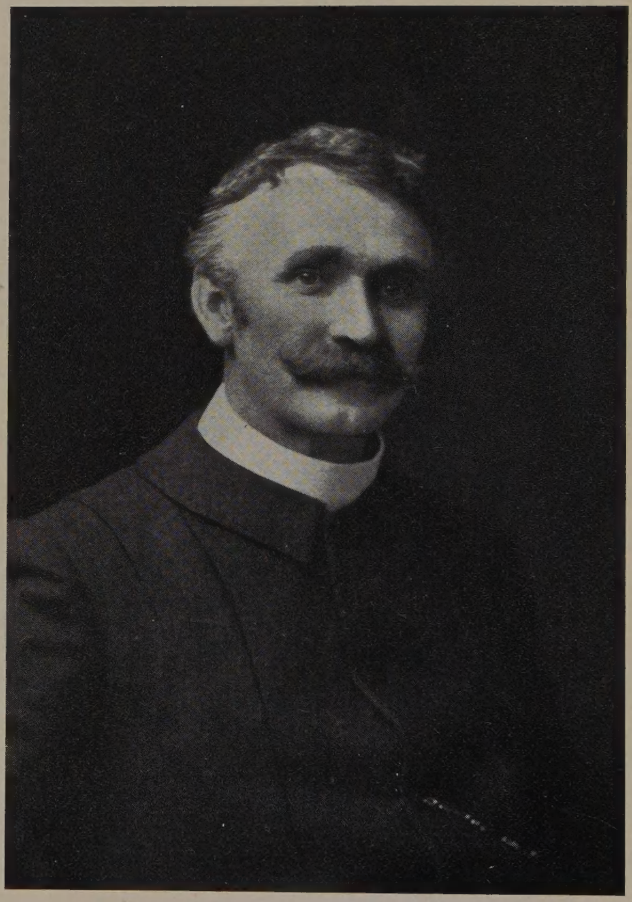

Sincerely Yours
Sheldon Mackenzie

DONALD MACFARLANE OF GIGHA AND CARA

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY

SYDNEY SMITH

WITH PORTRAIT

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NOTE

The writer of this sketch is indebted to the sisters of the subject of it for supplying him with many particulars as to their brother's life. He thanks various friends of Donald Macfarlane and others for helping him in different ways. From the Rev. R. P. R. Anderson, M.A., Genoa, and Dr. Angus MacGillivray, Dundee, he has re-received assistance of a special kind which he desires gratefully to acknowledge. He would express his high appreciation of the kindness of the Rev. Alistair Maclean, B.D., Daviot, and the Rev. Norman Maclean, D.D., Edinburgh, in contributing to the volume. Some impressions which the former has set down appear on pages 18–20, 118–121; those of Dr. Maclean form an Appendix.

S.S.

Forest Row, Sussex,
April, 1925.

TO

MARGARET MACEWEN

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CHAPTER I

AN UNKNOWN MAN

Some years ago a Conference was held at Oban on the subject of Religion. One came late to the gathering and enquired as to how things had been going. He received the reply that the outstanding personality of the Conference was an unknown man. The reference was to the subject of this biography.

Macfarlane was unknown probably to the majority of his brethren in the ministry, and certainly to the great mass of his fellow countrymen. It was so at the time the words were spoken ; nor perhaps is it very much otherwise now.

He had, it is true, been minister of a well-known parish. The name of the district in Argyleshire which represented the first of his two responsible fields of service had rightly or wrongly been identified in the minds of generations of ordinary readers of Macpherson's "Ossian" with a region bearing the name of Morven which is the subject of frequent mention there.

Donald Macfarlane of Gigha and Cara

For one hundred and seven years the Manse of the Parish had been the home of certain of the noblest representatives of a family that had distinguished themselves in the service of Church and Country. " The Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," a book from the pen of another member held in great and wide esteem, had introduced large numbers of his fellow-countrymen to that house and home, the life and work of the men whose residence it had been, the manner of education and the occupations of their children, the peasantry among whom they had lived, the general natural characteristics of that part of the country. The honours that came to different members of the family in the wider world beyond had ever meant greater distinction to that representative of it who went by the name of the High Priest of Morven, an allusion to his stature, and also to his father and predecessor. In that quarter there was a reverberation of these acclaims. The mantle which was cast on Macfarlane on his appointment to the charge was thus as a giant's robe.

If in Macfarlane's first parish forms looming large out of the past tended to dwarf his proportions, the obscurity of the second kept him unknown. There are fair-sized maps of Scotland in which the larger of the two islands which

together give to it its name is not indicated except in outline, while the smaller is not marked in any way. Macfarlane would sometimes profess in a kind of mock heroic strain his indignation at the number of his brethren who had never heard of Gigha. His brother indeed had met a Spanish engineer in the heart of Mexico who knew it and all about it, but Macfarlane added half pathetically, the man turned out to be a Scotsman, who had spent his boyhood on the Island, and was only a Spaniard in speech and appearance. He was in the way of telling a story of how on a visit to a friend in a town on the Clyde he met a schoolboy who showed him his books, including one on geography. He asked of the lad as to his knowledge of the subject and received the answer that he had "got through Great Britain and Ireland," and also "through Europe." "Where then, is Gigha?" "Oh! I am not so far on as that," said the boy. The lad's mental blank at the query must be the experience of many both among clergy and laity, when mention is made of the Island of Gigha.

Macfarlane wrote no book, nor did any article ever appear over his signature or without it. He preached no University sermon. He was a son and grandson and great-great-grandson of the Manse, but he is not on the Presidential

Roll of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy of the Church of Scotland. On one occasion only did he address the General Assembly of his Church, and it can scarcely be said that he did so quite successfully. The speech which he made was in support of a scheme put forward by the Psalmody and Hymns Committee of the Church for the improvement of Congregational Singing. He told one or two stories of a humorous kind, the point of which was the low standard of Church praise in parts of the country. Then came the incident in a certain church where the singing was led by a choir without the aid of a musical instrument. The choir had rendered a certain piece of music, and, when they had sat down, the minister began to read from the first verse of the twentieth chapter of the Book of Acts : "And after the uproar had ceased." As the laughter to which the story gave rise subsided, one was aware of a stillness which spelled tension in certain parts of the House, and it found voice in the interjection of a Highland minister, who, rising, he said, to a point of order, protested that the speaker's account of Church music in any part of the country was a travesty. Macfarlane was taken aback, and, to the disappointment of the majority of those who heard him, did not continue his speech.

On the other hand, and it is true more especially of the later stages of the first period of his ministry, he made many journeys through the West Highlands of Scotland in fulfilment of engagements to assist at Sacramental services or to speak at ordinations, and although the range of his travels was for the most part within the limits of the Highlands, and these were often of the nature of return visits, there can have been few ministers of the Church more sought after for such occasions than he. He was known and well-known to the captains of steamers that sailed these Western seas. A boat in the offing at Fiunary in Morven, waiting to take the minister to some remote port of call, was no unfamiliar sight. Though his insight deepened with the years and his preaching bore witness to the fact, his oratory, at all times noble, has been described at this stage of his ministry by one who had many opportunities of estimating his powers both in Gaelic and English, and was well qualified to do so, as less disdainful of dramatic art ; there was general and eager anticipation of his visits, and one might sometimes have heard him called the Apostle of the West.

Macfarlane's influence, however, was intensive rather than extensive. He had a genius for friendship, most of his friends were " in the

Church," some had been his assistants, and even among those with whom he had less intimate acquaintanceship there can have been few who were unaffected by the spirit of his ministry and did not find his methods of work suggestive. There were men and women in the parishes in which he ministered, whose debt to him in the spiritual account, as some on occasion readily confessed, was almost too great to assess, and certain others there were, it might be of no Church communion, wayfarers whom he encountered on the high road of life, who as often as they recalled him felt the pulses of life beat though it were only a little faster, and found it easier through such remembrance to believe in God and their fellows. Not very happily expressed perhaps, but true to fact was the observation which one of these made to the writer, "Sincerity seemed to ooze out of him." To convince though it were but one person in the world that one's religion is real may have unending issues inasmuch as he may in a similar way affect others and these yet others in an unbroken series. It was not one, but many whom Macfarlane directly influenced.

When John Wesley was a tutor in Oxford he declined to give up his work for that of a parochial charge. He pled when made the subject of

criticism on the point the good which he could do in influencing men at the most critical period of their lives, many of whom were preparing for the Christian ministry. "Here," he wrote, "are the schools of the prophets; he who gains one does as much service to the world as he could in a parish in his whole life; in him are contained all who shall be converted by him; he is not a single drop of the dew of heaven, but a river to make glad the city of God." Macfarlane in like manner served the many through his concentration on the few. He was in intimate and constant relationship with a considerable number of ministers of his Church and beyond it. He placed his experience and reflections at their service. Some of them had been his assistants, and the instruction and training which he had given them during their probationership he continued to impart in after years. He sought to enable them to see as he saw, to inspire them with his own ideals in the interests of the work which according to his faith had been committed to himself and them. The time which he gave to these men in his thoughts, his prayers, his correspondence, his hospitality, seemed sometimes to the onlooker to bear a greatly disproportionate relation to that which was available to him, but Macfarlane knew what he was doing. His great

heart was through them bearing the burdens of innumerable men and women whom he would never meet.

Words written of Macfarlane by a friend and fellow-Highlander, to whom he gave not only the Gospel, but in such ways as these himself, may not inappropriately find place here :

> In the Columban monasteries of Celtic Scotland each brother had, the fault his own if he lived lacking, a Caraid-anama. The Caraid-anama discharged the functions which the name implies. He was the friend of the soul, the comrade alike in sunshine and in the dark and cloudy day. Love placed reliance upon the Caraid-anama : saw in him star and sun : yielded him swift obedience : held to him with quiet unchanging to the journey's end. It was a wise provision. The young novice, embarking fearful upon the venture of renunciation, needed some such friend. Can we not still, peering through Time's dark curtain, picture to ourselves some such Crusader of the Faith returning to his monastery in the Isles ; back from his faring by land and sea and many a tale to tell : of spiritual victories won ; of strange custom and fierce clan ; of hearts sin-weary and seeking tidings of Jesus? And when the tale is told and eyes have

ceased to stare and Evensong is sung we glimpse a figure stealing through the shadows into a quiet room, the cell of Caraid-anama. No longer is it mouth-speech. Now it is heart-speech ; faltering tongue ; confession ; chronicle of " his spirit's travail and things which were not fine ; " or shy unfolding of many a lovely dream. No matter. Our Caraid-anama understands. His words are light and healing and call to battle all in one. Few indeed but enough. For Young Crusader finds in them his reinforcement, girds him on his armour with a will and marches forth again upon the heavenly enterprise.

The Order of Caraid-anama receives no official recognition in the Presbyterianism of the Church of Scotland, but despite the absence of it the Order survives. The succession maintains itself unbroken to the great enrichment of God's children, men and women whose work and joy it is to be the helpers of others, lanterns held on high for groping souls to follow after, swords to slay our ease, fellow-travellers to the Celestial City who are wise to know when we are weary and whisper " Rest," or to chide our sloth with " Come, now, let's trudge another mile." Of this lineage was Donald Macfarlane. The sound of his name

is music to my heart and the music is often there. I have interludes of forgetting. This is well ; but of fine remembering too, and every time I do think of him I find that a voice keeps murmuring in my ear, " Caraid-anama, Caraid-anama." Friend of thy Soul, Friend of thy Soul. My acquaintanceship with him was but a brief twelve years, and the only claim I have to write of him is that my friendship with him was of an intimacy given to few and that, in common with so many of my brethren in the Church of Scotland, his thought, his teaching and his spirit so interfused my own as to become at last an indestructible part of my being.

CHAPTER II

CLAN AND ANCESTRY

A good many years ago the writer visited the island of Iona. As he stood one day, his face towards the Atlantic, on the left the Island of Mull, the sea at his feet rolled blue on silver sand ; in the distance the spray tumbled in masses of snow-white sheen over sunken rocks or was flung in crystals in the face of heaven ; as it rose and fell it seemed to deepen by contrast the azure of the ocean which stretched behind and before and around. It was difficult for him to keep the images of the ancient Vikings and the stealthy approach of their prows out of the picture. Some time after, as he sat musing on the Island shore of Gigha, he looked down on the waters of the bay breaking pale on the beach of white sand, and saw the sea foaming on the rocks, and there, behold, his Viking. It was Macfarlane. The illusion was born of his powerful build, his blue eyes, his noble forehead, the sunlight on his fair hair. To others also Macfarlane suggested the Norseman. " One could well believe " a

Celtic scholar remarked "that the blood of the Vikings was in his veins." "He was the last of the Vikings to sail these seas," was the observation of another. There are, however, apart from his physical appearance and something in him of the sea-rover, no facts to prove it true. The Clan of Macfarlane derives from a purely Celtic family without Saxon or Scandinavian strain. They are descendants of a certain Gilchrist, the fourth son of one of the old Earls of Lennox.

On two occasions King Edward I made in name at least a royal progress through Scotland. He caused to be made, for purposes of taxation, a list, with register of properties, of the names of those who had surrendered to him as Lord Paramount of Scotland. This was known as the Ragman's Roll. There appears in it the name of Duncan MacGilchrist of Lennox, a son of the Gilchrist already mentioned. The year 1263 saw King Haco of Norway in Scotland ready with a mighty fleet to reassert his sovereignty over the Hebrides. He sent a detachment to ravage that part of Lennox which is Loch Lomondside and the Glen of Tarbet. Tradition has it that a great fight took place there between the Clansmen of Duncan MacGilchrist of Lennox and the Norsemen. So gloriously, it is said, did the chief's grandson, Parlan or Pharlan to name, acquit

himself on the field, so noble was the victory won under his command, that " henceforth and for ever his enthusiastic followers acclaimed themselves 'Macpharlain,' while the name of Gilchrist by which they had hitherto been known dropped away."

Lennox, or that part of Scotland into which Loch Goil pushes a thumb and forefinger as though to get of it what it can, was the home country of the Macfarlanes. They were notable warriors. When King Henry VIII raised a force in pursuance of certain designs on the Western coasts of Scotland, he placed the Earl of Lennox in command of the expedition, and there rallied to the assistance of him and his English Army seven score Highlanders under Walter Macfarlane of Tarbet. We hear of their lightness of foot, their equipment of coats of mail and bows and arrows and two hundred swords, and likewise of the great service which they rendered. At the Battle of Langside, alone among Highland chiefs, a Macfarlane took sides with the Regent Moray against Queen Mary. " The valiance of the Macfarlanes of Arrochar," a certain chronicler has it, gave him his victory. In " Old Mortality " Scott acclaims their prowess at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, where they were ranged on the side of the Royalist troops. He

describes the long and desperate struggle of the Covenanters to hold the bridge and how at length the Clan of Macfarlane rushed forward with shouts of " Loch Sloy !", their *cri de guerre*, and forced the passage. It is as great robbers, however, that they are remembered rather than as soldiers. They had a pibroch, " The Lifting of the Cattle." The moon has the name of " Macfarlane's lantern." The crimes of the clansmen, " theft, robbery, oppression," moved the State at different times to stern measures of repression. At length tribunals are set up, and large numbers of those who escape conviction, under orders of banishment leave Lennox and settle, assuming new names, in different parts of the country. " Macfarlane's wild plaided clan," however, do not stand alone in their bad eminence. Offences similar to theirs were committed by others of these Highland families, and as a matter of fact formed counts in indictments of them. The history of the latter in modern times, however, is also that of the former. In many fields of service the Macfarlanes have won an excellent name. A collection of genealogical records and charters, invaluable to the historian of Scotland, is housed in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. The history of all the families of note in the Highlands and Lowlands except that of Macfar-

lane is there. We owe these manuscripts to the research of Walter Macfarlane, the distinguished antiquary, a son of John Macfarlane of Arrochar. At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in the eventful year 1843, when those who had decided to form the Free Church of Scotland went out from their brethren, it was Duncan Macfarlan, Principal of Glasgow University, whom the remnant of the old Church elected as their Moderator. About the same time another Duncan of the clan was building boats at Tarbert in Kintyre. Known far and wide he was for the strength and stability of his craft; but also for this, that he designed the type of fishing boat that goes by the name of the Loch Fyne. It commended itself recently to a commission of experts from Japan, appointed by their Government to visit Europe and report as to the best kind of fishing smack. Son of the boat-builder was Donald Macfarlane, Minister of the Parish of Killean and Kilchenzie, usually called Killean, in Kintyre, and father of the subject of this Sketch.

He of whom these pages will tell was through his mother kith and kin with the Clans of Maclean and Campbell. Imagine his mother to clasp the hand of *her* mother, and the latter the hand of hers ; the first of the group is by birth a Maclaine,

and the last is a Campbell of Inverawe, who has married Donald Macnicol, Minister of the Parish of Lismore and Appin. Mrs. Macnicol was a contemporary of Dr. Samuel Johnson. He was her mother's guest at Inverawe in the course of his tour through the Hebrides. "What would you like for breakfast?" enquired Mrs. Campbell of her distinguished visitor. "Porridge, of course," he replied, in a mood of rather sullen discontent with what he supposed was the inevitable fare. His chagrin was more than plain next morning when at the breakfast table, laden as it was with all manner of good things, among them salmon and venison, he heard his host remark: "Here, Dr. Johnson, are two plates of porridge, one for you and one for me. I am giving myself, you observe, the pleasure of partaking of it with you." Was the Doctor thinking at the moment of the definition of "oats" as given in his dictionary: "grain, which, in England, is generally used for horses, but in Scotland supports the people"? Another story of the same Mansion House has a more direct bearing on the ancestral history of the subject of this biography. There were twain who sought Miss Lilias Campbell in marriage, one a soldier, the other the Minister of Lismore and Appin; and it happened that it was on the same day and

on the same momentous errand that they directed their footsteps to Inverawe. The afternoon was one of rain and tempest and the soldier turned first into the kitchen that he might warm himself and dry his clothes. But while he tarried there, lo, a foot, that of the minister, mounts the front steps of the Mansion House. He is in the hall ; he is in my lady's bower; and the palm of victory goes to the man of peace. The man of arms, it was reported further, was first in Miss Campbell's affections, but he had wounded her pride.

Mr. Donald Macnicol, who had won Miss Campbell's heart, was a man of more or less remarkable gifts. He was something of a Gaelic poet, a collector of Ossianic manuscripts, a scholar of varied learning and an accomplished writer. Some time after Dr. Johnson had written the narrative of his Highland tour, Mr. Macnicol published in a small volume a lengthy review of the same which he entitled " Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides." The great dictionary maker when he had read the book is reported to have exclaimed, " The Savage can write." A cursory glance at its pages serves to confirm the truth of the estimate. The main contention is that Dr. Johnson's motive in travelling to Scotland and in writing his book was his hatred of the Scottish people, which in

Mr. Macnicol's opinion was with him a master passion ; and the fire of wit, logic, and learning are all brought to play effectively on what Mr. Macnicol regards as the riotous mob mass of his prejudices. Something of the minister's manner of writing may be gathered from his comment on a well-known passage in the book which he sets out to answer. " That man is little to be envied," Dr. Johnson writes, " whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." After claiming to have laid bare inconsistencies in certain reflections suggested to Dr. Johnson by his visit to Iona, Mr. Macnicol observes : " I know not what degree of force the Doctor's patriotism might gain upon the plain of Marathon, but if we are to judge of his piety from his regard to truth, it seems not to have grown remarkably *warm* among the ruins of Iona. According to his own decision, therefore, ' He is a man little to be envied.' "

CHAPTER III

HOMELAND

Let a visitor to that well-known resort of golfers, Machrihanish in the south-west of Kintyre, when he stands on its crescent shore in full view of Atlantic billows, turn and face due North and then follow the coast line. A few miles, and he is within the boundaries of the Parish of Killean.

The Parish runs to length rather than breadth: the coast is a line of little bays which at certain points seem almost threaded together by the road which runs from Tarbert to Campbeltown ; the steep green banks representing the raised beach that girdles Scotland reproduce in their curvings the outline of the shore, and on their surface imitate in ripples of grass the ribs of the sea sand. One would have to confess to a feeling of monotony in the sight of the double curvatures of green grass and white sand were the succession not broken by other features, such as the sloping scaurs of rock, barbaric boulders whose rudeness Nature relieves by throwing round them necklaces in which mingle the

colours of gold and blue and pink, green billows that pursue one another along these slopes of grass, dells which are bield and bosom to alder and rowan and hazel amid the tempests of that unprotected shore.

The Parish is typical of the peninsula to which it belongs in that it is not without appeal to the historic sense and imagination. Not far from the Manse is a fort which tradition has it was once "a hall of joy" to welcome the great Fingal and his warriors. You can trace the ground plan, you can measure the strength of the walls by that of the foundations, those huge blocks of undressed stone ; there are stories of the discovery of stags' horns, the trophies of the chase, and flint spearheads, the spoil of war. In the near neighbourhood is Giant's Fort, the crown of a lofty ivy-clad rock, likewise, they say, the sometime residence of the hero and his mighty men, fitting abode, if Macpherson's "Ossian" is to be believed, of one who "like the strong shining sun rejoiced on his hill." Within the same radius are the scanty remains of Dundonald Castle, set upon a surface of rock around which are strewn in confusion fragments from the cliff behind like crumbs from a giant's table. Within the precincts of the stronghold the Lord of the Isles administered, they say, the rude laws of

the times, and from the height as from the Tarpeian Rock in Rome persons convicted of certain offences were hurled.

A glance at the map shows the Island of Gigha with little Cara directly opposite the coast of Killean ; Islay is beyond them pushing, for such is the form of it, the chin of its old man countenance into the waters of the Atlantic ; bring your finger further down the coast-line of Killean and there is nothing between it and Canada ; still further south the Mull of Kintyre rounds off the peninsula. Gigha when the writer last saw it, slumbered in the haze of a summer morning under a patchwork cover of yellows and greens, and the three hills which repeat themselves in as many hummocks were as the rumples of it. Little Cara lies like a lion couched, the face of it the high broad cliff at the Southern end, in whose brow Nature has set an eye, quiet, piercing, keeping watch over the waters. The mountains of Islay with their heads dreaming in the silences of heaven, some with far-flung sleeping shadows, some enswathed in splendours of purple gloom, lay their spell upon us. Between Islay and the dark promontory of the Mull the sky opens its eye wide over an expanse which dazzles us with the brightness of its burnished silver or stirs mystic cravings within our souls.

Donald Macfarlane of Gigha and Cara

Of this Parish, the Rev. Donald Macfarlane, the father of the subject of this biography, was minister for twenty-eight years. His former charge was that of Muckairn Parish, Taynuilt, not far from Oban. There is in the latter none, it is said, that remembers him, but some years ago his son Donald happening to visit it met an old man who did and who spoke to him thus : "Your father opened a well here that has never ceased to flow, and please God it never will." There are traditions of his rich voice, poetic imagination and popular appeal. These gifts and graces mark his ministry in Killean also, but in the latter there is by all accounts a fuller self-revealing. He showed himself an enthusiast in the cause of the education of the people. Among his enterprises were the building of a school and teacher's house where none had been, and the rebuilding of an old school fabric. Not without drafts on his own bank account, unwearied effort of persuasion with parishioners and heritors, prolonged negotiations with these last, were these projects carried through, and in furthering of his high ends he was led to publish a certain Gaelic pamphlet, admirable, it is said, both in form and substance. He was a Churchman of a type that was formed in part by the ecclesiastical controversies of the time, and he

was as quick to grasp his sword as his hand was skilful in the play he made with it in defence of the Church of his fathers. He was something of a commandant in his relations with his congregation, and addressed them after that manner, but none questioned his right. In after years his son took occasion to plead with his own congregation in regard to some matter in which they had disappointed him, and one who had known his father happening to meet him afterwards remarked that that was not the way in which his father had been accustomed to address his people. To which the son replied : " If I had addressed my congregation as my father did his, I would not have a soul to preach to." Not dissimilar were the relations of the Minister of Killean with his family. Here, too, he showed a certain austerity to which a touching story of his son John is sufficient witness. During his father's last illness the boy knocked one day at the door of his room, and, entering, said to him with the most serious face that if it would make his father well he was quite willing to receive a good thrashing. His wife was Anne Kennedy, daughter of the Minister of Jura and Colonsay. Jura is an island somewhat to the north of Islay, and separated from it by a narrow channel. The mountains thereof, " The Paps of Jura," as they

are called, are visible from the coast of Killean. Colonsay lies out in the Atlantic, to the west of the other. The wife of the Minister of Killean loved Highland music, and played it on the piano with beautiful touch. One hears of her motherly kindness, her gentle heart of piety. The minister and his wife were given to hospitality, but the domestic administration of the latter was marked by a wise economy, and she betrayed a homely and practical wisdom in her practice of emptying out the pockets of her husband, when he went on a journey, that he might be saved from falling a victim to his too great generosity. Their children were eight in number, five sons and three daughters, and Donald was the second eldest. He was born in the Manse of Killean on the 11th of February, 1861.

The Manse of Killean is a block of buildings which turns its back on the road and the high green slopes behind, and faces the sea. A large outhouse is attached to its northern gable, and is flanked by another so placed as to form a carpenter's square, the shorter beam pointing landward. Between these and the road rise high walls that protect a garden. Up the red bricks of them, you see, as you open the door, fruit trees climbing; one's eye falls upon beds in which are massed old-world flowers, on a rain gauge,

on small patches or rows of useful vegetables; and through a deep-cut channel which divides the enclosure is a stream whose noise returns in echoes from the walls. An avenue of trees leads from the road past the southern gable of the Manse to the porch in front. As we approach the house, the branches overhead are seen to intertwine, and there is a suggestion of Italy in the pink bells of a flowering shrub, the lawn, the garden seat, the trimmed green hedge behind, the blue sea beyond, as seen through this natural arch.

CHAPTER IV

INTERESTS AND TRAITS

The mornings of the early boyhood of Donald saw him and his brother helping to cast off one or other of the boats of the local lobster fishers from their moorings, and then the mainsail hoisted and away to the fishing grounds in Knapdale, or elsewhere. From these men the art of sailing a boat was quickly acquired, and such pleasure did the boys derive from it that they took counsel together and boldly sent an order for a boat to Campbeltown. Their father, always fearless himself on the sea, gave them every encouragement to learn seacraft, and if he knew of their commission gave no sign. Their mother, on the other hand, came to hear of it, had some hours of anxiety and wrote to the boat-makers to make the sail small. The effect of the injunction was to reduce the boat to a toy. The boys who had dreamt of it as speeding like a bird on the wing sat down and wept bitterly.

Donald had made a model boat previous to this. When the idea came to the boy he passed

from it, but it came again : the thing could be done—but how? So many things must be got. Wood, of course, might be had for the asking, but how about the keel? There were the Communion tokens in the box-room ; old ones and no longer in use. He would melt them. A fine keel they made. It was only a sail he needed now. He asked his mother for a piece of linen cloth, but she had none to spare. Here and there about the house, seeking. In a drawer, his father's linen shirt, the very thing. How the boat would go! The launch—discovery—the thrifty mother's wrath!

The spirit of prophecy often takes possession of us in the presence of a child. When we see him busy with his pencil or taken up with machinery or "playing at church," we form an image of a future artist or engineer or preacher. The interest of the boy Donald Macfarlane in boats was so keen, it was pursued with such resourcefulness and at such risks, that one might well have seen in it a reversion to type, and predicted for him in days ahead some form of active association with the sea.

Some years afterwards during the time when he was attending classes in Glasgow University, the passion for boats and sailing would leap upon him. Saturday afternoon would often see

him at Broomielaw Bridge, watching the loading and the unloading of cargoes, and sailing many a dream voyage. "If any captain had asked me to come along with him," he has been heard to remark, "he would not have needed to do so again."

Of the pursuits which filled out these early days at Killean, another, not, however, continued in later life, was that of fishing. Donald knew the line of sunken rocks where the saithe abounded, and as he and his companions fared forth on the waters he would peer over the gunwale to make sure of their bearings. Sitting on a board placed across the stern, their faces towards the wake of the boat, they would sink and hold in the water their rods with white fly attached. The course is backward and forward along a line of sunken reefs, but it will take a wider sweep when the scream of sea-birds and the silver plash of wavelets have indicated the presence of a shoal of fish, and the bullet head or bottle nose of a seal has risen from the water to tell the same story. Excitement, quicker strokes of the oar, and then heads ducked to avoid a slap from the fish, which, caught now with every cast of the rods, are swung into the boat and are thrown into its gleaming open basket.

Characteristic of Donald in boyhood was a love

of puns and pranks. The former were often as happy as the latter were innocent. He seldom missed the opportunities of life in respect of humour. He had a pretty gift of parody, and he arranged situations to yield him the satisfaction of fun. Was it because of the brightness which in these and other ways he shed about him that his schoolfellows gave him the name by which he was known among them? The Christian name Donald is often in those parts of the world turned into Don or Donnie, but with them the "o" was lengthened, and it was "Dawnie."

There was, for example, the happy turn which he gave to a line from "The Burial of Sir John Moore," on the morning on which "the grieve" or serving man of the glebe slept in, and his father was heard to express his displeasure. The sea overnight had thrown on the beach a quantity of seaweed which was usually called "wreck," a form of "wrack," and which it was the duty of the grieve to spread on the soil as a top dressing, which thus treated was "wrecked" or "wracked."

"Little he'll wreck if they let him sleep on," remarked Donald of his father's unprofitable servant.

He was visiting Campbeltown in the company of another little boy, a veritable innocent, the

son of his father's beadle. They started shop-gazing and looked in as they passed at the windows of a toy shop, the keeper of which was known to the youth of the town by the nickname of "Cheepin' John," at once perhaps an allusion to his manner of speech and a play on the expression Cheap John, meaning a seller of wares. The old man was aware of the fact and keenly resented it. Dawnie also knew, as also of his companion's ignorance, and saw his opportunity. He suggested to the boy all unsuspecting that he might enter the shop and ask for a pennyworth of "Cheepin' Johns." At first the old man pretended to be dull of hearing, and edged his way to the front of the counter and enquired of the boy again as to what it was that he wanted. "I want a pennyworth of 'Cheepin' Johns,'" repeated the poor innocent who was expecting to receive some wonderful little toys. "There's tae ye, ye rascal," was the shout of the toyman in answer, from whom at the same time he received a resounding "skelp" on his fat cheek.

Dawnie and another boy were at play, and his companion remembered that he had forgotten to do something in his mother's garden, and asked Dawnie for the key which, when they left it together, Dawnie had by chance put into his pocket. Dawnie in the playful spirit of the

game they had been playing, but quite decidedly, refused to give it up until the lad should have sucked an egg in which at each end for the purpose Dawnie had pierced a hole.

The school in Killean which Donald attended was at Cleitt at the Northern end of the bay on which, at the Southern point of it, his father's Manse was situated. Those who were his fellows there speak of him as a kind of radiance. When he was called on to answer a question or stood to read aloud, it was as though a sunbeam fell on the rude appointments of the place. He made the same impression on his fellow-students in Glasgow University, when at the age of thirteen he passed thither to pursue the usual course required of one whose life choice was the Ministry of the Church of Scotland. Doubtless his smallness of stature in these early years stirred in them a certain feeling of amusement and benevolence, for his gown, it is said, trailed on the ground as he walked. As during his period of study at Glasgow University he was at times gripped by his passion for boats and the sea, so within its precincts he indulged his love of making fun.

Macfarlane, although "he did the work of the class of Hebrew in a highly satisfactory manner," was not greatly interested in the study

of that language, nor were his fellow Highlanders who sat near him on the benches. A friend and fellow-student, now a well-known minister of the Church did, however, distinguish himself in the subject. One morning in the class of Divinity, when a rather barren theological topic was the subject of lecture, Macfarlane got hold of his friend's note-book, and on the flyleaf drew a sketch of a tombstone on which he inscribed the name of his friend, and below it, "Tutor to Distressed Highlanders," and further down, the words given as from one of the Psalms, "There shall be no Hebrew there." It was a grave face that each student bent over the rude drawing as the book was passed along the benches, but at the sight of the words, "There shall be no Hebrew there," there was a broad reflection of Macfarlane's smile. His fellow-students in their reminiscences of him speak of a conversation about which there played the light of a rich and subtle humour.

These years of study bear their own witness to his perseverance. Donald, as already mentioned, was only thirteen when he went to College. His father had taken pains with his education in Latin and Greek, and his degree of proficiency in these subjects was probably much higher than that of the average boy of

his age. But most of his fellow-students at the University were older than he, and the lectures to which he listened were much beyond him. He had a feeling of not getting inside many of the subjects of study. Had he been older he might have been enabled to feel some of the problems presented to him in the departments of abstract thought, feeling them to ponder them, pondering them to accept with proportionately more insight the solutions offered, and thus been saved a good deal of trouble in future days. The special difficulties that he encountered as he pondered the lectures of Lord Kelvin in the class of Natural Philosophy were so many and so great that tears would start to the eyes. The earnestness and diligence of his application in the pursuit of knowledge were not, however, lost on his fellow-students. He impressed them as representing in character and physique a splendid type of Highland manhood, and there are to-day those who speak of having seen in him what they must describe as a certain greatness.

CHAPTER V

MORVEN I—SOME ASPECTS

Not long after leaving Oban, the Mull steamer, passing Loch Linnhe on the right, enters the Sound of Mull. On the left are the dark splendours of the Mull mountains. On the right again, the land rises from a promontory which thrusts the tip of its tongue into the sea as though to sip the waters. It slopes upwards to a great table-land ; on the level of the shore it curves widely and curves again. The great cliffs which rise from the sea are formed of long reddish slabs of rock, deeply and sharply cut, with much greenery in their lines of crevice. "Over them in rainy weather," writes Mr. Herbert Spencer in his Autobiography, "fall several small streams in such wise that during violent south-westerly gales they are blown back and dispersed in great clouds of spray, producing at a distance the impression that fires at the edge of the cliff are sending forth volumes of smoke." Some two miles further down, the land descends again, and the shore rounds to a point at the Castle

of Ardtornish, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles." Ardtornish stands guard at the narrow opening of a small sea loch, named Loch Aline.

Here begins another great stretch, in form almost an island, of the Parish of Morven. From near the far end of Loch Aline runs a chain of lakes which if connected would mean a waterway to Loch Sunart; Loch Sunart leads on the West into the Sound of Mull; by the Sound of Mull, as we have seen, one enters Loch Aline; and thus the belt of water is complete.

From the Sound of Mull, Morven rises in a series of green terraces up hills of varying heights, which have as their background a prolonged and more or less uneven ridge. Climb it and beneath you is the valley of the chain of lakes, Unimore to name. A beautiful valley, brilliant in its contrasts of scene and yet not too brilliant not to breathe peacefulness, one whose beauty moved Christopher North to song, and to write of it as "abysmal" in its inexhaustibleness for the poet. There across the blue rolling waters of that lake are frowning fastnesses, here are fields of tropical green; on the left are slopes of dwarfish trees strangely stiff and dotted sparsely like those of a child's artificial wooden garden, on the right the same kinds of trees marking

out the lines of the watercourses ; hills there are with deep bosoms or rounded grassy top, eminences, too, with face of hard rock or soft washed earth, and in the distance a mountain ridge, empurpled as it rises, its skyline the edge of a great ragged saw.

The Morven of Macpherson's "Ossian" is not now regarded as the Morven of our maps. The Rev. Norman Macleod, the father of Dr. John Macleod, Macfarlane's immediate predecessor, writes that the name of the Parish is more properly Morvern, because thus it is spelled in ancient records and means in Gaelic "the great lot or division." "Morven," he proceeds, means "of the great mountains," and the word in the Ossianic poems stands rather for the whole of the Highlands. On the other hand, an old native of the Parish remarked to an acquaintance of the writer, that only persons from the district of Lochaber speak of Morven as "Morvern." Further, the descriptions of Morven that one meets with in Ossian are applicable to the Morven that we know. He alludes to it as "windy," "streamy," "resounding," "rocky," as "having a hundred groves." On the other hand he appears to miss one of its most striking aspects, its greenness. So many textures in green, so many shades of green, so many forms in green.

Near Drimnin, where on the Sound of Mull Morven looks across to Tobermory, the brushwood with the strange suggestion of a prairie fire, blazes in green along the hill-side. There are islands in the Sound of Mull called the Green Islands. When one thinks of the prevailing colour and of the valley of Unimore which almost completes the girdle of water, the name Green Island might fittingly be applied to this large portion of the Parish of Morven.

On the Sound of Mull some way along the coast, at Fiunary, a name which may be taken to signify "fair shieling," stands the Manse. The building may readily be permitted to make a certain modest claim for itself architecturally. A glance at it leaves perhaps on the memory the image of a structure of dark stones with wings well placed and well proportioned, the walls topped with gables which are frontage to the roof and finish to the building. The eye of an artist may have noticed the reddening creeper, the tangle of broad-leaved ivy in one corner, the clustering honeysuckle in another, and on the pointed arch of stone slabs, which crowns the doorway, a rambler rose, and, crowning the arch itself, a French lily in stone.

The Manse stands in one of those hundred groves of which Macpherson's "Ossian" writes.

The trees, among them ash, fir, plane, chestnut, are not so thick as not to permit from the front of it a sight of the waters of the Sound and the mountains of Mull, and from one of the side windows there is a view of Aros Castle and its rock. The stream sweeps in the form of a stretched bow on the other side of the lawn and under a line of trees. The brook gurgles ; at a further point in the curve it seems suddenly to scatter abroad sound as though by the pressure of an unseen hand ; still further round, the leap of a small cascade passes as one listens into the sound of a rush through a deeper channel. One hears these sounds separately ; again they answer one another ; again they blend, and one thinks of the first chapter of the Apocalypse and its sound of many waters. Stand a moment and look along the course of the stream. Foxgloves rise from among the mossy banks ; a rustic bridge leads to a brake of ferns : a blue iris lifts its head.

At some distance from the Manse, as one looks towards the Sound, one notes a curious mound which goes by the name of Dun Fiunary. As seen from behind it resembles somewhat a low-crowned hat turned to unusual green ; on the side that faces the sea, it descends in an ivy-covered cliff with a queer old man's face in the centre of it which might have been that of a

divine of former days. A venerable divine and a green-coated hat! And a frolicsome brook which comes down from the hills behind, hesitates whether to approach the mound, snatches a nearer glimpse, and then with noise of merry laughter rushes to the sea.

Heaps of rude stones, the ruins of old cottages, are a record of Morven's past. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the population has diminished by about three-fourths. Old properties have changed hands, and new landlords have evicted their tenants to make room for sheep stocks. The burning of seaweed to produce kelp or the rich ash which yields iodine and soda among its products was once a considerable industry here as in other parts of the Highlands. The introduction of sheep farming not only reduced the population, but changed the habits of the people. In Norway, and as we learn from Daudet's *Lettres de mon Moulin*, in parts of France, as in other mountainous districts, it is customary at the approach of summer to lead the cows and other animals to the upland pastures, nor was it otherwise in the Highlands of Scotland. Rude structures were set up for the accommodation of the household and the storing of milk and the making of butter and cheese. The menfolk stopped only long enough to satisfy them-

selves that all was in order, the women remained for three months and more. The change of scene, the rough and tumble of the life, the exhilaration of the fresh hill air, the jollity of the young companions of the flight, calves and lambs, inspired a gladness which found expression in songs. With the decline in population and the change in the habits of the people, the old shieling songs ceased to he heard. Sad by contrast are the songs of to-day.

Morven has an atmosphere in the sense of a spirit that pervades it. One does not indeed feel this to be markedly different from what one has found in other parts of the Highlands. A certain intensity, however, marks it here.

These spiritual essences seem to distil from the landscape, and differ from one another in different parts of the country. They are to be explained in part by unconscious memory. Legend and song and poem have left a deposit of feeling which transforms what we behold. In the Border Country, in Yarrow, for example, we have the sense of a Sabbatic calm. We almost expect to hear the peal of the church bell. The gentleness of the rolling hills green to the top, the pastoral life of the land, the quietly browsing sheep spread over many and wide pastures may help to convey the suggestion to the heart. On

the other hand you have the same pastoral conditions, and they no more yield th s emotion than their fields produce corn. Nor do they breathe the sadness which in the Border Country lies heavy on the soul, and makes the dens "dowie." Elements in the mood that controls us among these hills and dales are the more or less subconscious thought of blood-stained fields old and cold, and, recounted in ballad and story, the passion of love chill in death.

The spell which Morven casts is of a different sort. The feeling induced here is highly complex. Subtle influences play in succession upon the heart. The reaction is, of course, different in different conditions. It happened as I was walking very early one morning along the road which leads from Loch Aline to Fiunary, the mists slowly rising from the dark mountains of Mull which they enshrouded, the waters of the Sound molten lead in colour, of deathly stillness and stretching away towards unknown seas, promontories jutting out into that silent grey, no sign of life anywhere visible, I had some difficulty in realizing a living world. I was the last thing alive on the planet, the sole surviving representative of my kind. The sense of desolation was extreme. The circumstances were, however, abnormal. In normal conditions other

thoughts and emotions are stirred. Fingal has always been more or less of an embodiment of supreme natural forces, the tempest, the wave, the lightning, and above all the sunbeam. He is kith and kin with these things, and somehow we have thought of the scene of his battles and his home as here. We are Highlanders in Morven, for "Farewell, Farewell to Fiunary," crooned us to sleep in our childhood, and as we look on the straths and streams and woods of this shore, we can understand the sickness of the Highland heart for home. There is the sense of an unseen and unknown beyond the ridge to which these slopes of Morven rise. Groves have always been sacred. On such green carpets as are spread here, the fairies might have danced. What we have read, too, in Highland story of the workings of witchcraft, the uncanny powers of animals, in a word the fantastic goes to weave the mystic veil that hangs o'er land and shore.

CHAPTER VI

MORVEN II—A TURNING POINT

Macfarlane graduated in Arts in 1879, he was "licensed" to preach by the Presbytery of Glasgow in 1882, and after serving with credit as assistant for some months in Partick Parish Church, Glasgow, he was ordained to be Minister of Morven on the 13th of December, 1882. He was only twenty-one years of age. Not without misgivings did he enter on his work, because of his youth and inexperience, by reason of the high ministerial traditions of the Parish, and at that time his imperfect acquaintance with Gaelic. The names of Norman Macleod and his son Dr. John Macleod, his immediate predecessors, were known throughout the land as those of men eminent in respect of the various gifts which find in the ministry their appropriate sphere, and at the same time great as respects their humanity. The latter had a reputation for speaking the purest and most idiomatic Gaelic, and was likewise distinguished as a writer of song. To the pleading of the voice of the former in preaching the heart of the Highlander answered as corn to the wind that blows over it.

These misgivings seem to have been shared by ministers of the Church of Scotland who were recognized as unofficial Bishops of the Highlands. He received from them certainly little encouragement. Macfarlane felt his isolation keenly, but after years looked back on it without complaint.

The attitude of these leaders appeared to be justified by an event that occurred soon after his appointment. He had gone to a meeting of a religious and social kind at Tobermory, and in the course of an address had touched on the various excuses that were made for non-attendance at worship. He brought as it were different types on the stage, exhibited them in a light that caused amusement, and despatched them each one with a light stroke of wit. In a newspaper report he was mistakenly represented as alluding to the people of Morven, and a number of his parishioners saw, as it seemed, their own portraits drawn, and it was some years before an offence based on misunderstanding was forgiven.

For about five years after he went to Morven he lived for the most part alone at the Manse. His solitude was broken from time to time by visits from members of his family, but it is doubtful whether to one who feels the burden of loneliness interruptions of the kind do not leave it harder to bear. In Macfarlane's letters written

to a friend one meets with self-commiserations on this ground when one of the relatives has left, and one is not surprised in such circumstances to read of a whimsical intention to go to Loch Aline and kidnap a passenger from one of the Macbrayne steamers. Feelings of this kind as well as his love of joke and song drew him to those gatherings of a festive kind which were common in certain social circles in Morven at this time. Meetings of a more or less convivial sort were arranged by heads of families and held at their several houses. Macfarlane, however, as the years passed took less and less pleasure in them.

When at College he had an attack of inflammation of the eyes, and he had not been long settled in Morven before he had trouble in them again. A green shade which he wore when reading was a help to him, but he was not able to read long at any time, and he could not study as much as he wished.

The Parish was one of the smaller livings of the Church, and the stipend would at times fall as low as £160. It was hardly enough for a bachelor minister as generous hearted as Macfarlane ; with the arrival of his mother and sisters it was very much less than adequate. His glebe was a trial from the first. He farmed it, but the extent of his Parish, his conscientiousness in the

discharge of his duties, his ideals of pulpit preparation left little time, and if time, little energy to devote to its affairs. It gave him much concern. He was often disappointed with his grieve or man in charge, and was in the way of quoting a saying of Martin Luther : "A good servant is indeed a treasure, but truly it is a rare bird in the land." He would remark that inferior servants had a way of gravitating towards Manses, and superior servants of deteriorating in them. He would, however, have been the first to admit that the absorption of a minister in his clerical duties must place a severe moral strain on his grieve. As things were at Morven the man's chance of success was small indeed. The minister could not afford a sufficient number of horses, and it happened that the one horse was carrying him to remote parts of the Parish at the time when it was required for work at home.

The vast extent of the Parish has been already indicated. There were two churches to be served, Keil Church at Loch Aline, and Northwards along the shore of the Sound of Mull the church at Ferenish. During the winter months these churches were served only on alternate Sundays, but there were services in Gaelic and English ; the interruption of ordinances was a regret to the minister, and from the Manse it

was about five miles to Keil and six to Ferenish. The calls of illness, death and bereavement required Macfarlane to travel great distances. Often the horse could not be spared from the glebe, and the minister had to tramp his long miles. The writer recalls two journeys which he took in company with him. For one of these a sailing boat was borrowed, and an early start was made ; we were becalmed off the coast of our destination on the outward and had to tack hither and thither on the homeward course and it was near midnight before we were lighted home by a lamp set out against our return on the little pier at Fiunary. It was no unusual thing for the minister when returning from a visit to this part of his Parish to spend the night amid the rocks of a lone island. On the other expedition we had a trap for miles, walked at its side for as many again on account of the roughness of the road, walked unaccompanied for a similar span, and then took boat across a loch. The burden of ministerial duty was lightened, and regular services were made possible in both churches by the provision of an assistant who was sometimes a licentiate, sometimes a student, at the part charges of a Committee that dispenses " a donation of £2,000 given every year by His Majesty for the purpose of extending the benefits of the

Reformed Religion in the Highlands," but the arrangement was only for the summer months.

The things that have been set down as to conditions in Morven help to explain the crisis in Macfarlane's life which took place some years after his settlement there. Something, however, in the way of preface must here be said. There is no ground for the supposition that with him the vocation of the ministry had been a matter of heart-searching or in any sense a deliberate choice. It is in keeping with his father's character that in his last illness he is stated to have obtained a promise from his son that if he were to come to question the creed of the Church he should leave its ministry. It may be that the covenant was made because of some scruple on the point to which the younger Donald had given expression ; but of this we cannot be sure, nor is it at all probable from anything that is reported of him at this period of his life. As he lived it then, it was that of the lads about him. It would seem, however, from what is reported that father or mother or both had expressed the desire that the ministerial succession should be continued ; that all the sons except Donald said that they were not going to be ministers ; and that it came to be accepted by himself and the rest that the family tradition should be maintained by him.

Whatever the facts of the case, the problem of his relation to his calling emerged for him in Morven in an acute form. Up to this point in his life Donald Macfarlane had been, as the phrase is, a good fellow. Social pleasures were congenial to him. He liked the reaction of others on his personality. He carried his own sunny nature into his preaching, his sermons breathed cheerfulness and hopefulness, and he was as much himself in the pulpit as in the homes of the people. He brought his geniality with him into all the departments of church life, and expanded again as it were in a warmth of his own kindling. His relation to his calling was thus largely temperamental. The misery of the crisis of this period of his life was born out of the discovery that it was so.

The circumstances of his lot in Morven, nor must we forget the weakness of his eyes, tended to throw him back on himself. He began to suffer from attacks of depression, from which he recovered only to live a death in life, and later again to be laid low. To his spiritual desolation in these days of distress he gave varied expression. He had ceased, he would say, to feel the things of which he spoke. The joy and peace and light of which it was his wont to talk in the pulpit were as the wooden counters of an unlearned

game. They were a code to which his soul somehow had lost the key. He read his own lack of feeling into the hearts of his congregation, and then turned back on himself in explanation. "The hungry sheep," he would say, "look up and are not fed." Parochial visitation became to him the mere tossing of baubles. When he rose to the call of duty, the feelings of obligation and interest seemed suddenly to fail him, and when he went forth to discharge his task, it was a sad mechanic exercise. The things which he believed it seemed to him he had never believed at all. He shared his secret with one of his sisters: he spoke to her much of his feelings or lack of feelings; wisely she bade him enquire no more as to these, but to trust and trust again. He mournfully replied that he had tried in vain to do so. Life had lost all value for him, and he had no faith that it would ever be restored.

He had large parcels of books sent him from a Glasgow library. He read them in a kind of nervous unrest, critically but hastily scanning the arguments of the various chapters in an almost hot pursuit of the writer's faith. He turned from them in weariness. "There is no road to God," he was heard to say, "by hard straining of the mind."

He went on, however, accepting and fulfilling

engagements, one of which, a " Mission Week," which he had just finished conducting in an Eastern parish, brought matters to a head, for it left him overpowered with the sense of his hollowness and the vanity of life. He was in utter despair. He decided to resign.

He took counsel with his mother, and he has been heard to remark that she it was who saved him. She prayed for him without ceasing. One's faith is often a faith in another's faith, and thus it was with Donald Macfarlane. He trusted his mother's trust, and something he owed to her common sense. When he spoke of resignation, she bade him hold on till he should have paid his debts.

It happened at this time that he suffered severe injury from the accident of being thrown out of a dogcart. In the silence of his enforced retreat, the light of Heaven broke forth. In his physical feebleness, he again reviewed the circumstances of his life, again he took stock of his inner resources, again he pondered the way of escape. The door of feeling was closed. Barred was the way of intellectual comprehension. And then there fell upon his ears the words of Jesus, " He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." He would venture on their promise.

CHAPTER VII

MORVEN III—"BEHOLD I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW"

The ideal which Macfarlane resolved to pursue was that of Christlikeness and Christlike service. Service he interpreted as more especially kindness and helpfulness. He had found an aim in life, it was a pure aim, and to the blessing on the pure in heart was attached the promise of the vision of God.

Macfarlane through the new spirit which he brought to his duties was made constantly aware of the defects of his previous ministry. As he walked in the brightness of the light which shone upon his path, it was with him as with St. Augustine or Bunyan. Shadows fell upon the past, and sometimes when he sat and looked back, it showed dark indeed. Out of this experience his sympathies with what is termed the Evangelical doctrine of the Cross were born. He saw in the glory of the light that had come to him the love of God to him, while the shadows spelt the Divine holiness, and in the Evangelical doctrine both aspects showed. Further, the past in its aimlessness, its superficiality, its lack of real earnestness

was constantly with him. In certain moods it took the form of smoke about his pulpit, about the homes of his people. It spread itself like a mist on road and stream and hill. He heaped reproaches on himself, and it appeared to him that the burden of these fell away at the foot of the Cross as interpreted by the Evangelical divines. There was another need which that interpretation met. As he set his face to the old duties, he must bring the new spirit into them, and in order that he might purely and truly express it and know the joy of expression, he was ever seeking to make it real to himself. He returned in thought to his conversion that he might define to himself the great values which had there emerged for him, the ideals which then took shape. The habit led to introspection, and to a frequent taste of former misery. The Cross in the light of Evangelical teaching again supplied his need. It drew his gaze away from self. It centred it on another. "Look unto Me and be ye saved," the Crucified said to him, and salvation he understood, in accordance with the literal meaning of the word, as spiritual health.

Introspection had become with him a habit during the time immediately previous to his conversion, it again found its opportunity, and it remained a foe against which he had to be on

his guard all his life. One recalls how a friend of his and an admirer of Cardinal Newman gave him a copy of a selection from the latter's "Plain and Parochial Sermons." He told the writer of these pages that he simply could not read it. The demands which they made upon him raised questions which led to unhealthy introspection.

Macfarlane loved this beautiful world. The voices of Nature were sweet to him. He drew naturally to men of outdoor pursuits, and he understood them. He was very much himself on the road, among the hills, by the streams, by the shore. He could swim with powerful stroke, fell a tree, sail a boat. He knew the names and habits of the sea-birds and could imitate their cries. The habit of introspection tended to throw a veil over the radiance of the world. But Creation and Redemption showed themselves as of One in his experience, because in the bright beams that the latter shed, the mist that arose out of the waters of his soul troubled by introspection lifted from the face of the former.

Related as the Cross was in these different ways to his varied needs, it became to him the supreme illustration in the life of Jesus of the spirit of service with which he had "made earnest." It ministered at these different points

to his practical necessities: he read into the heart of Jesus in that act of self-renunciation the will to bless him, and the Cross as he interpreted it was thus in line with and reinforced his ideals of service. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." The comment of Macfarlane's heart was, "In the Cross He has ministered unto me: shall I not the more earnestly minister unto others?"

Professor Flint, when lecturing on the relation of the Gospels to the Epistles was in the way of saying that the practical demands of the Gospels as found for example in the Sermon on the Mount, led to a sense of failure, inability to do what they required, and so prepared the way for the reception of the truths of Redemption as set forth in the Epistles. One might illustrate the observation from the life history of Macfarlane. In the Gospels as he read them, 'some new breast of the mountain of holiness was ever coming into view,' and, as he pressed eagerly forward, he would lean back for support in the reactions which followed on something which was offered to him in the Epistles in such words as justification and propitiation. The needs of his spiritual life thus drew him to the Bible.

CHAPTER VIII

MORVEN IV—FAITH AND WORKS

Although Macfarlane, when he looked back on the few years of his ministry previous to the great turning-point of his life would hardly permit himself the title of Christian minister, there can as a matter of fact have been little ground for this harsh self-estimate. He preached, it is reported of him at this period, sometimes for an hour, and the people showed no signs of weariness. The attendance indeed at the ordinary services perceptibly increased, and specially remarkable was the number of those who participated in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As the minister looks forth on the waters of the Sound on a certain Communion Sunday three years after his appointment, they are dotted all over with sailing boats conveying from different parishes those who desire to communicate in Morven. The number is so great that one must needs go back fifteen years to find it greater. Although Macfarlane blamed himself for having given himself too much to social pleasures, it

was a time of many activities. He visited his people with regularity, started singing classes at Ferenish and Keil to improve the church praise, taught them himself and had his reward in the numbers of those who attended, their enthusiasm and the progress they made. He takes lessons in Gaelic from his mother, and studies to extend his vocabulary in that language and in English. He reads aloud Bright's speeches, and " finds them remarkable for clearness of style and beauty of words and phrases." " One really does not know," he writes to a friend, " how ignorant he is of his own language till he begins to study it, and I regret very much that so much of my time was devoted to the half learning of Latin and Greek and that more of it was not spent in the study of English and Gaelic."

Macfarlane's " change of heart " was almost simultaneous with a change in his outward circumstances, for his mother and a sister and afterwards another sister came to reside with him in the Manse. Their arrival made it possible to show more hospitality, and it may have been this and the richness of his human nature rather than the new spirit into which he had been born that made the welcome of the Manse at Fiunary as wide as it was gracious. A little girl whose mother was left very poorly off was brought

thither that she might attend school and it was her home for a number of years. The care taken in the Manse of a poor woman who had been invited from the Island of Uist and the remedies provided enabled her to return restored after some weeks. A girl threatened with mental disorder recovered in the atmosphere of love and peace. It cannot have caused much surprise to those who lived in the Manse to find one day at the door an old "body," Effie to name, who had brought her "kist," and intimated that as she had lost her situation, she intended to remain. They managed to find an occupation for her as well as a bed, and installed her as dairy-maid. One of her appointed duties was to feed the cows; and when it seemed that her diligence in this department would eat them out of house and home, Macfarlane remarked philosophically, "Every man has his Effie." There was the wife of a certain parishioner who sought a refuge from her drunken husband. She must make, they said to her, the Manse her home. When her husband, in high indignation, came to expostulate with the minister, he told him plainly that she was not to be surrendered, unless he promised to mend his ways and treat her kindly.

Nor perhaps altogether should we set to the direct account of the new spirit which possessed

him his kindly interest in tramps and gypsies, and, spite of many disappointments, his unwearying effort to help them. We cannot here apportion the human and the divine. He had part of the barn made ready for such rovers of the road as might come along seeking a bed. A tramp child was born there, and one of his pleasures was to carry him about the Manse. At Loch Aline, catching sight of this child in the arms of the mother he went up and kissed him. We hear of a stranger visitor to Morven, on his way to the early morning steamer, passing by a field near Fiunary and catching sight of Macfarlane emerging from a tinker's tent. It had been a stormy night of mingled wind and rain, and Macfarlane has been up and out and down to learn how it has fared with the gypsies. His care for these careless people was the more praiseworthy that he had often good reason for being disheartened. There was the tramp, bedded, fed, clothed, employed for a week in not too necessary jobs, who left him because he got no pudding with his dinner. Another of the fraternity as often as he came that way would receive food and lodging for a couple of weeks. Not once, but many times did the minister set before his imagination the ladder of a better life, and providing work for him, bade him put his foot on

the first rung of it. He set him to weed carrots. Very carefully he pulled up the carrots, and left the weeds. One thing the man on another occasion "positively" assured him he could do. He could sharpen razors. Macfarlane trustfully handed him his. It was returned to him with the edge of a saw.

The immediate effect of the change which had been wrought out in Macfarlane was, however, not so much new activities as a new spirit in old and recurring forms of service. "I have had," he writes during the winter that immediately followed, "a good many cases of sickness and death in the parish. I thank God that such an one as I have been the means of bringing comfort and peace through Christ to so many poor souls. My greatest difficulty when I came here was speaking to the dying; it is my chiefest joy now." He had made up his mind that in his pastoral visitation he should never leave a house without saying something appropriate to his distinctively Christian office and aims. The rule did not, however, work out satisfactorily. On occasion it seemed to make the general feeling less religious; and he was unhappy in the thought of his failure. Reading one day, however, in the Book of Psalms, he came to the words, "Open Thou my lips and my mouth shall show forth

Thy praise." In accordance with the spirit of them he would cease to lay down any rigid rules, he would seek to keep his heart loving and pure, he would ask God to give him utterance, he would commit his speech and its issues to Him. Speaking to a friend afterwards on the subject of his pastoral visitation, he remarked, "Yes, I had not asked God to open my mouth, and here was I in consequence putting my foot in it all the time."

During his ministry in Morven two new churches were built in the parish. The new church at the Ferenish end took the place of the church erected towards the close of the eighteenth century and made necessary by the condition of the old Columban church, dedicated to St. Winifred, the ruins of which are in the old churchyard. Donald Macfarlane did not indeed raise the money for the new church, but the earnestness of his ministry and the response to it in the living religious interest of the people were the music to which its walls arose. The church which it superseded was a quarter of a mile up the hill-side, and it was the thought and purpose of Colonel Cheape of Killundine to have a church by the road-side and thus more convenient for the people. His pious wish was fulfilled by his widow. Macfarlane had a liking

for " Catholic " forms of architecture for which the stock from which he was derived and the environment in which he was brought up hardly prepare us. This sympathy is seen to some extent in Ferenish Church, but much more in the building which replaced the old rude structure at Keil. There were at the time but few ministers in the Highlands who could have hoped to succeed in building a church which made such a break as this with Presbyterian tradition. Among the things which rendered it possible in Morven were the people's love of Macfarlane and their trust in him.

The response which Macfarlane made to the calls of love and duty, the thought and care which he had given to various undertakings for the benefit of the people, the eagerness with which he welcomed every opportunity of service began to take in respect of physical health their toll of him. He felt the need of rest. But he did not immediately gratify it. There emerged a local issue in regard to which he felt he had to take a stand, and he did so at considerable cost to himself. His eyes began to be specially troublesome. He became unwell. This time, however, there was no clouding of faith, no relaxed spiritual energy, no lack of religious feeling. One of the symptoms of illness at this juncture was indeed

an oversensitiveness to every stimulus. It was now that the writer of these pages for the first time heard Macfarlane preach. The discourse impressed him as modern in attitude, carefully thought out, beautiful in diction, highly spiritual in tone. He remembers a quotation by the preacher from the Autobiography of Herbert Spencer which was not only apt in itself, but had special interest for the congregation from the fact that the philosopher was known to visit Morven. The discourse was in various respects up to the level of what had been expected. But plainly the speaker felt much too intensely almost everything he said. Whatever the impression on the audience generally, the effect on one of those present was such that he was convinced that the preacher was ill.

It was thus no surprise to learn soon afterwards that he had decided on a visit to America, where at Manitoba his brother Robert owned and worked a farm. When he landed at New York harbour, his brother through a telegraphic mistake in respect of the name of the steamer by which he was sailing, failed to meet him, and Donald found himself alone in the great and unknown City. Wandering along one of the principal streets he found himself at the entrance of a fine aquarium ; within, he saw a large codfish

in one of the tanks, and stood watching it. As it moved about aimlessly with vacant stare, he reflected how much it resembled himself. As easily find a needle in a haystack as my brother Robert, he thought, as he joined again the throng of the street. But he was rebuked and rebuked himself, when, crossing the street to have a better view of a fine building, he saw on the pavement Robert himself.

His itinerary was New York, Niagara, Chicago, Minneapolis, Winnipeg. He preached in Chicago and visited a number of the Presbyterian Mission Stations there. His style of preaching was already marked by the simplicity, restfulness, homeliness which became characteristic of it ; it breathed a quietly earnest and devout spirit, and it pleased the Americans by its contrast with their own rather self-conscious rhetoric. Something like a slight sensation, however, occurred at one of his services. When the minister of the church in which he was preaching intimated that the combined ministries of the Macleods and Macfarlanes had extended over a period of one hundred and thirty-one years, the interest of the congregation was so aroused that after the service a great many of them came and shook hands with him.

Macfarlane was offered a charge in Manitoba,

but he was yearning to preach again in Gaelic, and sermons in the native speech of the Scottish Highlands were not wanted there. The long stretches of level ground in the great South-West were a desert to him, and he was sick for the sea and the hills. The shining snow hurt his eyes ; when the snow disappeared there were dust-storms, and his eye sockets filled with sand ; the pain was so great as to lead him to consult an oculist. He recommended him to wear glasses constantly and not only for reading, and advised him further to consult a well-known oculist in Scotland, which he did some time after his return with the result that in future days his eyes gave him little trouble.

He was content with four out of the six months of holiday which the Presbytery of Mull had granted him. He returned greatly refreshed. He was resolved, however, on a change of sphere. The marriage of his sister Annie, which took place shortly after his return from America, helped doubtless to confirm him in his resolution. She and her sister Jessie had lived in the Manse with their brother for nearly twenty years. He used to say of the former that no minister could wish for a better assistant, he had shared with her many sacred thoughts and feelings, and her departure changed the aspect of Morven for

him. In the thought of the affection no less strong and disinterested of his elder sister Jessie, and her willing service, he found resolution to face the future.

CHAPTER IX

GIGHA

Shortly after Macfarlane's return from America, a vacancy occurred in the Parish of Gigha and Cara, two islands, the smaller of them uninhabited, which, as already indicated, look across the waters of the Sound of Gigha to his father's Parish of Killean. A friend of Macfarlane who had come to know his mind on the matter let it be known to the Vacancy Committee that if the congregation were disposed to give him a call, he was ready to accept it. As soon as this communication reached the ears of the people, they were resolved that he and he alone should be their minister. He was admitted to the charge on the 12th of February, 1907.

He had no doubt about the wisdom of the step he had taken. Some time before he was directly approached by the Church in Gigha, one of his letters bears witness "how much the severance of his connection with Morven would cost him and his congregation there, but," he proceeds, "while sentiment ought to be con-

sidered, there are higher things to be thought of, and I am strongly moved by the belief that my work here is finished, and as strongly moved by the thought that I can do more effective work in another sphere. My earnest prayer is that that sphere may be Gigha." In a letter written on the eve of departure he refers to the many evidences of the sorrow of the Morven people at his leaving them. "Those of the United Free Church and the Roman Catholic Church insist on showing their attachment and goodwill, and I am grateful to God for allowing me to win so much love and confidence. I am leaving with much grief, but in the persuasion that there is work for me to do in Gigha and that I shall be enabled to do it." He was settled a year and more in his new sphere when we learn that he can hardly keep Morven out of his sermons. "Often," he goes on, "when I am conducting services here, the old familiar faces, so dear to me, appear before me. I am, however, as firmly persuaded as ever that I was meant to come here. The people of Gigha are as friendly as they can be, and give me every encouragement. Fortunately for me my father was so highly esteemed among them that they made no stranger of his son from the first."

A visitor to Morven will readily understand

how, apart from the affectionate interest which a pastor might be expected to take in his former congregation, the faces of many there should have risen to Macfarlane at the wave of memory's magic wand. When he stops to talk with some of the folk, he becomes aware of their individuality and charm. And when he remembers his visit in after days, their images will return and receive 'a seat of grace within the mind.' Welcome among these guests is one representing the perhaps most widely spread of Highland Clans, with sun and wind in his cheeks, hair that might have been snow and a light in his eyes born of respect and self-respect and affection. A look of expectancy in his whole attitude, as though you were about to speak words in the very hearing of which he was to be gratified and honoured. Who again is that patriarch, translating from Gaelic as he speaks, listening to his own translation almost with surprise and yet with pleasure, as he chooses out of a sense of courtesy and natural pride the best words that he can command? Or there is that son of Lochiel, with that strong square face, suggestive of the repose and dignity of a Roman head on a pedestal of stone, whose eyes slowly open and shut as he utters musings on life born out of a deeply pondering heart. The writer did not wonder at all when Macfarlane

said to him that he could not go back to Morven. To see from the pulpit, for one thing, the uplifted eyes of those whom he had known and loved, to feel, as he would feel, his heart rise as he beheld them, to know that it could not be as it had been of yore—he could not face it. He did, however, return. He went back in compliance with a very earnest request that he should take part in a service at the unveiling of a Memorial to the men of Ferenish who had fallen in the War. His feelings on the occasion were mingled, but many things went to make the gladness more than the sadness. The sun shone out sweetly after a troubled morning. Birds made melody in the trees o'erhead. A devout company had drawn from far and near. The light in Macfarlane's face was not only that of earth and sky. In his voice and bearing was the joy of noble pride as he spoke of the lads whose self-sacrifice "had been just what he had expected of them." And what shall we write of the people as they listened again to their friend and minister? The welcome of all in Morven had been spoken by an old inhabitant, who, greeting him as he stepped off the boat, said in Highland fashion, "The sun is shining in Morven to-day."

The situation of the Island of Gigha, certain of its features, something of the general appear-

ance it presents from one point of view at least, have already been described. Of no great length, and at its highest point of no great elevation, it reproduces in its alternation of bare rock and moorland, its stretches of bracken and heather, its tilled fields and meadows, its clumps of native wood in the hollows, familiar aspects of Highland landscape. Low promontories and sandy bays mark on the East the line of coast which is separated from Kintyre by the Sound of Gigha ; steep cliffs and rugged rocks are the extended front it presents on the other side to Islay and Jura. The Southern shore where a narrow channel divides it from the Island of Cara shows the former features ; the Northern the latter. The population is about three hundred ; there are lobster fishers among them, and the repute of them is as sure from Campbeltown to Stornoway "as is the sale of their sea harvest in the London market." There is a well-known Gigha cheese, the secret of whose excellence, it is said, is a certain small clover that grows on the Island.

The situation of the Manse was a reason which Macfarlane sometimes gave for his leaving Morven. He would quote a Gaelic proverb, which says, "If you cannot get back to the place where you were born, try to get within seeing distance of it." He could see his father's Manse from the

windows of that of Gigha. And also other nobly appealing views. Otherwise the house had little to recommend it. A bare, gaunt, narrow-gabled, high building, its "harl" always dull in colour but turning to darkest mud drab when "soused" with rain by the winds, and its face always with something of a frown on it. The frown began to look less sullen when the creeper which Donald Macfarlane planted began to climb the walls. He took the garden in hand when he became minister. It bore ever more eloquent witness to the thought and care which he and his sister expended upon it. At a certain angle the old building seemed to throw a sidelong glance at the high enclosure, and the frown passed—can we believe it?—into a smile.

In Gigha, there was and is only one Church. Persons coming from the mainland and belonging to other Churches associated themselves with it. No ecclesiastical labels were attached; no occasion presented itself for denominational loyalties to contend one with another. Macfarlane was a minister of the Church of Scotland, but he was a minister of Christ first. Otherwise the unity might have been less perfect. We have alluded to his love of Catholic forms in architecture. It led him on holiday within the walls of cathedrals dedicated to the worship of God

according to the order of the Church of England. He was once heard to say on emerging from one of these that it had been to him a sanctuary, a place in which he could draw near to God.

His experience in Gigha of an undivided Church and the worshipful mood of which he was conscious in Catholic churches help to explain the appeal which the ideal of the Reunion of Christendom made to him. "Nothing can keep it back," he would exclaim when the subject was mentioned. The strength of that assurance arose from the fact that he was both Presbyterian and Catholic in his sympathies, that there was in each of these systems and their forms something to which the chords of his heart responded.

Macfarlane was not long settled in Gigha when he set his heart on building a church similar to that which he had helped to raise at Keil in Morven. The then existing structure as seen from the outside looked like a hall, in which some of the windows had been an afterthought, rather than a church; within, its appearance was similar in its suggestion; the pews were narrow and straight-backed; and, not to mention the imperfect ventilation, the interior bareness was made more obtrusive by the makeshifts for a vestry and church furniture. The proposal of the minister commended itself to the then

proprietor of the Island and to the people. The congregation, in supporting it, were moved more by a sense of discomfort and more especially inconvenience to their minister than by any idea of æsthetic defect. Some indeed of those on the Island knew the mainland and had worshipped in noble churches which helped them to understand their minister's desire for a fairer house of God. Probably, however, the main consideration with the majority turned upon their trust in and love for Macfarlane, and it was enough that it was his desire. Nor were they affected at all by the opinion to which one of high standing in the councils of the State and Church gave expression on the occasion of a visit to the Island, to the effect that he was quite pleased with it and a new building would be the squandering of money.

Macfarlane began to speak more or less frankly on the subject of a new church soon after he came to Gigha ; the scheme is advanced a considerable stage by the generosity of one of the parishioners and the proprietor of the Island at the time ; in twelve years he has £800 in hand : not long afterwards a grant from one of the Church Trust Funds, subscriptions from the congregation and outside friends, and contributions from Campbeltown amounting to £100 collected by himself in the course of a

single afternoon would have made it possible to start, were it not that the Great War has put up the cost of labour.

Since the day when Macfarlane could say that "his world," to use an expression familiar in the Highlands, had become new to him, he identified himself with the cause of Temperance, or more accurately Total Abstinence, and in Gigha he continued to keep the flag unfurled. Dr. George Matheson in commenting once on these words of Jesus spoken of the Scribes and Pharisees, "They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders ; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers," applied them to the reformers who preached total abstinence to the masses, but did not practise it themselves. Macfarlane was not of such. His personal habit was the more noteworthy that, as he confessed, he was so constituted that alcohol had a decided attraction for him. He would have partaken it readily enough, he is understood upon occasion to have said, not when he was sad, which, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton somewhere says, is dangerous, but when he was glad, and it would have been in order that some mood of self-communicative joy might be prolonged. But he was uniformly strict with himself. He tried by personal appeal

to help others to resist. "Water of life," is in Gaelic an expression used in the Highlands for whisky. Macfarlane would sometimes warn those who drank of it too freely that it was also the water of death. "Water of life"—"Water of death," was the impatient ejaculation of one man so reproved, and off he was immediately in high dudgeon in a dogcart which was awaiting his emergence from the public-house where the reproof had been spoken. Not that such discouragements were failure or were interpreted as such. Resentment in circumstances of the kind, as regarded by Macfarlane, might be the sputter which arises from the fire when water is thrown upon it, and which foretells its extinction. His zeal as a Temperance worker often provoked oddities of remark from individuals. His pleasure in recounting them declared his freedom from fanaticism, and they probably operated as an unconscious memory to help to preserve him from it, to keep him human and understanding. One of them was that of the man whom he threatened with a daily visit if he did not moderate his drinking—"God bless me, Minister. Is it as bad as that?" Another was the expostulation addressed to him by one of his parishioners during the War, and made in all seriousness—"You cannot be so hard on the

drink, Mr. Macfarlane, now there is so much water in it." With earnestness in the cause of Temperance he combined unusual wisdom and charity. In the case of a man-servant given to insobriety who was in the way of receiving drams from his master, a shooting tenant, in recognition of small services, Macfarlane did not condemn the latter, but explained the case to him, took him along with him in the effort to save his servant, and persuaded him to reward him with little gifts of tobacco instead of whisky. In accordance with the provisions of the Temperance Act (Scotland), 1913, he desired that the Threefold Option should be submitted to the parishioners of Gigha. In the course of a short address from the pulpit, he explained the terms of the Act, intimated that the petition required by it would lie at the Manse for signature, stated his own position, but first he called on the local hotel-keeper to tell him of his intention. The fruit of this action was an increase of mutual respect and esteem. There are those indeed who have thought that of all the things Macfarlane did, there was none that showed more plainly the true Highland and Christian gentleman.

CHAPTER X

"GIVE ATTENDANCE TO READING"

THE needs of Macfarlane's spiritual life after the crisis in Morven found satisfaction, as already indicated, in the Bible. He began to make a personal study of it. To this end he set apart an hour and a half of every morning. When he came to Gigha the much smaller parish and its less numerous claims enabled him to keep almost every day this engagement made with himself. A guest willing to join him was heartily welcomed. He would offer prayer for light on the passage to be considered, proceed to read it in the Authorized Version, and having put the Revised Version into the hands of his guest, ask him to read the corresponding verses, then he initiated a certain discussion and closed the exercise with thanksgiving.

It was not merely the demands of his own spirit that had led him to this regular and intimate study of the Bible. Eye trouble made perusal of many books difficult for him, and although, as already mentioned, he suffered little from it in

later years, weakness in these organs continued to limit his reading. It was important in these circumstances that the books which engaged him should be such as would help him in his work of preaching, and tested by this standard the Bible stood alone. The truths and principles to be found in it had of old been, as he thought of them, the Divine speech to its writers. Through its words God had spoken to Macfarlane himself, and not merely to himself but to men and women through successive generations, as the very persistence of the Christian Church bore witness. "Why," he exclaimed once as, looking forth from the garden of his Manse in Gigha one Sunday morning, he saw a group of persons on their way to church, "Why, it is the Divine Word in the human heart that makes continuous the procession of worshippers from generation to generation. These men and women that I see will pass away, but others, receiving the Word, will take their place. Let me then morning by morning turn to the Bible with the prayer, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth,' and what I shall receive in answer pass on to others as the surest satisfaction of their unspoken demands." The results of this study of the Bible might be seen in his conduct of Public Worship. The habit of prayer enriched his devotional gift. He acquired a spontaneity

of utterance, a simplicity and purity of diction, a comprehensiveness in the expression of human need, an unconsciousness of self which was at the same time a more pervasive sense of the Divine. He was utterly at home in these prayers of the daily morning hour, and it came about that when he entered the pulpit, both to himself and those who had known him in his more private "exercises," it was as though he was still engaged in them. It was the secret of the singular beauty of his church services.

He was in the way of saying that the Bible read regularly interpreted itself. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." He was not satisfied with his reflections on this verse on one of these mornings of meditation, but light might yet come, he said, nor was his hope vain. For later the truth of the beatitude seemed to him illustrated and unfolded in the parable which Jesus "put forth to those which were bidden, when He marked how they chose out the chief rooms." "But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room: that, when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, 'Friend, go up higher'; then thou shalt have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee." Pondering the saying, "Except a man is born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the

Kingdom of God," he could not bring himself to see in the word "water" reference to baptism, as such an emphasis on ritual was not appropriate to the Christ whom he knew. He turned up in vain quest the one or two commentaries, recent gifts to him, that lay on his table. An ingenious and highly imaginative exposition by Dr. Alexander Whyte he rejected as concealing without removing the difficulty attaching to a literal interpretation. "I feel sure," he said, without being able at the moment to furnish evidence, "that water must mean the word." The enquiry was postponed, and at a later meeting the light of confirmation seemed to break forth from the words: "Now ye are clean through the word that I have spoken to you." And then we turned to the Epistle to the Ephesians and found the passage which clinched it, "Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it: that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word." These hours of thought and devotion bore precious fruit. The text of Macfarlane's sermons consisted usually of a larger or smaller set of verses. He would find in these certain related truths or principles of action, seek and discover them in other parts of the Bible, illustrate them from familiar experience, apply them to daily practice. It was just such truths and principles the study

of every morning yielded, and he developed a wonderful memory for them and power of expressing them. He could accordingly dispense even with the use of notes. In preaching, all that he had to assist him in this way was some lines of varying length drawn on a sheet of paper. His discourses were rich in the strong, simple, homely truths of the Bible, and were remarkable for their Saxon English or idiomatic Gaelic. He brought his pitcher daily to the fountain, and there never failed to his congregation a fresh and living supply.

In his more familiar intercourse with his friends he continued in a way his Biblical research. He was in the habit of giving special attention for a time to some idea which he had lighted on in his reading of Scripture, grinding it as it were into a lens, looking at the world through it, and then passing it on to his friends that they might do likewise and tell him what they saw. Now it was the thought of the universe as the Father's house, or it might be the work in which we were fellow-labourers with God, which he would suggest was the salvation of men by seeking to manifest the Christ spirit, or again it was the Divine mercy that veiled the future. He would sometimes submit to those with whom he was in the way of thus conversing a text which perplexed him and ask

them to explain it. He asked his questions and heard their answers in the spirit of a learner. There never could be any doubt as to his modesty, his desire to learn, his humbleness of mind.

When Macfarlane spoke at a Conference of Ministers and Missionaries of the United Free Church and the Church of Scotland, held in Oban in June, 1921, these habits of his life go to explain the surprise, to those who did not know him, of his contributions to the discussions. Among the themes debated were " The Gospel as an Experience and as a Message," " The Spirit of Love," " The Spirit of Holiness," " The Spirit of Power." Macfarlane spoke at every diet of the Conference. In the readiness which he showed in debate, he was, I believe, a discovery to himself as well as to his fellows, but it was mainly his penetrating spiritual discernment of spiritual things in union with the humanness of the speaker as it declared itself in the play of his humour, his use of Gaelic proverbs, and his own homespun wisdom, that cast the spell. There was also the man himself, at the moment of utterance himself and more than himself in the contemplation of the Love and Power and Holiness of which he spoke. Apologizing for rising, as it might appear, too often, he pled his ancestral associations with Argyll, within whose

boundaries most of those present exercised their ministries. Principal Martin, the chairman of the Conference, remarked that there was no need for apology. He himself "would be glad to sit at Mr. Macfarlane's feet." The feeling to which the Chairman gave expression was plainly that of the Conference itself.

CHAPTER XI

THE PASTOR

It was the unspoken grievance of Macfarlane's friends that he was wont to give away the books which he received from them as presents. One might discern in this practice of his a certain quickness of perception and strength of character. He soon decided as to whether a book would or would not minister to his necessities. Among the things he counted essential were recreation, stimulus, light. But he felt no need to underpin the house of his faith with help of the reasonings of other men. For him as one of his friends has put it, the quest was ended. He did not accordingly read books on Philosophy or Theology. To do so would be for him to reopen problems which had been settled, settled finally, and at the cost of blood. After the supreme crisis of his life, it is true, he read, and with the sense of being helped, certain writings of Dr. James Denney, notably his "Studies in Theology." The value of this book turned for him for one thing on its presentation of the Atonement as

" objective," as achieved *for* us independently *of* us, a standpoint at which as it were Macfarlane lost sight of self and the spectres of introspection, and for another thing, on the author's insistence on the infinite cost to God of Christ's sacrifice, which helped to keep real to Macfarlane the great change in values which had altered the aspect of the world for him. Macfarlane's experience had placed the Bible in a relation, unique among books, to the needs of himself and his fellows, and Dr. Denney's acceptance of the authority of Scripture, and his defence of the Apostolic Gospel of Redemption as that of Jesus Himself, rang true to his own convictions. Macfarlane passed on, usually with the leaves uncut, the philosophical and theological volumes which his friends had given him to other friends to whom they might appeal. In the same spirit and in the exercise of his vocation as a pastor he bought with selective care many books for presentation to members of his congregation. As he went in and out among his people men and women opened their hearts to him freely ; thus he discovered their special need, and in the way just mentioned would try to meet it. He spoke of such books as his assistants. Children were among those to whom they were sent. The result of the " assistance " was in one case

at least to direct the attention of a lad to the ministry as a vocation. When friends happening to hear of this generous use of slender means made mention of it, he found relief in the embarrassment of their praise by remarking, "When it is quantity that's wanted, I make a present of the annual volume of 'The Reports' of the Schemes of the Church."

To Macfarlane, as we have already noticed, pastoral visitation was a work of serious import. He decided, it was also remarked, to leave it to God to give him utterance as he went his rounds. But he made one specific although it might not be directly religious preparation. One man's interest, for example, would be Gaelic song. Prior to the visit, Macfarlane would clear up his thoughts on that. Or, it might be, on Sir Walter Scott's novels. Or on place-names. More knowledge of the subject surely had come to him, he would reflect, since the last time of visiting. Macfarlane was an expert in the art of man-fishing. Many ministers have at most but one or two flies. Macfarlane had a book of them, and he "made them himself."

Macfarlane showed himself in a remarkable degree "a son of consolation." His was the power to heal the wounds that were caused by personal separation and loss. It was to be

traced in part to his strong spiritual convictions. On the eve of the crisis in his life, his faith was faith in his mother's faith, and the anchor of men's faith in God holds often in the faith of others. The heart of the bereaved vibrated to the note of sincerity when he spoke of sharing through hope Christ's victory over death, of those who had passed beyond our sight but not beyond the love and care of God and our Saviour, of the rest of the Father's House. One Easter morning Macfarlane preached on the Resurrection of Christ from the dead. As the congregation "scaled," a young man who filled some secretarial position on the Island was heard to exclaim: "To think that anyone nowadays should believe in that." On the remark being quoted to Macfarlane, he said quite simply, "Of course, I believe it. I would not have preached it if I did not believe it." Those who were familiar with the story of his inner life were in possession of the secret of his assurance here. Macfarlane's faith in the Beyond of Christian hope was not based on any abstract reasonings. The real outstanding fact of his history had been his deliverance from spiritual death. He had ventured on the promises of Jesus and they had been fulfilled. He had looked unto Him and been lightened, and not

merely was his face unashamed, it spoke forth joy and rest to all who could discern. Christ had redeemed his life from destruction. He had restored to him the glory of the natural world, the gladnesses of home and friendship, the honour and dignity of his vocation. These things were more to him now than they had ever been. As he saw them, they were, each one of them, a court of a Divine Temple, a mansion of a Father's House. Christ had redeemed to Macfarlane himself, the world, God. From that it seemed to him but a small step to the Resurrection of Jesus.

Love as well as faith went to explain Macfarlane's power to comfort. Characteristic of him was a large-hearted kindness, and in seasons of bereavement personalities, such as his, become sacramental. "Through that human love about me," said Henry Sidgwick when he was dying, "I seem to touch the love divine." In and behind the sympathy of Macfarlane, men felt in their sorrows the compassion of the heart of God.

Macfarlane was an organ of blessing to the mourner through his instinct for the right word. "He spoke to me the right word," said a mother in referring to his successive visits when she lost her sons, and it was a kind of tribute frequently

paid. Macfarlane laid great store by words. 'He took with him words.' Certain stories which he used to tell revealed in the very fact that they were *his* stories and in the evident pleasure which they gave him his sense of value here. "I have heard him," writes one, "recount with relish how he took a young Oxford student a-sailing in a fisherman's boat. On the ballast lay, in seemingly hopeless confusion, oilskins, rope ends, spare sails, and what not—what Stevenson would call 'ropes and things.' It was all very familiar to Macfarlane: but he enjoyed the word used by the youth, who, looking on the confused mass of litter said, 'Shall I arrange the *débris*?' I remember too, how he delighted in the comment made by a friend on a slow old boat that plied daily past Morven in the Sound of Mull. 'There she is *loitering* about the Sound.' His unerring touch in consolation appears in his letters of sympathy to the bereaved. God has taken a lad who has been drowned "home by way of the waters." "The face of your dear husband that showed so much of the beauty of goodness is often before us and the thought of him makes us understand the better how the memory of the just is blessed." "I am much interested to know," he writes at the time of the Great War, "that your son intends to join when

ready. This is the duty and privilege of all who have it in their power, and while parents cannot help feeling that any dear to them should be exposed to danger and death, they would feel it more to have sons who shunned duty." "None have suffered in this cruel war like the mothers because of the greatness of their love for their boys." "I cannot let the year pass out of its infancy"—this to the widow of a beloved friend—"without assuring you of the admiration and unabated affection in which I hold the memory of your dearest one. The thought of him always does me good, and the memory of his sanctified ability and humility is always with me a prized possession."

Here is a letter which seems to make good all that has been claimed for Macfarlane in his ministrations to the sorrowful :

Manse of Gigha.

I am much pleased to get your letter and to note the cheerier and more hopeful tone in it. I am sure that the dear one, whose memory we so lovingly cherish, would wish you to face life bravely and fulfil God's purpose while you are here. God's time must always be the best time, and His purposes ever the wisest because the most loving for us all, and we must cultivate

for our own good and the good of others the child-mind of loving trust and obedience.

I notice gladly the wakening again of the spirit of fun in you, for I do believe that humour is one of the best gifts to us—good humour, not the bad humour that turns to sourness and bitterness. I confess with you that there are times when I would like to shoot some people or make murderous attacks on them, but of course we won't do it. It is only by the grace of God and for Christ's sake we can look on some with the love that hates the sin while loving the sinner as God does. I always find the best way to do with dislikes and hatreds is to take them without delay to God, and to get rid of them in that way, as I am persuaded the Psalmist did in these imprecatory Psalms. He just told God the worst he had in him and so qualified himself for receiving more of God's grace and sufficiency.

Macfarlane's ministry of consolation was one of the blessed issues of his spiritual conflict. He had himself come through tribulation when he passed through the dark valley from which he emerged on the shining uplands of faith and service. His sufferings had been great and many. He often put it to himself as to why it had been

given to him to drink that bitter cup. He had no doubt as to the answer. Few of those who knew how truly he was acquainted with grief but will find it also their answer to the question as to why he was made to pass through those deep waters. He was persuaded that it was "in order that he might comfort others with the comfort wherewith he himself had been comforted."

CHAPTER XII

THE MAN

He will not be much of a pastor who is not also a good deal of a man. The richer the humanity of a minister, the more successful as a pastor is he likely to be. And this not merely because in the discharge of pastoral duties one is face to face with opportunities that test and reveal manhood, but also because human defects discount merely professional gifts. Many of the deeds which Macfarlane did were done in the exercise of his pastoral office, many of the words spoken to him would never have been uttered except to a pastor. On the other hand, the former often led back to the man in him, and it was his humanity that led men to speak to him as they did. There is this, too, that as it was the man in these sayings and incidents that retained them in the memories of those who recounted them, so in Macfarlane's stories of the speech of others, mothers and children for example, he was self-revealed in the very fact of his remembering them and the simple pleasure he took in telling them.

We could think away Macfarlane's clerical garb and office without any sense of losing him. Let the minister go, and the man remained. Let the man go, and where were our minister? So little professionalism was there in him. So unfailingly was he and so truly himself.

"The fearful shall not enter therein," it is written in the Book of Revelation of the City of God. Macfarlane's courage made him a Citizen here and now. Sayings and doings already recorded in these pages bear their witness to the presence of that high strain. There is, too, the story current in Morven, how one night when the Fiunary gas-buoy went out he launched his boat, pushed out into the storm and the darkness, got on to the top of the buoy, and rekindled the beacon. There was something of the same spirit in his exhortation to his people in Gigha on the occasion when he intimated a collection for the Russian Famine Relief Fund. "I would not like," he said, "to be minister of a mean people. You have done well in the past: but you are going to do far better in the future."

It is told of Dr. John Macleod, Macfarlane's immediate predecessor in Morven, that, when he journeyed in a steamer of these Western waters, he was not long on board ere he was the centre of a considerable group of persons, who were

already singing their songs and taking out their fiddles to him. "It was all," said Macfarlane when recounting the incident, "the unconsciousness of the man." The speaker was at the moment laying bare a quality of his own nature. Unconsciousness of self was one of its beautiful traits. It came home to one at the sight of his singing in church, when he was speaking to children or romping with them, when he was telling a story, when a Gaelic song was on his lips. It was one of the things that made him the deeply moving preacher that he came more and more to be. "It was all so beautifully unconscious," writes an occasional visitor to Gigha of his preaching, "all so subservient to a purpose." It was the same unconsciousness of self which led people to throw off constraint in his presence, to disclose the secret things of their hearts. With him people became frank, confidential, self-revealing, interesting. Typical of many was the parishioner who put him a question which specially delighted him. "Who is the Browning that I'll hear some ministers that are not parteecularly Evangelical quoting?" As they brought out their fiddles to Dr. John Macleod, so Macfarlane's fellow-passengers on the ship of life would utter what was music to his ears and heart. His unconscious nature provided the air

and freedom in which these flowers could bloom. There was poor Dugie who in his youth was dapper and handsome, but for many years was mentally deficient. Latterly it was impossible to keep Dugie tidy, and he took to wandering from house to house drinking amazing quantities of tea. For the last few years of his life Dugie wandered on Sundays as on other days. Not long before his death, the two met face to face one Sunday morning while the Kirk bell was ringing. There was the usual greeting. "And do you know what day this is, Dugie?" "Oh yes, Minister, it is the Sabbath." "And what am I going to speak about in church, Dugald?" "Oh, just about Jesus Christ, our Saviour, Minister. And may God bless your words this day, for there's many a one needs Him besides poor Dugie."

Macfarlane's heart was nobly planned. Many persons used to speak of him as their "great friend." The word "great" here did not refer so much to the man as to the perfectness of the understanding between him and the person who spoke of him thus. People came to him with their different stories and he listened and he understood and he was for ever afterwards "their friend," "their great friend." One might have read this understanding heart in his use of

Gaelic proverbs. Macfarlane used to speak of their lofty aspirations and their deep meaning, their simple but profound truths. Men love general truths, the evidence is in the hasty generalizations of ordinary conversation, and they love them in homely guise. It was the instinctive knowledge of Macfarlane's heart. People do not like to be preached at whether in public or private. In using the proverb Macfarlane put himself alongside the person to whom he spoke, and, lo, both were preaching to themselves. By means of proverbs it is possible to convey a truth on occasions which do not allow of anything abstract or naked or professional.

> Truth embodied in a tale
> Finds entrance in at lowly doors.

Nor is it otherwise with truth as presented in proverbs. Among Gaelic proverbs familiar on Macfarlane's lips were : " It's the heaviest ear of corn that bends the lowest," " The best apple is on the highest bough," " A friend's eye is a good looking-glass." In Morven and Gigha he discovered proverbs that had never found their way into any collection. One of these he spoke of as specially beautiful and true. Literally it was, " Your mother's kindness will meet you when *she* cannot meet you," and he translated it thus : " The mother's influence will be felt

when she is not there." His aptness in the use of Gaelic proverbs may be exemplified in the case of two of them. The new Church of Gigha looks across the Sound to the East, and, behind, it is sheltered by rising ground. When Macfarlane selected the site he remarked on the occasion how pleased he was with it, and added, speaking to one of those who were with him : " Instead of saying as you do in English at the end of a story that ' they lived happily ever after,' we say that ' they lived in a little spot at the back of the wind and in face of the sun.' Our site for the Church reminds me of that. May many receive blessing here." When of an evening the piano had been opened and the messages of music were borne to hearts around, he would quote, translating : " Everything decays, the world itself will come to an end, but music and love will go on for ever."

In a survey of the rich field of Macfarlane's heart one must note his simple kindness. The charm of certain incidents must be the excuse for adding to instances already given. There is the beautiful story of the Morven ministry. The singing class which the minister is in the way of conducting on an evening of the week is just finished ; out of doors the snow is found lying deep around. Fast it continues to fall, and two lads follow along the road a cloaked figure,

pelting him all the while with snowballs. "It's Mr. Macfarlane," at last cries one of them as they approach. "It's just himself," remarks Macfarlane without turning, putting out his hand to the lad on either side of him, and walking with them through the "onding." Or there is that other, of Gigha days. A big family of young children have lost their mother: it is already winter. Macfarlane, on his way to a meeting of Presbytery at Campbeltown meets one of the motherless bairns. "I'm away to Campbeltown, is there anything that you would like me to bring you?" he asked in his cheery, winning way. "A pair of boots," she replied with delightful faith. And a pair of boots she got—not only that year, but each autumn during the remainder of Macfarlane's life. Macfarlane is in Campbeltown itself. Turning a corner, he comes on a crowd and a tramp that has just been run over: he lifts the man into a barrow which he has obtained; and with the help of a student from Mull whom he has recognized, trundles him to the hospital. His kindness of heart was shown in the appeal which the laughter of the sad made to him, in the pity in his voice and the perplexity in his tones when he spoke, and he spoke often, of the fitful gleams of fun on the faces of the poor and the miserable. One meets it in his tactfulness,

in reproofs so conveyed as to leave no sting. A crofter and his son—Donald—bend over a stone to lift it from its bed of earth. On the very point of success their strength always gives way: it seems the labour of Sisyphus. The crofter loses patience, and says something about the Devil. Highlanders often call the Devil Big Donald—in Gaelic, Domnull Mór. Macfarlane leaps the fence, and as he gives them a hand with the stone, remarks to the older man, "You'll be all the better of a second Donald, Alasdair, but leave the third one where he is."

The humour of Macfarlane's conversation went to make the garment of light in which the imagination of those who knew him saw him arrayed. The gleam of it shines in sayings already quoted. The play of it makes letters from his pen delightful reading. "For quite a month this house has suffered from an invasion of plumbers and their assistants. If you wish our friendship maintained, be careful how you introduce plumbers into the conversation. My Aunt has been rather ill with cold, caused, we believe, through the operations of these pl—— but no, we will not mention them." "Do you know that we have at last attained to a pig? My sister gave me no peace till one was purchased at the high price of £3, and it is housed in a place where

there is a window. Did ever pig have windows to itself before? If anyone tends to boast in your presence, tell him of your friend here who has a pig that lives in a mansion having a window." "When friends who like a dram wisely and well visit me, they generally take precautions by bringing an emergency supply with them. Did not Rev. Dr. ——, protesting, declare to me that staying with me was like staying 'in a Retreat for Inebriates'? He, however, learned wisdom with the years and took the aforementioned precaution." When Macfarlane occupied the chair at meetings, his spirit of frolic sometimes found its chance, and with happy issues. "None of those taking part in this programme is to sing more than fifty verses of any song," was an intimation which kept within reasonable limits certain local artistes who were accustomed to exceed. His sense of humour helped to make him the delightful story-teller he was. Who that ever heard, could forget his account of a week-end visit to one of the houses of "the rich and the great"? . . . Who but must remember the approach of the dinner hour and his dismay on entering his room to find his portmanteau empty; the reproaches he cast on his sister: his vain search, his strong resolution, his stoic resignation; his astonishment and

delight on opening a drawer at finding his collars and in another an article of underclothing, till at length his toilet is complete?

Macfarlane had a knowledge of music, a love of it and a beautiful voice. His gifts stood him in good stead on many occasions. He was taking the morning service in one of the Hebridean Isles. The precentor had pitched one of the psalms too high, and as he approached the top note, he trembled and flushed with embarrassment, and at the critical moment raised his hand and pointed upwards instead of attempting the impossible. But Macfarlane had foreseen the issue, took the note himself, and led the singing to the end. Words died on the lips of the old precentor when after the service he tried to express his gratitude. His only language was the look of his eyes and the grip with which with both hands he seized and held the hand of the minister. The General Assembly of 1896 had ordained that a Thanksgiving for the introduction of Christianity into our land should be held on June, 1897, the anniversary of the death of St. Columba in the year 597. A request had been made to the Duke of Argyll and forthwith granted that the commemoration should take place in the old Abbey of Iona, a building which stood on or near the site of Columba's original monastery,

since every consideration pointed to this as the most suitable place. The minister of Iona and the Presbytery of Mull were approached, and they "heartily concurred in the proposal." Various arrangements were successfully carried through, among them the temporary roofing of the ancient ruin. The occasion brought together a large company. The impression made by the services, which were conducted by various well-known divines, was deepened by the reflection that "it was the first time for three centuries and a half that the worship of God had been offered on the sacred spot." "A picturesque incident," write the daughters of the late Principal Story in the Life of their father, who was one of those present, "took place before the pilgrims parted. The return journey was made by Staffa, and the steamer stopped as usual to allow the people to land and see the cave. The pilgrims had kept together and their boat was the first to reach the entrance. As they stood inside, a happy inspiration came upon the minister of Morven, Mr. Macfarlane, to raise the Psalm of Thanksgiving, the 103rd, to the traditional tune of Coleshill. He had a beautiful voice and had led the singing at the Gaelic services at Iona, and the rest of the party joined heartily. The effect of the voices, men's voices predominating,

ringing through the arches of that natural cathedral, was wonderfully striking. It touched a sympathetic chord in every heart."

In later as in earlier years Macfarlane was a lover of boats. There is pathos in some sentences of a letter written from Morven in which he mentions that it is already two months past the time for "launching the boat." He has had a good deal of visitation which it has been most necessary to undertake, and it was advisable not to put himself in the way of temptation. There is wistfulness in a line of a note from Gigha which reads that they have got the White Boat out, but he must not enter it. A story that he told most charmingly was that of a mother and her son. The love of boats, his own love, was in it, and the love was the secret of the charm. The child's father was a fisherman, and his home by the sea. The boy had always wished to be a minister. One night his mother heard him crying softly in his bed, and went to learn the cause. The conversation was of course in Gaelic. "It's about being a minister, Mother." "And do you not want to be a minister now?" "Yes, Mother, but I was thinking—they might put me in a place where—I would never see a boat!" The mother explained that there was no need for him to go to such a place unless he wished; that

there were all sorts of parishes, and some of them just the kind he would like. The little fellow was made happy. It was all right now, and he went to sleep.

Macfarlane was a born sailor. Great was his love for boats, great his skill in handling them. His courage, of which this chapter has already told, in combination with his competence, made him a great boatman. It is himself and his assistant, in a trig little yacht in the Sound of Mull. How will they manage, we wonder, in that wild sea and fiercest gale? They are hard put to it, it is evident, but the mail steamer is coming to help them. Macfarlane waves it away. He will have none of it. 'His blood was up,' as he tells us afterwards, 'and he was resolved to see it through.' Crossing one day in the ferry-boat from Mull to Ardnamurchan, the minister of Morven took the helm from the steersman. The headland of the Bay of Tobermory once passed, the tempest fell upon them. Will no one take the helm from the minister? wailed a woman, pale with fear, lying a huddled mass in the centre of the boat. But the ferrymen merely smiled to one another. One of Macfarlane's parishioners used to remark that he had not the making of a good farmer in him. But he had the making of the best of sailors, and he was known

far and wide among those who did business in these Western waters as a master of their craft.

As one fixes and focuses the glass of memory, there define themselves certain characteristic looks of Macfarlane. When he told of some very humorous saying or incident, his enjoyment showed itself not only in his eyes but in his eyebrows, in the way in which by making an arch of them and holding them rigid he seemed to turn them almost into an exclamation and interrogation mark. Memorable, too, and remarkable as indicating the strength and purity of his character, was the puzzled expression that passed across his brow when someone withheld assent to a proposal that appeared to him to be plainly the mind of Christ or urged a course which he thought was directly contrary to it. The eyes seemed to wonder as to whether they were actually seeing or hearing aright.

These glances of the eye are highly expressive. They remind us of something that these pages must have already and more than once suggested to the mind of the reader, the union of the human and the saintly in him of whom they tell. The upper and the nether springs mingled their waters. There is music of words in the following account of an evening in the Manse of Gigha by that friend of Macfarlane whose tribute to

him as a Friend of the Soul has already been placed as a stone on the cairn of remembrance, which is this book, but there are at the same time made audible to the inward ear the deeper harmonies of a character rich in its humanity and one in spirit with the Holy Church throughout the world.

Nothing could be further from truth than to suppose that his religion consisted of a narrow pietism in which he had caged his spirit, against which the wings of aspiration and natural human joy beat in vain. And did you ask him to define it he would answer smilingly, " Just this, that I love God, and my Lord, His dear Son. I seek to share the power of the Spirit. I love the brethren who are His and mine. I rejoice in all good, and I delight in colour and beauty, in music and song." We who knew him know that this was no lip-service. He paid his religion the homage of his life. Even as I write these words my heart returns to the Upper Room of the old Manse of Gigha. We were sitting together at an open window. It was a summer's evening of that peculiar charm that leaves upon the senses no tinge of sadness. God in His gayest mood, one thought, God the Poet, and God

the Painter, as well, spilling loveliness out of Heaven in those mysterious harmonies of greens and blues and gold. The waters of the Sound were still save for the crooning of a fitful lullaby on the sands below. Gently, caressingly came down upon us, as we waited and watched, the silence of the Isles. It enfolded the room. It embraced our hearts and I still remember that my own thought was that speech in such an hour would be an unpardonable intrusion. Even one unmeet word could break the spell that brooded over the sea and the low hills of Kintyre and the slow dusk—and us. He broke it : but with that Hebridean softness of voice, so sweetly low, that he blended into the whole scene in the most natural way and became part of it. I remember his theme—a favourite one of his—the enlargement and enrichment of living that follows upon one's definite consecration of oneself to God. His voice flowed on and on and on. It rose and fell with the murmuring of the waters below, and as I listened to its eager music I felt as anyone inevitably must, who has shared the intimacies of an elect soul. Here was holy ground. Here was a man who lived for the smile of One Face. Here had I come, as a seventeenth-century divine puts it, to a "seldom

mount of transfiguration." Then lights. The talk ended. And then song. First a melody of the Isles. He did not sing it. Upon his lips it sang itself ; and the heart of me hastened back to youth and the brightly burning peat fires of the Ceilidh. He followed with " Caol Muile," " The Sound of Mull," Dr. Macleod's song. The Gaelic of it is perfect and the air adequate and fine but it was not for this that on him this noble song cast a glamour as love upon a maid. Not for that, but for this. He sang it, and then—and then with the shoes of enchantment on his feet he walked again among the glens and the bens and the kind hearts of Morven. Last of all, " The Lum hat wantin' the croon." Was gayer nonsense ever set to music in any language ? I vow that, as he sang it, there never was.

The worship of Almighty God came after, and reverent, careful, solemn worship it was. I recollect his prayers, and the note of gladness that sounded through them and of a serenity indescribable. " We thank Thee Thou art our Father and we Thy children, and for the knowledge of Thine undeparting Love. Thou wilt never hurt, never harm Thine own child." What a prayer ! What a faith ! What a joy to live with ! What a hope to die in ! " The

heart is glad for Thee ; the world is glad for Thee ; and all is well."

Within the compass of a very few hours this dear friend had communed with me concerning the high things of God : he had sung full-throated many a brave song : he had led us in the worship of his Father and ours, and I can lay my hand in upon my heart when I declare that not for a moment had one the feeling of incongruity, of unseemliness, of abrupt transition. His song was as vital a part of his religion as his prayer ; or his love for flowers ; his delight in Gaelic proverbs ; or his almost personal affection for boats. To his pure heart beauty and goodness in every form were sacramental, and had he lived in Gallilee when Jesus walked with flesh I doubt not but that the Master of them that know would have companioned with this man.

CHAPTER XIII

IN MEMORIAM

A TRIVIAL incident of later years discovered to Macfarlane the presence of serious physical trouble. His pleasure-boat was in the course of being removed from dry dock. He had hoisted it into a cart and was putting it into position when it slipped back and struck him in the chest. A swelling appeared some time afterwards, but he suffered no pain, and, although he was medically advised to submit to examination, a year and more elapsed before he did so. He entered the McAlpin Nursing Home, Glasgow, towards the end of February, 1918, and remained nearly three months. While undergoing treatment he appears to have used all unconsciously the methods of healing characteristic of the New Psychology. His correspondence shows him planning future study and work, living in the thought of busy and happy future days. "The pleasures of hope," he writes to one of his sisters, "are working in me." His mind was ever rising from the kindnesses of his friends and those about him to the

goodness of God, which made the universe to him as "the smile of One Face." A certain great and good Bishop who was at the front in the Great War overheard a soldier in one of the hospitals complain to a chaplain that he was an invalid for life and of no further use. The Bishop was at his side immediately with the assurance that it was possible to serve God and one's fellows on a sick bed. Macfarlane certainly did so. His fellow-patients when they spoke of him would sometimes use the same figure as his schoolfellows had done when they called him "Dawnie," and his College friends when looking back across the years they saw the dull and dingy class-room light up on his entering. He was "the sunshine of the Home." They wished to hear him preach. One of those who attended him said that "he was a true Christian in every sense of the word, and one wanted to be good after having spoken with him and been with him."

He was authoritatively advised not to begin work for another year, but he went straight home to Gigha and when seven months had passed resumed the work of the ministry. With intervals of holiday spent at Dulnain Bridge, Cambusnethan Manse, and Kincraig, he continued for yet a few years to serve in Christ

the people of Gigha. It was Macfarlane's persuasion that Gigha was the period of his most fruitful service. Some of those who are acquainted with his work in both of the parishes he served have spoken in similar terms. One with special right to be heard has affirmed that some of his best sermons and happiest inspirations of service belong to these last years. "I believe," he observed, "and Macfarlane was of the same mind, that through the illness of the previous months he learned still more of these 'many things' which the Master promises to tell His disciples as soon as they are 'able to bear them.' Three years and a half was the period of Christ's ministry, and it was given to Macfarlane for the space of three years and more to manifest in that yet more perfect measure the insight and spirit of Christ."

Some time before the end of this term there appeared symptoms of his old trouble. Working in the garden in the early afternoon he slipped and stumbled against one of the fuchsia hedges, and almost immediately he became aware of pain in his side. It was acute and did not pass. He reported it to those in the Manse, much to their surprise, for his health and strength had been the subject of remark. A member of the congregation was in

the house on a visit : she must have, he said to her as she was about to go, some of the few early flowers in the garden and some apples for her little boys. He then retired to bed ; his brother sat and read to him far into the night, for it helped him to bear his pain : but the pain became too great and in the early morning he passed away. He died on the 10th of February, 1923. If he had lived a day longer, he would have seen sixty-two years.

Under stress of great emotion, when men experience deep joy or sorrow, they are often more complete masters of their instrument than at other times, and some of those who spoke or wrote of Macfarlane smote the harp of Celtic prose to music. There is an eloquence of brevity and silence. The words that were spoken as one moved among the people were often few, but sometimes into the little much was put, and if the speaker did not say more, it was because he could not trust himself to do so. "When Mr. Macfarlane came among us," was the remark of a native of Gigha, "we were an ignorant people ; he has taught us almost everything we know." One is reminded of how the tidings of Macfarlane's death came to an invalid boy on the island. He had lain for some years on his back as the result of an accident.

Hardly a day passed but the minister visited him, always with some gift in his hand, a rose it might be, or some snowdrops or a book. When the lad was told that his friend was dead, he listened in silence, lying perfectly still, nor did any word pass his lips for hours.

The thought or remembrance of a good minister is one to which men seem at times naturally to turn in faith's distress or in the weariness of service. Those who visit Morven to-day are made aware that Macfarlane is not merely a memory, but a living presence ; one that protects storm-tossed faith and renews the impaired energies of the soul. The words of ancient prophecy which the people of the parish have inscribed on the stone of remembrance which they have set up in Keil Church are true not only of years that have passed but are fulfilled again in a present and abiding ministry : "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind ; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Macfarlane died just when the new church was about to be built. It was finished and opened in little more than one year. It was his own idea, the building of it. He was persuaded that as soon as the church of his dream should have become the church of the parish,

it would foster the worshipful heart, enable those who gathered to its services to feel at home with God in their acts of common prayer, and draw about it the tendrils of affection. As stone was raised upon stone, it was not merely the masons who raised it, but the people themselves in the imagination of their hearts stricken with the sense of loss but grateful to God. It had become a memorial.

Within the Memorial of the church is another Memorial, one set up by the people of Gigha and Macfarlane's friends, in the form of a stained glass window, which shows the boat in which St. Columba has sailed from Ireland and in the foreground the Saint kneeling on the shore of Iona, and with uplifted gaze interceding in prayer. There is an inscription telling of the love which Macfarlane bore to Jesus Christ and to the people of the Island. In the address which was delivered by a friend of Macfarlane on the occasion of the unveiling, allusion was made to his resemblance to St. Columba. As the speaker touched on the likeness in face and figure, there came back to one's mind the comparison as it was drawn by another friend, after he had heard Macfarlane preach several times. " My mind travels," he remarked, " to St Adamnan's stories in his Life of St.

Columba of the wonder of the Saint's voice. There is a touch of exaggeration on the part of the writer when he remarks that, though the holy man was but chanting the Psalms softly in the chapel, the sound of it might he heard clear and loud at the distance of many miles, but it is not difficult to see the truth in the statement. Columba's voice had a certain peculiar quality that one meets with in Italy and is recognized and understood there. A voice of this kind at close range sounds soft and gentle : when one has moved further off, it appears to be richer and louder, as though distance has brought out its tone and beauty."

There is in the Memorial the suggestion of greater and deeper truth. Each of these men lived in an Island of the Hebridean seas, each built thereon a House of God, each made his island home a centre of far-reaching influence.

SOME IMPRESSIONS

by

NORMAN MACLEAN

In the year 1892, after being licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Skye, I was appointed to the Mission of Kyleakin. After two Sundays there I got a summons to go and see Dr. Norman Macleod at Inverness, and at an interview I was enjoined to go to Benbecula, the island that lies between North and South Uist, for there was some dissatisfaction there owing to the missionary having been removed without the congregation being consulted. I went reluctantly. For to a Skyeman the outer isles are like banishment ; and I had no knowledge of the ways of Roman Catholics. The four months that I spent in Benbecula were made memorable for me by the fact that Donald Macfarlane came thither in mid-summer to celebrate the Holy Communion and to preach for the five days consecrated to the Ordinances.

I was staying in a little inn near the Benbecula end of the North Ford. The sound of the tides rushing over the sands was ever in the ear. The long line of boulders marked the track along which traffic could pass across the sands when the tides were low. The surface of the

island consisted more of fresh water lochs than of land. It is one of the most isolated and lonely spots in the world. And there, in the lonely inn, we lived together, Donald Macfarlane and myself, for ten days. He was then thirty-one years of age, and I was twenty-three. But in wisdom, in experience and in knowledge of life he was a whole generation older than I was. And on my young, impressionable heart he left an indelible mark.

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For me he opened a door into a new world. He did that solely by his personality. It was through the element of surprise that he took me by storm. He was utterly unlike any minister of religion whom I had ever met. In the Hebrides a minister of those days was a man whose spirit was ever wrapped in gloom. The more zealous and religious his flock, the deeper was the gloom over their minister's soul: he was for ever trembling for their morrow. . . . But Macfarlane was as different from that as day from night. The first morning after he arrived (he came in the darkness across the ford in a dogcart, with the tide up to the axle) he awoke me with his singing. He had a beautiful voice and he loved to use it. An old psalm tune or a Highland

ditty—whatever it was, he would pour out his heart. And at breakfast he began to tell me stories. How he could laugh! There was no professional piety or cant about this man. And after breakfast he went, as if joyously, and got his Bible. The way he read and prayed showed that he had entered far into the secret place of the Most High.

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I do not remember that he offered me a single word of advice in these ten days, but I learned a great deal. One thing I did learn was the folly of sectarianism. This man, who seemed to my eyes the ideal minister, allowed no wall to separate him from his fellow Christians. Whether they were Free Church, or Baptists, or Congregationalists, or Roman Catholics, he had a good word for them all. I still remember the smile with which he told me that he never used the designation "The Manse" when he wrote to people who did not belong to his own Church. He called it as a rule "Fiunary Manse." Nor would he put F.C. or any other letters before any minister's manse. He wanted them all to feel that theirs was the parish manse as well as the men who called their houses so. It may sound quixotic. But that was Macfarlane in the fineness

of his spirit. He would arrogate to himself no superiority in any way over any brother in Christ. His whole life through and through was woven of the same pattern.

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In those days in the Hebrides good and religious people had developed a genius for hating each other. As one looks back on it across thirty-two years, it seems incredible. But it was very Jewish—for hatred has been an art with the Jew. It was a new thing for me to hear Macfarlane speak as if the minister of religion could never have aught to do with anything but love and peace and goodwill. I vividly remember walking with him towards a wonderful sunset when the whole sky was aglow as the sun went down, "swimming in glory." "The minister who gives way to hate is ruining himself," said Macfarlane. "He is a foolish man for he does nobody any injury but himself. The law of the land prevents him from injuring the man he hates. The person who is hated may not even know that he is hated. The only person injured is the man who allows the passion of hate to darken his mind and to harden his conscience. He is putting out the fire in his own heart." . . . I never before heard anyone speak like that.

To hate the opposing faction was a sign of zeal and godliness! "I hate them with a perfect hatred," was a favourite quotation. But here the sophistry was brushed aside, like cobwebs by a broom. I learned that there was a law: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you." And the law became a reality because it shone through a man's loving personality.

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In those days in the Hebrides a teetotaller was unknown among the clergy. I had never come across any of that persuasion. The people generally regarded them as of an inferior order —unable by reason of weakness to carry their liquor, and therefore bound to abstain! I do not know that even to-day there are many teetotallers in the Hebrides. It was a great surprise to me to discover that Macfarlane was a strenuous teetotaller. There was nothing weak, or effeminate, or namby-pamby about this man, and yet he would not touch alcohol. He told me of the evil fruits he had seen: of the wreckage that strewed the streets of Glasgow. "I wouldn't touch it for the world," he said. A congregation in Glasgow approached him with an offer to appoint him their minister. He enquired and found that many wine merchants and publicans

were in its membership. "I refused at once," he said: "I couldn't be minister of a church of that sort." . . . And, doubtless, being the man he was, he did the right. That ardent soul of his would dash itself in pieces against that rock. The time was not yet. . . . But I confess that, in this matter, Macfarlane did not impress me at the time as I ought to have been impressed. I looked on his attitude as a vagary of spiritual genius. It took me twenty-two years before I realized how supremely right Donald Macfarlane was in that witness of his. When the Great War made the scales fall from my eyes, I saw Donald Macfarlane at the ford in Benbecula with a fresh realization of the clearness of his spiritual vision.

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It was shortly before I met him that he came through the great spiritual experience which changed his whole life. I do not know exactly what form it took; but it certainly was an experience of the hidden flame in his soul. It must have been an experience such as Pilkington had on the island in Lake Victoria Nyanza when it seemed to him as if he had found God for the first time. It was like that with Macfarlane too. He suddenly realized the presence of the Holy

Spirit in the heart, and lo! all things were made new. The Bible was lit up for him afresh as the glowing tale of the workings of the Spirit ; and the ordinances of religion and the great Sacrament were but the channels through which the Spirit came to the seeking soul. The whole spiritual forces of the man were unloosed by this realization. He felt God ; he lived in the very presence of the Eternal ; he passed his days in the companionship of his Master ; he was never less alone than when he was alone. And there came into his preaching that note of intensity which set the hearts of the listeners vibrating.

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I never heard him preach in English, but I know that he preached in that language with literary grace and perfect diction. It was the Gaelic that he loved best ; and it was in Gaelic that he preached in Benbecula in those far-gone days. It was preaching of an order quite new to me than ; and I have heard little to excel it since. It was preaching with the note of evangelical passion pulsating through it. I still remember the Action sermon on that second Sunday of July, 1892, in the church of Benbecula. His illustrations suggested to the hearers that this preacher knew the whole Bible as if by heart.

And at the end he broke into a chant—sending forth his appeal with a rhythmic beat. The Welsh call it *hwyll*. With his spiritual intensity and musical voice it caused a wave of emotion to pass over the congregation. And then he celebrated the Sacrament. It seemed to me strange that he gave no address after the Table was served. . . . " I want them to go away feeling that God alone has spoken to them at the last." That was his explanation when I asked him. After the service on Monday in Benbecula an old woman waited at the church door for him, and holding his hand she said in softest Gaelic : " *Happy is the congregation to whom you return as you go home.*" Macfarlane referred to it two or three times : it cheered him so.

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One day we drove across Benbecula and over the South Ford, and to the house of Mr. Roderick MacDonald, Minister of South Uist. " Mr. Ruari," as the islanders called him, was a minister of the old school, a gentleman of courtly manners and a man of wit and learning. In another sphere he would have risen to eminence ; but isolated among an overwhelming Roman Catholic population, he never had the opportunity for using his gifts. He was a master of Gaelic ; and at

a later day I heard "Mr. Ruari" dispense the Sacrament in Gaelic with a solemnity and a beauty that even now brings a glow about the heart as I remember. But that lovely July day is still fresh in my memory because of the vivid contrast between the beautiful white-haired old minister and Macfarlane in the flush of his youth. He treated Mr. Ruari with the reverence due to a Bishop. And Mr. Ruari told us stories of wonderful drollery. One was of his appearing at the bar of the General Assembly and how that venerable Court was amazed as he told the tale of fords to be crossed, voyages to be made, perils to be faced by those who would keep alive Presbyteries in the Hebrides, and how the Assembly, instead of censuring the Presbytery of Uist, gave him an ovation! He deserved it. "What a fine old Trojan," said Macfarlane as we drove back across the ford.

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There was something wonderfully captivating about Macfarlane. Whether he told you the story of how he burnt his commentaries (when he had the great experience in the depths of his soul); how one book only was worth reading —the Bible; how one thing only was to be done—to love and serve the Master; or told

you tales steeped in tears and laughter—he always captured the heart. You could not help loving him. . . . He made a great impression on me, but I made little impression on him. At any rate he never sought me out in the after years. But, on the rare occasions when we met, he would greet me just as if we had been in Benbecula together the week before. It did not matter how long the years between may have been, he was as affectionate and warm-hearted as he was when I was but a boy. . . . He was in truth the friendliest of men.

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At a Conference in Oban, in June, 1921, I saw Macfarlane for the last time. The Conference included the United Free Church and the Church of Scotland ministers in Argyll and the Isles, and was presided over by Principal Martin. I vividly remember the impression made on me when Donald Macfarlane at a meeting rose and spoke. He spoke out of the depths of his own religious experience, and as he went on, I could see the great gathering of ministers and missionaries fall under his spell as I fell under his spell twenty-nine years before. He was just the same. The voice was a little richer; the light in his eye a little brighter; the same play of humour and of

deep feeling ; the same mesmeric, indefinable emanation by which he made hearts captive. . . . When the meeting was over Principal Martin took me aside and asked, " Who is that man ? " And I told him. " That is a most remarkable man," said he. "Are there any more such in your Church among the Isles ? " I replied that Donald Macfarlane was a man all alone by himself. At every meeting after that the ministers insisted that Donald Macfarlane should speak. They felt that a prophet had once more appeared among the Isles. That was the last I saw of him. . . .

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