Dr. Smith had referred to. He felt that any little money, any little acquirements he had would be of far more use if he attached himself to a working-class congregation. Later when the question was before the General Assembly of transferring the Rev. Hugh Black to St. George's, Edinburgh, he said the matter should be looked at under their Presbyterian system, which he thoroughly believed was the most scriptural and satisfactory way of working, from the point of view of the greater good of the Church. And he added, he was not and had no intention of ever becoming a member of Free St. George's. He had had opportunities, as others had had, of doing so, but he had not done so just from the very same point of view—

namely, one's duty to the whole Church, that he could be more useful elsewhere.

Accordingly he identified himself with Stockbridge congregation and its work from the outset. He was no ornamental member, no mere attender at public worship. He found work to do, as did also his wife and his children when they grew up. Of course his special delight was work among the young. In 1883 he became superintendent of the Sunday School and served in that office for a term of years of unusual length. He did the work single-handed till 1917, when another gentleman, Mr. William Rintoul, was associated with him and took over the active duties of the office. He served the congregation in many other ways: always the wise counsellor, generous supporter, and unfailing friend of the congregation and of its successive ministers. Of his loyalty and devotion the Rev. Hugh Elder gives a characteristic illustration. "We had an ordination of office-bearers. He was spending his week-ends at Swanston. The Sunday was a very stormy day, five inches of snow at Swanston, but he walked in, went to Royal Circus and changed, and came late to the service rather than miss the opportunity of being present to take part in welcoming the new office-bearers. This was typical."

The Bible Class which he carried on for many years for the lads of the Boys' Brigade and others in the congregation was in itself a splendid and fruitful bit of work. How well he did it and how he put his strength into it cannot be better illustrated than by citing some passages from a paper which he wrote for the *B.B. Gazette* on "Preparation for a Boys' Brigade Bible Class." He was not writing about himself or his own class, but the methods he recommended to others were the methods he himself adopted. "To begin with, any kind of preparation is better than none. If my method does not suit you, make it a stepping-stone to higher things. Do not reject it unless and until you can replace it by something better. In the next place, do not restrict preparation, as is sometimes done in the case of a Scripture lesson, to study of the text, or of commentaries or notes on the text, or in the case of a missionary address, to study of missionary literature. Preparation involves time; but there are those whose minds are so original, or so richly stored, that they do not require the constant aid of books, which we, less mentally endowed and furnished, need. Even they must think out and lay out the subject, systematise it, and so fill their

minds and souls with it that it ceases to be flat and dead, and becomes sparkling and alive. We teachers ought never to forget that Dr. Arnold of Rugby, one of the greatest instructors the world has ever seen, when he was to take a class of small boys, as he sometimes did, over a subject familiar to him in every detail, yet prepared as carefully as if he had been going to take grown lads over an unfamiliar theme. 'Without special preparation for these boys,' he would say, 'I shall be like a stagnant pool; with special preparation, like a flowing river.' When is this time to be given? Is it to be limited to a certain period, just before the hour when the class meets, or is it to be begun earlier? Whether our Bible Class is in the morning, afternoon, or evening, do not let the Sunday close without at least breaking up the ground for the next Sunday's lesson. If you do this, you will be astonished how many things in your week's reading, sacred and secular; how many things in the newspapers; how many things said and heard in the course of ordinary conversation at home, in the train, or tramcar, or on the street; how many things heard in lectures or addresses; how many things observed in daily life will fit in with your Bible-Class subject. But, if you do not know till Saturday night or Sunday morning what is to be the subject of your address, there will be no peg on which to hang these facts and thoughts and observations. Besides, you will lose a keen intellectual and spiritual pleasure. I know nothing more delightful than to come upon some fact which will illustrate an abstract statement with aptness or precision, and which will furnish the feather to the arrow, enabling the barb to reach its destination, and when there, both to strike and to stick.

"Now, about books? Well, whatever you do, don't let books become your masters; keep them always as servants or rather as slaves. You cannot read too much about or round about your subject, but only for the purpose of informing, not of dominating your mind. The crucible cannot be filled too full; but when the gold is passed into circulation, it must have your individual stamp upon it. Do not confine your reading to works produced by members of your own school of religious thought. In sacred, as in secular things, we ought to read the works of those opposed to us. In dealing with religion you will find articles in the *Catholic Month* or the *Jewish World* very stimulating and broadening. They

may show you, for instance, in regard to Roman Catholicism, that the vital issue between us and the Church of Rome is not, as some in our division of the great Christian army seem to think, any mere question of robes, of music, or even of Mariolatry, but is the tremendous claim of sacerdotalism—that priestcraft, from which the mere name of Protestant does not necessarily save us. We ought to dip freely into the ordinary modern commentaries, and into 'orthodox' Bible dictionaries, like Smith's or Hastings', and 'heterodox' ones like Dr. Cheyne's. You may think me very old-fashioned, but I find no better starting-point than Matthew Henry's Bible. It is a liberal education in piety to be brought into close contact with such a devout soul, and it is a bracing mental exercise to keep pace with the working of so singularly ingenious a mind. No unprejudiced person can read Matthew Henry's notes on any Scripture subject without getting new and valuable ideas, partly from what he himself says, and partly because he stirs up your thought, it may be in antagonism to, or modification of, his own. These views suggest the question whether a B.B. Bible-Class teacher ought to prepare for possible controversy. Are we to teach exactly what our fathers taught, say in regard to the 'verbal inspiration' of the Holy Scriptures or the historical accuracy of the account of the creation in the Book of Genesis? Or, whatever we may teach, are we to decline to meet difficulty or objections which a boy may propound in the class or in private, saying to him (what used to be the end of all controversy) that we must not be 'wise above what is written'; ignoring the obvious fact that very often the root of the controversy is just the question of the true meaning of what is written.

"These are matters as to which the Boys' Brigade lays down no rules. At the same time, recognising the fallibility of all men, however devout, learned, or wise, it cannot arrest or act on the footing of infallibility of any man-made creeds or catechisms. It believes in the enlightening work of the Holy Spirit. Therefore, while jealously conservative of essential truth, and full of respect for all opinions which have commanded the assent of generations of pious men and women, it cannot but welcome new settings of old truths, and new adaptations of permanent verities to passing conditions. The Boys' Brigade is founded on the Divinity of Christ and on His Atonement; but on that rock it recognises that there is

room for much variety of superstructure, each of which may have elements of value absent from any of the others.

"What about the manner of presenting our subject? How many classes are listless, because the teacher does not cultivate the fine art of cross-examination! If a preacher could only practise it from the pulpit, he would rouse up the drowsiest congregation! You can adapt your question to the knowledge and mental powers of the boy questioned, so as to interest and encourage him, and so as to assure him that he will never be put to shame before his fellows. Begin at once, if you have never hitherto pursued the method of cross-examination. But there is another cause of listlessness. The ball may be weighty and fashioned with the greatest care, but if it has no powder, or an insufficiency of powder behind it, it will not hit the mark. Let us all make it a matter of conscience to cultivate liveliness in our manner of teaching. Despite perhaps at times heavy hearts or aching heads, let us always teach as those who enjoy teaching, and as those who believe in the truth of what they teach. If we set ourselves to this we shall find our perseverance twice blessed: our class will gain, and in our own case the heavy heart will be lightened and the head will cease to throb. Let us be genial, lively, persuasive, winning. Let us seek to win our boys for the Army of Salvation by associating the Gospel with everything that is lively and of good report."

In this and other ways he served Stockbridge so well that when his period of service was over the Rev. Mr. Elder said of him, "In Stockbridge our loss is immeasureable. It is impossible to estimate what his long and intimate connection with this congregation has meant to it all through these years. One can hardly think of Stockbridge without him. He has served his generation with rare fidelity, devotion, and whole-heartedness. He has kept nothing back but spent himself in the service of God and man."

If he served his people faithfully he learned much from them. In a Jubilee paper written by him in 1918 entitled "The Story of Stockbridge," there occurs this striking paragraph: "In connection with the Kirk-Session and Deacons' Court of Stockbridge Church I ask permission to make a personal testimony. Some who have inherited Presbyterianism, as I have done, through many generations of ministers and elders, have abandoned it. I have not done so because my hereditary belief in its utility

and efficiency has been strengthened by long and intimate experience of its inner working. This connection results partly from what I saw as Legal Adviser of the Free Church and of the United Free Church, and as a member of many General Assemblies and Assembly Committees. But I want to say emphatically that it is chiefly derived from the harmonious and efficient working of our own Kirk-Session and Deacons' Court, under the wise moderatorship of Mr. Keay, Mr. MacNicol, and Mr. Elder."

CHAPTER XXIII

LAST YEARS

AUGUST and September 1918 found the Guthries in the West Highlands with Oban as their headquarters. At Dunolly Castle, the home of Colonel and Mrs. McDougall, a Garden Fête and Sale of War Comforts was held on 5th September. The Duke of Argyll presided at the function, Lord Guthrie spoke, and Lady Guthrie presented prizes. The day was brilliant; crowds poured in from Oban and the surrounding districts; everybody was there, including Sir John Ainsworth, M.P. for the County, to make the function a success. Provost Black of Oban introduced the Duke, who made an excellent speech, bright, easy, and humorous, and Lord Guthrie followed in characteristic fashion. During their visit the Guthries met old friends and new, including relatives, Mackays and Burnses, at Glencruitten House. The War in various aspects and incidents was still in the foreground. The incident described in the following letter to Lord Strathclyde refers to an occasion when Sir Frank Benson lectured at the Philosophical. Lord Guthrie and he invited the lecturer to dine with them at the University Club. He failed to turn up to dinner; their letter had not reached him, but he appeared at the hall at the last moment to deliver his lecture. The first portion of the letter touches the War from another quarter.

"EDINBURGH, *Feb.* 1, 1919.—MY DEAR STRATHCLYDE —. . . Judge Henshaw's speech at San Francisco. I wonder how many of His Majesty's Judges in His S(c)illy Isles could speak so well! But he makes one great artistic blunder, don't you think, in saying he is to utter 'no words of oratory,' and then going on to do nothing else. Then his attack on Wilson is manifestly one-sided. He ignores what the States did for us all through the War, contrary to German remonstrances and denunciations, in the

stream of food, other materials, weapons, and munitions, and towards the end in securing a speedier and more complete surrender. And he also ignores Wilson's supreme achievement in waiting for, and striking at, the exact psychological moment with a united country. For all that, Henshaw can speak, and no mistake.

"Scene at the Officers' Club, Grosvenor Crescent. Mrs. Alex. Hunter, a friend of my daughter Frances, at the desk in the Outer Hall, booking officers at 4s. 6d. for bed, bath, and breakfast—time 6.15 P.M.

"Enter a man in very shabby civilian dress. Mrs. Hunter thinks him probably a man in search of a job at the Club, but when he speaks, she knows the voice and manner as those of a gentleman.

"*Man.* Can I have a bed here to-night? I have tried every other place in the town unsuccessfully.

"*Mrs. H.* I am very sorry, but this Club is only for commissioned officers.

"*Man.* Well, I have no commission, but I have been doing army duties which entitled me to be ranked as a Second Lieutenant.

"*Mrs. H.* (struck by the man's charm). Well, I will stretch a point and book you. What is your name?

"*Man.* Frank Benson.

"*Mrs. H.* Oh, I have seen you act.

"*Sir F. B.* What was I then?

"*Mrs. H.* Macbeth!

"*Sir F. B.* Well, I don't feel very like the part just now.

"So the poor chap instead of gorging at some West End banquet, as we supposed, had been wandering about seeking where he might lay his head! And any of us, if we had only known, might so easily have put him up!"

[*To Lord Strathclyde*]

"SWANSTON COTTAGE, *July* 13, 1919.— . . . As to my enjoying myself at Cairndhu you are quite right. Given porridge and tea within and walking and weeding without, with such portion of your society and Lady Strathclyde's as may be 'meet and convenient,' and the run of your books, what more does a reasonable mortal want? The poor creatures who need to be entertained should stay at home, or take refuge in a Hydropathic!"

"*July* 23, 1919.—Your thumbnail sketch of life at Cairndhu is exactly to my mind. But if I can't get good plain water, it is not gin but RUM that I have taken in my time! When I was a child, my uncle, Doctor Alexander Guthrie of Brechin, ordered me rum and milk, a horrid combination which I shudder yet to think of. By the way, that was an instance of the G.O.M.'s memory. He had been speaking to me of my father, when he suddenly said: 'But I knew your uncle too, the Doctor in Brechin. I just met him once. He impressed me very much. What a fine-looking man he was.' And he was; six feet three; always in black, with a white neck-tie; a wonderful complexion, glorious white hair, a beautiful radiant smile, and charming manners. Professor Syme used to say that if Sandy Guthrie had gone to London or Edinburgh he would have been at the top of the tree. I send you two copies of *The Review*, a new American weekly which a Princeton friend sends me regularly. While perhaps just to Wilson, it is not sympathetic, and its views on Prohibition strike me as ignorant and prejudiced and indeed fantastic, if it be the case, as I think has been proved, that Prohibition would increase a country's productive efficiency in peace and war, in quantity and quality, by at least 25 per cent. If that is anything near the facts of course the country adopting Prohibition must necessarily beat the country not doing so, unless that country can achieve the same beneficial results by restriction. The latter has hitherto been found impossible. The question of the future seems to be, will a country like the United States of the British Empire have the sense to sacrifice the shadow for the substance? I doubt it."

In August, before starting for a holiday in North Wales, he was at Glenogil, deep in his favourite studies of Scottish history.

[*To Lord Strathclyde*]

"GLENOGIL, KIRRIEMUIR, *August* 17, 1919.—My reading has been historical like yours. Sheriff R. L. Orr, Edinburgh, is publishing in autumn, through Hodder & Stoughton, London, a 400-page biography of Alexander Henderson—Churchman and Statesman (1583–1646), the great Covenanting minister who framed both the National Covenant of 1638 and the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643, a man as influential in the cause of civil and educational progress as he was in the Church.

I have read an advance copy which Orr sent to me, and have been delighted to find a thoroughly expert bit of ink. Orr knows the man and the times thoroughly, writes in a terse, interesting style, and writes in a judicial although frankly sympathetic spirit. He asked me to review the book. I have consented and I have written to Croal of the *Scotsman* offering to do it for that paper. Knox has been finally done by Hume Brown and Principal Carstairs by Dr. Story. Andrew Melville and Alexander Henderson remained unrecorded in an interesting but expert way. Orr's book will be the final life of Henderson, who was by far the most attractive and charming personality among these four great clerical statesmen of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries."

"Swanston Cottage, *August* 28, 1919.—My wife and I start for Cheshire and North Wales to-morrow. . . . I don't know whether you or Lady Strathclyde met Andrew Carnegie. The enclosed from the New York *Review* seems to me very just. It draws an interesting contrast between Carnegie and Rockefeller. Andrew told me that his wealth was not a patch on Rockefeller's. I think I told you that I am interested in an allowance of £70 which Andrew gave annually to Miss Jean Armour Burns Brown, the poet's great-granddaughter. After her mother, Burns's granddaughter, died, to whom the allowance was originally made, I got Andrew to continue it to the daughter, a woman of about forty-five, of high character and usefulness, delicate in health, not brought up to any occupation, and a startling likeness of the poet. Now I am trying, through Dr. Ross of Dunfermline, to get Mrs. Carnegie to carry it on, if indeed Andrew did not provide that all such allowances (and there are many of them) shall be continued by his trustees, as to which Ross is finding out.

"In connection with a review I have written for the *Scotsman* of R. L. Orr's forthcoming book on *Alexander Henderson, Churchman and Statesman, 1583–1646*, I have been deep in Covenanting times and literature. It is really nearly incredible how these men, like all other Protestants at the time, could have justified their intolerant views and practices, and reconciled them with the clear claim to the right and duty of private judgment which was the only justification of the Reformation!"

At the date of this letter Lord Guthrie appeared to be

in the enjoyment of perfect health. No warning had been given of the blow that was soon to fall. Yet he had only a few more months to live. The review of which he speaks—it appeared in the *Scotsman* on October 4, 1919—was the last he wrote. It was the last product of the kind from his busy pen. For over twenty years he had at intervals contributed articles to the same journal on historical and literary subjects, as he had contributed also to other magazines and journals. Among the best things he wrote were the articles on Mrs. R. L. Stevenson and the short memoir of Cummy. Sympathy gave him an understanding and appreciation of widely different types.

Meanwhile Lady Guthrie and he travelled in Wales, and an occasional letter reached Lord Strathclyde:

" BARMOUTH, *September* 15, 1919.— . . . If you are still at Cairndhu on Monday, October 6, I should be delighted to run down for a day. I am sure the visit of the brothers Dundas (Lord Dundas and Mr. W. J. Dundas, W.S.) would be delightful. They are a remarkable pair, both mentally and physically. But they would be happier if they had lived one hundred years ago. Your outlook and mine, not afraid of coming changes, but welcoming them, not looking backward on the building of great houses and on the building up of great families, and on the bolstering up of mighty thrones, but forward to the conversion of the one into technical schools and the abolition of the others, when, as Lloyd George says to-day, the land shall be no longer 'scarred by slums and disgraced by sweating,' is much more conducive to happiness, even to a desire to live longer to see something of the coming harvest, blood-red although the grain may be.

" I am looking forward to Hume Brown's *Surveys*. I shall commence it in 'the sma' hours' at Cairndhu."

This letter is characteristic. Guthrie remained a young man to the end. He had grown with the years in tolerance, openness of mind, sympathetic understanding, but he never grew old: in spirit and outlook on life he kept the eagerness and buoyancy of youth.

" QUEEN HOTEL, CHESTER,
" *October* 2, 1919.

" MY DEAR STRATHCLYDE— . . . In the line of Scottish historical reading I want you to glance at the edition of John Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, which

I prepared some years ago, even although I certainly do not reckon you among those of weaker capacity for whom the book was devised! The book is now out of print. But Elliot got a copy for me which he will forward to you, and which please accept. . . . P.S.—Did you ever hear and do you believe the story about Bozzy and his father, which I read recently and which was new to me?

"Scene: Parliament House. Dramatis Personae: Lord Auchinleck and James Boswell, Esq., Advocate, arguing before his Lordship.

"*Lord A.* Jamie, you are a great ass.

"*J. B.* Not so, my Lord. With great deference, I am not an ass. I am only a colt, the foal of an ass." (*Sensation in Court.*)

Lady Guthrie took ill before the end of the Welsh tour, and her condition caused some anxiety during the autumn. Under date November 10, 1919, Lord Guthrie records a visit to Dalmeny where Lord Rosebery was then living, unhappily in impaired health.

"Last week came a typewritten invitation signed by the familiar initials to lunch or to dine and sleep. On account of my wife's illness I elected to lunch and to-day was fixed at one o'clock. The day was bright but bitterly cold. The trees fringing the long approach from the Chapel Gate on the Queensferry Road were rapidly wintering, and the sea which comes close to the house was very boisterous. But the dignified Elizabethan mansion built by Lord Rosebery's grandfather, which is large enough for state but not too large for comfort, surrounded by wide, well-wooded parks, and commanding glorious views of the Islands in the Forth, the Fife coast, and distant Edinburgh—an inspiring prospect—is independent of wind and weather. On approaching the house I was delighted and astonished to see Lord Rosebery walking towards me from the gardens with a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Rothschild, who were introduced. Our host's appearance was a pleasant surprise. I had expected to be pained by the too evident change but this was a delusion. His face is less mobile, the charming smile comes at rarer intervals. But there is nothing pathetic about his appearance. He looks more like a man who had recovered from a very slight rather than a severe shock. When we met he said: 'You see, Guthrie, I am just like the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, in a very tottering condition.' 'Well,'

I replied, 'that is a good omen, for it is rapidly recovering from its difficulties. We have already 100 members more than last year.' About Mr. Rothschild Lord Rosebery said: 'You don't often meet a man like Rothschild who can and does make a speech in fluent Hebrew. My parish minister, Mr. Stott, is a great Hebraist. I am going to get them to meet. I do not think they will agree. I am looking forward to the clash of arms between the two Testaments. Guthrie, you must come back and witness the tournament.' Mrs. Rothschild is very intelligent and well read. I told her of our experiences in Damascus when our shameless dragoman, Isaac Sasson, got us into a private Synagogue in the house of a rich 'Eliezer' of Damascus by passing us off as English Jews, and of our experiences in Jerusalem when we ate the Passover in the house of a Jewish Rabbi whose wife's life had been saved by an operation performed by our friend Dr. Percy Wheeler, the Christian doctor.

"Sir John Stewart Clark of Dundas and Lady Clark were also guests. His Lordship, Lady Clark, and I did most of the talking. Rosebery was charming as usual. Not only is he all there but his mind is as alert and his repartee and rejoinder as nimble and quick as ever. He never monopolises the talk, but illuminates and adorns any subject which happens to interest his companion. He has no special subjects, for all subjects human and divine are equally interesting and familiar to him. He is so courteous that if he and the person with whom he is talking begin to speak at the same moment he invariably gives way and insists on his companion taking the lead. His talk is often personal, but when dealing with living people as distinguished from historical characters it is always as far removed from gossip as it is from scandal. In the library in which we met before lunch books replaced pictures. A glance at the quartos, octavos, and folios, ancient and modern, and most of them in noble binding, would make a book-lover's mouth water. None such would object to six months' imprisonment in that wonderful room, aided by the ever-varying prospects of sea and land from the windows, and varied by walking in the adjoining parks and woods, and bathing from the neighbouring shore. From the library on our way to the dining-room we passed through the famous Napoleonic Room with its priceless treasures connected with the Emperor. I saw on the walls the full-length painting in white clothes by

David, painted from life, on commission for an English Duke, which used to hang in Rosebery's hired house in Randolph Crescent. The tale is that Napoleon, at the end of the last sitting, asked the painter to whom the picture was going. 'To an English duke, sir,' answered David, whereupon the Emperor in disgust gave the picture a sounding kick, of which Rosebery once told me he had been disappointed to find no trace on the canvas. On the dining-room walls Oliver Cromwell rubs shoulders with the elder Pretender and a Holy Family by Murillo hangs not far from Raeburn's full-size Lord Newton. We spoke of other Raeburns. I remarked that apart from their merits Sir Henry's women always fetched higher prices than his men. 'That is not unnatural,' our host replied with a comical look in his eyes. 'In the matrimonial as well as the artistic market a woman always fetches more than a man!' Raeburn and Gainsborough led on to Romney and the sale of some of his masterpieces by the Duke of Hamilton's trustees in London last week. He regretted the sale of family portraits but still more of the silver casket which held the famous casket letters, on the genuineness and meaning of which so much of the case against Mary of Scots in relation to the Earl of Bothwell depends.

"At a certain stage of the lunch Lord Rosebery's little granddaughter, fair-haired and not in the least shy, aged about three, entered by herself attended only by her doll to bid good-bye to the company. She went round and silently kissed each guest, ending with our host who protested that she ought not to leave her poor old grandfather, to which she replied, 'I must go out with my nurse.' This little scene led Rosebery to say that parents and grandparents should enjoy their children and grandchildren while they were like Jack (a boy about eight, the heir of his son-in-law the Marquis, who had been in the room) and the little granddaughter. 'They are most interesting at these ages. When they get older they get—they must get—concerns of their own and in large measure they cease to be yours.' I was reminded of what he once told me of the difference between his two daughters, Peggy (the Marchioness of Crewe) and Sybil (Lady Sybil Grant). 'I could always find Peggy when I wanted her. You would hear her whistling or singing through the house. I could never find Sybil.' Lady Clark remarked that her son of fifteen made her feel quite old. 'Son of fifteen!

Why, I have a son of more than forty! At that rate I shall soon be fit to be taken charge of by Lord Guthrie as one of those Ancient Monuments in which he takes such an interest.'

"About the Royal Family Rosebery never speaks unless somebody introduces the subject. In reference to smoking one of us spoke about King Edward's habits. 'At one time,' Rosebery said, 'he smoked a great many cigarettes, but Queen Alexandra gave him a book drawing lurid pictures of the evil effects of cigarette smoking.' So for a time at least he gave up cigarettes and smoked more of those big strong cigars of his which, his Lordship slyly added, were probably much more deadly. I asked him about the common story of his having taken King George to some Scottish ruined castle where the guardian, not knowing either His Majesty or Lord Rosebery, would not be content with the signature 'George.' Lord Rosebery said the true story related to Dunnottar Castle and Queen Mary. He took Her Majesty there and when she signed 'Mary' in the visitors' book the old woman in charge said: 'Nane o' that; that'll no dae, ye maun pit yer last name tae.' For King George he has a great admiration. Lady Clark wondered if we had ever had a King to match him. 'Not since King Alfred,' said Rosebery, 'but then I understand there are some learned scholars who doubt whether that King ever existed.' He thought the King's motor journey south from Balmoral during the strike showed pluck. 'I understand the King and Queen in front enjoyed themselves, but it was not so pleasant for Lord Stamfordham and the King's Secretary in the back seat, who had the Queen's lady's maid jammed in between them.' As to the Prince of Wales, he says, 'You can see his quality in his public speaking: he is a charmeur. But he is more. I tell you, Guthrie, he will yet rive the bonnet off all you professional orators.' Lord Rosebery's farewell had all his old charm. 'See you come back soon again, and don't forget about the duel between Mr. Stott and Mr. Rothschild.' So we parted to meet again soon I hope."

Lord Guthrie was now in his seventieth year and thought it was time to lay aside the harness he had so long worn. He resigned most of the offices he held, among others the office of President of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. Lord Salvesen was elected to succeed him. The first meeting of the new session on 3rd December 1919 proved unusually interesting. Lord Haig was to be

presented with the Society's "Livingstone Gold Medal," and the lecturer was Sir Arthur Steel Maitland. Lord and Lady Haig and the lecturer and Lady Steel Maitland were entertained to dinner by the new President. Lord Guthrie was a guest too, as were also Lord Trayner, Lord and Lady Strathclyde, and Dr. Horne, President of the Royal Society. "Lord Haig," notes the observant Guthrie, "is by no means in appearance the ordinary type of a soldier. There is nothing dashing about him. He is quite simple and unaffected in bearing and in manner. He has very little of the extreme virility and strenuous look of Lord Kitchener, but has nothing of the ferocity of Clemenceau or the subtle refinement of Von Moltke. At first he looks commonplace, a quiet country gentleman. Then you notice his strongly built frame, broad shoulders and powerful neck, perhaps a trifle short. His well-packed head catches your attention, but above all his eyes struck me, not piercing but giving you a great idea of serenity and quiet power, the kind of eyes that would unravel a secret and force a confession. He does not stare at you, but the look is singularly keen and steady. You feel when you speak to him that he is looking at you alone, and not giving you only half an eye, as so many people do. His talk is quite ordinary, about such things as the proposed War Memorial in the Castle. He said he had spoken in favour of it. But he had not realised, indeed had not known, the objections that might be stated to the scheme as a whole. He had thought of it as substantially a proposal to clear out the ugly barrack building on the west of the Castle Rock, improve its appearance outwardly, and reconstruct its interior as a War Museum. He knew nothing about the proposal, to which so many people object, of building a costly chapel. He hopes that the War Memorial part, at all events, may be carried out. He thinks it urgent to secure some place where those—himself included—who have interesting things and papers connected with the Scottish Regiments should be able to deposit them. He thinks, unless this is organised soon, a great many of these things will be lost or destroyed, and that as time goes on, people will be less ready to make them national property than they are now. Out of these he would like to see an exhibition formed on the spot of those articles most likely to be interesting and instructive. He talked of Lord Rosebery's opposition to the scheme, and I rather gathered that Lord R. had come down upon

him for the speech of general approval, made as I have indicated without full appreciation of the details of the scheme.

"Sir Arthur Steel Maitland is a singularly charming person, an ideal figure physically, a great athlete in his time, more powerful and strenuous in appearance than Haig, more like a leader of men. But I doubt whether he has that imperturbable serenity which enabled Haig to take things as they came, 'to jouk and let the jaw go by,' the temperament which enabled Haig to weather the four years' continuous storm through which he seems to have come physically and mentally uninjured. He told me he feared the subject of his address, 'The Economic Condition of this Country,' would fall very flat, being in itself so dull. I replied that in most men's hands I had no doubt it would, but I was quite certain he would be the exception to the rule. So it turned out. He spoke without notes with great animation, gave us much valuable stuff, but so lighted up with humour and anecdote that he held the audience, who took all his points with gratifying ease. Lord Salvesen made an admirable speech presenting the medal, first-class both in manner and matter. I told him that next day, but added that, on the other hand, I thought his speech introducing Sir Arthur Steel Maitland was too long! He admitted this, but said there was so much to say that it took all the ten minutes he had allotted for the purpose. I replied that I did not think any introducer of a lecturer should ever exceed two minutes! Lord Haig read his reply in a voice which was audible in every part of the hall, a modest, manly utterance, without anything remarkable in it. His able appearance and words left a good taste in the mouth. If war could ever be conducted so as to justify itself, it would be in the hands, not of a Foch or of a French, but of a Haig. One could well understand, looking at him and hearing him, the trouble he took to write letters to the relatives of the dead."

In January 1920 the project of a Robert Louis Stevenson Club in Edinburgh was taking shape, and, needless to say, Lord Guthrie was profoundly interested in the movement. Various preliminary meetings were held under the presidency of Professor J. Y. Simpson, and there was every appearance that the Club would be heartily and widely supported. Satisfactory progress was soon reported. Lord Guthrie, who, it was proposed, should be honorary president of the Club, wrote that he was struck by the universal

cordiality regarding the institution of the Club and the universal belief in its future value. The gifts already received were an earnest of more to follow, and he intimated that he would place his collection at Swanston freely at the disposal of the Club by way of loan. The Club was instituted at a public meeting held on 15th January. A committee was formed, with Professor Simpson as chairman, and Mr. Walter B. Blaikie, LL.D., as vice-chairman. A desire was expressed that Lady Millicent Hawes, formerly Duchess of Sutherland, should accept office as an honorary vice-president, and Lord Guthrie was the medium through whom their desire was conveyed to her.

"*Jan.* 26, 1920.

"My dear Lady Millicent—A Robert Louis Stevenson Club was started in Edinburgh ten days ago, with me as honorary president, Professor J. Y. Simpson, D.Sc. (grandnephew of the great Sir James of chloroform fame), as president, and with a strong committee of such men as the Professor of English Literature in the University and such women as Miss Rosaline Masson, authoress of excellent books on Stevenson and on Edinburgh. There are already more than one hundred members. Now the Committee are very anxious that you should consent to become one of their vice-presidents, your colleagues in that office being of the calibre of Sir Sidney Colvin and Sir J. M. Barrie. You will have no duties or obligations. But you will delight the committee by your acceptance and you will greatly gratify your old friend,

"Charles J. Guthrie."

Lady Millicent accepted office and Lady Frances Balfour was one of her colleagues.[1]

But this month of January saw an ominous change. Unlike his old self, Lord Guthrie was absent on several public occasions and sent apologies for absence. In point of fact he was unfit for duty early in the month and was living at Swanston trying to throw off a chill. To Lord Strathclyde he writes :

[1] By his will Lord Guthrie left the Stevenson relics (Stevensoniana, he called them) to the Edinburgh Water Trust, who in turn have granted them on loan to the Club. It is hoped they may ultimately find a home in the house, No. 8 Howard Place, where Stevenson was born, now purchased by the Club.

"*January* 5, 1920.—To-morrow, Tuesday, as arranged with the Justice-Clerk I hope to be able to drive out to Swanston, to get rid of the remains of a cold that I had before Glasgow Circuit, and which, as you may imagine, four days of Jail Square did not improve. Result—a temperature, a nurse, and other experiences unknown to me since I had scarlet fever and measles in infancy. Also leisure to wallow in *The Antiquary* and Lucas's classic *Life of Charles Lamb*, garnished with Sir Henry Lucy's last volume of Reminiscences, *Catherine Gladstone*, etc. What palliation can you offer for Sir Walter in chapter xiii. of *The Antiquary* making Miss Wardour, a girl under twenty, of no experience in the ways of the world, and quite unaccustomed to harangue, lecture her lover in such Johnsonian rot as the following: 'I am much embarrassed by your romantic and hopeless pertinacity. It is for yourself I plead, that you would consider the calls which your country has upon your talents, that you will not waste in an idle and fanciful indulgence of an ill-placed predilection time which, well redeemed by active exertion, should lay the foundation of future distinction,' etc., etc. ! ! ! How much more true to life the immortal song of that other Scot, Sir Harry Lauder,—'Stop yer ticklin', Jock.' How could a man have penned such drivel who, in the previous chapter, had written drink's soundest defence, far more powerful than anything that Burns ever wrote? Maggie Mucklebackit, the fishwife, had told Oldbuck that the distilleries were not working: '*Oldbuck*. And I hope they will never work again in my time. *Maggie Mucklebackit*. Ay, ay! It's easy for Your Honour and the like o' you gentle folks, that hae south and routh, and fire and fending and meat and claeths, and sit dry and canny by the fireside. But, an' ye wanted fire and meat and dry claise, and were deeing of cauld and had a sair heart, which is warst ava, wi' just tuppence in your pouch, wadna ye be gled to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease, into the bargain, till the morn's morning?' Bravo, Sir Walter's great human heart! Expressed in modern language—it is as much poverty and misery that drive to drink as drink that drives to and produces poverty and misery. And fortunately, poverty and misery are largely matters within the community's control." In a few days he felt better and hoped to return to work.

[*To Lord Strathclyde.*]

"SWANSTON COTTAGE, *January* 8, 1920.— . . . Your offer to drive me up to Court until, like Samson, my locks grow again, will just make all the difference to me. I hope to avail myself of your kindness on Tuesday morning. Last night's hurricane won't be repaired till 2080! A giant ash planted by the town of Edinburgh when they acquired this ground and a servitude of the Swanston water in 1761 was blown down last night. Also the whole side of an enclosure used by the gardener for leaf mould, etc. The eastern neighbour of the ash, a great elm, suffered a similar fate some years ago. I am now going to replace them by a beech and an oak, partly because neither of these comes to maturity so soon. Many, if not most of the elms here, planted in 1761, are like the rest of us, beginning to go down the hill, whereas the oaks and the beeches are as yet only in middle life. My wife is much better and so am I. I am very weak and useless, but I feel the tide of life beginning to flow again, although not as in the Solway!"

But his progress was disappointingly slow, and a week later the Justice-Clerk is writing:

"*Jan.* 15, 1920.

"MY DEAR GUTHRIE—I think it will be far better for you to continue in the country over the week-end and start on Tuesday with the seven judges' shipping case, which is down for that date.—Believe me yours,

"CHARLES SCOTT DICKSON."

He struggled through the winter session, then after a brief visit to his sister Mrs. Williamson, and to his eldest son Thomas, settled in medical practice in Rock Ferry, was at Swanston again in the last days of March. There he remained for a week till Easter Monday, April 5, when he went to a nursing home, for a "rest cure" as he thought. During those last days at Swanston he was bright and cheerful as ever. But he slept badly, he was losing weight, and once or twice spoke of feeling "unaccountably tired." With the aid of his friend Miss MacDonald, who with her mother was then living for a time at the Bungalow, he attended to his correspondence. A pretty story attaches to one of these letters—the last in his life about Stevenson. It came from an unknown American, a

Stevenson admirer, who had longed to see Scotland and visit the Scott and Stevenson country. But after a long illness he had been forbidden to think of crossing the ocean, and now he wrote begging only for a leaf of ivy, or a pressed flower, or any little souvenir of the kind from Stevenson's Swanston. The American was practical as well as sentimental, and when Guthrie found enclosed an international coupon for reply-postage, he exclaimed, "Well, in all the appeals for help of any kind that I have ever received, this is the first which has contained anything for postage." He took trouble in looking out a variety of things for his unknown correspondent, including a copy of the Cummy booklet, and Miss MacDonald was enjoined to gather ivy: "Get a little spray with a root, it may grow and that would please him greatly." And the thoughtful American was rewarded by a parcel far exceeding the postal value of his coupon!

The last books Lord Guthrie read or re-read at Swanston were Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor* and *The Fair Maid of Perth.* He was cheerful and confident that in a week or two he would be out again and back to Swanston. But there was much sleeplessness and loss of appetite. "Nurse Ross weighed me: 10 stone 7 lbs. is the lightest I have been for many and many a day." On the 11th: "Still sleepless and without appetite and skin irritable. But no catarrh of stomach and a general feeling of being rested. Doctor thinks I should remain some days, and then try change of air and more exercise at Swanston." Next day: "I shall be here all the week, I expect. Then I shall try the effect of the change at Swanston unless my appetite has come fully back."

Beloved Swanston was never far from his thoughts. To Miss MacDonald he wrote one day: "Don't forget the minute details. I was charmed with your account of Scott [his gardener] and the birds' nests. Are birds building in the boxes on the trees in front of the cottage? The permanent burn ought now to encourage water birds. Are all the daffodils out in front of the cottage and down in the kitchen-garden? Any wallflower showing?" On another day: "The daily budget from Swanston is a daily delight, and the daffodils, the violets, beautiful and fragrant, rejoice my heart. All your details about Swanston itself—the plants, lily of the valley, the birds' nests, 'my heart beguile.' You cannot give me too many, and you cannot be too minute." He took a lively interest in

a relative's wedding and wanted to hear news of everything going on. On 14th April he writes cheerily to his wife, who was herself ill.

"MY DEAREST LOVE— . . . Please God, we shall both pull through yet, and be restored to each other again. I wish it with all my heart.—Your most loving husband."

But to the members of the family who called he was obviously far from well; he soon got tired talking, and the visits were of short duration. He liked to have letters read to him and gave short instructions about answering them.

"*April* 18.—Nature and time seem the only remedies with rest and as much food as I can swallow without nausea. . . . I have been getting from Swanston daffodils, primroses, violets, forget-me-nots, and sweet-william and japonica. Miss MacDonald has twice left big selections at the door. You may be able to drive out and have tea with Victoria at the Gate House."

On the 19th he wrote a short note to Lord Strathclyde—it proved to be the last:

"MY DEAR STRATHCLYDE—This is very kind, the latest, I am not sure the last, of your many kindnesses to me these many years. I have found both the stimulating effect of a glass of the champagne (which may help to cause the gall bladder to send the digestive bile into the stomach and not into the blood, as it is doing just now) and also the soporific. I am hopeful that another glass at bedtime may help me to sleep. I greatly valued and was helped by your kind letter, and by your gracious reception of my daughter Anne and her husband, John Priestman—a fine specimen of the best English Quaker stock. The Justice-Clerk has arranged for my being away, if necessary (which I hope it may not be) till October. This is a great relief to my mind. I shall like to put in my fifteen years if I can. These expire in the end of next year, 1921. Jaundice is the trouble. For my colour see the cover of *Cornhill*. Once this disappears I shall improve. It is very tedious. Delighted to hear that Lady Strathclyde has fairly got round the corner.—Yours always sincerely."

[*To Lady Guthrie.*]

"*April* 20.—I wonder indeed when I shall see you. It will be a glad meeting whenever it comes. Life seems drab without your beautiful smile of welcome and love

which has never failed me all these forty-four years. God bless you, dear, for all you have been to me. But you don't want to see the Yellow Peril! I thought this morning when I woke at 10 A.M. that the jaundice must be gone. I was feeling so much better. But the mirror, alas, does not confirm this. Result—that appetite still keeps away."

"*Wednesday, April* 21.—DEAR WOMAN—I shall wait more or less patiently for the turn of the tide. To-day I have had a great thirst quenched by champagne, cider, lemon squash, and, far best of all, cold water! . . . I would dearly love to come and see you. But really I am not a sicht for sair een. I hope I shall be able to return home some time next week."

"*Thursday.*—DEAR OLD BUDS—I love to think you like my letters. I would write at length now. But I am very drowsy and tired, symptoms I hope of convalescence. I am certainly less jaundiced, more silvery and less golden than I was. . . . God bless you, Beloved, for all you have been to your most loving CHARLES J. GUTHRIE."

With this benediction on his lips he passes into the silence. His wish was granted to be taken home in the week following, but convalescence did not come. For two or three days he lay in growing weakness. It was a comfort to him during his last days to be surrounded by those near and dear to him; his eldest son Tom had come to Edinburgh and waited on him with affectionate devotion. On the evening of Tuesday 27th Lady Guthrie was carried up to his room in a chair, and remained with him for ten or fifteen minutes. This was the last time she saw him in life. Next day, Wednesday the 28th April 1920, he grew visibly weaker and passed peacefully away surrounded by members of his family.

CHAPTER XXIV

IMPRESSIONS AND MEMORIES

In considering Lord Guthrie's life there grows up in the mind a sense not only of its interest and variety but of its fullness, its completeness. He was himself, as he wrote of Gladstone, a man of religion and a man of affairs, a Puritan and a man of the world. He had high mental endowments, and he cultivated the talents entrusted to him to their utmost. He had large opportunities, and life was enriched and character deepened and strengthened by every experience which his opportunities brought. But personal or selfish ends—success, money, position, advancement—were not the ends he set before him in life. The art of living was to him something larger and richer. So he conceived it as a young man, and to his early ideals he remained true. What impresses one is his constant effort to touch other lives, to bring to them in some way help, strength, uplift, cheer. That he succeeded in large measure appears from the response which came from different quarters. He achieved professional success, he made money, he secured advancement, but these things were not the true harvest of his life. He won something which he accounted of greater value. Dr. John Kelman, who knew him well, wrote to him on one occasion words which are a remarkable testimony: "There is no man to whom I owe strengthening and guidance of spirit as much as to yourself. Every touch of you is to me what the 'little touch of Harry in the night' was to the soldiers before Agincourt." A stranger, after listening to one of his speeches in South Africa, was moved to open his heart and reveal to him in a remarkable letter the secret wounds and sorrows of his life. He felt it brought relief and strength to unburden his soul to such a man. Lord Rosebery's message to the widowed Lady Guthrie contains all in few words: "I held your dear husband in

the highest honour and regard." Lord Shaw, recalling his public actions, writes: "Guthrie was a good man and a very fine citizen. His advocacy of any cause gave it strength and dignity, and association with him revealed his thoughtfulness and inbred courtesy of mind." Principal Whyte describes happily the impression of his character and the nature of his influence: "Your husband never knew the half of how much I loved and honoured him. It is the simple truth that I never shook hands with your husband without feeling honoured and refreshed and strengthened thereby. And no wonder; for he was a Christian gentleman of a rare distinction. . . . And tens of thousands will to-day be saying and deeply feeling that both Edinburgh and the whole land will long miss the strengthening and sweetening presence of Lord Guthrie." Another who knew him much less intimately felt the double attraction of his heart and mind.

"BISHOPTHORPE, YORK.

"DEAR LADY GUTHRIE— . . . I was always greatly impressed by the width of his sympathies and the kindness of his heart, as well as by his clear, shrewd, and strong Scottish intellect. He carried on the traditions which in Edinburgh bind literature and law together, but chiefly I always felt the simplicity and sincerity of his Christian faith.—Yours sincerely, COSMO EBOR."

Amid many variations in detail the pictures drawn by men in different walks of life who had intercourse with Charles Guthrie bear a striking resemblance.

Mr. Hugh P. Macmillan, K.C., writes: "Although I possess little in writing from my old friend I have what is much more valuable, a memory of his unfailing kindness to me, and of his constant encouragement during the trying period which every young advocate has to face at the outset of his professional life. During the session of 1896–97 I spent as a pupil many interesting hours in his study at 13 Royal Circus, and received there my first initiation into the mysteries of practice. I can never forget the trouble which my master took to make plain to me the points of cases and the proper way of handling them. I admired the thoroughness of his preparation, and I confess I caught the infection of his habit of marking his papers with coloured pencils. He had a great delight in the stationer's appurtenances of

his craft! When in later years I came to plead before him he always seemed to me to exhibit the best qualities of the judicial temperament. Patience, courtesy, and thoroughness were his conspicuous gifts on the bench. Those are the qualities of a good judge, not always, unhappily, possessed by some who have earned the title of great judges."

The next is a Greek—an exceptional Greek. His reminiscences, artlessly told, remind us of the spell which his country laid on the young Scotch advocate when he first visited it, and how loyally he supported the struggling cause of evangelical religion there. Xenophon P. Moschou was recommended to Mr. Guthrie's care about 1883–84. Later he was pastor for many years at Smyrna and is now joint pastor of the Evangelical Church in Athens and Piraeus. "My first acquaintance with him was on my first Monday in Edinburgh. On seeing him I was at once struck by his genial and open-hearted manner. I could then speak no English, and could with difficulty make myself understood in French, but I could make out what he kindly tried to make me understand, that he would arrange for me to live as a boarder at a minister's widow's house, where there was an Italian young man studying theology in the New College, where I would also matriculate. He further told me that he would come himself to the hotel to conduct me to the house. At the appointed hour he appeared in a carriage, paid the hotelkeeper, and we drove together to 20 Chalmers Street. When we arrived at the house he walked in and spoke to the landlady, Mrs. Cameron, and then he appeared and beckoned to me to come up. I was introduced to the landlady and turned to fetch my things, when to my amazement I saw him taking up my valise and sauntering up the stairs. In vain I remonstrated and tried to take it from him. No; he insisted to carry it upstairs himself. Such gentleness of manner, such humbleness of spirit, such kindness I had never seen before. He captivated my affection from the very first, and all through my stay in Edinburgh I looked up to him as a heaven-sent elder brother. And he did show himself as such towards me. Notwithstanding his extensive business all that time at the Bar, he always found time to think of me and of my needs as to clothing and books, and he never ceased widening the circle of my acquaintances by introducing me to his own friends. He even thought of old Baroness

Ruthven, a great friend of the Greeks, and caused an invitation to come to me from Winton Castle. There, above the historic importance of the place and the exceedingly valuable collection of pictures, I saw family worship conducted after breakfast in a special room where all the household were assembled. It was to me a revelation of the secret of happiness and prosperity so apparent in Scotland at that time. Family worship and the keeping of the Sabbath were the two things I admired most in bonnie Scotland. Charles J. Guthrie's interest in me did not abate when I left for my work among the Greeks, nor did he lessen in any degree his friendship when he was so justly promoted to be Sheriff, and when later he was made Lord Guthrie. He always made my wife and myself sharers in the news of the family and in the impressions of his extensive travels. His interest in Gospel work among the Greeks was commensurate with the joy he expressed for any signs of progress and growth amid the great difficulties that blocked the way and which he so well understood."

Many years later Lord Guthrie met at Lovedale in South Africa Dr. Roberts, an eminent man of science, who was appointed a member of the Senate to act as adviser of the Government on Native matters. The impression he made on Dr. Roberts is conveyed in these striking words. "How many did he help; what sweet simplicity; what fullness of knowledge; what gracious kindness; what purity of soul."

His cousins Sisters Gertrude and Frances Burns of the Ursuline Convent, Greenwich, offer "a small tribute of love" to express their "profound esteem and appreciation of his character and person and many-sided qualities of mind and heart." "Through circumstances we only met our beloved cousin when late in life; we seemed to understand each other at once. When in London he never missed an opportunity of paying a visit to his cousins at Greenwich, where he was always warmly welcomed. Though widely differing from them in his religious views he respected every creed and showed a kindly feeling and esteem for those who differed from him in the practice of another religion than his own. To us, his Roman Catholic cousins he ever showed the utmost esteem and affection. He even went out of his way on several occasions to say something nice about Catholics whom he frequently met in different parts of the world during his travels. In

corresponding with his cousins he told them of his favourable impressions of the Monasteries and religious institutions which he visited in foreign countries. When seeing a place for the first time he would send us a pictorial card with useful information regarding it. While at home photos of the family, views of Swanston Cottage, etc., reached us frequently, or a magazine or newspaper with special articles from his pen were promptly sent to us: in fact, wherever he was his thought seemed to follow us. A strong link of sympathy existed between us. One could not help loving his eminently sympathetic nature. His departure from us came all too soon, and quite unexpectedly. His death has left a blank in our lives which can never be filled. Lord Guthrie was truly great in every sense of the word and a thorough Christian."

It is a satisfaction to be able to complete and crown these reminiscences and impressions with a study from the pen of one who was a distinguished contemporary at the Bar and on the Bench, and from intimate association through many years knew what manner of man Charles Guthrie was. Lord Strathclyde does not, as he indicates, cover the whole ground: he would, I think, entitle his study, "Lord Guthrie as I Knew Him." Whether we liken it to a portrait painted by a skilful brush or to an etching wrought by lines deft and clean, there stands before the reader a picture of the man vivid, true, masterly; to those who remember him almost uncanny in some of its touches which make Charles Guthrie live and breathe again before them.

"Although I think I may count myself one of his most intimate friends that does not imply so much as it would seem. In some cases—not so many as is generally believed, I think—intimate friendship does imply a knowledge of your friend's innermost motives and feelings, and thoughts on all subjects—even the most personal and sacred. It was not so in the case of Guthrie. I do not say he was peculiar in this. Most Scotsmen are the same: but in his case the national peculiarity was, or seemed to be, accentuated. No man I ever knew had on his list such a numerous and varied crowd of what the world conventionally terms friends, but whom I should be disposed to call 'agreeable acquaintances.' For Guthrie had a quite remarkable facility for forming agreeable acquaintances. If I may use a hackneyed expression, he 'made a favourable impression' everywhere he went, and in his time

he went about more than most men. He was, in the best sense of the word, an affable man—naturally and quite unaffectedly affable. He was at perfect ease in any society. There was not about him the faintest trace of pushing or thrusting. He had not to make his way; his way seemed to be made for him wherever he went. And this was due to many causes. He was not gushing or effusive; and although quite free from vanity or self-conceit he was not unduly deferential. He never thought he was conferring a favour in addressing any one—however humble. Equally he never felt it to be an honour of which he was unworthy to be addressed by any man—even an Archbishop or a Lord High Chancellor. And he had both on his list. In short he met all men on perfectly equal terms—took them as he found them, and expected they would do the same by him. And if they did, it was always a genuine pleasure to meet Guthrie. He held, I know, strong and decided opinions on certain great topics; but he never obtruded them either in private conversation or in public. He was never dogmatic; he never sought to thrust his views down your throat; he rather suggested views than sought to argue them. He was much more anxious to elicit your opinions than to express his own. He took no pleasure in trying to convince you that his views were right. He was the least combative of men—even in Court. He was a capital listener, and—to the last—an eager inquirer. And this was very striking in the case of a man who, in his time, was the champion of so many causes. His method of approach, however, easily accounted for the seeming lack of *vim*. Hortatory injunctions were not in his line. He laid the facts as they appeared to him persuasively before his hearers, and trusted to their intelligence for the cause to win its own way. Sweet reasonableness was always his line of attack, flavoured with a touch of kindly and gentle humour, of which he was a master. Nothing could be further from his nature than a petulant desire to have his own way. And thus to even casual acquaintances and hearers, he displayed what those who knew him as well as he could be known, always recognised as the leading trait in his character, a supreme placidity, urbanity, imperturbable tranquillity. It seemed beyond the range of possibility 'to put him about.' Nothing disturbed his 'even keel.' I have seen him frequently during our long acquaintance at the Bar in the most trying and difficult and exasperating situations.

What practising counsel has ever escaped the like? But I never once saw Guthrie apparently disconcerted. To all appearance everything was going just as he anticipated and desired. Nothing came amiss to him. I never heard him utter a hasty word or show the slightest sign of vexation or disappointment at the apparently most complete disaster. It may be said this is just as it ought to be in the case of any experienced counsel. Perhaps. But it certainly very rarely is so. Human nature will out—even in the case of the most hardened pleader. But in Guthrie this imperturbability *was* his human nature. It required with him no apparent exercise of powers of repression or restraint to keep cool. It was in the very nature of the man to live impervious to mishaps, however severe and unexpected. So at all events it seemed. For in private life and conduct it was the same. No man I ever knew was so perfect an embodiment of the doctrines of the Stoic as Guthrie. He had no vain regrets, no laments, no longings and yearnings. To him everything was for the best, 'in the best of all possible worlds.' Of course, the best test whether this apparent calmness was natural or the result of conscious effort, was his demeanour in domestic life. With most men, the home circle offers the most testing environment and of my own knowledge I cannot speak here. I never had the good fortune to see him 'in the bosom of his family.' But near the end of his life I asked his daughter Anne if she had ever seen her father 'upset.' Her answer was, 'Only once.' The occasion was some purely domestic affair into which, of course, I did not seek to probe. I feel sure this is a bit of illuminating evidence. It was precisely what any one who knew the man would conjecture. As I sometimes told him, to be with him or against him on a hot panting day, in a crowded Court, in an anxious case, was as refreshing as a cold bath. A hot, flushed Guthrie was beyond the bounds of conception. His calmness under all circumstances seemed superhuman.

"It is sometimes said that you never know a man thoroughly till you share in his recreation as well as see him at his work. If that be true, then few outside his family circle had an opportunity of knowing Guthrie thoroughly, for, so far as I know, he never at any period of his life gave himself to physical recreations or indoor games. But he travelled much in the New World and the Old; he visited and was at home in all the great

"THE JOLLY JUDGES."

LORD GUTHRIE. LORD STRATHCLYDE.

AT THE GATEHOUSE DOOR,
SWANSTON COTTAGE.

picture galleries of Europe; he dabbled in Scottish history and antiquities; he met and conversed with all manner of interesting people; and in his later years at all events, he seemed to me to take an ever deepening interest in the habits and ways of the ordinary man. But in games and amusements and sport generally, so far as I know, he took little or no interest. He loved to visit places to which some historical association was attached; but natural scenery in itself and for itself did not seem to impress him much. So at all events I thought. Thus it would never have occurred to me to invite Guthrie to a walk across the Pentlands, even by the nearer paths—much less by the Bore Stone, or the Cauldstane Slap, or the Covenanter's Grave. Yet he was ready on suitable occasion to stroll up the hill beside his beloved Swanston to visit some well-known 'howff' of R. L. Stevenson. I remember well one perfect July afternoon we motored round the Gareloch together. The view of Argyll's Bowling Green was sublime; but he paid little attention to the hills or the loch. By and by we reached the clachan of Roseneath, and it suddenly occurred to me that there was an ancient burying-ground there. So we stopped and entered it; and soon Guthrie was wandering about among the tombs, deciphering old inscriptions and speculating on the habits and beliefs of the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet.' This was very obviously much more to his liking than the picturesque environment of the old churchyard. On another fair autumn day we meditated a 'jaunt' by steamer. There were many fascinating routes to choose from, but he fastened at once upon the Holy Loch, because there we could land at Kilmun and visit the burying-place of the Argylls. Strange to say, it was his first and only visit to that interesting spot. Now I by no means suggest that Guthrie was dead to the impressions which great natural beauty makes on many men of his apparent bent. Flowers and plants and trees he delighted in, and knew much about. All I mean to say is that I would have expected to find him take much greater pleasure than he apparently did in the grand features of Nature.

"When one says of a man that he is not addicted to any of the customary outdoor or indoor recreations, it is easy to give a false impression. You are apt to figure a gloomy creature, austere, rigid, and despondent. Nothing could be further from the truth as a picture of Guthrie.

I never knew any man who so habitually looked upon the bright side of life. He was a cheerful optimist if ever there could be such a being in the world as we now see it. A traveller in many lands, a lover of art, a keen student of human nature, he was certainly no blind and ignorant believer in the progress of the world to betterment. And he had a keen enjoyment in the simple innocent pleasures of life. I well remember the zest with which he sallied forth with me, even in gloomy winter afternoons, for tea and a quiet 'crack' at Swanston. The caretaker provided tea, and Guthrie and I carried in our pockets our other requirements. And he thoroughly enjoyed the little dinner-parties which, during the winter of 1918–19, the Lord Justice-Clerk (Scott-Dickson) and he and I gave at the club to the lecturers at the 'Philosophical'! He, without much persuading, came one evening to grand opera—for the first time in his life, I believe, although he was always a lover of good music and a constant concert-goer. I chose for him Gounod's *Faust*—a great favourite of mine. *More suo*, Guthrie studied the libretto days beforehand, and was enraptured by the performance. Happily it was very well given. On another occasion he departed, with a quiet smile of assent, still further from the even tenor of his way, and came to see one of Bernard Shaw's plays—*Candida* was my choice. He enjoyed the play; but I think he enjoyed even more a little supper party at my house afterwards where he met the actors and actresses whom we had seen perform. I never saw him at more perfect ease than when he was in conversation with 'the play-actors.' They were delighted with his happy flow of talk; and some of them—votaries of Stevenson—paid him a visit at Swanston a few days later. For genuine, thorough, placid enjoyment of life's homely pleasures I never met Guthrie's equal. And it must be remembered that all that I have just recounted occurred in the closing years of his life.

"Although he was a good *raconteur*, Guthrie had few or none of the stories of 'Bench and Bar' which lawyers are supposed to delight in. His interests, it seemed to me, lay in quite other directions; cheerful, friendly man as he was, he had no time and, as I thought, no inclination for gossip, in the corridor or at the fireplace. He was always a busy man, not by any means an exceptionally rapid worker, but thorough and careful in all his tasks.

Hence ordinary palaver during the usual working day was obviously not in his scheme of life. In man and his works and ways, then, he found his keenest enjoyment, an enjoyment which seemed to me to deepen and intensify as years advanced. Often he used to say to me that most biographies lost their savour on account of the failure of the biographer to record details—even trifles—about the mode of life, personal character and appearance, little oddities and idiosyncrasies, of the subject of the biography. 'I cannot,' he said, 'without these details, form any true picture of the man. His personality gets so often drowned in the events of contemporary history.' And true to this predilection of his, he did, in private letters to friends, and sometimes in private conversation, lift the curtain and reveal some of his own daily habits which fell outside the ways of ordinary man. But he was always guarded and reserved in this region. If he had strong likes and dislikes he never expressed them. I rather think he had so disciplined his natural equanimity as to have ceased to feel them. So at all events it seemed; for I never heard a hasty or impatient expression cross his lips. He was, as is well known, a strong temperance reformer, and he sometimes spoke to me on the subject after he had gone on the Bench. But he was moderate, sane, and tolerant in all his expressions. Immediately he became a judge, he considered it to be his duty to sever all connection with temperance organisations of every kind, and ceased to take any part in public advocacy of the cause. Being the man he was, I need scarcely say he never introduced religious topics into private conversation. I presumed he was throughout life what we are accustomed to call an 'orthodox Christian,' but I cannot tell. Beyond an occasional remark about the injury he thought had been done to Christianity in Scotland by undue attention given to the Old Testament and undue emphasis laid on its teaching I never heard him touch upon the topic. He certainly, in all his dealings with men, behaved as a Christian ought. What his beliefs were, like a wise man, he kept to himself. He was a loyal son of the Free Kirk; but assuredly he was no bigot. I have said nothing and mean to say nothing, of his views as a politician, or his attainments as a lawyer. That lies altogether outside the scope of this note. Nor do I dwell, as his biographer assuredly must, on his conspicuous merits as a citizen. There were few good causes in which Guthrie did not

play a leading part. His civic virtues were truly on the grand scale; and I know will have justice done to them. I speak of him merely as an old personal friend who without gush, apparently without emotion, equable, serene at all times, won his way as a kindly man into many hearts."

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