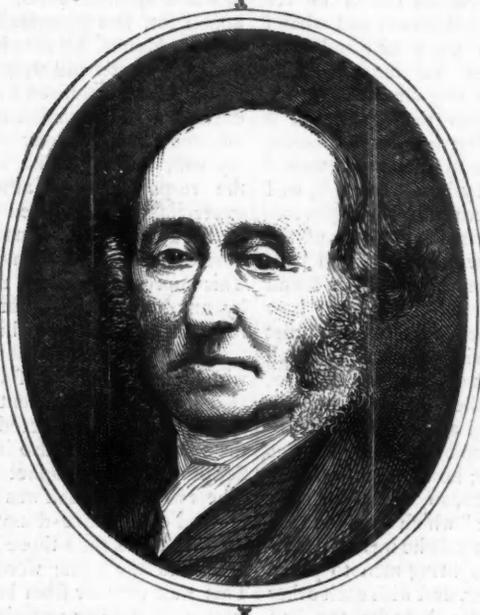


## JOHN MACLEOD CAMPBELL, D.D.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are few intelligent and educated persons, in Scotland at least, who have not heard the name of Dr. John Macleod Campbell, about whom several brief notices, full of affection and admiration, have lately appeared in our newspapers. His name, I know, is associated in some minds only with his old parish of Row, from which, alas! he was deposed by our General Assembly upwards of forty years ago, for what was then called "The Row Heresy." A large circle



of thinking men know him solely by his remarkable volume on "The Doctrine of the Atonement," and from other works of a similar character, such as "Christ the Bread of Life," "Thoughts on Revelation," &c.† A larger circle still includes very many who revere his memory as that of a spiritual father; and personal friends also, belonging to all churches and "schools" in the kingdom, who deeply loved him. I am happy to know that I am addressing many such, who will feel thankful if I am able, however inadequately, to convey to others the impression which he made upon us.

I dare say there are some who will think that in speaking about him as I intend doing I must be guilty of exaggeration, from being unconsciously influenced by personal affection. But I feel how impossible it is for me to have known and loved one who was truth and honour itself, one who possessed such a deep humility of spirit, springing from the desire that Christ only should be glorified in

him and by him, to be tempted to say anything in the least untruthful about him, with the desire that others should sympathize with me. Let me say, as a ground of confidence in the justness of my delineation and estimate of his character, that he was one of the most intimate friends I had in the world. Since the earliest days of my childhood I remember him; and since I grew to manhood I have known him, loved him, trusted him, and learned from him as from no other. We have had the

closest intercourse of thought and affection, and have shared common joys and sorrows, trials and difficulties; so that I can speak of him with the confidence of a knowledge such as is possessed by comparatively few, and in the perfect assurance of the full sympathy of all who enjoyed the same privilege.

Dr. Campbell was the best man, without exception, I have ever known. This is my first, most decided, and unqualified statement. His character was the most perfect embodiment I have ever seen of the character of Jesus Christ. A biographer of the great and good Archbishop Leighton, says in effect (for I am quoting from memory), that he never saw him at any moment in a state of mind other than what he himself would gladly be in when he came to die. This, too, I can assert regarding my friend. In speaking of him to others during his life, I often remarked that, while I worshipped on this side of idolatry such men as the Apostles Paul and John, yet had I known and seen them as they lived and acted in all the varied circumstances of life, amid its daily commonplaces, and in its most solemn moments, and in those circumstances described in the Acts and Epistles, as I had known and seen

\* The above sketch was preached to my congregation immediately after Dr. Campbell's death. I prefer thus reproducing it in its original form, with all its imperfections, as best expressing the first fresh impressions of my heart, rather than attempting at present anything more artistic or elaborate.

† All published by Macmillan.

my friend act, they would not, in so far as their characters were concerned, be held by me in less reverence, nor be lowered in any degree in my estimation. As an illustration of the impression made on others by the totality of his character, I may repeat what I heard from one who knew him well, and who on the day after his funeral, while listening in one of our city churches to the "Beatitudes" read from the pulpit, as a portion of the Morning Scripture Lesson, was made to feel how truly each was attached to a grace possessed by him. She felt, as I do, how he was characterised by that "poverty of spirit" which receives the richness of the kingdom of God; how he "mourned" for himself and others because of sin, yet found comfort in God as his abiding peace; how he possessed that "meekness" in the quiet acceptance of God's will, which inherits all the real good to be found on earth; how he, more than any one she had ever known, "hungered and thirsted after righteousness" for its own sake, and found how it filled him as his very meat and drink; how he was so tender and "merciful" to others, so "pure" in spirit, having that "single eye" which can alone see God; how very pre-eminently he was a "peacemaker," ever seeking to bring men to peace with God as their Father, and with each other as brethren; and, finally, how he too had been by some "persecuted for righteousness' sake," and how very many, alas! had said "all manner of evil against him, *falsely*," while he himself amidst the strife of tongues, "rejoiced and was exceeding glad" in God. This the hearer felt as she heard these words, and in the solitude of her own heart thought such things. But great was her surprise and satisfaction when the clergyman, as if reading her thoughts, said on finishing the lesson, "I never knew any man who so realised this whole character which our Lord here blesses, as did Dr. Campbell, who was buried yesterday, whose name is familiar to us all, and whose loss we all so keenly feel and mourn."

But I must consider his holy character more in detail.

Being a truly Christian one, his character consisted, I need hardly say, in due love to God and man, or in the possession, and that in a wonderful degree, of the same kind of life which was perfectly realised in humanity by Jesus Christ. Towards God, accordingly, his love was deep, constant, and, what I dare to describe as an all-absorbing personal affection, combined with a profound reverence and awe. God, as his Father, was the ultimate rest of his whole being, the life of all

his actions, the source of his secret inner joy, and his infinite reward. In this light he saw and judged of all persons and things, and examined whatever demanded his faith as moral or spiritual truth. All he enjoyed or hoped for, was inseparable from thoughts of God. Hence he sought his glory in the doing of God's will with all his heart, for in that will be recognised the only glory of the creature and of creation, and the only security for their blessedness. The prayer "Not my will, but thine, be done," was by him the response to a Father of a child who appreciated and rejoiced in the righteousness of that Father's will. I never perceived in any other such a constant sense of God's presence. This impression was not necessarily conveyed by anything he said, nor by what is called religious conversation; but one felt as if there was another person, though unseen, always with him. This sense of God's presence was also seen in the reverent awe with which he spoke of Him or uttered his name, and in the solemn manner also in which he read the Scriptures. No prophet of old repeating to others what to himself was as the audible voice of God could have done so with more impressive tones than those in which Dr. Campbell read the same words from Scripture. This was very far from being in him a mere matter of taste or propriety due to what was recognised as God's Word. His reverence was prompted by the deepest inward conviction, the clearest inward vision of the Word as God's Word. To him the written word presented to the outer eye or ear what was in harmony with all he saw or heard of God as seen by the inner eye, or heard by the inner ear of his spirit, as taught of God. More touching still were his prayers. These were, indeed, an opening up of his whole being in the very presence of his Father—a pouring out of his whole heart in holy awe and loving confidence in God, and in righteous sympathy with His will.

Such love to God as this was the necessary and organic growth of what he believed regarding God's relationship to himself and to all men, as revealed in Christ, and confirmed by experience. His theology and life were but a development of his knowledge of God as a Father, whose name is Love. The incarnation and the meaning of the life and death of Christ were seen in this light of love, and as manifesting that love in Christ to man.

I need hardly add that he loved the Lord Jesus Christ as the ever-living and ever-present Saviour. The eternal duality of Father and Son he saw realised in the one Divine

Being; and in that duality he also saw the full-orbed idea of moral perfection,—the perfection of mutual love; the perfection at once of righteous government, and of righteous obedience; the perfection of giving and of receiving—and all harmonized through an Eternal Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son. He thus recognised in Jesus, as the Eternal Son of God, the outcoming of a Father's love towards man, to which he, as a son, responded, saying, "Lo I come to do Thy will," receiving the acknowledgment, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Accordingly, in all that Jesus was, in all He did, in all He suffered, in his works of mercy, in his constant self-sacrifice while doing his Father's will, in his tears of sympathy with suffering and of sorrow for sin, in His invitation to all to come to Him for rest, in his offers of pardon and of life—in all he recognised not only a revelation of the mind of Christ, but also a direct revelation of the Father's heart to man; so that in seeing what the Son was towards man we see what the Father also ever has been, is, and ever will be to us. In Jesus too, as the Son of man, he saw at once realised the character of perfect sonship towards God, and perfect brotherhood towards man. Christianity, true religion, and Christ were thus one, inasmuch as the Son loved the Lord his God with all his heart, soul, and strength, and his neighbour as himself, which is the sum and substance of the religion of all holy beings everywhere. What the man Christ Jesus was in character at once expressed God's purpose in creating man, and in redeeming him. For the purpose of the incarnation and the whole work of Christ on earth and in heaven, so far as it concerns us, was and is to reproduce Christ's own character in us, to impart to us, and sustain in us, and finally perfect, his life of sonship and of brotherhood, which *is* life eternal!

It is unnecessary here to attempt to compress into a few sentences Dr. Campbell's views on the doctrine of the Atonement, which he treats so elaborately in his work on the subject. Let it suffice to say this much only in its relationship to practical Christianity, that he recognised it as a necessary development of the love revealed in the Incarnation and life of Christ; that he believed it to have been made for all men without exception, and to be the most constraining moral power to make every man trust in God, with the full assurance of faith, receiving the forgiveness of sin and a new life in Christ by the Spirit. It is evident

from what I have said that to him there was no separation between religion and morality. For he believed that man could be truly apprehended and loved as a brother only, when God is apprehended and loved as a Father, and this could be only in Christ.

It was thus that Dr. Campbell, being rooted and grounded in love to God in Christ, and his spiritual sympathy with God becoming stronger, formed the habit of seeing himself and all men in the light of God's love ever seeking their highest good and joy. To see all men as God sees them, to love them as He loves them, to share the charity, the patience, the forbearance, the good-will of God towards them—this was his constant aim; and how marvellously he realised it! He did all things with the charity which "seeketh not her own."

No doubt Dr. Campbell possessed the beautiful gift of God from his birth, in his having a very tender, sensitive, and affectionate nature; but never would that gift, by any culture apart from the grace of God, have grown into that kind of love, so deep, so real, so constant and practical as that which I have described.

His love to others, let me further say, was such that I never, in my whole intercourse with him, discovered in him a trace of envy, dislike, jealousy, malice, or revenge towards any human being. Had such emotions entered his spirit, they would have been at once checked by a sense of horror, and a "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Hence he felt the evil in another man, even were he his worst enemy, as a real burden to his own heart. How vividly I can recall his expression, as if from sharp pain, when any instance of sin or evil was mentioned in his presence! His suffering from wrong done towards himself, however great, was occasioned chiefly by his sense of the evil in the wrong-doer; and his conduct towards that wrong-doer would be determined by the desire of delivering him from evil, and restoring him to God.

In him also, above all I have ever known, I saw realised the sorrow of St. Paul, who wrote "even weeping" regarding those degraded animal minds who gloried in their shame and were "enemies to the cross of Christ,"—that same kind of sorrow which was endured by the Perfect One, who wept over Jerusalem, and from whose heart has come to all true disciples what may be called the grief of love. Hence it was that, while no one who had ever met him, or had the capacity of understanding him, would have dared to bring under his notice any form of evil, in act or feeling, hoping for his approval

or sympathy, without being made to feel how alien it was to his whole being; yet the worst sinner, the most degraded wretch, would have received from him, if willing to be taught, a patient hearing and got from him fitting advice. The weary and heavy laden might fly to him, and confess all their sins, and let him know the very worst, sure that all a true brother could do *he* would do to comfort and strengthen them, and to bring them to God.

It thus often seemed to me as if it were selfishness to tell him anything which was a sorrow or a burden to oneself; for, as the phrase is, he "so took it to heart." Little might be said by him at the time, and the only response might be thoughtful silence, a look of deepest interest, or a pressure of the hand. But, having once laid it up in his heart, you felt it would remain there until he had pondered over it, and found how he could best advise or comfort. If anything in another was communicated to him, which seemed to be erroneous, either in sentiment, purpose, or action, if duty demanded it, he would, if possible fittingly deal with it at the time; but if he was not prepared to do so, he would embrace the best opportunity of giving a helping hand with the finest tact of considerate love. He would perhaps quietly lead the conversation without any expressed reference to his object, in a line of thought which, entering into your mind and spirit, ended in bringing you, apparently without design on his part, into the conviction or state of mind which was best.

His treatment of opponents was characterized by the same goodness and sympathy, and by the truest sense of justice. He never thought it a gain to put men in the wrong, but to lead them to the right. To pervert intentionally their arguments, was as impossible for him as to tempt them to falsehood. He not only stated their position fairly, but often in a far better form than they themselves were capable of doing. For he so felt the sacredness of truth, and his own responsibility for helping others to accept and rejoice in it, that he spoke what he believed to be true with the awe of one who assumed to speak for a God of truth. When he was deposed by his Church for what it deemed heresy, the same righteous love was manifested towards those who, in an evil hour, had cast him out. He felt that event to the quick. Hundreds of the best in the land sympathized with him then, thousands do so now. Yet never did he betray the slightest revenge or hatred. Ninety per cent. of his old parishioners, many of whom had been

led by him into the new life, and all of whom recognised the holiness of his character, petitioned the General Assembly to refrain from deposing him. But when, in spite of this and many things more, the deed was done, and another minister appointed to succeed him, he built no church, formed no sect in his parish. He called for the newly-appointed minister, whom he much respected, and called also for his old parishioners who were most attached to himself, and, knowing how "God fulfils Himself in many ways," he begged as a last favour that they would endeavour to obtain spiritual good from his successor, and show him all respect, and do him all justice as their minister. Among the many who attended his funeral, no one mourned him more sincerely than his successor. Never did Dr. Campbell utter one bitter word against the Church which had ejected him; nor did he leave her communion.

As illustrating this, I may state that when an address expressive of affection and reverence was presented to him, along with a piece of plate, by leading men of all Churches and parties, on his leaving his residence in Glasgow for Roseneath, it was suggested by one of the Committee that the presentation should take place *in* his old parish of Row, as the most fitting place in which to record their admiration of all he had done there. But he at once declined this suggestion, on the ground that it would be looked upon as a condemnation of his Church, and thus issue in an antagonism which he could not acquiesce in. He had hitherto acted according to his sense of duty and would vindicate himself when necessary, but he would not go beyond this by even appearing to condemn others.

I have already alluded to his reverent manner of reading the Bible; but let me here add a few words as to his faith in it. As a general principle, he used to say that Jesus Christ accepted the Old Testament Scriptures as a whole, without taking any exception to them. In his temptation, for example, He said, in reply to each suggestion of Satan, "It is written;" and, after He rose from the dead, He appealed to what was written by Moses and in the psalms and in the prophets concerning Him. What thus sufficed Christ, sufficed him. He had no doubt regarding the fact of a supernatural or direct revelation from God; yet he believed also that the ultimate judge of the truth of any Revelation professing to be given by God, was the "verifying faculty" of the conscience and spirit, not the intellect or

understanding, which had no more to do with discerning what was of God, whose "name is love," than the eye has to do with music, or the ear with scenery or pictorial art. He heartily believed in miracles, not as evidences of works of wonder-revealing power, which did not reveal God, but as being works of love which *did* reveal an Almighty Father, who was seeking the good of his children. Therefore, he would not, according to apostolic teaching, be convinced by the mere *ipse dixit* of even an angel from heaven, unless what was said abode the test of conscience, and was discerned to be true by the spiritual mind. So far from this principle of interpretation leading him to scepticism regarding the truth of Scripture, it had the reverse effect. In spite of a most subtle mind, naturally disposed to wander far into the realms of speculative thought, his spirit was so cultivated as to balance his intellect, and to lead him into a child-like faith and reverence for the Bible. His habit, when he could not harmonize anything in Scripture with what he had been taught of God, was to pause and wait humbly and patiently for light. If he could not believe what he did not *see* to be true—for with him seeing, spiritually, *was* believing; it did not follow that he must disbelieve it as being necessarily false. Knowing from experience how often light had come out of seeming darkness; and how often he had been left in doubt because dealing not with God's Word, but with a false or mere traditional interpretation of it; he assumed in the meantime that the truth was there, and sought a better telescope for discovering it, or a better atmosphere, or more light in which to see it; and was accordingly rewarded in the end by his faith in the Bible becoming deeper and stronger. He did not avoid but welcomed all criticisms upon it with open mind and heart, if only they were commended by their scholarship and love of truth, and he always gathered from them more knowledge of God's Word, and more love to it. Should any darkness still remain, he was able to bear it because of the light in which he dwelt, and which, as it increased, widened the circle of darkness beyond—a darkness that must finally disappear in a fuller knowledge of God, in whom is no darkness at all.

In what I have here so imperfectly stated regarding Dr. Campbell, I may possibly have given to those who did not know him the impression of one who was "too good for

human nature's daily food;" or of one who had about him something *outré*, fantastic or affected; or of one who dealt in the narrow shibboleths of a sect or religious coterie; or of one who assumed a something which practically said, "Stand back, I am holier than thou;" and whose religion had a considerable mixture of vanity and Pharisaical pride. But from everything of this kind he was absolutely free. He was of a higher type than those who are merely called, and, it may be, called truly, "very religious people." He was by habit too much of "the thorough gentleman," in the real sense of the phrase, to have had anything false or untruthful in his outward manner; and he was too loving both towards God and man to be anything else than transparent, simple, and unaffected in all that he said or did. His manner was, no doubt, silent and grave, and devoid of all flashes of wit or humour. He exercised great self-restraint, and was not characterized while dealing with ordinary things, by those conversational powers which are good gifts, and constitute what is called an agreeable, genial man in every-day society. Yet how paltry and perishing are such possessions as compared with his! I admit too that he wore an aspect, as of one ever "playing with an inward bait" of deep, serious thought. Yet he was never morose, never repulsive. An undescrivable quiet peace like sunshine rested on him even when a silent and patient listener, as his wont was. It was only in the inner circle of congenial minds that he brought forth, with most subtle thought, those treasures of Christian knowledge and experience which lay concealed in the depth of his calm and meditative spirit. Yet he was ever open to all good and happiness in the world, to all truth, beauty, and joy, whether from nature or science, literature or art. His laughter was as genuine as his sorrow. He could sympathise with young children as well as with aged saints. He appreciated a good story or a good joke with all his heart. For to him "the world" was only what was *not* of the Father; while all that was of the Father—all that is worth knowing and loving in social life, all that is according to God's will in nature, from the flowers of earth to the stars in heaven, he rejoiced in. As an evidence of this harmonious culture of the whole man, I may state that he read aloud or heard read to him with intense relish, during what proved to be the last days of his life, the novels of Scott. He put nothing away

from him but what was wrong either in itself or because of circumstances which to him, or for the sake of others, rendered it wrong or inexpedient. He was, in one word, a holy man, who lived according to the will of the loving and wise God, revealed in man.

You may now ask me how came such a man to be ejected from any Church? To reply to this question would not only occupy more space than is allotted to me, but would also be too painful to consider here. I will only say that he was grievously misunderstood as to many of his doctrines, and too well understood in regard to others, to justify the ordinary preaching of not a few who tried him. He was supposed to be one of a party of which Edward Irving was the leader or inspiring genius, and which created great excitement at that time, near his parish in the west of Scotland, in connection with the supposed gift of tongues, with the working of miracles, certain views of prophecy, &c. But, while willing to listen meekly to any one who professed to have learned of God, and while valuing also the personal friendship of many dear friends belonging to this party, Irving himself among the rest, he never gave in his adherence to any of their peculiarities, and rejected the whole system and characteristic doctrines of what culminated in the "Holy Apostolic Church." The place it gave to outward order, to Church authority, and to the virtue of the sacraments, was utterly alien to his deepest convictions as to the relationship between God and man, the nature of true faith, and the means by which spiritual life could be imparted to and sustained in the soul. He and Irving were to the last much attached friends, though wide apart in their views. Said Irving to him, on one occasion, "I will be to thee a staff of strength on which thou canst lean, and, John, thou shalt be to me a pillow of love, on which I can rest my weary head. Let us pray." This was in a Glasgow counting-house. On another occasion, when urging him to join the Church, and finding his friend Campbell inflexible, Irving, like an ancient Prophet, rose up in all his imposing dignity, and said with solemn voice, "John! I command thee to believe!" But had an angel from heaven thus spoken, whatever effect his "authority" might have had on Irving, yet if without the light of truth to commend his words to the conscience, he would no more have affected his friend than would the same command if uttered by one of the angels of Irving's Church.

Then I may say that the times have much

changed since then, and also the manner in which differences of opinion in Christian men are judged and treated. To this change, in its most healthy aspect, Dr. Campbell has contributed more than any other man in Scotland. His case too was discussed very hastily, being disposed of after midnight in a very thin house, when not half the members were present. Dr. Chalmers was a member of that assembly; but he absented himself on the plea that it would take him a month to master the literature of the question in order to discuss it with satisfaction. Had he been present, it may be doubted whether he would have voted against a man whom he called "the holy Campbell," and whom he is said, on good authority, to have afterwards blamed only for "rash statements." That such a man could be deposed in our day, we deem to be in the highest degree improbable, although legally possible. But why recall the bitter theological disputes of forty years ago? The good men on both sides are almost all gone to their rest, and they dispute no more, while Dr. Campbell has affected, and will continue to affect for good, the Christian life of his Church and country.

That such a man has lived amongst us is an unspeakable gain. A life like his is the greatest possible strength and encouragement to seek that faith in God through Jesus Christ, from which it grew. One realises in the contemplation of his character the power of that evidence for the truth of Christianity for which our Lord prayed when He desired that all his followers might be one, that so the world might believe that God had sent Him to save it. For this Christian life of love to God and man, in spite of all diversities of individual temperament, outward circumstances, country, or Church, witnesses to an inward unity of character, which cannot possibly be accounted for otherwise than by the fact of there being an ever-living, ever-present Saviour, from whom all Christians humbly and gratefully acknowledge that it is constantly received. And if the same life was embodied and expressed in the Church, as it is in some of its individual members, then would it be, if anything could, what our Lord intends it to be, the one great missionary society—the light of life and of love manifested in the flesh, and fitted to illuminate and convert the world, as it cannot be done by any mere opinions, or dogmas, however true. Thank God, there are many now, and many more have been on earth, who have possessed the same spirit as Dr. Campbell did—in kind,

at least—and in innumerable instances, in degree also. I have had the happiness of knowing, and of meeting once all together in his house, the late Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, the late principal Scott of Owen's College, Manchester, and Professor Maurice; and such men of culture, both of intellect and of spirit, such "outbilt" holy, loving men, breathing an atmosphere of such lofty thought and deep devotion, I cannot hope again to meet together on this side the grave.\*

Never have I seen beyond the influence of Christ such a product of character towards God and man as these men possessed. Had they been asked by what power they were enabled thus to live, but one response would have been given by each and all from their deepest convictions and experience:—"The life I now live in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Let me add a few facts regarding Dr. Campbell's outer life. He was born in the manse of Kilninver, Argyllshire, in 1800. His father, Dr. Campbell, was much beloved and respected as a gentleman, a pastor, and a friend. He died when he was upwards of fourscore years. His son was presented to the beautiful parish of Row, immediately opposite the residence of the Duke of Argyll at Roseneath, and was ordained in 1825. After his deposition by the General Assembly in 1831, he was wont to minister in different places to those who sought his teaching; and from 1833 till 1859 he had a church in Glasgow, not with the view of forming a sect, but to be accessible to those who clung to him, and were built up by him in the divine life. His services were without "charge." But he had never enjoyed robust health, and was ever struggling with weakness of the chest, which laid him off duty in 1838 and in 1857. Being enabled, from his patrimony, to live in a simple way and rear up his children, he retired after 1859 into private life, residing in Glasgow, there to influence society and an ever increasing circle of friends by personal intercourse and by his thoughtful publications. His last two years were spent at Roseneath, in sight of the place which to all who knew him will be connected with his name and memory. When about to leave Glasgow for Roseneath, I had the honour of presenting to him a piece of plate, which was subscribed for by clergymen and laymen of all churches, together with an address expressing

our common love for him, and admiration of his character.\*

Death came upon him unexpectedly. About the week before his decease he enjoyed a great measure of health. Five days only before his death, on the 15th of February last, and when feeling well, he wrote a characteristic letter—which we give in a note—to the orphan son and daughter of two of his old adherents in Glasgow, on the occasion of their losing a sister.†

\* The following is an extract from this address:—

"In thus addressing you we are assured that we only give expression to feelings widely prevalent; for, although your name has been much associated with religious controversy, we believe that all would now recognise you as one who, in his fearless adherence to that which he held to be the truth of God, has never been tempted to forget the meekness and gentleness of Christ. And, without entering upon any disputed questions, we desire for ourselves to express the conviction that your labours and example have been the means of deepening religious thought and life in our country; that your influence has been a source of strength and light to the Churches, and that in your writings, as in your words, you have ever united independence of mind with humility and reverence for divine truth, and deep spiritual insight with the purity and tenderness of Christian love."

Dr. Campbell replied that he felt deeply this expression of personal feeling towards himself. He desired to thank the Committee and the subscribers for their kindness, and the more that they had expressed that kindness through one who was so old and valued a friend; but his deepest thankfulness was for the testimony borne to his labours, that they had not been in vain. He felt, indeed, some measure of confidence that they had not; and he welcomed this acknowledgment all the more because he believed it to be rendered for Christ's sake—for "we preach not ourselves but Christ, Jesus the Lord." He did not feel that he could well speak in reference to his own circumstances, of which Dr. Macleod had spoken. He would only say that he felt grateful that the being without and not within the Church of Scotland had never lessened his deep feeling towards the Church, his interest in her ministry, and his thankfulness for the good effected by her ministrations. Perhaps the change in his position had been favourable to his thinking and writing as he might not have done had he remained to the close a hard-working parish priest. But these things were in the hands of God.

† After alluding to their loss, he says:—

"How much has such dealing of God with you been in itself solemn teaching, and fitted to give weight to all other teaching which has been helping you to value Christ, who has 'abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel!'"

"Your bereavements must make you more to each other, and you ought to be each a great comfort to the other—each saving the other from the extreme loneliness that the one would feel without the other."

"But the comfort which your Heavenly Father bids you seek together and both share in (while yet the one cannot give it to the other) is what I wish to remind you of; I mean that 'everlasting consolation' which we experience in seeing life and death, time and eternity, in the light of redeeming love. That light makes, indeed, painful discoveries as to ourselves, and what we are as sinners; and we may, shrinking from this pain, be tempted to shut our eyes to escape it; but so doing, we shall be shutting our eyes also on the mercies of God—his forgiving love, which no one can know or taste who draws back from confessing the deep need of forgiveness."

"The death of Christ for our sins reveals at once *our sins* and *God's mercies*, not either alone, but both together."

"How thankful and grateful, while humbled and broken, ought we to feel, learning to see our sins by the light of forgiving love!"

"This is the teaching of the Cross, the lesson we are set to learn in the school of Christ—the first part of the lesson, which begins with the Cross, and goes on to the Crown. Indeed, it is one lesson; for forgiving love reveals, not remission of sins only, but also the hope of glory."

"May you both so receive this affliction, and be made by it so to receive former afflictions and all visits of God's merciful dealing with you, and call to help you to understand his mind and will, as that you shall not now rest in any comfort short of the 'everlasting consolation.'"

"I write for you both. Your father and mother gave me a place as a teacher and helper in Christ, which I know may lead you to *expect*, and not excuse merely, my now writing as I do."

\* Alas! since this was written, the great and good Professor Maurice has departed!

"They are all gone to that world of light!"

He was ill for a few days only, but very rapidly sank into a state of weakness, with a prostration of nervous energy, which amounted nearly to unconsciousness, from which, however, he twice awoke, once to recognise his beloved wife, and afterwards his son. But it was not given him during these days to utter any word of truth, of consolation, or of faith. His work was finished. All had been said in his life; words were no longer needed. He was mercifully saved from what would have been to him the pang of a conscious separation from all around him, whom he so tenderly loved.

He was buried in the beautiful graveyard of Roseneath, near his old friend, Mr. Story, his fellow-soldier in all his conflicts. A great number of men and women, and, as the phrase is, of ladies and gentlemen, with members and ministers of different branches of the Church in Scotland, met and prayed around that coffin, which contained the remains of a teacher and friend. On the coffin these words were inscribed:—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." When it was covered out of sight we all felt that neither earth nor heaven were now as they had once been to us, because of him whom the one had lost, and the other had gained. To have questioned the glorified immortality of such a man would have been to have questioned the existence of God. Our sense of his death was well-nigh absorbed in the awe which the assurance of his life occasioned, as the thought filled our hearts of what he now was, and of his joy when meeting his Saviour and his many friends.

Dr. Campbell has left behind him a much beloved wife; daughters, too, loving and beloved; sons of admirable character in the civil service of India; the eldest, however, being chaplain of King's College, London; a sister of whom I may speak as one who is his second self; with her sons too holding important offices in the civil service in India; and her daughters occupying what is called "high social positions." I mention these things here, only as indicating the happy and honourable Christian family circle in which he lived and rejoiced, and which he recognised as being among God's most precious gifts bestowed upon him.

Dr. Campbell's funeral sermon was preached by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Story, of Roseneath. I refrained from reading this ser-

mon until I had preached the above to my congregation, and sent it to the press. I can quote Mr. Story now as an independent witness. Among many things which he has so truly said I select these passages:—

" . . . . . To Dr. Campbell the Gospel was not a system fenced with logic, parcelled out into propositions. It was the revelation of a Divine Father's character and will. No one could use logic more skillfully than he: no one could reason with more thorough and impartial apprehension of every side of the argument; but he had got within the circle of the logic, and the orderly definitions, and the elaborated doctrines; and his spirit dwelt, so to speak, in the citadel of the truth, of which these were the cumbrous outworks. That God was the Father of all; that He loved every human soul 'with a love the measure of which was the agony of his own Son;' that He made no choice among his children, selecting some, rejecting others; that his Son came into the world, not to win a difficult pardon by shedding his own blood for certain sinners, but to reveal to all, God's goodwill towards them, and desire to save them, 'by turning them away from their iniquities,' and to teach them to have a child-like confidence in God,—this was the outline of the Gospel he preached, with all the power and persuasiveness of his own living conviction of its truth. . . . .

"As years rolled on, and as he gave to the world, from time to time, the results of his profound meditation and rare spiritual insight, thoughtful men in all the Churches—many of whom had never heard his voice—began to recognise in him one of those teachers whose influence, slowly but surely, affects the religious faith of their day and generation. . . . . In him all thought, all feeling were religious. 'His conversation was in heaven.' Of him, as of his friend Thomas Erskine, who was taken to his rest before him, you felt that his life was 'hidden with Christ,'—its closest fellowships were within the veil, its deepest realities were in the unseen. Not that he was in anywise an ascetic, or seemed to hold himself aloof from others, or above them. No one with more refined perception ever enjoyed all that was beautiful in nature, in life, in art. No one with more kindly sympathies could enter into the social intercourse of men. He did not force conversation towards sacred subjects, as is the manner of some; but you could not be with him, or hear him talk, without perceiving that here was a man to whom everything mean and corrupt was impossible, who judged by the highest standard, whose mind was most at home amidst the noblest themes, whose heart was full of that pure charity which thinketh no evil, which beareth, hopeth, believeth all things,—a man to whom, as to St. Paul, 'to live was Christ.'"

I may add that there are many notices of Dr. Campbell's ministry in Mr. Story's life of his father, to which I must refer the reader. And if he wishes to know more of Dr. Campbell's views of truth alluded to by me in so unsatisfactory and fragmentary a manner, he must turn to the valuable publications mentioned before.

NORMAN MACLEOD.