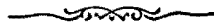




L I F E  
OF  
JOHN KENNEDY, D.D.

BY  
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AUTHOR OF "MINISTERS AND MEN IN THE FAR NORTH," ETC.



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## P R E F A C E.

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ALTHOUGH I had frequent opportunities of intercourse and considerable correspondence with Dr. Kennedy, yet distance of place prevented such close and continuous association with him as would have enabled me to do adequate justice to his memory. But having been asked to prepare this volume for the press, my personal affection for him, and admiration of him as a minister of the Gospel, induced me to attempt it.

The present work, therefore, can only be regarded as a contribution to a life and labours replete with interest and importance. But, such as it is, I entertain the belief that it will be heartily welcomed by not a few.

A. A.

OLRIG, *January* 1887.

# CONTENTS.

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## CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
YOUTH—COLLEGE YEARS—SPIRITUAL CHANGE . . . . .	I

## CHAPTER II.

DIARY—LICENSE—REV. MR. STEWART. . . . .	10
---	----

## CHAPTER III.

SETTLEMENT IN DINGWALL—NOTICES OF WORTHIES—PAS- TORAL WORK—MARRIAGE—FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS—VISIT OF REV. MR. SPURGEON . . . . .	45
--	----

## CHAPTER IV.

METHOD OF STUDY—"DAYS OF THE FATHERS"—"APOSTLE OF THE NORTH"—CALLS . . . . .	73
---	----

## CHAPTER V.

STATE OF RELIGION IN THE HIGHLANDS—MR. KENNEDY'S RELATION THERETO—CHARACTER—MINISTERIAL GIFTS . . .	83
--	----

## CHAPTER VI.

TESTIMONIES TO USEFULNESS—A STUDENT'S IMPRESSIONS— RECOLLECTIONS OF A CO-PRESBYTER . . . . .	104
---	-----

## CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS—LABOURS—PUBLIC QUESTIONS—SPEECHES. . . . .	126
--	-----



## CHAPTER VIII.

VISITS TO CAITHNESS—LETTERS—MR. D. DUFF—DR. H. MARTIN	PAGE 142
---	-------------

## CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO AMERICA—HOME WORK—ILLNESS—LETTERS	162
--	-----

## CHAPTER X.

LETTERS—SOJOURN IN FLORENCE—DISESTABLISHMENT	183
--	-----

## CHAPTER XI.

FAILURE OF HEALTH—LETTERS—STROME FERRY CASE— JOURNEY TO ROME.	204
--	-----

## CHAPTER XII.

CORRESPONDENCE—HOME JOURNEY—LAST DAYS—CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS	224
---	-----

## APPENDIX.

I. PASTORAL LETTER	251
II. PASTORAL ADDRESS	257
III. NOTES OF SERMONS PREACHED AT THURSO AND DORNOCH	268
IV. EXTRACTS FROM PUBLIC LECTURES—	
1. America	292
2. "The Times we Live in"	304
3. "The Land we Live in"	310
4. Society Examined by Conic Sections	311
5. Shams	315
6. "Bigot" a Name and a Nickname	319
7. Freedom of Thought	323

# JOHN KENNEDY, D.D.

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## CHAPTER I.

### YOUTH—COLLEGE YEARS—SPIRITUAL CHANGE.

JOHN KENNEDY was born in Killearnan Manse on 15th August 1819. He was fourth son of Rev. John Kennedy, minister of that parish. His mother was Jessie Mackenzie, daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, Ledbeg, Assynt; lineal descendant of the Mackenzies of Royston.

The character of Mr. Kennedy, Killearnan, has been fully portrayed in "The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire." We need, therefore, only to say here that he was a man of eminently saintly life and a preacher of rare unction, whose labours were much blessed for the winning of souls to Christ, and for the edifying of the Lord's people, many of whom gathered to his ministry from great distances.

John Kennedy's home environments were very precious. They did not, however, tell sensibly on his spiritual state at the time he enjoyed them. But that silent impressions were left is evident from his after poignant regret at not having improved these privileges while they lasted. His love and admiration of his father were singularly strong; feelings

which were prompted not merely by the natural relation, but by the excellence of that father's character.

He received his early education at the grammar-school of his native parish, the most conspicuous part of the instruction given there being the Latin language. That he was an apt scholar appears in his being able to conjugate a Latin verb at six years of age.

When about seventeen he was sent to Aberdeen University, and went through the usual Arts course. He does not seem to have applied himself to his studies at that period with more than a moderate degree of diligence, nor to have aimed at distinction in his classes. But, from his native vigour of mind, he easily obtained the degree of Master of Arts, and carried off several prizes, both in books and money.

During one college vacation he made a tour through Scotland, visiting the large cities of his native land and places of historic interest. During another vacation he was invited by Mr. Lillingstone of Lochalsh to pay him a long summer visit. Mr. Lillingstone was an English gentleman whose Christian character and influence were widely known, as well as his liberal efforts towards the extension of Christ's Kingdom. While residing with him, John Kennedy often accompanied his host in his yacht, which was supplied with Bibles and tracts, to be given to the crews of the vessels so frequently passing along the western coast of Scotland, and in the distribution of these he took a deep interest. The visitors in that hospitable mansion were often the excellent of the earth, and association with them was a lasting benefit. Mr. Lillingstone's name is not now found among the landed gentry of Ross-shire, the estate having been sold, but his memory lives in the district.

Another summer vacation was passed by John Kennedy at Kishorn, the residence of his uncle, Mr. Alexander Kennedy. It was then he acquired most of the Gaelic he knew, but he did not consider himself a proficient in that language, and never studied in it.

He was, however, always adding to his philological lore wherever he went in the Highlands. Angus Munro, Catechist at Gairloch, gave him many theological terms which he had coined for himself. The intercourse between the two was unique. Angus Munro generally had a number of unsolved mental and spiritual problems, which he hoped to get solved when he met with "Maishter Ian." This led to an admiring friendship on both sides, for Angus had a most metaphysical mind, and in his retired locality lived in a region all his own; therefore he was much delighted when he met with one who could patiently listen to and appreciate his train of thought, and help him out of his difficulties.

In 1840 Mr. Kennedy entered the Divinity Hall. That he was not then duly impressed with the importance and responsibility of the office of the ministry will appear from the following narrative, furnished by Rev. John Mackay, late of Cullen, who was his fellow-student—a narrative which those interested in Dr. Kennedy's life will value, as furnishing an account of the time and occasion of that spiritual change which, while all-important to himself, gave to his future career that elevation of aim and intensity of purpose which characterised it.

"It was in the winter of 1840 that I became acquainted with the late Dr. Kennedy. We were then fellow-students in the Established Church Theological Hall, Aberdeen. Though occupying separate rooms, we lodged in the same house in

School-Hill, which led to our frequent intercourse. We generally were companions in our daily walk from the new to the old town—a walk rendered necessary by the inconvenient arrangement existing before the union of Marischal and King's Colleges, which required attendance at both; Church history and Biblical criticism being taught in the one, and systematic theology in the other. In common with many others, Mr. Kennedy felt that the daily journey in the depth of winter which that arrangement implied was but barely compensated by the professorial prelections, which, though undoubtedly able, sound, and evangelical in the letter, and clear as an icicle, were at the same time equally cold. They certainly were but little fitted to stimulate the youthful minds of the students or inspire them with professional enthusiasm. To me, however, it brought the advantage of almost daily intercourse with Mr. Kennedy, and afforded me the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with his character and sentiments. Though a most instructive and agreeable companion, as it appeared to me, there was not much in his conversation to give any special promise of that high-toned personal piety and power as a preacher by which he afterwards became distinguished. Indeed, the stage was then believed to possess nearly as great attractions for him as the pulpit, while the fictions of Walter Scott occupied fully more of his time than the facts of John Calvin's 'Institutes.'

"I am not aware that he ever entered a theatre—at anyrate after his enrolment as a student of Divinity; but his taste for light literature continued. Apart from this, there was nothing in his character or conduct outwardly inconsistent with his profession. But to his intimate acquaintances there appeared

a want of that high sense of the sacredness and solemnity of the ministerial office which might be expected in a son of 'the minister of Killearnan,' and that son an aspirant to the Gospel ministry. Mr. Kennedy's religion—if such it can be called—seemed to consist of little more than a strong dislike to a cold and heartless moderatism, a high admiration and peculiarly warm affection for his venerated father, and great confidence in the efficacy of that father's prayers—a confidence which, in his own case, proved to be well founded. Scarcely had that 'good and faithful servant' of Christ entered into 'the joy of his Lord,' ere he heard the glad tidings that his prayers were at length answered, and that the younger son, 'once dead, was now alive.' In the 'joy in heaven' caused by that event, how largely must his glorified spirit have shared, and all the more that the death of the father had proved the means of the life of the son! To this fact Dr. Kennedy himself refers in his prefatory note to the Memoir of the 'Minister of Killearnan' in his 'Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire;' where, in reference to his father's death, he says—'The memory of that loss I can bear to recall, as I cherish the hope that his death was the means of uniting us in bonds that shall never be broken.'

"I have still a vivid recollection of the circumstances connected with that event which so changed the whole current of his life. Early in January of 1841 we were together in his room, when our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a fellow-student, a native of Killearnan, wearing a very sad expression of countenance. Struck with his appearance, Mr. Kennedy, who was in a particularly frolicsome humour at the time, jocularly asked him, 'What's the matter with you, man? Have you seen a ghost?' The young man

remained silent, having evidently no heart for the intelligence he had come to deliver. Alarmed at his silence, Mr. Kennedy anxiously inquired, 'What has happened? Have you heard any bad news from Redcastle?' 'It is no good news I have heard,' said the messenger; adding after a pause, 'I had a letter this morning, and I hear your father is seriously ill.' In an instant the whole truth seemed to flash upon him, and with a look of anguish he exclaimed, 'Is my father gone?' 'I fear he is,' was the sad reply. Without uttering a word, Mr. Kennedy turned away slowly, walked into his bedroom, and with a half-stifled cry or moan threw himself upon his bed, where, without undressing, he lay until an early hour in the morning, when he left for home by the 'Defiance' coach then running between Aberdeen and Inverness. Within a fortnight he returned to Aberdeen another, and to all appearance a new, man. No change could be more complete than that which was visible in his whole nature. His former indifference to Divine things had given place in his mind to deep seriousness, his self-sufficiency to self-abasement, the things of time to the things of eternity—'Old things had passed away, all things had become new.' The new song alone seemed to be wanting. Perhaps he had not then fully closed with the Gospel offer. Whatever was the cause, he did not then profess to experience much of the peace which flows from believing and a well-grounded assurance of sin forgiven, and certainly he knew nothing of those raptures and high joys of which we now-a-days hear so much, but which too often prove so deceptive. His mind during that period, and until the close of the session, appeared to me to be chiefly occupied with that deep sense of the majesty and sovereignty of God, the purity of the Divine law, and the 'exceeding sin-

fulness of sin' which is the best preparative for an intelligent and saving appreciation of the Gospel remedy. This state of mind was pretty apparent in the popular discourse which about this time he had to deliver in the Hall, a discourse which was described from the professorial chair as 'containing much that was excellent, and which gave promise of future eminence, but at the same time too Methodistical in its tone and spirit'—a thing which he was advised against. 'I have no ambition for any higher praise,' was his remark to me on our way home; 'if that be the spirit of Methodism, I trust it shall never cease to be one of the characteristics of my pulpit ministrations.' In fine, though not disposed himself to say much on the subject of his change, it was evident to those who knew him best that the exercise of his mind and the discipline to which he was then subjected were well fitted and designed by the Lord to prepare him for future usefulness, and for that place in the Church which he afterwards occupied, as one of the ablest, most faithful, and most highly honoured of His servants."

As narrated above, John Kennedy returned to his home immediately on hearing of his father's death. Arriving at Killearnan Manse, he was so overcome that he could not enter the house, but retired to the garden, and there poured out his soul to God. Thither he was followed unobserved by Colin Forsyth, a man of God in the neighbourhood, who listened to his audible supplications. Referring to this incident afterwards, Colin would say, "He became a man of prayer before he became a preacher, and to my mind his prayers were always ahead of his preaching."

Of the states of mind through which he passed ere he returned again to Aberdeen the writer can speak, these having



been minutely rehearsed to him by Dr. Kennedy long afterwards, and they may be briefly comprehended in three distinct aspects.

(1.) "Indescribable agony of mind under a sense of sin against God, especially in the neglect of the admonitions, instructions, and example of his father, now lost to him for ever.

(2.) Striving to keep himself from sinking into utter despair of God's mercy by betaking himself to prayer and to meditation on passages of Scripture.

(3.) An apprehension that the way of salvation by Jesus Christ was opened in the Gospel to the very chief of sinners.

The means employed to lead him to this apprehension were chiefly conversations with Colin Forsyth, who, discerning his great distress, spoke to him fitly and seasonably. That "the hope set before him in the Gospel" he sincerely embraced with a faith which, though *weak in degree* compared with his overwhelming misery, was yet *saving in its nature*, he himself afterwards believed; and although it failed to lift him into the region of joyful confidence, it yet kept him cleaving to the Lord and to His Word of Promise. This may explain the foregoing remark of Mr. M'Kay as to his not apparently enjoying the full peace of the Gospel on his return to Aberdeen.

On resuming his studies, he had, from the altered family circumstances, now to provide for himself, and became tutor in the family of Dr. Henderson of Caskieben. While there he formed many friendships which lasted during life, and which death itself will not end. The only survivor of that once happy family, wrote after his death—"I believe, as a family,

we all became so attached to him from that time, that though we did not often have the high privilege of being near him, he never ceased to exercise an influence over us all. What a treasure he has left in his bright example to all who in any way came in contact with him ! ”

## CHAPTER II.

DIARY—LICENSE—REV. MR. STEWART.

It is with much satisfaction that we are able to present to the reader a Diary written by Mr. Kennedy, shortly after the deep and decided spiritual change through which he passed, and which is entitled by him "*Annotationes Quotidianæ*" (Daily Jottings).

If the disclosures of earnest struggles and conflicts made in this Diary were to fall only into the hands of those indifferent to Divine things, that might be a strong dissuasive from giving them publicity. But, on the other hand, there are many, we trust, who will cordially welcome this record as a mirror in which they will see reflected some exercises of soul through which, in one stage or other of their spiritual history, they themselves have passed.

The Diary also discovers the source whence Mr. Kennedy's ministry was enriched by its presentation to the people of God of their own perplexities and fears—how he could lay open to them their own heart-history. The secret lay in his having himself passed through these experiences. He was a "Greatheart" who well knew the road between "the wicket gate" and the "celestial city," and went at the head of successive companies of pilgrims, clearing their way of the enemies that beset them, discovering to them hidden snares and dangers, and cheering them on by word and deed.

The Diary also gives evidence of his mental vigour and matured powers of thought at the early age of twenty-one—of his intense aspirations after the knowledge and enjoyment of God—of his prayerfulness of spirit and watchfulness over heart within and life without, and of his dependence on the Holy Spirit for light and consolation.

The attentive reader will not fail to observe *two* frequently recurring states of mind; first, want of acquiescence in the arrangements of God's dealing with man in a covenant that required perfect obedience, but with which he becomes at length fully and adoringly satisfied; and second, his resting his confidence Godward solely on the free promise of Christ—"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

"ANNOTATIONES QUOTIDIANÆ.

"*September 24th, 1841.*—Felt this morning while on my knees somewhat humbled and assured when reflecting on, and being enabled in a measure to appropriate, the free offer of Christ, with all His fulness and in all His offices. On going downstairs was tempted by Satan to believe that I had renounced Christ. Relieved by these three short but unspeakably rich words, 'In no wise' (John vi. 37). What if the Bible wanted them! Found a hell within me rebelling during the day against God's right to charge the guilt of sin. Oh the flinty hardness of my heart, equalled only by its rebellion against the Creator, the Author of the law, the Ruler of providence, and the God of salvation! Wherever God is to be seen and found, thither will the hellish enmity of the human heart pursue to dishonour His holy name to His face, and vent its weak but infernal malice against the Most High. What is

hell?—a place where carnal hearts are unbridled by the justice of the Almighty, renouncing the restraints of His mercy and pity. Oh to have higher conceptions of the Almighty in His moral perfections, as shining forth in the sufferings of Christ, so as to make synonymous the terms, *sin* and *hell*! Lord, bring me down to my own place, so as to give Thine to Thee. Oh that I could feel somewhat of the power, of the glory, of the love, and the infinity of the humiliation of the Son of God, as illustrated in Phil ii. 6–8, and that I could comprehend that the death on the Cross was the death of God manifested in the flesh, and how the merit of such a death is infinite, how His life was more than an equivalent to justice for the lives of millions of sinful worms! I stumble on some unknown ledge which causes me to fall short of soul satisfaction in the death of Christ. May the Spirit of grace teach and lead me. Ignorance, enmity, and the devil are strong when they go together, and all the three lay snares for my understanding; but the Holy Ghost is almighty.

“25th.—Experienced while engaged in prayer somewhat of soul satisfaction in viewing the sufferings of Christ. Oh to find shore on the interminable continent of His Godhead and personality! See more of the holiness and justice of God than I experience of the drawing power of the love of Christ—am more engaged with the odiousness of sin than the love of the Redeemer. ‘Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’ What a wonder that He waited at my door for a second refusal! Fear I have not given Him my heart. I think I may say I would give it to none else. Were I assured that He would receive my soul, ’twere easier to give Him the heart. Blessed be His name for John vi. 37. My notions of faith need to be simplified; I do not yet comprehend the

Gospel, Isaiah lv. 1-3, particularly last clause of second verse: 'Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.' How rich! how Divinely generous! Let your soul delight itself in the person, work, offices, of Christ, and in His free and sovereign fulness of grace. I need to be drawn by the cords of love. Oh to be the captive of His love! Then indeed might I hug my chains. To refuse to come to Christ is to deny Him 'the fruit of the travail of His soul.' How wonderful to come, even for me, to come and to afford Him this—to allow Him to enjoy this dearly-earned fruit! 'Come,' 'take,' 'eat,' 'receive,' 'hear,' 'hearken,' all express the simplicity of faith. 'All things are now ready.' Faith is the eating of a prepared feast—the assent to the truth that the feast is prepared, and the taking of what is freely given; 'therefore it is of faith that it might be by grace.' Faith when properly understood brightens the idea of grace. How different are the effects of a carnal and legal notion of faith! Never does a sinner cease to work till he begins to believe. O Lord, preserve me from stumbling on the dark mountains to rise no more! 'Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound.'

"26th, Sabbath.—From 6 to 9 A.M. was engaged in reading and prayer. Felt somewhat of the power of the amazing love of Christ, and somewhat of the odiousness and awfulness of sin, as it is to be seen in the sufferings of Christ. Was very comfortable, and was enabled to appropriate the unspeakable gift. Viewed Christ as in the free offer, but was unable to establish the Scripture connection between the Father and the Son in the great work of salvation in relation to the coming sinner, owing to my blindness and carnality. When in church

my mind was much engaged with 1 Peter i. 21: 'Who by Him do believe in God, that raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God,' and harassed much with fears that my faith was misplaced—led since to view Christ as the way to God, and engaged with 2 Cor v. 18-21, but not able to comprehend verse 21st, 'For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him;' and though I see more in Christ's sufferings than before—much more—yet still I cannot, in the sincerity of my heart, say, *I see*—though I dare not but believe, in spite of Satan and an evil heart; that 'He is the just God and the Saviour' who is a God in Christ. Oh to be taught of God—to be humbled in the dust, to hate sin—to see Christ glorified—to have a heart to love Him, and to esteem all else as nothing!

"27th.—I was once that I could but thank the Lord for two things—*first*, that I was not in hell; and *second*, that I was not a devil; when under a conviction of my awful condition before the Almighty with a hell of corruption raging within me! But 'thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.' My *lesser* causes of gratitude are as numerous as the stars, and what is to meet them all within my heart? Had I to do with a fellow-worm, and were his power almighty, and did I treat him as I have done God, I would not be suffered to live a moment. Unspeakable forbearance on His part—unutterable daring and madness on mine, reducing the High and Holy One beneath the level of a vile worm! What flinty hardness of heart have I when I could write such a sentence, and the tie which binds soul and body remain unbroken! God's forbearance to a sinner out of Christ arises from the hands of justice being bound by the

cords of mercy. In the forbearance of God in Christ there is the entire might of Deity. Oh to be in the stronghold! I still continue to stumble on the relation which God the Father and Christ, as presented to the view of faith, hold with reference to the sinner. View Christ now as the Mediator more than I did, and when brought to view Him thus as the way, cannot stand with confidence before the Judge to beg the pardon of all my sins, both from legal fears and want of enlightened sensible satisfaction with the atonement of Christ. Have fears of attributing so much influence to His Godhead or Divinity over the merit of His sufferings, as I see to be necessary to render them a satisfaction to infinite justice, lest I should blaspheme. Perhaps Satan is only trying to engage me with these fears to keep me longer in chains. I fear, also, that I have not known anything of true faith in Jesus, because I see not the complete value of His atonement to Divine justice, and because the burden of my sins is too light. But oh the precious words, 'In no wise!' Guide me, Lord, safely and surely.

"29th. — Passed to-day, while coming from Achany to Creich, a place where a few days ago a poor wretch hanged himself. Before coming to the spot was graciously permitted to taste some comfort from the hope set before me. That which peculiarly displays the considerate condescension of the Almighty—the appointment of men of like passions with ourselves to convey His mind and will to us in the ministration of the Gospel—is the very thing which I took, and take, as the occasion of strengthening my indifference. What nature has been so honoured as that of man? It was in it that the great redemption was wrought out; it is through it that it is applied. When thinking of the adaptation of



the Saviour to the great work which He undertook, for the first time remarked, and was more than satisfied with, the infinite satisfaction which the law must have received from the internal holiness of Him who was made under it.

"30th.—Was much engaged this forenoon with the subject of Christ's obedience. From the manner in which that passage, 'God looketh upon the heart,' came into my mind, and from its power, I must view it as the key to unlock this subject and disclose the glory of Christ's obedience. Was relieved much by viewing the subject in this light. An action is only good or bad as it is the result of a motive which bears either character. Christ was a Divine person, and as such made under the law. His actions were in accordance with the rules of this law. His motives originated in Divine principles—Gal. iv. 4: 'But when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law.' The whole weight of infinite holiness was therefore cast into the scale held out by the law before the surety. Was it not satisfied?—or rather was not the Holy God fully satisfied with the obedience of Him who was 'the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person?' Read part of Owen on 'The Person of Christ,' who notices and meets the objections which have passed through my mind. Satan is ever the same, and so is the carnal mind. Read part of Owen on 'Indwelling Sin;' could add my Amen to what he describes of some of the actings of the carnal mind. Read Butler's 'Analogy;' found it quite easy to understand, but more difficult to remember.

"October.—Was much harassed this forenoon by confused views of faith. Fear I know nothing of its exercise at all. I am so apt to have an opinion of faith for every term used

to express its exercise. Fear that I view faith too much as my ground of safety, and rest more on my *receiving* of Christ than on Christ Himself. 'Come, for all things are now ready,' has been before my mind; see more in it offered to me than I can venture to appropriate. That 'the Son of Man is come to seek and save the lost' enables me to cast my soul at His feet. Read part of Owen on 'The Person of Christ,' and have clearer views on that subject—more awed and humbled and amazed than ever. May the Lord shed His light on the Scripture descriptions of Christ's person, for my fears are not all swept away.

"4th.—Attended a prayer-meeting—was revived, and felt comfortable in the evening with some glimpses of the efficacy of Christ's blood. Read Owen on part of Heb., chaps. iv. and ix. Comforted with some sense of the love of Christ.

"5th.—Felt in prayer ardent desire for the love of Christ, and longing after holiness. Oh to have my heart filled by views of Christ's glory and drawn forth after Him by the cords of love!

"6th.—In the evening read Owen on the love of Christ—was more amazed than softened—and on the constitution of Christ's person, and felt quite overpowered and bewildered, but still unsatisfied with His sufferings. While reading and singing the 8th Psalm felt humbled. Was led to see more of the justice of God in the dealings of the first covenant, and could justify Him for sending me to hell on drawing the first breath in this world. Fear that I depend more on Owen than on the Holy Spirit for satisfying my mind. I would give myself into the hands of free and sovereign grace and infinite wisdom to teach as seems meet for God's glory. Haunted of late and during this day with atheistic sugges-

tions and temptations against the inspiration of Scripture. I try to give them no quarter, but they recur. O Almighty One, preserve me! If there were no God, Satan would only lead me to believe there was; and if the Scriptures were *not* inspired, Satan would do all he could to make me believe them. How could Satan himself have an existence unless there was a Creator? and his desire to blaspheme Scripture only proves it to be from God. That these suggestions are from him is proved by their being so sudden, involuntary, and contrary to my frame of mind; let all tend to drive me closer to the refuge and the fulness.

"8th.—There never was, I verily believe, such a heart or case as mine on this side of hell. What the Lord may do He only knows, but 'He will in no wise cast out.' In the evening I went over the Scripture proofs of Christ's divinity, and after reading Isaiah vi.—particularly the account of the cherubim covering their faces and feet—the thought came to my mind, What will you answer when called before the judgment-seat and asked, How did you employ these feet? And so on with all the powers of my soul and organs of my body, and along with each came a catalogue of sins. Then these two passages rushed into my mind: 'As I live, the sinner shall not go unpunished,' and 'We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.' I fell on my knees, but could not open my lips. 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' rang in my ears, and I felt as if my breast were rending. Still, with all this torture, I felt something that refused to yield, and a hope still rose above the waters from John vi. 37. I looked upon this as from the hands of Christ, and with Him afterwards I left myself, to give or withhold as would be most for His glory.

"12th.—Took up in the forenoon that wonderful book of Owen's, 'The Person of Christ,' and, as Providence directed, my attention was drawn to the chapter entitled 'An humble inquiry into the wisdom of God as displayed in the constitution of the person of Christ.' The first part on the first sin and its consequences, I must regard as indeed sent of God to my soul, for it placed the awfulness of the guilt of that sin in an overpowering light before my mind, and forced down the awful outbreakings of my heart against the transactions of the first covenant very much indeed—at some short intervals, it suppressed them, and it certainly served to magnify in the view of my mind the rich grace of God more than any other considerations which had ever been before my thoughts.

"14th.—Still continue dead, dark, and insensible; never more in need of a word of power from the lips of Christ. 'The expectation of the poor shall not be lost for aye'—oh to be enabled to come under the shade of even this: all my hopes are from Christ as held forth in Isa. lxi.: 'The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me,' &c.; also, 'Wait on the Lord' (Ps. xxvii.) *I will wait* till cast off, though of all men most miserable as to the state of my mind. I know not whether the Lord may summon me to the foot of Mount Sinai or to the foot of the cross to make me feel my awful condition and remove my insensibility. Let Him do unto me as seemeth good in His sight, only let Him be speaking to my soul.

"15th.—Travelled from Dornoch to Redcastle. My mind was getting more lively as I was getting near home, reflecting on that passage, 'Ye are complete in Him.' All I can realise properly is my want of heart-love to Christ.

"16th.—Got a glimpse of the Just God in the death of His Son. Oh to have my eyes opened, my heart quickened, and my soul enlivened by blessed Jesus! O Lord, come and drop from Thy generous lips a word in season to my soul. I need it; Thou wilt not miss it, and it will not tarnish Thy glory—I wait for Thee!

"17th, *Sabbath*.—Found considerable freedom in the morning in pleading for a revival in the parish when Ps. l. iii. came powerfully before my mind, and continued so during most of the day. Was pleased with D——'s \* sermons, particularly the Gaelic sermon on the words 'His blood.' Thought I felt satisfied with the blood. In the evening engaged with the Sabbath scholars; was tried with my prayers afterwards, for saying too much and feeling too little.

"19th.—My mind continuing heavy and hard as a millstone, in the same frame as for some time back. The Lord can rescue me; none else can. His mercy in Christ is free and sovereign, His power almighty, and He hath said that 'He will in no wise cast out' from a refuge to which He Himself has called me. Daniel ix. I read to-day. The words 'The great and dreadful God' impressed my mind; I could not follow the confessions of the prophet.

"20th.—Came to see to-day that I had been separating the Saviour too much from God, and viewing Him as a different Being altogether. 'Trust in the Lord Jehovah' came before my mind in this light. Trust in the Lord on account of what Christ hath done to enable Him consistently to exercise mercy from which I am not excluded. Found peace and quietness in receiving the free offer, and in taking

\* His brother, Rev. Donald Kennedy, who succeeded his father as minister of Killearnan.

in some new relations between the Lord and salvation. Still hard and insensible to the enormity of my sins.

"21st.—Was led during the day to view sin as related to the character of the Almighty as immediately against the holiness of God. 'He willeth not the death of the sinner' manifests the existence of mercy, and shows that God has been, as it were, compelled by sinners to punish them. Oh to carry such views of the Almighty to the consideration of the first covenant, and above all to behold Him in this light as bruising His beloved. 'Trust ye in the Lord' is the command denoting the urgency of Divine mercy. Was also comforted by the words, 'I said not to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain.' See some glimpses of the consistency between 'Trust in the Lord' and the words of Christ, 'Come unto Me,' and pray to be guarded against separating the Saviour from the 'Just God.'

"23d.—Leaving my soul with the Lord to do unto me as seemeth good in His sight, in grace, and in providence. Found considerable earnestness of soul and simple hope in laying my case before the Lord. Perhaps the Lord is teaching me that the offer of Christ is not dependent in any way on conviction of sin, and that I am thus brought out from resting on my convictions as I have often done. It is written—and this is enough for safety though not for comfort—"I will in no wise cast out."

"24th, Sabbath.—Overslept in the morning, and self-reproached for some time afterwards. Continued dissatisfied and unsettled during the day. Felt considerable relief while engaged with the children in the evening, and a breaking up of my hardness while reading and speaking from Rom. ii. Had intense earnestness and wrestling of soul afterwards in pleading

for deliverance from the awful state of mind in which I have been for some time, and felt a hope that deliverance was near.

"25th.—Felt during the day that I could with less dishonour to the Almighty look back upon my former life, and could feel a little of the burden of guilt. Oh that I were brought, at whatever cost and in any way that most accords with the glory of the Almighty, to that state of mind in which His free grace would appear wonderful and rich, and myself as nothing, a vile nothing in His presence! Thought of what a wonderful sight it will be on the last day to see human nature on the throne of judgment in the person of the Great Judge!

"28th.—In the evening the tempter was suggesting blasphemous thoughts against the Author of Scripture on account of its obscurity and want of systematic arrangement in the statement of doctrines. Was enabled to repel it by the consideration that if there was a clear systematic arrangement of doctrines in Scripture, men would be less dependent on the Spirit, the interpreter; and there would be more encouragement to hypocrisy.

"29th.—Mind volatile and unfixed during the day. At prayer in the evening, in the family at home, found considerable freedom, but fear the effect of public prayer.

"30th.—Found more sweetness and liberty in prayer to-day than ever I did, from the passage, 'Let your soul delight itself in fatness.' The freedom, the richness of the Gospel!

31st, *Sabbath*.—Again enjoyed comfort during this day from the passage, 'Let your soul delight itself in fatness.' Saw the whole provision of the covenant treasured up in Christ afresh offered to me by God. Had considerable free-

dom in prayer in the Sabbath-school, but was tried with it afterwards with fears lest I was merely talking and quite hypocritical in what I was saying.

"*November* 1st.—At the prayer-meeting to-day was again tried with misgivings about the first covenant transaction. Colin Forsyth in prayer said that 'although man lost his power to obey, the Almighty lost not His right to exact.' This is what I need to believe. He does not willingly afflict any one. He is bound by the law of His nature to punish sin in the persons of those who fell in Adam. The punishment is measured by justice according to the transgression of the act, from the infinite holiness of the Almighty expressed in the law. Oh that the Lord brought me out of this snare by His own effectual power, to the praise of His free and sovereign grace! Was led this evening in prayer to view Christ as the way to the Father; His work as the ground of trust, the invitation as the warrant. Oh to be taught the import of Ps. lxxxix. 13-15!

"2d.—Continuing to look to God in Christ, but more perplexed with the relation of the coming sinner to God through Christ. In appropriating Christ and resting upon Him without looking further, I feel more comfort than when looking to the mercy of God in Christ, and viewing Jesus as the way. Christ is God, but still there is an advancing through Him as Mediator and as the way to God. 'Who by Him do believe in God, that raised Him from the dead that your faith and hope might be in God.' 'Believing in Christ as the way is believing in God *'by Him,'* and receiving Him as such from God that He might be reconciled to and might pardon the sinner. Although in no sense is the Second Person different from the First, yet there is a difference as respects the office of Mediator. Oh



teach Thou me, who alone teachest savingly and to profit. Heard D—— preach at Croftnacrioch school-house in the evening—never heard him with greater pleasure—earnest, impressive, and clear. Felt impressed during the last singing with the last three verses of Psalm lxxv.

“3d. Continuing to be harassed with perplexing ignorance regarding the relation between God and the Mediator in reference to the invitations of the Gospel. God required satisfaction to His justice and holiness before He could show mercy to the sinner, and mercy which He purposed to show. His own Son gave Him this satisfaction ; and having received it, He calls on sinners to believe in His Son, as the Saviour of the lost. The coming sinner therefore looks to the Mediator as having made atonement, and through Him as the way to God, for that mercy which Christ enabled Him to exercise ; and regards Christ as the Redeemer, having all fulness treasured up in Him by the goodwill of the Father.

“Had great freedom and enlargement of view in prayer at worship in the evening, and afterwards haunted with fears that it was all in the head.

“4th. Knew this morning what it was to want the same freedom in public prayer. Had a clearer view, while engaged in prayer out in the field, of the aspect of faith which was presented to my mind yesterday. Bound up in prayer at worship in the evening, and lost the application of the view of faith formerly before my mind.

“5th. Felt bound up at family prayer in the morning. I fear I may have tempted the Lord by being dissatisfied with what I experienced of freedom in public prayer. Had a short view of the love of the suffering Saviour, and was enabled to bring it to bear on my own cancer of sin.

"7th. Sabbath.—My frame of mind during the day was that of simple reference of all my soul concerns to a God in Christ, and leaving it with Him to bring all to pass as shall be for His own glory. Was timeously refreshed in the morning by the words, 'The Lord waiteth to be gracious.' I used to be tried with fears, that although I came through Christ unto Him, He might not undertake my case; but these words presented the Lord before my mind as *waiting* to receive my soul, and to undertake to accomplish all for and in me, and with Him, therefore, I left my case.

"In prayer I was led to a clear view of the security of those who are in Christ—every attribute is a defence and a fountain of blessing; from justice they receive pardon, from power defence, from holiness sanctification, from truth a seal of safety, and from mercy free and sovereign comes the whole action of God in their favour.

"9th.—My mind occupied with a consideration of that marvellous reversion which takes place in the relation between the sinner and the attributes of God when he believes in Christ. They are then the *defence* of the stronghold to which he has fled, viz., Christ. Had considerable enlargement in prayer at worship in the evening.

"10th.—In the evening was permitted, or rather enabled, to confess without blasphemy the justice of the Almighty, and my obnoxiousness to Divine wrath from my fall in Adam, while on my knees in my glorified father's study. Expecting to be brought out of this deep mire, in which I have been so long entangled, from the intense earnestness of soul with which I was permitted on Sabbath evening to plead for deliverance from it. The time was but short, but I thank the Lord for it, in which I was subdued into acquiescence

with the dispensation of the first covenant; and it was gradually brought about by a consideration of the character of the Just and Holy One in connection with the passage, 'He doth not willingly afflict.' O Lord, preserve me from this awful depth again; permit me not to provoke Thee to leave me to fall back again.

"11th.—Heard from John Logan to-day. He drew my attention to Hosea vi. 2, 3, Luke xix. 10, and John xii. 28: 'Father, glorify Thy name.' Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again.' This last passage laid hold of my mind. Oh for soul satisfaction in the sufferings of Christ! While engaged in prayer to-night was led to view faith with respect to the priestly office of Christ as in God, because in that capacity Christ is the way; but when viewing the aspect of faith to the other offices of Christ, could not for a short time see how, in reference to these, my faith and hope might be *in God*. Was soon relieved by considering Christ as under the anointing of the Father, as His commissioned servant, and the act of faith with reference to Christ as Prophet and King is, as it were, the soul permitting the Redeemer to exercise in and upon it those offices for which He has been specially set apart by the Father. Thus, then, faith and hope even with respect to these is *in God*, who gave, sent, and anointed. Isa. lxi. 1, John xii. 44: 'Jesus cried and said, He that believeth, believeth not on Me, but on Him that sent Me.'

"12th.—My mind was rather inactive during the day. At worship Matt. xxvi. 38-44, the passage beginning, 'Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here, and watch with Me,' &c., laid powerful hold of my mind, and I was permitted to see more

in the sufferings of Christ than ever I did. The Blessed One subjected to the wrath of the Father, with His sin-maddened creatures let loose upon Him, along with the powers of darkness, and He, too, a Divine person suffering on the very earth which His own hand had formed, and for His rebellious creatures! Oh what must have been the strength of that love which bore Him through! How cold and callous is my heart! how dead, how dark! how sin-encrusted! Oh to have my soul put into the hands of merciful Omnipotence, to bring it back and restore it to the love in which it rested when the Almighty fashioned it! Oh win my whole soul, blessed Saviour, to Thyself and service! My mind sometimes engaged with what may be my duty in prospect of the Communion next week as to communicating. The command never varies, and this is the warrant, and if the Lord impresses on my soul the *authority* of the command, in His strength I will go; but I leave myself in His hands, to do with me in reference to it as seemeth good in His sight. Felt considerable earnestness of soul in pleading that Christ were glorified before my view in His person and work, that I might experience soul satisfaction in Him, with whom the Father is well pleased. I give Him my blind eyes that He may open them on His own glory. Have fears that I feel not my awful guilt aright. If it be the Lord's will, I would rather see it in the cross of Christ than in the fire of Sinai; His will be done.

"13th.—During family prayer in the morning the command, 'Do this in remembrance of Me,' came before my mind with such power that I was constrained to promise obedience. The expression of my father which he usually employed when serving a table now spoke to me, 'Do this in

remembrance of Me, who remembered you in your low and lost estate.'

"14th, Sabbath.—My mind again fell into the wonted channel of misgiving and stubbornness in reference to my fall in Adam. Reasoning down the blasphemer is impossible; well may I know this to my cost. A consideration of the character of the Almighty alone succeeded in making any impression hitherto, and in looking into Robert Hall's 'Help to Zion's Travellers,' found this affirmed to be the only way in which the heart can be brought to feel the self-prostration of the fall, and to believe that the soul has been self-destroyed in Adam. Found ease in speaking to the children in the evening. My heart was hid for a while, that it might not frighten me into silence.

"15th.—My mind continuing harassed in reference to the same point, oh how much I lose from not having proper views of my self-destruction in Adam! Without this, grace is converted into debt, justice is aspersed, holiness tarnished, truth impugned, love unfelt, the Gospel despoiled of its glory, my soul unsubdued and unhumbled, and my heart unbroken. Without this I cannot rightly appropriate a single sin. The Almighty is blasphemed and Satan triumphs. I cast my soul into the arms of Omnipotence; let Him do unto me as shall be for His glory, as to the time, way, and means in which I shall be delivered. For a few minutes at the prayer-meeting felt something of what I aim at, produced by a consideration of the holiness and justice of the Almighty. Oh! I wait for Thy time, Lord, but 'mine eyes do fail with looking long.'

"17th.—To-morrow is the humiliation day. Sat up till 3 A.M. to plead with the Lord in reference to coming duties. Was led to Isa. xxx., and found there what suited the state

of my mind, and was encouraged to leave my soul in the hands of the Lord to do with and in it as seemed good in His sight.

"18th.—Humiliation day. Heard Mr. James Macdonald preach from John iii. 16, and would wish to be thankful that I did. Got some glimpses both of the greatness and of the freeness of the love of Christ. I was enabled to realise my sin and fall in Adam a little more simply and thoroughly, and had some *sense* of my sin also.

"19th.—Self-examination day. Found nothing come home to my soul to-day in church, and felt the blank. 'In Adam all died, for that all have sinned' in him. Oh to be taught by the Spirit, Rom. v. ! The soul of Adam was loved in his state of innocence because it bore God's image, and when the cause of love was thrown away by Adam, and by me in Adam, then was this love withdrawn. But the everlasting sovereign love of God to lost sinners has no cause beyond His own will, and its object is *the person*, not the *character*; therefore it cannot change; because He who loves is unchangeable; and it cannot cease, because He who loves is immortal.

"20th.—Preparation day. My mind taken up about my duty on the morrow. The glimpses of the love I get spur me on, but this is not my *warrant*, and I dare not go on the strength of this. I spoke to Colin Forsyth in the evening, and he told me that I would require to rise a step higher for my warrant than the *feeling* of the command; that the real warrant is *an apprehension of the authority of Christ on the ordinance*. Was led to this in some measure in the evening.

"21st.—Communion Sabbath. Continuing in view of communicating in the same frame of mind. Had a sweet sense of the suitableness of Christ before going out to church.

Heard Donald preach from Isa. liii. 6. I liked the sermon very much, particularly the last part referring to the Father's act of laying on Him the iniquities of His people. During the services in the school-house the command of Christ, 'Take my yoke upon you,' with the command immediately before, 'Come unto Me,' came before my mind, and it spurred me on to obey the command, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' On going into church after the English services were over, I had a view of the sufferings of Christ, as bearing *my own sins*, which completely overcame me, along with the awfully important duty before me. I went forward, but for a short time felt strong temptations and fears, and afterwards a simple clear perception of the freeness of the covenant-fulness in and with Christ.

"Sat up late with Colin Forsyth; conversed about temptations to Atheism, when he mentioned having been three years under these temptations, and the terrible state he was in; and that it would not do to be keeping them off, but to come with them to the blood of Christ. Now, I had been in the habit of keeping them away without at last distressing myself about it for two reasons; first, I looked upon them as from Satan, and not my sin; and secondly, I knew them to be such as are common to God's people, and I was not cast down. Colin said this would not do, that the Lord would not allow this. This put my mind in a sad state, and filled me with doubts and fears and shame at my hardness and daring conduct with sin and the Almighty. I prayed the Lord to let me know whether the sin lay at my own door or Satan's, and to bring home my real guilt on my conscience.

"22d.—My doubts and fears continued in the fore part of the day. Mr. Macdonald, Ferintosh, preached all day—in

Gaelic on 'the judgment,' in English on the words, 'Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth,' &c., the freeness of the call clearly laid open, meeting my doubts as to the genuineness of my faith, from the little sense of guilt I had and have in viewing Christ in the office of Priest. My person is under the curse by nature, my mind is dark and benighted, and my heart hellish and rebellious. Christ as the Priest removes the curse from the person, as the Prophet the blindness from the mind, and as the King rules the heart. Now, when first visited with the power of a free offer of Christ, I was oppressed with the littleness of my sensible burden of guilt, and this made me look more to the offices of Prophet and King for the supply of my immediate wants, and diverted my mind from the priestly office. Perhaps the Lord was thus weaning me from resting on convictions of sin.

"23d and 24th.—Continuing under fears regarding the genuineness of my closing with Christ, yet keeping hold of John vi. 37, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'

"25th.—I had a melting view of the sufferings of Christ, ashamed of the awfully hardened and ungrateful sin of despising Him, and of my light views of sin.

"26th.—Felt this evening a more real appropriating sense of my sin than ever before, as having trampled on the authority of the Almighty and His law, in Adam; and after having forfeited every right to life and favour in Him, and being visited with the gracious offers of salvation, to trample upon the Son of God in the offer of the Gospel. Felt considerable freedom afterwards in leaving my soul in all its wants, and my body in all its members, on Christ and His fulness.



"27th.—Found an earnestness of liberty in pleading for a revival among us.

"28th, *Sabbath*.—Much harassed with doubts and fears during the day until the evening when the children assembled. Found relief in pleading for the Lord's blessing on the evening exercises with the children, and while engaged with them.

"29th.—Engaged in preparing for and thinking of the Presbytery, before which I have to appear to-morrow. Left the matter with the Lord, to keep me back or send me forward as He sees fit.

"30th.—Appeared before the Presbytery; was examined, made a tolerable appearance, and was passed. Was contrasting the state of my heart with the awfully important work which is before me if the Lord so orders. He can prepare me, if He has work for me to do.

"December 1, 2, 3.—The Atheism of my heart again raging. IT IS MY SIN, *I now see* 'the fool is in my heart, the guilt at my door.' Awful insensibility and hardness weighing down my heart into depths of doubts and misgivings.

"5th, *Sabbath*.—Enjoyed a sweet evening with Christ, in looking to Him whom I had pierced, and in a sense of His love. Felt some horror at sin as seen in the sufferings of Christ, and never was more comfortable and happy.

"6th.—While in the prayer-meeting had a very melting view of the dishonour and insult given to the Father in rejecting Christ, as Him of whom the Father saith, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' In the evening, having remained in the parlour when worship was about to commence, instead of retiring for a short time to pray, as usual, before prayer commenced, I was seized with

severe headache. This was the Lord's hand, and it teaches me the propriety of private prayer before public duty to seek preparation.

"7th.—Went to see Donald Bain's wife, who is on the borders of eternity, nearly ripe for glory. She is near the rest which is eternal; it is well for her.

"8th.—Coming to the frame of mind I wished in viewing the first covenant.

"9th.—Heard James Macdonald preach on the love of Christ. Felt ashamed of the enmity and hardness of my heart, and pleaded with the Lord to remove it, and had a touching sense of His love in making provision for slaying the enmity of the rebellious heart. Gave myself up to Christ to slay my enmity. Had considerable delight in the name Jesus. 'He shall save His people from their sins.'

"11th.—Enjoyed some minutes of a more enlarged view of grace, and realise having lost my all in Adam.

"12th, *Sabbath*.—Engaged during the day with thinking of the twofold right which the Almighty has over me, first as Creator, which is anterior to the transaction with Adam, and which—as far as revealed—was the only right which the Almighty had over the angels, and yet how awful the doom of those who fell! Secondly, a covenant right in consequence of my being in Adam when God entered into covenant with him, and which rendered infinitely perfect and infallibly secure His right to punish in consequence of the fall. This renders grace more rich and wonderful to man than if it had been manifested to the angels.

"13th.—Attended a prayer-meeting in church, where I was called upon to pray. Felt considerable earnestness and fluency in pleading for a revival. The chapter Donald lectured on at

the meeting was Rev. iii. Felt much sweetness in verse 20, the last words which I heard my father preach from."

( About this date Mr. Kennedy returned to Aberdeen to attend the Divinity Hall. The continued Diary shows that change of place and occupation abated in no way his aspirations after progress in the Divine life and satisfactory acquaintance with the great doctrines of revelation. The difficulty of acquiescence in God's dealings with man, under the first covenant, he still continued to grapple with. This difficulty seems to have arisen partly from his aiming at a *rational* comprehension of the Divine procedure. The Apostle Paul, instead of endeavouring to make a similar difficulty patent to man's reason, calls for submission to the Divine sovereignty: "Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why hast Thou made me thus?" And in that sovereignty and wisdom Mr. Kennedy at length rested.

"Aberdeen, 1842—January 1-8.—Getting views of the rebelliousness of my heart against the right of the Almighty to charge the guilt of sin. I can admit the guilt of Adam, and its being justly chargeable on me; but as sin is great not as the act of man, but as it is against God, the hellish enmity of my heart goes back beyond the transaction and whets itself against the sovereign authority of the Almighty. Along with this, and at the same time, it bears an unblushing front. How well styled the 'desperately wicked' heart! What is it but a devil lodging in flesh? Towards the end of the week had some views which were melting and humbling of the love, person, and death of Christ, and was led more to plead for His sake and in His name. Engaged much with

the prospect of Sabbath, the anniversary of my father's death, and my New Year's day. Cast myself on the Lord for preparation, support, and improvement.

"*9th, Sabbath.*—Engaged with thinking of this day last year, and of the change in my mind since then. My mind very much harassed with a consideration of the Lord's long-suffering with the finally impenitent. It is a fearful subject. Rom. ix. 22: 'What if God, willing to show His wrath, and to make His power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction,' was brought before my mind; also the passage, 'Spare it one year more.' Now the Almighty has a right to do with His creatures what He pleases, although there is rebellion in my heart against this; but then His long-suffering is attributed to mercy. This mercy is seen by the Omniscient to be an aggravation of the guilt and misery of the impenitent. How, then, is it mercy? I saw the matter thus. His glory being His great end, the Almighty, to display more of His character, shows as much mercy as He consistently can; and their increasing condemnation must not interfere with this display of mercy, for God must be glorified, and at the same time their guilt lies at their own door entirely; so that while God glorifies Himself, they destroy themselves. It is mercy then, although the sword of justice follows to punish its despisers. Was much relieved in the evening by a distinction which Erskine makes between saving and justifying faith, 'the former having respect to Christ in all His offices, the latter only to His priestly office'—the latter, a branch of the former, securing salvation from wrath, and the faith which has respect to the Prophet and the King secures salvation from sin. 'Wisdom, righteousness, and holiness' constituted the

image of God on Adam, corresponding to the three offices of Christ. Mind comforted and at rest before going to bed by a view of Christ while engaged in prayer.

"11th-15th.—Studying the grounds of moral obligation, and striving against the awful rebellion of my heart as regards the authority and right of the Almighty. Much depressed, but casting myself on Christ continually. After hearing Mr. Parker lecture on the first question in the Shorter Catechism on Wednesday evening, was led to think how infinitely far I have—as far as I could—disappointed the Almighty of His great design. This and the grounds of moral obligation kept always before me. There is much involved in both. At present see the ground of responsibility to be the character of God as Creator, as which He has a right to claim what He willeth and exact what He pleaseth. This right, or rather authority, was anterior to the act of creation, and His character as the self-existent and independent source of all being rendered it necessary that every rational and intelligent creature should be subject to Him, and the act of creation merely sealed man under this relation and obligation.

"16th, *Sabbath*.—Heard Mr. Robertson, Craigdam, preach in the evening. Was delighted with him—profound theology—spiritual—warm, winning, and searching. Text Luke xxiv. 45. Spent a happy evening after coming home thinking of the glorious provision made for opening the understanding by the Three Persons of the Godhead. Was led more than ever to see how much I have been a dishonour to God, contrasting my conduct with 'the chief end of man;' and had a sweet sense of the grace and love of God in making such a provision for self-destroyed and rebellious enemies by the death of His own well-beloved Son. Felt hatred to sin because

it dishonours the Almighty both in myself and others, and pled, under that impression, for a revival in the world and a riddance from the power and being of sin in my own heart.

"Colin Forsyth sent the following passages to me, Jer. xxxii. 36-43—Isa. xl. 9. The former passage and the previous context I was enabled in some measure to feel and to appropriate.

"17th.—Experienced considerable impression and pleasure from Isa. l. in the evening before going to bed. The King speaks in the beginning, then the Prophet, and then the priestly office and sufferings of Christ are held forth, and then the call viewing the all-sufficient Saviour and the full satisfaction rendered by Him. 'Trust in the name of the Lord.'

"18th.—Was led to recognise the claim of the Almighty on the obedience of His creatures anterior to the covenant with Adam, and viewed the covenant as the particular dealing in which God exercised His eternal right and authority, and was led to see how completely all hope was destroyed by the fall, when all had been staked on the result of this transaction, so full of condescension and favour to man, and was thus led to see how the second covenant is *purely of grace*.

"19th-22d.—Was led to Psalm cxxi. Trying to appropriate it, but could not sensibly enjoy it. Cast down with my awful hardness and insensibility. Discovered my besetting sin, and pleaded with the Lord in reference to it.

"23d.—Heard Mr. Robertson all day. Forenoon text John xiv. 5. Considerable enjoyment in the interval. Afternoon on Rev. iii. 21.

"28th.—In the seat in Scott's class-room where I often provoked the Almighty by my carelessness, I found considerable impression on my mind from a renewal of the view

I got from Isaiah xlii. in connection with my own conduct and the amazing love shown in the continuance of an offer of Christ to me, but it was short though powerful.

"29th.—Passed the day unprofitably. Breakfasted with Professor Bentley. Took part in the debate at a meeting of the Missionary Association, advocating the propriety of appropriating the funds for the support of a Jewish catechist. Lost the motion.

"31st. — In the afternoon felt considerable impression made on my mind in prayer for a short time in the following manner. On going to plead with the Lord regarding the awful rebellion of my heart and its deadness and insensibility, I was led to view the authority of the law as founded on the nature of Jehovah, to see how jealously the Lord guards the authority of His law, as His own character and glory are therein involved, and to contrast my rebellion against the authority and claims of the law with the obedience manifested by the Son of God. How much was the law magnified and its authority asserted when a Divine Person was made under it, and how daring has been my rebellion, exalting myself above what the Son of God stooped to endure as a yoke! What unspeakable grandeur does this throw around the law, and how awfully does it depict my conduct! Oh to be enabled to feel these considerations aright, to have them sent home to my heart with power and prostrating energy, and to be borne down to the dust by them! (Gal. iv. 4). Led to see how utterly impossible it is that there can be salvation out of Christ, and that it is all of grace that a Saviour has been provided. But I do not see sin in its aggravation as my own act, and regard it, I fear, more as my misfortune than as my guilt. This

arises from not keeping a practical view of my responsibility alive on my mind, and from ignorance of the subject of man's inability as not inconsistent with responsibility. This is the next step through which I must be led, I think. Let the Lord, however, take His own way with me; I would be 'as clay in the hand of the potter.'

"*Feb. 1st.*—I have nothing to cheer me on this side of Christ, nothing to recommend me. Should one earnest desire win heaven for me, I cannot command it. My all is in Christ; my charter is made up between Isa. lxi. 1, Rev. iii. 17-20, John vi. 37, Isa. lv.; and unless these passages form a warrant for trust in Him which will not be denied by Himself, when He sits on the great white throne, I am gone for ever. Take me as I am, Lord, and take Thine own way. Never didst Thou undertake such a desperate subject; but it will not baffle Thy wisdom, defy Thy power, or change Thy mercy. Thou canst not even receive thanks for all this, unless Thou givest a heart to praise Thee.

"*4th.*—Led to see that I was honouring Christ by seeking great things for His sake, and that my own views of Christ are not the measure of my requests, but as He appears before God, and on the ground of the satisfaction which He offered, as it is in itself ample and sufficient."

In April Mr. Kennedy returned from Aberdeen to Killearnan. In view of his receiving license as a preacher, the following entries in his Diary reveal his self-jealousy and searchings of heart. It may be suspected, without breach of charity, that not many in the same circumstances call themselves so narrowly to account. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."



" *Killearnan, May 1st.*—Still oppressed because of my deadness to the *guilt of sin* as before God. The obstacles to *true* humiliation now felt are :—

" (1.) The atheism of my heart, unbelief of God's Being and character.

" (2.) Consequently, and also from ignorance, no feeling or acknowledgment of His authority as Jehovah (Exod. xx).

" (3.) Infidelity, evading the testimony of Scripture, and turning away the mind from the authority and power of the truth.

" (4.) Hardness against truth in some measure believed, preventing my heart from keeping pace with my understanding.

" (5.) Unfixedness of mind in meditation.

" Obstacles to a thorough conviction of sin which I have met with in my own heart are :—

" (1.) Applying a wrong rule to measure it, *i.e.*, judging of it by its effects more than by the glory of Him against whom it is committed.

" (2.) Imaginative views of its residence in the soul, and of its fearful consequences.

" (3.) Ignorance of the character of God, which is the great obstacle, though not first felt.

" (4.) Unbelief in the simple testimony of Scripture regarding sin, and a vain effort to work conviction by self-derived views of sin, without letting the simple truth work in the hand of the Spirit, and prove itself 'mighty to the pulling down of strongholds.'

" (5.) Rebellion against the transaction and results of the first covenant.

" (6.) After getting so far out of the objections of the

carnal mind against the first covenant as to acknowledge that the Almighty would be just in destroying me for ever, many objections arose against my confessing that I deserved to die for ever for my sins, arising from false views of moral inability, referring all to Adam's sin, and regarding my punishment as my misfortune rather than my desert.

"*June 8th.*—My soul has arrived at a great crisis. I have been long under the influence of hardness and want of soul-contrition, and rebellion against the claims of Divine justice—cold and wandering, formal, and easily wearied in private duties. Unexercised by the truth, deserted by the Lord, living at a great distance from Him, and very unwatchful. Not duly affected by the state of the Church, not broken in spirit for my sin. Denied saving discoveries of the glory of Christ, uninfluenced by His love, trodden under foot of self and the world; my lifeless soul in the hands of murderers. Now casting my soul before the Lord as a vile thing, courting His pity and crying for help, till my body fails, and my soul sinks in utter helplessness at His feet.

"*13th.*—Felt wants in view of coming before the Presbytery for license next week :—

"Want of a thorough conviction so as thoroughly to acknowledge the right of Divine justice according to the first covenant. Eagerly pressing for this.

"Want of singleness of aim at the glory of God, self uncrucified.

"Wanderings of mind in and out of duty.

"Cannot feel assured of having gone through a thorough conversion work.

"Want of a proper appreciation of the honour of Christ's service.

"Inadequate feeling of the immense responsibility of preaching the Gospel.

"Not appreciating the value of immortal souls.

"Want of experiencing somewhat of Isa. vi.

"Want of proper attachment to the Word of God.

"Great ignorance of the well-ordered covenant.

"A prey to slavish fears of man which bring a snare.

"Hardness and insensibility my reigning disease.

"The slave of unbelief.

"Want of practising my knowledge of the distinction between the two covenants.

"Ignorance of the constraining love of Christ.

"Cannot clear my call to the ministry, nor my effectual call by the Spirit. 'Take my yoke upon you,' binds to the service of Christ, but special qualifications, special grace, and special providence needed to clear a call to this its highest department. What a catalogue of *wants*! But oh! what a *Fulness*!

"Passages of Scripture showing my pressing wants and needed preparation for the ministry are Isa. vi., Ps. li., Rom. xii., 2 Cor. v., Ps. xviii., Epistles to Timothy, Matt. xi. 29, 30."

Mr. Kennedy's third session, 1842-1843, at the Divinity Hall proved to be his last. The Disruption in May 1843 and the requirements of vacant congregations had to be met. Promising students who were well through their course were encouraged to present themselves for license, and Mr. Kennedy was one of that number. He was licensed to preach the

Gospel by the Presbytery of Chanonry in September 1843, the Rev. Alexander Stewart, Cromarty, taking the chief part in giving the subjects for trial discourses and in the usual oral examination.

Mr. Kennedy often said that he owed much to an advice tendered to him at that time by Mr. Stewart. "Think well over your subject ; do not be too careful as to your modes of expression ; if you fail in language it is because you have not sufficiently studied your ideas."

Mr. Stewart was ever held by Mr. Kennedy in the highest admiration. He was wont to say that Mr. Stewart gave him, as no other ever did, some idea of how much of the Divine image may be reproduced on fallen man, or as Luther said of Melancthon, "He was half divine."

And that this youthful estimate was never altered appears from his saying, in after years, that although he had seen and heard some of the ablest theologians, preachers, and orators of both the New and the Old World, he never heard the Word of God so gloriously set forth, as regards loftiness of conception and perfection of oratory, as from the lips of Mr. Stewart. Even the reading of the Scriptures by him was better than the average exegesis of most men ; he seemed to be so surcharged with the mind of the Spirit in the Word, that the effect upon his hearers was often as if he had received fresh inspiration. Whatever he said, even on ordinary subjects, bore the stamp of genius. A brother clergyman once spoke of Dr. Love's sermons as being mere skeletons. Mr. Stewart replied, "If they are mere skeletons, they are the bones of a mammoth." Soon after the Disruption Mr. Stewart was asked to assist in forming a congregation at Inverness, and each Sabbath-day he gave two full services—surely enough to satisfy

minds of the highest order, and hearts that were thirsting for the living Word. One of the office-bearers, with more zeal than discretion, persisted in pressing Mr. Stewart to give three services instead of two. Finding Mr. Stewart not willing to accede to his request, he at last said, "I assure you we are all ears." The reply was a telling one—"Then you must be all asses."

### CHAPTER III.

SETTLEMENT IN DINGWALL — NOTICES OF WORTHIES — PASTORAL  
WORK—MARRIAGE—FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS—VISIT OF REV.  
MR. SPURGEON.

At the Disruption the parish minister of Dingwall remained in the Establishment, and the newly-formed Free Church congregation required a minister. Their choice fell on Mr. John Kennedy. He accepted the call. Another charge was at the same time offered to him where the conditions of life would have been easier, but believing that the Lord directed him to Dingwall, thither he went.

In view of His after labours, the locality was—apart from other considerations—so advantageous that one can scarcely avoid recognising the hand of Providence in his settlement there. The town of Dingwall, standing at the head of Cromary Firth, is in proximity to the many parishes that line both its shores. It is about equi-distant from the northern and southern points of the Highlands. It is the mouth of a large section of the Western Highlands and Islands, so that no place has more title to be regarded as the focus of the whole region. It was distant, also, only a few miles from Strathpeffer spa, the fame of whose mineral waters, long before the close of Dr. Kennedy's ministry,

drew crowds of visitors in quest of health or recreation from all parts of the land.

The formation of the pastoral tie between Mr. Kennedy and his people resembled in its leading steps a pre-Disruption rather than a post-Disruption settlement. There was first a petition from the kirk-session of Dingwall Free Church to the Presbytery, to procure for the congregation a hearing of Mr. John Kennedy. This being obtained, the Presbytery were asked to moderate in a call in Mr. Kennedy's favour, which call, as appears from the Presbytery records, purported to be "from the Magistrates, Councillors, and Heritors of the royal burgh of Dingwall, and from the Elders, Communicants, and Adherents of the Free Church of said burgh and parish." Mr. Kennedy was accordingly inducted to the charge of Dingwall Free Church congregation in February 1844, Mr. Campbell, Kiltarn, preaching in Gaelic, and Mr. Flyter, Alness, in English.

There were some men of eminent godliness connected with the Dingwall congregation at the time of Mr. Kennedy's settlement. They heartily welcomed him. Of a few of these he himself wrote interesting sketches which we would gladly have inserted here but that they have already appeared in "The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire." Of some godly persons of the other sex who gave the young minister an equally cordial welcome, Mrs. Kennedy supplies some recollections, prefacing them with the following appropriate observations :—

"A young man beginning his ministry at such an era as the Disruption had great advantages, if he also had his testing times of trial, especially if he had to gather a congregation, as was the case in Dingwall. The Established minister

did not sever his connection with the National Church, and the greater part of the upper strata of society remained with him. The Established congregation at Dingwall always continued to number more than any other in Ross-shire, as almost all the clergymen of that county joined the Free Church, and their people with them. But as the value of a congregation does not consist either in numbers or in caste, so the newly-formed one at Dingwall, if small and poor to begin with, contained what to a young minister was much more valuable. For he had among his congregation, as his present strength under God, a few praying men and women, experienced Christians; and further, as his future source of comfort, young people who were constrained to study for themselves the heart-stirring principles of Disruption times, such as, that Christ is Head over all things to His Church, that He is King of kings and Ruler and Law-giver among the nations, while King in Zion and alone Lord of the conscience. These principles, forming the foundation of the ancient Reformed Church of Scotland, were seen by old and young who read and knew their Bibles to bind our nation and rulers to offer homage to Christ and to obey His Word, by preserving the Church entirely free to serve the Lord in her own spiritual domain, while helping her in her work. There therefore seemed to be no difficulty in asserting that the Free Church was the Church of Scotland Free, seeking to serve God as their forefathers had done; and there was not only a feeling of common brotherhood, but many people, especially the young, were led, through the more careful study of God's Word, to accept of Christ Himself as their Prophet, Priest, and King, and sought to join themselves to Him in a perpetual covenant, never to be forgotten. Some, indeed, who had not much



mind, were contented with saying that they thought it was safe for them to be where the people of God were, and by thus 'following the footsteps of the flock' might they not attain to higher things? Thus a revived and sifted remnant sought to obtain a pastor who could feed their souls, and were led to give a call to Mr. Kennedy, or, as the Gaelic people always styled him, 'Maishter Ian.'"

Along with the men of piety who aided and supported their minister in his public work, there were also in Dingwall congregation some God-fearing females, who were of those women who in all ages have been honoured servants in the house of God. Though not formally set apart to office in the Church, the Lord so employs them that they are enabled to uphold the hands of their ministers in dealing with God for souls, and with souls for God. And though it may not at the time—if ever in this world—be known to devoted ministers themselves, yet it is owing to such helpers in their work, and to such intercessors with the Lord, that, amid all their own felt feebleness and unworthiness, they are often wonderfully, and strangely to themselves, upheld and carried through in their work.

WIDOW MACDONALD, whose maiden name was Ross, and who had in her youth been instructed by Dr. A. M'Intosh of Tain, was one who greatly aided the young minister by her experience, her advice, and her prayers. Any one who remembers her will willingly allow that she was the *prima donna* of the little religious world in which she moved. Consistent in every word and action, she had a talent given to her which is very rare, of reproving without bitterness, so that no one could take offence. Walking one day from a

prayer-meeting with a man who took pleasure in pointing out the inconsistencies or weaknesses of some of the Lord's people, she said, "Ronald, you are not like the description that is given in the Bible of what the Church is like—the 'dove' has eyes that are 'well set,' not too far out or too far in, but yours are altogether too far out."

Before the widow died a lady joined the congregation, who said to her in conversation, "Don't you think our minister very sharp sometimes?" She answered, "I allow that he uses a sharp razor, but it is well oiled." Her very look was a reproof to evil-doers; the following little scene will verify this. Two friends went to her cottage to enjoy some edifying conversation; while she was relating something interesting, an abandoned woman lifted the latch roughly and came in. The widow immediately became silent, and drew herself up; she did not utter a word, but the poor creature slunk away. This reminded the onlookers of a sermon preached at the first Communion held in the Free Church at Dingwall by Mr. Stewart, Cromarty—a sermon never to be forgotten—from the words, "They were all with one accord in Solomon's porch, and of the rest durst no man join himself to them." The young Church, already purged, was described in its purity with all the vividness and force of a master mind; the repellent power of holiness, as keeping far in the distance whatever was antagonistic, was enlarged on from the passage in the Song of Songs, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," the paraphrase being in Miltonic fashion, ending off with the following quotation from that poet:—

" So spake the cherub ; and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace

Invincible. Abashed the devil stood, '  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined  
His loss."

This was followed by a most attractive passage proving the wonderful magnetism of genuine holiness, which attracted whatever savoured of Divine grace, in however small a degree. The realising beauty and sweetness with which this was dwelt on compelled even a heart of stone to cry out, "Oh to be one of the new-born Church!"

To return from this digression to the widow, who, although very poor, contrived to save a sovereign, which she gave to a friend, saying that if she did not actually require it for daily bread ere she died, it would be devoted to the mission cause. After her death it was given as "the widow's mite" to the China Mission. Could it not be said, "She gave more than they all?" How touching and instructive are "the short and simple annals of the poor!" Are not life's best lessons often got while visiting them?

MISS LILY CAMERON.—Opposite the Free Church Manse lived Miss Lily Cameron, who was called by one of her friends, "the lily of the family," and truly such a name typified her spotless life. Full of sprightliness, she used to say many clever things, and was gifted to a large extent—as many ladies of the old school were—with the power of repartee. The services of the sanctuary were her chiefest joys on earth. Of her pastor she used to say, "He already preaches as if his grey hairs were thick upon him, and it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for us if we profit not by his ministrations." But a time came

when heart and flesh failed ; her memory gave way ; she often could not recognise her most intimate friends ; but whenever her pastor came in, she raised her hands and eyes in an attitude of worship which was quite understood, and prayer was immediately offered up, which she immensely enjoyed. More wonderful still, as long as she had the power of utterance, her servant was called in to worship, and the writer has listened to the wonderful pleading of unbroken thought from one who could do nothing else that needed mind or memory, showing plainly that the teaching of God's Spirit, because spiritual and eternal, will survive when all else becomes a wreck.

MISS ELIZABETH REID, who gave the site for the Free Church Manse at a nominal price, was the minister's next-door neighbour, and she lived for fourteen years to enjoy his ministrations. As she drew near her end she was so frail that her step became short and slow, and being one of the last to leave the church after the services were over, her pastor, overtaking her, used to offer her his arm, which she gladly accepted. On one of these occasions she took the opportunity of saying, "Although I always relished your services, it is only very lately that I have learned to receive the whole counsel of God. I thank you with all my heart for helping me to accept the free, full Gospel of Jesus Christ." A very short time thereafter the minister was called to the next house. When he entered, Miss Reid was upon her knees, but her spirit was away in the upper sanctuary.

MISS JEANIE BETHUNE was one of those charming old ladies who seemed to be able to turn everything into

gold, her mind being stored with much that was good and remarkable, which she could draw forth somewhat like the fresh sparkling manner of Mr. Spurgeon. A brother of hers in New York amply supported her until his means became crippled; then in her declining years she had many trials, but they yielded good fruit. Her sorrows thickened; she was obliged to ask a lady friend to sign a bill with her, in order to obtain a little money. This lady soon said that she could no longer continue to renew the bill. In her extremity she told the matter to her pastor, who immediately said, "Don't let that trouble you, I will give you my name." The good old lady soon left this vale of tears, and the young minister had to meet the debt. The considerate agent of the Caledonian Bank said, "I know that it was from kindness that you signed the bill, and I will not press you to pay it till you can do it by degrees." This was carried out to the letter, and the self-denial which it involved brought with it its own reward.

MRS. MACDONALD, mother of the late Mr. Macdonald, Free Church minister of Fearn, was a member of the congregation for whom the pastor had unbounded admiration. She had the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. She acted like a ministering angel in the house of mourning, yet, while such an eminent Christian, she was so humble that many might think she had no assured hope for her own soul; not that she doubted her Saviour's love or power, but she much doubted her own attainments in the Divine life. When on her deathbed, just as she was sinking, her excellent daughter, when speaking to one who had gone to see them, said, "What would

I not give to hear my dear mother express her hope for eternity!" Immediately afterwards Mrs. Macdonald, getting unexpected strength, sat up in bed and said with a loud voice—

"Thou with Thy counsel while I live  
Wilt me conduct and guide,  
And to Thy glory afterward  
Receive me to abide."

Mrs. Kennedy likewise supplies an account of the various departments of Mr. Kennedy's early pastoral work—some incidents that lastingly impressed him—cases that evoked his sympathy—persons in his congregation dealt with in sickness; also his marriage—family bereavement, reminiscences of visitors at Dingwall Free Manse, the erection of a new church, and the opening of it by Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. These themes occupy the remainder of this chapter.

In entering on his new charge, Mr. Kennedy had to break ground in almost all departments of work. There being two distinct congregations, three services were necessary on the Sabbath-day—a Gaelic service commencing at eleven o'clock A.M., consisting of both lecture and sermon, and lasting till half-past one, and an English service at a quarter to two o'clock. During the early part of his ministry the service in the evening was equally divided between the two congregations, each having their own separate evening. Afterwards the English congregation became so much larger (the young people being exclusively English) it became necessary to have the evening service always in English. Classes were commenced for both young men and young women. Full notes of the opening addresses to these classes still exist.

There were during the week two congregational prayer-meetings—one in Gaelic on Tuesday evening, and one in English on Wednesday evening. The latter especially was a choice time to the pastor, as many of the Gaelic-speaking Christians, some of whom came from the adjoining parishes attended. Mr. Kennedy began in these meetings an exposition of the Book of Psalms, taking a verse or two each week as a subject of exposition ; and he remarked to an intimate friend, “I think not until I have gone over the Book of Psalms will my ministry be ended in Dingwall.” To those who knew that this was his impression, it was a coincidence that filled them with misgivings that on the very week before he left Dingwall for Rome, whence he did not return in life, he had reached in course the last Psalm, the 150th.

Catechising also went on vigorously. Sometimes small districts were asked to assemble together, consisting of several families ; but if this was found not to work well, then it was changed to household catechising. The manner of instruction frequently changed during his long ministry.

At first when he began to preach to children he was not at all successful ; he shot quite over their heads ; but by prayer and study he was enabled to make that part of his duty most suitable and attractive, both to children and to older people. He used to break up his subject into four distinct parts, each complete in itself, and to sing a few verses from the Psalms between each part. So dexterously were the stanzas chosen, that they might have been penned for the subject and the occasion. His illustrations were not many, but they were fresh and unforgettable. A hearer wrote down the following—

“‘Nobody sees ! Who will ever know ?’ Such were the

thoughts, if not the very words, many years ago, of the ringleader of a party of boys bent on mischief. A fine garden close at hand was the scene of temptation. Well, the plums suddenly disappeared; yet who had stripped the big old branches of their rich purple load nobody seemed to know; not the very least clue was obtained. Several months passed. One Sabbath-day a children's service was intimated. Fully two hundred boys and girls quickly filled the front seats of the Free Church of Dingwall. Such sweet, clear ringing voices! Such bright sunny faces! Presently Mr. Kennedy began his address—so simple, earnest, and pointed. Speaking of the glorious Presence that fills heaven and earth, even Him 'whose eyes behold and eyelids try the children of men,' he concluded thus:—'The boy is with us this evening who stole the plums! I shall not look in the direction of his seat lest I betray him. But I know him.' I saw him from my study window—saw the wall leaped—the pockets filled—the breathless race home. He thought no one saw, but I saw the whole, *and God saw!*'

"All over the church what a hush! You could hear a pin drop. And did not the young convicted heart beat fast as the preacher charged home to him and to all, God's seeing and remembering 'secret sins!'"

It is not surprising that a young theologian, influenced by the resurrection of pulpit power identified with the names of Dr. Macdonald, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Sage, and other gifted men, should be in some danger of worshipping talent; but his intellectual heroes were not numerous, and the Lord gradually tempered whatever of extravagance lurked in this phase of his mental development.



During a Communion season at Killearnan, he was pacing backwards and forwards near a high wall, when he suddenly heard a voice, very low and broken, from the other side. Pausing to listen, he recognised the tones as those of poor Ally, a "halfling" well-known in the neighbourhood. The soliloquy was discovered to be a prayer running thus, "O Ally! Ally!" smiting his breast like the publican, and, in the spirit of the Psalmist, seeking to make himself more vile in lowly confession. This was succeeded by an outburst of simple adoration, in which he seemed to obtain full and unbroken communion with his Heavenly Father. The lesson sank deep into the heart of the young preacher. How he envied the poor halfling, who, notwithstanding dimmed mind and imperfect knowledge, could find such enjoyment in the light of his Father's face! It was a humbling yet salutary experience, and ever afterwards he took special delight in tracing the unmistakable work of God's Spirit in those who had been denied the ordinary measure of intelligence, and to weigh more exactly the relative value of talent and holiness. Many friends can recall the interesting accounts of certain of the "Lord's fools" often given by Mr. Kennedy at his own table. When asked to throw some of these narratives into print he would jocularly say, "They will appear in my autobiography." But we may here give the following. About the year '53 a stranger arrived at the Manse. His aspect was not like that of ordinary wayfarers, for although his mien was humble, the outline of his features was perfect; and when he began to speak of Gospel truth, or to repeat his Welsh hymns, a Raphael or a Tintoretto would have given much to be able to trace on canvas such an exquisite and saint-like face.

The whole household took a great liking to Timothy

Nathan, the Welshman. Of his early life he never revealed much, but spoke of his godly mother with real love. His first visit was not a long one, but it was afterwards followed by many others, for he was contented with a pallet of straw and a blanket, if he could only listen to "Maishter Ian," adopting the Gaelic appellation; and he did actually learn the Gaelic language that he might not lose the benefit of Gaelic preaching. When the head of the house was absent Timothy often prayed at family worship. On his arrival one summer season he appeared to be in great need of clothing, and especially of boots, but it was difficult to see how the minister's oft-taxed purse could afford boots. Next morning an envelope arrived with a £1 note, and the following words, "To be used for the Lord's people." So Timothy immediately got his boots and some half-worn clothing. In returning thanks he concluded with the words, "I hope I am not to get all my good things here." On reading this, who will deny that there are "miracles in daily life," and that the Lord fulfils the desire of them that fear Him? Timothy was freely admitted to the study, and when absent, sent many letters to "Maishter Ian." One specimen of these will be given to show that although many thought Mr. Kennedy's preaching far above the capacity of ordinary hearers, still a simple-minded man taught of the Spirit could be fed and edified.

*"June 24th.*

"DEAR MR. KENNEDY,—I write you a line to let you see the spot of my pilgrimage. He leadeth the blind by a way they know not. I was at a Communion yesterday. I cannot describe the preaching of Mr. ——. He was speaking very

spiritual while serving the table ; especially on the word, 'I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh on me.' I am very weak and failing ; the sore cough of last winter left me very feeble. May it please you, Sir, to write me a little line, and tell me what time the Communion is to be ?—Yours, with tender love and gratitude,

TIMOTHY NATHAN.

“ Mr. Kennedy, man of worth,  
A very bright star in the North ;  
His voice was felt by not a few,  
Emitting fire and dropping dew ;  
It is a spell, it is so sweet.  
While the poor are at his feet,  
He seems to get a copious unction  
In the Gaelic at Communion.  
Still methinks I hear his tread—  
My feeble thought in fancy led—  
One of the mighties passing by—  
And glory lingers in my eye.

T. N.”

Late on a cold spring evening a woman came to the kitchen-door, saying that her brother was sitting by the roadside, and that he had not strength to go farther. The minister went out to inquire into the truth of the story, and finding the poor man in a very exhausted state, took him in, placed him at the fire, and administered restoratives. It turned out that he had been discharged from the Inverness Infirmary as incurable ; that he was a native of the district between Lochbroom and Aultbea, and was setting his face homewards, but had only strength to reach Dingwall.

As he was too weak to leave the house, a bed was extemporised near the fire, and next day the minister requested Dr. William Ross to come and see if anything could be done

for him. The doctor warmly responded, as he did to any needy case which the parson (as he always called him) brought under his notice; for he devoted himself with enthusiastic chivalry to the duties of his profession, always showing *most* attention to those who could pay nothing, or those from whom he would take no fee. All that could be done for the poor man was done both by the doctor and the parson, both for body and soul; but his hours were numbered, and in two or three days he died. The poor sister insisted on carrying the body to be laid with kindred dust, she, the solitary mourner, sitting in the cart with the coffin. After this short attendance, Dr. W. Ross, going into the house of a neighbour, said, "I believe in such Christianity as that of my friend the parson." The doctor and the parson were good friends, and for a great part of their lives contemporaries. They were the men of the district, in their respective spheres, who held most influence over their fellows. Their characters at some points met; at others they were far asunder. They were both intellectual, most generous, and tender-hearted, but as regards spiritual perceptions there was a great gulf. The doctor liked to have the parson's opinion on many subjects, especially on books. He gave him a perusal of Renan's "Life of Jesus," and asked him what he thought of it. The parson told him he would not return such a dangerous book, in case it might do him more harm. They often met beside the beds of the sick and dying. The doctor used to ask the parson to tell this or that other one that death was near, because he could not get himself to do it; and he sometimes kneeled down while prayer was engaged in, and rose melted into tears. His heart was evidently affected in some way, but his inner thoughts were not revealed.

It would need "the touch of a vanished hand" to write out a few pastor's sketches of those who were dealt with personally and on a sickbed. Many of the life-touches can never be given by another pen. Hearing that a young girl was ill in the country part of the parish, the minister ascended the hill on which the cottage stood. He was not prepared to find in it a room with a considerable air of refinement, and a lovely girl lying in bed with such a hectic flush as revealed that her hours were numbered. Gently he tried to bring eternal things near, but she refused to think there was need of attending to these things immediately. She clung to life, because she had day-dreams of happiness before her. A gentleman had fancied her, and had sent her to a fashionable school to be educated; there she had taken cold, and returned home with consumption sapping her life. Some of her pretty gifts were lying near, and she kept her engagement ring under her pillow. The pastor saw there was not much time to lose, so he soon returned, and found that his conversation had not been in vain. Now he found a ready listener, and she drank in the words of life with avidity. So quickly was the work carried on, that there was every reason to believe she was married to the Heavenly Bridegroom, and when the pastor saw her again she had put away the engagement ring, fearing that the sight of it would tempt her back to the things of earth. She thus became "as a weaned child."

Another case which gave encouragement to the pastor was that of a man whose life had during a great part of it been one of open sin. Indulging in drunkenness during the week, he yet retained as much natural conscience as kept him sober in expectation of the Sabbath; and neglected not going to hear the Gospel, under which he writhed day after

day. A sort of telegraphic communication seemed to be instituted between the speaker and this poor man, who listened as if he were receiving his final sentence. Notwithstanding his character he succeeded in getting a wife, who no doubt influenced him for good. The Word of God at last awakened his conscience, and he became a humble penitent. He lived long enough to evidence the genuineness of his repentance; while on his deathbed the pastor often expressed his thankfulness for what he had seen and heard while visiting him.

Indirect influence is sometimes lost sight of in many minds, but it may encourage some poor workers to read the following:—

A man about thirty-five or forty years of age, having a wife and family, was attacked with consumption. The pastor often visited him, and spoke much to him, apparently with no saving effect. The devoted wife, however, was always a listener, and what was said to the husband was blessed to her. Sweet were the hours afterwards passed in her sick-room—she too, not long after, bade adieu to earth and all earthly ties.

Somewhat similar was the case of two brothers. "The sands of time were sinking" fast with the elder of the two, and the pastor spoke to him as to a dying man. He never had the hope that anything that was said was of use to him, but the surviving brother afterwards acknowledged that his soul had derived benefit from what was addressed to his brother. Thus the doctrine of election met the pastor at every turn—"One taken and another left."

On one occasion Mr. Kennedy told his people that they might expect a sermon from the late Mr. M'Bain of Fort

Augustus on a certain week-day evening. The people assembled, but no minister arrived. It was thought good to take advantage of the assembled congregation to say something to them ere they parted. After the service a poor woman, who had been a camp-follower, came to the minister and told him that her sins had been brought to remembrance, and that she had made up her mind to hope that the Lord would be merciful to her, and had sought as a sign that the strange minister would select a certain portion of Scripture that evening. She actually had her finger on the verse, when the pastor himself gave it out as the subject of a few remarks.

The following deathbed scene is in the words of the pastor himself, written down at the time :—

“Having got anxious about a sick neighbour whom I had been visiting, I went for the doctor to examine her, and he found that a deadly disease was making such rapid progress that she had only a very short time to live. I deemed it my duty to tell her the doctor’s opinion. After doing so, as gently but as plainly as I could, she seemed startled, the idea of death being near not having been previously before her mind. Shrinking from realising her danger, she referred to the opinion of another doctor, and to all that she regarded as favourable symptoms in her case. Having repeated my conviction of her case, I prayed with her and left. Mentioning to those around what I had told her, she said she thought the doctor was wrong in his opinion, for she felt better. Observing the servant having a sad expression of face, she said, ‘Put away that gloomy face.’ With a few visitors she entered into light conversation, and she and they were laughing together just before my second visit. I then found it equally

difficult as at first to make her realise that there was danger. A third time I visited her, and found her even still more averse than before to believe that her end was near. I came away in a very saddened state of feeling, but returned at a late hour that same night. On this occasion she began for the first time during her illness to look death in the face. During that night I was sent for, and found that in the interval she had passed through a wonderful revolution of feeling. She confessed that for a time she had been forgetting God, but that now she felt His call to be, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' 'It is a solemn thing to die; what do I require to prepare me for it?' I then endeavoured to answer her question, and had a long conversation with her. Thinking her end was just at hand, she called the inmates one by one, and gave them seasonable advice, especially warning them to make use of their Sabbath opportunities. During her last day, looking out at the window, she said, 'It is a solemn thing to be taking a last look of the sun; but in heaven there is no need of the sun, for the Lord Himself is the light thereof. I am resolved to cling to Jesus to the last; I have none else; and though I am the chief of sinners, His blood can cleanse from all sin.'

"Praying, she said, 'Blessed Jesus, leave me not in this trying hour; I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me. Light up the dark valley for my soul.' Being able to take a little water, which the spasms prevented her doing for some time before, she said, 'What a mercy to relieve the burning thirst!' I answered, 'It is one of the last drops of mercy you need for your body.' 'Yes,' she said; 'but it cost Him dear to procure that for me. It is a solemn thing to feel death creeping up; it is now just above my knee; death



has bound my feet so that I cannot move them.' Going back at four o'clock, M—— D—— asked me to pray with her. She joined distinctly in the petitions. She then repeated the words, 'Into Thy hands I commit my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me. Keep near me, blessed Jesus, in the swellings of Jordan. Lord, receive my spirit, but help me to wait with patience my appointed time. How could I have gone through this but for the light of His face? He has kept me in perfect peace, clinging to the promise and the blood which cleanseth from all sin.' "

Rather more than four years after coming to Dingwall John Kennedy was married to Mary, daughter of Major Forbes Mackenzie. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Macdonald, Ferintosh, who entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, his bright spirit shedding sunshine on every one and everything.

In 1849 the Free Church Manse was built, and in December of that year there was the arrival of a first-born child; to prove, alas! too great an idol, and therefore to provoke removal. Even at two and a half years she seemed to have drunk in a good deal of Bible truth, so as to make use of it. A young lady, a great favourite of hers, was paying a visit in the house, and she considered it a treat to be admitted into her room before breakfast. One day she was anxious to gain access very early, and was told that her friend would likely not be done of praying. After waiting patiently for some time she said, "I think Miss M—— must be a great Pharisee if she is praying yet." When she was three years old an epidemic visited the place. It carried off a number of children suddenly, but she made a partial recovery,

and lingered on for a year. During that time her mind grew amazingly. She took great delight in listening to God's Word, especially the record of Christ's birth and death. Often did she say "Mother, pray," placing her little hands in those of her parent, from whom she never parted day nor night, except on Sabbath, when she would say, "Now, mother, go to church; I'll be quite good till you return." One Sabbath she observed one of her playthings lying about, and she said "Why did you not put that away last night?"

The following conversation took place one day:—"Mother dear, rub my back." The mother replied, "I don't like doing it, the bones are so bare." "But, mother, God could put flesh on my bones; and more than that, He can wash me in His own blood." "Quite true, dear Cathy; but do you think He will wash away the sins of every one?" "Oh no, only those who come to Him." "And how can you come to Him, Cathy?" Remaining silent for a minute, she replied, "I think He will bring me Himself."

The end was drawing very near just as the Communion season approached. The evening of her death she could not be satisfied without having her father praying and singing beside her. On his knee she united her musical voice with his in singing a psalm a few minutes ere she breathed her last, her keen eyes resting on her parents. A friend in a neighbouring parish was keeping watch by prayer in her own house at this death-bed scene, and she told the mourners afterwards that she knew the very minute that the spirit left the body.

This was the first death Mr. Kennedy had seen, and it quite unmanned him, rendering him unfit for sanctuary duties for some days. But the Lord was teaching him lessons, that afterwards appeared in greater spirituality of mind and

greater powers of sympathy. The funeral wended its way to Killearnan Churchyard, and Cathy was the first descendant to be laid at the side of her grandfather, John Kennedy, minister of Killearnan. The parents were enabled, in a measure, to thank God that He had accepted the first ripe fruit, and the father often referred to the glorious views which were given to him at the open grave, of these words of Jesus, "I am the resurrection and the life." A friend who was fast ripening for the Father's House wrote as follows:—"I have been longing to tell you how I have been thinking of you since the Lord has taken home your darling lamb to His own bosom. Dear child! she is one of those ransomed ones whose song of praise I believe will sound high; there was such capacity for enjoyment in that gifted little being."

Mrs. Kennedy having gone to England for change after their bereavement, the father writes as follows:—

"DINGWALL, 6th May 1854.

"MY BELOVED MARY,—It is strange how in our separation our feelings and thoughts revert in the same way to the same object. It is not wonderful after all, for until we die we may expect to feel a blank in our natural affection and an emptiness in our heart, whatever else we embrace. But let us learn, instead of only looking back with aching hearts, to look up with brightening eyes to the bosom of Christ, where she is who was torn from ours. Oh for affections set on things above, and for hearts united to fear the Lord! May the Lord soothe our hearts by the Word of His grace, giving assurance of rest where there shall be no trial, and of communion where there shall be no partings.

"I have been meditating to-day on Christ as a sacrifice—

on His substitution—the imputation of sin to Him as surety for His people—His death under the curse—and His act as High Priest in presenting Himself on the cross as a sin-offering to God. I feel my need of a heart broken for sin, and from it, in order to study this subject with delight, and faith in the Son of God to feel the influence of it. How shrouded in darkness in relation to us is the work of Christ—or rather we before it—if the glory of His Person is not seen to shine upon it!

“My engagements for next week are:—Monday, ordaining elders in Urray; Tuesday, writing the Synod Record; Wednesday, Presbytery at Kilmorack; Thursday, preaching at Nairn; Friday, the school is to be examined by Dr. Cumming.”

Much that made up the sum of its human happiness would have been lacking in the home-circle of Dingwall Free Church Manse if the public questions discussed in the Church courts had not brought together there some choice spirits. Originality and force in conversation, sparkling sallies of wit, and anecdotes told with point are among the memories of those days. But these would lose much by a prosaic rehearsal. Dr. Hugh Martin was one frequent visitor at Dingwall Manse. His friendship was an education in itself. His books show what he was as a writer, his sermons what he was as a preacher, but only those who lived in the same house with him could have any idea what he was as a companion. No poet could do more justice to his own poetry in the way of reading than Dr. Martin, who so thoroughly mastered not only the poetic ideas, but the appropriate sounds, so that his rendering was more like a musical entertainment than an ordinary reading.

Dr. Begg's sterling friendship was long enjoyed by Mr.

Kennedy, and the charm of his society in private was fitted to intensify the admiration evoked by his public career.

Another friend of long and intimate relation was Dr. Aird. Many know how well Dr. Begg could enliven a party by his way of telling a story, but comparatively few have been convulsed by the piquancy of Dr. Aird's observations and his aptness in pointing a moral in connection with the burning topics of the day.

There was also Dr. Nixon, a valiant defender of the cause of his Master, a prince among preachers, and in private a most warm-hearted companion.

Dr. Mackay, Inverness, was another frequent guest—a man of two lives, bringing the experience of the past to bear on the impetuosity of the present generation, and able to ride on the crest of each tidal wave without being submerged.

But as neither grouping nor landscape can be composed entirely of foreground, so there were often present in Mr. Kennedy's family circle those who had special excellences of their own, although not showing the strong Rembrandt colouring of these "mighties."

One who was an intimate friend and a frequent visitor at Dingwall Free Manse says :—

"Mr. Kennedy was in truth the light of his attractive home. His loving nature instilled happiness all round. Never was he more in his element than when he welcomed with his own peculiar cordiality those of kindred spirit, a few of whom still remain, and can vividly recall his power of entertainment, as well as the exquisite pathos with which he touched the deeper chords of our nature. His generous hospitality and Christian courtesy were so widely appreciated that persons of all grades and shades of opinion found enjoy-

ment in the interchange of thought with this master mind. But it was when surrounded by fathers and brethren in whom mutual confidence existed that the resources of his richly-endowed intellect appeared to fullest advantage. Mr. Kennedy's mental power when engaged in discussion with this inner circle of friends was often perceived to be something marvellous. The versatility, likewise, of his mind was remarkable, and as far as his own special vocation permitted, he interested himself in all literary and scientific progress ; so that he easily took a place in scholastic circles, as well as guided educational effort in his own locality.

"But the day to be remembered in Dingwall Free Church Manse was the Sabbath, when Mr. Kennedy was seen in his true element. The calm of that holy day appeared to reflect itself on his noble countenance and to pervade his whole being. The prayers at the family altar that morning were watered with a double portion of the dew from above. No converse on secular things was allowed to disturb the repose of spirit necessary to preparation for hallowed service ; and when the work of the sanctuary was ended, it was a precious privilege to have glimpses of the day's experience which he sometimes gave.

"Mr. Kennedy's love for and sympathy with children was a marked feature of his character. Notwithstanding his intellectual prowess, children drew to him as if he were one of themselves. Many a little one has run far out of its way to receive his kindly smile of recognition. No effort to give pleasure to young people was a tax. Once, when laid up by illness in a friend's house, on his partial recovery, a boy got access to his room. When discovering that the heart of the little one was set on possession of a bow and arrow, knife and

stick were procured ; and although in bed, he in a few minutes made the youngster supremely happy by providing him with the desired treasure, and a vigorous shooting match was engaged in at everything within reach.

“ Mr. Kennedy’s own home was a well-known refuge for the poor and needy, and an appeal to his benevolent sympathies was never in vain. One morning of a Communion season, just as the Manse party were sitting down to breakfast, a God-fearing imbecile was announced as wishing to see the minister. William was told to wait. But he insisted on an interview at once ; so Mr. Kennedy left the room with a characteristic shrug and comical smile. By-and-by William was observed in church attired in part of the minister’s wardrobe, and evidently impressed with a sense of the dignity ! ”

The first Free Church at Dingwall was, like many others, hurriedly built, and being on a bad foundation, the masonry began to go off the plumb ; the deep gallery with crowds of people seemed too heavy a weight to be trusted to receding walls, so that a new church began to be spoken about.

A distinguished member of the congregation said that she thought, as the “ rinderpest ” had not visited the district, it would be a good way of showing gratitude to God to build a new church. So in the year 1867 meetings were held, and the church commenced. But it seemed very doubtful that the new church would be associated with Mr. Kennedy’s name, for his health quite broke down during the winter 1869-70. During his enforced absence his brethren proved themselves to be brethren indeed. The whole Synod of Ross, as well as some other friends, kept his pulpit supplied with full services ; and so his people had not only a variety of gifts,

but brotherly love was practically preached to them day after day.

Through the kindness of a friend, their pastor was able to sojourn in London for some weeks, where he had the great privilege of hearing Mr. Spurgeon on Sabbath and week days, and also of becoming acquainted with him. Ere they parted Mr. Spurgeon promised, if possible, to come to the North in May to open the new church. Great was the joy of the Highland people, not only in the prospect of hearing Mr. Spurgeon, but also in the realisation. His printed sermons and books had prepared the way before him. When he alighted at the railway station a ringing cheer welcomed him. The new church could not hold the multitude of people who came to hear, so Mr. Spurgeon kindly said that he would preach in the open air, and the 17th of May proved to be the first lovely summer day of the season. The old and the delicate could listen without fear of consequences, and even the deaf could hear the splendid clear voice as it poured forth the living, loving message from John vii. 37, 38.

As Mr. Spurgeon and his host drove from the tent to the Free Church Manse, the people who lined the streets, involuntarily stood and uncovered their heads, anxious to show more than regal honour. An old saint turned round and said, "Are you not thankful that Spurgeon is still so young?" Clergymen from all quarters appeared on that day, and many of them dearly prized the right hand of fellowship extended to them by the metropolitan preacher.

Mr. Spurgeon proved quite as attractive in private as in public; his sparkling wit, his joyous spirit, his ready rejoinder, made time fly all too quickly. His host and other friends remarked a strong similarity between him and Dr. Macdonald,



the apostle of the North, even in his movements as well as in his social qualities.

Very soon after Mr. Spurgeon's return to London the following letter was received by Mr. Kennedy :—

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—You are very kind to express the pleasure my visit gave you, but rest assured mine was quite equal to yours. It was a sunny spot in a very sunny life when I saw you and your dear wife and family, and your beloved people. I shall always look back on it with unfeigned joy, and we will even talk of it in heaven, for 'the Lord was there.' I trust and pray that you may have fully recovered the elasticity of your spirit, which is oil to the bones.

"I have had small strokes of the gout, but otherwise was never better—I wish I could add, never nearer to God. Still, I walk in the light, and have fellowship with Him and the blood ;—ah, there's the joy of it, the blood cleanses me from all sin. I should delight to see a more solemn and deep religious work going on in and around all Churches. We must unite in prayer for this. God has not left us, but we long to sing, 'The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.' I am a scant letter-writer ; you know how to excuse me ; but an epistle from you will always be precious, and, time being given, would find a reply. Present my love in the Lord to Mrs. Kennedy and yours, all of them. My wife is marvelously better. Pray for my two boys when you have the Master's ear. One word more for you. Glory in infirmities, because the power of Christ doth rest upon you. You see the infirmities most, but others see the power and feel it, and glorify God for it.—Your own brother in the Lord's house,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

## CHAPTER IV.

### METHOD OF STUDY—"THE DAYS OF THE FATHERS"—APOSTLE OF THE NORTH—CALLS.

IN the sketch of Dr. Kennedy given in "The Disruption Worthies," which is certainly very appreciative, the writer says that he (Dr. K.) worked out his numerous discourses with little beside him but his Bible and Concordance. But his brethren, whom he used to assist, well knew that that Bible was in the original tongues, and bore the marks of long and familiar use. And even when he had to study in bed, as bodily fatigue sometimes compelled him to do, the standard authors on systematic theology were brought within his reach. There is no ground for thinking that his researches with a view to the exhibition of the truth were less scholarly and profound than those of any of the foremost preachers of his day.

There lies before us a manuscript book, octavo size, filled with skeleton sermons and lectures, which is a marvel in many respects—in the condensation of thought and language—a single page generally sufficing for the materials of a sermon—and in the pains bestowed on the caligraphy, the Greek quotations not lacking the smallest accents.

We present the reader with a *fac-simile* of one such page, taken at random.

His first literary effort, "The Days of the Fathers in Ross-

Two kinds of life are here contrasted, and the light of the resurrection brought to bear on them, and believers are cautioned against the danger of evil communication.

There are difficulties in the exposition to one unaccountable. The first is in v. 29. "Baptized for the dead" Various interpretations. *Callichis*. *UTES* (pro. supra. propter - vice mortuorum. ut vel in nomine, & mort. in Christo. vel ut valde aperte.

The second is in v 31. "Now rejoicing which shows". We would understand it if it meant the same as 1 Thess: II. 19. "I trust by here is another difficulty. "Now and never in +"

Let us now look at the two lives.

1. That of those who die daily. are in jeopardy every hour. &c.

[1] These sacrifice temporal benefits, notably advantages.

[2] They have respect to some greater gain. This does not imply selfishness. But they are wise. —

[3] This gain is connected with the resurrection.

[4] They would lose all if no resurrection.

2. Those the motto of whose life is "let us eat and drink" are

[1] These have respect merely to present gain.

[2] If there be a resurrection they lose the great advantage.

[3] Their plainness shows their folly and unbelief.

There is need of watchfulness against evil communication. Evil may be communicated, and the communicated and may corrupt good manners. The Christian must be on his guard.

1 Against the communication of error in doctrine. It is like poison. It cannot be taken without injury to the patient.

2 Against the communication of corrupting practices in the example of others. One may become accustomed to the sight of sinning. *h. Sublimis* breathing —

3 Against the withering influence of formalism, formality in the communication of professors.

"Awake to B" Awake to right views of things — Awake to right practices according to the truth *h. It means* enacting. "Sin not." Sin is misunderstanding and in misapplying, or not practicing the truth.

"Some have not us" then proved by their denial of the *h. How* How come is the knowledge of God?

Durham

March 9<sup>th</sup>

1862

shire," was published in 1861. Mr. Kennedy was prompted to write it by "hearing," as he states in the preface, "the Lord saying; 'The memory of the just is blessed.' And seeing that the righteous fathers of Ross-shire were already being forgotten, and that formality was taking the place of their godliness, I could not refrain from an effort to turn the eye of a backsliding generation to their good old ways."

The book was heartily welcomed, and read with delight by those who revered the memory of the just, both at home and in the Colonies. The secular press, while naturally somewhat sceptical as to its statements regarding the religion it portrayed, paid just tributes to its literary merit. A reviewer in the *Scottish Guardian* says—"We have not for some time met with a book of biographical sketch so original and piquant as that before us. From the extracts we have already quoted, our readers must have been convinced that it combines in a remarkably high degree excellences that are usually but erroneously supposed to be irreconcilable. This is a work of literary genius, pervaded by a spirit of devout, high-toned, experienced piety. These sketches of character are moral photographs, and they are enlivened by frequent flashes of humour, so genuine and racy that all classes of readers will find them irresistible. The manners and customs of the Highlands are described with brief but vivid touches." The book served its generation in four editions, and has not yet quite fallen asleep.

At the hands, however, of merely formal professors of religion it was subjected to angry criticism. Its religion was stigmatised as ascetical and superstitious. That the fathers of Ross-shire should be said to possess the secret of the Lord, in the way of receiving intimations of His mind

as to events in providence, excited much censure. But Mr. Kennedy kept his ground. His rejoinder was, "However these things may be explained, they are at least as true as they are strange."

And may we not say in defence, and even in explanation, of the apparent mystery, that these worthies, being men of close walk with God, were in the habit of committing to Him, in a way minute and intimate, their temporal and eternal interests? Also, that the grounds of their beliefs, in these cases, they did not, and we suppose could not, formally demonstrate to others—a circumstance that no true believer should wonder at, knowing, as he does, the impossibility of conveying to others that self-evidencing excellency which the truth presents to his own soul, and on which his persuasion reposes; the which, if he was able to convey, he could bring his fellow-men into the same attitude of soul as the Spirit of God brought himself in the production of saving faith. Thus there was no miracle in the case. These men, like other Scottish worthies of former days, sought to know the Lord's mind as to events that deeply interested them, and obtained it in connection with revealed truth; for we contend that there is no event of Providence—as there is nothing in the sphere of grace—that the principle on which it proceeds is not laid down in the chart of Scripture. "As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of our God." And besides, since "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," who can venture to affirm that He will not represent to the sanctified imaginations of some of those "greatly beloved" even the details of coming events? We do not, of course, say that this is an attainment essential to salvation; many without it live godly in Christ Jesus.

There is no reason, however, for the disbelief of its existence against the incontestable evidence supplied both by the characters of the men who obtained these intimations and by their well-authenticated fulfilments.

But although "The Days of the Fathers" was highly enjoyed by many, Mr. Kennedy's intimate friends and constant hearers felt that the style of it fell far below that of his usual sermons; and the reason is obvious. Although a hard student, he had never written down his sentences as they were to be spoken; the power to develop forms of thought essentially his own grew upon him as an extempore speaker; therefore, writing with care was new to him. It was in living speech alone that his talent made itself entirely felt and appreciated.

In the midst of his many ministerial labours Mr. Kennedy found time for another piece of literary labour—a work very congenial to him—the issue in 1867 of the life and labours of his valued friend and father in the ministry, Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh, under the title of "The Apostle of the North." This work was received by a large section of the public, both at home and abroad, with much satisfaction, and found a ready sale. The subject of it merited the title, on account of the excellency of his character, his remarkable power as a preacher, and the extent and success of his labours in the Lord's vineyard.

And the interest of the book was enhanced by the author of it being he who was universally regarded as the one on whom the mantle of Dr. Macdonald fell, and as coming in no wise short of him in the power and popularity of his preaching and the amount of his labours. They differed, of course,

in many respects—in natural temperament and in mental gifts—and their work was also of a different kind, owing to the altered circumstances of the times. Dr. Macdonald largely laid himself out for invading those parts of the land which the Moderatism and indifference of the preceding century had long kept in torpor. But when a revived spiritual life and an evangelical ministry had succeeded this state of things, work of that kind was not so much called for.

Besides the interest that attaches itself to the career of a man so manifestly raised up by God for a special work, much light is thrown in the Memoir on the state of the districts which Dr. Macdonald visited. The history of his journeys to remote places, especially to the island of St. Kilda, and his intercourse with its interesting inhabitants, are most touching, and read like the chapters of a romance.

Dingwall, as has been seen, was Mr. Kennedy's first charge. He declined, at various periods, several urgent "calls" from other congregations. One of these was from Dunoon in the year 1853, and this congregation succeeded afterwards in obtaining the excellent Dr. Charles Mackintosh as their minister. The high place Dr. Mackintosh held in the esteem and affection of Mr. Kennedy appears from the following tribute paid to his memory at the conclusion of a sermon from Proverbs xviii. 24: "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," preached on the Sabbath after hearing of Dr. Mackintosh's death:—

"This text was pressed to my heart by the tidings of a death—the death of one who was to me a brother and a father in one—to whom I was knit in spirit as to none else on earth, and whose removal makes the world to me more desolate

than few other blanks could make it. Of all I ever met, he was the one to whom I found it easiest to open up my heart, and at whose feet I was at the same time most inclined to sit. He won my heart and commanded my respect as no other ever did. I met him first in a season of anguish, when the strong grasp of the tempter was on my helpless soul, and I received an impression of his wisdom and his tenderness which assured me that he was taught by the Spirit and constrained by the love of Christ. I never came in contact with a more highly disciplined mind and a more chastened spirit. Eminently endowed, an accomplished theologian, he was the humblest Christian I ever knew; shedding the savour of godliness around him wherever he moved. He was in the pulpit a man of God indeed; his clear views of truth welled through a sanctified intellect, from the depths of a broken heart, in words so fitly chosen that there was never one superfluous nor obscure. I never could listen to him without the impression that he had asked and received his very words from God. And yet there never were utterances which, apart from their meaning, were less marked than his. He cared not to call attention to himself by striking forms of expression, he allowed himself to sink out of sight. To commend Christ as all in all was his absorbing ambition in the pulpit. There was no hesitancy and no haze in his doctrinal statements. And it was no abstraction he presented in the dim distance before his hearers. It was the truth as it is in Jesus, laid close to the experience and life of God's people, and brought in a clear light before the consciences of all. In solemnity, clearness, closeness, and unction, his teaching was to me what no other's ever was. How I loved him I knew not till now! The removal of such a minister is an



event which affects our Zion all throughout. To us in Ross-shire, which was so long the scene of his previous labours, it speaks with a voice which calls us to tremble and to mourn. One wrestler more in our behalf has been removed ! Another breach is open before the rising tide of judgment ! Again and again, with stunning frequency, has the cry reached us through the trumpet of Providence, as the men of God behind whom we were wont to find shelter have been struck down, 'Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar has fallen.' Dr. Mackintosh is with us on earth no more. Oh that my eye and my heart went up to where he is in the beauty of holiness, amidst the glory and bliss of the Father's House ! I can no longer think of him to pray, but my frequent remembrances of him whets my longing for fellowship in the rest with which he is now satisfied in the Father's House."

In 1854 Mr. Kennedy was requested to consider a call to Australia, as is seen by the subjoined letter to Mrs. Kennedy :—

"DINGWALL, *May 2d*, 1854.

"MY BELOVED MARY,—Your letter of Saturday reached me this morning, and I was glad to find you were not ill. I was tempted to fear you would be so after all your fatigue. On my way home from Scotsburn last evening I was thinking much of Australia, and was surprised this morning by receiving from the Colonial Committee a call to Sydney. . . .

"The Synod passed off pretty well. Mr. Sage was charming on Eccles. ix. 13-15. 'The little city,' he said, was the Church ; Christ, first in the flesh, then in His members, was the poor wise man. The Church was a city, organised, inhabited, governed, and defended by the Lord ; until now always little, mean, and feeble, to all appearance a little flock. Satan was

the great king who came against it. His various leading plots against the Church from Cain's day he strikingly sketched. Christ in the flesh was the poor wise man. He was wise, as to Him was entrusted the execution of the plan of redemption, and as all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge dwelt in Him. He was the poorest of the poor in His humiliation, but being wise, He by His poverty delivered the Church from the wrath to come and from the power of Satan, who has the power of death. Christ in His members was the safety of the Church; His members, though poor and despised, are the preserving salt of the Church and nation. This brought him to an application to present circumstances of the lesson of the passage. Referring especially to the war, he insisted that our position now was very different from what it was in the previous war. Now the poor man is not remembered as then. He is not in his own place in the city. Christ was disowned and rejected by the nation as King of Zion. Antichrist was supported, and the city was in danger."

In 1857 Mr. Kennedy received a call from the Gaelic congregation of Greenock, and on the same day another was laid on the table of the Presbytery from the congregation of Tain, signed by 1290 members and adherents, who were stimulated partly by the fear of Mr. Kennedy's ministry being lost to the North through his removal to Greenock. A fifth call came to him in 1863, from Renfield Church, Glasgow, on the occasion of the former pastor's (Dr. John Bonar) appointment to the convenership of the Colonial Committee. In 1872 the Greenock congregation made another attempt to get Mr. Kennedy to be their minister, as the following letter indicates, and the sentiments he there expresses

were doubtless those that influenced him in declining this and all other overtures of the kind :—

“GAIRLOCH, *Sept. 17th.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been thinking a good deal about this call that the Greenock congregation are moving in. At present I can see nothing that indicates I should part with my present charge, and am writing to-night to Greenock with the view of stopping further proceedings. I desiderate, however, still more assurance that my doing so is according to the mind of God ; but I have long since come to the conclusion that dubiety suffices to justify one's remaining where he is. If that dubiety results from lack of uprightness it is sinful ; but while it lasts one could not conscientiously remove. Meantime, as my duty, when I came to Dingwall, was made very clear to me, I must abide there until it is made as clear to me that I should leave it.

“I have not been without enjoyment in my work since I saw you, and this has been all the sweeter because it seems to have been shared by others. The Communion season here, which is just over, was the occasion of my coming to this place, and to-morrow I return home, having various engagements. To-day I had more of understanding than of heart-work, but I at least was conscious of how far short my feeling was of my thinking. When the mind gets what whets the heart's thirst, though this adds to the pain, it yields some profit. I had a solemnising view since coming here of God's long-suffering. I saw it as never before—a preliminary to the exercise of His grace. It suspends the execution of the curse of the first covenant, and gives opportunity for the forth flow of the grace of the second. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.—Yours ever affectionately,

J. KENNEDY.”

## CHAPTER V.

### STATE OF RELIGION IN THE HIGHLANDS — MR. KENNEDY'S RELATION THERETO—CHARACTER—MINISTERIAL GIFTS.

IN the opinion of those who have written the history of the Church in Scotland, true godliness flourished in the Lowlands of the kingdom during the last years of the Commonwealth, and especially about the year 1649, as it never did before, and probably has never done since.

A period of fearful trial lay before that generation. It broke upon them soon after the Restoration of Charles II. The "twenty-five" years' persecution, if it did not wear out the faith and patience of the saints of that day, wore out their numbers, so that when the time of deliverance arrived, a "remnant" comparatively only were left.

As long, however, as that remnant survived, it acted as a leaven of spiritual life in the reconstituted Church of Scotland, its influence being somewhat like that of the elders of Israel who over-lived Joshua.

But a spirit of declension from former attainments had set in, and grew apace—a declension accelerated by the circumstance that, from the want of a qualified ministry to fill the vacant charges, the Church too readily consented to allow the Episcopal curates to continue in the parishes where a persecuting Government had planted them. These men were,

with few exceptions, unsound in their teaching and worldly in their walk, and the result was what might be expected, that the people under their oversight sank into spiritual indifference.

As the eighteenth century advanced the darkness deepened, and it may perhaps be said to have reached its greatest intensity about the year 1749, or the years corresponding to those of greatest spiritual prosperity in the century preceding. Not, however, are we to suppose that the darkness was universal; God left not Himself without witnesses. There were places, though withal too few, where voices were lifted on behalf of the truth, where small bands of "living epistles" were to be found, both among ministers and people, like oases in the surrounding desert.

But very much in proportion as spiritual life decayed in the Lowlands of Scotland, it began to flourish in that part of the country which afterwards became, apart from his own ministerial charge, the sphere of Mr. Kennedy's labours. The middle of the eighteenth century saw several ministers of excellence planted in the Highlands, whose labours were blessed of God, so that gradually the light of Divine truth spread to almost every parish of Ross-shire and the counties adjoining. It may be asked how the labours of a handful of preachers influenced so wide a region. The explanation seems to be, that the fame of these men, as men of God, attracted to their ministry those who were inquiring after the truth. These, on their return to their own parishes, did not fail to rehearse much of what they had heard. Their example was followed by others, until at length there were in almost every district not only persons who knew and loved the truth, but also some of superior gifts and graces, capable of giving

evident testimony to its power, both by word and deed. The most eminent of these converts were "the men" so called. In many parishes some of these were to be found. Mr. Kennedy, in his "Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire," has sufficiently described their character and vindicated their memory from the ignorant misrepresentations often given of them, so that we need not here attempt anything of the same kind. In those places where a godly minister laboured, "the men" were his valued coadjutors; in places where the ministry was lifeless and unedifying, "the men" instructed the people and fed the flock in prayer-meetings on the Lord's Day, and in fellowship meetings at other times.

Another circumstance fitted to stimulate the minds of the Highland Christian people of that time was the fact that, from the difficulty of procuring the Scriptures in their native Gaelic tongue, the only means open to them of gaining a knowledge of the truth was oral teaching. Theirs *was* listening and retention in the memory. Those who have met with persons who received their spiritual life, and had it nourished and fed, by the *hearing* of the Word, to the exclusion of other means of knowledge, have no doubt observed how richly charged the memories of these persons were with the words of Scripture, and with the notable sayings of those to whom they were indebted for instruction in Divine things. Their "faith came" literally "by *hearing*." And such was their view of the preaching of the Word, as being the means of faith, that the case of an aged Highland Christian woman who resided latterly in the writer's neighbourhood occurs to him, who, when she saw a member of her family take a Bible with her to church, would say, "Why are you taking the Bible with you? Are you not going to *hear*?"

About the year 1778 vital religion in the Northern Highlands is generally regarded as having reached its climax. That does not imply that there was subsequent to that period a speedy or marked declension. Such was not the case. There continued to be, for well nigh half a century afterwards, a race of God-fearing men in almost every district of that region, although a public profession of religion was not then—as, indeed, it is not now—so common as in the southern parts of the land. Highland Christians were not easily satisfied as to their duty in this respect. Those whose guidance and example they followed were men of deep personal piety and of rare attainments in the Divine life,—who, at the outset of their religious career, had been much humbled, and often for a comparatively long period under a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin,—who had advanced into the light of faith through great conflicts,—and who, after they had embraced the Saviour and the way of salvation through Him, could not maintain an easy-going and unchallenged assurance of their interest in Him. They judged themselves by their fruits—they were severe students of their own hearts; and when the corruption of their nature manifested itself, and the light of God's countenance was hid from their souls, they could not repose on the reflection that, nevertheless, they were believers, but wrestled with God to restore to them the joy of His salvation. This being the character of their religious life, and which is in full accordance with the experience of the saints, as recorded in the Word of God, a high stamp and tone were given to practical godliness in the eyes of those among whom they lived; and *two* special results followed—(1.) That persons who began to show spiritual concern were not encouraged to make a hasty

profession of religion. Borne they were on the hearts of God's people at a throne of grace, but until they had given evidence of having "passed from death unto life" they were not countenanced in making a public profession. And (2.) that a ministry lacking in Scriptural doctrine or in evangelical fervour could not be tolerated. Such a ministry was of no use in guiding them in their perplexities, in assisting them in their struggles, or in feeding them with "food convenient for them."

After the long reign of spiritual death which we have already noticed as resting on the Church in the Lowlands of Scotland during the greater part of the eighteenth century, there arose in the beginning of the present century signs of the darkness giving way, and the dawn of a better day appearing. The revived life manifested itself in efforts to spread the Scriptures, in a new-born desire to send the Gospel to the heathen, and in impatience under the yoke of Patronage and other abuses in the Church. When, at length, the Evangelical party became a majority in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Veto Act was passed, whereby the consent of congregations became a condition in the settlement of ministers. The legality of this Act was contested in the civil courts in the well-known ten years' non-intrusion controversy, which agitated all parts of the land. It awoke in the Christian people of the Highlands a keen interest, and was the means of acquainting them with the Scriptural principles involved. Consequently, when the Disruption took place, the great body of the Highland people shook themselves free of an Establishment that had yielded up its birthright by submitting to the domination of the civil power.



At this point in the history of the Highlands John Kennedy began his life-work as a minister of the Gospel, and although Dingwall was the immediate sphere of his labours, they extended over a wide region beyond.

*Physically* Mr. Kennedy was fitted for the work he had to do. Not above the average height, he was of a massive build, evidencing great capacity of endurance. He had the large head that generally indicates unusual cranial development, covered with a profusion of auburn hair, shining and silken; a fair countenance, full and open, on which sat mingled dignity and gentleness.

He was also *morally* fitted for the sphere he occupied. The Highlanders bear the character of being fervent in their feelings and warm in their affections. In this respect John Kennedy did not belie the race from which he sprang. But apart from hereditary qualities, few men ever cherished a more tender and sympathetic heart. And among the many things that endeared him to the people among whom he lived and laboured, and excited the admiration of those who noticed his habits, was, what is far from common to those distinguished by great force of intellect, his unaffected condescension and kindly familiarity with the lowliest of the household of faith.

These dispositions were no doubt nourished by the atmosphere in which he was bred. His father's Manse was a place of great hospitality, and especially on Sacramental occasions every available space was often utilised for the accommodation of strangers. Reminiscences of these times and persons Mr. Kennedy would delightedly dwell on in conversation with friends.

His own generosity was bounded only by his power. Never was there a more liberal giver according to his means. Like

"the younger son," though in the opposite way, he "spent all that he had." Money could not rest in his keeping—it found its way into the hands of some needy brother or sister in the faith. Persons who had no claim on him, and whose circumstances he could only suspect to be necessitous, have told the writer how gratuities have come to them from him unsolicited; and when they would decline to receive from one who had so many calls upon him, he would reply, "I have it, and you need it;" and our informants would add, "It just was given in the time of need." Mr. Kennedy was often cautioned against this indiscriminate liberality, but he seemed little influenced by such advice; virtually his reply was, "What the Lord gives to me I give to others;" and many and wonderful are the instances of how, in the face of his open-handed generosity, his treasury was replenished. His most frequent remark about this was, "Freely ye have received; freely give." And truly this was his *life motto* in spiritual and temporal things.

His *mental* calibre fitted him for the work he had to do. His intellect was one of extraordinary power. To whatever subject he applied himself, his mind took a comprehensive grasp of it, in all its relations and bearings. Not less remarkable was his capacity of analysing points of difficulty or delicacy. How acute and penetrating his mind was in this respect his written remains abundantly testify.

A memory of great retentive and reproductive power is generally, if not necessarily, allied with intellectual power. It was so, at any rate, in his case. His memory seemed to yield up its stores whenever occasion required. And this was true not only of facts and of conclusions reached by processes of thought and reasoning long since gone through,

but these very processes themselves, to the minutest shades of thought and feeling, that in the case of most men sink out of sight, crowded up to his mind's eye, as if he had been freshly passing through them.

His imagination was vivid and suggestive, and served him in good stead in flashing light on matters difficult of apprehension. It was kept by him, however, in due control—not allowed to become the mistress of the household, but the handmaid. He never endeavoured to excite his hearers, as too many preachers do, by highly-wrought fancies, but made legitimate use of the faculty of imagination, as an aid to clearer conceptions of truth, and often effected this by a passing allusion to some fact or phenomenon of nature, though at times he would constrain the admiration of his hearers, as well as instruct them, by bringing out some unthought-of resemblance between the natural and the spiritual.

Ready expression of thought by speech does not always belong to men of great mental power, except, perhaps, when their feelings are unusually stirred. Mr. Kennedy possessed this gift to a degree beyond which nothing could be desired. He had equal facility of utterance in both the languages he had occasion to employ. While his speech was copious and unhesitating, his sentences seemed to fall without effort into that form which the rules of art regard as most appropriate and effective. His voice was deep and full, its tones not sustained on a monotonous level, but varied according to the style of thought and instruction conveyed; at one time—and that very frequently—conversational; again rising into earnest admonition; but never, when put to the utmost strain, losing its melody.

Nor should be overlooked Mr. Kennedy's possession of that quality so valuable in itself, yet so difficult to define, generally called common sense, but which might more justly be termed uncommon sense. How many excellent men have suffered from the lack of this quality, which enables one to recognise what is appropriate and becoming in the various occasions of life! No eccentricities of speech or behaviour were attributed to Mr. Kennedy. No man could more readily apprehend the ridiculous. And to his good sense he was indebted for often escaping from positions into which men of less judgment would have fallen.

We may, moreover, add, that whatever might be the estimate formed of Mr. Kennedy by those who knew him only in his public appearances, his friends knew him to be remarkably social, of most amiable disposition, quite alive to the humorous, and giving out at times flashes of wit. But no one can allege that he was betrayed at any time into a levity unbecoming the character of the Christian or the gravity of the ministerial office.

In endeavouring to present some of the leading traits of Mr. Kennedy's character, we may remark that a man so unusually gifted would, wherever his lot had been cast, have taken a prominent position among his fellows. And having passed through a deep and decided spiritual change in his twenty-first year, all his rare and remarkable powers were sanctified and consecrated to the service of God. Of that spiritual change his Diary gives not only ample evidence, but shows also his sore and prolonged soul-travail in reaching conclusions on the great questions involved in a sinner's relation to God. A superficial reader of that Diary might be inclined to ask, "Where is the necessity for those agonising

mental struggles? Were they not the products of unbelief? To a certain extent they were; but is it not a necessity of the new life in the soul that it struggles after light on the Divine procedure, such as shall justify to it the dealings of God towards itself and towards others? In Paul's conversion on the road to Damascus, Christ revealed Himself to him as his Saviour and Lord; but during the three days in which he was without sight, and neither ate nor drank, was he not struggling with those questions of which the heart and conscience of every awakened soul needs a solution? And in Mr. Kennedy's case, were not the severe struggles through which he passed the preparation for the sphere of usefulness he afterwards occupied, as being able to "comfort others with the comfort wherewith he himself had been comforted of God?"

That he was the son of the minister of Killearnan disposed the Christian people of the Highlands to receive him favourably, and that high hopes of his usefulness were entertained by the most eminent ministers in the North was also a means of recommending him to their confidence. But it was not long until he not only became popular in his own immediate neighbourhood, but occupied a place in the front rank of Scottish preachers. We may say that in the opinion of those competent to judge who had opportunity of hearing the eminent pre-Disruption preachers of the Highlands, Mr. Kennedy, to use their own words "was, take him all in all, the foremost among them." There were preachers in the North, from the Reformation downwards, who were as saintly in their character; there were some who equalled him in mental gifts, some who set forth the truth of God as fully and as faithfully, and some who laboured as zealously and successfully; but there was no one of these who exhibited such

a combination of these ministerial qualifications as was found in Mr. Kennedy. His ministry met and satisfied, as fully as the ministry of mere man could well do, the various grades of character and the various phases of feeling in Gospel hearers. In general there may be said to be four of these :—

*First*, experienced Christians, those most advanced in the Divine life. In the Highlands those bore the name of “the men.” It is within the writer’s knowledge that all of these, after becoming acquainted with Mr. Kennedy, were united to him in the bonds of love and confidence. They recognised him to be not only a true believer, but one deeply taught in the things of God, one who fervently desired the glory of God and the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ—a man of prayer, and one who realised the importance and solemnity of dealing with immortal souls as did few besides. They approved of his theology, which was Calvinistic. He never wavered in his adherence to the interpretation of the Word of God which goes by that name. Mr. Kennedy has been blamed for the freedom and frequency with which he presented the doctrine of Divine sovereignty in the salvation of sinners; but unreasonably so on the part of many. In this respect he only followed the footsteps of the great Puritan divines and of the Scotch Reformers, and did not go beyond what is at present the practice of the eminent Mr. Spurgeon, but followed the plain teaching of the Confession of Faith—indeed the plain teaching of the Bible.

*Second*, those less grounded in the faith, those who needed special spiritual help and guidance in their Christian course, who feared the Lord, yet often “walked in darkness and had no light.” A fair proportion of his Northern audiences consisted of these. We have already spoken of his special

capability of meeting the wants of this class of hearers. The Apostle Paul speaks of the Galatians having received him as an angel of God. Certainly many a poor burdened one has often hung upon the lips of John Kennedy as a messenger of God to their souls. He, like the good Samaritan, bound up their wounds and poured in the oil and wine of spiritual consolation.

*Third*, those who, being stated hearers of the Gospel, were more or less alive to their need of a saving change. A large share of Mr. Kennedy's ministry was accorded to them. Those who charged him with too high Calvinism in his way of setting forth the eternal purpose of God, never alleged that he restricted the offer of the Gospel. He preached Christ with a fulness and power to which few have attained. He paused not to consider how the doctrine of the certain redemption of the elect which he declared with the one breath could be reconciled with the universal call of the Gospel which he declared with the next. He saw these two doctrines lying alongside of each other on the page of God's Word. His duty was to take up and to re-echo each, and that he did. He had no doubt that whether his reason could comprehend their consistency or not, the Infinite Wisdom whence they had both emanated could reconcile them, and would do so in due season. He had, therefore, no toleration for the attempts of some Churches to pare down the doctrine of particular redemption by means of "general references of the atonement" so as to try and bring it into rational harmony with the offer of salvation to all.

*Fourth*, the large audiences who gathered to hear Mr. Kennedy embraced—as is too much the case—many who were quite indifferent to their spiritual interests. They were not

forgotten by him when giving every one his portion of meat in due season. At intervals he would ply the consciences of the careless, showing the emptiness of their excuses for not receiving the Saviour, and the awfulness of their aggravated guilt in rejecting the offers of mercy, urging them to a present acceptance of salvation. It was a rare and interesting sight to look at a large congregation listening to Mr. Kennedy. His elevated thoughts, his eloquent language, his impressive manner, his earnest tones, soon drew to him the eyes and ears of his audience, and riveted their attention. He was a master of assemblies. As a plain but intelligent hearer once remarked casually to the writer, "You know when Mr. Kennedy begins he takes full command." And how wonderful the gift of being able to fix the attention and fascinate the minds of multitudes of men and women into whose thoughts supernatural realities never at other times entered, in such a way as compelled them to listen to him !

Mr. Kennedy's published sermons, excellent as they are, do not convey an adequate idea of his preaching. They were written in the cool retirement of his study when he was in delicate health, and were often penned on a sick-bed. They therefore, although exhibiting in the main his way of treating his subject, fall behind what was his wont in the pulpit, especially when fronting a large congregation, and all the powers of his mind raised to fullest activity. His conceptions of truth were on such occasions clear and comprehensive, his grasp of mind sustained and mighty, and his powerful affections, all aglow, poured themselves forth in strains of unstudied eloquence, impossible to be attained in quieter hours.

There likewise often accompanied his preaching *that* without



which all words of merely man's wisdom are ineffectual, the unction from on high, the baptism of the Spirit of God, so that many have had to say, "The Lord was in this place; this is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven."

One marked feature of Mr. Kennedy's resources not to be overlooked was the aptness with which he could speak when called to do so impromptu—as was the case, for example, at public fellowship meetings. The "question" proposed to be spoken to was not known previously to any one but to the man who proposed it. We have heard Mr. Kennedy often on such occasions handle the subject in as edifying, lucid, and skilful a way as if he had premeditated it for days before.

What fruit attended and followed his labours the great day alone will declare. But there is good reason to believe that they were blessed by the Head of the Church for the calling and converting of not a few. And one abounding result there need be no hesitation in pronouncing upon—how largely his ministry was owned as the means of enlightening, instructing, and encouraging the hearts of thousands of the followers of Christ throughout the wide North. Many of these "rose up and called him blessed." We venture to affirm that there were few living Christians in the northern counties of Scotland who were not in their day indebted to Mr. Kennedy for the reviving and strengthening of their spiritual life. His ministry also told powerfully for good on those not spiritually benefited by it. And if the Highlanders are generally regarded as a moral, Bible-reading, Sabbath-keeping, law-abiding people, they owe it largely to the teaching and preaching of such men as Mr. Kennedy.

The view of Mr. Kennedy's character and ministry given in this chapter some may regard as overdrawn. But it at least faithfully conveys the writer's own impression of him, and those impressions, he is persuaded, will be fully shared by those—and they may be counted by thousands—who knew Mr. Kennedy as a preacher and had the privilege of his personal acquaintance.

His own estimate of himself is, however, a very different matter. Light is cast upon that by his Diary, resumed at intervals between the years 1844 and 1851:—

*“ July 24th, 1844.—*In a very slumbering frame of mind ; no delight or liberty in private or reading the Word ; oppressed with a sense of my own deadness and that of my congregation ; and but little earnestness of soul in pleading for myself and them. Assisted in examining communicants, and delivered more than I expected from the fear of man in speaking home to the conscience. But oh ! is my congregation Gilboa-like ? —is there not awful barrenness ? ‘ How long thus shall it be ? ’ Is there no spark of love to God and His Word and work ? Will ever my poor soul have an uplifting through grace from under this millstone. Lord, come, teach me ; I cannot desire after Thee as I ought.

*“ August 24th.—*Brought very low yesterday under a view of sad case of soul, but found relief in prayer by Miss S——’s bedside. Felt liberty and melting of soul in contemplating the riches and freedom and sovereignty of Divine love. Found liberty in committing her soul to God and leaving her at His disposal, but no desire that she should be spared.

*“ 25th.—*Committed my soul to God in view of the many duties before me next week, and hoped in His grace for being

carried through. Intending to preach again from John xvi. 9 : 'Of sin, because they believe not on Me' (in Gaelic), but find myself very forgetful of past experiences in furnishing aught for illustrating the third branch of conviction of sin. In English, on God's gift of His Son. See something in it I cannot express, and labour in vain for a distinct conception of how the gift expresses the love.

"*January 14th, 1845.*—My soul for some time in a very unpromising state. My backslidden state is indicated by my formality in private duties, little soul-wrestling with God, and no true enjoyment in reading the Word, but the form gone through in a slavish spirit; by my want of spiritual meditation on the truth, and no exercise of soul in the Divine life—unwatchfulness and untenderness to sin in conversation, in the employment of my time, and in contact with temptation in duty. Little sense of the weight of the ministry and its awful responsibility. No travail over souls, no feeding on the message, no wrestling for a blessing, no delight in the work more from carnality than unbelief. *Self* appearing in everything; every duty is besmeared with it, every motive impelled by it; and it can even condemn itself, and can feed itself on self-denial. Little or no impression of the shortness of time and the awful realities of eternity.

"After writing the above I addressed myself to prayer, and after a few minutes of darkness and temptation the Lord was pleased to give me a wonderful enlargement of soul, in which I was drawn forth in earnest longing after Christ, saw somewhat of His excellency, and felt somewhat of His wondrous love, in drawing out my bowels after Him

(Cant. v. 4), and I found freedom in pleading for my congregation, friends, and acquaintances in Christ, for the Church, and for the service of to-morrow. I felt lost in the cause of Christ. For my own soul I laid hold of the covenant, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' It was a sweet season. This, along with a passage which came to my mind after writing the first part of this entry, 'From this day forth the Lord will bless,' confirmed me in my opinion of the propriety of making more frequent entries, in order to remember the Lord's dealings, to ascertain more narrowly the state of matters with me, and as a means of keeping me more awake.

"*January 15th.*—Had in the morning somewhat of a more lively frame than usual. Heard Dr. Macdonald preach on the duties of the Eldership — faithful, encouraging, and awakening. Feel my need of grace to follow the exhortation of the Doctor's text, 1 Cor. xv. 58: 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'

"*16th, 17th.*—More lively impressions of eternity and my need of the blood of Christ. Pleading for a broken and a contrite spirit, that I may value precious Christ, and because Jehovah promises to dwell with it. Feeling much cast down at the lack of any instances of good done among my flock—the guilt lies with me. Not received one word of encouragement, except twice generally, from one of my elders since I came to this place.

"*19th–27th.*—Preached with more than usual liberty on Sabbath, but *self* prevailed, and I was left in a dismal state all the week after. Much harassed by circumstances in providence disturbing me in my studies. Preached in chains from

Matt. xxii. 1, and with more liberty from Heb. xii. 28, 29. The same liberty at Kiltarn, from John vi. 37.

"*December 1st, 1845.*—A gloomy evening, caused by its being brought home to my mind that I have been preaching what was unsuitable to the people of whom I must give an account, and because the following charges are brought by the Lord against me in reference to my ministry:—

"(1.) That I have not given myself wholly to Him and to His work (Rom. xii. 1, 2; 1 Tim. iv. 15).

"(2.) The little delight I have in preparation for and in the discharge of my work.

"(3.) That I have so little impression of eternal things and the preciousness of immortal souls.

"(4.) That I have laboured more to advance my own knowledge than to instruct my hearers in the truth as it is in Jesus.

"(5.) My untenderness to sin in private and public, and these things being so, and I resting too much satisfied in my own efforts, it is no wonder that there are no traces of any good being done amongst us; and oh, this is through my fault! With all this, if the Lord in mercy come not to bring my own soul under the power of the Gospel, to prize Christ crucified, and to preach Him in faithfulness, simplicity, and love, what will become of me? Ought I ever to preach till matters are changed with me? This is my question. Lord have mercy. Oh the uncleanness of my lips! I knew not what I was doing. Lord, cast me not from Thy presence; 'Be not silent at the voice of my cry.'

"Devoted yesterday and to-day to meditation and prayer in reference to the state of my soul. Read 'The Art of Man-fishing,' and felt the power of the Lord accompanying it to

my soul. Have clearer views than ever of what I need for the work. I wish to have a distinct deep sense of my utter insufficiency for the work. The work is described in Acts xxvi. 18. Oh to keep this in view, that my work is to be instrumental in turning souls to God. 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16: 'And who is sufficient for these things?'

"My utter insufficiency to perform the work may be seen from the state of the souls to whom I am sent. They are sinners separated from God, destitute of all true spiritual knowledge, and wilfully blind, choosing darkness rather than light; and though I may impart literal knowledge, it will but harden more and more. O Lord, impress this upon me. Besides this, they are souls who have stood many sermons, warnings and winnings, strivings and drawings, who have quenched and grieved the Holy Ghost. Oh to feel how unspeakably great a work it is to convert souls so far lost to God!—that it is a work reserved to the Divine Spirit, one step of which cannot be advanced but by Him. Even Paul and Apollos were nothing in such a work. Oh let the Holy Spirit descend to fix it in my mind that it is a Divine work to convert a soul! I can do nothing of this in my soul, far less in others. Oh to keep in view an unconverted state as a state of separation from God! That is what makes it so awful.

Insufficient also for being an *instrument* in the work. What is requisite in order to being so? 'Follow Me.' I would utterly and for ever renounce every intention of going forward in my own strength. I would seek to say with Moses, 'Except Thy presence,' &c.

"I will not go unbidden, unhelped, and unblessed by the Lord, because if I do I will sink under the blood of souls and the dishonour of God's name, under the doom of an unpro-

fitable servant. I would cast myself at His feet that He might take me up, and fit me, and be with me. I seek all that is implied in following Christ, and I seek as my success the fulfilment of the work described in Acts xxvi. 18. 'To open their eyes and to turn them from the power of Satan to God,' &c.

Noble resolutions and reflections, may we not say? and presages of Divine help and success in his ministry of the Word.

The few following memoranda are the last of the kind that he recorded:—

*"Saturday, March 31st, 1849.*—It is now a long time since I gave up writing a Diary. I regret that I did so, and feel bound to resume the task so long neglected. I need to watch more closely the state of my soul, to observe more minutely the progress of time, and to record, and reflect while I do so, on the dealings of the Lord. I have forgotten much that was fitted to humble me, and much that was cause of gratitude. O Lord, grant Thy blessing on this attempt to keep myself more in mind of eternity, more watchful against decay, and more observant of Thy ways and works. My soul is in a decayed state. I have been for some time in darkness. I have little relish for Divine things. Formal in secret duties, selfish in public work, unwatchful in society, and awfully remiss in the discharge of hourly duties. To-day I find myself unprepared for to-morrow's work. A sad want of earnestness and cordiality. My lips are sealed when I attempt to pray. I know not what to preach from in English to-morrow. I have written notes of a sermon on the words, 'Without Christ,' but oh how little impression of the poverty, guilt, and misery of a Christless state has the subject left on my mind!

"*Sabbath, April 1st.*—During the morning my soul was in darkness and bondage. No encouragement in view of the duties of the day. But the Lord disappointed my fears. I had some liberty and impression in the afternoon, and felt melted and soothed in prayer. But oh what a wretched preacher of Christ! How little solemnity of mind as I stand between the living God and guilty creatures, myself a vile sinner! How little elation of mind owing to the glory of the Gospel being seen and appreciated! How little self-denial, how little pity, how little faith, how little tenderness, how little prayerfulness of spirit! Oh cast me not from Thy sight; take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

"*April 21st, Saturday.*—Dr. Macdonald has *gone in*, for he was 'ready,' and 'the door is now shut.' Since hearing of it I have had a painful feeling of how little I see of the controversy with our land which this dispensation indicates—I see and feel but little of the awful guilt lying on us for the abuse of the Gospel. How little true grief for the affliction of Joseph under this severe stroke! I write here only what I have felt, anew to humble me in this sad event. I have cast myself, as empty of all grace, before the Lord, and have given myself up anew as I stood beside the precious dust of His Servant, to be employed and blessed of the Lord in His work according to His good pleasure."



## CHAPTER VI.

### TESTIMONIES TO USEFULNESS—STUDENTS' IMPRESSIONS— RECOLLECTIONS OF A CO-PRESBYTER.

IN evidence and illustration of the position which, in the preceding chapter, we have claimed for Mr. Kennedy as to the value put upon his ministry of the Word and the fruitfulness of his labours, we have pleasure in submitting the following testimonies received from persons in various parts of the land. One is from an esteemed minister of the Free Church, another from one of our foreign missionaries, &c. &c. :—

“I well remember the late Dr. Kennedy, and have good cause so to do. In the year 1864 I was concerned as to my state before God, as being responsible for not fulfilling the end for which man was created, ‘to glorify and to enjoy God.’ I was much troubled by the sinfulness of my nature, for although restrained from open sins, yet the bent of my mind was earthly and carnal; and even when attempting spiritual duties vain thoughts and worldly imaginations would overpower me, so that I seemed to be aggravating my sin by engaging in the forms of religion. It is true that I believed that Christ had fulfilled the law of God in behalf of His people, but my faith gave me no comfort; rather the reverse; for it seemed ineffectual in making me conformed to Christ and spiritually-minded, so I concluded it was not genuine.

"Hearing in June of that year that Mr. Kennedy, Dingwall, was to preach in a place about twelve miles from where I resided, I persuaded a young man of my acquaintance to accompany me to hear him. The day being very sultry, the service had begun before we got to our journey's end, and just as we entered the church the preacher gave out the text (Isa. lv. 1.), 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,' &c. He began by opening up the free and wide invitation of the Gospel to all classes of sinners; and I felt that though he was a most attractive speaker, and I could not help listening to every word he said, yet it was not the *proclamation* of the Gospel I was in quest of, but how to get the Gospel to *influence* my heart and life. At length, after showing the adaptation of the 'call' in the text to the various thirsts of mankind—their thirsts for happiness, for peace, for rest—he said, 'But there is one here to-day who says, "You have not mentioned my thirst yet; my thirst is for *holiness*, for such a knowledge of Christ as would subdue sin in me and weaken my heart-corruption."' This arrested me, and I listened as if I were the person spoken to when he added, 'My dear, dear friend, if *that* is your case—if you do thirst for Christ in order to the crucifixion of all sin within you, and in order to your becoming conformed to His holy image—let me tell you, in His name, you shall yet be as free of sin as if you had never known it; yea, you shall yet be satisfied with the fellowship of Christ and with likeness to Him throughout the endless ages of eternity!'

"The glowing fervour, yet deep solemnity, with which he uttered those words quite overcame me, and as he went on to prove the *truth* of what he had stated, my enjoyment was such, that it was as a begun heaven. He exhibited Christ

as the living waters to which the text invited, not only as by His atoning death satisfying the sinner's thirst for peace with God, but as also in His risen life procuring the outflow of the Holy Spirit to dwell in the hearts of those who responded to the call, and then traced up all to the fountain of God's sovereign grace, given in Christ Jesus before the world began. Often since then have sin, Satan, and the world got the upper hand in my soul, yet, remembering that day's message, I have sought 'to look again to God's holy temple' for the *renewing* grace treasured up in Christ for the chief of sinners.

"H. S."

"In my early youth I had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Kennedy often, but I much disliked his preaching, and especially the close dealing with conscience. I left the district, having secured employment elsewhere. During the year 1851 I went to Dingwall on a Communion Sabbath, and was arrested by the closing address of the service. The words that stuck to me were these—'The soul of man is a most wonderful thing in its undying state; it resembles a deep silent pool of water into which one might throw a stone; to all appearance the stone has gone out of existence, but it is still lying hidden at the bottom of the pool,—and so in the heart of a sinner does the Word of God remain powerless, until the time appointed of the Father, when the Spirit comes with quickening power, to make it bring forth fruit to His glory in that very heart, it may be even on a bed of death. As surely, also, does the Word of God revive in the soul of the sinner continuing to despise it, bearing witness in his conscience against him through the ages of eternity in everlasting damnation.' The exceeding sinfulness of my own sin oppressed

me, and the next Sabbath-day found me on my way to Dingwall Free Church. During my long walk of fifteen miles, whilst saying, 'Be merciful to me a sinner,' I could not name the name of God. When the service was almost finished, and I feared that I was to hear nothing that would reach my soul; in concluding Mr. Kennedy was led to say, 'There is one listening to me, and his feeling is that he has no right to name the name of God in the prayer of the publican, and that he has nothing but the groaning arising from corruption; but I tell you that such groaning in sorrow for sin is sweet music in the ears of God.' Then, as one said, 'He showed me all my heart,' and into its bleeding wound he poured the oil of consolation. For ten years I walked fifteen miles to church, but the fatigue and time appeared small and short while my soul was fed and refreshed by the living Word.

"A. C."

"The late Dr. Kennedy was greatly valued in Aberdeen in the early days of the Free Church. He often came to Bonaccord Church, and to the Gaelic Chapel at Communion seasons, and there were always extra services, to which eager crowds flocked from all quarters. The congregations favoured with his ministrations prized them deeply, and not less so the strangers. The godly elderly people from Dr. Kidd's days were wont to be present, and Christians loved to remind each other of helpful remarks in his sermons long after he had left town. He preached the awakening message of the Word of God and the free and full and glorious Gospel with such power and unction that the young and the careless flocked to hear; the church lobbies and stairs were crowded to the door, and many could not get in at all. An aunt of mine was a

member of Bonaccord Church ; she had been converted under the Rev. W. C. Burns, and profited much by Mr. Kennedy's preaching. When I was a girl of fifteen I sometimes went with her, and was profoundly impressed and attracted. I used to watch with awe the holy fixedness of countenance with which Mr. Kennedy entered those crowded churches, and felt that he knew that he came to us as an ambassador for Christ. I remember vividly his powerful dealing with conscience, his solemn urgency and tones full of emotion, and his benignant smile as he would sometimes bend over the pulpit and say, 'My dear fellow-sinner,' when unfolding to us the love and glory of Christ, and pressing us all to an immediate closing with Him. Some of us felt that he 'preached the Gospel to us with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.' Many of his remarks I still remember, as—'I can only rest when I see that God has found rest for all His perfections in the finished work of His Son, and that He is satisfied with the ground on which I approach.' 'Do you know anything of that dark hour of silence when the soul has made its last appeal to the sovereignty of God, and fears to break the silence? The answer must come forth from Him "who hath mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth."' Again, to doubting Christians, 'If you can be content with a peradventure, you must be content without a song'; also, 'Your case will yet be forthcoming as a glorious finished salvation ; Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.'

"About 1852 I remember his preaching wonderful sermons from John iii. 14, 15, Mark v. 24-34, and Rom. vi. 23. At the close of his sermon from Rom. vi. 23 I felt very powerfully drawn to Christ, but deceived myself by purposing

to come as soon as I could be alone that night; and I had deep cause to repent that delay.

"It was at the October Communion in 1856 that I again heard Mr. Kennedy; he was preaching in English in the Gaelic Chapel on the Sabbath evening to a crowded audience. I was very miserable and anxious, having stayed back from the Lord's Table because I was not in Christ, and everything was of no consequence to me except finding Him. (The spring before I had gone presumptuously.) Mr. Kennedy's text was John iv. 10: 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.' The whole sermon was most precious, but I can only now recall the fragment that came to me. He had set before us 'the Lord Jesus Christ as the gift of God, and who He is.' Then he went on to say, 'He is not a lifeless present from the Father to the soul, but the living Saviour, who comes to each of you with a request, "Give Me to drink." Now what is it that He calls drink?' Then he took us to John iv. 34, and showed us from the Lord's own words that His meat and drink were to do the will of His Father. 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work.' He then asked, 'What is that will of the Father?' and gave us the answer from John vi. 40: 'And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one who seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.' What Christ calls drink is to give everlasting life to souls. How lovingly He pleaded then, telling us that the Lord Jesus Himself was present, saying to each of us, 'Give Me thyself in all about thee that is dark, unpromising, lost—it shall be my delight to save thee with

an everlasting salvation—it shall be my drink just to give thee drink. Let Me find delight for my heart of love in saving thee.' These words won my heart, and I became suddenly aware that I was in the Divine presence of the Lord Jesus, and that the message was from Himself to me as if there was no other, and in awe and hope I began to pray Him to take me there and then and give me His Holy Spirit. The latter part of the verse was most welcome also, in my conscious inability to take in fully all that I was hearing, and it was next brought before us from John vii. 37-39: 'Thus spake He of the Spirit whom they that believe on Him should receive.' From both verses he showed us very clearly that the 'living water' was the Holy Ghost, who alone could make us know 'the gift of God,' and enable us to receive Him and yield ourselves wholly to Him. He would draw our souls to God and fill us with His life. Then from the closing words, 'Thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water,' we were reminded that Christ is the divinely appointed dispenser of the Holy Spirit, and that He has most loving readiness to give Him to us, and were earnestly pressed to ask *now*.

"I was kept praying in heart and holding as for life the words that had met me, and was bringing them to the Lord Jesus as His own invitation to me, and begging Him to take me; and as the hours passed that night, prayer became so urgent I was literally saying, like Jacob, 'I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me.' Towards morning I was enabled to rest on His own promise, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out,' and confided myself to Him in peace and hope. Next day it was a new joy to find that He was still with me;

and though I soon lost my hope, He kept me seeking Him, and a few weeks after I was brought under deeper conviction of sin, and got a clearer sight of the Godhead of our Lord, and of the glorious sufficiency of His imputed righteousness and atoning death, as our alone redemption, and was brought to deeper trust and joy in Him. Yet from that earlier time He kept His hold of me, and I have often recalled to my own soul, and repeated to others, the message of grace which was 'the beginning of my confidence.'

"It will be known hereafter how many more among those riveted and solemnised hearers, received Christ in heart under the choice and faithful and powerful preaching of Mr. Kennedy in those days in Aberdeen.

"A. E."

"It was during the year 1851 that my attachment to Mr. Kennedy as a preacher of the Gospel began. Fully two years prior to that period I had been subject to great agony of soul. During the month of March in that year Mr. Kennedy preached at F—— on the Monday of a Communion. In the course of his sermon he dealt with a case of soul which I perceived was mine. He described my condition so fully, and the mental exercise through which I had been passing so clearly, that I could not fail to recognise in his remarks a message from God to my soul. After doing so, he concluded that part of his discourse by saying, 'You who are in such a trying condition, bound so firmly, will not be satisfied with any form of release that in the course of your experience may present itself to you. The hand that is Divine alone can set you at liberty, and He will do it in His own time and way.'

"In the month of May, our minister being a member of



Assembly, and therefore absent, my mother and I went to hear Mr. Kennedy at Dingwall. On our way to church my mother spoke to me of a certain man regarding whom she said that she thought she must cease praying for him, as she had no hope of his abandoning his wayward habits. This conversation was entirely private. During the service Mr. Kennedy rebuked a hearer who might be resolving to give up prayer for one who had been the subject of her petitions. 'That,' he said, 'has been your way of thinking, but oh how foolish, yea, how audacious! You have not been led to this conclusion by the teaching of God's Spirit. He enjoins you in His Word to pray for all men, to continue in prayer.' During the evening of that day Mr. Kennedy preached at F——, and his remarks there proved as remarkable as those of the forenoon. About a month after that, an opportunity was afforded of conversation with him in his own study. Among many other things, he told me the chapter from which he thought the Lord would give me relief. Some time afterwards the Lord addressed my soul through the passage which he then stated, and I felt the comforting influence of God's Word. My bonds were loosed, and my soul rejoiced in God my Saviour.

"Notwithstanding great bodily affliction, the Lord enabled me to attend Mr. Kennedy's ministrations until I was deprived of them by his death.

"A. D."

"On several occasions I heard Mr. Kennedy with great pleasure, and I hope with profit. In August 1877 I went from Skye to the Stornoway Communion. He assisted in the Gaelic Church, where he had the burden of almost the whole work. During the first three days he seemed to have much

freedom in preaching, but on Sabbath, while preaching the action sermon from Song v. 10, he had extraordinary liberty. Though I was privileged to hear many great and precious sermons from himself and many others before that time, yet the manifestations I had that day of the glorious majesty, love, worthiness, beauty, and suitableness of the Lord Jesus Christ in all His mediatorial offices I never experienced before, nor indeed to the same extent since. I can never forget it. The impression made on my mind was so overpowering that I could not bear it long, and so real that for a moment I thought I had seen Him with my bodily eyes. Being a stranger in the place, and having no certificate of membership, I did not intend to communicate. But my heart was so drawn out to Christ, that I felt the strongest desire to sit at His Table, and through the kindness of a friend I got a token. The recollection of that time is to me very refreshing and delightful.

“J. F.”

“Mr. Kennedy’s ministry, which we had frequently the privilege of enjoying in this town, was chiefly useful in solving the difficulties of the Christian life, and in enlightening and comforting the Lord’s true people. But there were fruits of another kind also. A woman who was the terror of my childhood, and her tongue the scourge of the district, was, under the preaching of Mr. Kennedy, quickened into a new life, which was so clearly manifested in after years, that any one could see the serpent transformed into the dove. She was long known as a consistent Christian, and died about the same time as Mr. Kennedy was taken from the world. Three of her children likewise profess to have received ‘the like precious faith’ through the same ministry as was blessed to

their mother. There are also members of other families who have told me that their spiritual life was instrumentally begun and nourished by means of his ministrations. One of these says that while listening to a sermon he preached in the North Church there, the Lord first spoke to her soul.

"D. M."

*Holy and Happy Memories.*

"Mr. Kennedy came to help my father, Rev. A. G—— of A——, at the Sacrament in 1859, in June of that year. Some time previous two office-bearers of my father's congregation, much esteemed and useful, had left the parish for better worldly prospects in or near Dingwall; and when they wrote to or visited their old minister, they had one subject of enthusiastic and unfailing interest, the praises of Mr. John Kennedy, their new minister,—his wondrous power in preaching and in drawing all hearts. Their great desire was that their friends, especially their former dear minister and his wife, would go to visit them, if it were only to hear this peerless preacher. Mr. and Mrs. G—— complied with their repeated requests, and saw many good people, but on that occasion not Mr. Kennedy, who came home, during their visit to Dingwall, so ill as not to be able to preach; so they returned disappointed. On Mr. Kennedy's hearing this (being himself wishful to make their acquaintance) he said to those friends he would offer his services at the first Sacrament time at A——. He remembered his promise, and came. For us at the Manse it could not have been a more seasonable time; my father and all of us were sorely cast down by the dangerous illness of my eldest brother, a young man of nineteen, of much promise, earnestly desirous to give

himself to the ministry of the Word, and, as we thought, well fitted by all that education and pious training could do, to prepare him for such work. It was God's way to prostrate him for two years with severe chest complaint. During the winter months he had been brought to the gates of death, but as the summer came round he began to rally. I shall never forget the happy faces of my father and mother, my sister and this dear brother, when, on my return from E——, only in time for part of the services, I was told by my mother that this far-famed preacher had come, and had brought such joy to our house. 'And oh!' she said, 'I see James has been comforted by his coming, he looks so much cheered, and is to go to the Lord's Table with us for the first time on Sabbath. Mr. Kennedy has such experience, and such joy in preaching, he seems transported with his message. At present he is preaching to the navvies working at the railway, but you will hear him to-morrow.'

"When I did see Mr. Kennedy I thought he was the most intensely interesting man I had ever beheld, and I have never changed my opinion. I did not wonder at the charm he had over my brother, who seemed to forget all his weakness and suffering. Mr. Kennedy looked strong, both physically and mentally, but so tender and grave, yea, even awe inspiring, yet most gentlemanly, and with caressing playful ways with the young and the delicate ones, affectionate and respectful to the aged. I look upon this as one of the very happiest of all our happy Communion seasons. After this time my father would sometimes look across the Firth from our windows and say, 'We will get something from the hills.' James, on being restored to health, finished his university course, and went to China as a missionary. He opened a new

mission field in an old Chinese town, while acting as medical man to a score of his fellow countrymen. After his death, among his papers was found a brief notice of Mr. Kennedy's bright visit, and in it his preaching is described as precious, impressive, and very powerful in its effects upon him.

"When first I heard Mr. Kennedy preach he had as a message-bearer for me a very specially healing and confirming word; it was a turning-point in my life. Thereafter he was before all others to my mind the ideal of John Bunyan's evangelist; not that I did not know the Gospel before, and had not been most lovingly and faithfully taught both by example and precept, but it all seemed that day so wonderfully clear and glorious. The text was about David and the company that came to him in the cave of Adullam (1 Sam. xxii. 12). After reading the text he closed the book emphatically; perhaps this unusual proceeding seemed the more to fix the eyes of all on the speaker, and I do not think many eyes were turned from him once till the service concluded with fervent prayer, when again, as in the opening prayer, every individual case seemed to be met, whether of saint or sinner. I ought to have observed that the opening Psalms always appeared to me to give the keynote of the whole service; on that day the Psalms were xlv. and xxxii., and the exposition before the sermon on 'The Two Debtors,' I can recall to my own mind, better than describe; for truly, as has been often remarked, such preaching is indescribable;—yet what sympathy in hearts alike affected by it does it evoke, forming a close bond of union between those who have met, perhaps, as strangers in some bustling city, but who feel ever after Mr. Kennedy's name is mentioned they are strangers no more; the best things, even those that concern

their souls' peace, henceforth come to be subjects of their converse together, and they prove helpers to one another in the narrow way. I have known and heard of many instances of this.

"I have heard it remarked that many of the working classes in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and other towns, flocked to hear Mr. Kennedy as they would to any other very popular preacher, and that they made little of his preaching. I disagree with this, having known so many of that class, who, though not perhaps able to express their feelings in commonplace religious phrases, yet made it very evident, from their overcoming great obstacles to get to hear him, and by their tearful, earnest faces when present, that they came to hear Mr. Kennedy's burning words of loving entreaty on behalf of his Lord and Master.

"A mother and daughter, both hard-working and full of home cares, could not both get to one of his services in Edinburgh. It was the daughter's turn to go, and she went; but her heart smote her by the way about the great treat she was thus depriving her mother of, who had known him longer; so she turned back and said, 'You may go, mother;' and the mother was soon posting on, regardless of fatigue, wind, and rain. 'He brings eternal things so near,' she said. 'I never miss an opportunity of hearing him,' said a very thoughtful-looking young man to me, 'when he comes to Edinburgh.' I shall ever remember the crowds of young men who filled Dr. Begg's church on the Thursday and Sabbath evenings when he preached; how eagerly they listened, and how beautifully they sang the psalms, always so chosen as to harmonise so completely, and, as it were, to fix down on the subdued hearts the precious truth preached; the joining

so heartily in praise in these inspired, grave, sweet melodies seemed to my mind to breathe a response of thanks to God for having given them such a Gospel, and such a preacher to declare it. While I write, floods of precious memories pour into my mind of the weekly prayer-meeting lectures or expositions given in the hall of the new church, Dingwall, heard while visiting my sister. Even now, when I open my Bible and read some of the passages in the Epistles, it appears as if it were only last week that we sat close round him and listened while he opened up such hidden beauties of the Word to our souls.

“The more I got to know him, the more I esteemed and revered him. I don’t know whether the love or the deep reverence was greatest. I always had more awe of him than of any other good man, yet no one was ever so kind, fatherly I may say, and brotherly to me. I think he understood ministers’ children as no other minister I ever remember to have met with did. On the day of my father’s funeral I turned to him so naturally for some little service I wanted done; I never asked him; but he was quick to read other’s thoughts, ever so ready to help in any trouble—so utterly unselfish in daily life, so full of bright, loving sympathy, not for favoured ones only, but for those in all sorts and conditions of life. One quick glance at the face and you felt he was in sympathy with you, whether you were bright or sad, and seasonable words were always flowing from those kind lips; he was just too attractive, for he got no time to himself—unless he shut himself up for the night in his study, or was confined to his bed by illness or exhaustion. Like his Master, he sent none away. Of course his kindness was trespassed upon, and his unlimited hospitality; but forgotten

by the recipients it can never be. Would that we had been less ready to take all he so generously bestowed, thinking far too little of the constant strain to which his highly-strung and sensitive frame was subjected !

“ST. LEONARDS, 1886.”

Some very intelligent and appreciative reminiscences by a student, now on the Continent, who was a frequent hearer of Mr. Kennedy's, and visitor at his house, we have been favoured with. From the limited space at our disposal, and from the fact that many of the matters to which he adverts have been already treated of, we regret we can only give selections from his communication :—

“ . . . Dr. Kennedy had remarkable power of conversation. In some respects he appeared to most advantage in private. The most common and apparently insignificant matters he handled with the liveliest interest, and made them replete with instruction. His laborious and interesting career was frequently laid under contribution, and supplied numberless anecdotes and illustrations, by which the listener was held in rapt attention. A finer and more effective story-teller there could not be. Human life and conduct had been long and well studied by him, and much of his power lay in his accurate and extensive knowledge. It need scarcely be remarked, because so widely known, that he was one of the kindest and most hospitable of men. His house was ever full of guests, and the charm of his company was such as to make all feel thoroughly at home. His entertaining powers were rare to a degree. . . .

“In ecclesiastical matters his judgment and counsel were all but supreme in the whole of the Highlands ; and, as has been



pointed out, the General Assembly might decide as it pleased, the people of the North adhered to the decisions of Dr. Kennedy. And the reason of this was, not that they blindly followed his verdict on any question, but that the matter was so clearly stated, and so ably supported by cogent argument, that the consent of candid minds could hardly have been withheld. He kept strictly and fearlessly "to the law and the testimony," and in consequence encountered much keen opposition—even at the hands of those from whom it might be least expected. Perhaps nothing could have sustained him in some of these terrible trials except the immovable assurance that the Lord had commanded him by His Word and Spirit to act as he had done. But this assurance—this assistance, which could not be mistaken or questioned—sufficed to support his heart in the hottest conflicts and amidst the most perplexing problems. . . .

"It is not the case that he was out of harmony with the true progress of the age. He exhibited the liveliest interest in all scientific discoveries, and sometimes lectured on such subjects with special success. Not only so, but his genius was such that he frequently foresaw the course and progress of events so clearly, that, had it been his lot to have applied himself to scientific subjects, there cannot be the least doubt that he should have abundantly succeeded. Thus it is that oftentimes those who are merely spectators see and understand so much that it can easily be said concerning them, that had they been actors in these fields of inquiry, they should have added to the stores of knowledge.

"This naturally leads to a statement of his sympathy with all spiritual and even speculative difficulties, and his appreciation of all truly honest doubt for discouragement. None

knew better the depths of doubt and unbelief into which men's minds are prone to fall, and none was more skilful and successful in dealing with such cases. He did not object to, but rather encouraged, the frankest and fullest confession of intellectual difficulties. These he met with all the resources of his large experience, and with the light which the unerring Word of God brought to bear upon them. Perhaps some would not, and did not, give him credit for this trait in his character; but that was because in this relation they may not have known him. A more tender hand in dealing with spiritual concerns was never exercised by any one. He was certainly mindful of the bruised reed and smoking flax.

"At the same time, he had no sympathy with, and gave no support to, those who merely made difficulties and doubts the apology and lever for overthrowing or unsettling faith in the fundamental truths of the Word of God. Such he did not regard as honest inquirers after truth or humble learners of the wisdom which is from above. As there was no one who could speak more tenderly and kindly, so there were few who could more effectively dispose of error or more scathingly expose the insincere. He held that the highest flights of reason ought to be submitted in the last resort to the light of revelation—even when reason is admittedly enlightened by the Spirit of God. This is simply to bring the whole man into submission to the will and Word of Christ. Frequently did he use, in their fullest import, the words that end all controversy for faith, 'Thus saith the Lord.' And so masterly were his expositions, and so conclusive his reasoning, that the mind as well as the heart found its difficulties solved and its questionings set at rest."

Gladly would we have welcomed more from the pen (that of Rev. Mr. M'Dougall, Fodderty) who contributes the following interesting recollections of his friend and co-presbyter:—

“It is a position that cannot be gainsaid that the more a minister of Christ is conformed to his Master, the more power will he have over the hearts of men in his ministry. Jesus Christ was the Pattern Man and the Model Preacher.

“It was a high degree of conformity to that Pattern that gave the late Dr. Kennedy such a wondrous power over the hearts of living believers as a preacher and pastor. The love of Christ is paramount in the believer's soul. ‘*He is fairer than the children of men.*’ But the *instrument* that conveys most largely out of Christ's fulness to meet the wants and satisfy the cravings of the hungry soul, is the one that stands next the Master in the affections of the godly. Who can take the place of the mother in a child's heart—the child ‘whom his mother comforteth?’ Who is like the gentle shepherd in the eye of the flock which he feeds and carries in his bosom? Who—in the esteem of the patient—can compare to the skilful physician, who binds up tenderly the painful wounds? There was a wonderful combination of the highest qualities of these Christ-like relations in the minister of Dingwall, and therefore the people of God admired, loved, and followed him. When he came out to preach, it was from the secret place of the Most High, his face, so deeply solemn, indicating the weight of the burden of the Lord upon his spirit. Then the opening prayer, so different from what is ordinary, so unique in expression, so rapt and earnest, as if he were again alone wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant; the pleading so suitable to the cases of the poor and needy before

him, as led by the Spirit into the very secrets of their experiences. Then came the sermon, so full of the holy unction and power which filled his own soul—his countenance beaming, as it were, with the light of the Spirit of God, while he opened the Scriptures, and made the hearts of the disciples burn within them. His central theme was Jesus and the benefits of the Covenant of Grace; and while he revealed the glory of His person and work, the children of God were sometimes so filled with awe under a sense of the Divine presence and glory, as to cry inwardly, ‘How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the House of God; this is the gate of heaven.’ ‘Lord, it is good to be here.’

“He delighted to show the children of God their rights in Christ. . . . None might enter the fields of the fatherless. Their Redeemer is mighty, and He will plead their cause. Their title-deeds are sealed with the Blood of the Covenant, and none can wrest them out of the hand of their Surety. He delighted to describe the privileges of the Church as the Bride of Christ—led into the King’s Chambers and under the banner of His love enjoying the promise of eternal inheritance, in the earnest of present fellowship. He delighted to describe the King’s power in keeping the weak ones, through every Red Sea and fiery furnace on the way, and making them more than conquerors over sin, Satan, and the world. He delighted in showing the Mighty One opening the way through death and the grave into the glory beyond—in the Father’s House and Kingdom.

“Now, what wonder that the people should be drawn with cords of intense love to the Messenger who showed them such things, and kindled up their faith and hope and love into a flame? What wonder if, like the Beloved Disciple

himself in Patmos, they were ready to fall down at the feet of the Angel that showed them these things? People flocked to Dingwall from all the parishes around, some of them from a great distance. Their souls were satisfied abundantly with the fatness of the Lord's House. No cold, dry fare could meet their hunger. They must go where their souls were fed and healed and cheered on their wilderness way. 'Sometimes they returned home,' as one saintly woman declared, 'whether in the body or out of the body she could hardly tell.' Blind Mary M'Lennan, who had travelled in youth, and through many a year afterwards, from Rogie to Redcastle to be nourished by the lips of the venerated father, was seen week after week, when about fourscore years of age, groping her way from Kinellan to Dingwall to be regaled under the burning words of the more gifted son. It was no slight privilege, afterwards, in her home on the hill, to see her sweet, solemn face kindling up with heavenly light while giving out of her well-stored memory the rich 'Notes' on which her soul had been feasting.

"Mrs. M'Kay, Knockfarrel, not satisfied with the public ordinances, often sought the pastor in the study; and if there was any demur to the intrusion on the part of the servants, she would say, 'Oh, just a little minute, just a little minute.' And the little minute frequently lengthened out to an hour or more, until she came to be known to those about the Manse by the designation of 'the Little Minute' (*Mionaid Bheag*).

"Dr. Kennedy's ministry was quite similar in its effects on the minds and hearts of the Highland people to that of the great Welsh preacher, Daniel Rowlands. One who had travelled a great distance and heard Rowlands preach on

Isa. xxv. 6 says—‘He began to tap the barrels of the Covenant of Grace, and to let out the wine well refined, and to give to the people to drink. It flowed all over the chapel. I also drank, and became, as I may say, quite drunk ; and there I was, and scores of others, in an ecstasy of delight, praising God, having forgotten all fatigue and bodily wants.’ ”

## CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS—LABOURS—PUBLIC QUESTIONS—SPEECHES.

As might be expected, a ministry so unctuous and gifted as Mr. Kennedy's, like the "city set on an hill," could not long be hid. Those in other parts of the country who loved the Bread of Life, and tasted that Bread as dispensed by the minister of Dingwall, desired increasingly that it should be given them. Ministers importuned by such, or of their own accord, would invite him to assist at their sacramental or other occasions. These invitations came at length to be a continuous stream. Only by long previous request could a hope be entertained of securing his services. Week-days and Sabbaths were filled with work, the sphere of which was the length and breadth of the northern counties; while, for many years, he frequently assisted at the Communion in the larger cities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, and Aberdeen. In these places many warm hearts welcomed him and admiring listeners crowded to hear him, while he left behind him many a refreshed spirit, and—what he eagerly prized—some lost sheep found. These fruits of his work, gathered from various parts of the land, were, we have reason to know, what induced him to labour so continuously and extensively throughout the country.

How his physical and mental strength bore the strain is a

marvel. A railway carriage was often his best place of repose, and most convenient place for meditation. No preacher of modern times was in such request, and no one gave his services more ungrudgingly.

We append some extracts from letters written by him during these busy years, which indicate the variety and amount of his labours more truly than could be done in any other way :—

“DINGWALL, *July 17th*, 1869.

“MY DEAR SIR,—With regret I must write that I cannot be with you on the second Sabbath of August, for I shall then be (*D. V.*) in the midst of deputation work in Sutherlandshire; but I expect when that is over to go to Caithness, to preach for two or three Sabbaths to the fishermen at Wick, and hope then to visit you.

“Every week since the Assembly has been crowded with work. Communion in this neighbourhood and on the West Coast found me, Thursdays, Saturdays, Sabbaths, and Mondays, in the pulpit; the two remaining days of the week spent at home, occupied with my Gaelic and English lectures and prayer-meetings, visiting the sick, and pulpit preparation.

“I did at one time cherish the hope of being with you during your Communion, and enjoying one Sabbath-day’s rest as one of your hearers; and if so, would be doubly bound to pray for you in connection with your work. As it is, however, I ought still to remember you, and I think I may say that I do not forget you and yours when I can get within sight of the blood-sprinkled Mercy-seat. The Lord be with you at all times. Love to Mrs. Auld.—I am, my dear sir, yours affectionately,

J. KENNEDY.”



“FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*October 14th, 1870.*

“MY DEAR MRS. AULD,—Excuse delay in replying to your last welcome letter. After preaching three sermons at home last Sabbath, I had to take part in an induction service on Tuesday, then to preach in Burghead on Thursday, returning only yesterday, and have to-day to prepare for to-morrow's work. I cannot look back on a week's work without wonder and shame; with wonder because of the ‘strength’ sometimes ‘perfected in weakness,’ and with shame because of my misimprovement of the ‘grace’ that is sometimes made ‘sufficient.’ Oh! to have some realising view of His love who is the channel whence comes to us the grace and strength treasured up in the heart of God for bestowal on His children. How near it brings Him when He actually puts forth His power on the heart and effects the union of a sinner lacking in will and ability with the God who is all and in all! The exercise of His mediatorial offices in this aspect—in bridging the gulf between Himself and His people, and bringing them to God—is as delightful to His love as was the great act of His Atonement when He put their guilt out of sight for ever from before God. Yea, His coming to them in a day of grace, and bringing them nigh, is the fruit and effect of His atoning death, the fulfilment of Covenant purpose, and the pledge of everlasting fellowship.

“Please write me before the 25th, as I go then (*D.V.*) to Glasgow Communion. Inverness follows Glasgow, but we must work while it is day.” . . .

"DINGWALL, *November 10th, 1871.*

"Many thanks for your welcome letter. How one likes a token of remembrance from a friend! How one should desire and prize a token of love from the 'Friend that sticketh closer than a brother!' I have been better in health lately than for some time, although having an unusual amount of work. To give you a sample—preached three sermons on Sabbath, and made a few visits to sick people in the evening; preached thrice again on Monday, and a sermon and baptism and evening lecture on Tuesday. On Wednesday an English lecture and prayer-meeting.

"I am also much occupied at my desk at present with a projected work. I am classifying all the sayings of Christ recorded in the gospels under these eight headings:—(1) Words to Friends; (2) Words to Inquirers; (3) Words to the Multitude; (4) Words to Gainsayers; (5) Words to Devils; (6) Words of Power; (7) Words expressive of Feeling; (8) Words of Prayer. I would like to arrange and harmonise from the first four heads a system of doctrine giving a summary of Christ's teaching as a directory to preachers, and then from all the 'Words' educe a series of lessons suited for general readers. But with all my public engagements, I may never be able to accomplish in detail what I have sketched.

"One of my sermons last Sabbath was from Cant. ii. 10-12. I had a sense of sinking under the power of unbelief, yet had glimpses that kept me straining towards the Beloved. I know not which overwhelmed me most, my conscious blindness to the glory of Emmanuel's Person, or my conscious sweetness in moments of His fellowship. Notwithstanding all the blindness, darkness, and carnality that keep our souls

on this side of the mountains of Bether, the Beloved, through the lattices of His Word and ordinances, keeps us from utterly fainting by breathings of His Spirit and glimpses of His grace. And these He gives not only in love to His spouse, but in revenge upon the enemies who come between her and Himself.

"But I must now leave off and resume sermon-writing, for work awaits me next week at Urray and Inverness, besides my usual Sabbath duties. There cannot be much worse preaching than mine, yet there can be worse things for me than preaching, so far as both mind and body are concerned."

"GAIRLOCH, *July 10th*, 1872.

"I was only one day at home after coming from Caithness before starting for this place. Since coming here I was incessantly occupied, and several days of unremitting work in public has ended in my being laid up. I am better than I was, but have not ventured out of doors yet. I must, however, if possible, return to Dingwall on Friday, as work awaits me there, and at Strathpeffer—if there is strength left in me for it.

"I fear I cannot promise to be with you the second Sabbath of August, which is the easier for me to bear, as I am under promise to be (*D.V.*) in Thurso the fourth Sabbath of that month. I have also been requested to take a tour in the North along with Dr. Begg to address meetings on the 'Mutual Eligibility' proposal, and may visit you then.

"The Lord was very gracious to me since coming here. I felt so ill one night that I thought the last messenger was at hand, and I was stirred up to peculiar exercise of soul under that impression, which I might sum up as—considering—

remembering—seeking—crying—thanking—praising—exulting. I am now greatly better, but a silent Sabbath is a loud preacher to a minister.

J. KENNEDY."

A few weeks later he writes:—

"I have had to keep the house to-day, so shall send you a note, though in my present done-up state I can write nothing that can make an approach to decency. Overwork has again upset me. I had very great enjoyment in preaching of late, and having been for weeks successively at Communions throughout the Highlands, did not even dream of weariness while the work and the sweetness lasted. But a reaction set in, which compelled me to keep the house to-day and yesterday, though I am under engagement to preach on Saturday, Sabbath, and Monday.

"You will be glad to know that the enjoyment I had in my work seemed to be shared by others. Some proofs of this I shall mention to you when we meet. May I say that there is in me, in spite of Satan, what will not let me be content without the Lord, and some tokens of His grace? And if He will not either be content without me—which is infinitely better—shall I not be an eternal debtor to that Love which is the well-spring of all salvation?"

"DINGWALL, *May 16th*, 1872.

"Your letter reached when I was away on a preaching tour in Lewis and Lochbroom, and having only returned home this morning, I could not earlier reply. At present, however, I can only acknowledge my debt to your kindness without an attempt at repayment, for I must devote to-day to pulpit preparation for to-morrow, and have to start on

Monday morning (*D.V.*) for Edinburgh. I am wonderfully well, although the work of the past ten days was not light, preaching daily, with fatiguing journeys between, both by sea and land.

"If I were ailing, there are two I would not care to consult about my ailment—one who was as ill as I was myself, and who was stupid besides; and a physician who could not unite sympathy to skill. I am both of these. I profess to prescribe, but am as ill as you are yourself, and stupid besides; and, on the other hand, my professional talk about the remedy is often unfeeling and heartless. But if you look to Psalm cvii. 5, you will there see how others, when famished, found what relieved their fainting souls: 'Hungry and thirsty, their souls fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord, and He delivered them from their distresses.' A sense of entire dependence for the hungering and thirsting is so far healthful, but the more sense I have of hunger the fainter I feel till I get food. The danger is of losing the hunger in the fainting before I get bread. If I become accustomed to scant fare, I cease to long for what is needful to secure health and strength. But the Lord Himself is in the longing, fainting cry of His children, as surely as He is in their satisfied joy when He feeds and refreshes them. He is in their yearning after His nearness as surely as He is in their song when they enjoy His embrace."

"DINGWALL, *November 22d*, 1874.

"I long to hear from you, and yet do not deserve a letter, seeing I have withheld that which I ask. But the less I deserve, the more opportunity you have of heaping coals of fire on my head, to melt the starch out of me.

"I have been unusually occupied since I saw you. A little

rest I used to have in this month in former years, but of late I have been without an hour's leisure. Besides pulpit work in the study for my own people, I have been at my desk writing on these trying Church questions; and when released from that it has been to work again, having been, since coming home from Aberdeen, at the Communion in Rosskeen, Inverness, and Urray. Notwithstanding, I am better than when you saw me. My throat has got strong again, and if torrents of dry words would do it, it might be strong enough. How I wish I could abide in company with those whom I love, in the heart of my last text, Psalm xci.! There are some of whom I think as in that 'refuge' and 'secret place,' and I can rejoice on their behalf even when myself shivering out in the cold. And I cannot but be about the door of it, in hope of getting in. I think it good to be about Christ's door, apart from the safety and sweetness which I believe are inside, because there I learn something of the bitterness of the fruit of sin, the indispensableness of mercy, and the deceit of Satan. I fear to say that I have found *sin itself* bitter—mercy precious, because Divine—and Satan unwelcome because unclean. But it is well to know wherein we come short, and to have pain, when consciously outside, from straining to look within. These longing ones shall yet drink their fill, and their songs of victory shall be louder than ever were their sighings! When the Lord has said 'Enough' as to their sorrows, He shall then teach them to say, 'Enough as to the blessing.' Kindest regards to Mr. Auld and the children.—I am, my dear friend, ever yours affectionately, J. KENNEDY."

That Mr. Kennedy should not have taken a prominent part in the important questions that publicly agitated the Free

Church during his life would have been impossible, both from his ardour of love to the cause of Christ, and also from his rare mental power. But that controversy was his forte, or that he was of a combative disposition, is untrue. He was far otherwise, and often lamented the necessity that impelled him to assail what he regarded as erroneous. His name rarely appears in the proceedings of General Assemblies—a reticence on his part that greatly disappointed his friends, who knew that it was assuredly not from inability to deal with his subject that he shrank from engaging in debate. His opponents, too, taunted him sometimes for not meeting them face to face, while launching pamphlets in support of his own views, saying, as the Corinthians did of Paul, "His bodily presence is weak, but his letters are weighty and powerful." His sensitiveness was one reason of this. "What a pity," often remarked his friend Dr. Hugh Martin, "that our brother Kennedy's modesty muzzles him on the floor of the Assembly!"

In 1863 the movement towards a union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches began. It was hailed with satisfaction by many, and with hope by all. Mr. Kennedy was one of those appointed to confer with the brethren of the United Presbyterian Church as to the points of agreement between them and the Free Church. As that Conference proceeded, he was one of those who perceived that the Churches differed radically, especially on the questions of "the Atonement" and of "the relation of the civil magistrate to religion and to the Church of Christ." The way proposed of avoiding the existing difference in the latter case was that it should be left an open question; but this Mr. Kennedy and others firmly resisted, as sinking the testimony of the Free Church.

To the article of agreement on the subject of the Atonement Mr. Kennedy also took exception. It was that the death of Christ is sufficient for all, is adapted to all, and is offered to all—a statement which neither he nor any one would dispute. But it came out in the discussions of the Committee that there prevailed very generally in the United Presbyterian Church what was called a double reference of the death of Christ, that He made atonement for the sins of all men, in one sense for the sins of some men, and in another sense for the sins of other men. These views had not been condemned by the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church when they had opportunity of doing so, and one of their leading ministers declared it, in the Committee, as his belief that the Lord Jesus made satisfaction to the justice of God for the sins of all men without exception.

Mr. Kennedy was one of those who, as they could not consent to the Voluntaryism of the United Presbyterian Church being made an open question, so could not consent to conceal the difference regarding the extent of the Atonement under the veil of a formula declaring “its sufficiency for all, its adaptation to all, and its being offered to all.” Despairing of harmony in this and in other important matters, he retired from the Committee, and in 1868 he published a small volume, “Man’s Relations to God, Traced in the Light of the Present Truth,” the present truth being those views of the nature and extent of the Atonement which the Union negotiations had brought into prominence at the time. “There are some,” says Mr. Kennedy, “who, Calvinists in their vows, and Arminians in their tendencies, teach the doctrine of a double reference of the Atonement, representing it as offered in one sense for the elect, and in another sense for all. These



maintain that there was a special Atonement securing certainty of salvation to some, and universal Atonement securing a possibility of salvation to all. This is but an oil-and-water mixture; it is opposed to Scripture, it endangers the doctrine of the Atonement, it adopts the practical bearings of Arminianism, and no one who has signed the Confession of Faith can consistently hold it."

The circulation of this book, though fairly good, could not be expected to be extensive, on account of its severely logical structure and condensation of truth. It would make an admirable text-book for a teacher of theology, but it would receive, as it did receive, a cold reception from those who cannot deal with God's universal call in the Gospel without endeavouring to trench on His eternal purpose to save an elect people.

At length the division of opinion in the Union Committee extended to the whole Church, and the General Assembly became divided into two parties—those ready to consummate the Union, and those resolved that, rather than do so, they would separate from their brethren—a dead-lock of parties happily terminated, however, in 1873, by the proposals for Union being allowed to drop; the Assembly of that year passing what was termed the Mutual Eligibility Act, whereby ministers of sister Presbyterian Churches might, on certain conditions, be called by congregations of the Free Church. Mr. Kennedy's pamphlets on the Union question, which contained his matured convictions, need not be cited here.

In 1865, two years after the commencement of the Union negotiations, it was moved in the Assembly for the first time, that uninspired hymns be sanctioned for use in public worship. Down till 1872 the matter came before the Church, sometimes

in Committee, sometimes in Presbytery, until at length a collection of hymns was laid before the Assembly, and sanction asked for its use. Mr. Kennedy objected to the proposal. We may note a few extracts from his speech on that occasion :—

“The Lord gave a Psalmody of old. True, it was given under the former dispensation; but could not the Lord give then what would be suitable for all ages? Can men uninspired do now better than He did then? Does not its completeness prove that it was not to be superseded? What view of God’s character is not unfolded in the Psalms? What aspect of His providence is not presented in them? What special dealing with His Church, individually or collectively, is not celebrated? What phase of spiritual feeling, from the deepest groan of agony and helplessness to the highest ecstasy of triumphant joy, is not expressed? And have we not in the Psalms the grand facts of redemption in historic form? The coming, the death, the resurrection, the ascension of Christ, are set before us in the form in which it is meet the New Testament Church should sing of them. If we have this Psalmody from the Lord’s own hand, and if it be complete, and if it presents the materials for praise in the form best adapted to our circumstances, what more do we require? This sufficed for the Old Testament Church, and with all the light of the New Testament shining on its songs, it ought surely to suffice for us. In heaven the song of Moses is also the song of the Lamb. There has been no change in the Church above. They sang before, and they sing now, ‘Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name, for Thou only art holy! for all nations shall come and worship before Thee, for Thy judgments are

made manifest.' This is the song which they were, and are, singing in the Church above ; and when it is given us, we find it of an Old Testament strain and in Old Testament words. Let there be a corresponding continuity of song in the Church on earth.

"I am quite aware that this argument, if valid, would confine us to the exclusive use of the Psalms of David, but I would count that restriction no bondage. It may be said, 'There are inspired songs outside the Book of Psalms, throughout both Testaments, and it may be asked, 'Would it not be well to have these in our manual of praise?' To this I answer, that when the Book of Psalms was completed there were some inspired songs left out, and yet this was done by Divine direction. The number given is perfect in the view of God. 'The New Testament Church has outgrown the Psalms,' say some ; 'her further light puts them out of date.' Have you that further light ? If so, bring it to the Psalms, and use it as a help to sing them with the understanding ; and the more you do so, I venture to assure you that you will meet with depths which you cannot sound, and with heights of attainment in faith and feeling which you are weak to climb. Some, again, have made the silly objection that the name of Jesus is not in the Psalms. The name of Jesus not in the Psalms ! What do they mean ? Is He not Himself there ? Are not the Psalms full of Him ?".

The introduction of instrumental music into the worship of God was at this time quite unthought of, and a favourite argument of the advocates of hymns was, that the adoption of them would so improve the service of praise that a desire for musical instruments would be effectually prevented. The conclusion of Mr. Kennedy's speech, however, would countenance

the idea of his possession of that "second sight" which he was sometimes ridiculed for claiming on behalf of his God-fearing countrymen. "To my mind," he says, "this Hymn movement seems a side current of a stream which, if it continues to increase in volume and in force, shall ere long carry down before it all that is definite in our system of doctrine, and all that is simple in our mode of worship. I know that for declaring this conviction I shall be regarded by some as a benighted reactionist, yielding, in my darkness, to needless alarms. But I cannot refrain from expressing this persuasion at which I have very carefully arrived. It requires no prophet's eye to see that this will soon be followed by an Organ movement. Strange though it may seem, the very men who cast contempt on the Old Testament *materials* of praise, will be the first to borrow the Old Testament *mode* of praise. As they hold themselves free to cast aside what is spiritual, they will claim the right to adopt what is sensuous. They will be both broad and ritualistic. We usually make a wide distinction by the use of the terms 'broad' and 'high.' We wonder how the parties so described could house together. But I am not sure that they do so widely differ; I believe that no one can be 'high' who has not first been 'broad.' No one can venture to construct a system of will-worship until from his mind has been blotted out all impressions of Divine authority connected with the teaching of Scripture."

Notwithstanding that these remarks were received with incredulity by the opposite party, the mover of the Hymn motion pleading for it, among other reasons, on the ground of its being the means of "shutting out organs and things of that kind;" yet ten years from that time, in the Assembly of 1882, a petition from two congregations in

Glasgow was laid upon the table of the house, asking the Assembly's sanction for the use of instrumental music in public worship, which was granted the following year, on the ground "that there was nothing in the Word of God or in the constitution of the Free Church to preclude the same!" This decision of the Assembly was received with sorrow and indignation by many throughout the Church, and Mr. Kennedy published in connection with it a pamphlet entitled "Instrumental Music in the Worship of God."

In the same General Assembly in which the Union negotiations were broken off the Disestablishment controversy began, in connection with Overtures sent from some Presbyteries on the subject. That controversy has been carried on from year to year ever since, both outside and inside the Courts of the Church. The party who had so strongly and successfully opposed the movement for Union between the Free and United Presbyterian Churches took their stand equally resolutely against the Disestablishment of Scottish Presbyterianism. Mr. Kennedy never faltered in his views on this question. He allowed, of course, that the present connection between Church and State in Scotland was unscriptural, but he held that the principles of the Free Church bound her to seek, not the annihilation of that connection, but its rectification. Being requested in the Assembly to take the place of a brother minister absent through indisposition, and to second a motion of Dr. Begg's against Disestablishment, he spoke to the following effect—that he agreed with the Disestablishment party in thinking that there is something unscriptural in the constitution of the Established Church. He also agreed with them in thinking that there was something connected with the Establishment which should utterly and at once terminate. But

when they came to determine what that was which should terminate a difference arose between them. *Their* quarrel seemed to be with the connection between the Church and the State, while the quarrel of those who agreed with him was as to the unscripturalness of that connection. What he desiderated was, the removal of all that was unscriptural in the connection now subsisting between the Established Church and the State. To kill off a man who was sick was not the prescription to follow; the kind and righteous thing was to try to cure him, and the cure had been prescribed by wiser men than they were. If they could get the Established Church to swallow the "Claim of Right," and if they could also get the State to concede it, the cure would be effected. The great thing to which they all objected as to the constitution of the Established Church was, that it was to some extent, and their friends on the other side said to a great extent, under bondage to the Civil Court. If that bondage were removed, the Church of Scotland would become the Church of Scotland free, and he lacked the discernment to see the difference between that and the Free Church of Scotland.

## CHAPTER VIII.

VISITS TO CAITHNESS—LETTERS—MR. D. DUFF—  
DR. HUGH MARTIN.

MR. KENNEDY was known by repute in Caithness many years before he visited the county. The God-fearing men and women there who attended the sacramental gatherings in Sutherland and Ross had always something fragrant to tell of the preaching of Mr. Kennedy, Dingwall.

In the year 1861 he first visited Caithness. A sermon he preached on that occasion in Odrig Free Church, from the words, "I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever" (Ps. lxxxix. 3), was one of those majestic discourses he sometimes delivered when unfolding the purposes and provisions of the Everlasting Covenant. The purpose of Jehovah to have a spiritual temple in which He Himself would dwell, the work of Mercy in finding and fashioning materials for this temple from among the lost race of Adam, the rearing up of the building by the power of God's Holy Spirit, and the ultimate triumphant consummation of the work were the aspects of truth that day exhibited, to the edification and enjoyment of many.

Three years afterwards Mr. Kennedy came to Thurso to take part in the sacramental services there. He preached every day, both in Gaelic and English. Some "notes" of two of these discourses we give (see Appendix), as showing,

even more vividly than those revised by him for the press, how pointedly he dealt with the inner experiences of his hearers.

In 1867 Mr. Kennedy came to Caithness as one of a deputation from the Sustentation Fund Committee, and preached in various places. We are informed by one who was then anxious in mind that she made a journey of above twenty miles to hear him on that occasion, under circumstances of considerable difficulty, and fearful also of depending too much on a fellow creature for spiritual comfort. Arriving at the place of worship, the first words of Mr. Kennedy's opening prayer were, "O Lord, Thou knewest from all eternity that we were to meet here this night; Thou hast at this moment the case of each one here fully in Thy view." "If that is so," mentally responded this listener, "to the Lord we may entrust our cases." And the subsequent experiences of that evening proved that its events were not only known in the eternity that is past, but may be remembered in the eternity to come. One incident may be mentioned. This hearer waited on Mr. Kennedy after the service, and spoke to him of some perplexities and fears. "Call on me again to-morrow," he said. At that interview he told his visitor that, after thinking of the conversation of the previous evening, this passage of Scripture he would give as a ground of hope and encouragement: "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength" (Isa. xxvi. 4). Nearly twenty years afterwards, on the evening before Mr. Kennedy had to preach the funeral sermon of the late Dr. Begg, a telegram was received by him containing simply these words, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." It was sent by the person to whom he had given it as counsel many years before, and was acknowledged by



him in a few days by letter as follows :—"How am I to thank you for your telegram? It reached me an hour or two after my arrival in Edinburgh, when I was greatly in need, weak in body, faint in mind, and overwhelmed in connection with the trying duty of the morrow. The Lord made it a means of strengthening my soul and refreshing my heart. It was He, I know, who moved you to send it, and sweet and seasonable I found it to be."

In 1869 Mr. Kennedy was sent to preach to the Highlanders at Wick during the fishing-season. Besides ministering on the Sabbaths to a congregation of more than 2000, he occupied the week-days in preaching throughout the county, and visited almost every parish. He seemed to enjoy this work greatly, not only for its own sake, but also for the opportunity afforded of making the acquaintance of many of the Lord's people, who followed him from place to place. The greater number of these have gone before him to the land where their fellowship shall be unbroken, but a few who still remain sadly miss the "wells" he often digged for them in the valley of Baca!

An instance of his Christian sympathy the writer had personal experience of during that visit. He and some of his family had gone to a neighbouring town where Mr. Kennedy was to preach, intending to remain with him in the Manse there, and to accompany him next day still farther. Next morning Mr. Kennedy was observed to look thoughtful, and his prayer at family worship was striking, one expression being, "We do not know Thee, Lord, nor can we trust Thee, although Thou hast clearly revealed Thyself in Thy Word; much less do we know Thee, or can we trust Thee, in Thy dealings in providence." During breakfast a message was

brought to the writer that his youngest child had suddenly been taken ill. The parents immediately left, and as they drove away Mr. Kennedy said to those behind, "I fear the worst, for this morning, when thinking of them, these words, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,' were so borne in upon my mind that I had the impression there was trouble near them." Before another day had dawned the child was taken from this world, but Mr. Kennedy's sympathy was no little support. Two days after the funeral he preached from the words, "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him"—a sermon singularly helpful to mourners.

There were at that time in Caithness not a few eminent Christians with whom Mr. Kennedy delighted to associate. How prayerfully they followed him in his varied labours, appears from the few following extracts from some of their letters.

Mr. David Steven, Bower, whom Mr. Kennedy used to call the Patriarch of the county, writes :—

"BOWER, *November 16th*, 1868.

. . . . "I was right glad of the notes you sent me of Mr. Kennedy's sermons. They were a feast to a hungry soul—crumbs of the Bread of Life. Mr. Kennedy gives evidence that he is a minister of the Lord's own making. May the dew from on high abide on his branch. That he may be watered while watering others is my earnest desire."

In January 1870, Mr. Steven writes :—

. . . . "In your last letter you expressed a fear that Mr. Kennedy might get a call to ———. The Lord will send him wherever there is work for him to do, but the North has

need of him. I am putting the case in the Lord's hands, and I think, meantime, you may take this promise regarding it,—‘Thy teachers shall not be removed into a corner’” (Isa. xxx. 20).

Another prominent Christian in the North, highly esteemed for his solidity of judgment and practical godliness—Mr. David Budge, Dunnet, writes :—

BARROCK, DUNNET, *July 21st.*

“I received your note containing the good news that Mr. Kennedy is expected at Orlig Communion next month. I cannot say that I love Christ as I would, but I think I love His people; and Mr. Kennedy above others is a means of warming my cold heart and reviving something of the love of days gone by. O the mystery of the love of Christ! It is as new to-day as when it entered into covenant in a past eternity on behalf of its objects—as new as when it came to our first parents after their disobedience, as when it came to Moses in the bush, to Jacob when he had a stone for his pillow, to Mary at the sepulchre. May it be shed forth on ministers and people at your approaching Communion,” &c.

On another occasion the same friend writes :—

“Have you heard lately from Dingwall? Mr. Kennedy is daily in my thoughts, so when a few weeks pass without my hearing about him, I think it long. I suppose you saw his speech on the Union question as reported in the *Inverness Courier* of the 6th October. No doubt the speech is the words of a man, but I think it is the words of the Lord in a man's mouth. May he be enabled to abide by the stand he has taken, and be kept a faithful witness for Zion's King. Alas! Satan has got permission to put our poor Free Church

in the sieve, and is driving her before the wind of carnal expediency. Open questions, as they call them, are sought to be made of the eternal truths involved in our testimony for Christ as Prophet, Priest, and King in Zion, and Prince of the kings of the earth. The early disciples were all of one heart and one mind, but our leaders say that men may have twenty hearts and twenty minds, and that if men agree in some things they may disagree in twenty things.

"Where such a spirit will end or what it may bring about, I tremble to think of. I hope our Church will be advised by the weighty words of Mr. Kennedy," &c.

After returning from a visit to the county in 1871, when he assisted at Orlig Communion—assistance which he continued to give for twelve years successively, until prevented by his last illness, Mr. Kennedy writes:—

"FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*September 8th, 1871.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot refrain from writing a note of hearty thanks to you for your great kindness during my sojourn in your happy home. Believe me when I assure you that I cannot think of you without a sense of debt which I am hopeless of repaying. I reached home in safety and comfort on Tuesday night, and found all well. I preached thrice at home on Sabbath, and twice in Strathconon yesterday, and am none the worse. To the Lord be the praise.

"My texts since I saw you have been sweet to me, but make me feel myself more ignorant and unwise than ever. 1 Sam. xxv. 29, 'The bundle of life,' was indeed pleasant pasture, if only I knew how to feed upon it. I thought of the 'bundle of life' as that which contained God's people ;

electing love, saving purpose, and Everlasting Covenant being the folds of the wrapping. Next, the Son's love, the Son's merit, and the Son's power preserving them till called. Then the Spirit's grace bringing them out of the bundle of death, with its four folds, death in sin, death through worldly influence, death from the power of Satan, death from the curse of the broken law. But by His uniting of them to Christ they are put into the 'bundle of life,' folded in the love of God, covered with the righteousness of Christ, and hid with Him in God.

"But oh! how sad to find, when the sweetness is past, only increased hardness and dismay remaining, because of the wonders undiscovered and the power unfelt! It is fearful to feel a hard heart sinking one like a stone tied to a dog destined for drowning, though it is safer to be unable to rise unless lifted than to be independent of the Hand from above. Oh for conscious dependence on the Spirit of Adoption for strength to serve, and for enjoyment in serving!

"I enclose a special note of thanks to Mrs. Auld for her pleasant companionship and extreme hospitality.—I am, my dear sir, yours affectionately,

J. KENNEDY."

"FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*September 8th, 1871.*

"MY DEAR MRS. AULD,—I must send you a separate expression of gratitude, to assure you that I am not unthankful.

"After parting with you on Tuesday my mind was directed to Matt. xvii. 5, 'This is my beloved Son; hear ye Him.' The announcement and the counsel were both in some measure opened to me; the *former* indicating the relation and the love existing between the First and Second Persons of the God-

head, giving also assurance of God's love to His people, as it pointed to the Son in their nature with the stable behind Him and the cross before Him!—exhibiting also His all-sufficiency under His engagements on their behalf, and serving as an introduction of Him to all whom the announcement reaches. The *counsel*, 'Hear ye Him,' shuts us up to the Son for all our knowledge of the character and will of God, claims confidence for Him as the one only Mediator, and demands our homage as true disciples to Him as our Lord. Excuse my writing you this, but it was so precious to myself, I yielded to an instinctive desire to share the enjoyment with you.

"I cannot forget our recent intercourse. The visit to dear David Steven,\* how sweet and solemn! How brightly the light of true Godliness shines in him! but I fear it is the ray of a setting sun. Oh what a triumph of grace it is to bring a soul willingly to lie as an empty vessel before the Fountain of living waters! Is not this the meet preparation for the fulness of joy in the Father's House? Self-emptied entering a state of grace, self-emptied entering a state of glory. Thus must it always be. Grace is never given to dispense with itself. It is given that it may give. And all

\* Mr. Steven died in 1873, and Mr. Kennedy thus wrote at that time regarding him:—"What a blank dear David's removal has made! I cannot tell you how I feel it when I miss him out of my prayers, and when, in thinking over the state of the cause of Christ, I have him no longer to put into the scale in which I usually place the tokens for good when weighing them against the signs of judgment. Many a sweet moment have I spent in spirit in David's cottage! A chill comes over my heart when I visit it now, for death has been there, and his place is empty. But Christ has another mansion filled, another sheaf in His garner, another singer in His choir, another spouse in His palace, another jewel in His crown! Oh for a heart that grudges not what is gain to both, and for the hope which shall pass into the enjoyment of fellowship with them!"

its work on to the end prepares for the reception into a panting heart of the crowning grace of everlasting glory! A full Christ requires an empty soul, so does a full heaven. My love to the children, for I would not like them to forget me.

—Yours affectionately, J. KENNEDY."

By his answer to the request to visit Olrig in that year it appears that he had a solemn impression on his mind—happily not realised:—

"FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
August 1st, 1871.

"MY DEAR SIR,—. . . I hope to reach you on your Fast-Day; but do not depend on me for any work during the day. I might perhaps give some extra service in the evening. I am longing to meet you and your dear wife again. My present impression is, that I am in the last year of my life, and I would like to take this opportunity of a wilderness peep of you, as it may be the last.—Yours affectionately,

"J. KENNEDY."

A chapter of "Lessons" which he contributed about this time to the *Free Church Monthly Record* was written apparently under this impression.

#### THINGS TO BE PONDERED.

A COURSE OF TWELVE LESSONS, WHICH I HAVE BEGUN TO LEARN,  
AND SHOULD NOT CEASE TO REMEMBER.

1. *That I was once "without God in the world."* I did think sometimes then that I had a God; but "the living God" I neither sought nor knew. This I learned when Jehovah, as Lawgiver and Judge, presented and pressed His claims. The God who then addressed me was new to me. At first I thought Him to be a "hard Master," and I rose rebelliously against Him; and even when I was compelled to allow that He was righteous I could not venture to approach Him.

When I knew Him as the God of salvation, I recognised Him as the same who spake to me from Sinai ; but now I could not refrain from drawing near, assured that He was Jehovah, and in the same measure hoping that he would be gracious (Eph. ii. 10 ; Matt. xxv. 24 ; Ps. li. 4, cxxx. 3, 4).

2. *That during the years of my ignorance I loved to sleep, because I disliked the care and the work to which the Lord was calling me.* When He first awakened me I cried for “a little more sleep.” I feared to ask to be allowed to sleep alway, and I thought it hard that He would not give me “a little more.” I then asked for “a little more slumber ;” but this too was sternly refused. I then requested at the least “a little more folding of the hands to sleep ;” but though I twice abated my request, I sued in vain. At last I stretched out my hands, but it was to work, and not to Christ. I rose from the sluggard’s bed to toil for self. But sin revived when I began to work. “The commandment” which aroused me stirred up sin ; and revived sin proved stronger than awakened me—so it slew me, and I died (Prov. xxiv. 33 ; Rom. vii. 9).

3. *That I was as impotent before the calls of the Gospel as before the claims of the law, and that my faith, as surely as my Saviour, must be of God ; that the operation of the Holy Ghost in applying was as necessary to me as the acting of the Father in providing, and the work of the Son in purchasing, redemption* (John vi. 44 ; Eph. ii. 8).

4. *That it was both vain and forbidden to search for Christ except in “the word of the truth of the Gospel ;” and that there was to me no warrant of faith in Jesus but the testimony of God regarding Him to men as sinners.* This I learned after vainly seeking a vision of Christ’s glory, and traces of his Spirit’s work in my soul, in evidence of His “goodwill” to me (John v. 39).

5. *That the Person of Christ as “the Word made flesh” was the only foundation on which I might rest my soul ; and that the merit of His precious blood was the only ground, even in Him the Daysman, on which I could present myself to God as a suppliant for mercy.* Having strained to the utmost the power of “flesh and blood to acquire a satisfying view of His merit in the light of His personal glory,” I was left in wearied weakness, utterly benighted, before the sovereign grace of the Father in heaven ; and when at last I reached, and found rest in, Christ, it was because I was called, as was Lazarus,



out of the grave. "Come forth," was the effectual call of the Son of God ; and from among the dead I came, unconsciously quickened, but consciously lost, to Him who is "all in all" (Matt. xvi. 17, 18 ; Acts xx. 28 ; Eph. i. 7).

6. *That given grace requires more grace.* "More grace" is the cry of the new heart in the quickened soul, as surely as it is the promise of God in the Gospel. I thought I could keep the treasure I got when I found the Messiah ; but I soon learned that He must rather keep me. I needed grace to make use of the grace which I had received. I leaned on my first experience, and my dead weight soon smothered all its joy and fervour. Fool as I was, I put Christ's gift instead of Christ Himself ; He withheld His giving, and I fainted under a sense of poverty. I required to come back as a beggar again to the storehouse of grace, but I felt I could not come unless the Father drew me. I thought it hard to be compelled yet to beg, but harder still that I could not even do the begging without help from God (James iv. 6 ; John vi. 45 ; Isa. xl. 29).

7. *That it is possible to sleep, but impossible to be happy, with an idol in the heart.* The Lord may allow me to go to the sluggard's bed for a time ; but when I am awake His anger against idolatry will cast a scaring shadow on my heart, and my flesh may be furrowed by the rod, till I resolutely cast the accursed thing away (Cant. v. 2 ; Josh. vii. ; Hosea ii. 15).

8. *That assurance not weakened by unwatchfulness is not worth the having ;* and that while true assurance is never enjoyed on the bed of sloth, it yet is never the mere reward of toil ; that the wise course, in order to its recovery when it is lost, is to seek reviving grace in order to renewed believing, that fruits may be produced to certify my calling and election ; but that, even if these are certified, I am still dependent on the Spirit's grace for my ascertaining them, and for so sealing the fruits which evidence them as to satisfy my conscience (2 Peter i. 5-11).

9. *That the poverty which results from sloth hath always pride and unbelief as its companions,* brings a most real dearth upon my soul, and is worse than weakness in the work of God ; but that the healthiest tone of spirit and the best preparation for work or trial is willing, conscious, and trustful dependence on the grace that is in Christ (Prov. xxiv. 32, 33 ; 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10).

10. *That the more I know the better I like Christ as a Master, and*

the less I think of myself as a servant ; that if I had ceased to serve when I ceased to be satisfied with my performances I would have struck work long ago ; and that the tasted bitterness of my iniquity in holy things makes the Master's grace all the sweeter when I come to Him for cleansing and for help.

11. *That it is extremely difficult to combine the reverence and the boldness of the child* in my state of feeling in drawing nigh to God. If I lose the one I become a presumptuous fool ; and if I lose the other I become a cowering slave. The child's way is a narrow one between presumption on the one hand and unbelief on the other ; and he can walk in it only as the everlasting arms sustain and draw him (Heb. x. 19-22 ; xii. 28, 29).

12. *That the only death I can venture to die is death deprived of its sting on Calvary*, and which is a gate of entrance to Zion—death made harmless by the cross of Christ, and made useful as a messenger to bring me to His presence. I can venture to die when I am assured that, as I part with my body for a season, I shall part with my sin for ever.

Next season Mr. Kennedy brought along with him to Odrig his friend and catechist, Mr. Donald Duff. Mr. Duff was a remarkable man. He held the foremost place among the "men" of the Highlands in his day—a position that implied rare gifts of mind, extensive religious knowledge, and high attainments in the Divine life. He had also the capacity of arranging his ideas with logical precision and expressing them in effective language. Few ministers could so satisfactorily divide the Word of truth. Mr. Kennedy, who recognised his worth, secured his services as catechist, and often expressed regret that Mr. Duff refused to qualify for the ministry. A privileged people to have such a pastor and such a coadjutor ! Mr. Duff laboured for twelve years in connection with Dingwall congregation, then removed to Strathconon, where there was then no fixed ministry ; and spent the last fifteen years of his life in Stratherrick, Inverness-

shire, having gone there at the request of Mr. A. Cook, the minister, who was in delicate health, to become catechist and missionary to his people. Mr. Duff's long and intimate association with Mr. Kennedy, and the weight of his name throughout the North, justifies the insertion here of the following interesting autobiographical letter. Mr. Duff died not long after Dr. Kennedy, in January 1885.

“STRATHERRICK, *November 18th, 1871.*

“MY DEAR MRS. AULD,—On receiving this you will not have to say, as formerly, that I let your last letter lie six weeks unanswered. I am now to say for once, ‘Come, ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul.’ You know that when the Queen’s recruits get the bounty who so light-hearted as they? and when the Queen’s pensioners receive their pay there is a little of the bravery of their youth revived for the time. Therefore I will take advantage of my present sense of freedom of mind, to give you what I venture to call the Lord’s dealing with my soul. Strange to say, I never felt so inclined before; nor can I tell what induces me now. That it is not to raise myself in your estimation I know you will believe; and if you can help me to praise the Lord for His wonderful goodness, we will be sharers in each other’s joy.

“Well, in the family in which I was born there was no religion—I was not even taught to pray. But one day that I was amusing myself in a yard where some empty carts were placed, one of them overturned and fell upon me, so that I was nearly suffocated. It then came into my mind, I know not how, to cry, ‘O God, help me!’ and in a minute or two one passing near came and relieved me. I do not remember

praying again until I was twelve years, when, after a sermon which frightened me, I prayed earnestly to God to take away these fears; and in this I was answered also, for all my fears left me. Again, about the age of eighteen, I was very much aroused by a sermon preached by Dr. Macdonald, and now I began to read the Bible and pray regularly, and became so reformed that myself and the good people of the district thought I was a converted lad. I wonder yet at the warmth of my affections at that time towards all that was good, and yet I knew not God. By-and-by I began to cool in my religion, and turned back to some of my foolish practices, and being unstable myself, thought, or wished to think, that all religious people were hypocrites. In this frame of mind I attended one evening a harvest-home gathering, where there was mirth of various kinds, piping, and dancing. The following Saturday, as I arrived at the door of a house where a prayer-meeting of the Lord's people which I occasionally attended was held, one of the old Christians met me and said, 'I am sorry that we have agreed to exclude you from our meeting, as your conduct is not consistent.' I turned away without uttering a word, but felt as if a dagger went through me. But by-and-by my pride got the upper hand; so I went back to the world full swing, and continued about six years despising all that belonged to God, both openly and in my heart. (Oh, the Love that kept me out of hell these years!) It happened, however, one Sabbath evening, that I took up 'Boston's Fourfold State,' not at all from choice, but to kill time—for the Sabbath was a wearisome day to me—and the part that opened was a description of the desperate state of the lost in hell. This made me very wretched; so I said, 'Well, I will once more, and only once, try to pray.' I

attempted the duty, but all I could venture to say was, 'Lord, give me a new heart.' I continued to use these words for weeks, but the only effect was that I was becoming more and more miserable. Being in a wood one evening, I bent down on my knees and repeated my usual prayer, when all at once I felt as if I was in the presence of God, and that He spoke to me in these words, 'What although you should get a new heart? I could not receive you for the sake of your new heart.' I was overpowered and self-condemned, when in a little these words seemed to follow, 'You must be accepted in another;' and then there opened up to my view the glorious Person of the Son of God, Christ Jesus the Divine Saviour in power and glory at the Father's right hand! My very soul leaped for amazement and joy, and then and there I received Christ as my Saviour and Lord.

"For a considerable time that joy continued, but then some fearful temptations set in upon me, in particular as to God's sovereignty. The enemy would ask me to justify God in His various dealings—such as in the permission of evil; and when I could not do this, then he would say, 'You are still on my side.' But I got a wonderful deliverance as to this also. One evening, coming from my work, the tempter was plying me with his atheistic suggestions; so I turned into a field to confess to the Lord my helplessness, when, as I was bewailing my case before the All-seeing One, it appeared as if all at once 'the tree of the knowledge of good and evil' stood before me, and as if a voice said, 'If that tree had stood there untouched until now, is there not in your breast what would move you to stretch out your hand to its forbidden fruit?' This humbled me, for I saw that the soul of man, freely and of its own will, took on the guilt of sin. I also got a melting

view of the grace that did not utterly and for ever destroy the sinner because of disobedience, but provided a way of forgiving transgressors to the praise of His mercy and love.

"After this the tempter was again at work in another form, telling me that these discoveries of spiritual things would leave my heart—as did my first false religion—unweaned from sin. But no; I got such glimpses from time to time of the glorious Person of Emmanuel as drew me after Him, and kept up in my soul, even at its lowest case, a whisper that seemed to say, 'There is in God, and only in Him, what will satisfy *all* thy desires.'

"Many providences have I to record since then, but were I to tell you even the outside history of these, apart altogether from the workings of my own mind regarding them, you would think me a weary correspondent. The Lord has borne with me, notwithstanding numerous provocations, and enabled me to keep close to His cause and service in four different counties." . . .

In 1873 Mr. Kennedy paid the writer and his family a visit in company with his friend Dr. Hugh Martin. Dr. Martin had been in Olrig before, when he and Dr. Begg held a very enthusiastic meeting of the parishioners, with the view of petitioning Parliament for a distinct recognition of religious teaching in the proposed National Education Bill. Writing after this his second visit, Dr. Martin says, "How I did enjoy our visit and Mr. Kennedy's charming company on the homeward journey! In the train he dropped a thought which I think I have got good of since. He said, 'I don't like to hear people saying in prayer, "Make

Thy grace sufficient for us." God's grace *is* sufficient.' 'Yes, I answered; 'but is He not to be inquired of to do it for them?' 'That comes in,' was his reply, 'in the next clause. We are to pray that His strength be made perfect in our weakness, so that the way to use the promise is, "We thank Thee that Thy grace is sufficient, and we pray that Thy strength be perfected in our weakness;" which makes a plain path onward to our adding, "Most gladly, therefore, will we glory in infirmities." High though this be, it is not a height that will make us giddy, because of the ballast thrown in of infirmities, reproaches, distresses, persecutions.' I answered, 'There's no lack of the ballast anyhow.' 'No,' he said; 'and if there were you would be a very troublesome fellow to us, and the Church would get little good of you!'"

The following summer Dr. Martin again paid us a visit, but was confined to his room a few days after arriving with one of his periodical attacks of illness, which lasted for five weeks. Mr. Kennedy's solicitude regarding him appears from the subjoined letter, many such being received at the time; and at length his "brotherly love" brought him to visit his friend, and to take him South along with him.

"DINGWALL *September 9th*, 1876.

"MY DEAR MRS. AULD,—Many thanks for your bulletin. I would go next week to try and get your invalid back with me, but your report as to his bodily weakness does not encourage me. Please let me know by the beginning of this week what you think. I have just returned from Gairloch, and have to preach on Tuesday at Kilmuir, but might manage to reach you on Wednesday evening. The blessing of Asher rest upon you! Yours is a labour of love, and the Lord is

on the bed on which your patient is lying. What a wonderful thing it is to have an opportunity of ministering to the Lord 'as sick!' And in doing so you cannot suffer. Therefore I must not be afraid on your account, though I long to be with you, to relieve you as far as I can of anxiety and fatigue, and to share your hours of watching. The Lord give you a Sabbath to-morrow.—Ever yours affectionately,

"J. KENNEDY."

The few following extracts of letters give an idea of the pressure of his ministerial work about this period :—

"DINGWALL, *August 6th.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I expect to be at Orlig on your Fast-Day, and yet I seem to shrink from going, as I can only remain with you till the Saturday. I have not been able to procure supply for my own pulpit on the Sabbath. I cannot be forward until by the last train on Wednesday, having a School Board meeting that forenoon, and to-morrow I have to preach and ordain elders at Ferrintosh.

"Our Communion here is just over. Dr. Begg preached Thursday and Saturday, and Dr. Martin Monday. The latter is specially well and bright at present. I was myself on Sabbath at the outskirts of the Garden of Gethsemane, afraid to draw near to the Sufferer, yet seeing what made it impossible not to look with straining eyes towards Him. The *procuring cause* of Christ's sorrow, the *elements* in it, and the *extremeness* of it, were the divisions of my discourse. Sweet indeed were some moments of fellowship. Yet the enjoyment was counterbalanced by a sense of overpowering of heart and mind when treading on 'holy ground.' "



"FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*November 13, 1872.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was just thinking of you when your letter arrived, which made it specially welcome. I am truly thankful to hear your boys are better, and that scarlatina is disappearing from the district. It is suffering outside of us that is a great means of drawing us out of our narrow selfishness—first of all to be led to contemplate the suffering of Him who in suffering, as in all else, was matchless. Through this come the breathings of love that draw us Godward, and here we get the self-denied spirit that leads us to aim at God's glory above all else. And a fellow's suffering, as it is the means of producing fellow-suffering, has to some extent an emancipating power, lessening the cords that bind us as slaves of self.

"I have been away on the West Coast since you saw me, beginning with Stornoway Communion. And I have to go to Shildaig this week, returning on Saturday in time for preaching in Inverness on Sabbath and Monday."

"DINGWALL, *November 20th, 1874.*

"With regret I must write that I cannot be with you at your December Communion. I have then (*D.V.*) to go to Dunoon to open the new Free Church there. A month of comparative rest December used to be, but this year it has the prospect of being quite filled with work. To-morrow I go to Dornoch, where I shall be engaged three or four days.

"I have spent this forenoon in my study, trying to prepare a sermon from Isaiah lxi. 14, 15. If I get food in my text I may get a sermon out of it. But the sermon will be

poor indeed, if there is nothing in it but what I have tasted myself. On the other hand, displeasing to me is the sermon that comes from a hand that has not carried to the mouth the provision it sets before others." . . .

"FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*September 22d, 1875.*

"I intended writing you after being at Criech, but not a day's leisure have I had since. I greatly enjoyed the season there. There was a large gathering of the Lord's people from all parts of the land. The Sabbath was my birthday, and the Lord was pleased to make it a marked day to my soul. Divine love will not have the 'cloud' that guides His children through the wilderness to have a dark side towards them. They darken it often to themselves, sometimes by their false steps, and sometimes by their foul steps; but to the Divine Eye it is 'a cloud of light to these, and of darkness to their enemies.' This shows us therefore where we ought to rest: in the Everlasting Love that has given fitting manifestations of itself through all ages to its objects. 'Yes,' you say, 'I know where I ought to rest, but it is another thing to reach the resting-place.' So it is, but one way His love is manifested is that He brings them there Himself. . . I go to Lochbroom Communion next week; write me before then." . . .

## CHAPTER IX.

### VISIT TO AMERICA—HOME WORK—ILLNESS—LETTERS.

As already mentioned, Mr. Kennedy was endowed with a strong physical frame, and from the commencement of his ministry in 1844 down till about 1870, whatever might be his occasional sense of fatigue, there was no indication of failure of health. His friends everywhere looked with amazement at his endurance of such incessant and laborious work, and, fearful of so precious a life being endangered, were ever warning him of the probable consequences of such excessive physical and mental strain. But delighting in his work, and feeling no abiding injurious effects, he seemed to give small heed to their admonitions.

In the summer of 1873, however, he yielded to the suggestions of friends so far as to think of ceasing for three months from his usual labours and taking a voyage to America. Two inducements drew him towards the West—that he might be present at the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance at New York, where representatives from many lands were expected to take part, and also to indulge a lifelong desire of seeing Highlanders in their Canadian homes. While the journey was being talked of, a brother minister, Mr. Macdonald, Applecross, handed Mr. Kennedy a bank cheque for £120, with a request from a few friends that it might be laid out in taking the rest and change so much needed.

The members of his own congregation very generously engaged Dr. Hugh Martin to act as substitute while he was absent, and by so doing they bestowed an inestimable blessing on themselves, while benefiting their own minister, whose life very probably was lengthened, or at least much strengthened for future work. It was a common remark on board the American steamship that a voyage across the Atlantic added ten years to life.

Besides providing such an efficient substitute, his people also added £100 to the sum already given for the trans-Atlantic trip. This was neither the first nor the last time that they evidenced their attachment by costly gifts; indeed they seemed to grow in liberality. Treasured mementoes remain from young men's and young women's classes, and a few years previously to their enabling him to take this American voyage his congregation joined with others in presenting him with a testimonial in silver-plate, accompanied with a cheque for £650.\*

The following characteristic letter was received from Dr. Martin while officiating in his absence:—

“October 21st, 1873.

“MY DEAR DR. KENNEDY,—Though I posted a letter to you yesterday morning, and though the telegram will have given the sad news in America, I write to say that in passing through Inverness yesterday I learned that Dr. Candlish is with Christ. From Forres to Perth I had a *coupé* to myself, and he had not a truer mourner than I was all the way, and still am, for I can think of nothing else. Let others praise

\* It may be mentioned that in March of this year his *alma mater*, the University of Aberdeen, conferred on Mr. Kennedy the degree of D.D.

his debating powers—and I heard them in the days of their youthful brilliancy—it is as the gracious preacher, ever good to the poor and needy and sin-distressed, that he will be memorable to me, and it is in that capacity, I am persuaded, that he will for ever wear his crown. I am sure that Mrs. Kennedy will agree with me in this. His last words to me in writing were '*Laus Deo*—the Lord reigneth,' and to-day, I believe, he reigneth with Him!

"As the train toiled up the heights of Badenoch yesterday the sky was black and the hills and plains were white with snow. At length the black clouds burst, and a blinding snow-drift raged. I remembered the 'wee bird's' lament, 'Sic a day o' drift and rain.' And when, on reaching Inverness station, a newspaper was handed me with the sad sad tidings, I instinctively 'drew my bonnet off my head.' 'Oh wae's me!' was my note." . . .

Dr. Kennedy remained in America during the autumn. New York, Albany, Hamilton, Montreal, &c. &c., were visited, as appears, in a lecture delivered to his people on his return home. Chicago was not at first in the programme, but pressing invitations having come from Scotchmen there, he went. Indeed, it seemed as if he must needs visit that city in order to receive some cheering accounts of his ministry in former days having been blessed to some now resident there. That he was, however, wistfully desirous of returning to his home and his work appears:—

"NEW YORK, *November 29th*, 1873.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I must send you a brief note, for I have been thinking much of you of late, and found 'quiet

rest' in committing you to the care of the Triune Covenant God. The Father watches, the Son pleads, the Spirit administers (John vi. 32 ; Ps. cxxxviii. 8).

"Over 3000 miles by sea, and over an equal distance on land, the Lord has carried us in safety ; and now the great sea has to be crossed again. But if I am not bright in prospect of the voyage, I am eager to accomplish it, for my heart and my home and my work are beyond it.

"I cannot now tell you any of our American experiences. I hope, if the Lord will, to do so *viva voce*.

"The Lord watch over you and yours and all whom I love in my own dear land. There are some whom He will not and cannot forsake. He is with them either by the touches of His hand or by the word of His mouth, or in their sad sense of His absence and their heart-cry for His presence.

"Remember us amid the perils of the deep."

On returning home Dr. Kennedy delivered to his people two very exhaustive lectures on his American experiences. The facts spoken of were not historically new, but his own reflections are *sui generis* piquant and original. We must find room for a train of thought suggested on the voyage, and for short sketches of some notable persons he met with in the colony :—

"Life on shipboard to those who are dependent on outward excitement for their happiness is apt to become a wearisome routine. I might give you a group of portraits which I drew as I watched the ongoings of my companions during the voyage. But let me tell you rather of our visitors. For visitors we had. Lying in my berth during my first experience of an ocean swell, as my heart was sinking and troubled,

I saw, on looking through the open window, a little bird flying fearless amidst the billows. Its home was in the deep. Its great Creator provided for it there. It knew no anxiety or fear. It could rest amidst the commotion into which the power of God had roused the deep. It was as if the Hand that wielded at will the mighty ocean held it in its hollow, and covered it with protecting mercy. That bird became for a time my teacher. He who said, 'Behold the fowls of the air,' had sent this little bird with a lesson of trust to me. Observing, as it rose into the sunlight from out of the great billow over which the towering wave cast its darkening shadow, that its breast was white, I could not refrain from saying, 'Ah, if my bosom were as pure as thine, I could be fearless as thou art, I could as well as thou be at rest amidst the awful glory of His power.' But I could not forget that there was a more awful display of the majesty and glory of God than that which made sublime the ocean, and that on the mercy which appears in the midst of it the foul-breasted sinner finds a place of rest. I could nestle in the mercy that opens up its embrace amidst the awful glories of the Cross, and ceased to pine for such whiteness as the bird's, choosing rather the purity that shall yet be reached by washing in the blood that 'cleanseth from all sin.' Our next feathered visitor was a land-bird, that reached the ship in mid-ocean. Hungry and weary, it rested on a sailor's hand that offered it a perch and food. Nestling in the hollow of his palm, enjoying the warmth, and having eaten the proffered crumbs, it thrust its head beneath its wing and fell asleep in peace. And did not this bird teach a lesson to us all? Did it not direct us all to a resting-place in the extended hand of Jesus, choosing its support and gift and shelter, and abiding there, enjoying His

beloved sleep, till the storm is past and the land is reached where there shall be no more sea? . . .

"But the land is at last in sight. A long low grey line appears between sea and sky, bounding the horizon on the west. This is America, they tell us. . . .

"But enough of travelling. If I have not wearied you, I shall just add a hasty description of four of the great men I saw during my visit.

"Dr. Hodge of Princeton, besides Niagara, alone exceeded my preconceptions of men and things in America. Middle-sized, rather inclined to corpulence, with a clear complexion, a fine face, beaming with intelligence and kindliness, showing the almond blossom of a green old age on his noble head, one cannot look on him without emotions of respect and love. He, the most accomplished living theologian, was the most retiring of all the members of the Evangelical Alliance. In his addresses there was no approach to bounce or coldness or confusion. He had always something of importance to say, and he said it modestly, clearly, and impressively. Utterly indifferent as to effect in the construction of his sentences, and in his elocution and manner, the amount of mind and heart in his utterances secured to him rapt attention, and the homage won by his weight of character would have gained for him a respectful hearing even were his words less worthy of being listened to. His prayers were those I most enjoyed of all I heard during the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance; next to his, in respect of their fervour, fluency, and unction, I enjoyed the devotional exercises of the Dean of Canterbury (Smith). I had the rare privilege of conversation with Hodge in his own house at Princeton, but felt too abashed to make use of it, and he was too humble to



attempt the kindly patronage that would have put me at my ease. At Princeton he is at the head of the famous theological institution there. What a rare privilege those students enjoy who have the benefit of his prelections and influence! Since the union of the old and new school Presbyterian Churches the theological college in New York is now on the same footing as that of Princeton; and young men prefer to go to the great city. The consequence is, that the theological college at Princeton is being deserted, the number of students there decreasing year by year. . . . But I feel that there is a green spot amidst increasing desolation on which one's heart can sweetly rest so long as Hodge is still left in the Church on earth.

"Henry Ward Beecher's name is more familiar to the majority in this country and in America than that of Hodge. It would be difficult to find two men more unlike in many respects than Hodge and Beecher. Hodge is anything rather than an American in appearance and manner. Beecher, while more English than American in appearance, is a Yankee of the Yankees in sentiment and manner. Rather tall and athletic, with a handsome face, studied ease of manner, careful as to effect in his attire and attitudes, innocent of all nervousness and modesty, with unlimited command of felicitous expression, and vastly clever, he must be pronounced to be a very remarkable man. Of his power as an orator I could only judge by one specimen—an address delivered to a crowded audience during the meetings of the Alliance, which those who were accustomed to hear him regarded as one of his happiest efforts. Fluent he certainly was, effective in his elocution and manner, able to stud his oration with sparkling gems of illustration, and often dropping a startling saying.

One could not listen to him without receiving the impression of his being a very extraordinary man. There was great impressiveness of manner and utterance, but it appeared to be artificial. The voice changed as he passed from grave to gay, but the underlying feeling seemed rigid as ice beneath, and a warm thrill from his oratory never touched one's feeling as he listened to him. . . . He has now openly discarded from his preaching the doctrine of the Atonement, and sin as a crime and as a disease he utterly ignores. The universal fatherhood of God is his favourite theme, and his applications of it can only fatally mislead the souls who submit to his teaching. . . .

"With Sumner, the ablest of American statesmen, I had a lengthened interview. A man he was of a most impressive aspect. The expression of his face was grave and severe. His stature was tall, his figure gaunt, and he was thoroughly American in length of limb and power of face. His utterance was fluent, but his words were carefully measured. An impression he gave of great wealth of resources, and an air of resoluteness rested on his mien and manner. He was intensely American. America was his world, and all the nations besides his own were only to be noticed when they became troublesome to the States, and required an effort to put them down. He was the outstanding anti-slavery statesman of America. Impatient of contradiction, because his project was his idol, he was remorselessly severe in dealing with his opponents. He could wield the lash of scathing words as unsparingly as the Southerners (whom he almost cursed) used the whip in flogging their offending slaves. Brutally attacked in the House of Representatives because of a speech to which a Southerner could only reply with a bludgeon, he was almost

killed before he was rescued from the hands of the savage who had felled him, and never fully recovered his health again. His face was darkened by a settled gloom, that seemed the index of a cheerless spirit, as well as the result of broken health. A few weeks after I saw him he died.

"On the same day on which I interviewed Sumner I visited Longfellow, the great poet of America. He received me in the library of George Washington, for his home is the same in which that great man resided. His aspect was very pleasing, and his manner quiet and courteous. His locks were grey, but he seemed still hale. His expression is grave, and even sad. He once endured the agony of having to see his wife, who was the light of his eyes, burnt before his face. A dark shadow has rested on his heart since then." . . .

If Dr. Kennedy was invigorated by this trip, he was not long at home until he was anew spending and being spent in his Master's work. He writes :—

*" March 29th, 1874.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your note would have been answered sooner, but the last week has been a very busy one. I had three days of household visiting; part of four days at school examinations; and in the evenings had to repair to my desk, writing on these trying religious questions. The words given to me as my directory in this latter work were, ' Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong (1 Cor. xvi. 13). Therefore, although very contrary to my natural inclinations, I had to obey.' . . .

*" May 17th.*

"I am just at the close of one of the busiest weeks of my life, but as I start for Edinburgh (*D.V.*) on Tuesday, will

acknowledge your letter to-night. Time for necessary food seems to be all I can reserve from manifold labours; indeed, I am beginning to despair of knowing rest for my body on this side the grave. I was lately in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee, preaching in connection with Communion services and addressing public meetings. The addresses were failures, and the sermons were cold and dry.\* My soul and my service need each and together to be sprinkled with the precious blood that cleanseth—oh! precious words!—from *all sin.*”

A month afterwards he writes :—

“DINGWALL, *June 10th, 1874.*

“I cannot refuse Mr. Auld’s request to be with him the second week of August, although I may not be able to give much help, for between that date and the present I am under engagement for a considerable share of the work at the Communions of Dornoch, Shieldaig, Inverness, Alness, Fodderty, and Urray. Our own Communion and other home work is also in prospect. . . . And now to answer the other question of your letter. To believe that God is able to save me is to believe much, very much. This faith has to my mind as sure a stamp of Divinity on it as the faith of His goodwill. But it is not so comforting; yea, it only tends sometimes to add to the fever of one’s soul. If I believe that

\* This was not the opinion of others. One party writes :—

“REV. DR. KENNEDY, DEAR SIR,—I desire to bless God for having heard you last time you were in Dundee. Your sermon on the electing love of God was a seasonable message to my soul, clearing difficulties and confirming me in the truth. May the Holy Spirit continue to accompany and bless your labours. Please accept the book sent with this in token of gratitude from yours,  
G. A.”

God is able to save me, I not only realise His Omnipotence—and that is much—but I discern that it is competent for Him to save me. I have looked in the light of Emmanuel's glory into the mystery of His death, and I am satisfied that His blood is a sufficient atonement. The faith of this is the gift of God. Consciousness of such faith would assure me that I had what flesh and blood could not give. But it ought at the same time to make me long all the more for the other.

"The measure of the other—the faith of God's goodwill to me—is more dependent on my soul's case. It is the result of a gracious manifestation of His love, given by the Lord to one whom backsliding has not estranged from His Communion. The consciousness of faith in God's power may assure me of my being in a state of safety, but the lack of a consciousness of His willingness is to me a sign of His Fatherly displeasure. To have the latter as well as the former is what our souls should seek after. It is only a soul weaned from sin that draws from the breasts of the Lord's consolation, and enjoys the assurance of His willingness as well as of His ability to save. I may see the ability from the threshold, I realise the willingness when He draws me near" (Ps. cxxx. 4-6).

In the month of October 1875 Dr. Kennedy went to assist Dr. Begg at the Communion services. While there an ailment from which he had been suffering came to such a crisis as required the surgeon's knife. With promptness Dr. Begg secured the kindly services of Professor Spence and Dr. Balfour, and with unceasing care everything was done, not only by the medical men, but by the host and hostess. So minutely did Dr. Begg try to minister to the invalid, that

with his own hand he placed each morning a bunch of grapes and flowers within his reach. That quietness might be secured a man was stationed in the hall to reply to all inquiries when the door-bell rang. Thus it is seen that other bonds besides Church questions knit these friends together.

In regard to this illness he writes :—

“50 GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

“MY DEAR MRS. AULD,—As I know you will be pleased to hear that I am better, I scribble this to let you know that I am. The severe pain is gone, and my appetite is returning. But I am ordered to lie on my back eight days yet, so don't fail to write to me. I saw my face to-day for the first time, and found it considerably changed; not that it is a new one, but an older and leaner edition of the former.

“I have received unsurpassed kindness in this house. Oh that I had a heart to send a song heavenward for ‘goodness and mercy’ still vouchsafed! If my thinking of my soul's debt of praise passed into desire to render it, if desire passed into asking grace to do so, and if asking passed into wrestling for the blessing, there would be hope that the Lord would revisit me, and revive my fainting spirit. Then the hard heart that now refuses to melt would break, the eyes that now refuse to shed tears would weep, the tongue that now refuses to sing would give glory to the Lord when His own hand had anew stirred the fountains of sorrow and of joy.”

“DINGWALL, *January 6th*, 1876.

“I was longing to hear from you, and was longing for an opportunity of writing you. The first was gratified this morning, and the last I am to attempt to gratify now.

Many thanks for your writing to me, and many more for writing so brightly as you did. . . . I am getting back daily my strength, eating and drinking and moving about in tolerable comfort. Longing for work, yet afraid to begin it, having been strictly enjoined not to preach for some weeks. In the enforced idleness I need all the cheer that can reach me both from the Lord and from His people, being liable, owing to weakness, to causeless nervous fear—a sort of dark swampy condition of mind from which unpleasant exhalations are apt to arise. How I wish I could accept your invitation! I know it would do me good, mind and body. But the season of the year frightens me, and the recent snowstorm; and, besides, my first *effort* must be one sermon in my own pulpit. Who knows but that I may surprise you one of these days?"

Resuming work in about a fortnight, he writes:—

*"February 13th.*

"How I am it is difficult for me to tell. I am so far better as to have preached three times the last two Sabbaths, and conducted a meeting one Monday, and preached last Monday, and yet I feel better on the Tuesday than on the Saturday before. But this is not quite a criterion, for I sometimes have onsets of weakness, which last for a few hours and then pass off, so that I go to my work without sense of either weakness or fear. One thing I may tell you,—though these sudden attacks of weakness keep death frequently in my view, yet my thoughts and utterances are far from being gloomy. The impressions left upon my mind, even when I think my end may be not far off, are not of a sombre hue, for I have had great enjoyment of late in meditation on Divine things. And also in the weekly prayer-meetings sometimes I have intense

happiness. Oh! it is sweet while it lasts, and the savour remains with me often after that which gave it forth has gone."

About this time Dr. Kennedy took a deep and serious interest in what was known as the Smith case, and spoke and wrote on the subject.

Mr. Robertson Smith, Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church Hall, Aberdeen, published an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the Bible, which the College Committee of the Free Church found to be of a dangerous and unsettling tendency. The case came before the Assembly in 1877. It ran the gauntlet of the various Church Courts for several years, and was fully discussed in all its phases, amid much excitement and sensation. Mr. Smith was at length deposed from his office. We need scarcely say that Dr. Kennedy was entirely at variance with the views of Mr. Smith, as being inconsistent with belief in the inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures. In a letter written in May 1877 he says:—"I know not what is before us at this Assembly beyond that the Word of God is to be on its trial; a traitor lurking in every breast that will be on the bench, and the power of hell backing all those who would cast dishonour on the inspired Word of God. All I know assuredly about myself is, that I carry the traitor with me in my own bosom. But the Lord is over all."

Again referring to this controversy, and to the movement in favour of Disestablishment, he writes:—"I heartily thank you for your last letter. Our Communion season was pleasant and, I hope, profitable; the speakers enjoyed liberty, and the Lord's people seemed 'made glad.' We had a considerable gathering of the 'remnant' among us; the two Donalds on



Friday—Duff and Cattnach—were specially bright and savoury.

“I needed this ‘little reviving in my bondage,’ for the state of our Church is becoming increasingly oppressive to my mind. This Disestablishment movement is sad folly. Our own house is in flames, and instead of using our forces to extinguish the fire from which our all as a Church is in danger, we employ them in trying to set fire to our neighbour’s thatch. No Church has a right to exist except as it is ‘the pillar and ground of the truth;’ and if the Free Church continues to treat lightly the defections within her own pale, it will be found by-and-by that she has fallen from the high and distinctive position given to her by the Lord as a witness for the inviolate truth of God’s Word and the honour of His Name. It is heart-grieving to think of this after all our professions, privileges, and advantages. Our leaders began with making ‘open questions’ of matters regarding which a definite verdict is given in Scripture, such as the duty of nations and their rulers to serve Christ and His Church. They then passed on to make light of the Scriptural instruction of the young in our National schools. They then advanced so far as to find no ground of libel against a man who cannot possibly believe in the inspiration of Scripture, and who cannot but unsettle the beliefs of the rising ministry. They next became wearied of the inspired Hymnal, and pandered to a taste for human hymns, which shall gradually displace the Divine Psalter. And after all this, they now show to the world that they consider these defections small matters, and, leaving them unexamined and unrectified, they can pass over into the arena of political controversy by initiating a movement for Disestablishment. Doubly weakening is all this; it cuts us off from

the favour of the Lord, and it lessens our hold on the consciences of our people. A Dissenting Church cannot hold its people but by their consciences or by their carnal tastes. We are quitting the grasp we once had of the former, and by sensationalisms of various kinds are trying to pass our hands to the latter. But we are merely taking the place of a nursery for Popery by ministering to tastes which she alone can pamper to the full. Write me soon again, and with kind regards to Mr. Auld, believe me ever your attached friend,

“J. KENNEDY.”

His own special work, however—preaching the Word and dealing with souls—was the favourite topic of his letters:—

“FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*September 21st, 1878.*

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Little did I think that I could have missed you, owing to your having started from your wonted sphere into that of gaiety. But, to my surprise, I found it lately so to be. I went all the way from Stornoway with the intention of spending a day with you, but on reaching Thurso found that you were away amid the festivities of a wedding. I do not know that I grudged to Mr. M—— his young wife, but I know that I grudged him that day his ‘binder’ and one of his guests.

“The tour, from which I returned *via* Thurso, extended to Lewis, Harris, and Uist, and to a considerable extent I enjoyed it. There was a very unusual gathering at Stornoway—so many that we had eight table-services on Sabbath. And a sprinkling of salt among these kept us from being as Sodom. Perhaps what I enjoyed most was hearing eleven

men speak to the question at Uist whom I had never heard or seen before. Among these was a representative of each of the group of islands scattered in the ocean around us, such as Bernera, Borera, Barra, Heisker, &c. I somehow felt for the first two days that I did not get near to my hearers, but it became easier to speak to them afterwards.

"I have been in my own pulpit the last two Sabbaths. Last Sabbath I passed through rather an exceptional experience. Shortly before going out to church I lost my text and sermon, not from my head or memory, but from my mind and heart. My subject, which I had prepared on Saturday, I could not get into, or rather it did not get into me, and so I was constrained to preach from another portion of Scripture (Isa. xxvi. 4). On Monday two strangers from a distance called to tell me how much they had enjoyed the sermon, and had been wishing that my attention might be directed to the very text from which I preached."

The modifications of Confessional truth, and the questionable forms of religious teaching and activity that were appearing in his day, and that have been since more strongly developed, were viewed by Dr. Kennedy with much anxiety and apprehension. In his preaching, as well as in his intercourse with friends, he gave forth no uncertain sound on these subjects. His published sermons contain repeated testimonies against the "new departures" in doctrine and worship. The subjoined letter bears on this.

"FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*January 13th, 1878.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was longing to hear from you, and to write to you. The first wish was gratified this morning,

the second I attempt to gratify now. Many thanks for your forgiveness of my recent remissness in writing, and for the practical proof of its genuineness. I need such a disposition on the part of those whom I love on earth, and I need it also and above all on the part of Heaven.

“And yet how common it is now-a-days to live without practical proof of our being on terms of friendship with Heaven. A sealed pardon from God’s hand in the right of Christ, and yielding fruit unto holiness, we can be comparatively at ease without enjoying. True, there is abroad a widespread interest in religion, and many think that a work of grace is going on among the ‘dry bones’ in our land. But the more closely we examine it, the more we find it lacks true seriousness and spirituality. Light excitement, produced by unscriptural methods, is what we find instead. The fashionable doctrine, ‘God loved you, Christ died for you, believe that, and be happy,’ is but daubing immortal souls with ‘untempered mortar.’ There is also an independence of the Holy Spirit’s help and power in the manner in which anxious sinners are often dealt with. ‘Believe that you are saved,’ and go and work for Christ’ is the antidote for all soul-concern. Oh! the agony of considering such a state of things, the agony of not seeing travail issuing in birth into the Kingdom of God! ‘But,’ you say, ‘may not one’s own coldness and distance from the Lord, make them suspicious as to a work of grace said to be going on around them?’ *That* indeed is the question that ought first of all to be considered, and often is it pressed on my mind. And yet there are outside results injurious to the cause of truth, to church order, and to vital religion, which appear to me most alarming, as I see them looming in the future of Scotland. Blind surely I am, if I

see not Ritualism and Plymouthism to be the natural products of Arminian doctrine, presumptuous irreverent prayers, and organ-grinding praises." . . .

Dr. Kennedy's surviving family consists of twin daughters. One is the wife of John Matheson, Esq., banker, Madras, to whom the following letters were addressed :—

*"November 12th, 1878.*

"How thankfully we read your last letter, your first motherly epistle! To the Lord we must ascribe all the praise of your being so well, and of your little one being so pleasant and healthy. Our hearts were overflowing as we saw your writing again, for it was an anxious time to us from the receipt of the telegram till a letter of a later date was received. I would seek to commend you and your first-born to the care of the Good Shepherd, whose gift is everlasting life, and who can guide and keep in safety all who are in His flock till all wilderness trials are for ever passed away. I quite approve of your way of arranging as to your bairnie's name. You determined wisely, and your proposed abbreviation is a happy thought. We shall all call your baby 'Mabel' in future, and as such I will speak of my grandchild.

"So you have made me feel very old and very dignified. I must as grandpapa put on some airs which I did not wear before! I must now be high enough to look over the head of Mary to get a peep of my darling Mabel. How often I try to picture you in your Oriental surroundings, with your baby in your arms, and John on his chair beside you evoking a smile from his lassie!

"We are all here moving on in our wonted way—no change in the quiet routine of our happy home-life. The great topic of

conversation in all places and in all circles is the fearful crash of the City of Glasgow Bank—a disaster such as never occurred in Scotland before. Misery such as cannot be conceived must result from it. The conduct of the Directors has been most flagitious, and, with the exception of Stewart and Inglis, public feeling would doom them all to a Haman's gibbet.

*To the same.*

*“ January 1880.*

“ Here I am at last beginning a letter to you. Often have I desired and designed to write, and yet the wish and purpose remained unfulfilled. We can now think of little else than the prospect of seeing you soon. How I wish John were coming with you! . . . I am reading with great interest a pamphlet by Dr. Moody-Stuart on the Smith case. It is very satisfactory, and I cannot conceive of the Rationalists framing even a plausible reply to it. Jessie will have told you that Uncle James has taken the cottage. It will be to us very pleasant to have them so near us. The sale of furniture is to be on the 4th February—and Mr. Beaton is to be inducted on the 18th. . . . From your letter, which has just come in, I see that your plans are not yet decided. The Lord have you in His gracious keeping, and acquaint you with the blessed habit of making ‘your requests’ in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving ‘known unto God.’—With fatherly love to John and grandfatherly kisses to Mabel, your fond FATHER.”

As above alluded to, there was an increase of family happiness when Dr. Kennedy's daughter and her little one came to sojourn for a season in her father's house, and when

a grandson was born there. Besides this, and at the same time, the circle was much enriched by intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, who came to live in the next house. Mr. Macdonald's Jubilee as Free Church minister of Urray had taken place, and he retired to make way for a younger man, whom he welcomed heartily as his successor. Mr. Macdonald and Dr. Kennedy were one in everything, besides being brothers-in-law.

## CHAPTER X.

### LETTERS—SOJOURN IN FLORENCE—DISESTABLISHMENT.

THOSE who had the privilege of Dr. Kennedy's friendship found in him one who partook largely of the spirit of his Master, who is "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," yea, "the Brother born for adversity." While heartily able to rejoice with those who rejoiced, he was capable as few besides of weeping with those who wept. Most tender and sympathetic were his feelings towards those who were crushed by sorrow or bereavement. He had himself suffered family affliction, and when death entered the families of his friends his deep sympathy readily appeared.

Mention has been made of his prayerful interest on the occasion of the sudden death of the writer's youngest child, and when, ten years afterwards, his eldest son was laid low by a lingering illness, Dr. Kennedy's sympathy was frequently expressed ; and towards the close he wrote :—

" FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*April 16th, 1880.*

" MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was away at a meeting of Synod when your letter from the sick-room reached me, and earlier I could not reply.

" I specially set apart some time yesterday to think of you, and found that my prayer passed into thanksgiving. Your



child is in the hands of Him who has more to do with him than to keep him in this world for a few years. I cannot think of him but as a chosen vessel being prepared for glory.

“Without trouble the Lord would have no opportunity of fulfilling His promise of being with His people in, and causing them to ‘pass through,’ the fire. When we look to the ‘volume of the book’ kept in heaven, and think of the infinite wisdom that hath determined each entry, and of the glory to be manifested in the fulfilment of all that is there recorded, how small seems all that concerns us apart from its connection with the purpose of God, and how mad it is to think of turning back the tide of Providence on which are borne to us the Divine allotments! What are we that our choice should be asked or our wills consulted? Better to be a crushed worm on the wheel that bears us away with God than to be left behind, whole and strong, enjoying the world’s ease! Better to get from God what makes us cry after *Himself* than to get from the world what sets us to join in the laughter of fools. Better to be an outcast of Israel than to be the darling of any other family.

“He to whom the groaning of the prisoner is music for which He has an ear even amidst the melody of heaven will never leave nor forsake those who cannot find rest, and will not take it, away from Himself. Give Him the music of the groaning till He comes to teach you to play on the ten-stringed instrument and on the psaltery. Better to weep beside a hung harp than to play on a harp that the Lord hath not strung!

“May He bring you under the light of His face, and when drinking the bitter drops of trial that sometimes fill your cup,

may you get the faith that can cry 'Father,' and the love that can add, 'Thy will be done.' "

"DINGWALL, *April 22d*, 1880.

"Even before hearing of the end of your long and anxious watch I felt that it had come. So persuaded of this was I, that I would have written to you on Tuesday last had I been at home, as if the tidings had already been conveyed by letter.

"I dare not say much to you in present circumstances. The Lord has honoured you by asking from you your first-born, and I hoped you were made willing to give him. He did not ask this, I unhesitatingly believe, till He had first prepared your child for a home in His presence. Sanctified motherly love may therefore concur with loyalty to Christ in making the gift a freewill offering. Christ can keep sickness and sorrow out of His home; we can keep neither out of ours. Better off, surely, they are who are with Him! It would therefore be a foolish affection that would interfere with the transfer.

"The Lord be with you both. I long to hear how it fares with you in the furnace. But I know the Refiner sits beside it, and nothing in His process can go wrong.

"My heart desires to be with you. But I might be more a trouble than a solace, and I must content myself with being with you in spirit. Oh may the Divine Comforter be with you!"

"FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*July 8th*, 1880.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Both from heart and conscience comes a stronger impulse than ever before, moving me to Olrig at this time. But I am fettered. Dr. Begg is deputed by the Association for the Commemoration of the Covenanters'

struggles to deliver addresses at Golspie, Obsdale, and Inverness on the 3d, 4th, and 5th of August, and he has insisted on my accompanying him. My delay in writing was due to my trying to get rid of a part of the engagement. And I find I can get off from the Inverness meeting. But, on the other hand, comes the thought that it is quite unnecessary, for the sake of all I can do at Olig, that I should go to you.

"I am almost in a state of collapse, physical and mental, and if to that be added a state of spiritual torpor, you will have in the writer of this one whose absence would be better than his presence. The Lord be with you and your dear wife, and bless the lads. He just did as I expected with your dear Walter. May He do as He hath promised with you.—  
Your attached friend, J. KENNEDY."

About the close of 1880 symptoms appeared of Dr. Kennedy being affected with an insidious disease that gradually undermined his strength. He writes from—

"8 MERCHISTON TERRACE, EDINBURGH,  
*December 13th, 1880.*

"MY DEAR MRS. AULD,—Many thanks for your last letter, which would have been answered sooner had I been well. But it was found lately that I was in for diabetes, and this discovery fell in with previous impressions on my mind, so that it was easy for me to conclude that my end was drawing near. Being unfit for the ordinary routine of duties, off I came to Edinburgh, where I have had medical advice. The doctor whom I have consulted here tells me that unmistakable premonitory symptoms of diabetes have appeared, but that he hopes the complaint is subduable as yet. He cannot form

a final opinion till he knows the result of an experiment he is making. I know not what the issue may be, but one thing I know, that I am willing to leave the ordering of Divine appointments under the control of Divine Love. I was also assured last night that I would never be content without perfect love to God, and that it would be heaven to me to have *that*, whatever were the channels through which it would reach me. This gave me quiet rest in my heart, but my exercise of mind kept me from sleep, the want of which makes me rather dull to-day."

By the advice of his physician Dr. Kennedy had to take, in the beginning of the ensuing year, a few weeks of rest and change; and, yielding to the wishes of friends who saw his need of being entirely away from the sphere of his labours, he left home in February 1881, to sojourn for a time under the sunny skies of Italy. To defray the needed outlay the handsome sum of £630 was presented to him by his attached friends in the North. To the deputation that waited on him with this gift he said:—

"It is sweet to have experience of sympathy in time of trial. The expression of your kindness now given is to me very pleasant. To be able to regard it as a current from the fountain of sympathy in the heart of Jesus would make it doubly so. I rejoice to know that your gift expresses not only a kindly feeling towards myself personally, but your approval of the part which I have acted in connection with public questions discussed within our Church.

"Little did I think when I first entered on the service of the Gospel that I would be called to take any part in ecclesiastical discussions.

"I had no conscious aptness for such work, and was not at all disposed to qualify for it.

"It is strange but true that a movement for Union was the cause of first dividing our Church into parties. Not since it began has there been peace in our Church. In that movement there was a waning of love to the truth for which the Lord called us specially to testify, and therefore it was productive of division. Desire to be strong in numbers overbore the desire to be faithful to the testimony given us to maintain, and this—like the fungus on the decaying trunk of a tree—told of decline.

"The Union movement was the first fungus-growth on the tree planted in 1843. At first I took no active part in opposing it. It wore a plausible aspect. But I began to dislike the abuse of Scriptures referring to a higher and holier union in the way of using them to sanction a combination of mixed multitudes, one in form rather than in the truth. I next began to see that the doctrine of the Confession of Faith as to the Atonement would be expunged from the creed of the proposed United Church. A considerable time passed ere I saw we were in danger of lapsing into Voluntaryism, and of thus abandoning one of our distinctive principles. It was then I gave earnest study to the question, with a view of settling whether or no the Establishment principle was to be found in the Word of God, and ought to receive the prominence which our Church had hitherto given it. The result of that study was a conviction, not since shaken, but rather greatly confirmed, that to enter into an alliance in which our Church could no longer prominently testify for the crown rights of the Redeemer would be a violation of the homage we owe to Christ, and an abandonment of the position which the Lord

called her to occupy. As I did not cease to think that the Lord marked out for her her distinctive sphere, I could not but think that it was unlawful to desert it. I also thought then, and I think now, that to enter on union with Voluntaries was forbidden by our Claim of Right and our 'Protest,' and still more so to enter on a Disestablishment crusade. That 'Claim' is a pronounced declaration of the Establishment principle, and a demand for a practical acknowledgment of it on the part of the State. If we drop this Claim we no longer hold to the moorings of 1843.

"And the current of change in our attitude as witnessing for Christ's kingly prerogative has moved on into that of unfaithfulness as to the custody of the Word of God. To those who have traced our change of front to decline in our love to Christ and to our zeal for His honour there will be nothing unaccountable in the extent to which His Word has been degraded in our pale. Voluntarism and Arminianism must be the pioneers of Rationalism, for they all are the offspring of unbelief. Sooner or later, and to a greater or less extent, these will be found to be successive growths out of a Church's spiritual decline. There may, in some cases, be a disturbing accompaniment interfering with the sequence and proportions of parts in such a development. But when the last stage has been reached, as it has to some extent been, in our course of declension, blind indeed are they who fail to see the bearings, and who tremble not before the results of such departure from 'the law and the testimony.' As to the Rationalistic views of Scripture recently broached within our Church I shall make only few remarks. I had, ere it arose, very little hope that those who were 'passing muster' as Advanced Evangelicals would be found faithful if any serious

conflict should arise. But I scarcely expected that so many of these would have placed themselves in prominent positions in support of views which involve such dishonour to the Word of God. From a molluscos development of religious feeling, such as much of the quasi-evangelicalism of the day is, nothing vigorous can be expected in the day of battle, though we might hope for its weakly being right—for its joining those who rally to the defence of Scripture. But the Smith case has served to show how flimsy much is of what passes as religious faith. And it is remarkable that those who will not venture to homologate his opinions or sanction his views will yet ask toleration for opinions and views which they themselves will neither adopt nor defend. Their cry is for liberty to help opinions which they dare not defend, and which, if tolerated within the Church, would be to allow the Word of God to be utterly degraded before our eyes. They demand that it be allowable to call the book of Job a drama, the book of Canticles a carnal love-song, and the book of Jonah a parable. It requires no learning to apprehend how such opinions cast dishonour on the Word of God. It is high time that a parade of learning should cease to scare any one from forming a decided opinion regarding the Smith case, as it is called, and from acting a decided part in dealing with it. And if the glare of vaunted learning need not frighten us, no more should the flame of angry feeling. I have had my own share of scorching from the latter. But the responsibility in such a case is not mine, and the farther the fire of heated words has gone in, the deeper has it burnt into my soul the conviction that the cause which I have feebly endeavoured to support is right.

“You have referred in terms more than kind to my work

during the last thirty-seven years as a minister of the Gospel in the North. On that work I often look back. One aspect of it fills me with wonder, and another with shame, when I am at all duly affected by the retrospect. I cannot but wonder at the Lord's patience with me, and how often He disappointed my fears when I could bring only weakness and unworthiness to the work in which I was engaged. I owe an offering of thanksgiving to the Lord for His goodness. Would that I could render it in truth! But shame should clothe me in the Lord's presence when I think of how I served—of how little earnestness, self-denial, and spirituality of thought and feeling found expression in the work professed to be done for the Lord. Oh what need to be preserved from the torpor, pride, and unbelief which combine their fell power to keep me away from the fountain of atoning blood, and from the grace which alone can fit me for acceptably serving God in time to come! Oh what a Saviour Christ is, who can meet our guilty yesterdays and meet our helpless to-days, and can care for the future, yet to us unknown, that stretches between us and death, judgment, and eternity, and who can crown and seal with His judicial sentence all He did as Saviour in preparing us for appearing before the Great White Throne!

“Whether my service in the Gospel is soon to cease, or has ceased already, or is to be extended for a season, I know not, and I may not ask. Enough that this is known to and has been determined by the Lord. At present it has seemed good to Him to lay me aside. He calls me to retire from my wonted sphere, and to seek a place wherein to rest. You have presented to me the means of obtaining the change and the repose which I feel to be needful. With my heart I thank you. I think I can truly say that my heart comes out



in my words when I express my gratitude for your sympathy and seasonable help. And I would through you convey my thanks to all those friends who in all parts of the North have contributed a share of the sum which you have now handed to me."

Dr. Kennedy remained on the Continent for about two months. The subjoined letters give details of his journey:—

"FLORENCE, *March 18th, 1881.*

"MY DEAR MRS. AULD,—Though I begin to write to you, it is to prove that I do not forget you, rather than because I hope to send you an interesting letter.

"Our journey hitherto has been a very pleasant one, the Lord being very merciful to us. Leaving London on the 26th ult., we reached Paris that evening. Our first day there was a Sabbath. But oh! what a sight was before our eyes that day on our way to Church! Not a trace of its being the Lord's Day—shops open, houses building, and crowds on the streets whose atheism there was no attempt to cover!

"From the midst of this we passed into a hall quite beside the Madeleine, where there were about thirty persons assembled to worship. The pastor was an English Congregationalist, a Mr. Hart. He preached on 'the Guiding Pillar,' and I enjoyed his sermon much. Next Sabbath I heard him again, and liked him still better than before. I took part with him in dispensing the Sacrament of the Supper, the other assistant being Dr. Curtiss of Boston, U.S.—an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an American associating in Paris in sanctuary service. After this I cannot be called an Anti-unionist!

"The Parisians are the saddest-looking people I ever looked on. I cannot describe how this impression was imprinted on my feeling, and how I was moved to pity by it, while also

roused into indignation by the rampancy of their ungodliness. I never was conscious of such mingled indignation and pity as when looking at the crowds which we met in Paris on the Lord's Day.

"During the week I had an opportunity of seeing the working of the M'All Mission, and think it extremely interesting. Mr. M'All is a simple, unaffected man, with great power of organisation, and strongly attaching to him all who are his associates in his work. He finds no difficulty now in filling a large hall with people who until lately never thought there was a God. I saw two meetings with 1000 in each. But how useless I felt with my Frenchless tongue, just as if I were lying under part of the ruins of the tower of Babel! Pray for this Mission, and ask those whom you can ask to pray for yourself to do so also.

"After spending ten days in Paris we came to Turin, remaining there three days, on one of which we visited 'The Valleys,' and enjoyed extremely a ramble there. From Turin we came to Milan, and next day to Venice, and to this beautiful city last night, where we shall probably remain a few weeks.

"I am still keeping reduced in flesh, but am not conscious of any abatement of vigour. My mind is quiet, and I enjoy the opportunity of being alone, and of being free to hold intercourse with the Lord in secret prayer and meditation, more perhaps than ever in my life before."

"GENOA, April 11th, 1881.

"MY DEAR MR. AIRD,—We have now passed three days' journey on our way home. Yesterday we expected to have spent at Geneva, but after our arrival here on Thursday I

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was taken ill, and I had to lie in bed for the last two days. I am to-day better—so well that we intend to start for Geneva this evening, and if our present purpose is carried out, we shall (*D.V.*) be in London on Saturday afternoon.

“We have during the period of our sojourn on the Continent seen a bewildering amount of what was beautiful and interesting, and an awful amount of what was heart-breaking in superstition and ungodliness. Throughout all the Lord was very merciful to us, and our comfort in course of travelling was very great.

“Most of our time in Italy was spent in Rome, which we found to be exhaustlessly interesting, Naples, Pompeii, Putzeole, and Baia impressing us deeply. Oh! it was so solemn to be passing over ground that was the scene of such awful Divine judgments, and which the fire of the Divine displeasure branded all over. I can scarcely define the feeling with which I followed the footsteps of Paul from Putzeole to Rome, where I stood in the hall in which he stood before Cæsar, saw the prison in which he was confined, and was in the church said to be built on the spot on which he was martyred. Amid the world-relic worship of Rome, I feared to be led into a feeling of idolatry, but I could not remain unmoved by the local associations of the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

“In the midst of our stay at Rome we visited Naples, and since leaving it we visited Pisa and Genoa, and everywhere there are wonders to be seen. But, alas! all the treasures of art and all the grand structures to be seen serve only to keep this nation far away from God.

“No one who has not seen Popery on the Continent can conceive what a hollow, deceitful system it is, and how strong

the delusion must be that makes reasonable beings its dupes. But Satan made it according to the old heart's taste, and uses his fell power to wed them.

"In Paris only did I see any sign of the breakdown of the power of Popery." . . .

In order to be in London on Saturday a night journey had to be undertaken; and next day the Metropolitan Tabernacle was once more visited. After the evening service the keen eye of the pastor observed his Highland friend, and beckoning to his brother (whom he had commended to the prayers of his people during the service), he gave an invitation to the party to go next day to Westwood. The day proved lovely, and all London had the benefit of an Easter Monday holiday. The sunshine within the house was quite equal to that without. The party was taken to the vinery to inhale the scent of the vine, and this led Mr. Spurgeon to refer to the passage in the Song of Songs in his happiest vein. The remembrance of that day continued a lasting pleasure, and proved to be the farewell meeting of the two brethren.

How his health had benefited by the balmy climate in which he passed the spring months and by his cessation from work appears from the following extracts of letters written on his return home :—

"FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*June 16th, 1881.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . I am now greatly better. Since the Assembly I am conscious of a marked improvement—an improvement that has gone so far as that I can now do the usual amount of home-work without experiencing any bad

results. The only drawback to my recovery is, that I am getting stout again. The sense of decrease was pleasant, and the returning bulk affects me disagreeably." . . .

Two months later he says :—

"You know enough of me now as a correspondent to be assured of my incorrigibleness. But the truth is, that the amount of my work has of late risen up to the pitch of other days,\* so that I had little leisure for sending you such a letter as my heart would desire that my hand should write. I hope, however, to be able to reserve a week for Caithness before this month closes.

"I am, on the whole, none the worse of my summer work, and have recovered one of the two stones weight I had lost. The future is not mine. It is His who can give it with His blessing, as its moments become present, to all whose hope is in His mercy."

In the following February some of the leaders of the Free Church Disestablishment party thought of ventilating their views and advancing their cause by holding a meeting in the town of Inverness, to which they invited their clerical brethren of the northern counties. To counteract this movement, and to bring out the true state of feeling in the Highlands, Dr. Kennedy, along with others, arranged a meeting shortly afterwards in the same town. At this meeting it was agreed to draw up a petition to Parliament against Disestablishment. In connection with this he writes :—

\* That it had done so not only in amount but in ability, a sermon preached at Dornoch in June 1881, given in the Appendix, will show.

“FREE CHURCH MANSE, DINGWALL,  
*March 30th.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—Many thanks for your letter, which greatly cheered me. The reaction after the anxiety and labour of the last few weeks left me rather depressed, and had not our meeting been a success I would have felt still more so. But it was a great success. The Lord was with us. Doubts and fears were dispelled, and guidance was vouchsafed. I could not sleep that night trying to thank the Lord for His goodness, and pleading for His interposition on behalf of His cause in Scotland.

“Some came to the meeting with a ‘*scare*’ on them that we were for ‘helping the Moderates,’ and so they were very very cautious, and conditioned very stringently their support. But when we met and talked this passed away. All seemed to see what was demanded by our profession and engagements as Free Churchmen. Those who sent me the most chilling letters in reply to the invitation became so fervent that my action seemed at length not prompt or decided enough for them.

“The effect, too, on the public was favourable. Some of the most pronounced Liberals were with us on the platform, and not one in ten in the audience was of your sex! I never saw a more *manly* audience.

“I am surprised to find that my proposal of claiming the endowments for the people of the Highlands is being favourably considered by Established Church leaders. Information to that effect reached me lately. Some of our recreant Free Church ministers write to me that they would support my proposal if there was any chance of success, but as there is not, they are to go in for Disestablishment. What is right

if it were easy, is wrong because it seems difficult of attainment! But is it not foul shame to cease to 'claim' for the Church of Christ her 'rights' when we cease to expect temporal advantages thereby?—foul shame to utter no declaration of State duty because there seems no hope of State support?

"We are now applying ourselves to the petitions, and meet on Monday to start them. I send you a draft copy."

This "copy" we insert here as embodying Dr. Kennedy's views on the subject:—

*Unto the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and  
Ireland in Parliament Assembled:*

The PETITION of the undersigned members and adherents of  
the Free Church of Scotland,

*Humbly sheweth*:—That notice has been given of a purpose to move, in your honourable House, a resolution in favour of the Disestablishment and Disendowment of Religion in Scotland.

That your Petitioners are strongly opposed to the passing of such a resolution for the following among other reasons:—

1. Because the laws recognising and securing the Protestant religion are fundamental in the constitution of the realm, and an obligation to maintain the same is an essential element in the contract between the Sovereign and the people.

2. Because the settlement of religion in Scotland at the Revolution, confirmed by the Treaty of Union with England, involving as it does the ratification of the Confession of Faith as the Church's public creed, and of the Presbyterian government, as the only government of Christ's Church in Scotland,

as also of the form according to which worship was then conducted in the Church, and of the right of the Church's ministers to a public and legal maintenance, has been of incalculable benefit to the people of Scotland, and is still fitted to be so, provided only that it be freed from any additions and interpretations, inconsistent with its spirit, that have been engrafted on it, and such equitable arrangements for its administration be at the same time made as shall tend to remove felt grievances and make it more generally acceptable to the people.

3. Because, in the opinion of your Petitioners, the removal of religion, in its public profession in Scotland, from the cognisance and support of the State, and the leaving its moulding and advancement entirely to the action and influence of individuals, or of voluntary associations, would be dangerous to the interests of true religion itself, and not less, therefore, to the just claims and influence of civil government.

4. Because the peculiar circumstances of the Free Church in the Highlands—whose members and adherents, though amounting in number to more than nine-tenths of the population, are quite unable from their own resources adequately to maintain their religious teachers, and who, though firmly attached to the principles of the Reformed Church of Scotland, and having, therefore, a just claim to the benefits of the endowments devoted to the religious instruction of the people, and willing to accept that benefit on condition of receiving statutory security for the spiritual independence of their Church, are precluded, by conscientious objections both to the constitution and practice of the Church now Established in Scotland, from joining the Communion of that Church—ought to be considered and dealt with in any legislation bearing on ecclesiastical arrangements in Scotland.



May it therefore please your honourable House to reject said resolution, and at the same time to take such measures, in regard to Church Establishment in Scotland, as shall remedy real grievances, in the existing state of matters, and shall grant to your Petitioners the liberty, which they claim, to enjoy the benefit of a legal Establishment of religion, on the ground of their adherence to the Reformed Church of Scotland, and according to the principles asserted by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in the Claim, Declaration, and Protest adopted in 1842.

And your Petitioners shall ever pray.

To this petition there were obtained in a few weeks the signatures of members and adherents of the Free Church in the North to the number of above 80,000. In regard to his own share in the movement Dr. Kennedy writes :—

“How I wish I could get away to have a crack with you about what is engrossing me in these days. And I greatly need rest, but at present see no likelihood of obtaining it.

“I quite agree with you that it was best not to send a deputation to Caithness as to the petitions. There is thus no excuse for its being said that the people were ‘whipped up’ to the signing pitch. It is quite astonishing to me how spontaneously the people have responded. I am so clumsy in my attempts to operate on public opinion, that I could only ask Him who has all hearts in His hands to move the people. I can accept as from the Lord’s hand, in the hearty response of the people, an answer to my cry. I can truly say that never before in any service did I find myself so helpless and did I find the Lord so near! We have never approached any

congregation whose minister took the opposite side but the people applied for petitions, and in some cases the sheets were returned with the signatures of all in the congregation outside the Free Church manse. I expect to get about 60,000 names.

"I was lately for a week in a quiet nook at Kinlochewe, where, for the first time since the Reformation, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed four years ago. The cream of the congregations in the Western Highlands gathered there, and it was to me and others a time of refreshing. 'The Lord is good and gracious.'—Ever your affectionate friend,  
J. KENNEDY."

During this summer Dr. Kennedy continued his wonted work, and those who had the privilege of hearing and seeing him perceived no abatement of vigour in his public services. When assisting in the month of August at Orlig Communion he preached five times, besides addressing public and private prayer-meetings. The last sermon from the words, "We beloved, look for new heavens and a new earth," was one of special power. After opening up in a masterly way the glory of the new heavens and the new earth as the abode of "Righteousness," the righteous God, the righteous Lamb, the righteous angels, and the righteous people, he concluded by saying—"Friends, these old heavens in which God's glory is now visible shall 'pass away with a great noise;' these elements in which you now live and move shall 'melt with fervent heat.' In that hour you will need sure ground on which to stand; you will need something on which to stand that will not 'melt' beneath your feet. One thing, and one alone, will be solid ground in that day—the Promise of

God. 'But that Promise is not mine,' you say. No, it is not; but it is Christ's; and being His, He has wrapped it in the everlasting Gospel, and sent it forth to you to-night. Will you now obey His call in the Gospel, and receive Him in whom God's promises are Yea and Amen? 'But there is no link in me,' you say, 'by which to lay hold on Christ.' No, there is not; but in Christ's hand there are links. Will you allow them sweetly to encircle you and draw you to Himself? If you will, although you were all your days a faithless, hopeless, loveless sinner, you will find opened to you in the Gospel stores of grace suited for all your need. 'But I know not how to make use of these,' you say. No, you do not; but Christ can teach you how to do so—can teach you to look to Himself out of your darkness, out of your guilt, out of your unwillingness, and to roll yourself out of all over upon Him. Yea, although you had ten thousand souls, and each of them as guilty and helpless as the soul you have, Christ desires that you would roll them all over upon Him, on His infinite grace, on His infinite merit, so that on the day when all else disappears from your view, when flesh and heart faint and fail, He can claim you and you can claim Him as heirs together of Eternal Life."

This appeal was made with such apparent realisation of its eternal moment, and with such pathos and solemnity, that, while the hearts of God's people were moved, there was over the entire congregation a subdued awe, that lingered after they had dispersed from the place of worship. One who observed them dismissing remarked, "What's the matter with the people to-night? They are coming along the street as softly and gravely as if at a funeral."

In private, also, Dr. Kennedy's manner wore a peculiar

saintliness that awoke forebodings in those who loved him. His chastened tone of mind comes out in the following letter, written about that time:—

“DINGWALL, *June 13th*, 1882.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—Have you quite forgotten me? ‘No,’ you say; ‘but you have forgotten me.’ No, I have not, and never will; and here is a little proof that I have not in this current scribble.

“How are you? As for me, my soul is diseased without being sick, and Satan is busy against me, though I cannot find anything in my soul’s condition or in my service making it worth his while to be angry with me. My work is not a bondage to me, yet it is not an ecstasy. I have spasms of earnestness in prayer, yet not abiding importunity. I seldom sing, yet not often do I truly sigh. I long for many things, but do not get my heart to wrestle for them. I think I love ‘the brethren,’ but am not so eager as I ought to do them good. I mourn because the righteous are few, yet if it were otherwise I fear I would shrink from those of them who were most spiritual. I spend time in hovering over the past, though its blessings I cannot bring back, and I flutter over the future without being able to grasp that on which I can alight and rest. I think I long for glory, yet am too satisfied without the grace that alone can prepare me for it. But I expect to be saved by sovereign grace, and I am not to draw back my hand from the service of the Gospel.

“Now how are you? Please write and tell me, and thus show that you have forgiven my silence. . . . Love to Mr. Auld and the boys, from your ever-attached friend,

“J. KENNEDY.”

## CHAPTER XI.

### FAILURE OF HEALTH—LETTERS—STROME FERRY CASE— JOURNEY TO ROME.

A NEW method of intercourse was tried with his people during the winter of 1881-82. His strength gradually decreasing, he was obliged to abridge pastoral duties, and requested his office-bearers and some other friends to ask their neighbours to meet him in their houses, where he gave them a short address, followed by prayer. These proved to be his farewell messages to some of them.

From a much earlier date than this he had also changed both time and manner of instruction for the young. Instead of a third sermon on the Sabbath-day, he expounded the Confession of Faith, taking Larger and Shorter Catechisms together. These expositions, although well studied, were not committed to paper, and even those who were accustomed to his ministry wondered to hear the essence of the Puritans delivered like an impromptu oration.

During the autumn of 1882, although trying to do his usual amount of work, he suffered in various ways, new symptoms showing themselves, such as the hands becoming a deep-blue colour, alarming his family, who at last persuaded him to take rest for a fortnight, which he was very unwilling to do, as his dear friend, Mr. Aird of Criech, was then in his house under medical treatment. The first place visited

was Stirling, and as he was free from the pressure of work, he could not only take deep enjoyment in the numberless beauties around him, but convey his impressions in some home letters.

*To his Daughter.*

“STIRLING, *September 9th*, 1882.

“Though I have not much to write, I must make an attempt to reply to your letter.

“We are, on the whole, quite comfortable in this hotel. While looking over some things yesterday and to-day your mother had to watch me lest I might yield to temptation and show how easily a fool and his money can be parted. But I obtained in course of our stroll on the Abbey Craig a good opportunity of a retort. She had invested in twenty-four newspaper envelopes, which she carried in her hand. On reaching the level of the monument a squall struck us very suddenly, carried all the envelopes out of your mother's hand, and the last we saw of them was as they were flying over the trees down into the valley. This gave me an opportunity of remarking that if a fool and his money are soon parted, so riches make to themselves wings and flee away. If I did not keep my money in my pocket I at anyrate kept what the money bought.

“On our return from the Monument there appeared in the west in connection with sunset one of the most impressive scenes I ever looked on. Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and Ben Voirlich stood out clear against a brilliant sky, and every outline of the serrated ridges connecting them. Over Ben Lomond there hung a dense cloud, quite like what we saw over Vesuvius, and a pillar of mist connected the peak of the

mountain and the cloud just above. But this column was not, as in the case of Vesuvius, a fiery fume from the jaws of the mountain; it was as if the mountain had wooed the cloud, and they were kissing in the pure empyrean, where no foul passion from earth can pollute. It seemed an emblem of the Christian resting on his rock-foundation and rising to seek things above. Beyond the dark cloud next the mountain was a cloudlet, that assumed as we watched it the form of a fish; it seemed all golden, except a streak of pink in the centre, that seemed the backbone of the fish. On it the setting sun shed all the lustre of his light, while all around the sky was speckled with brilliant bits of vapour, which seemed as if a mountain of gold had been broken into fragments which were scattered into space. While Ben Lomond at its summit was like all the mountain range around it, intensely purple, a luminous haze rested on its southern slope, colouring it with a bright pink shade. A little later the face of the sun, gloriously bright, appeared just over the horizon, with a broad belt across its disc, that seemed like a great black arm thrusting its brightness away from earth. This was altogether a most delightful and a most instructive scene. But I am horrified to find that I have covered six pages with rubbish, and have not yet referred to the dear invalid. Your telegram was a great relief. May the Lord continue His goodness. We will long for the letter we expect at Oban. Love and hearty sympathy to the dear invalid and to his dear wife."

"OBAN, 22d September.

"Still here, and now resolved not to leave it till Monday. We go to-night to Mr. Hossack's, returning (*D.V.*) to-morrow. Our purpose is to leave this at 8 A.M. on Monday,

and go, *viâ* Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond, to Glasgow, remaining one night (Monday) at the Trossachs Hotel. Yesterday we went to Iona and Staffa, and had the finest day of the season—so fine was it that, in respect of the weather, nothing remained to be desired. On going out from Oban into the more open sea the water was so smooth that even you could not contrive to be uncomfortable. The whole sea around us on the left was studded with rocky islets, and on the right was Mull, throughout the whole voyage. These stud-ding little rocks were witnesses of the earth's escape from the Deluge. It was as if each spoke for the earth a note of triumph over the water which once overflowed it, while on every opportunity furnished by a passing breeze the waters rage around them, as if to drown them again in its depths. But the waters subside, and there are the rugged summits of the rock above them, free again to testify that the earth shall be deluged no more. And yet they are omens, too, of the common conflagration. The great underlying power of fire has forced these bits of the earth's crust above the ocean to tell of its might, though in another way than by flame and fume and ashes, as at Vesuvius.

“Through these bare rugged islands we passed on to Iona. It was just what we expected. So often has one seen it that it is at once recognised, and you feel on landing as if you were not on strange ground at all. We, during one hour, looked on all that was to be seen, and were importuned to buy shells and stones by about fifty children. Your mother, offended by your father's levity, determined to give him something of a bishop's gravity by filling his pockets with greenstones from Iona. Their weight tended to keep me down, and to remind me of the example of the great Columba. We saw the two Iona



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crosses, all that remain of 360 once to be found there. The tracery on these and on the tombstones is very beautiful, and wistfully did your mother crave to have a copy of them. They are the oldest Christian monuments in Britain. The monastery is in a far more ruinous state than the cathedral.

"The latter might very easily be restored. How strange it is that such buildings should have been erected there! You leave all cultivation quite behind before you reach the shore on the opposite side, and on the sea you pass from one barren wave-scalped island after another before you reach Iona, while beyond it lies the seemingly shoreless waste of ocean. If the idea determining the choice of Iona was that of separating from all the attractions of earth, the design of those who elected this site for their home and temple was carried out most successfully. But if this was their way of obeying the injunction not to set their affections on things on the earth, they miserably failed. They carried an earth in them in which their 'members' were rooted, and these would have to be mortified at Iona as surely as in the fairest spot in creation.

"From Iona we went on to Staffa. As you approach it seems like a gigantic ruin rising out of the ocean, with rubbish lying over it, on which enough of grass has grown to mark it green.

"The opening of the cave is like the ruined doorway of some gigantic temple. Around this opening and in the cave within are seen columns seemingly built of equally-sized stone, the upright lines of each column being quite distinct, though the whole is a thoroughly compact mass. Before the entrance and around it are the basements of columns which the mighty billows have been breaking up throughout the ages, and even throughout all the cave you have the tops and basements of

the columns quite marked, the former fretting the roof of this strange cavity, and the latter like successive staircases by which you climb up to the farther end of the cave. Neither your mother nor I ventured the climbing; we were content to look in; but the whole party besides—about a hundred—went through, while we went round by the boat, and met them on the other side of the island.

“During our voyage we sailed round the whole island of Mull. When coming through the Sound of Mull we had, as we were approaching Oban, a splendid range of mountains in sight, including both Ben Nevis and Ben Cruachan, which under a sunset light assumed the most extraordinary appearance. All at once they seemed as if transformed into cloud. So complete was the transformation that we could not tell where mountains ended and where clouds began. It was as if they were suddenly wrapped in a mantle of snow, with a pink light shining on it. This strange pall seemed to have come down from above and spread till all distinctive features of hill and dale had disappeared from the summit to the base of the mountain. After an interval of half an hour dark belts began to appear across the mountains, and the aspect they then presented, with their pink-white drapery, belted with bands of dark purple, was quite unique. Gradually the purple quenched the curious gleam, and the mountains, in all their solid ruggedness, were before us again.

“Mr. and Miss Brown met us on our arrival, and we took tea with them, and on our return from Mr. Hossack’s are to be with them till Monday. Love to Mr. and Mrs. Aird. Many a visit I pay to the former; indeed, I am seldom from his bedside.”

This little change, if it did not arrest the disease, gave a

little tone to the system for a few weeks; but towards the end of November, during very cold weather, an attack of ague came on, which was followed by fever, occurring with severity every night, and occasioned so much prostration that the patient was confined to bed for months. When the fever ran high he was sometimes delirious. Notes taken then reveal that even in such a state his thoughts ran in the channel of God's Word and will:—"Surely the end is near. Oh! well, then, I will keep Thee to Thy grace and truth. Be Surety to Thy servant for good—oh to be left to this! Not able to follow a train of thought when thinking it was for God's cause and glory. But it is sweet to believe it is the will of God, and being so, it could not be made better. A poor unfruitful creature, deserving the lowest hell—but the Lord delights to show mercy to the poor and needy." "Not able to follow a train of thought" evidently refers to his writing out a sermon weekly.

A reporter had been employed by some friends for a short time before this illness to take down sermons as he delivered them, but this soon came to an end; however, it gave the idea to the preacher that although he could not use his voice he might use his pen, and so it was that amid much suffering he penned a weekly sermon, welcomed by many who were accustomed to hear him.

Not till the early summer did he recruit in the least. Very partial and short were the few services he was able to give to his own people after this date. Nor was he able to assist his brethren as heretofore. To his co-presbyter, Rev. Mr. Munro, Alness, he writes:—

*"July 1883.*

"I am thinking of you and of your assistants and people in

connection with the services of this week. The Lord be with you in His grace and power.

“It is to me no small sadness to be cast out from fellowship in the services in which week after week I was wont to be engaged, like a broken pot in which no food is ever likely to be prepared for the children. But the will of the Lord be done. I have no cause whatever for complaint, but infinite causes of wonder and praise.”

He had work of another kind, however, laid to his hand that summer.

Rev. Mr. Sinclair, of the Free Church, Lochalsh, writes:—

“Before the Dingwall and Skye Railway line was formed, a deputation from the Free Synod of Ross waited on the Directors to influence them against goods traffic on the Lord’s Day. The Free Presbytery of Lochcarron, after the line was opened, remonstrated with the Directors as to the same matter, but in vain. The work, instead of ceasing, increased. The people passing to Lochcarron Free Church, on the north side of the Ferry, and passing to Plockton, on the south side, were shocked by the unseemly work carried on.

“At last, on Sabbath the 3d June, the young and able-bodied men, with one mind and heart, took quiet possession of the pier, and told the railway officials that they would allow no work to go on as long as the Lord’s Day lasted. The telegraph wires were put in operation, and by noon the chief constable of the county arrived with six policemen. By this time the crowd of men on the pier had increased to about two hundred. As they refused to move or to allow the work of Sabbath desecration to proceed, the chief constable ordered his men to charge. Six policemen against two

hundred stalwart Highland fishermen, who now in self-defence armed themselves with detached barrel-staves which had lain loose all round! A few blows were given and received. 'The chief' retired with his six men, accompanied by the railway porters. The wonder was they were not pitched into the sea.

"Not long after this event ten of the men who took part in the proceedings were arrested and lodged in the jail of Dingwall."

Dr. Kennedy's efforts in their behalf were abundant. He spared no pains in correspondence and in collecting money for the employment of agents and counsel for their defence. After paying all legal expense he handed a balance of £14 to each of the ten men on their release from jail. Public meetings were held in various towns in the North in connection with the sentence passed on the fishermen, and at that held in Dingwall Dr. Kennedy spoke as follows:—

"I feel so warmly towards the poor prisoners in the Calton Jail, that I cannot speak coldly regarding their case—so strongly that I may find it difficult to speak calmly. I regard them as specimens of the most law-abiding community in this country—(cheers). They are of a class long under the heel of oppression, for whom, of those who had the power over them, few seemed to care. Yet, notwithstanding, they have hitherto continued peaceful and submissive. But it requires but a fool, with power in his hands, to make by oppression wise men mad, and it is no matter of wonder that what may seem disorderly should at last appear in their conduct—(applause). In the part which these men acted at Strome, I firmly believe that they were actuated solely by a regard to the authority of the Fourth Commandment, and to the

sacredness of the day which that commandment reserves for the Lord. I do not say that all these men had the fear of God in their hearts, but the authority of His law was operative in their conscience. And they were persuaded, too, that the traffic which they were resisting was forbidden by the law of Scotland, as well as by the law of God—and both these convictions were well founded—(cheers). They knew, too, that remonstrances addressed to the Highland Railway Directors were utterly disregarded, and I am here to testify from personal experience of the truth of that being the case. They had the impression, too, that an appeal to the civil authorities would be of no avail. An attempt in that direction was made. A complaint against the profanation of the Sabbath by the Highland Railway Company was forwarded to the authorities, but it would seem as if it found in some office a grave from which there is no resurrection. What, then, was really done by the men now sentenced to four months' imprisonment? It was that they attempted, without intending any harm to the life, limb, or skin, or property, of any one—to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath in the pronounced form which it began to assume at Strome. The common way of describing their conduct, by those who condemn them, is, 'They took the law into their own hands.' By this I suppose is meant that they took the administration of it out of the hands of the constituted authorities—(applause). But even if they did so, I cannot but think that it would be quite as safe in their keeping as in that of the hands that hold it. And it seems to be admitted, in this representation of their conduct, that it was the law, which ought to be administered in the direction in which they used their power, that they took into their hands. I am not here to maintain that



these men were not guilty of indiscretion in the exhibition of their zeal, but no one can blame them for taking the law into their own hands without blaming those by whom that law should have been administered—(cheers). It has been charged against them that they themselves profaned the Sabbath while professing to oppose its profanation by others. But they have a good precedent to fall back upon in justification of their conduct. There is no one of whom we read in Scripture who was a more zealous Sabbatarian than Nehemiah. In his days there came from Tyre to the gates of Jerusalem men engaged in fish traffic, who wished to sell their fish on Sabbath. The nobles took side with the fish-dealers from Tyre. But Nehemiah, a man who feared the Lord, was governor then. And what did he do? He remonstrated with the nobles, and rebuked them, and posted his servants at the gates to prevent all traffic in fish on the Sabbath—(cheers). Surely that was a case in which the plea of necessity and mercy might with some semblance of force be employed. Might it not be said—Fish left under the hot sunshine all day must be destroyed; it cannot be right to keep from the people a supply of food, and it cannot be right that these should be all Sabbath, from midnight to midnight, posted at the gates to resist the traffic in fish—(applause). This is surely something very like what was done by the men of Strome—(applause). I don't know whether Stornoway is Tyre in the modern parallel. I scarcely think so, for I believe that the traffickers in fish were as great strangers there as at Strome. But the Tyrian traffickers are easily found. Nor is it difficult to discover whom the nobles represent. There are so-called nobles in the Highland Railway Company, though I cannot say that that entitles them to be

called either a company of nobles or a noble company—(prolonged cheers). But where among the constituted authorities is a Nehemiah to be found who evinces any zeal for the law of God? And where shall we find anything like a parallel to his conduct except in the action of the men who are now in the cells of a prison after having been branded as criminals—(applause). As to the action of the Highland Railway Directors in this case, I hesitate not to say that it was both illegal and oppressive—(hear, hear, and cheers). There is nothing in the Act constituting the Highland Railway Company requiring or empowering the running of Sabbath trains, though there is nothing in it distinctly forbidding this. We are accustomed in these days, in the discussion of another question, to distinguish between a thing not being forbidden and a thing being prescribed. When the prospectus of the Dingwall and Skye Railway was issued, the plea was used, to procure shareholders, that there was to be no Sabbath traffic, and the action of the Company for several years was according to that understanding. But of late Sabbath traffic began in a most pronounced form. If anything was proved at the late trial, it was proved to a demonstration that there was no necessity for the carrying of the fish landed at Strome on Sabbath. The whole action of the Highland Railway Company in connection with this fish traffic falls under the operation of the Act 1661, according to which such traffic is utterly illegal—(cheers). And their action was oppressive. Knowing the influence which they could reckon upon in their support, they hesitated not remorselessly to wound the hearts and consciences of those inhabiting the district which was the scene of their ungodly traffic. And they oppressed their own servants by requiring them to do work against

which I have good reason to know the consciences of many of them revolted. And rather than have their unlawful traffic stopped they set all power in motion, in order, even at the risk of bloodshed, to put down the men who were opposed to them—(cheers). How coarse is the fibre of the minds of men who set their hearts merely on worldly gain! What to them though the law of God should be profaned and the lives of men sacrificed if they can secure some addition to the annual dividend!—(applause). But this case proved to be a testing one to many besides the Directors of the Highland Railway Company. It was not difficult to judge of the spirit of men by the feeling it evoked—whether it was a whine about breaking what was called the law of the land, or sorrow because of how the law of Heaven was dishonoured. The Highland Railway Company had strong support from an arm of flesh, which to gross worldlings is a very palpable thing, while the men of Strome seemed poor and unsupported, and that to some suffices to determine on what side they shall range themselves—(cheers). As to the action of the authorities in connection with this case I am not to say much. While I remember that I am not to ‘speak evil of dignities,’ I am under no law forbidding me to speak of the evil of dignities from the lowest to the highest—(applause). I know not how their first interference was secured, or under whose authority the police were first sent to Strome. But it seemed a marvellously unwise proceeding. If they regarded the two hundred at Strome as a mob of lawless men, what approach to common-sense was there in sending eight men to quell them?—(cheers). That they did not regard them as men on whom the police should practise with their batons, and soldiers with their bayonets and their bullets,

is sufficiently proved by the first step of their action bearing on this case. And if so, why were they parties afterwards to scouring Scotland for policemen, and to securing the services of a body of troops? If the authorities designed to make the law respected in the Highlands, they acted just in the very way that most tended to make the administration of it contemptible and loathsome—(cheers). There is one fact, at anyrate, which will not, and cannot, be forgotten—that troops were sent for, and granted, for the purpose of shooting down men against whom no motive for their conduct, except zeal for the law of the Sabbath, was either charged or insinuated. Rather than that a few herrings should lose a little of their flavour before reaching London—(applause)—let human blood be shed! That was the remorseless behest of the Railway Company, and to fulfil it the Executive and the Government proved themselves quite ready to help them. I have no desire that the indignation excited by this action should abate, though I would deprecate any expression of it that was not quite legitimate. These are not the days in which experiments of that kind should be made—(hear, hear)—as to the limit to which oppression may be borne. Of the trial of the Strome men I am to say nothing now and here, nor of the sentence which condemned them to four months' imprisonment, nor of the competent, able, and eminent judge by whom that sentence was passed. But that the sentence was harsh, our presence here to-night is sufficient proof of that being our opinion—(cheers). And it is the opinion of the jury who tried the case, of all in court who heard it delivered, and men of all grades and denominations throughout the country unite in so regarding it. We are met to-night to take our share in an effort to secure an abatement of that

sentence, and when we think of the poor men in the cells of the Calton Jail, with whom I would share their imprisonment rather than be amidst the luxurious surroundings of the richest of their oppressors—(cheers)—and when we think of their families at home, and specially of the poor widow who has two sons, her only earthly stay, among the prisoners, and of the season over which their imprisonment, according to the sentence, must extend, I cannot think that any one will hesitate to sign the memorial which has been proposed and adopted"—(loud and continued cheering).

Dr. Begg's death, which took place in the autumn of that year, affected Dr. Kennedy deeply; but notwithstanding his weakness he consented to preach the funeral sermon, and broke the journey to Edinburgh by remaining a night at Lodgehill with his friends Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull.

While in Edinburgh he had the renewed privilege of visiting Dr. Grainger Stewart, from whose advice he formerly derived so much benefit. Dr. Grainger Stewart seriously warned him of the danger of a chill. Consequently, at the earliest possible date, he prepared to winter abroad. The Lord, as He had often done previously, opened the way before him, and he was left without an anxious thought in pursuance of his purpose.

His feelings in view of this journey he thus expresses:—

"DINGWALL, *November 10th*, 1883.

"MY DEAR MRS. AULD,—It is time I should write you a short letter, for you have often forgiven my remissness and sent me letters which cheered me.

"I have now resolved to leave home on the 15th current. We go first to Edinburgh, and then to London, where we shall

remain a few days, that I may recruit after the fatigue of the railway journey, which in other days used to be my special rest. I am ordered to be six months away, Rome being my destination. We go by the Riviera. Our first rest will be Paris, the next Lyons, then Marseilles, then Nice, then Mentone, thereafter San Remo, then Genoa, then Pisa, then Rome. I hope to meet Spurgeon at Mentone, which will induce us to remain there a week.

"The feeling with which I look forward to all this travelling it is not easy to describe. With all my fears there is also much restfulness in my heart, arising, I think, from leaving myself wholly at the Lord's disposal. I am persuaded I could not survive another winter at home, and the words, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice,' helped me in deciding it to be my duty to go. My present state of health indicates no improvement; I have no pain, but great prostration and extreme sensitiveness to cold, and am also losing flesh at the rate of a lb. weight each week—a process which, if it continues, can have only one termination. But my times are in the Lord's hands.

"I have now finished the sermon-writing, having sent off the last of the year's course to the printers last night.

"As you may believe, Dr. Begg's removal has left an extreme sense of desolateness in my heart, which I cannot hope will be removed while I am on this earth. His loss to our Church and to Scotland cannot at present be estimated; but time, I fear, will gradually disclose it. Since he has gone, while mourning the bereavement, I feel that any who remain who sympathised with his testimony are dearer to me than ever. The Lord be with you, my dear friend! Having His presence, no evil can befall you. . . .

J. KENNEDY."

As above indicated, he, along with Mrs. Kennedy and their daughter, set out for Rome in the middle of November, previous to which his congregation presented him with a sum of £130, and a similar sum was at the same time handed him by friends in Inverness. The circumstances of the latter presentation are thus described by Mr. D. Macivor of that town :—

“I send you a very correct report of that most affecting speech delivered by Dr. Kennedy at the station here, when we had our last sight of him.

“The *cause* of the speech was so small that I cannot refer to it without explaining that it was only the work of a few days, and the desire was that two or three friends should meet him, to save him the exertion of a formal presentation. We therefore wired asking where he could most conveniently be waited on, and received the reply, ‘Inverness station, 7 P.M.’ Nine were invited to be present, but word having gone through the town that he was to pass through that evening, an immense crowd gathered at the station to get a sight of one they all so much loved and revered. As many friends as could be accommodated went into a large room in the hotel, and when the Doctor was ushered in, and saw such a company, he brightened up into his usual cheerfulness, so that what we feared might be injurious seemed only to strengthen him. Fortunately the *Courier* reporter, happening to be on the platform, crept in and took down the Doctor’s remarks.”

Dr. Kennedy, in acknowledging the testimonial, said—

“Ex-Provost Simpson and dear friends,—I think I can say without guile that my heart thanks you for this expression of your kindness. I do not think that I can, with my tongue,

express the feelings of my heart at the present moment. I receive this very remarkable expression of your goodwill with surprise and thankfulness. I receive it with surprise, because I cannot even conjecture why you should think of expressing such a feeling towards me. The gift you have presented is vastly more than I ever dreamt of receiving, even after I had intimation of your intended kindness. With all my heart I desire to thank you, and in the measure in which I feel myself utterly unworthy of having deserved such a tribute as this of your kindness is its sweetness, because it comes to me with the sweetness with which I receive anything from God. I feel myself, in Providence, shut up to the step of going to the Continent with the view of improving my health. My experience last winter of the climate of the North was such that I dare not expect to survive another winter here. At one time each day brought me nearer to the gates of death, and it was to myself a wonder that I ever rose again. I am in a more unfavourable state of health now than I was at the beginning of last winter, and I could not even venture to cherish the expectation of surviving another such winter here. It would be unwise for me to do so. I shrank from taking this step at the outset, as it seemed to me as if I were breaking the link which binds me to the North and the friends I love there. I have been enabled even when laid on a sick-bed to communicate to them with my pen; but now I am compelled even to give up that way of communicating with them, and not enabled to do so with the living voice. But the Lord has said, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.' The only advice I got from my medical attendants was to go to a milder climate. I felt, therefore, that I should go. Six months is the time said to be required. When the path of



duty was made clear, I had nothing further to do than consider how to meet my wants. I could tell the Lord it was my duty to go, but I had not the means. I could tell Him He had the means to give me, and I felt that I had simply to appeal to that great Name to let me go. But supply has come, and you, by your wonderful generosity to-night, have crowned the givings which are required to meet my wants. And you cannot wonder that it should be exceedingly sweet to me as a token of your kindness, and exceedingly sweet to me as an answer to my prayers to God. My friends, you have made my heart very glad—I cannot tell you how glad, and especially because I consider you as being touched by the Lord's own power to feel His grace. I do not know what is before me. I know it is my duty to go; but whether the Lord is to find me a grave in Rome or bring me back to preach the Gospel in my beloved Highlands I do not know. I do not ask it. To-morrow is not mine; it is the Lord's; and if I should ask what are His feelings towards me, I should be asking what is not my own. I believe in leaving myself implicitly in His hands. If He gives me my death-bed in Rome—if it is His will that I should pass from hence—I sometimes feel inclined to say the sooner the better; but if He gives me strength, I hope it will be to preach the Gospel. I cannot tell you what it is to me not to be able to enter the pulpit and preach the Gospel. I think I can say, without guile, it is my chief enjoyment. My happiest hours have been spent in the service of the Gospel. You can quite understand, therefore, what it is to have the prospect of six months' silence. At the same time, it is God's will, and there is rest in knowing that it is the will of the Lord. I feel that I am occupying too much of your time in telling you my personal

thoughts, but let me thank you for this kind expression of your goodwill—to me utterly unexpected, and a complete surprise. Accept my hearty thanks, my dear friends, for be assured I do not speak false words when I say my heart is full of gratitude.”

## CHAPTER XII.

CORRESPONDENCE—ROME—HOMEWARD JOURNEY—LAST DAYS  
—CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

THE part of Italy where Dr. Kennedy and his family at this time took up their abode was the city of Rome. While there his health was fairly sustained. The historical associations were of great interest to one of his culture and classical knowledge. What the impressions were which he received from its social, religious, and other aspects are graphically depicted in his correspondence :—

*To Rev. Mr. M'Gregor, Ferrintosh.*

“ROME, December 21st, 1883.

“MY DEAR MR. M'GREGOR,—I intended to have written an earlier letter than that which I am now beginning. The result of my procrastination is that I am now writing on the shortest day of the year, and of course the letter must be according to the day. We were greatly disappointed as to our hope of leaving cold weather behind us. It was with us in Edinburgh, London, and Paris—in the last especially—and even when we were passing through the Riviera snow lay in the vineyards and orange groves. This seemed strange to us, who imagined that there was a perpetual summer in that sunny region—and stranger still, the most

delicate tropical plants, though lifting their blossom and fruit over the snowy ground, seemed not in the least affected by the cold.

"We have now been ten days in Rome, long enough to observe what an enormous advance it has made since we were here less than three years ago. New Rome is to be a splendid city, and will in course of time be the home of all the richer portion of the community. The inhabitants of Old Rome greatly dislike the progress which has been made since the King took up his abode at the Quirinal.

"The city has been very gay and noisy during this week, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince Imperial of Germany. A splendid reception was accorded to him, all of which we saw from the windows of our apartments. It was a difficult part the Prince had to act. Not to be the guest of King Humbert would offend the Liberals, and to be his guest would be most offensive to the Pope and Cardinals. But he determined to stay in Rome in the Quirinal, and yet to propose a conference with the Pope. Again and again the Pope and his counsellors met to consider whether the Prince should be received in the Vatican, but they lacked the courage though they had the vehement desire to say nay. The Pope was immovable in his resolution not to send a representative to return the Prince's call at the Quirinal. The Prince, not to offend the Liberals, went in a private carriage to the Vatican, and not to offend the papal court, received the Pope's representative in the house of the German Ambassador. His departure at midnight was accompanied with a grand demonstration. To-day the city is much quieter, but in January 24,000 pilgrims are to visit Rome. They come from all parts of Italy to celebrate the anniversary of Italian emancipation.

They were to have come this week, but the Government insisted on their postponing their visit while the 20,000 soldiers who were drafted into Rome to do honour to the German Prince had gone, for it was feared there would be a famine in Rome if 44,000 were at once added to the population. Mr. Gray, the Presbyterian minister here, seems to be the right man for the post which he occupies. As to my health, I think I can say that I am better since I left home." . . .

"*December 31st.*—I think it better, since you have kindly begun to arrange supplies for the services of the communion season, to leave the matter entirely in your hands. My interference would only cause confusion. The Lord provide, and may He bless whom He sends.

"I think I am making steady progress. I have hitherto escaped having any serious cold. During last week we saw Papal Rome in full dress, and a garish 'whore' she is. In the services which we witnessed there was so much of heathenism and of worldly pomp, mingled with relics of Judaism, that, apart from the sign of the cross, there was not room for any measure of Christianity. Most fantastic were the dresses of monks, friars, priests, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, utterly frivolous the conduct of the clericals not acting a part in the gaudy ceremonial, and the splendid service of song was as secular as that of any opera. How benighted the minds, how dormant the consciences, and how hardened the hearts of those who can retain any respect for this overt profanation of worship!

"But there is more open infidelity than earnest superstition in Rome. At table with us is an English officer who was educated a Papist and is now an avowed infidel, who is an individual specimen of the change through which Rome has

passed. Not even Christmas evoked any semblance of earnestness from the hearts of the Romans."

"*January 18th.*—I wrote to-day an address to my congregation, which I sent to the *Chronicle* office to be printed, and I have taken the liberty of asking the printer to send the proof to you to correct, as there would be no time to send it here, and to have it ready for circulation on the Sabbath before the Communion or at the latest on the Fast-Day. Let them be placed in the lobby, and the people can have them as they go out. I neglected to write to the printer that I wish 1000 copies to be thrown off. I go out and *do* a little of Rome each warm day; but the objects of interest are so endless that one despairs of seeing more than a tithe of what others have seen. . . .

"Many many thanks for all your kind labours among my people. Even at the risk of your life you supplied my lack of service, and I owe you more than I can render." . . .

*To Rev. Mr. Munro, Alness.*

*February 14th, 1884.*

"I feel constrained to write to you though you did not answer my last. I feel persuaded, knowing your wisdom and friendship, that you had a good reason for your silence.

"In one way, ours is a most monotonous life in Rome—sightseeing, eating and drinking, devour the most of our time. True, we can see, each day, something which we never saw before, and this would be true were we to remain in this wonderful city for years. We are only now beginning to find out how much we have not seen. And yet we have seen a very great deal, in galleries, museums, palaces, villas, and churches. But it is all 'sightseeing,' and day after day the

question of duty has to be discussed in *fero conscientiae*, and not always is doubting removed. Only the plea of a regard to the health of this poor body is of any avail in deciding for the daily routine. I think this kind of life has done me good, and in secret I get access to the Lord that was denied to me at home.

"To-day I went to the Church of the 'Jesu,' the great Jesuit Church of Rome, to hear a requiem for the soul of Pio IX. It would have been difficult, unless I had the testimony of my own eyes and ears, to believe that Papists would believe that the Pope who was the first to be declared to be infallible, should have to spend nine years in purgatory! But so it is. Not at all on Scripture do the poor dupes of Popery repose their hope, and therefore not at all on God. Not on Christ as revealed in the Gospel, but on Mary, described by the Church, does their faith rest. And the only representation of her is that which the Pope gives forth. On him, therefore, must now their hope finally rest. And yet they can think of him as yet in purgatory!

"I cannot describe the feeling excited by the closing strains of the magnificent music when the whole choir burst into the cry, Pio, Pio! as if either they would send their cry down to his ears as he is 'tormented in the flame,' or could only in a pitiful wail, that was hopeless as it was plaintive, express the feeling with which they regarded him. The ceremonial intermingled with the concert was the most outrageously absurd thing conceivable. A representation of the Pope's tomb was erected in front of the great altar, and a most imposing structure it was. Over this there hung, in the most graceful arrangement, drapery in black and gold, and the whole church was draped in a corresponding style. The catafalco

was surrounded with candles, and candle-light was the only light allowed to enter the church. The effect was, of course, very impressive, and in this no displays can compare with those got up by the Jesuits. Muttering by the priests before the altar, processions of priests bearing candles, posturings and genuflexions, made up the ridiculous service to which they gave the name of worship. Apart from this, there was nothing but a splendid concert, in which nothing serious was affected. But what chiefly affected me on one of these occasions was the thought that before me was the ripe fruit of what is now in the innovation movement being sown in our own Church at home. Oh what a gigantic deceit the whole popish worship is, and what a gigantic lie the teaching of the Church of Rome, and what a seething mass of wickedness is formed by the multitude who are the dupes of Popery!

"On one of the nights during the sojourn of the pilgrims in Rome the Colosseum was splendidly illuminated, and a grand sight it was, filled with and surrounded by thousands of people.

"I am decidedly better, I can walk without difficulty, the spring of earlier days is in my step again.

"I was none the worse of preaching, and my heart is now greatly longing to be in my wonted work again."

*To Mrs. Matheson, Madras.*

"Often often would I have written to you were it not that you received from Jessie a weekly volume with an exhaustive account of all the news, and of all the scenes to which we had access. But I must at last attempt a letter, though I have allowed many a better opportunity than the present to pass away.

"How it would delight us to have you with us here! But



as you cannot in *propria persona* be in Rome, I have no doubt you often repair to it, since we entered it twelve weeks ago. And be assured that in our conversation you and yours furnish the most frequent topic, and that you are always remembered in our prayers.

"We seldom see any pretty thing for a child without my saying to Jessie, 'You would not pass this shop if Mabel were here.' As it is, Aunt Jessie and Granny have invested in some things for 'Mary and the bairns.' Tell Mabel and Ian that we never forget them, and that we hope they will not forget us. How ardently we long for a sight of you all, and all the more that you have a little stranger to introduce to us, to whom we are all quite ready to accord a hearty welcome! Already we hold daily counsels as to how your rooms are to be arranged, and we are disposed to make all our arrangements such as would be suitable in the event of your coming. It would seem wise that Mabel should not pass another summer in India, and it would also be desirable that when John comes he should have a year's leave of absence. I often longed for your return, fearing that I might not be spared to see you. But I now leave the future in the Lord's hands, and must deny myself any gratification of feeling which accords not with His will.

"During the last fortnight the weather has been exquisite, and we have been taking an occasional drive in the environs of Rome. We contemplate leaving this city next week, and intend staying in Florence for a month. As we have already travelled by the other two routes, we intend to return by the St. Gothard tunnel, a route which gives many opportunities of observing the finest Alpine scenery, besides being the shortest way to London."

*To Mrs. Auld.*

"Though I at present sojourn in what is in some respects the most interesting city in the world, yet I cannot transfer to paper much of what interests me here, for I have not 'done' Rome to any great extent, not being strong enough for such work.

"We reside in what may be called 'New Rome,' recently built on the Esquiline Hill, and presenting a great contrast to Old Rome lying below, and composed of buildings some of which are older than the Christian era. The new buildings are very fine, and the streets wide and regular, and there are not a few handsome piazzas and gardens. In course of time, if Rome continues to advance as it has done since it became again the capital of Italy, it will be one of the finest, as well as the most interesting city on the continent of Europe.

"Since our arrival, there have been several spectacles to occupy the attention of sight-seers. There was the arrival and departure of the Crown Prince of Germany. On his arrival the King and his ministers were waiting to receive him, and 20,000 soldiers were drawn up on the square of the railway terminus, and ranged in two files along the route from the station to the palace of the Quirinal.

"A large but not enthusiastic crowd lined the way by which the King and Prince passed. Our windows overlooked the display, and through them some Highland eyes from Scotland were vain enough to look on this sample of the world at its best.

"This visit of the Crown Prince is a bold move; it just suited the brave general of the Franco-German war. He came to be the guest of the King, and yet determined to go

from the Palace to visit the Pope at the Vatican, and during all his drives through the city, and a review of the Italian army exposing himself to the worst designs of the friends of Nihilism. The Pope and his cardinals were greatly perturbed by the proposal of a visit, but they dared not decline it. I cannot but think that the keen eyes of Bismarck must have seen the prospect of impending war, when he sent the Crown Prince to have a palaver with the kings of Spain and Italy; and it bodes no good to the cause of Protestantism that 'the powers which be' in Germany should be conferring with the Pope. Because it presented this aspect to my mind, the Prince's visit gave me much to think of, made me very anxious, and sent me often to my knees.

"After this there came in three detachments 60,000 pilgrims to the city, to celebrate the emancipation of Italy, to commemorate the accession of Victor Emmanuel II., and to place wreaths on his newly-erected tomb in the Pantheon. The Papal party do not like this kind of demonstration. The procession of immense crowds, waving flags and singing songs, is an infliction to the despots of the Vatican. But the King's party keep up this kind of thing, and the Pope and his cardinals can only hold the tongues which they dare not use in denunciation of what is a '*gaudeamus*' over the destruction of their power.

"But the state of Italy, spiritually and morally, has undergone no change to the better. Instead of coming out into the light of Bible truth, the people have shrunk back into the thick darkness of scepticism. The grossest ignorance prevails among the masses, they know no Sabbath, of the Lord's-Day there is not the slightest recognition, and their habits are almost as immoral as in the dark days of heathen-

ism. We have repeatedly driven through some of the slums of Old Rome, and saw enough to persuade us that the worst places in our cities at home contain no such degraded specimens of humanity as are to be found here. We passed several places where every second door was that of a wine-shop, and crowds within drinking fast and furious. Because of the *kind* of drink they take here, they do not get so utterly prostrate as the poor creatures at home who pour liquid fire down their throats, but they take so much of the *vin ordinaire* as to make them violently excited while leaving them in possession of their muscular powers, and this makes them even more dangerous than the poor drunkards in Scotland. The *effects* of drink here are more gradually produced, and thus are less pronounced than at home, but the *crave* is even more insatiable here, for they must have drink at every meal and in the intervals also.

"Being here during the Christmas season, I looked into some of their principal churches in order to judge of the kind of worship carried on. When you enter, you have no impression it is a place of worship you are going into. You see service going on at an altar, and visitors walking and talking all over the Church, priests and monks among the moving crowd as indifferent as any. At the altar you may see 'crossings,' 'kneelings,' bowing going on, such as a dancing master might teach, and unintelligent mutterings whispered, with what design even the performers do not seem to care to inquire. Little wonder that the people, wearied of such silly heartless services, are driven blind and famishing into the wilderness of infidelity. In one church there was a procession of archbishops, bishops, and priests moving from altar to altar under a cloud of incense, and

in adoration of a golden doll representing the Babe of Bethlehem. In another there was what they call a Bambino—or little boy—with Mary in splendid attire bending over the image. The Bambino was the most horrid-looking thing, a doll tightly swaddled up to the throat! But the poor people are told that the swaddling was laid on by St. Luke, and that to touch the Bambino will cure the most inveterate disease. Right opposite this horrid sight, a platform was erected from which hymns were chanted by a choir of girls from a missionary school connected with the church, in order to extract pence for the support of the school, and the priests were at the same time muttering the service at the altar. In another church we heard part of a splendid concert, but except the presence of a host of bishops and priests, there was no semblance of sacredness. While seeing all this, the ripe sensationalism of the Popish Church, I realised as never before the madness of the present movement in our own Church, which is just a sowing of the seed of which all I saw in the churches here is the full fruit.

“But I must not weary you. I may tell you I have had hours of great enjoyment in secret since I came to Rome, and I like Mr. Gray’s preaching. But oh! the hurdy-gurdy and the hymns!—Your affectionate friend,  
J. KENNEDY.”

A week after the date of this letter, he sent to his congregation an “address.” (See Appendix.)

*To Rev. Mr. Aird, Criech.*

“FLORENCE, *March*, 1884.

“Four weeks have now passed since we came to this region of sunshine and flowers, and till I sat down to write this

letter I could not realise that during all that time you never received any communication from me. But so it is. Peccavi.

"This is a beautiful city, finely environed. It is in the midst of a plain, through which the Arno flows as a winding stream, and which is girt all round with mountains. All the plain, and each hillside, as far as the eye can reach, is dotted with villas and cottages. How pleasant it is, from one of the nearest eminences, to look over such a scene, while knowing that in each cottage there is a tenant with a secure tenure of his farm, with his vineyard, oliveyard, and fields, and flock ! But what sadness broke in on the pleasure such a scene occasioned when one remembered the contrast presented by the glens and hillsides of our dear Scottish Highlands. Here the proprietor of the soil stocks the farm ; at the close of autumn, the produce of the farm is valued, the proprietor appropriating one half and the tenant retaining the other. Does not this seem an admirable arrangement ? Would it not exactly suit the state of things in the Highlands ? Only, to prepare for such an arrangement, money should be supplied by the Government to meet the expense of trenching a sufficient amount of ground to furnish a thirty-acre croft to each family, with an outrun for cattle on hill pasture. This appears to me the most feasible scheme for meeting the wrongs under which our poor Highland crofters have so long been suffering. I have been thinking of ventilating this scheme, and I wish you to think it over, ere I say publicly anything about it. But it was a relief to think of the gospel privileges of the Highland crofters in contrast to the state of darkness and degradation in which the Tuscan peasantry are sunk so low. Such is the contrast that the poor men, who can only raise a

miserable crop of potatoes and oats, need not think enviously of the vines and olives of the Tuscans.

"I could not resist an invitation to join a party going to Vallombrosa—Mr. M'Dougall and Dr. Murray Mitchell. During the first thirteen miles, the drive is along the bank of the Arno, till it reaches the Siene. During the remaining eight miles the gradient is very steep. First we left the vineyards behind us as we went up, then we passed the olive-groves, and after that the walnut-trees, when we reached a treeless waste; passing which, we entered a pine wood, the densest and the darkest I ever saw. At last, at the base of the last steep of the mountain, we suddenly came in sight of the beautiful church and monastery of Vallombrosa. Of course, as in the case of all monasteries, there was a nunnery quite near. This nunnery is now the hotel, and there we stayed all night. The Italian Government have appropriated all the buildings, as well as the land around it, very extensive, which was once the property of the monks, and through them of the Church of Rome. A series of gorges on the mountain-side mark the courses of 'the brooks of Vallombrosa,' and are exceedingly beautiful, clothed as their sides are, up to the snow-covered summit of the mountain, with beech trees, for, strange to say, the beeches there grow at a higher elevation than the pine. At this season acres of ground are covered all over with crocus flowers, and irises in a month hence will carpet the soil to an equal extent with their blossoms. The church is very beautiful, and the library contains a large collection of antiquated volumes. The monastery is now used as a Forestry College, in which there are a hundred students, with no fewer than ten professors. . .

"Some captious critics have charged Milton with inaccuracy

in describing the brooks there as strewn with leaves, on the ground of there being no deciduous trees at Vallombrosa. But they forget that the beeches are deciduous, and spread their branches over the brooks during the first part of their course, and that the pines which now surround the buildings could not have been planted when Milton was there. At any rate we saw some of the brooks strewn with leaves, and are quite prepared to testify to the accuracy of Milton's description when he wrote—

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,  
High overarched, imbower.”

“I was much delighted with my visit to Galileo's tower. His study there remains as it was when he died. The very table on which he wrote is there, and, lying on it, the very telescope which he was accustomed to use. There were hanging on the walls several portraits of him; but while looking on his plain face, and remembering his recantation, I could not but part with some of the respect with which I previously regarded him.

“On an elevation, 500 feet above the level of the city, is a very old town, Fiesole, from which one has lovely views of Florence and its surroundings. There is an interesting church, recently renovated by the Government, and beside it a large monastery, with which Fra Angelico was connected. But more interesting is an old theatre, recently laid bare by excavations ordered by the Government, and which, though built more than 2000 years ago, is in a wonderful state of preservation. The stage and the seats are quite distinctly marked, and the acoustics are perfect. How I wished it could be transferred to the Highlands for the benefit of our



open-air congregations. (Mr. M'Dougall was our kind cicerone). But what have I been doing? Bothering you with stuff which can serve no better purpose than covering paper with ink.

"I preached here once, and was none the worse. I can only say that I have a little more vigour than when you saw me last; but if it please the Lord to bring me home again, my friends may be disappointed with my appearance. But I am in the hands of Him who 'doeth all things well!' To me my sojourn here has been a time of rest and enjoyment in the closet, though it was impossible to move about in the streets without being oppressed with grief as I thought of this bright sunny land, and its people, so forgetful of God, and His word and law."

The two letters that follow, and which were the last he ever wrote, were occasioned by his hearing of the death of two valued friends in the far North—Mrs. Taylor, Free Manse, Thurso, and Mr. William Sinclair, Pulteneytown, Wick.

"FLORENCE, *March 18th*, 1884.

"MY DEAR MRS. AULD,—I was thinking of you so much of late, that I made up my mind to write you what my impressions were, when the startling intelligence of your dear mother's death reached me. I know it must have been sudden. The Lord designed it to be so. The event proves the design.

"With my whole heart I sympathise with you all, and in saying so I ought to be ashamed of making mention of *my* sympathy, when I feel assured you have the sympathy of Him who, once 'a Man of sorrows,' has now all the power of the

throne of God to make the fruit of His sympathy healing to all the wounds of His sorrowing children on the earth. Oh the ineffable smallness of all sympathy besides !

“My earliest impressions of your mother were those received from the beauty of her countenance and the grace of her manner. Next I came to experience her uniform kindness and hospitality. Then I learned to know her as one who loved the truth of God and all the Lord’s true people, and who was in unison with my views on matters of vital interest. I therefore had the persuasion that she was one with whom it would be eternally well ; and I know no hopeless sorrow in thinking of her removal from an honoured life on earth to the glorious life of the Father’s house ! I may also add that I never heard any one speak of her anywhere but with respect. The love of God shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost comfort you now and always.” . . .

“FLORENCE, *March 31, 1884.*

“MY DEAR MRS. SINCLAIR,—And so it has pleased the Lord to take your husband from you, and to cause you to feel the loneliness and the sorrow of widowhood. And He intended you to feel this, not because He wished you to have pain without profit, but because He desired that you should have profit through pain. There is much pain in the world without profit, but there is no profit without pain. He who gave you the pain did not afflict willingly, but ‘wisdom to profit by it’ He giveth liberally. I cannot enter fully into your feelings. A widowed wife has a sorrow all her own. But I feel keenly your dear husband’s death, and his removal has caused a blank which I do not expect to be filled. To me there is an added wasteness in the desolation within the

visible Church, but what I ought still more to deplore is the removal of a faithful witness from the cause of Christ in our day. When I think of his rare gifts, and his love to the Lord's people, of his power of utterance, and of his faithfulness in defending the truth in a day of declension, I feel as if a cold wave brought a chill over all my spirit when I realise that he is gone. Dear Mrs. S——, remember that when Christ says, 'I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am,' it would be ill our part to grudge to Him what He claims. And what is Christ's due is His people's gain, and love to them should combine with love to Christ in moving us to say, 'Thy will be done.' Yield up even your husband without grudging, for when He does not ask us to part with Himself, we can never lose by all He takes from us. I have been seeking to cast you on the love of the divine Husband, between whom and His spouse death can never come in, and who can support, and heal, and comfort you till your wilderness journey is over.—Yours in sympathy."

Dr. Kennedy's last journey and last days on earth we leave to the gentle handling of the one most conversant with them and most intimately affected by them.

"The time for quitting Florence drew near. On arriving there in February it was very agreeable to find Dr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell in the hotel, and they were succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Laing, late of Dundee. Ere that pleasant *albergo* was quitted, three American ladies, who had occupied the next apartments in the hotel at Rome, appeared on the opposite side of the table. A kindly recognition was given, and there were many conversations on American ways, and

views, and women's rights. The discussion at last grew animated; at the close Dr. Kennedy said, 'Would it not be well ere we part for ever to have a few words of prayer?' This short service was listened to by our American cousins with moistened eyes, and a friendly farewell was exchanged by those who were to meet no more on earth.

"In the beginning of April the homeward journey commenced *via* Milan, where there was a halt for two nights. An early hour in the day was devoted to the magnificent cathedral, into which the sun was pouring its rays, while a Lent sermon was being preached to an attentive congregation of about 300 or 400 people. Dr. Kennedy took a chair, sat down, and listened to the slow measured utterances, out of which he gathered the leading ideas, having studied Italian in his college days.

"Leaving Milan behind, Lake Como came quickly into view, 'beautiful exceedingly.' After passing it and Lake Lugano, Dr. Kennedy said, almost with a sigh, 'We must acknowledge that these are more lovely than our Scotch lakes.' He was still so full of life as to have intense enjoyment in the grandeur of the St. Gothard route.

"At the Charing Cross Station, London, friends met him, one of whom induced him to promise to give a Gaelic service in some hall in the city. Strange to say, he did not appear to suffer from the exertion, his heart being in it: he would not allow that he was even fatigued.

"In England the weather was fine, but immediately after coming to Edinburgh there was a sudden change, and although he lived in a dear friend's house, which was to him always a second home, he could not be persuaded to keep entirely within doors. A chill, of which he had been so well warned,

was the consequence ; but little injury was at first apparent, except slight loss of appetite and depression.

“Bridge of Allan was resorted to, and a few days passed ere there was any sign for the worse.

“When food was rejected, medical aid was suggested, and as he had such a longing to see his family physician, Dr. Adam, he was telegraphed for, and came immediately ; heartily was he welcomed. There was a reaction for the better during part of two days that the doctor remained. The patient was most anxious that Dr. Adam would consent to his travelling to Dingwall with him, and this, too, while realising the state he was in, for he had revealed to a friend who sat beside him that he had the ‘secret token’ that the change was near. But the desire was strong to be in his own house once again.

“Most willingly did he submit to all that Dr. Adam and Dr. Paterson prescribed. Although the summons had come, the last sleep was gentle as that of a babe ; and that he needed nothing but heaven now, will appear from the following, written at the time by one who had listened to some of his last prayers :—

“‘In this household we so very lately had the privilege of intercourse with the precious saint whom God has taken to Himself, that it seems as if our responsibilities are increased a hundredfold. I shall never forget his prayers at family worship ; they were perfectly wonderful, so full of praise and thanksgiving, even joyful. I always felt as if he was speaking straight to God. Nothing between, right in the presence chamber, it was as if they were face to face, he and the Master. Sometimes it almost frightened me, because a chill dread arose that he was very near the glory. The face wore often a far-away, weary look, and he was so sadly wasted.’

"The Lord not only gave him this close communion with Himself, but through the following letter of a young girl (the last he received), he was cheered by knowing that the seed he had been sowing beside all waters was bearing fruit.

'My sisters and I are (*D.V.*) going to sail for America in May ; would you be so kind as to send us certificates ? I trust, dearest sir, that you are much improved by your stay on the Continent, and that by God's grace you may yet preach to your dear flock, whose souls are greatly missing your faithful dealings with them. I am very sorry, dearly beloved pastor, to think that I shall never hear you again. You once asked me if I delighted in prayer, but I think I gave you no answer. I felt I could not say I did not, and at the time my mind was so confused, and the feelings of my heart so cold, that I feared to say yes, that it would be a lie. But I have often thought about your question since, and feel that prayer to my soul is just as the breath I breathe to my body. If my breath ceased to come, my body ceased to live, so without prayer I feel my soul would be in a similar condition. I can honestly say, if in this life I have had ever any true happiness, it is in communion with God. Dear sir, I earnestly desire you will be remembering my sisters and me on our sea voyage, and on entering a strange land. I will be claiming a special part in your prayers, the claim of a child in a father's prayers, for if ever I enter the abode of bliss, and see my Redeemer's face in peace, I shall point to you, sir, as the instrument in God's hands who led me there. I would fain ask you for a long letter of advice, but it would not be right for me to do so in your present condition.'

"While on his way home the passage of Scripture on which he had been meditating was, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us' (1 Sam. vii. 12).

"He was thinking over it as a suitable subject for addressing his people; but instead of a spoken message, it proved to be his dying testimony, as well as his life experience.

"The Lord so willed it that life's finished story should be recounted in another sphere, where vision would be clearer, and where every remembrance of the past would call forth the triumphant song of Moses and the Lamb, for although redeeming love will be the absorbing theme, the wilderness journey and its wonders will not be excluded."

Dr. Kennedy died at Bridge of Allan on the morning of the 28th April 1884. His remains were taken North for interment. Rev. Mr. M'Dougall touchingly says, "At the news of Dr. Kennedy's death, the Highlands wept bitterly. The last day his face was seen on earth, gave the most affecting testimony to the intense love and sorrow that followed him into the unseen. His remains lay in an open coffin in his study, the countenance, so calm and beautiful, bore the impress of the lofty spirit, and of the smile with which it entered into the presence of the King. A stream of mourners passed slowly by the dead for many hours,—the young bathed in tears, the old filled with awe as they gazed for the last time till the day of judgment on the face of one so greatly beloved."

At the urgent request of his congregation the place of interment was on the south side of the Free Church of Dingwall. The gathering at the funeral was one of the largest that ever carried a minister to his grave, and represented all

classes. Among these were "many devout men, who made great lamentation over him."

Thus closed the earthly course of John Kennedy. "He was not, for God took him." The Lord whom He had so earnestly served said, "Go thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." But by his removal what a void was left in the hearts of many, whose feeling was like that of the disciples from whom Paul parted at Ephesus—"they sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more."

We meddle not with the shadow that fell *on the home* that now missed the presence of the gentle and loving husband, and the tender and watchful parent. But outside that circle they mourned his loss *who were bound to him by the ties of personal intimacy*. They found life sweetened by his fellowship. They found him an ever-true and faithful friend, on whose ready sympathy they could reckon in all their emergencies, a wise counsellor in their difficulties, and who bore their burdens on his heart at a throne of grace.

How many, also, of *the household of faith* had their hearts saddened at the thought of no longer hearing the voice of that "Master in Israel" at whose feet they often sat and drank, with a satisfaction that no words could express, those clear and copious streams of gospel truth that flowed forth in his presentation of the exhaustless supplies of the Covenant of Grace, and who also drew out into clearest light their secret experiences and tokens of the work of God's Spirit in their souls, so that they were sweetly shut up to the conclusion that "this was the true grace of God wherein they stood."

And how many of *the family of fearing ones*, doubtful of



their spiritual state and standing, sadly missed the hand that tenderly and skilfully dealt with them; not over-driving the weak of the flock, not thrusting with side and shoulder, but "gentle among them as a nurse cherishing her children," entering into their fears and perplexities, as into paths that He familiarly knew, and shedding such light on their way as was fitted to encourage them to "follow on to know the Lord."

And whether they were sensible of the loss or not of such a faithful ambassador of Christ, well might he be mourned by *those multitudes who otherwise gave no sign of interest in Divine things*, yet who gathered to hear him, constrained by admiration of his rare gifts; and who listened to him with bated breath even when he shed a scathing light on their present godless life and their sad future prospects, and overawed them by declarations of truths that found an echo in their own consciences.

And well might *the Church*, especially that branch of it with which he was connected, lift up its voice and say, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." Was he not taken from it who was second to none as a preacher of the glorious Gospel, who raised his voice like a trumpet "to show God's people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins," who, when iniquity was coming in as a flood, sweeping before it the old landmarks as to doctrine, worship, and government, and carrying along with it many who should have been defenders "of the faith once delivered to the saints," stood unmoved as a rock, saying in effect, "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

In this volume we have gathered up a few fragments of

Dr. Kennedy's precious life and ministry, that all may not be lost.

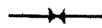
"We watch," wrote one now gone to his rest in concluding the memorial of a departed brother in the Lord, "with expectant interest the swelling of the rosebud, we delight in the possession of the full-blown flower, and we sigh in sadness when its glory departs; but we gravely gather up its shed leaves from the ground, putting them into a keeping place, and we then discern that these, even when withered, give forth somewhat of the fragrance of the rose, in the dull winter days which follow, when we can no longer look on the living flower."



# APPENDIX.



# APPENDIX.



## I.

### PASTORAL LETTER.

ROME, *April 2d*, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — Though I have gone away for a season I feel that I am not separated from you, for I find you in my heart wherever I go. Recent circumstances constrained me to think of our final separation on the earth, but in forecasting this I found that you and I were so associated that, if I could not remove you from the court of my conscience, no more would I remove you from the love of my heart. If there must be an early parting, we must all yet stand together before the Great White Throne of Judgment. All who part here must gather together there. And even that gathering is in order to another separation. The mixed multitude shall be divided by the Great Shepherd: the righteous, placed at His right hand—not one of them wanting—shall go to life eternal, and the wicked, placed on His left—not one of them wanting—shall go to everlasting punishment. In view of this, blessed are all those who are united to the Person, washed by the blood, and sealed by the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, and whose hope is sanctioned by the Word of the living God!

If, through the mercy of God, I shall return to my work

among you again, I will have nothing to preach to you except what I preached to you before. Hitherto I have taught you what I believed to be the counsel of God, giving prominence to those truths which, in seeking a resting-place for my own soul, I found to be of primary importance—the utter ruin effected by the fall; the sovereignty and riches of New Covenant grace; the eternal Godhead and true humanity of Jesus Christ; His atoning sacrifice, with its infinite value and infallible efficacy; the certainty of the application of redemption to all for whom, as a substitute, Jesus died; the necessity of regeneration by the Holy Ghost, in order to an entrance into the kingdom of grace on earth, and of perfected sanctification, in order to passing through death into the kingdom of glory in heaven—of leaving “the first principles of the oracles of God,” in advancing acquaintance with the doctrines of grace, in order to evidence our being taught of God—and of bearing fruit in sobriety, righteousness, and godliness, that we may certify to our conscience, and prove to the Church, that we have passed from death unto life. These, if I resume my work, will continue to be my main themes, as they have been in the past, while declaring to all, without any exception, that they are called by God to receive, and rest upon, the Lord Jesus Christ, for salvation, as He is presented to us in “the word of the truth of the Gospel.”

In these days of unrest, when men are blindly groping after novelties, it would be well to have our hearts fed by this manna, which never waxeth old. Steadfast and immovable in the faith we can never be unless the everlasting verities of the Gospel give both strength and gladness to our hearts.

There are some of you who, hitherto, have cared for none of these things. You take help from the Prince of Darkness, though ye wot not of his presence and his power, in keeping your souls benighted, that so you may find it easy to walk in the way of your heart. And willingly subject to this fell

power, you rebelliously resist the will and madly reject the counsel of God, and resent the strivings of His Spirit. But all the sparks of truth, which you have laboured to extinguish in your souls, in order to create the darkness which your hearts were craving, shall yet be gathered into one great fire on the bosom of your conscience, in order to burn up all your joy and ease and hope. The Lord grant that this may be done in mercy by a Spirit-given conviction of sin! If not, then it shall take place in righteous retribution, and the fire thus kindled shall penetrate your souls with a scorching that shall never end. The Lord requireth that which is past, and the words of God which, when they were addressed to you, you treated with indifference, shall yet command your attention, and shall utterly and awfully overpower you.

There are among you not a few who cannot but know that your souls are yet lying where the fall has left them. You dare not hope that it shall be well with you at the latter end, if you experience not a change to which you as yet are strangers. How, in such a plight, and in view of the end of all things, and while not having a moment beyond the present which you may call your own, can you be at ease? It can only be by accepting a promise from him who was "a liar from the beginning," and who lies that he may murder. He tells you that to-morrow is the day of salvation, while He who cannot lie tells you that it is "To-day." But you receive the liar's word, and reject the word of God, and, resting on a falsehood, you float down on "the course of this world" to eternal woe. And you pervert the counsel of God in order to deepen your delusive sleep. You know that salvation is of God, and you say that if it comes at all it will find you somehow and somewhere ere you die. But can you endure not to know that the salvation of God is yours? At least you know that if it be not yours the eternal woe of hell is right before you. God does not reveal His secret things to you, but He



calls you to bethink you of what lies before you, and now, without delay, to flee to Jesus from the wrath to come. And the very knowledge you have of your present state but makes it all the easier for you to abide in it. You look down on those who are less enlightened, and your sense of superiority but emboldens you to advance in the way that leads down to death. You have been only hardened by that which ought to alarm you. You have acquired an unholy familiarity with the terrors of the Lord, till you have become bold to despise them. The light that is in you surely is darkness if it be such as this, and will, "except ye repent," go out at last in the darkness into which the Sun of Righteousness shall never shed a ray. Oh, "while it is called 'to-day,'" shake off your slumber, break through the spell of delusion, and put all away from before your soul's attention which engrossed you before, till the great question, "What must I do to be saved?" is addressed by you to the Lord and answered by the Lord to you.

There are others among you of whom I stand in doubt, and none the less—but all the more—because they do not stand in doubt of themselves. Such familiarity with the things of God as banishes reverence from the heart, so favourable an estimate of oneself that it is easy to exercise a lifeless hope, which the great enemy finds it to be his interest not to challenge or disturb, a self-complacent resting on the past that allows no straining after growth in grace, a readiness in practice to take the side of Christ or of the world as may be found most convenient, the neglect of closet intercourse with God, are the things against which I in love would warn you. At once and for ever have done with all that will not abide the trial by fire, by which all shall be burned which has not been produced by the renewing power, and is not sanctioned by the infallible Word of God.

There are some among you with whom, now and for ever,

I desire to be associated, thinking of you, as I do, as having the fear of God in your heart, and as poor sinners cleaving, in your helplessness, to free rich saving grace through Christ crucified. To such I would say, Do not expect to be less dependent on the grace of God than you have been in the past, and be afraid of the consciousness of that dependence passing away from your heart. Your only strength is in the grace that is in Christ, and you reach it only as by faith you lean with your weakness and unworthiness on Him in whom all fulness dwelleth. Forget not that your souls can only thrive in the measure in which you watch and pray, and your heart, constrained by the love of Christ, keeps your hand to the work which the Lord has given you to do. Seek grace to move you to take a deeper interest in those around you who yet know not God. Restrain not prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in His convincing and converting power. And, brethren, pray for me, that the Lord may make profitable to my soul His present dealing with me, and thus prepare me for future work on earth, or make me ready for the kingdom in which no one shall ever say, "I am sick."

Amidst the prevailing spiritual ignorance, the silly superstition, and the rampant ungodliness of the Continent, I am impressed, as I never was before, with the great responsibility of all who live in our native land; and I am thoroughly persuaded that no one who desired the ruin of Scotland could devise a more effective way of fulfilling his purpose than by decrying as superstitious our Sabbath-keeping, and by endeavouring to create a taste that would be gratified by a departure from the simplicity of our Presbyterian worship. Either the grossest superstition or open infidelity must prevail where the Sabbath is not observed. This is the lesson taught by the state of things on the Continent; and therefore, with all the earnestness of which my heart is capable, and with all the energy which I can put forth, I feel bound to

warn you, and all whom I can address, against the neglect of Sabbath observance, which is invariably the result of a decline in faith and spirituality, and is surely followed by general immorality. Profanity and vice are inseparable, though the latter may, at certain stages, wear a mask that hides its deformity.

The great kindness of my brethren, in giving supply during my absence, has kept anxiety as to your being provided with the bread of life from invading the season of my rest, and made it easier for me to obtain all the benefit which it was fitted to yield. I now at last find that bodily vigour is returning, and as I feel, so to others do I seem—greatly improved in health since I reached the warm climate of the sunny south of Italy. I am now on my way to my home and my work, at the disposal of Him who doeth all things well.—  
I am, my dear friends, your loving Pastor,

JOHN KENNEDY.

## II.

### PASTORAL ADDRESS.

ROME, *January 18th, 1884.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I have been thinking much of the approaching Communion, and I feel a strong desire to say a little to you in view of it. I cannot be with you except in my thoughts, and this is well, because it was the will of God to send me to this city. There can be nothing amiss in any Divine counsel or work. You will have the Lord's servants, His Gospel, and His ordinances; and the coming season of Communion will be a blessed time if you have His gracious presence as well.

Oh what privileges are yours as compared with the condition of the people among whom I sojourn! In this famous city there are some who fear the Lord, but these are "in number very few;" and there are small gatherings of people to hear the Word, but the overwhelming majority either ignore all religion, or come into contact only with the delusions of Popery. They know no Sabbath, and from the jading toil to which the spirit of the world subjects them they have no relief. They know God only as One hid out of sight *in the world* by the clouds that darken His providence, or behind the dust raised by the turmoil of secular business; and *in the church* all is done to keep out of sight both His glory and His grace. They know Christ only as represented by paintings and images, and their only idea of salvation is that it, as well as their God,

must be "the work of men's hands." Think of these things when you assemble to hear the Gospel, and when you are called on a Communion Sabbath to the house and to the table of the Lord. And when you consider the difference, in respect of privilege, which the Lord has made between you and them, seek to realise your responsibility, to acknowledge your guilt in abusing what the Lord has been pleased to give you, and lift up a cry to the Lord on behalf of perishing thousands in Rome.

In view of the approaching Communion season, I am anxious to direct your attention to what is implied in the Sacrament of the Supper, and what you ought to desire as preparation for the solemn service before you.

In considering both these things I have in view to speak exclusively to communicants. But I wish to reserve an opportunity of addressing some counsels to those who as yet have not approached the Table of the Lord.

I. Communicants, what is before you in the service of a Communion Sabbath? This is a question which you ought carefully to consider. To refuse to consider it is to enter heedlessly on holy ground. I wish to aid you, by the Divine blessing, in answering this question.

1. There is the exhibition by God to you, who believe, through sensible signs, in connection "with the word of the truth of the Gospel," of His Son Jesus Christ, as His own "only Begotten," and your Brother, as His own Lamb and as your Surety, as His anointed and your Saviour. Oh what a glorious One! Oh what a wondrous Person! Oh what a suitable Mediator! And He is to be "evidently set forth" as "*crucified* among you." He is presented to you as one whose "body" was "broken" and whose "blood" was "shed." And all that befell Him ere His death was accomplished, and in His dying, came upon Him because He bare the sins of the people whom He was sent to redeem; and to all this He

meekly submitted that their redemption might be secured. Oh what wonders are here for the mind, what satisfaction for the conscience, what love for the heart !

But a living Christ put the first Communion cup into the disciples' hands. A living Christ does so still. He presents Himself, by means of the appointed symbols, to His Church now, and of His lordly and loving action in doing this it would be well to think. He is alive to present to His Church the new covenant, which He sealed by His blood, with all the fulness of its precious blessings, as a free gift to each one of you who "have believed through grace." This is the cup which the Lord Jesus places before you on a Communion table. And forget not that the risen and exalted Redeemer can fulfil, by the coming of His Spirit, the promise of His gracious presence, in order that there may be feeding as well as a feast. Himself in the merit of His death before you, Himself in the power of His life with you. Oh how precious is this privilege ! How intensely anxious ought you to be to be enabled to enjoy it !

There is before you, on a Communion Sabbath, the fullest and the closest manifestation of the glory and love of Jehovah the Father given on the earth—the *fullest*, because through Christ crucified ; the *closest*, because by means of sensible signs under the clear light of the Word. What a solemn movement it is to advance into such a light so shining, and what an inestimable privilege it is to be allowed, and called, to enter the brightness in faith, but with godly fear ! Yes, the fullest manifestation of Jehovah is the glory that shineth from the face of Jesus Christ. He is "the Word of God," who "is God," the "brightness of the Father's" glory, and "the express image of His Person." His it is to reveal the Father. And He came not only to speak of Him to men, but to place Himself, in His Divine Person, as the Word made flesh, "between God and men," that Jehovah might so deal with

Him as to give forth, through His flesh, a manifestation of all His glory. In giving Him He expressed His infinite love, and in bruising Him He showed forth the infinite glory of His holiness, righteousness, and truth; while in the adaptation of Christ, in His Person and work, to all on the side of God and to all on the side of sinful men, appeared, as nowhere else, the manifold wisdom of God. How awfully great is the manifestation of Jehovah's holiness and justice in making the soul of His Well-beloved an offering for sin! Verily, your God, believer, is "a consuming fire." But in the measure in which thou discernest the fire in the sufferings of thy Surety, the more persuaded mayest thou be that it consumed all that would interpose between thee and the embrace of the love which the coming of the given Son, and each moment of His life on earth, proved to be—a "love which passeth knowledge."

Forget not, friends, that if you are called to feast on the broken body and shed blood of Christ, it is in order to your being strengthened to rise, in desire and faith, to the love which gave Him, and to the name of Him whom He glorified on the earth, that you may find in the former the spring of all salvation, and in the latter the everlasting and unfailing fountain of your blessedness.

2. The Lord calls His people to be with Himself at His Table, in order, as His guests, to be feasted by the provision of His love. He has nothing for you apart from Himself. He has all for you in and with Himself. You, unaided, can partake of nothing of all He sets before you, but by His gracious help your soul can "delight itself in fatness." In the feast to be spread before you are all the blessings of the everlasting covenant of grace, but neither in understanding nor in hope can you reach them but as you know Christ Himself and enter into the mystery of His death on the cross. Therefore He places Himself before you, and His

broken body and His shed blood, ere He presents to you the covenant and its blessings. It is only "the New Testament in" His "blood" that you can venture to appropriate. But if it was His body that was broken and His blood that was shed, why, if you appropriate Him, and take your place on Divine merit, before Divine grace, may you not appropriate all the provision of God's covenant love—yea, the covenant God Himself—to be yours for evermore? And just in the measure in which the glory, shining from between the cherubim, abases you, will be your confidence towards God, your hope of His blessing, and your enjoyment of His love.

3. Before you is the prospect of making a solemn profession of dedicating yourself unreservedly to the Lord. To be honest in this profession, you require to be free of all conscious cherishing of any sin, and specially of all selfish motives in connection with your position and service as one under vow to be the Lord's. If true in heart, you are willing to be a debtor to the grace of God for all you require in order to your salvation; and to the doing of the work which the Lord requires at your hand you will make no choice of a sphere or form of service for yourself; you will leave yourself, without any reserve of aught you are or have, in the Lord's hands, and you will desire to set Him always before you as the one source of your strength and the one fountain of your joy. The engagement, involving all this, you are called to renew on a Communion Sabbath, under the all-seeing eye of God, while observed by "the elect angels," watched by the powers of darkness, under supervision of the Church, and while challenging the attention and opposition of the world. How much such a profession involves, and how solemn a thing it is to make it in such circumstances!

4. *And you are called on a Sacramental Sabbath to Communion with the Lord and with His people.* At His Table there is an opportunity presented to you of enjoying both these



fellowships. If you enjoy communion with the Lord because He is pleased to manifest Himself to your soul, and to draw you near to Him by cords of love, in the measure in which this will be your privilege will you desire to enjoy fellowship with all His people. Not that you can expect to have fellowship or intercourse with these as you can have with the glorious Head Himself; but in the measure in which you can lay claim to His grace will it gladden you to think of the fellowship with you which all who, having tasted that the Lord is gracious, enjoy. You will desire to have them all in your heart as embraced in the arms of a guileless love, be disposed to pray for their peace, and be ready to do what is in the power of your hand for their good. Be false in your professions, and to the ear and under the eye of God you will be saying, "We care not for Thy fellowship, and we love not Thy people."

5. *At a Communion table all true communicants do "shew forth the Lord's death" to the world.* All communicants may in this way preach Christ crucified. This, to all believers, is a lawful form of preaching; and they ought to regard it as their precious privilege, their high honour, as well as their bounden duty, to exhibit the crucified One to an unbelieving and hostile world. The sermons preached by broken-hearted communicants are rated far higher in heaven than the most eloquent harangues of those who in pulpits display their "excellence of speech and of wisdom" in a spirit of "lies" and of "lightness." And this showing forth of the Lord's death must be continued by each individual believer till the Lord come to take him to the Father's house, and by the Church till He come at the final judgment. How glad one ought to feel to have his exhibition of Christ associated with His second advent! Oh, is it not a precious privilege to be allowed to express your faith and love, bearing on Him as crucified, till the glory of His coming have removed all dark-

ness and all appearance of humiliation from the aspect which shall then be presented by the Lord? And, surely, what shall appear in the greatness of His glory, and in the perfected purity and blessedness of His ransomed ones, at the last day, as the result of His travail, shall satisfy the Lord, and shall fill, with "the joy of harvest," the hearts of all who loved His name, and who were showing forth His death upon the earth. Sing in faith your spring song, because the "grain of wheat" has fallen into the ground and died, and in due time you shall have your autumn song, because the fruit of this death has been reaped. And thou art called to "shew forth" the death of the Lord, as if He, from His throne of judgment, were fixing the eye that is as "a flame of fire" on your heart and on your service. O friends, it is solemn work to be showing forth "the Lord's death till He come."

II. In view of privilege and work so great, it would become each one of you to say, "Who is sufficient for these things? How can such riches of privilege be used? How can such spiritual service be performed?"

1. *A self-emptying sense of your weakness and folly*, in view of what is before you, is *the first requisite* to preparation for meeting the feast and the service of a Communion Sabbath. Beware of avoiding such views of the Sacrament of the Supper as tend to make you feel your weakness and your dependence on the grace of the Spirit of prayer for guidance to the throne of grace, from which alone can be dispensed to you the help you need. You have all the more need of being on your guard against this, because it is at present an epidemic within the Churches. The present tendency is so to undervalue the Sacrament of the Supper as to deem it unnecessary to make any marked distinction between it and the ordinary business of one's worldly calling, and to dispense with all preliminary exercises with a view to preparation for communicating. With a facility born of the flesh, men pass from the midst of

engrossing worldly business to the most solemn service of the house of God, and they hurry back again to the world as if they were escaping from a prison. Friends, beware of thus prostituting the Lord's Supper, and, in order to be put upon your guard, solemnly consider what this holy ordinance implies and requires, till you profoundly feel that "the preparation of the heart" which you need can come to you only from the Lord.

2. *Carefully let your memory go over your course of profession and of service in the past, and ask light from Heaven to discover to you your shortcomings.* Let this be no overly work. Ask from the Lord that your mind may be enlightened, your conscience faithful, and your heart broken as you remember your iniquities. Seek to be so affected by them that you cannot rest till you attain to a true confession of your guilt, with the hand of faith resting on the slain Lamb of God, and till the light from the mercy-seat shines in upon your heart and the Lord speaks peace to you through the blood of His Son.

3. *Be not satisfied without conscious integrity in dedicating yourselves to the Lord.* It is due to the Lord, and you owe it to yourself, that nothing less than this should satisfy you. How dishonouring it is to God that iniquity should be regarded, and that self should be indulged, and how destructive to your own peace it will be to cherish aught that may provoke the Lord to hide His face from your souls! Be true, be earnest in your closets in purging out the old leaven, and in praying to have, with the Lamb and the bitter herbs, "the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

4. *Seek to be fervent in your love to the brethren.* It is offensive to the Lord, and utterly inconsistent with your profession, to be without such a state of feeling towards those who are members of the same body, partakers of the same Spirit, debtors to the same grace, and heirs of the same glory. Are you professing to eat the same bread, and to have fellow-

ship with the same Christ, and is there coldness in your heart to any of the brethren? Friend, spare no pains in examining whether it be so or not, and be not at rest till under the eye of God you gather into the chamber of your heart fervent love to all who fear His name in heaven and on earth. Quarrels or coldness between His children at His Table would be wounding to the heart of a father "according to the flesh." Oh, let not the Father who is in heaven be thus displeased by His children when they gather at His Table before Him.

5. *Seek so to meditate on the Lord's promise of His presence that your heart's desire shall go forth in prayer for His coming.* What is the feast to you, a lover of the Lord's anointed, if David's place be empty? Oh, seek to be brought to feel as if you could not live without Him, and be not at rest till your heart so fervently seeks His fellowship that you can tell the Lord without guile that you will not let Him go. Alas, of how little of such wrestling are our closets the scene! What is in fashion, even within the Church, is to be provoking Him away rather than to use pleading for His gracious presence.

6. *And seek to add to brotherly kindness charity towards all who are not brethren,* such as would dispose you heartily to forgive those of them who proved themselves to be your enemies, and to pray that they all might be "turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." Thinking of them thus in your closets, come forth to the gates of Zion praying for an outpouring of the Spirit of promise in His converting power and grace, as well as for visits of the Comforter to those "that mourn in Zion."

Friends, I have very dimly drawn the lines by which I intended to indicate the extent of your privilege and the greatness of your work. I beseech you to ponder the hints which have been given, and by meditation to supplement what I have hurriedly written. And may the Lord bestow His blessing, for that can make rich the poorest offering that is

laid upon His altar, as well as the poorest sinner that is willing to be a debtor to His grace.

I cannot close without writing a word of exhortation to those who have not as yet approached the Table of the Lord. I am not prepared to say to any of you that you should come. There is something else than this which, in the first instance, is your duty. No one is called to come to the Table of the Lord till first he comes in faith to the Lord of the Table, as He is revealed and offered in the Gospel. The sin of refusing the call to come to Himself, and not your keeping back from His Table, is that which your conscience should testify, and of which you need to obtain forgiveness. You would be but adding to the guilt, and making more established the practical reign of your sin, to come as you are, while Christless, to the Table of the Lord. You would but "eat and drink judgment" to yourselves if you follow those who come merely because they follow a fellow-creature's advice, or because they see others go whom they regard as at least as unsuitable as themselves, or because they merely wish to consummate a profession of being Christians; or because they have such views of the Sacrament as banish all carefulness about being "worthy" communicants from their hearts, or because they rest their hope of salvation on the consciousness of a change of feeling and of practice, which they care not to examine and to test, in order, by its fruits, to ascertain the source whence it came and the power by which it was produced. Follow none of these, for you will go with them only "to do evil." But are you to be at ease without a right to come to the Table of the Lord? Can you afford to be without Christ? You may at present think that you get on best by ignoring Him, but can you feel, in your dying hour, that you can dispense with His saving power? Many a stout-hearted sinner death has brought to his knees, and death is mighty enough to constrain you to cry, though you may never have cried before. But there is a mightier

power than even that of death, and it worketh graciously, and worketh now, in making a people to bow to King Jesus, and to take the place of patients, of disciples, and of servants at His feet. This power is that of the Spirit of grace and supplication, whom Jesus has promised to send. Sinners, hear, oh hear, the kingly, gracious voice of Jesus as He says, "Turn ye at My reproof ; behold, I will pour out My Spirit unto you, I will make known My words unto you."

### III.

#### NOTES OF SERMONS

PREACHED AT THURSO COMMUNION, JUNE 1864.

*(Taken by a hearer.)*

"Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure."—2 PETER i. 10.

THE Apostle is here addressing the believers in his own day, and those also in every age who have obtained "like precious faith" with him and with them. He desires that "grace and peace be multiplied unto them," and reminding them of what by grace are their high privileges, he stirs them up to seek to enjoy by their fruitfulness the comfort and strength arising from a knowledge of their high privileges; and this he does both by showing them the benefits arising from diligence and fruitfulness—"For if these things be in you and abound, they shall make you that ye shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ," and also by showing them the sad consequences of the want of diligence and fruitfulness—"He that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins"—blind as to his interest in this high calling, and lacking the evidence of having been purged from his old sins; and so he insists upon them—"Wherefore the rather, brethren"—"the rather"—take this way of it—"give diligence to make your calling and election sure."

Let us, therefore, consider—

- I. What are to be made sure, the "calling and election."
- II. How these are to be made sure.

III. "Enforce the command, "Give diligence" to make them sure.

I. This "calling and election." Not the election and the calling, but the calling and election; and not the calling or election, but both the calling and election; first the calling and then the election, for as the calling is proved by its fruitfulness, so the election is proved by its fruit which is the calling. And if I can make out by my fruits that I am *called*, so I can make out from my calling that I am *elected*. What, then, is this calling? Does it mean the general call of the Gospel? Oh no, friends. Every soul in this house to-night has *that* call. If you are a reasonable creature, and not yet in the place of woe, you are called by God in the Word of the Gospel; and let me tell you it is not only your highest wisdom, but your bounden duty, to give heed and response to that call. But this calling takes place in the day that the call of God in the Gospel is sent home upon your soul by the Almighty Spirit—the day when, through the working of His mighty power, your soul is drawn to Christ, enabled to close with Christ, and to become united to Him and one with Him for ever. Just, friend, when you and Christ become one in and through God's Holy Spirit, then are you a *called* soul. This is a high calling, a holy calling, a worthy calling, and a calling worthy of being made sure. I to be Christ's, and He to be mine. He to be mine, He Himself and all that He is—His love mine, His life mine, His death mine, His intercession mine, His unchangeableness mine; yea, His everlasting purpose of grace mine; for if I can make sure my calling, I can from it make sure my election. And what of this election? Why, friend, if I am elected I can say many wonderful things. And in saying '*I*,' do not mistake me, for I mean every soul united to Christ, while neither do I disclaim an interest in this calling and election. This election, I say again, is a very wonderful thing! Oh how wonderful that I, a sinner of



the dust, a creature of yesterday, should find my finite spirit linked on to, yea bound up with, the Infinite, the Almighty Jehovah!—I, in my nothingness and unworthiness, one with the great I Am, the uncreated Fountain of Life and Blessedness!—and that I am so by reason of His sovereign will and good-pleasure, and that I have for its being so His bond of covenant security! Again, I say; is not this wonderful?—so wonderful that the child of God shall not fully be able to fathom it, even in that future when he shall enjoy it to the uttermost. Wonderful! that he, a rebel worm, a vile atom of the universe, should have had his standing in God from all eternity, and shall have it likewise in the eternity to come, let earth and hell do what they may; for the almighty power and unchanging faithfulness of Jehovah are pledged in covenant that it shall be even so. Is not this election, then, friends, something worthy, and something worthy of being made sure? And what a happy privilege that the poor child of God may attain to make it sure even in this life in spite of all within him, around him, and beneath him that conspire to make it otherwise.

II. How are these—the calling and election—to be made sure? Well, the election is to be made sure by making sure the calling, and the calling is to be made sure by its fruitfulness. It is unfruitfulness makes the soul doubt its calling, and doubting its calling, it must doubt its election. You are in a low case of soul, and you take up your case and begin to consider and examine it, and it doesn't look very encouraging; and what do you do? Perhaps, instead of going to the Lord and confessing your sin, and imploring His mercy, you set your memory to work on some past experiences of His favour, and try if an easy recollection of past attainments will revive and reassure you. Now, it is not good for a soul to forget the Lord's past dealings of mercy towards it; but if you make *that* a pillow for your head on a bed of sloth, that

journey on which you send your memory will be an unsafe and unsanctified one for you. Rather come afresh to the Lord, whatever be your case, that He may anew manifest Himself to you, anew cause the fruits of faith and love to spring up within you to the praise of His grace and for the "restoring of your soul." Again, while your own carnal slothfulness is a hindrance to your fruitfulness, your great enemy, Satan, is so also; and He tries two methods of keeping you away from Christ, and thus keeping you unfruitful: He will bring up before you your sins and backslidings, and say, "You a called soul! You need not think so. Have you any mark of it?" And thus he will make your *blackness* a barrier between you and Christ. Sometimes he will bring up before you the remembrance of some blessing the Lord vouchsafed to you, or of some service you rendered to Him, and will say, "You are certainly a called soul; you need not trouble yourself to seek fresh evidence of it;" and thus he will make your *beauty* a barrier between you and Christ; and so, one way or other, the poor soul fails in making sure this calling and election—too often lies down on the sluggard's bed, until when? Just until the Lord in mercy awakes him. And oh! it is the blessed privilege of God's children that He will not allow them to sleep on, but will take means to arouse them. Sometimes He sends "sad adversity" to their door, chastisement may visit them, or death may threaten them. Sometimes heart-sorrows and disappointments in one form or other may come upon them. Sometimes a view of eternity may overtake them, so that they are forced to consider their relation to the near future. Sometimes the Lord may awake them as a mother does her sleeping babe, with a kiss;—He may graciously and seasonably draw near and anew allure their souls to Himself, anew touch their hearts with the Word of His grace, and cause the fruits of righteousness to bud forth afresh.

But though these are the ways the Lord usually takes to

arouse His children to fruitfulness as the proof of their calling and election, there may be some souls who after all fail to make sure their calling and election, and yet from no want of diligence on their part. There are some poor cripples in God's family whom we would not wish to hurt, who are so because the Lord chooses that they be so, because He chooses to reserve much of their comfort till another day. And to such poor ones we would say, Remember that it is not written, "Thy people shall be all sure," but "Thy people shall be all willing;" while it is a mark of those made truly "*willing*" that they still seek to have their state made *sure*, should they not attain thereto until they reach that threshold where doubt and darkness cannot cross. And remember also, friends, that with all your diligence you get not this assurance *because* of your diligence. It depends not on that alone. The Holy Spirit, who is the Author of the work of grace in your soul, is also the Lord of it; and although He works usually *through* your diligence, yet not *because* of it, He is lordly in all His operations, and He reserves to Himself the right of shining on as well as creating in your soul the fruits of His grace. Therefore, you are to look to Him and wait upon Him, that He may evidence to you this "calling and election" by sealing it upon your soul in His own light and by His own truth.

III. *Enforce the command, "Give diligence" to make it sure.* And let me meet one or two objections to this command likely to be raised by the natural heart. Some say, "This doctrine of one's making sure their calling and election is a stumbling-block to me. I think I would come to Christ, but this *Divine* calling and election stand in my way." You Gentile! You unbeliever! What right have you to say so? What right have you to dictate to Jehovah, or to meddle with the matters of His counsel? You may say what you please, but this Divine calling and election are set forth in

God's Word, and shall be set forth for the strengthening and encouraging of God's people so long as He shall have a Church on this earth. Another says, "Well, if I could know that I were one of the elect, I would come to Christ." But this you never shall or can know before you obey God's call. And let me tell you, instead of your knowing you were one of the elect, making it easier for you to come to Christ, it would only make it more difficult; for if it is a hard thing to bring a proud sinner to the feet of Jesus, it would be harder still if that sinner had the conviction that he were an elect sinner. No, friend, you must draw nigh to, and deal with, Jehovah only as a sinner—a lost, undone sinner; and if He in sovereign mercy bring you to do so, He may then let you see that you have been by Him a called sinner, and if by Him a called sinner, then of Him an elected sinner. This is God's way, and being His way, it is the right way, as all brought by that way acknowledge to the praise of His grace. Therefore, let me press this command upon you, "Give diligence." Give diligence to hear God calling you in the Gospel, and give diligence to answer that call. Giving diligence to answer the call, give diligence to "make sure" your having answered it. O friend, is there anything on which you bestow diligence that is so important as this? When God tells you, and when, it may be, your own conscience tells you, that every soul is either one of these called and elected ones or is not so, how *can you rest* until you know *which is your position*? How *can you* be at ease while the case between your immortal soul and the God whom you soon must meet is at a peradventure? Oh, let not this be so another day, another hour! Go to Christ this night, in the solitude of your chamber, yea, in the secrecy of your heart even now, and tell Him that you fain would answer His call. Will you do so? Will you surrender yourself, soul, body, and spirit, to Him? Answer not this question to me,

"Shall I take Christ?" but answer it to your own soul before God. And may He so move you, so incline you, so draw you, as that you "*shall* come;" and having come, that you shall still come, and still make sure your coming, until at length an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Lord grant it, to His own praise. Amen.

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"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—LUKE xxii. 31, 32.

It is usually after seasons of special nearness to their Lord that the adversary lays wait for God's children and seeks their fall. In Peter's case it was after the Supper; and when he was in such a frame of heart as to be able to say, "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both to prison and to death;" then it was that Satan was at hand laying a snare for him, although then it was that he got this timely and gracious warning from his Master. Let us consider—

I. Peter's danger—"Satan hath desired to have you," &c.

II. Peter's safety—"I have prayed for thee," &c.

III. Peter's duty—"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

I. Peter's danger. "And the Lord said, Simon"—the Lord said—not Jesus said, but the Lord said—Peter's Lord, in whom lay Peter's strength, who knew all that Peter was, and whose words deserved to be attended to by Peter. "And the Lord said, Simon"—not Peter, the stone—but Simon, weakness—and as Simon, as in himself, he was weak, though as Peter, the stone in the Rock, he was not so. And not only Simon, but "Simon, Simon," remember thou art but

Simon, and in a Simon mood. And "Simon, Simon, behold!" give attention, there is something coming. Behold what? "Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat." *Satan*—who is he? Your enemy—your dire foe—the leader of the hosts of hell. And this Satan—a spirit—a thing unseen—but though unseen, mighty, too mighty for thee, Simon, and for all thy fellows with thee. Friends, I have often thought that although in one sense it makes Satan's victory over souls more complete that he is *unseen*—that he works in the dark—yet what an infinite mercy that it is so! for if souls knew how close they were every moment to that Power of darkness, yea, to those myriads of powers of darkness, they could not stand it. But observe, with all his power, and with all the power he can command as being "Prince" over a countless host of foul and mighty spirits, Satan, as regards his attacks on souls, is under the control of the Lord; and as regards the children of God, under the control of *their* Lord. "Satan hath *desired*"—he must desire or ask permission to attack Peter. We do not at present take up the inquiry *why* this permission is granted; although we may say that it shall subserve ultimately the Lord's glory, and as regards God's children, their everlasting good. But what we wish to notice is, that the power of Satan over God's children is under God's control; that he may not, cannot, approach the weakest of them but in so far as he obtains permission to do so. Yes, friends, it is one of the mysteries of God's kingdom that into that soul where Christ has come to dwell Satan is permitted to enter. Not that Christ's coming brings Satan's coming, but where Christ has come Satan will come; where heaven has come hell will come; yet that soul, though hell have entered it, it shall never enter hell. And for what *reason* does Satan enter that soul? Our Lord tells us, "that he may sift it as wheat." Not a purifying sifting does Satan seek to give it, but a sifting that will shake it, and, if possible,

shake grace out of it—a sifting that will enable him to overcome the soul and trample it in the mire. Yes, poor soul! this is Satan's design regarding thee; and too often thou givest him liberty to have his own way; too often, through thine unwatchfulness or through thy presumptuousness, thou givest him easy access, and thou wouldst become his helpless, hopeless prey, but for what? For the ever-watchful eye and ever-tender care of thy Lord! “*I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.*”

This leads us to notice—

II. Peter's safety—“*I have prayed for thee,*” &c.

When Peter was warned it was said, “Satan hath desired to have *you*”—you, the disciples, or you as one of the disciples; but when Peter is to be encouraged, it is not *you*, but *thee*. “*I have prayed for thee.*” Oh, the grace of this! And no doubt Peter came to need it after his fall, and not only Peter, but every member of the mystical body in their recovery from a state of backsliding. “*Thee I have prayed for, thee I have borne, in My character as Intercessor, before the throne of God!*” We do not say that in all cases all the prayers of all the mystical body are answered, but we do say that all the prayers of the Great Advocate on their behalf are answered; and we say, too, that He bears their cases ever before the throne, and that it is His thus bearing them as Intercessor that preserves them under all the shakings and siftings they meet with, and secures for them the victory. But, you may say, it looks rather as if Peter were not preserved at this time—as if his faith did fail. Well, Peter's faith did fail as regards its active exercise in the hour of his fall; but there were *three* respects in which it did not, could not, fail—Peter having an interest in the intercession of Christ. It failed not (1) as regards *the root of it in his soul*. That Divine principle implanted in a soul in regeneration may not, cannot fail. No doubt the believer does much to

stunt the growth of this root of faith in his own soul, and Satan also does much to hinder the actings of this living principle; but whatever be the advantage Satan gains over every faculty of the soul, and however much you help him to obtain that advantage, yet over this Divine faith, this seed of God in the soul, he shall never be permitted to shut his murderous mouth. No, friend, the life of God in a soul Satan and yourself may do much to weaken and destroy, but to be quenched entirely—to fail utterly—it never shall! “I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, and none shall be able to pluck them out of my hand.” Peter’s faith failed not (2) *in its stock*. The stock of a believer’s faith is not in himself, it is treasured up for him in the Head—Christ, and that cannot fail, let earth and hell do their utmost. Faith in you is oftentimes, as regards its actings, weaker than sin in you; but as it is laid up for you in Christ, to be dispensed by Him to you, it is ever victorious, and shall yet make you—as it is given out to you in your seasons of need—more than conqueror over all that opposes. Peter’s faith failed not (3) *in its final exercise*, for never was he a better believer or a readier confessor than after the words were fulfilled to him, “When thou art converted.” We hear now-a-days of second conversion, but there is no such thing. “When thou art converted” means, when thou art recovered or brought back—turned from thy sin and sinful course back to the renewed favour of thy Lord. And what grace is manifested in Christ’s holding out this hope—this “*when thou art*” to Peter! for what, as he was being brought back to penitence, could have kept him from despair, in view of his aggravated guilt, except the recollection of the gracious words, “When thou art converted”?

III. Now, observe Peter’s duty—“Strengthen thy brethren.” We may say there were three reasons why this duty was laid upon Peter. A little before then the disciples had been



striving who should be the greatest, and they being in this frame of mind, it was not likely they would readily accord to Peter his proper place, after such a manifestation as he has given of inconstancy. But here, and in their presence, the Lord lays a special command upon Peter as to a special duty that was to be his after his recovery. Again, it is not likely but that Peter himself would, although brought back to his standing as a believer, be slow to resume his public office as an apostle; so this command of Christ was a reinstating of him in his former office. And, again, Peter was never so well qualified for this duty as after his fall—never had such experience of his own weakness and of the grace of His Lord. It is when one has had a soul's trial and a soul's deliverance that he is fitted to comfort others with the comfort wherewith he himself has been comforted of God.

In conclusion, while seeking to warn you by the warning addressed to Peter, let me seek to point you to the gracious source of recovery pointed out to him—"I have prayed for thee," and to remind you that your strength for conflict and for victory lies not in yourself, but in the intercession of the Head—Christ. And let me point you specially to one word in this passage, to this "*I*"—"I have prayed for thee." Oh that you were taught to look to and to lean on this "*I*," the great Intercessor within the veil—taught to depend alone on Him for help and deliverance under all assaults of sin and Satan—taught to trust His infinite merit as it is presented to God on your behalf, and to trust His infinite power as it is pledged for your deliverance! Oh that every tempted, tempest-tossed soul in Caithness or elsewhere sought to get in—in—still closer in—to lay *all its weight* on this gracious Advocate—this glorious "*I*"—all its guilty yesterday, all its sinful to-day, all its unknown to-morrow! For He it is who alone can deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor, and him that hath no helper. "When the poor and

needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." Yes, friends, there is a poor and needy people who often "seek water and there is none." Not that there is none in God or in His Word, but in their souls there may be none—none in the closet, none in the pulpit, none in the ordinances! By their folly and backsliding they may provoke the Lord to withdraw the water both of His comforting and of His gracious presence. The water of comfort may be withdrawn, and yet the water of God's gracious presence may be still felt in the soul moving towards recovery. But when both are withdrawn, then "there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst." The offices of the tongue are *taste* and *speech*, and so their taste for Divine things "faileth" and speech "faileth" to order their case before God. Yea, they can hardly groan it out to their own souls. Yet even then, "I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." I will hear their never-failing Advocate on their behalf, and hearing *Him*, I will not forsake *them*. Cast yourselves, then, upon Him, my dear fellow-sinners, who "preserveth the poor and needy, and redeemeth their souls from deceit and violence."

## NOTES OF SERMON

PREACHED AT DORNOCH COMMUNION, JUNE 1881.

(*Taken by a hearer.*)

“Rejoicing always before Him, and My delights were with the sons of men.”—PROVERBS viii. 30, 31.

THERE are in these words two “rejoicings” ascribed to Christ. To one accustomed to look on the face of Christ it will not be difficult to recognise that it is of Himself He speaks as rejoicing always before God, and having His delights with the sons of men. His face was wont to be a veiled one in Old Testament times, but surely enough of glory shines here through the veil to assure the hearts of all His people that it is Jesus Christ the Son of God who now speaks, and speaks of Himself “Rejoicing always before Him, and My delights were with the sons of men.” These two rejoicings must consist each with the other. It may be difficult to see how He who was ever rejoicing before the Father, finding infinite joy in His Father’s communion, should have His delights with the sons of men. I do not know if we shall ever see *how* the two consist, but yet they *must* do so; for it is the same person who is “rejoicing” and “delighting,” and it is the same person who tells of both. What a wonder, the Son of God telling us this! I do not wonder at His telling of His rejoicing before His Father; but what a wonder His telling of His delights being with the sons of men! But He tells it; and whether I can understand it or not, these two delights are perfectly consistent.

As that is true, so is this—these two delights must concur. At the same time that He was rejoicing He was delighting. He was “rejoicing *always*,” and thus there could be no opportunity for having His delights with the sons of men except while rejoicing before His Father. There is no change in that joy; therefore He is “delighting” while rejoicing before the Father.

As that is plain, so also is this—that these two must conspire as well as consist and concur. His great joy as the Son is in His Father; and if, also, His delights are with the sons of men, I am sure that what so delights Him must give Him an opportunity of gladness *as the Son*. His paramount joy is rejoicing as the Son in His Father’s communion, and I am sure what gives Him delight towards the sons of men must be that which gives Him gladness as the Son. I wish I got faith’s hold of this for myself, and you for yourselves. Whatever it is that gives joy to the love of Christ bearing on men, and gratifies that love, gives Him, I am sure, an opportunity of joy as the Son. Were it not for that, how could I enjoy the love of Christ?

What I wish specially to bring before you from the text is, that what was a delight to Christ in connection with the sons of men was a delight to Him because of His love to the Father. What views of the sons of men were before Christ when delighting in them while rejoicing before His Father? The Word of God does not leave us in doubt as to that, and as to what it was in connection with them that gave joy to Christ.

I. His delights were with the sons of men because among them were those given Him by the Father. “Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me.” Again, “I thank Thee, O Father,” &c. That is one cause of His delight surely.

II. It delighted Him to think of His becoming through His incarnation the Brother of the objects of His love. “I am not ashamed to call them brethren.” Love seeks nearness

to its objects, and so the love of Christ sought nearness to His people by becoming their Brother.

III. It was a delight to Him that He was to be their Redeemer, to set them free from the curse under which they were. Whatever it cost Christ to secure that, I am sure it did not stand between Him and delighting in them from a past eternity.

IV. It delighted Him to think of His coming forth to gather them in His time of love and day of power.

V. To think of shepherding His gathered ones throughout their wilderness journey.

VI. To think of them as in His presence during the eternity to come.

Let us look a little at these, and see how in connection with each of them there was an opportunity of joy to Christ.

I. As given Him by the Father. "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me." Surely it was pleasant to Christ to get a gift from His Father. "But what a gift it was!" you say; "what a miserable set they were, poor, wretched, lost!" Yes, you may say a good deal of that about them, but let me give you two reasons why they were precious to Christ. (1.) Because He set His love upon them, and His infinite love being set upon them, how precious they were! Every object of love is precious to the one who loves. As objects of His love they were infinitely precious. (2.) Because of His Father's purpose to save them. If that was true, their salvation became the cause of God's glory, and that in which He was to give the highest manifestation of His glory. Precious to Him as was the glory of His Name were these. Do not think that it was not much to give the Son such as these. However vile and loathsome they were as sinners, yet, loved by the Father, and His purpose of salvation bearing upon them, they were infinitely precious; and I do not wonder at His bestowing such a gift upon the Son. And if the Son got them as

the objects of His Father's love, and as a people with whom was connected the manifestation of the Father's glory, I do not wonder that Christ delighted in them. And was it not a delight to Christ that the Father *trusted* Him with the loved ones, and with the manifestation of His glory by means of them? One may be trusted with that which he fears he cannot perform, and his sense of weakness prevents rejoicing. But Christ knew that He had all the resources of the Godhead in Himself, and that, through the promise of the Father to Him as Mediator, all the resources of the Godhead were pledged for the fulfilment of the Father's purpose, and therefore there was nothing to prevent Christ's delight in receiving this trust from His Father. Seeing in it what was gratifying to the Father's heart and glorifying to the Father's Name, He saw enough to give him infinite delight. Oh, if we could get into the heart of Christ in these words, "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me," we could echo them with the words, "Thy delights were with the sons of men!"

II. The joy He had in thinking of His becoming through His incarnation the Brother of His people. It is Christ who says to His Father, "A body hast Thou prepared for Me." A body prepared by the Father! Surely He might rejoice in everything He got from His Father. He got the people from the Father, and now He gets the body from Him. That body was the human nature. You say, "I cannot think of human nature but as seeing what befell it in Eden, trampled under the foot of the destroyer." Yes, it has been made vile by sin—made an utter ruin! God was dishonoured in that nature, and it is now under the power of Satan! But here is human nature—perfect, true human nature—and here it is as the tabernacle in which the Son of God is to manifest Divine glory. Think of what was *there* to the Son's love! The more I think of the entire power of the destroyer, the more certain I am that it was joy to the Son, that in this

nature and on this earth the Father's Name through Him would be glorified. And remember, too, that as it gave Him joy because of His love to the Father, so also because of His love to those whom He was to call His brethren. What a joy to the heart of Christ to be able to call His loved ones "brethren"—to get such a near relation to them as to be no longer at a distance! The Divine and human natures are infinitely distant, but in the Son of God they are in one Person—no longer at a distance, and united in such a way as implies no diminution of His glory and blessedness as the Eternal Son of God. How sweet, also, to Christ His being in human nature that He might be a Brother not only in name to His people, but might act towards them a Brother's part! What joy was *this* to the love of Christ! Oh! give up your hard thoughts of Him.

III. What He was to do as the Redeemer of His people was a "delight" to Christ. You say He could not think of their redemption without thinking of the shame and suffering of His life as "the Man of sorrows," and of His death as lifted up on the accursed tree. I believe the mind of Christ was set on His own humiliation in a past eternity, but there was nothing in that to bring sorrow to the heart of Christ in that eternity. It was as Divine He was thinking of it; and there was nothing in it to diminish His blessedness, but there was in it what gave Him joy. To His love to the Father it was delightful, as seeing how the Father's purposes were to be accomplished through His humiliation. It was always a delight to Christ to do His Father's will. "My meat and My drink," He says, "are to do the will of Him that sent Me." And having His eye upon His own "finished work" throughout eternity, what delight that gave to His infinite love to His Father!

Again, He was delighting in the redemption of His people

because by means of it He was to show forth the glory of the Father. What joy was it to Christ to be charged with the glory of His Father's Name, and to come forth with it through His life and death, and to unfold the treasures of glory that are in the Father's Name! Oh! there was in *this* something that was a well-spring of gladness to Christ when rejoicing before His Father! Also, what delight it gave to Christ to see in connection with the accomplishment of redemption a channel opened up through which Divine love could reach His people—that the Father could, to the praise of all His glory, express His love to each and every one of those given to the Son! As sure as I am that *He was the Son*, so sure am I that He had infinite delight in the redemption of His Father's people. And, turning to the other side, surely there was in redemption what was delightful to Him in His love to His people. Little do we know of the love of Christ. It took in through all eternity the awfulness of Divine wrath and the curse of the broken law, and it would have loved ones delivered from all! We can only stand on the verge of this ocean of the love of Christ. Then think what delight it was, likewise, to Christ His seeing a free and full salvation bestowed on all His people as the result of His finished work! To the mind of Christ, His work was seen as the channel through which Divine love flowed, bearing salvation, free, full, and everlasting, to all His people. Yes, to those here, and in this house to-day, in whom Christ was delighting from a past eternity, it was a joy to Him to know in reference to these that salvation was to be theirs from Him and through Him at the cost of His precious blood—of His pouring out His soul unto death! I tell you the more it was present to the mind of Christ what He had to do and to suffer, the more it was delightful to Him to think of His people as being a people *redeemed* by Him. I say again, Give up your hard thoughts of Christ. It were better to try what



He is, to try what is in His heart, going as a poor hell-deserving sinner and casting yourself upon Him to see what welcome He will give you. You will never regret that experiment. You will find His love to be a "love that passeth knowledge."

IV. It was present to the mind of Christ, and delightful to Him, what He was to do in gathering His redeemed ones to Himself. What was there delightful to Him in this, as regards His love to the Father? Why, another opportunity for another gift of the same people from the Father. Do not imagine that the gift of the loved people can come too often. No, no. The Father gave them to Christ in a past eternity, and now He gives them again. "No man can come to Me except the Father draw him;" and if that "drawing" of the Father implies a fresh forthputting of His power, causing them to "come" to the Son, I am sure the Son rejoices in thus getting them from the Father. When the Son goes to gather them He is to bring them to the Father. The Father is to bring them to Him by the Spirit, and He by the Spirit is to bring them back to the Father. Think of what it is to the heart of Christ to get a poor sinner and bring him in to the mercy-seat, and to get for him there a full and free remission of sin as an earnest of all the blessings of the everlasting covenant, and that poor sinner then delivered over to the Father's bosom, to have the place of a child in that bosom for evermore! That is something that must have been a delight to Christ. Also, what joy to Him to get them into His own hands! O Blessed One, through all eternity Thou didst love Thy chosen, and for three and thirty years on earth Thou didst love until Thou didst die the death for them! I would like Thee to get them into Thy hands at last. But it must be a day of power on His part ere it can be a day of love on their part. He finds one in his tenth, another in his twentieth, another

in his thirtieth year. He finds him at the appointed time, place, and means of grace, gets into his heart by His Word and Spirit, apprehends him, brings him to Himself, and gives him a place as a member of His mystical body. What must it be to Christ to get the loved one thus to Himself, to get him to bring him in to the Father, and to get the blessing of the Godhead to rest on that loved one, as now redeemed and brought back to the family of God! O my dear fellow-sinner, do not grudge that joy to Christ in connection with your own soul! If you come to Christ, although you only stepped this moment from the brink of hell, at the Gospel call, into His bosom, it would be infinite gladness to Christ to receive you, and to bring you to His Father, and to obtain for you all that you need. Would not that be wiser than leaving yourself in the hands of the enemy, "who is a liar and a murderer from the beginning"? May the Lord have mercy on all whose choice that is! Little do they know the light to which they are blind and the danger to which they are exposing themselves. Oh, may the Lord bring souls to their right mind!

V. It was a delight to Christ to think of His shepherding of them from the moment of their vital union to Himself. The love of the Son was not disposed to complain of its being a forty years' journey through the wilderness. The greater the wilderness, and the more certain that they were to be there a considerable time, amidst enemies and dangers, the more was His love to His Father gratified in having to care for them so long. And think of what it is to Christ not only to care for them so that none of them shall perish, but what it is to Him to be dealing with them in such a way as that they shall become more and more like the Father—the Father seeing them more and more conformed to His mind, the children growing more and more like their Elder Brother, and so more and more like the Father! And what

must it be to Christ to see the fruit of His redemption appearing in them—in their service of His Father in the world! I was trying to conceive, friends, what it must be to Christ to see the fruit of His travail coming out in the souls of His redeemed ones in such a way as that His Father in heaven is glorified. “Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.” I think that seeing the Father glorified in and through them is something that must delight the Son, who lives and rejoices before His Father.

Again, what must it be to Christ to have His people a company with whom He can associate in their wilderness journey! I was to ask a question. Whether, think you, does it give more joy to Christ to bear company with them, and to visit them and bestow on them the fruit of His travail, or for His people to enjoy His presence and fellowship? I think it is infinitely more joy to Christ to have the opportunity of being with them than for them to have His company and communion. For what joy must it be to Christ to see them living by faith, transformed into the image of God, the Father’s face shining on them, His likeness drawn on them, His Spirit dwelling in them and communicating to them the grace treasured up for them, until they advance from strength to strength to the journey’s end! This indeed is delight to Christ as to no other.

VI. The joy of Christ in having His people during the eternity to come. All of them were so present to the mind of Christ that He knew not only what they were and are, but what they shall be at last. For do not forget that there is no to-morrow, as there is no yesterday, in the mind of God—all is *present* to Him. We think of yesterday and of to-morrow, but He inhabits Eternity, and what is to come is as present to Him as what is past. Thus, friends, would it not be a delight to Christ to think of the Father’s house with nothing in it that the Father would see out of it, and nothing

out of it, that the Father would see in it ; and that those who were haters of Himself and of His Father would through Him be made such as that they would spend eternity glorifying and praising God with all their hearts. There was also present to Christ the opportunity the Father would have of letting out His fatherly love to them, throughout eternity, and they for ever glad before Him ! O Blessed One, Thou wert Thyself Thy Father's delight, and sure I am that no one shall ever be His delight as Thou art ; but if Thy Father will have Thee in Thy place rejoicing always before Him, Thy Father, as the Father of His people, shall delight to have them as the objects of His love also before Him ; and will it not be Thy joy to give Thy Father this delight—to have Thy Father's love fully gratified through the Father's people being fully blessed, and the blessed people spending eternity in the light of their Father's love, to the praise of the Father's Name ? I think we may say that *this* will be delight to Christ. And will it not be joy to Him, His having His people where no wicked one shall trouble them, where none shall say "I am sick ;" where there shall be no spot or wrinkle upon them, but all like Himself ; where they shall have the nearest and most intimate communion with Him, He acting the part of leading them to the fountains of living waters, and the Father wiping away all tears from their eyes ?

What have I done but endeavoured to point you to one infinite field after another, while standing at an infinite distance from the well-spring of joy at which He was drinking who "was set up from everlasting." But if it has in some measure overwhelmed me, it has left some shame of heart because of coldness, and some wistfulness of desire after faith's enjoyment of that love. And what have *you* been doing while I was speaking ? "You were talking high things," you say. Some are in the habit of so saying as to some lessons we would need to learn as the alphabet of Divine

teaching. If I was pointing to what was high, it was as a poor scholar who has not yet got beyond the alphabet in the things of God; and let me tell you that if you are an utter stranger to the love of Christ that made Him have His delights with the sons of men, you are undone for ever!

“But,” you say, “how am I to get to do with the love of Christ? I cannot say that I am an object of that love, or that Christ was thinking of me when rejoicing before the Father.” I do not ask you to say that, but I will tell you how to get a sip out of the joy of which we have been speaking. The first movement in the direction of it is, to learn that you are a hell-deserving sinner, that the desert of hell is upon you, the corruption of hell within you, and the wrath of God lying over you. Until you learn *this*, I despair of your learning about the love of Christ. How so? Because until then you will not be shut up to Christ as the only hope for you, a sinner. The way to know the love of Christ is for you to be brought as a sinner to cast yourself upon Him, not because He loved you from everlasting, but because He is the Christ of God, come to seek and to save the lost, and you, *as a lost sinner*, casting yourself upon Him, because He has said, “Come unto Me.” What then? Christ will welcome you, and fulfil His promise, “Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.” That is the first time you will get through faith a taste of the “love that passeth knowledge.”

Enough would follow that. Should there not be on the earth one so deserving of hell as you are, one with not so much of hell in his soul as you have, one who never did so much to prove himself an enemy to God as you have done, yet it would give infinite delight to the heart of Christ to get you as you are, this day, into His everlasting arms, that He might clothe you with His righteousness, seal you with His Spirit, and introduce you to the Father, and get for you, in

His own right, the blessing, even life for evermore! Oh, my dear fellow-sinners, do not grudge to Christ that delight. If He get *that*, who can tell what *you* would get? "He that findeth Me findeth life, and shall obtain the favour of the Lord."

Is there any one of you to-day whose desire is that Christ would get delight? Then go to Him, as a fool, for wisdom,—as a criminal, for righteousness,—as a leper, for sanctification,—as a lost one, for redemption. What will be delight to Christ will be the opportunity given Him in your salvation of His being your all in all. Come to Him; He hateth putting away. His delights are in receiving sinners. His delights have been, and shall be, with the sons of men.

#### IV.

#### EXTRACTS FROM PUBLIC LECTURES.

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##### (I.)

##### AMERICA.

. . . MEANWHILE let us leave New York and proceed along the Hudson river, usually called the American Rhine, on our way to Canada. The Hudson is a noble river. River it only is in the sense in which the Clyde is so below Dumbarton, for the sea flows up its channel and over its banks all the way to Albany, 144 miles from New York. On either side rises a steep bank covered with brushwood of brilliant hue, except where rock protrudes through the thin soil, making vegetation quite impossible. The effect is pleasing, though it lacks variety. . . .

We reach Albany at last, a most ungainly-looking city. Rows of wooden buildings, some rising into huge store-blocks blackened with smoke, alone appear from the window of the car to represent the busy city. But what a bustle there is in the harbour, near to which we stop! It seems glutted with vessels full of the productions of the soil and of the factory, which are lying there to carry their teeming cargoes away.

##### NIAGARA.

After Albany comes a succession of towns, past which we hurried in the dark, and which, therefore, you will not expect me to describe; but "pity was 'twas dark," for it was a drive

through centuries and continents at once, having passed by Troy, Syracuse, Rome, Amsterdam, Waterloo, and Albion before we reached Niagara at midnight, and found our way to the Spencer House Hotel, owned by a couple bearing a German name. (Imagine our surprise, when the hostess knocked at our room-door next morning, to find that Mrs. C. was a Highland lady who, on reading the name in the visitors' book, came to make sure that she really had under her roof one whom she had often heard preach ere she left her Scottish home. This lady's mother was living with her, and the sight of a Highland face and the sound of a voice raised in Gaelic prayer melted and cheered her heart.) Much kindness was experienced by us in that grand hotel, and when the host was asked for the bill on the eve of our departure, he said, "You are friends of Mrs. C's., and welcome would you be could you remain with us for a fortnight." This was the first of several pleasant surprises which were encountered during our American trip. . . .

Full of eager expectation, we started for Goat Island, above the falls on the American side, longing to stand in view of the great wonder of which we had so long been dreaming. How a demand for toll at the bridge shocked the feeling which we desired to retain in all its sensitiveness for the impression of the expected scene; and not more pleasant was the sight, quite beside the cataract, of a paper-mill, for whose machinery the rapid stream above the fall is used as the motive-power. Entering Goat Island, and passing on along its quiet shady walk towards the edge of the precipice, one recovers the quiet expectancy of feeling which the toll and the mill had ruffled; and one has now no ears but for the roar, and no eyes but for the glimpses, and no attention but for the approaching reality of the fall. The brink of the cataract is reached at last. Quietly sitting down beside it, one can lay his hand on the stream just as it is taking its great plunge



into the foaming depths below. All terror passes off from one's heart. You get on an easy footing with the great wonder. You are free to contemplate its grandeur without any mixture of pain in the feeling which it excites. But from this position not much is to be seen. You can only taste what incites you to rush to a better point of view. We pass on to Luna Island. Reaching a certain point at its farther end, you look up towards the source of the great stream which sweeps its resistless torrent on either side. The horizon towards which you gaze is a wide stretch of water, which looks as if an ocean lay beyond it. Here, more than even in front of the whole cataract, are you impressed with the greatness of the flood that pours over the precipice below. About three miles above the island the river is very wide, and it must be currentless, for you see boats moving across it from either side. But on this side of the boats, and about a mile nearer to where you stand, traces of a current appear. The flickering light on the surface of the water is the first sign of this. Gradually, as the current gathers strength, whitening eddies appear, and as it narrows, the river seems to rise in the middle of the channel, as if the water was crowded on itself. The decline, too, increases as the stream is narrowed, till, like the athlete, who as he approaches the barrier hastens his speed to increase the momentum of his leap, the broad and boisterous river presses in wild fury over its last stage, till in rushing foam it plunges over the precipice.

It is while there one can best appreciate the description of the annual Indian sacrifice offered in olden times to the stern genius of the cataract. Each year, as the tints of autumn began to appear on the woods, the fairest virgin of the tribe, whose home was near, was chosen as the victim. Dressed in white, she was placed in a canoe filled with the flowers and fruits of the season, and which floated just at the birthplace of the rapids. The canoe is pushed into the stream. The

maiden stands while she can erect, rigid and silent, in the frail craft, as its course is gradually hastened by the increasing force of the stream, till the edge of the precipice is approached ; a piercing shriek is heard, and naught is seen but the foam closing behind the speck that for a moment marked the spot whence the poor victim of superstition had been dashed into the devouring depths below. Only a year has passed since Niagara was the scene of another tragedy. An American youth, during a visit to Canada, had wooed and won the affections of a farmer's daughter in whose home he for a time resided. Her parents refused their consent to her marriage. But the lovers were determined to have their own way, and secretly arranged to meet at Niagara, to be married there on an appointed day. The day came, and the lovers met. The hour fixed for the marriage was late, and they resolved to spend the earlier part of the day in a boat on the river above the falls. They went out unattended. Their happiness made them heedless; they allowed the boat to float quietly down the gentle current, till all of a sudden they found themselves among the rapids, and borne helpless towards the dread abyss. Their wail of despair reached the ears of those who watched them on the river's brink ; but there was none to help them. The agony of those who saw them hurried onwards to destruction was only less painful than their own. But the strain on the feelings of onlookers was short, though they felt as if it would have snapped their life-chord, for the doomed lovers, madly shrieking, were soon hurled over the precipice.

But pleasant as it is to linger in the island shades, impatience to behold the grand whole impels you away ; and resuming your place in the car, you drive down on the American side to the suspension-bridge by which you cross over to Canada. On your way you observe that the river bends below the fall, and that the convexity of the curve is on the Canada side. All around, as you look at it from the bridge, the water seems

bounded by a wall nearly two hundred feet in height. Above is the rock over which pours the cataract, on either side a continuous precipice, and below, the view terminates in continuation of the rock on the Canadian side, against which the impetus of the current strikes, and by which the river is turned at a right angle to its former course, the sudden reaction causing the great whirlpool in which all that floats on the stream is submerged. The face of the cliff presents the same formation throughout—an upper stratum of limestone rock resting on broken shale, which is being gradually removed by the reaction of the water. In course of time fragments of the superficial stratum break off, as the supporting shale is removed; and thus one can account for the gradual scooping out of the great cleft from the whirlpool up to the present position of the fall. It is thus easy to conceive of the fall as having gradually worked its way three miles from its first position. Once on the Canada side, the whole cataract is before you. The three falls now appear distinct, but the separation only tends to heighten the effect by adding variety to the greatness of the whole. By far the largest of the three is that on the Canadian side, called from its crescent shape the Horse-Shoe Fall. Its form is easily accounted for. In the centre is the greatest volume of water, and of course its action is more effective in removing the shale and in breaking fragments of the limestone. The consequence is, that the middle must recede more rapidly than the sides.

This fall is two thousand feet in width and one hundred and fifty-four feet in height. The central fall is two hundred and forty-three feet wide, and the American six hundred and sixty, each of these being nine feet higher than the first. The grandest of the three is least distinctly seen. It veils with spray, which it refuses for a moment to remove, a great part of its surface; but this air of mystery well becomes its grandeur. The ground that forms the setting of the scene

is unobtrusive, being but slightly elevated above the summit of the cliff, but it is pleasingly covered with trees. It can neither offend nor attract the eye. It allows you to give your undivided attention to the great sight which it encloses, and gives no pain when you can afford to glance at it. The flatness of its surroundings accounts for the subdued character of the noise caused by the fall. Surrounded by Alpine or Coolin hills, the sound would be deafening. As it is, its voice evokes no echo, and the sound it utters surprises one by its softness; it is as if a giant spake to you in the whisper of a child. Reaching the Horse-Shoe Fall, you can descend by a stair to the base of the cliff, and pass in behind the descending flood under the covert of the rock over which it pours. Standing there between the torrent and the rock how sweet the sense of safety is! Over you pours a cataract in which a hundred million tons of water are discharged each hour, and it touches you only in a gentle dew. In that position it was ecstasy to think of a sinner sheltered by Christ, the rock of ages, from the flood of wrath which was poured out on Him, under covert of whose merit the gentle dew of grace refresheth the heart of him who enjoys the passover feast of peace. But much still remains in the rapids and the whirlpool to be examined and admired. Below the suspension-bridge by which we crossed to Canada there is another, a marvellous structure. Its length is eight hundred feet, its width twenty-four feet, and its height above the water two hundred and thirty feet. It is supported by wire cables, and has a sustaining capacity of twelve thousand four hundred tons. There are two floors, the upper for the railway, and the lower for ordinary carriages and foot-passengers.

Another short drive on the American side, with your back to the falls, brings you to the rapids, where visitors can descend, comfortably seated on a sofa, along the face of the rock to the margin of the river. It is rare enjoyment to sit

there on a shaded seat between the vine-clad cliff and the great stream pouring its surging flood past at the rate of five-and-twenty miles an hour. How the waters are hurled into all fantastic forms as they strike against protruding rocks! How immense the volume and how overwhelming the force of that seething flood! But we must leave Niagara after taking our last look of it from the window of the railway-car while crossing to Canada at the rate of a mile an hour over the great suspension-bridge. One who wishes to form an idea of Canadian scenery can do so very easily. Let him travel only one stage by train and he has seen it all. Each succeeding place you reach is almost an exact repetition of the last. In the country he will see bits of land reclaimed from their wild forest state, surrounded by a snake fence and studded with great roots, and not infrequently with tall charred stems of trees which the first settlers devoted to the fire, and which stand up grim and gaunt, as if frowning a protest against the barbarism of the men who refused them a decent burial. Belts of forest surround these patches of cultivation; and behind the various settlements stretch in their primitive wildness the great backwoods of Canada, attractive only to the adventurous sportsman with his gun, or to the ruthless lumberman with his axe. . . .

Canadian towns, or, begging the colonist's pardon, Canadian cities—for every town is a city in America—are very much alike. There is scarcely aught in the scenery around them to give to the locality of each a distinctive character. The features of the country prevent this. Hamilton was the first, and Montreal the last, Canadian city which we visited, and these were the only ones of the many which we saw that could boast of a mountain beside them. But you may judge of the height of these when told the following. A cabman who was hired to drive through Hamilton, asked if he would

drive to the top of the mountain, and the mansion in which we resided while at Montreal was almost at the top of its mountain. Each city gives indications of very ambitious tendencies. The streets are very long and usually very wide. There are always a few imposing buildings in the larger cities; but the large proportion of wooden houses and the unfinished condition of the roadways always remind you that Canada is yet in its childhood. . . .

The most pleasing thing to us in Canada was meeting with old country friends and acquaintances. The home feeling does not usually die out of an emigrant till he yields his last breath. If he is making money in the New Country, and has become a big man, if he has got a seat in the Legislature, has dined with the Premier and with the Governor-General, he affects to look down on the Old Country and its institutions and habits, and will laugh at the idea of coming to reside in Britain again. But under all this there lurks a craving for what he affects to despise. Allow him to lead the conversation, and it will be all about his young days in his early home, about the companions of his boyhood and their subsequent career, and softening under the memories of another land, he will end by saying, "Oh yes! I would like to see the old places once again before I die." . . .

#### CHICAGO.

The evening closed in darkness just as we had crossed the ferry at Detroit—when morning broke we were moving along the shore of Lake Michigan. From the windows of the car a traveller can see a margin of sandhills, and an immense sandy plain beyond, dotted frequently with farmhouses, and occasionally with rising towns. These, besides the lake, are the features of the landscape till Chicago, the phoenix city of the western world, is reached. It stands on the shore of Lake

Michigan, an extent of water in which Scotland if cast into it could be submerged, so that neither its highest peak could be seen above its surface, nor its remotest island beyond its margin. Its removal across the Atlantic in order to make the experiment is an enterprise which the Chicagoans would fain attempt; nor would they bear to be told that they could not accomplish it. On the other side stretches a plain still larger than the lake. The city covers a large area, for the streets are wide. In some places the houses are sparsely built. The population is almost as large as that of Glasgow. On the ground now covered by the city there was forty years ago only a few Indian huts. One of the streets is now ten and a half miles in length. Just two years before we visited it the great fire occurred which reduced to blackened ruins and ashes all the buildings covering an area of three miles by two. Already that part of the city has risen in palaces out of its own ashes, and the very few traces of the fire which remain only serve to show the unrivalled enterprise and energy of the people who so thoroughly and so speedily retrieved the great disaster. On no spot on earth has so much energy and skill and capital been expended as on this. It is impossible to say what the Chicagoans may not attempt. Nothing within the region of the possibilities seems beyond their reach.

The river passing through the city used to flow towards Lake Michigan, but its current was scarcely perceptible, and all the region on to the great Mississippi was almost a dead level. So it entered into some adventurous mind's imaginings that it would be well if the flow of the river could be bent in the opposite direction. This, it was thought, would tend to purify the water of the lake and add to the health and amenity of the city. At once they set to work, at a point five hundred miles distant in the prairie, where there was a marked current in the river; the bed of the stream was excavated, the level changed, and the water caused to flow to

the Mississippi. As the navigation of the river must be open to the lake, they were compelled to have drawbridges by which to cross from one side of the city to the other, while allowing the passage of ships. When the bridge was drawn to allow the passage of a ship, the traffic across it was of course arrested. Marvellous as is the quickness with which this is done, the energetic Chicagoans would not submit to the brief delay. They accordingly set to work, and dug tunnels beneath the river, forming two thoroughfares for the traffic of the city. One of these is almost a mile long; the other is rather shorter.

The lake furnishes the water-supply for the city. It is raised by steam-power to a great cistern on the top of an imposing structure near the shore, and thence it is distributed by gravitation over the whole city. But it struck some one that it would be well to have the water from a purer part of the lake than that next the shore. The idea, once started, was not allowed to sleep, for in Chicago there is little chance of sleep to ideas or to men. A tunnel under the lake was begun, and extended for three miles; then a shaft was sunk, and the water passed into a tube connecting it with the great pumping-machine, and purer water flowed into the city. While we were at Chicago there was a great exposition of the machinery and the vegetable productions of the North-Western States. The building in which these were exhibited was large, handsome, and well situated. The machinery was very varied, and exhibited immense ingenuity and skill. The vegetable productions were very numerous, and afforded abundant proof of the remarkable fertility of the country. A squash from Wisconsin was shown which weighed no less than 356 lbs. Owing to the flatness of the ground on which the city is built, it was found difficult to drain it, and to secure anything like passable roads. So it was resolved to raise one main street fifteen feet above its first level. But if



this were done the basement of the houses would be fifteen feet below the level of the street, and the improvement of the drainage would thus become the damage of the houses. But the Chicagoans rose to the difficulty. They elevated the street and the houses also. By means of jackscrews immense piles of buildings were raised without the displacement of a stone, and while all the ordinary operations of house or store, or office or hotel, were going on within.

In a part of the city which was deemed worthy of better edifices there was a street formed of wooden houses. Determined to make the best of their city, the authorities resolved to have these houses removed. They would not burn them—they had enough of the reformer Fire—and it would be tedious, troublesome, and expensive to take them to pieces and to remove their materials. So they managed to get them on wheels, and to drag them to a place prepared for them in the suburbs, and we passed along the street which they form in their new position.

The hotels are in Chicago, as in all American cities, excepting the Government offices, the most remarkable buildings. In extent, appearance, and accommodation they are quite palatial. The churches are imposing structures in many instances, and steeples are so frequent that there seems no lack of places of worship. . . .

On our return journey to New York, Boston was visited. It is one of the largest and most important and, to British taste, the finest of the American cities—incomparably superior, except in size, to New York, more solid-looking than Chicago, more European-like than many others, claiming to lead the van of American progress, and to be the very “‘hub’ of the universe.” It had its fire as well as Chicago, and not less was the area of its destructive ravages. Only a year had passed since so large a part of the city was in ashes, and now the district is seen covered with splendid structures. . . .

Boston is the literary city of the United States. It claims the lead of the educated thought of America. Its politics, its religion, and its habits are of the most advanced type. In politics it is in the van of every liberal movement. Its advancement in religion has gone so far that it has almost quite walked out of it. Infidelity, Popery, and Socinianism equally divide the great majority of the people. Presbyterianism finds almost a grave in Boston. A few orthodox Congregationalists there are, and with a considerable number Episcopacy is the popular phase of churchism. It boasts of its educational arrangements. These are at any rate costly. Each child at school costs the State forty dollars—about £8 a year. At the same rate the amount expended on education in Dingwall would be about £3000 a year. In the States there are no fees exacted from the scholars. The school fund is derived entirely from the rates, and the children are supplied with books and pens, ink and paper. Each child in the States may be educated thoroughly at the expense of the ratepayers. But they have no compulsory clause, as we have—they are not quite sure that it would be republican.

Harvard College is quite beside Boston, and forms the apex of its well-graduated educational system. Its influence on the cause of learning may be good, but its influence on the cause of religion is deadly. Its only religious worship is Unitarian. . . .

## (II.)

## "THE TIMES WE LIVE IN."

AFTER treating of the *social, scientific, intellectual, and moral* aspects of "the times we live in," Dr. Kennedy said :—

The estimate formed of the state of *religion* in the present day will, of course, entirely depend on the views we form of what true religion is, and on the standpoint we occupy when we examine the religious aspect of society. If we think of religion as embodied in the men who profess it, if we judge of it entirely by the attainments in knowledge and experience of its living representatives, our estimate of its present state must not, we fear, be a very favourable one. As compared with the divines of other days, what dwarfs are those who represent the theological attainments of the present! The *objective* religion of our times is not the bright and massive thing we find in the prelections of the theologians of days gone by. A little gospel doctrine is now-a-days made to go a great way. It is used only as a scanty seasoning instead of being the staple of the fare. The *subjective* religion of our times, too, is a very vague and superficial thing indeed as compared with the recorded experience of Christians in former days. If I decide in favour of the religion that requires for its sustenance the whole system of truth and the whole record which contains it, that gives to communion with God and to preparation for heaven a paramount place in the aspirations it produces, and that stands prominently apart from the ways of the world, I cannot withhold my concessions from the claims of the past.

But though true religion is essentially the same in every age and country, and although the fruits it produces must always be according to the Word of God, there may at different times be a varying development of its peculiar features. We must not forget, too, that the Lord makes the mode of His dealing with individuals subservient to the claims of His cause in the age in which they live. In no past generation had the time come for a world-wide diffusion of the gospel. Christians then found a narrower sphere for their service. Not but aspirations for the world's regeneration stirred the hearts of these men of might, but it moved them to closer wrestling with God, rather than to active dealing with men. It was thus their personal godliness acquired such depth and intensity as may well bring us to shame in our days of perfunctory communings with our hearts and with God. The time to answer their prayers for the world, in the diffusion of the gospel, had not yet arrived, and meantime they themselves reaped the advantage in their own increased spirituality. Let us not be too ready to charge on the Christians of other days the lack of a missionary spirit. When the Lord actually called them to go forth, they were ready to forsake all and to follow Him. But *His* time had not *then* come. *They* could be missionaries only in spirit, as their hearts in prayer went over the benighted nations of the earth, and cried to God in their behalf.

*Activity* and *diffusiveness* are the distinguishing features of the Christianity of modern times. If these were connected with the massive theology and the deep and devout godliness of other days, we would have a reproduction of apostolic Christianity. But let not the want of these make us blind to the benefit of what we have. It is well to remember wherein we are lacking, but let us at the same time be grateful for that whereunto we have attained. Let us be so even though it may be said that, in these times of loose and scanty theology

and of very superficial experience, it is easy to pass off as good before men a religion that will prove vain for eternity. Yea, let us be so even when, because of how much more fashionable it is to be religious after a sort than in days of testing persecution, the difference between Christianity and unholiness becomes less manifest, the outlines of the former being less distinctly defined, and therefore its fair form less clearly exhibited.

But if the stream be shallower, it is wider than before. If we have lost in devoutness, we have gained in diffusiveness. In distant and barbarous regions, that seemed then outcast from the fellowship of the civilised world, and from the favour of the Great Creator, the silver trumpet of the gospel now proclaims "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, goodwill to men." God blessing it, the gospel has proved its power to triumph over the hoary superstitions of the East, and over the barbarous habits of savage tribes scattered over the many isles of the South. Into almost all languages has the Word of God been translated, and every opening in all lands has been taken advantage of in order to diffuse it. Bright spots now appear on every explored portion of the earth which the Word of God has reached and where the grace of God has begun its saving work. No Christian can refrain from rejoicing in this, and from rendering a tribute of praise to Him who has thus distinguished the times in which we live.

And if we look to the Home field we find a most consistent scheme in operation there. All classes, down to the very lowest, are objects of Christian regard, and are being reached by the light and the appliances of the gospel. It was an old taunt flung in the face of those who pled for *foreign* missions, that they neglected the heathen at home; and the sneering counsel was often given, "Evangelise the masses at home, and when you have done so it will then be time enough to seek out the lost in other climes." That

truly ought to be done; but neither ought the other to be left undone. But now, at least, both the Home and Foreign Missions are in operation, and instead of being conflicting schemes, they prove mutually helpful. The more we succeed at home, the Lord blessing our labour, the more disposed will we be to help those who are perishing abroad; and the more we sow the seed in other lands, the more shall we find it to be true that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

While standing on the elevation of the age we live in, we cannot refrain from casting a glance on the course of time and the revolutions of Providence in the past. How solemnising is the retrospect! How perplexing at first sight is the general aspect of the past! How countless are the calamities that are borne along on the wave of advancing time! How many individuals, communities, cities, and nations have been crushed under the great wheel of Providence as it moved onwards to where we stand! To the mind of one who has not learned to trace all misery to sin, and who looks not to those things which are unseen and eternal, the scene before him in the past is utterly inexplicable. "Why," he asks, "should this earth be a vale of tears? Why are individuals and communities both compelled to feel that beneath the sun there is nothing satisfying and nothing sure?" If he acknowledges a Supreme Lord, ruling over all beings and over all ages, how perplexing must be his thoughts of His character! I cannot wonder that he likes not to dwell on the aspect which, as seen through the fumes of the world's sorrows, the character of God presents to him; that he should try to relieve his mind of the apprehensions it produces; and that he should endeavour, therefore, to find a counterpoise to the world's griefs and troubles in the joys and benefits with which they are commingled. How often has one who has found this seeming counterpoise confined to it all his attention! Having seen the world's smile, he refuses to see aught else. Having

heard the world's laugh, he refuses to listen to its wailings. Transforming in his own imagination this world into a paradise, and fancying a God all mercy as its Creator and its King, he rids himself of the terror that came on him from above, and of the uneasiness which he felt as he surveyed the howling wilderness around him. 'Tis thus he finds it easy to rest in present enjoyment, dreaming of future happiness.

But not thus should we contemplate and be affected by the course of Providence in the past. It is not like the uncertain revolutions of a wheel to which a strong hand has given an impetus to propel it, but which no wise and mighty hand continues to direct. There were "living creatures" connected with the wheels seen by Ezekiel in the vision by which the mystery of Providence was unfolded to his mind. "When the living creatures went, the wheels went by them," and "whither the Spirit was to go, these living creatures went." Thus are we taught that all the movements of Providence are minutely and efficiently regulated by the wisdom, power, and faithfulness of God. And if we remember how full of sin the world is, and how full of bliss and purity is the home in heaven awaiting the ransomed of the Lord, and how thorough the retribution reserved for the wicked; then, consistent with all His character, and consistent to His Word are all the doings of God in His providence, even though the scene of His operations be found by all, because all have sinned, to be a vale of tears, though many on this earth are the afflictions of the righteous, and though the wicked are generally found at the summit of the world's prosperity.

It should indeed be felt by us intolerable to stand between the troubled past and the dark future, on the ever-shifting line of the present, without faith in the God of providence as the God who doeth all things well; without the power to lean on Him as "the God of all grace," as we ourselves advance in our own faith into the future, and without committing to

His care as God and Father the interests of His cause and people.

The events of the future we can scarcely refrain from attempting to forecast, but how little can we correctly anticipate even with all the directions afforded by the antecedents of God's dealings in the past, and by the declarations of prophecy in His Word ! What may be immediately before us in the generation next to come who can tell ? On the rapid progress of our country and our age a rude arrest may very soon be laid. The nations of the world have not outgrown the folly that led them at a younger age to lay waste their territories by the ravages of war. How very lately were we almost at war with the very people who, our kinsmen by blood and our compeers in intelligence, are twice our brethren by religion ! How soon again may wars arise to afflict or rumours to disturb us ! But "the Lord reigneth, and let the earth be glad." Let the earth indeed be glad, for its best days are coming. A whole millennium of glory, peace, and righteousness awaits it in the future. Yes, that blessed time shall come. He who cannot lie has promised that it shall. Gospel light shall then have chased away the darkness which now benights so many portions of the earth. The old systems of error shall be swept aside from before the progress of Heaven's own truth. Righteousness shall then flow as a river, and vice in all its forms shall be carried down before it. The beauty of holiness shall then adorn the masses, and not, as now, be but the ornament of a chosen few. Love shall attain the paramount sway, and vexing quarrels shall no longer set men against their fellows. Nations shall then become members of one great human family, and shall study war no more. The earth shall resound with hallelujahs of praise to God, and crowds shall in light and gladness be passing from it to the mansions of glory above.



## (III.)

## "THE LAND WE LIVE IN."

WE ought to be more anxious about the internal condition of our country than about her place among the nations. It is by righteousness a nation is exalted; and if we only became distinguished by such eminence, we might trust the Ruler of the nations to appoint our place, and to determine the measure of our power and honour, among the kingdoms of the world.

And how is it with us now? There never was a time in Scotland when intelligence was more diffused, and when appliances so numerous were brought to bear on the social, moral, and religious improvement of the people. And with what results? Not, certainly, such as could be wished. Not such even as in other days, when in wide districts of Scotland scarce a home could be found without a family altar, and in which open vice was little known. But while there is much to be ashamed of, there is much cause of gratitude to God, who hath not yet ceased to bless the land we live in. We live, however, in critical times. Our Sabbaths, the bulwark of Scotland's religion, are in danger from the rising tide of worldliness, which subjects all to the lust of gain, and will profanely force its way at any sacrifice of truth and sanctity. Our morals are in danger of a general decline. And in these days, when men are disposed to look down on all antecedents of the past, and to exult in the consciousness of superior power and wisdom, Churchmen, as if in the dotage of a second childhood, have begun to crave for the puerilities of ritualism, like hoary sires betaking themselves to the use

of their nursery toys. To what result these tendencies shall bring the land we live in some future historian shall record.

But, with all its drawbacks, many are the privileges and great the responsibility of those who dwell in our native land. We have peace within all our borders. No great sacrifices are required to secure religious freedom. Civil liberty is enjoyed to an extent unknown in many other nations, and to which even the aspirations of the past failed to rise. Law is righteously administered; education is brought within reach of the poorest of the people; and in all our dwellings might be found the precious Word of God. Oh that we were wise to prize our privileges and to acquit ourselves of our high responsibility! The blessing of the Most High is what Scotland needs. This alone could make her truly rich. This alone can save her from her perils. This alone could have made her what she once became, and secured the continuance of her prosperity. Whatever may betide her in the age next to come, I love to think of her, on some bright future day, emerging with all the nations of the earth from the darkness and the storms of ante-millennial times, into the brightness and the calm of many ages of blessedness, receiving on her bosom the light of heavenly favour and the dew of heavenly grace, till a verdure richer than ever clothed her shall cover her all over, and fruits of righteousness shall grow throughout all her borders, such as are befitting the very garden of the Lord.

(IV.)

SOCIETY EXAMINED BY CONIC SECTIONS.

SOCIETY is a cone. It is so in this country. The lower classes form its base. The area covered by them is wider than that occupied by the middle classes, who are next above. Further

up, the structure gets narrower, till you reach at last the Sovereign at the top. As we move in thought over the social cone, we are in contact with the *essentials* of society. All throughout we find man rational, immortal, and responsible. Man is so at the lowest circle, and also at the highest circle, and all throughout. We find, moreover, everywhere the same elements of *moral character*, the same sources and motives of action. One spiritual malady affects all. Sin asserts its presence and its power everywhere. The same aversion to the Divine pervades all. And specimens of true Christianity are also generically the same. Grace is the same whether planted in the breast of the peasant or the peer. From the same source it comes to all—the same transformation it effects, and its eternal results are in every case equally precious. How trivial when examined in the light that shines from beyond the grave are the distinctions of society! I would not forget this, but neither would I overlook these distinctions. I am no leveller. I am no Chartist. I respect every arrangement that is stamped with the seal of Heaven. I accept the divisions of society into classes as of Divine appointment. I do not expect all to be rich; I do not wish all to be poor. I may be disgusted with the pride of a man who has wealth and position, but who in respect of morals and intelligence is deserving only of contempt; but so far as his position is given to him by the providence of God, my disrespect for the man must not lead me to foster a prejudice against the rank which he holds. . . . 'Tis sad to think of society as one body, to look over its resources and to be assured of their sufficiency to meet the wants of all, and yet to observe so many ground to the dust with poverty. If an individual were attired to represent society as it is, how would he appear? On his head would be a crown of gold, his shoulders would be clothed in ermine, cloth of finest texture would invest him downwards to his loins, his limbs down to his

ankles would be most comfortably covered ; but, under all, his feet would be seen naked, filthy, sore, and bleeding. You could not, as you looked on him, but wish that some of the money laid out on the crown and ermine had been expended for the comfort of the feet. But neither could you resist the conviction that you would find him to be a very unmanageable being if you would urge him to a readjustment of his attire. It would be easy, if you had your own way of it, to give to that body comfortable clothing all over, without requiring aught except what you found already on it. But would you find it so easy to persuade one who chose to dress in that way to act according to your directions? Still more unmanageable, in the hands of philanthropists, is the social body ; and though there be enough to secure comfort to all, poverty and oppression are still in the land.

There never was a time when more attention was directed to and more was actually being done for, the poor and the outcasts of society than in these days. And yet the evil seems to be growing. There must surely be some misdirection of effort, or we have failed to reach the main source of the evil. Social science is at a nonplus. Legislation has grievously failed. The springs of charity are almost exhausted. A feeling of hopelessness oppresses the heart that kindly considereth the poor.

By common consent *intemperance* is regarded as the monster evil among the lower classes of society. Much of the poverty and many of the crimes of the people are the result of this debasing vice. I despair of its progress being arrested until a new mode of dealing with it has been adopted. The drunkard should be treated as a criminal and dangerous member of society. Society should have protection from his fits of madness. There should be an *inebriate* as well as a *lunatic* asylum in each district of the country. Lunacy makes its victim dangerous, but madness is not in itself a sin,

though it is not infrequently the fruit of it. Drunkenness makes a man dangerous, and it is a sin as well. Surely, then, all the more ought the proved drunkard to be confined. The vice would thus be branded, and would receive a check which all other appliances have failed to give it.

In meeting the wants of the poor sufficient care has not been taken, neither to brand nor to spoil them by our charities. We immure our paupers in poorhouses, which are to many of them as prisons, punishing their poverty as if it were a crime, while we allow the dangerous and criminal drunkard to go at large. We sometimes, too, provide comforts for the head of the family, while neglecting, and tempting him also to neglect, all the members of his household, and thus outraging the divine institution of the family. These things ought not so to be.

It was a sad necessity, if necessity it was, which imposed a poor-law on our native land. Perhaps it was unavoidable. But oh how it dried up the springs of kindness from which the poor were freely supplied before, and in a measure which occasioned less complaint than now! How it severed the poor from the hearts of those above them, making them a burden grievous to be borne, instead of the objects of spontaneous charity! And how it extinguished the manly desire of independence which, once aday, was not infrequent in the breasts of the Scottish poor, and which moved them to honourable industry.

But the only panacea for all the ills of society is the gospel of the grace of God, which, bringing salvation to all men, teacheth them to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in a present evil world. Some may say, "It is in our land, and yet the evils abound, and therefore it cannot be the panacea which it is affirmed to be." Still, I insist it is a panacea which has never failed, and never shall. But it must be *applied* in order

to be effectual. Show me a man to whom it has been applied, and I engage to prove that he lives soberly, righteously, and godly. Show me a society composed of such members, and I will show you order, virtue, and contentment pervading it throughout. Alas that the search is vain for such a scene in the present state of things on earth! But if I cannot find an evangelised community as I look over the age that now is, I turn a wistful and expecting eye, in prophetic light, to a future time, when the gospel, applied with power Divine, shall have transformed the nations of the world into righteous and peaceful communities, who, by overflowing virtuousness and love, shall have swept both open vice and branded pauperism from the face of all the earth.

(V.)

#### SHAMS.

AFTER describing the various *shams* of society, the lecture concludes thus:—

I am now to pass to a more serious theme. There is the *Christian sham*, and of this there are more counterfeits than of any other. I am to point only to a few. The *labelled*—the *prattling*—the *bustling*—the *buckram*—and the *plastic*.

The *labelled* counterfeit bears the name, and has naught else besides. “We are all Christians in this land,” say some. They simply mean that we are not heathens who never read a Bible nor heard the gospel. This, in the estimation of not a few, suffices; as if to stick a label bearing the name of an elaborate piece of furniture upon the gnarled old tree would transform it at once into that whose name it bears. The name and no more! Of what avail is this? It does add to responsibility, but it cannot change character, secure availing privilege, nor adjust your relation to God, nor

brighten your prospect for eternity. They have printed the name "Invincible" on one of our ships of war, but she may be the very first to sink under the fire of the foe.

The *prattling* counterfeit thinks that religion is of no use except as a thing to speak about. All he desiderates is something for his tongue to do in parrot prattle about Scripture themes. He is just like a man who has filled his mouth with fluid which he will not swallow, and whose cheek you cannot touch without his spurting in your face. So this man, never caring to have down in his heart the transforming power of things Divine, has lapped as much knowledge as makes him a fluent talker about things which he has never truly believed and felt. Of all repulsive things, there is nothing I shrink more from than a religious talk with one who is careful to be pious only in his words.

The *bustling* counterfeit is active. You can scarcely give him too much to do. With his confidence in himself unbroken, and unthinking of what the spirit and aim of Christian service should be, he is ready to lay his hand to any work, however high. He can rush to it from the midst of worldly business. He has equal readiness for either kind of work. Not because he brings the spiritual motive to the secular business, but because he is not afraid to bring the secular spirit to the Christian work. How much these will do if they can only be observed, and if they themselves and others think that they are doing well!

The *buckram* counterfeit thinks that a certain routine of service will earn for him a right to be reckoned as a Christian. Men by being in a certain spot, in a certain association, following certain rules, muttering certain words, and posturing in certain attitudes, becoming Christians! Surely the men who think so are in the very idiocy of spiritual folly. And yet of all they are the most bigoted. None so right as they—none right at all but they! By costly clothing do they

expect to cure their sick ; by daubing the leper with paint do they expect to remove his uncleanness ; by polishing the bark of the dead old tree do they expect to make it living, green, and fruitful ? No. But they do what is a thousandfold more foolish and disastrous—they expect by mere bodily service to save a soul which only Divine blood could redeem and only Divine power can renew.

The *plastic* counterfeit seems to be so far right in his views, and he seems somewhat earnest and devout as well. But oh how yielding ! There is no backbone of firm purpose in him. He is a molluscous creature. He bends to the influence of the hour, whatever it may be. Christians think they have him as a brother when he is with them, and worldlings think him theirs when he is their companion. A little moistening flattery can make this man of plaster yield to the impress of any hand that attempts to mould him. An impulsive, fitful being, he is frivolous and earnest by turns. “Unstable as water, he cannot prevail.”

But amidst multiform deceptions let us not be so unsettled as to think that there is nothing genuine and that none are true. There is a *word*, to be believed, which cannot fail ; there is an *arm*, on which to lean, that cannot weary ; there is *friendship*, in which to trust, that cannot change ; there is a *hope*, too, which cannot be disappointed ; there is a *life* which cannot die ; and there is a *benefit* which cannot end. Towards these let our intensest desires be moving us. In faith let us lay hold of Him in whose Person Divine glory is blended with the beauty of a perfect man, who holds a Divine commission for the saving of the lost, who hath in His blood Divine merit availing as a ransom for the guilty, in whom there is a fulness of Divine grace intended for the unworthy poor, and who wields Divine power which can save to the uttermost. Let us cleave to Him, for He is both the truth and the life. Let us serve Him with a true heart which never can repent



of having chosen Him as Master. And from the paths of truth, in which He guides His followers, let us in desire and hope lift up our eyes to the heaven which only those who love the truth go into, to find all around them true, and pure, and blessed, while from the Great White Throne shines a light, discovering the presence of the true God as the fountain of a blessedness which shall never end. The righteous nation which keepeth the truth shall enter thither, and there shall all the saints find a true home for ever. Then, and not till then, shall all deceptions disappear. Truth alone shall enter through these everlasting gates. Against all who believe and love a lie shall they be for ever closed. And the grand reality of purity and bliss within them shall be the full growth of that germ of truth which regenerating power produced, and is the ripened fruit of that word of truth taken into his heart by him who believed the Gospel and received the Christ of God. Oh let us have done with all tinsel that glitters but to deceive! All that hides the real let us at once shake off. Let us cherish no lie in our heart, and let us wear no disguise in our profession. Let us be anxious to be true, and then only can we aim at the great, the pure, the blessed. And let us be true at once. Let us be true to ourselves without delay in accepting the description of us given by Him who cannot lie, and the position assigned to us by Him who cannot err. Let us be true to Him in according to Him the office which, as Saviour, He claims, and the place of authority which, as Master, He demands. Thus, and thus alone, shall we have our eternal interests secured by the steadfastness of eternal truth, and have before our eye a prospect with brightness in which there is no deception, and on which no cloud can ever rest, and with peace whose blissfulness is perfect, and whose calm no trouble can disturb for ever.

## (VI.)

## "BIGOT" A NAME AND A NICKNAME.

. . . To some minds any man will seem a bigot who yields the homage of a simple faith to the revealed truth of God. Men who have never tried to forecast their own eternal future, who have been ever rudely suppressing their consciousness of immortality and their conscience of sin, who imagine all that is knowable to be within the reach of unaided reason, and who, in the pride of intellect, boast of their achievements in the acquisition of knowledge, treat with contempt the love of Bible themes and the belief of Bible verities which dispose the Christian to cleave as with a death-grasp to the Word of God. What sympathy can these have with the man who, conscious of immortality and of sin, has looked in the light of truth on his relation to the Judge of all, and who in the normal condition of his sinful being finds no element of hope, but who in the light of Gospel truth has seen a provision, bright with the lustre of a glory manifestly Divine, fraught with the bounty of a love which only God could cherish, and adapted to his wants by a wisdom that must be infinite, which with unsuspecting confidence he cordially embraces, as his quickened soul realises as from heaven the voice that calls him to partake and live for ever. Can we wonder that that man should seem to the trifling sceptic a very bigot, as he refuses to quit his hold of what he grasps in the hand of faith? It is all to him. It is as nothing to the other.

But it ill befits the infidel either to mock or to pity this simple believer. In any case the latter has an immense

advantage over the former. Meantime he has joy unspeakable and full of glory which the other has never tasted, and after losing this happiness all his life, the sceptic, when he dies, can possibly gain nothing.

Were names rightly applied, the infidel would be called the Bigot. There is not on earth a greater bigot than he. He must believe more than any other, and he must believe this without the shadow of a shade of good reason for his faith. He has by far the hardest task of believing to perform. He must believe that there are no such realities after death as an eternal heaven and an eternal hell, while refusing the information God gives regarding them, and having no other source of knowledge whatever. He must believe that he is quite competent to judge whether God should reveal His will to men, and in what form this should be done, if done at all; and judging that He hath not given such a revelation, he stakes all on that verdict. He must believe that all who ever received the Word of God as true were deluded, and concludes that they made no gain by faith, although he has no knowledge whatever of their present state. The man who believes all this has gone through the hardest of all tasks. He who, under the pretence of believing nothing, believes all this, and will not but believe it, though there is absolutely nothing to support his faith, is of all bigots the most bigoted. . . .

In times such as ours it is easy to seem a bigot, if one keeps a firm hold of truth, and is careful to have the seal of Heaven on his hope. No Christian can be true and faithful now-a-days on whose brow the world shall not brand the name of bigot. But let him bear it. It is a mark of honour, though intended to be a brand of shame. It proves him to be an associate of the men of whom the world was not worthy, but who, under the world's lash, did more for the world's good than all besides. The world ever *suffers* by the men it *honours*.

The men of *mercy* to it are the men it *hates*. Ah, these old Covenanters of our native land were stern bigots in their day. It was well for Scotland that they were. They could part with their lives, but they could not sell the truth. They would yield all for conscience, but they would yield nought to despots. They could bear to suffer and to die, but they were afraid to sin. It was this bigotry which won its liberty for their native land. The legacy bequeathed to it by these men of faith, whose only home was oft the mountain cavern, and to whom the snow was oft the only winding-sheet which wrapped their bodies when they had given their lives for Christ, was a richer boon than all ever given to it by the kings who occupied its throne, and by all the men of title and of wealth who owned its acres. Oh yes, they were bigots these, in the judgment of scoffing sceptics and of ruthless persecutors, and not all the piles they could kindle could burn their bigotry out of them.

And these were stern bigots, too, according to the world's estimate, who headed the crusade against Antichrist, when, at the era of the Reformation, a fire from Heaven had kindled in their hearts the love of truth. It was by unflinching resolution, induced by living faith, these men overcame in the times of stern trial in which they unfurled their banner in the name of God. A pliant Melanchthon would have bartered the gospel for peace—the stern courage of a Luther was needed to prevent the sacrifice. In every age, from the beginning, when the cause of truth emerged triumphant from the din and dust of controversy, the victory was won by a band of bigots who were sworn to its defence.

There is need now of the men whom the world calls bigots. Men of grasp less firm and of love less fervent will do little for the cause of truth and for the best interests of humanity. Other men than these will even barter their own eternal prospects for the honour which comes from men and for the

ease which is won by compromise. How many such as these there are, even in the Churches, and even there in the van, who boast of a charity which is indiscriminate in its regards, of a sentiment that refuses the form which the truth imposes, and who have learned from the worldling his scorn of all seriousness, his contempt for all scrupulousness of conscience, and his sneers at the religion which is sustained by intercourse with Heaven! These have their followers. A widespread movement has begun away from vital religion, fixed beliefs, and holy living. The Churches are moving with the current. The time may be fast approaching when the one alternative shall be living faith or open scepticism. A tide which few seem careful to resist is bearing us on to such a crisis. How the result may tell on Churches, communities, and individuals we cannot now forecast, nor can we attempt to conjecture without sadness of feeling. But an assured victory is the destiny of the cause of truth. Till the hour of its triumph shall have come, all who have linked their interests to the chariot of the gospel shall find themselves a diminishing band as they advance, their loneliness of feeling deepening as former friendships wane into neglect, coldness is changed into scorn, and contempt passes into bitter enmity; and they can follow the cause of truth only amidst the scoffs of unbelievers and the shafts of persecutors.

But let no lover of the truth—let none whose eye ever rested on the hope of the gospel—turn craven-hearted back from trial. To fall in the cause of truth is but to rise in the kingdom of glory. To be trampled under foot till crushed dead by the heel of persecution is but to have the prison broken open, that the ransomed spirit may pass from bondage to a throne. And in his saddest hour let not the sufferer for truth refuse the joy which glimpses of prophetic light bring to his heart as they break through the clouds of present trial. His King shall triumph in His cause on earth, and His friends

shall share His glory. All nations shall touch His sceptre. The old strongholds of unbelief shall be levelled in the dust. Iniquity shall hide its face ashamed. Truth, as revealed from Heaven, shall receive universal homage, and be glorious in the halo of its blissful triumphs before the eyes of all.

## (VII.)

## FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

AFTER proving that in the case of intelligent and responsible beings, true freedom of thought is that which is most in accordance with the revealed mind of God, the lecture ends with the following practical remarks:—

All I could attempt in a lecture of an hour is to have indicated the lines which mark the limits of that freedom to which, in the sphere of religion, men may lay claim in their relation to God. The most common form of a claim to freedom of thought in reference to religious truth is the craving to be free from having to think of it at all. This is the mad cry of the heart that hates the things of God. Fallen angels would fain have this freedom, but they cannot reach it. Their enmity and their despair combine to beget this desire. Yet they cannot ignore what they hate and what they dread, and it is their misery that they cannot. But for a short season *men may ignore* what they dislike and dread, and their so doing they regard as freedom. Freedom! to be in such a case as to choose not and to dare not to think of the Divine. Freedom! to grope in the dark outside the glories of Divine Revelation. Is that man free who can live at ease in a hovel of poverty and filth only when he thinks not of a noble home from which he is a guilty outcast?

Freedom of thought in the sphere of religion is not what is

commonly called "Freethinking." To think as I list is not to think freely. This is slavery, not liberty. And yet how many regard it as abjectness to yield to the authority of Revelation! They crave to be free from the trammels of Scripture. Reason and conscience must be their only guides. They claim to have the standard of truth, and the power to judge of it, within themselves. To be biblical is in their view to be enslaved. They refuse the restraint the Bible imposes on their thought, feeling, and action. Because they do so they think they are free. Free! while refusing to follow the only light that can guide out of darkness and out of bondage. Free! as that maniac is free who, having broken the shackles that fettered him down in a corner of his cell, is free to move wildly over the little area within the walls that enclose him. What a pitiable affectation is his as he struts over his narrow beat! Yet not so pitiable is he, in his boast of freedom, as is the man who, refusing to pass out into the Divine sphere of truth, under Divine guidance, glories in being free to move unrestrained within the sphere of his own unaided conceptions which sin has narrowed and darkened into a dungeon! . . .

There is at a certain stage in the history of every wakeful intellect a competition between the claims of Reason and the claims of Scripture. Scripture, fraught with the miraculous element, and enunciating doctrines containing mysteries that cannot be anticipated or solved by reason, is rejected just because of the humiliation of the pride of intellect which the reception of it as true implies. And the pride of intellect is often active where there is very little intellect of which to be proud. A very narrow pedestal suffices for this paltry idol. But, as is not unusual, it is imperious though puny. In deference to its dignity, it demands that the miraculous history and the spiritual doctrine be repudiated. These seem to narrow the sphere of reason, and they must therefore be removed. The limitation they impose is decried

as bondage. Faith and reason are thus placed in antagonism. But faith is really the highest exercise of reason. It is the wise and dutiful homage of the creature to God. It is reason laying itself in His hand, to be raised into the sphere of the spiritual and divine, to behold the wonders and to enjoy the pleasures which, in infinite profusion, are there spread out in the light of God. . . .

Moreover, freedom of thought is claimed by those who profess faith in Scripture, but seek emancipation from creeds or formulated statements of inspired truth. This revolt against creeds and systems of doctrines assumes *the guise* of respecting only that which is divine. They will not be trammelled by confessions drawn up by men—they claim a right to drink directly from the fountain of Scripture. They would pass men that they may reach God. “Divine revelation,” not human dogma, is their cry. This is specious. But it is not the glitter of genuine gold that makes it so. This protest against confessions, instead of being a genuine utterance of respect for the divine as compared with the human, springs, not infrequently, from the very opposite feeling. So long as doctrines are left lying on the pages of Scripture they do not interfere with our trains of thought, our phases of feeling, and our lines of action. It is when they are formulated in distinct propositions that they come into close contact with us.

It is what is *Divine* in the human statement of truth that is obnoxious. It is the demand for faith in the truth of God that is resented, and the precision and authority with which that is required. I can wander through a wood, and though trees surround me they do not stop my progress. I can move as I please by passing round them. But a few branches taken thence can form an enclosure which I feel to be a prison. Even so, while no definite propositions are deduced from Scripture and used as tests of our belief, we



can have for our minds the dangerous liberty of unrestraint. A profession of regard for the Bible as a whole, and of its being one's only creed, may consist with using no part of it as a rule either of faith or practice. And is there honesty in this professed zeal for Scripture at the expense of confessions? If there is such deference to Scripture as is professed, why is there such an aversion to systematise its revelations? The truth is, that men like to leave the truths of Scripture embedded where they are, lest they might be used as a test wherewith to try their beliefs. They wish to be allowed to think as they please. Confessions are to them most troublesome things; not because they interpose between them and Scripture, but because they show when they depart from it; for they present in a distinct, definite, articulate form the truths of Scripture before them. This movement against confessions just arises from men's aversion to think according to the mind of God. It is the old atheistic revolt in its first upheavings, though the covering surface has not yet been broken.

And not only among inquirers after truth do we find this impatience of system, but also in the accredited religious community, and even in the case of some who claim to be the leaders of thought within the Church. Men there are, indeed, of truth and of might in the various Churches—men who will “buy the truth and sell it not.” But there are, nevertheless, indications of waning loyalty to the Word of God—a yielding to the haste and unsteadfastness of the times, a straining after novelty and excitement, an impatience of system, a dreamy expectancy of some bright futurity, and the flippancy of self-conceit. In short, all the symptoms of the plague by which the age is smitten, appear, to a careful diagnosis, in a section of the Church itself. There is already a drifting from old moorings merely for the gratification of some fancied progress. A perilous adventure voyage in search of reli-

gious novelties in faith and worship has begun, which cannot be regarded without alarm. The jubilations which attend the first conscious movement seawards are already heard, and a scornful laugh is already flung at the slow ones who still lie at anchor. It may be impossible to forecast the issue of this dalliant licentiousness of thought within the Church in these days. If the expectations of some who claim to be *par excellence* the thinkers of the Church shall be justified by the result, a disastrous future is before us. The Church current which these direct is but an offshoot from the age-stream beyond it, moving now in a parallel direction, and which, if it spread and dominate within the Church, shall bear away at length, in the channel of the parent-flood—as a drift of fragments with which unbelief shall make sport—our abandoned testimony for the truth of God !

NOTE.—The accompanying letter—which came to hand on the eve of publication—will, we think, be regarded, both on account of its contents and the eminence of the writer, as fitly closing this volume.



Westwood  
Beulah Hill  
Upper Norwood

Feb 26 1886

Dear Friend,

Use the letter by all means  
if it is worth anything. I wish  
I could add anything fresh  
concerning your beloved, whom  
I venerated as every inch a  
man of God. His <sup>death</sup> was a loss  
to the Highlands greater than  
C<sup>d</sup> have befallen by the death  
of any other hundred men.

True as steel & firm as a  
rock he was also wonderfully  
tender & sympathetic. I was  
sorry to see him so often worn

& sad for he knew the strong  
consolations & held them out  
to others. His lowly esteem of  
himself sometimes acted with his  
weary body to produce gloom of  
soul; & I have seen him in his  
dear moments. I know the in-  
& out of such depressions & the  
good brother was laid on my  
heart all the more because  
of his descending into those glooms.

Dear lady, you have lost  
a grand husband. Say rather, the  
Lord honoured you with a choice  
loan in such a man. May "the  
Comforter" abide with you. We are  
poor comforters under such a sorrow.

With profound regard

Yours truly

C. A. Fung