

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.*

THE office of historiographer to the Evangelical dissenters appear to have devolved upon Dr. Philip of Maberly Chapel. The present work, however,—which is in many respects a history of one memorable epoch in the annals of dissent,—unlike the memoirs of Bunyan and Whitefield, is almost an autobiography, to which Dr. Philip merely furnishes connecting links, and a kind of running commentary, which is sometimes critical, but more generally explanatory or eulogistic. The work bears some marks of haste; yet it will be a welcome gift to the flock and friends of the deceased pastor of Kingalund; as well as to many of the public at large. To the people of Scotland it possesses additional interest, from affording the first detailed account of the rise of the Independent congregational churches in Scotland, through the instrumentality of the brothers Haldane, Mr. John Aikman, and the subject of this memoir, namely, the “Philanthropic Ironmonger of the Grassmarket,” the itinerant lay preacher, the pastor of Kingsland congregation, and finally the missionary-general to South Africa, JOHN CAMPBELL.—His *Times* thus form an interesting record to many who may be indifferent about his *Life*.

Independently altogether of religious considerations, and viewing the labours of John Campbell and his more distinguished coadjutors, the Haldanes, Ewings, and Aikmans, merely in their moral and intellectual results, they were of vast importance to Scotland. These good men could not prosecute their great and ostensible object without illuminating the darkness, and warring with the vice which abounded among the torpid and neglected, or reckless, of the great substratum of the dense population of our larger towns; persons placed beyond the pale of respectable society, and belonging to no religious sect. It was impossible to inculcate Christian doctrine in any form among such out-lying members of civilized society without at the same time, in some degree, enlarging their knowledge, improving their manners, and laying the foundation of a purer succeeding generation. In this duty of “excavating the Heathen” of Scottish Christendom, the devoted band of itinerants, who started in Edinburgh above forty years since, held the place, in the northern end of the empire, of the Wesleyan Methodists in the South. Without committing ourselves to the approval of all they have either done or attempted to do, we are bound in candour to give the warmest praise to many of their objects, and unreserved commendation to many things accomplished for the good of the neglected poor of Scotland, which, save for their energetic and truly apostolic labours, and the impulse which these gave to both Churchmen and Seceders, might have been much longer delayed, if they had ever at all been thought of. To them, and eminently to the subject of this memoir, we owe,

besides, the establishment of Sabbath schools, the circulation of cheap tracts, village lay-preaching, and missionary societies; the Magdalen Asylums of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and several other benevolent institutions. Of nearly all of these Mr. Campbell could, in old age, say, as he often did, “I had a finger in that pie too;”—or, “I had a hand in that too.” Indeed his personal history is chiefly valuable for showing how much blessing a humble individual, of average capacity, may confer on his fellow-creatures, if he is full of zeal and devotedness, and strenuous in endeavour, when, like Campbell, he finds his proper sphere of usefulness. In Scotland, but particularly in his native city of Edinburgh, John Campbell must still be affectionately remembered by many, who know that originally he possessed no influence from fortune or station, no great intellectual endowments nor educational acquirements; but that, filled with love to God and good-will to man, he possessed the happy knack of improving the single talent to the utmost. Not that, especially at the commencement of his career, he was without both faults and weaknesses, though they were of that inoffensive kind which rather excites mirth than provokes indignation. He seems to have possessed, by constitution, not a little self-complaisance, and to have been, in reality, on the best terms with himself, even when the most loudly bewailing his sins and shortcomings.

Not to speak it with irreverence, or with any desire to depreciate an individual whose claims to respect rest on the sure foundation of the good he has done, it strikes us, that in childhood, boyhood, youth and old age, John Campbell must have been exactly one of those *canny, couthie, auld-farrand* little beings peculiar to Scotland, and so exquisitely delineated by Galt,—one of his *pawkie* and *gabby* laddies, gifted with a rare mother-wit, and with a modest, but by no means scanty endowment of self-complaisance, and a vanity the farthest possible removed from arrogance or selfish egotism. Like Galt's *Wheeler* and *Pawkie*, John Campbell succeeded in all his undertakings, by sheer mother-wit; seldom damped by undue and awkward diffidence, or the consciousness of incapacity. Even in external circumstances, and in the outer man, he was assimilated to Galt's most unheroic heroes. He was a very small and a very dark man, bearing marks of the origin of the genuine Celt—

Sinewy, short, and spare,
And hardened to the blast.

To complete his resemblance to Galt's lucky humble adventurers, the Provost Pawkies, and Sir Andrew Wylie, he was early left an orphan, and reared by a kind uncle and aunt with as much care and tenderness as *Wheeler's* pious grannie showed for her charge. There was, however, this great distinction: these heroes were merely worldly adventurers, ambitious, in their own way, of wealth and civic honours; and our hero's ambition had

* One volume, with portrait, &c., pp. 590. London: Snow.

more exalted objects, and took a far nobler direction.

The good-natured vanity, which was a distinguishing trait in the character of Campbell, breaks out, and often very pleasantly, in the autobiography, written in old age, from which this volume is principally compiled. Perhaps vanity is not the true term for the *bonhomie*, or child-like simplicity, of those who, being on perfectly good terms with themselves, have no idea of failing of the sympathy of others in their complacent feelings; and which, instead of being a repelling or offensive personal quality, often becomes in these individuals peculiarly engaging—something for which they are the more beloved by their friends.

JOHN CAMPBELL was born in Edinburgh in March 1768. His father, a native of the beautiful and romantic village of Killin in Perthshire, became a thriving grocer in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, where he had the honour to entertain in his house the pastor of Killin parish, Mr. Stewart, (the first translator of the New Testament into the Gaelic language,) when the Minister attended the meetings of the General Assembly. Of three sons, John was the youngest. He lost his father when he was but two years of age, and his mother before he was six. Provident and trust-worthy guardians had been chosen for the orphans, and they were received into the family of their worthy uncle, Mr. Bowers,—sufficient property being left by their parents to afford them a good education. It was much more common in Edinburgh, sixty years since, than now, to give boys of all conditions, above the humblest, a classical education; and the brothers attended the High School; John having been for some time the school-fellow of Sir Walter Scott. The class-fellow he could scarcely be, as he was several years older than Scott. It is probable, as his classical attainments were never great, that he did not remain very long under the care of Burns' convivial friend, Willie Nicoll.

That he was the school-fellow of Scott is proved by a very characteristic letter written by him towards the close of his life, from which we copy an extract. It proves, among other things, that the common idea of Scott having been born and bred a *Jacobite* is completely erroneous; though he might have, in part, been driven into High Toryism and cavalier tastes by the Whiggish and Presbyterian strictness of his early education in his father's house. Campbell, after introducing himself to Scott, thus states his claims to do so:—

"1. I am an old schoolfellow of yours. I was in Nicoll's class at the same time that you were, at the High School. Though I have never seen you or your brother since leaving that initiatory seminary, yet, were I a painter of portraits, I am confident I could draw a correct likeness of you both.

"2. I sat under the invaluable ministry of Dr. Erskine, in the pew of George Grindlay, leather-merchant, West Bow, which was only a few seats from your father's pew, and saw you regularly attending there; and I can trace the effects of it in various of your publications, from the *patness* with which you quote many scripture phrases. When I meet with them, I say, 'There is the fruit of Dr. Erskine's labours!'

"3. I was intimate with relations of yours—the Miss Scotts, at one time resident at Lasswade, who used to

lodge at our house, back of the Meadows, when they came to visit your father.

"4. I have had the pleasure of frequently conversing with your father, especially about the time that Tom Paine was poisoning the minds of our countrymen, in convincing them that they were miserable; a thing of which they were ignorant till he made the discovery to them. Hundreds of publications did your father purchase and send to different parts of the country, to convince the people that Tom Paine was in the wrong.

"But you ask, Pray who are you? I am John Campbell, of whom I dare say you have never heard. I have gone twice out to Southern Africa for a society here. The first time ascended up 1000 miles from the Cape of Good Hope; the second time, I went 1300; and have been twenty-four years minister of Kingland Chapel, near London.

"I do not say, Forgive me for the length of the introduction; for it has surely taken me more trouble to write than you to read. Now, my dear sir, the object that I have in view in addressing you is your own and the public benefit. You have got prodigious talents, and also the ear of the public to an extent few have ever had. These talents, of course, you have from the God of heaven; and must know it, from the advantages you had in your youthful days. I think you might use them to better purposes than I have observed you to do. You might interweave with your publications more of the important truths of the gospel, of which you are not ignorant, and in a way likely to be useful. . . . I trust that in the retirement and stillness of Abbotsford you think more seriously, my dear sir, than you make known to all the world. Your constant allusion to, or making use of scripture terms, has led me to hope so. You have got, sir, to the pinnacle of fame in this passing world; which I dare say you feel to be a *poor* thing, unable to cure either a head or a heart ache. I think, could you turn your fine talents more to the honour of God and the immortal interests of mankind, you would not only *amuse* but benefit the world.

"If my hints are considered intrusions, I hope you will forgive me on the score of good intentions. They cannot do you any harm. I stand up for you as a quondam school-fellow. Though I have been long from Auld Reekie, with all her faults, I love no place in the world with the same kind of affection. To come in sight of Arthur's Seat would make me leap a yard high at any time. I cannot tell you the reverence with which I looked to Blackford Hill, when last in Edinburgh, where I used, when a boy, on Saturday afternoons, to seek for birds' nests. Sir, you know well that you look to no spot in the world, 'with the same eyes,' as we say in the north, as where you spent your boyhood."

No answer seems to have been returned to this epistle. Perhaps none could have been expected; but Scott has given a burlesque account of Campbell, while the latter was an itinerant in the Orkney Islands, which appears in Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter*, along with those other good stories which Mr. Lockhart has received as gospel in Scott's *Journals*, and published, sometimes with little advantage to his memory. Dr. Philip blames Scott alone for this "shot at the righteous," "this contemptible squib." The anecdote is humorous of its kind; descriptive of the state of manners at that time in Orkney, and no bad caricature likeness of the person described. The good-natured, pious "*Pecht*" lived to read it, and was not mortally offended,—though he appears to have been a little touchy on the score of stature; but he denies having been taken for a *Pecht*, black and long as his beard may have been. The story appears in the third volume of Scott's *Life*. It is so really *good* that, as Dr. Philip has seen fit to publish it, we need not be scrupulous in following his example:—

"There are remains of their Norwegian descent [viz. of the Orcadians, or Orkney Islanders] and language, in North Ronaldshaw, an isle I regret I did not see.

"A missionary preacher came ashore there a year or two since; but being a very little, black-bearded, unshaved man, the seniors of the isle suspected him of being an ancient Pecht or Pict, and 'no *oanny*,' of course. The schoolmaster came down to entreat our worthy Mr. Stevenson, then about to leave the island, to come up and verify whether the preacher was an ancient Pecht, yea or no. Finding apologies in vain, he rode up to the house where the unfortunate preacher, after three nights' watching, had got to bed, little conceiving under what odious suspicion he had fallen. As Mr. Stevenson declined disturbing him, his boots were produced, which being a *little—little—very little* pair, confirmed, in the opinion of all the by-standers, the suspicion of Pechtism. Mr. Stevenson therefore found it necessary to go into the poor man's sleeping apartment, where he recognised one Campbell, heretofore an ironmonger in Edinburgh, but who had put his hand for some years to the *missionary* plough; of course, he warranted his quondam acquaintance to be no ancient Pecht. Mr. Stevenson carried the same schoolmaster, who figured in the adventure of the Pecht, to the mainland of Scotland, to be examined for his office."

Our prophet had at this period small honour from some individuals in his own country. Imputing his exceeding zeal to selfish motives, some said, "that had it not been for the Missionary Society he might have been selling nails all his days in the Grassmarket;" Dr. Philip remarks:—

Nothing but his *preaching* to prisoners and the poor gave offence; and that did shock some orderly Presbyterians not a little. One stickler for holy orders prayed so for his mouth to be stopped, that an apprentice could not resist laughter. The lad was turned off, for impiety. This grieved his parents and minister, who had a high opinion of him. They upbraided him for irreverence at family prayer, in his master's house. "How could I but laugh," he said, "when the master prayed every Sabbath morning, that a red hot poker might be stuck into Johnny Campbell's throat that day, if he presumed to minister in word or doctrine?"

We have anticipated the regular narrative. On the death of their parents, the orphan boys, as was mentioned, went to live with their uncle and aunt Bowers. Mr. Bowers was, we believe, a master stocking-weaver in the suburban locality still occupied by that craft,—the Sciennes, so named from the ancient convent that stood in that neighbourhood, dedicated to Our Lady of Sienna. Campbell's earliest reminiscences, which in old age he relates with engaging simplicity, are of exploratory excursions, made in childhood and boyhood from the Sciennes to places in the vicinity of the city. One of these, describing an old wedding custom of Scotland, we shall cite in his own language, as a specimen of the De Foe-ish style which made him so acceptable a writer for children:—

"My first long journey from home was to the village of Pennycaik, about eight miles distant. Such was the interest I took in it, that the night before I set off, I could sleep none, and every hour seemed to have no end. However, daylight at length came, which afforded me as much pleasure as the return of evening to the hardwrought labourer. With joy I jumped out of bed, awoke the female servant who was to be my companion in travel, and wondered at the number of things she had to do before she could start. The marriage of an acquaintance was the object of our journey, which was to be on foot. When everything was adjusted, we set off in charming spirits; and the loveliness of the morning increased them. Everything around as we proceeded

was beheld with deep interest; appearing to my boyish eyes as novel as if I had been travelling among the hills and dales of the moon. When I beheld Pentland Hills at my side, which I had only seen from afar before, I leaped and clapped my hands with joy, thinking what wonderful things I should have to relate on my return to home.

"On passing through the village of Straiton, and seeing a straight road for two miles before me, with a black moor on both sides, I considered it a perilous part of our journey, and kept pretty close to the servant; for not another human being was to be seen. This was a position I had never been placed in before; and glad was I on reaching Auchindunny briggs, (or bridges,) where there were a few houses, and children at play in front of them, a lovely river, and many trees clad in lively green, which, after passing amidst dull black moors, appeared like a paradise; though fatigued, it exhilarated our animal spirits, yet I began to think Pennycaik was a very remote region; for to all my inquiries, whether it was near such a tree, which we saw at a distance, or such a hill, the answer was uniformly, No! which made me sometimes fall down upon the grass, expressing a doubt if there was such a place as the village of Pennycaik. At last, we came in sight of the church-steeple, behind a rising ground; intelligence as interesting to me then, as if now I were to come in sight of Jerusalem.

"Next day, the marriage took place somewhere at a distance; after which, the young couple, with numerous friends on horseback, came with great speed into the village, where almost the whole of the villagers were turned out to witness their public entrance. A barn had been cleared out for the company to dine in; temporary tables were erected, on which abundance of provisions were placed. Scotch broth, with the addition of raisins in it, I remember, was in great request, because raisins are not used except on such great occasions. When a plateful was handed to me, of course I first looked to see how many raisins were in it; and I believe that I was not the only one in the company who directed their attention to that point. When the dinner was finished, one and sixpence was collected from each person who had partaken of it; the profit from which was designed to assist the new pair to furnish their house, a common custom in the days of 'auld lang syne.' All who were willing to pay for the dinner were made most welcome to join the party. A dance commenced immediately after the removal of the dinner. A table, on which stood a large vessel like a tub full of whisky-punch, was placed at the end of the barn; the guardians of which were the parish minister, and three or four elderly relations of the married people. These supplied every dancer with a glass of punch when they chose to apply, whether male or female. The fiddler, also, was not forgotten. All was novelty to me, for it was the first and last penny, or paying, wedding that I ever witnessed; for they only even then took place in the country. It quite suited my boyish taste; for, like others, I was fond of stir and bustle. I was delighted with the village, which contained five or six hundred inhabitants, and surrounded with paper-mills and fine scenery. . . .

"I recollect nothing about leaving the place, and my return home; but I remember being proud, among my companions, of being such a traveller."

His next great journey must have been made ten years later. It was to Perth; and comprehended a tour through Fife to St. Andrews, and so back to Edinburgh. He was accompanied by one of his brothers. They set off in grand style, mounted on a couple of Galloways, careful friends having first estimated their expenses at thirty shillings each, besides horse hire—no trifling sum at the Sciennes in those days! This journey was no doubt a great event in a young life, but the next was greater still. It was a pedestrian excursion made to Killin in Breadalbane, by way of Stirling, to visit the birth-

place of their father, and of all their paternal ancestors so far as these could be counted; and every Campbell has, or at all events then had, a tolerably long pedigree. Their spirits were high, and the mountain-dew was exhilarating; and in those days there was no Temperance Societies, nor yet much intemperance. The juvenile tourists proceeded briskly to Callander, now the frontier town of the Trosachs' scenery, with several handsome inns; but then a very poor place, having but one house of entertainment for wayfarers:—

"Little," says Mr. Campbell, "did I think then, that a schoolfellow of mine, Sir Walter Scott, was to effect such a change in that remote, little-known village; for the scenery of 'the Lady of the Lake' is in the immediate neighbourhood. When Buonaparte shut us out from the continent by a wall more difficult to climb over than the great wall of China, families in England, taking a journey, selected that lake to be their object; consequently, every day brought many of them to Callander, and soon a considerable inn was erected; so that when I visited it twenty years after my first visit, I found I could procure anything I could have obtained in the best inns in the south. They told me then, that often they had thirty families from different parts of England and Scotland, and sometimes foreigners, visiting Callander in one day. All this change was produced by the head and pen of Sir Walter Scott, who was a young *unknown* at my former visit; but now, when I write this, his lamp has gone out, and his dust is mingling with the dust of a thousand generations."

They were kindly welcomed by their relatives, and hospitably received in the manse of the venerable Mr. Stewart, the friend of their father. They viewed the graves of their ancestors; they ascended the lofty Ben-Lawers. They were delighted with all they saw, Dr. Philip relates:—

Mr. Campbell's father was born at the foot of the lofty Ben-Lawers, on the banks of Loch Tay; "one of the loveliest lakes," as he often said, "I ever saw; extending fifteen miles, and guarded on each side by a row of huge mountains, wooded to the very summit with beautiful trees. The margin of the lake is studded with small villages, which look across at each other; and the tops of the mountains can be seen even from the streets of Edinburgh, although eighty miles off." Mr. Campbell had this scene of his father-land before him wherever he travelled; and brought the mountains and valleys of Africa, as well as of Europe, alike into comparison with it. The villages along Loch Tay were his models when he selected sites, and drew plans for missionary settlements in Africa; for he filled his soul with the scene.

Mr. Campbell prattles very pleasantly of their homeward journey; which we pass to come at the Sabbath-evening usages of the worthy family in which he was domesticated—a household which made him never feel the want of a father's house. The whole family attended public worship in the Relief meeting-house, in what is now called College Street, in which Mr. Bain then officiated.

"Immediately after tea, the whole family were assembled in uncle's room, viz., we three brothers, the female servant, and an apprentice. Each was asked to tell the texts and what they remembered of the sermons they had heard during the day; then a third part of the questions in the Shorter Catechism were asked, to which we repeated the answers in rotation. He then took one of the questions as it came in course, from which, off hand, he asked us a number of questions, for the trial of our knowledge and informing our judgments. The service was concluded by singing two verses of a psalm,

and uncle offering a most pious prayer for a blessing on the evening exercises. From the variety that we attended to, we did not weary in the service; indeed, I do not recollect one of us ever yawning during it. This way of keeping the Sabbath deeply impressed us with its sanctity. Had I heard a boy whistle, or a man laugh loud, or overheard the sound of an instrument of music from a house, I was actually shocked. We were never permitted to cross the threshold of the door on the Lord's day, except when going to worship. Some might conclude from all this that we must have been a gloomy, morose family, but the fact was the reverse. Uncle was a cheerful man, possessed peace of mind, and the prospect of a happy eternity!

"I remember an old disciple calling upon him a few days before his departure, when he got so animated that he was well heard in the next room. I remember he said, 'When I was a bachelor, and the men in the winter time used to come to the kitchen fire at twilight to warm themselves for half an hour before lighting candles, I used to retire to my room to hold a little intercourse with God; for twenty years I seized that half-hour's retirement with as much eagerness as ever a hungry man did his dish of victuals.' This seemed to have risen in his mind like Jacob's—'God met with me at Luz!'

"His intimate companions were truly the excellent of the earth, men of genuine piety, of prayer, and knowledge of the Scriptures, whose Society was a great privilege to us youngsters. These men I have heard in prayer wrestling with God for the downfall of anti-Christian superstition, Mohammedan delusions, and the destruction of heathen darkness. I have often thought since, how wonderful it was that it never occurred to such worthy men to ask—What can the Christian church do to effect these great ends!"

The next scene is full of character, and is exactly one of those which might be taken as almost a literal transcript from Galt:—

"Mrs. Bowers, Mr. Campbell's venerable aunt, used to tell with great delight the history of his first offer to take his turn at family worship. His brothers were both from home one night, and when the hour of prayer came, he modestly said, 'Aunty, if you have no objection, I will take the Book, and make prayers.' Aunty was delighted with the proposal, and went to the kitchen to tell the servant—an eminently pious woman, who had been long in the family, and was very fond of John. But the good news was too much for the worthy domestic. She wept and laughed at the same time, saying, 'Eh, sirs, I winna *behaave* myself at worship; and that will be well seen. I'm so pleased, that I am sure to laugh out; and yet I canna absent myself.' Aunty said, 'For shame! I'll *ding* laughing out of ye, if ye dinna behave yourself. The lad must no' be put out by your weakness.' This set all right, and he got well through the exercise. At this time Mr. Campbell was an apprentice to a goldsmith and jeweller in Edinburgh; and in this situation he acted out his principles. One part of his conduct is worthy of record. The players had borrowed from his master some jewel for a special purpose, and he was sent to the theatre to bring it home, when the play was over. He had never been in a theatre before; but he was so shocked by the levity and impiety he witnessed, that he resolved to pay for the trinket, if it was not returned next morning, rather than spend the evening in such a place. He found on calculating its value, that he could afford its price, by submitting to some privations; and accordingly he left the theatre, and went to family worship. He was no loser. The trinket was forthcoming next morning; and thus both his pocket and conscience were saved. He never entered a theatre again."

Both his brothers died of decline in early life, and within a short time of each other, and John gave up his own trade of a goldsmith to carry on the business of his deceased brother Alexander, who had been an ironmonger. "The Philanthropic

Ironmonger of the Grassmarket" soon became a character of some note.

Campbell's spiritual fathers do not seem to have been ministers, though he had duly attended the ministrations of Dr. Erskine, the then famous Dr. Colquhoun of Leith, and others of high evangelical repute. One of his earliest pious counsellors was a Cambuslang convert, named Duncan Clark; a retired exciseman, living at Stirling, who sometimes visited Edinburgh, and who was commonly designated "The Praying Gauger." He was a very pious and primitive person; and a man of some learning. He was the son of a clergyman; and his sole employment, in the latter part of his life, seems to have been travelling from place to place to attend sacraments.

They often conversed together until it was so late, or rather so early, that Mrs. Bowers was obliged to leave short candles upon the table. But even this precaution did not always send them to bed in proper time. Duncan Clark's maxim was, "I know not which world I shall wake in, and therefore I wish to be ready for both." His walking to save money for benevolent purposes, was another maxim which Mr. Campbell acted upon rigidly, whilst able to walk; and he had well-nigh imitated him in remaining a bachelor; but Mr. Newton's advice, and his own good sense, taught him "a more excellent way" than Duncan's, although not soon.

Another spiritual guide, who possessed even greater fervour and unction, is thus described by Dr. Philip:—

Another remarkable character, whose proverbial sayings were "more precious than gold" to Mr. Campbell, was a schoolmaster in the Highlands, named Dugald Buchanan. They never saw each other: but some of Dugald's old friends became Mr. Campbell's early friends, and brought the *spell* of the seraphic Celt upon his spirit, by quoting Kinloch-Rannach oracles. I have always ascribed his keen sense of the graphic and glowing sublimity of the Scriptures to Dugald Buchanan, rather than to Dr. Blair or Bishop Lowth. He knew their works well, but he knew the following criticisms long before. A gentleman invited Dugald to see a fine painting by one of the old masters. After examining it, Dugald invited the gentleman to see a much finer one in his cottage. The invitation was accepted; for no one could suspect Dugald of pretence or trifling, he was so modest as well as shrewd. Accordingly he took down his Bible, and placed before the Laird that Apocalyptic vision,—“The angel which I saw stand upon the sea, and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that time should be no more.” “Could anything be more sublime!” Mr. Campbell was wont to ask with triumph.

Dugald spent a winter in Edinburgh once, whilst the Gaelic Scriptures were printing under his superintendence. Then he saw Shakspeare for the first time, and attended lectures in the University. A distinguished critic quoted to him the passage—

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Shall dissolve, &c. &c.—

and asked “if there was anything to equal that!” “Yes,” said Dugald, “I have an old Book at home, which contains a sublime passage on the same subject. It runs thus, ‘I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was no place found for them.’” Rev. xviii. “Why, sir,” said the critic, “that is in the Bible: but I must confess that I never saw its sublimity before.”

These are not traditional reports of Dugald. The late venerable Dr. Erskine, of Edinburgh, wrote a sketch of his character, in the preface to a work on the death of children; and I have seen a letter of the Doctor's, in which he said of one of my own teachers, John Leslie,

of Huntley, “I have found no such man, since Dugald Buchanan died.” This pours a flood of light, to me, upon his character, which enables me to shed some light upon the influence which the study of it had upon Mr. Campbell's habits of thinking, and especially upon his tact in seizing on and showing the beauties of the Scriptural language, as well as in illustrating them from the scenery and customs of Africa. His little work entitled “African Light,” teems with specimens of the *cast* which Dugald's sayings gave to his mind; for although he had none of the Celt's mystic sublimity in his temperament, he had a quick eye, and a keen relish, for whatever was beautiful, ingenious, or remarkable, as that work abundantly proves.

John Campbell had always had habits of religion; and the growth of his religious opinions and principles, is traced from his diaries and early correspondence, probably with greater minuteness than some of his friends may deem altogether for edification. But it is always desirable to see the whole truth of a character, or of a state of mind. We cannot perceive that Campbell was so great a sinner as his own vanity, or love of making a figure, represents him; but there was both conceit, of a bad kind, and gross self-delusion about him, when he judged of the state of his neighbour publicans and sinners in the adjoining shops in the Grassmarket, and compared it with his own. Of his complaints of the hardness of his heart, and the weakness of his faith, and much more of the same sort, Dr. Philip pertinently remarks:—

Mr. Campbell's heart would not have put forth all this hardness, had he not been trying to make it very good. Had he let it alone, or not challenged it by law and gospel, to be pure and spiritual, it would have been as good a heart as that of any man who is well pleased with himself.

It was, according to the biographer, not till ten years afterwards, that Campbell “knew the truth so as to be made free by it.” Yet in this interval

His letters and diaries show an amount of prayer, meditation, and self-communing, as well as of Scriptural reading, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel in the privacy of any tradesman, since the times of the Commonwealth. He was also highly esteemed by many eminent Christians, and held the place of clerk in the session of Mr. Baines's church, and was beloved by the sick and dying poor, as a visitor, whilst, like Job, he “abhorred,” and, like Ephraim, “bemoaned himself.” In fact, he stood low with none, but with the more sedate of his young companions; and even with them, only when his levity at the tea or supper-table went beyond ordinary bounds.

Among other means of growth in grace, he entered into a frequent correspondence with Mr. Ritchie, another very serious young man, also residing in Edinburgh. They appear to have been of different temperaments; and each watched over his own mental sensations and varying moods, and minutely detailed them to the other as spiritual “experiences.” Duncan Clark did not quite approve of this correspondence, which was indeed excellently adapted to foster the besetting sin of his pupil. He thought “prayer and repentance” a better exercise than this letter-writing. A single specimen of the correspondence amply confirms his opinion. After expressing great doubts of his real state; and lamenting his deadness, and dullness, and hardness of heart, our young saint, who was seldom on really bad terms with himself, remarks:—

"Yet I cannot help telling you, that I had much *sweetness* all the afternoon I spent with (Dr.) Colquhoun. I was filled with wonder that the great God who upheld and governed the stars should look into my heart, perhaps to dwell, in some little degree, in such a sinful, trifling creature as myself. *All the people in the shops around me are better looking than I am, yet have no experience of the condescending love of God!* Were a man to choose in the shop, I should be the last he would take. Such condescension is a mystery to be solved only in heaven. But to stop here. I am just thinking that there will be no drowsy heads there, and no need of pen, ink, and paper.—I am yours in the —."

There was much to be amended here, that Dr. Philip does not seem to take account of; nor can we imagine with what object he has published such passages as the above, unaccompanied by a more sifting exposure, and by grave warning and rebuke. Here is another sample:—

The grace which shines in the truth was "no grace" to Mr. Campbell, except when it warmed, melted, and amazed him, as *distinguishing* grace to himself at the moment. Mr. Ritchie was more cautious, and sometimes "afraid to say of a sweet experience that it was from the Lord." Once, when he could not resist the conviction that the Lord had visited his soul, he related the manifestation with great modesty, and some hesitation. Not so did Mr. Campbell treat the matter. His friend's exercise had been ecstatic and entrancing; and he said, "I am glad you were *obliged* to acknowledge that exercise to have been from the Lord. This was but your reasonable service, in such a rebellious district of creation. John, I think your experience surpasses many." Mr. Campbell himself had had something of the kind at the same time; he therefore added, "O dear, it is a noble thing to have much love when we are young. The Lord says, he will not forget it. Now, John, if you and I be in Christ, there are two *empty* seats in heaven, which will stand empty till our earthly tabernacle be dissolved. *Perhaps angels give place as the saints enter.* If the promise of my stay in heaven was, till we could tell all the value and glory of Christ, it would not discourage me. It will take eternity to do that! 'Deed, John, the Lord is dandling you and me in his kind arms now; but, depend on it, we shall have to walk on the *cawcaw* yet. This is not the first time I have trembled to think of the dark days which are coming."

Campbell, after being greatly cast down, got into a happier frame, and wrote a letter to his more cautious friend, the other John, which enraptured him. He wrote in reply:—

"It is well your part to exalt, praise, and adore your loving Lord and Father. Go on, too, ye angels and saints, in your delightful employment. O that my soul were drawn out in a song! Why sigh again! It pleased me well to read your arguings with yourself. Unbelief is not only a great sin, but also a mother-sin, and a strangely infatuating evil. I must confess I feel a great affection to you. My heart is united to you in a bond of love, which death cannot break. O, *dinna* forget my poor soul! We must watch against unbelief. One day, whilst I was a boy, my mother heard me weeping in my room at prayer. She asked me, why? I said, 'The Lord will not give me a new heart.' She answered, 'Dinna fear that; turn to Ezek. xxxvi.' 'Ay, but,' said I, 'it is no said there, that He will give it to *Jock Ritchie.*'"

The extreme caution, or want of faith, of "*Jock Ritchie*" will, to many, seem ludicrous. It does not seem so to Dr. Philip. It is, at least, highly characteristic. Had not Mr. Campbell become eventually "a sober-minded, cheerful, and happy believer," there would have been great indiscretion in displaying to the world his many fantastic humours.

At one time he was rapt into the third heavens; and at another, overwhelmed with black despair, yet always with a reserve, as Newton seems to have remarked. Those consequences of an unmitigated theology, or of a very faulty religious education, which have driven many unfortunate persons into actual phrenzy, are strikingly revealed in what follows. He was now in manhood, and had just returned from attending his dying brother into the country:—

He durst not approach the sacramental table; "evidences being all out of sight, and grace out of exercise." . . . He had been haunted in boyhood by a suspicion that, as he had two brothers, God would not save all three; or that one would be left, and himself be the victim of Satan. His first reading of Doddridge also, had thrown him into terrors which suggested "unutterable blasphemies." These, again, had made him so reckless of eternal ruin, that he had wished himself a devil, and given up both prayer and hope. It was these horrors and extravagances he sat down to review and record, when he came home; and, as might be expected, they aggravated his distress. His friend also, to whom he wrote all this, was just the reverse of it all at the time. His rapture was as high as Mr. Campbell's spirits were low. Whilst the latter hung his harp upon the willows, the former tuned his to the highest of "Erskine's Gospel Sonnets." One of the fearful crises which Mr. Campbell reviewed at this time was enough, even as a recollection, to overwhelm him, prone as he was to despair. It was this: "My agony," he says, "like the flood of Noah, grew greater and greater. I drank deep of the cup of law-terror. I was without the smallest degree of hope. I was almost certain I could not live long. I thought I was dropping into hell. I was just amazed, that people in such a critical situation were so little concerned. I had awfully realizing views of the miserable state of the lost. I was often putting my finger into the fire, to feel something of the torment I had to endure. It terrified me so much, that it was a wonderful providence my judgment was preserved, and that I was kept from laying hands on myself. But an over-ruling hand prevented all this. He delivered me from the paw of the lion and the bear."

While in his ecstatic moods, he sometimes fancied that he had a call to the ministry. He had long tried to be useful in a private way, but now he meditated "public service," to "be useful to the souls of his brethren." He already paid great attention to the sick and dying; and he began to find safety for himself in striving to do good to others. With one wholesome and excellent remark, Dr. Philip concludes the account of the soul exercises of these seraphic correspondents:—

There can be no doubt that, had he done nothing but pore and ponder over his own feelings, he must have sunk in mind or character. There is no such security against undue depression as great activity in doing good to others; for it places one under the wing of a special Providence, as well as diverts the mind from preying on itself.

About this period, or shortly afterwards, Mr. Campbell being in London, introduced himself to the Rev. John Newton of Woolnoth, and commenced a correspondence which had the happiest effects on his mind and prospects; and which helped to withdraw him from fantasies by directing his fervent spirit to objects of practical and active benevolence. Newton became his model and his oracle. His example even made him for a time, from a Dissenter, almost a Churchman in his predilections; and in what we now hear represented as

the worst and deadest times of Moderatism, we find him saying :

"Many things may be found in the Kirk, which she could well want; but I believe that the Lord has not altogether forsaken her. In some measure, He *dwells* in her; and as many are 'born again' in her bounds, as in any of similar dimensions. Now, you will not wonder when I tell you, that I have not yet seen cause to withdraw from our Establishment totally. When the Lord's presence is gone,—if I know of this,—I will go too. But my soul knows right well, that this is far from being the case yet."

He was drawn closer to Newton by their common apprehension of the consequences of the heresies of Macgill of Ayr: those heresies afterwards recanted and pardoned. On this subject, it is remarked by our Voluntary, that he had not any

taste for religious persecution; but that he despised the *meanness* of writing against the cardinal Articles of the Kirk, and yet eating her bread and wearing her honours. It is this meanness which embarrasses national churches. Voluntary churches can rid themselves of such rogues without any appeal to civil or ecclesiastical law; but State Churches must either bring a heretic before their Courts, or wink at his heterodoxy; for in them, it is a breach of *legal* covenant. Hence, at this time, the Church of England is in a dilemma, by the Oxford Tracts. Any mitre, or chair, that would avow their real principles and spirit, would be as legally *forfeited* as the crown was by James at the Revolution; for these tracts are as faithless to Protestantism, as the last of the Stuarts was to his Coronation oath. I refer to this question, because the protesters against Puseyism now, are just doing what Mr. Campbell did against Socinianism,—the only thing they can do, if they would not wink at insults to the Articles and Homilies of their Church, nor at defiance to the law; for Puseyism, however sleek, is both.

Campbell, however, was zealous against Dr. Macgill to a pitch which looked very like the disposition to persecute. The slackness and tergiversation of the General Assembly about this time disgusted him with Church Courts, and laid the foundation of his subsequent independency. Ecclesiastical corporations were as obnoxious to Newton.

The Catholic spirit and practical sound sense of Newton is apparent, in many instances, in this volume. In speaking of Dr. Stuart, his friend and Campbell's, who, it may be known, gave up his church at Cramond, on some question of Church government, and became first an Independent, and then a Baptist, and afterwards quarrelled with the Baptists, Newton remarks:—

"I am surprised that my friend, Dr. Stuart's peculiarities should have made such an impression upon you. You know the genius of the gospel, and that the kingdom of God does not consist in meats, drinks, or external punctilios. The doctor might have been a star of the first magnitude, if he could have kept his station at Cramond. What a pity that such a light should be shut up under a bushel; and that one who had tasted the kernel should waste so much of his time about the shell! He is still a good man, but he has shrunk the sphere of his usefulness, comparatively, to the size of a button. I trust that henceforth you will be shot-proof against all he can say on his favourite but *dry* subject. It seems he charges us who differ from him, with acting against our consciences. Is he then absolutely infallible? Pope Self will not say so much; but he acts as if he thought so. We may think Utopia a pleasant spot; but until we can *find* it, we must be content to make the best of men and things as they are."

Dr. Philip extends these remarks to the Hual-

danee.—Upon one occasion, Newton and his young friend Campbell were discussing the general question of Episcopacy. It is but a left-handed compliment which the former, in his defence, pays to prelacy; nor would it hold now when the inferior clergy are often annoyed and even persecuted by their spiritual superiors.

"I can assure you," he wrote, "that however *strange* some may think it, I am glad, and have much cause to be thankful, that I am what and where I am. I think, with respect to man, we are properly the Independents. The bishops in England interfere with us no more than the bishops in Italy, except in requiring us to appear and answer to our *names*, once in three or four years." "No questions are asked, nor any fault found, by our superiors." *Lett. A. D. 1795.* A queer compliment to the bench.—Mr. Campbell thought. Mr. Newton added, with more discrimination, "I am not very fond of either assemblies, synods, benches, or boards. Ministers are like flowers, which will preserve their colour and scent much longer, if kept singly, than when packed together in a nosegay or posy. Then they quickly fade and corrupt. Their associations, in my judgment, should always be voluntary and free."

Here Newton only turned the poetry of his friend Cowper into prose. Campbell's next alarm was for the emancipation of the Catholics; and he seems to have shared in the Protestant panic of Lord George Gordon and his fanatical or ruffianly mobs, and to have taken an active part. Mr. Newton showed him his error here; and when he wrote to the same sober-minded and mature Christian in the flaming spirit of non-intrusion, the prudent and peaceful churchman replied,—

"I have no skill on the subject of Scotch patronages. I suppose they are what is called *legal*, or they could not take place. But some things deemed right in law there will be, which are not quite consistent with equity. I believe there are as few in our nation as in any."

But Campbell here held by his own opinion, and remained connected with the Relief Church until he became an openly professed Independent. Dr. Philip mentions his liberal opinions in politics; but he was never a great politician, though a personal and intimate connexion which he and some of his religious friends had with Watt—a man of equivocal character, who became the spy of the government, and who was afterwards caught in his own snares, and tried and executed in Edinburgh for high treason, brought him into proximity with the so-called Jacobins. Watt had, among his other professions, been a flaming professor of religion. Dr. Philip does not mention the circumstance, and was probably not aware of it.

Before Mr. Campbell became actively engaged in Missionary projects, and indeed before these were organized in this country, he maintained correspondences which made him familiar with the leading events in the religious world of distant countries, and with all the *revivals* of the period; and had, in his own words, "a finger in every pie." He enjoyed the friendship of many of the more eminent ministers of the time, and was honoured to be the almoner and correspondent of the pious and aged Countess of Leven, for whom he collected religious intelligence, or gossip. Extracts are given from the correspondence which are creditable to both parties; though the reader is never permitted to forget, that between Christians of

humble and of high station, there is a vast dividing gulf; at least as respects this world. And now, in 1795, after our "philanthropic ironmonger" had for ten years maintained the character of "a lively Christian," he was first, and finally, and suddenly, converted, and found peace. He tells his correspondent, the Countess of Leven, that on the night of the 25th January he had such a sight of God's grace as he cannot describe. He says,—

Since I last wrote, the Lord hath appeared very wonderfully on my behalf. And what makes it the more marvellous, He came unsought, and told me that, notwithstanding all my horrid iniquity, I was redeemed by the blood of Christ! After me none need despair of pardoning mercy. I had long had the honour of being thought a *lively* Christian; but, ah, I felt little of the power! Such a sight as God gave me of his grace, on Tuesday, January 27th, 1795, I can scarcely describe.

He hinted something of the same sort to Mr. Newton, and received this gentle admonition,—
"Such views have not been a part of my experience; though, I hope, I likewise rest upon the simple truth; but it is as it *lies in the Book.*"

He afterwards detailed at much length and with great fervour, his whole spiritual condition; not without having seen, we should imagine, the very remarkable revelations of Cowper, during a similar period of fiery trial and deliverance. This letter, which was signed *Heman*, Mr. Newton sent to the *Evangelical Magazine*, as he had probably been requested, but without note or commentary. Indeed, he remarks, rather cuttingly,—

"It seems that your correspondence with me was maintained through the *whole* of your low and uncomfortable state, and yet I do not recollect any remarkable hints of your despondency. On the contrary, you still supplied me with anecdotes."

Soon after this period he originated the Religious Tract Society, the first of the kind known in Great Britain. Dr. Philip does not seem aware that he was long a considerable dealer in books; and that he was at one time a regular bookseller, the firm being CAMPBELL & WALLACE—probably the first "religious publishers" in Edinburgh. About this time the Haldanes were first heard of, and Mr. Simeon of Cambridge visited Scotland. While he and Captain Haldane made a preaching tour, they also disseminated Tracts.

The idea of village preaching seems also to have originated with Campbell; and when he projected Sabbath Schools in the villages, it was, in fact, as he almost lets out, to pave the way for preaching. We must here venture on a long extract, for it refers to an eventful crisis. There were already several Sabbath schools in or near Edinburgh; and Mr. Campbell commenced one in the old Archer's-Hall, and then another in a room of the Dispensary in Richmond Street, procured for him by Dr. Stuart. He engaged proper teachers for these schools. That of the Archer's-Hall was, he says, much wanted in the district.

A merry-andrew of a preacher occupied the pulpit of the parish chapel. He knew no more of the Gospel than of the hills in the moon. He was the gayest man I ever knew; but the most wretched in his own mind, when not in company.

This is not over-charitable to poor old Dr. John

Touch; but it must pass. Nor could he have been so constantly wretched; he had his violin. Campbell continues,—

"By and by, while musing on those matters, I said to myself, 'As yet you have only been working by *deputation*; is there nothing you could do yourself?' This question led me to think of a populous colliery village about five miles south of Edinburgh, in a most destitute situation, having only one place of worship, a Cameronian meeting, where there was a sermon about twice a year. It being about a mile to the left of the great road, and not seen from it, its existence was known only as a place from whence coals came to Edinburgh. It was about four miles from the nearest Gospel minister. I knew only two persons in the village, who were both worthy,—Norman Sadler and John Foulter. To these I wrote, offering to teach a Sabbath-evening school there, provided they could obtain the use of the Cameronian meeting-house, and collect a sufficient number of children. Soon their list of scholars, from eight years of age to twenty, amounted to about 200, who promised their attendance whenever the school should be opened.

"The use of the Cameronian meeting-house being obtained, a Sabbath-evening was fixed for the opening of the school. Mr. J. A. Haldane rode out with me to witness its commencement. The place was crowded with young people and their parents. I began by making a distinct profession of the doctrines which I believed, and designed to teach unto their children. This I thought, they had a right to expect from me; and I am sure I acted honestly, not concealing anything from them. I then addressed the young people, many of whom I was glad to see were above fourteen years of age. I then pointed out the tasks they were to commit to memory against next Lord's-day evening, from the Scriptures, Shorter Catechism, and metre Psalms of David. Mr. Haldane had not the courage to address a few words to the assembly, though I have many a time afterwards heard him address three thousand people with perfect ease; but these were the days of small things; orators, except in pulpits, were very rare. At that time I had never heard a layman speak at a public meeting in my life; indeed, such meetings as are now as common as the rising sun did not exist in those times. The late Mr. Aikman, of Edinburgh, rode out with me the second night, when we were delighted to see the house as full as it had been at the opening. After I had finished the catechising the young people, I asked Mr. Aikman to address them, (who was at that time studying under the Professor of Divinity in the College of Edinburgh,) who, though one of the most diffident of men, was prevailed upon to do it for about ten minutes. It was his maiden speech, and a charming speech it was. That he was able to speak in public for ten minutes put him in as high spirits during our ride home, as we may suppose Peter was on the evening after his pentecostal sermon, which added three thousand souls to the kingdom of God. Oh, how many precious addresses and sermons proceeded from the silken or silver lips of that man of God during the following forty years.

"I soon obtained an excellent colleague to take turn about with me in teaching the Loanhead school, Mr. John Cleghorn, then a Burgher-seceder student of Divinity, who thus took the half of the labour for the whole of the first year. He afterwards laboured for many years over a large Independent congregation in Wick.

"Loanhead school I continued to teach for two years every Sabbath evening, after Mr. C. left me; and was encouraged by hearing, now and then, of some good being done, but nothing remarkable.

"Example has a powerful influence on others. Loanhead school being a novelty at that time, and in that part of the country, it attracted a good deal of attention, and many began to desire that something similar might be planted in their own vicinities. The first that commenced a similar school was a village about two miles off.—I think its name was Bonnyriggs (or beautiful ridges of corn.) Mr. Alexander Pitcairn, insurance-broker, of

Edinburgh, a most respectable Christian, volunteered to become the teacher. I visited it soon after its erection, and gave an address to the children, after Mr. Pitcairn had finished his catechising.

"Another school was instituted in Dalkeith, about four miles distant from Loanhead, which I attended at the opening, in the Relief Meeting, when about four or five hundred young people were present; also one in the parish church of Pennycook, about four miles in the opposite direction; and one in a village near it, which was taught in the Dissenting chapel."

In all these operations he had both counsel and encouragement from the venerable Countess of Leven, and, indeed, assistance from all the Balgownie family, as well as from others of the Scottish nobility. His reports of the schools in his almost weekly letters to her ladyship, not only drew from her *bursts* of gratitude to God, and of holy anticipation of good to man, but also brought clearly before himself the efficiency of the system, and of his own adaptation to the work.

"Thus, while these valuable school institutions were planted and increasing in and around Edinburgh," he says, "nothing of the kind existed anywhere else throughout Scotland, so far as we knew. The thought of this fact led Mr. J. A. Haldane and myself to undertake a journey for a week, to promote the school cause, by way of experiment, and to see how much good might be effected in a week. We set off on a Monday morning, taking some thousand tracts with us, in a one-horse chaise, distributing tracts to rich and poor as we proceeded. We obtained a meeting in Glasgow from a few friends of the cause of God, who were recommended to us as active and zealous.

"We also called on ministers of different denominations in the towns through which we passed, and conversed with them on the subject of Sabbath schools; all of whom, I think, approved the plan. We arrived at home on Saturday evening. In three months afterwards we heard that the result of this one week's exertion was the formation of *sixty* Sabbath-evening schools!"

To us it appears that Mr. Campbell had long had an itch for preaching; though Dr. Philip states he was forced by circumstances to begin to preach before he gave up business. His first appearance as a preacher arose in this manner. The Haldanes wished him to go out as a Missionary to the East Indies; their great object at this early stage having been to spread the Gospel in India. Mr. Newton and the Countess of Leven both opposed this plan. Newton wrote:

"I believe there is not a gentleman in Scotland more desirous of promoting the salvation of the Hindoos than Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Grant; the latter has resided long in Bengal, and he thinks that if Mr. Haldane was now there, he would find many things very different from his expectations.

"After all, I apprehend, that if the consent of the Company is a *sine quâ non*, Mr. Haldane will not go himself very soon. But my heart goes a *pit-a-pat* when I think of the possible consequences of attempting to make such a general stir throughout the nation.

"I shall not be sorry if the Lord provide you with a *good wife*. This would strengthen my hope of keeping you at home, where, I am persuaded your proper business lies."

Mr. Haldane was much disappointed. He fancied that Bengal was the field for Campbell, and that in Edinburgh he could be dispensed with, as there were others there who could well fill his place. This set Campbell upon devising the scheme of Village Preaching, detailed in a letter never sent, and only opened forty-four years after date by Dr. Philip, while arranging the papers which had been committed to him.

It runs thus:—"The conversation I had with you on Saturday evening, together with the example of Mr. Clarkson, hath roused me to press through difficulties and inconveniences, that the name of Jesus may be known to the villagers contiguous to Edinburgh. Laswade seems the best place to begin with. The minister, from all accounts, is not a labourer, but a loiterer; and the people nowise dissatisfied with scraps from Seneca and Shakspeare. In order that they may not be alarmed at a man preaching in a *coloured* coat, I wish to begin with a Sabbath-evening school, and after instructing the children, to sound the Gospel to the aged. I am as sure that I shall fail if God be not with me as that I breathe. But if I fail, I shall blame my own unbelief, and cheerfully bear the stigma. I have also a strong desire to besiege Roslin next, in the strawberry season, when hundreds visit there. It is impossible to say what may be the result of such attempts if you and my other friends will *back* me. I wish your brother to be one of a village board, and to consult with you and Mr. Ewing. I know that I shall be called imprudent, assuming, self-righteous, by my *cool* brethren; but I am disposed to submit to this reproach if there be any prospect of doing good. I write, because I have not leisure to run over to your house." But he found leisure, and thus threw aside the letter.

From a village preacher to the regular ministry was but a step; and Newton, who probably perceived what must be, did not offer opposition. He remarks,—

"I am no advocate for *self-sent* preachers at large; but when men whose character and abilities are approved by competent judges; whose motives are known to be pure, and whose labours are excited by the exigency of the occasion, lay themselves out to instruct the ignorant and rouse the careless; I think they deserve thanks and encouragement, instead of reprehension, if they step a little over the bounds of church order. If I had lived in Scotland, my ministry, I suppose, would have been in the Kirk, or the Relief, or the Secession; and if Dr. Erskine had been born and bred among us, and regarded according to his merit, he might perhaps have been Archbishop of Canterbury long ago. Much of our differences of opinion on this head may, perhaps, be ascribed to the air we breathed and the milk we drank in infancy. Thus I have given you my free opinion upon your *knotty* point. I leave others to dispute whether the *husk* or the *shell* of the nut be the better of the two. I hope to be content with the kernel.

"But whilst you have a secular calling, it is your duty to be active and accurate in it. *Self* likes to be employed in great matters—*grace* teaches us to do small and common things in a great spirit. When you are engaged in business in a right frame of mind, you are no less serving the Lord than when you are praying, exhorting, or hearing."

But Newton rejoiced to hear of the zeal of the Messrs. Haldane and Aikman, and to receive good accounts of their preaching tours, suggestively remarking,—

Why should not the Orkney and the Highland Islands deserve attention as much as the islands of the South Sea? I hope gospel-zeal will, in due time, sail northwards to Shetland, and westward to St. Kilda, and all the intermediate islands."

Of this Dr. Philip says, in one of the most characteristic *Voluntary* passages in the biography:

He might well write in this way then of Mr. Campbell and his friends. They had the same divine commission—necessity of circumstances—for "preaching the word everywhere," as the laymen of the church in Jerusalem, when persecution drove them into Samaria, Acts viii. 4; besides ministerial *qualifications*, which neither presbyter nor bishop could confer; aptness to teach, and hearts burning with love to the souls of men, and characters "Name-

less" enough for bishops of the apostolic age. And, without this apostolicity of spirit, what is any ecclesiastical right to minister in holy things, but an *unholy* perversion of ordaining power! Oh, when will the Church understand that apostolic succession is the *line* of apostolic faith and holiness! Any other line cannot be too much deprecated, nor too soon broken; for it is a line of *moral* "confusion," whatever ecclesiastical order it may secure. Order is, however, both a good and necessary thing. The want of it *scamp* the Haldanian enterprise in Scotland. Rash experiments, and raw preachers, and trifling disputes turned into a bye-word a design which would have "turned the world upside down," had it been as wisely conducted as it was nobly, generously, and prayerfully undertaken.

Mr. Campbell, by this time, having made up his mind, like a prudent young lady already engaged or resolved to marry, next consulted his friends. Among their number, were Scott the commentator on the Bible, Booth, Fuller of Kettering, Charles of Bala, the celebrated Welsh revivalist, Dr. Erskine, Rowland Hill, and Claudius Buchanan. He subsequently became the pupil of the Rev. Greville Ewing, an Edinburgh clergyman, who had left the Church to join the Haldanes, and who settled in Glasgow as the pastor of an Independent congregation, and as teacher of Theology to the students who adhered to the new sect. Campbell, from his previous studies, and his habits from his youth upwards, was already, according to his biographer, no mean theologian. His paternal friend, Newton, instead of urging study, rather cautioned him against what he called studying himself out of simplicity, and into a dry and technical manner of preaching; and he appears to have learned to preach by dint of preaching. But whatever were the amount or value of his formal studies, he ultimately possessed many of the highest qualifications of a useful preacher, if, which we do not doubt, the praise bestowed here is fully merited.

Whether native or acquired, his tact and taste were of a superior order, so far as the oracles of God were concerned; for if his brethren never discovered any strong traces of learning in his conversation or preaching, they never discovered any marks of ignorance, or of inattention to "the mind of the Spirit." Altogether, however, his attention to learning, although it qualified him for the work of the ministry, would have done little for a man of ordinary genius, piety, or experience. A young man who has not the ingenuity and vivacity of John Campbell, as well as his spirituality, could never be the writer or preacher he became, by studying only, as he did at Glasgow. . . . Indeed, my only astonishment is, that he found time or composure to acquire the knowledge, which I knew him to possess; for, during all the time he was at Glasgow, he was absorbed with the cause of Home and Foreign Missions, and keeping up his extensive correspondence, as well as preaching or teaching almost every day.

Mr. Campbell had a reason for making all his studies bear upon preaching, which none of his Scotch friends knew at this time. His *heart* was in London, as the sphere where he could find his element, and as a centre from which he could itinerate with effect; and some friends at Kingsland Chapel had set their hearts upon bringing him there. This led him to study most what would fit him best for such a place. At the close of 1799, Thomas Reyner, Esq., had written to him thus:—"We have been expecting and waiting for a minister to watch over us. Several have been proposed, but our way has never been clear hitherto. We are now of one heart and mind, and believe that the Lord has work for you here. We therefore say, 'Come and help us, and may the Spirit and presence of the Lord come with you.'

It was thus for a suburban village, then but small and poor, that Mr. Campbell studied; and therefore general knowledge was his chief pursuit, because itineracy was his chief object; and Kingsland a post which he could leave in summer.

This is not quite consistent with a subsequent passage, nor with Mr. Campbell's own statements. In several visits to London he had been introduced to many of the leading persons in the religious circles, which are generally in full activity in the month of May, when public meetings are held, and the influx of visitors causes a prodigious stir. Dr. Philip forgetting that he had previously said Campbell's "heart was in London, as the sphere where he would find his element," gives a detailed account of his journey to the metropolis in the spring of 1802, after the termination of Dr. Ewing's lectures in Glasgow. This journey he converted into a preaching tour; and his biographer, after telling that he preached at most places on the road, remarks:

We have now followed Mr. Campbell far enough in his English itineracy to ask the question—Had he any *ultimate* design in thus making his way into so many pulpits, and in forming so many ministerial friendships? Now whatever design any one in London had upon him, he certainly had none upon it then. Whilst preaching almost every day in and around the metropolis, he was solemnly pondering the claims of the northern counties of England, which he had visited. He had conversed with Mr. Parsons at Leeds on this subject; and now a paper of his upon it was sent to him by Dr. Simpson, of Hoxton College, for consideration. And he did consider it deeply. "I pray God," he says, "that matters may be so ordered in Edinburgh, that I may be *allowed* to labour in these benighted and barren regions. If he intends me to be useful there, I know he will open my way. I am simply waiting to see what is God's will, and resolve to study his leadings more than ever; persuaded that if God do not send me, I may as well preach to rocks and mountains."

To mount a pulpit is, to one order of young men, as much an object of worldly ambition as it is to a higher order to get into parliament. Fortunately Campbell was well fitted to fulfil the duties of the function to which he had long aspired. After enjoying to the full what we take the liberty to call the dissipation of the London religious season, he returned to Glasgow to pursue his studies, or his exercise of preaching in the neighbouring villages. Mr. Robert Haldane wished him to settle in Rutherglen, where he might have found a congregation: but this he declined, though he called Rutherglen "my bishoprick." All this while some one else must have been carrying on his ironmongery and tract trade in Edinburgh. In this year he made a long preaching tour in the Highlands with Mr. James Haldane. In the course of their travels they visited Inverness, Caithness, and Orkney; though Scott's anecdote of the *Pecht* belongs to a subsequent visit, made in 1814. In the autumn of the same year he made another tour with Mr. Haldane to the south west of Scotland. Concluding the history of their joint labours at this time, Dr. Philip inquires—

How did Mr. Campbell manage afterwards to eschew all the vagaries of Haldanism? Now he certainly did not escape the contagion, from any lack of effort to inoculate him with the virus. Even after he had settled at Kingsland, he was strongly urged to make his new sphere a focus of Scotch novelties. He was even solemnly

warned, and sarcastically too, against preferring *usefulness* to order and discipline. What his answers to these appeals were, I leave Mr. Robert Haldane to tell: but the real secret of his steadfastness was this,—he could not turn to one of his many letters, long or short, from Mr. Newton,—and they were his “Urim and Thummim” on such points,—without finding cautions against preferring circumstantials to essentials and usefulness.

In the end of the same year, Mr. Campbell having several calls, accepted that to Kingsland, where he remained till his death, or for thirty-seven years. It was no tempting piece of preferment to a worldly-minded man; and after being first settled, he had for some time to teach a school to eke out his narrow stipend. But the congregation at Kingsland thrived apace, and his circumstances mended with its prosperity. He had, during nearly his whole life, lived with his aunt, Mrs. Bower, at the Sciennes. For her he entertained the affection of a son, and she had been to him as a mother; and when settled at Kingsland, his first business was to write her several very charming kindly letters, telling her in substance that he could not think himself at home in London unless she came also. Among other things he says,—

I am persuaded, aunt, you would like this place very well. I assure you it is as *near* a throne of grace as in Edinburgh. We have the very *same* sun and moon that you have in Scotland, and the same Bible. I think I see you coming full sail up the Thames; supposing yourself almost in a new world, and riding five miles along streets before you came to my parish, and asking where is Scotland now? You could take a trip to Aberdeen with as great facility from London as from Leith; you would only have a little more sea-water to pass over, and perhaps a little more sea-sickness to endure.

I hope the Lord will make your way clear to come up here. I shall have a good house, and many friends ready to receive you and Mary with open arms. But you should write to Aberdeen, and consult with my cousin (her son) what is proper. If you were not to come, I could not think myself at *home* in London. The air is as good at Kingsland as at the Sciennes; and it is as much in the country,—and I assure you there are several very anxious to know whether you will consent to come and live among them or not. I know that the thought of parting with a place and people with whom we have been long intimate, is painful; I have experienced the truth of this,—but remembering how short a time we have to remain on earth, will overcome that. Abraham was not a stoic; the command of God to leave his kindred and country tried his feelings, but he followed the will of God. He did not know to what country he was going when he left Ur, but you know where you are going if you leave Edinburgh.

The good old lady went to him.—His first introduction to the leading persons of Kingsland Chapel is worthy of notice. A missionary society had been formed in Edinburgh, and several young men had volunteered to go over under the Sierra Leone Company. Many of them died, and the mission terminated. Mr. Campbell relates—

Musing on the unhealthiness of the climate to European constitutions, one morning, when stepping out of bed, this thought occurred—“Might we not bring *over* Africa to England; educate her; when some through grace and gospel might be converted, and sent back to Africa,—if not any converted, yet they might help to spread civilisation, so all would not be lost.” The amount of which was, “To try to bring over twenty or thirty, or more, boys and girls from the coast of Guinea, through the influence of Governor Macaulay; educate them in Edinburgh, and send them back to their own country, to spread knowledge, especially Scripture knowledge.”

He laid his plan before Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Henry Thornton, and the late Mr. Charles Grant, then Chairman of the East India Company, and the result was, that the children were brought over, though, when he went to receive them, some misunderstanding arose; and they were not educated in Edinburgh. This was but one of the many benevolent and enlightened projects which he suggested and saw accomplished. He was, as has been noticed, much engaged in the publication of tracts, an original project of his, and in watching the *revivals* in Wales and in the Highlands, which probably formed the theme of some of the tracts, when his attention was called to a humane enterprise lying nearer his own door.

About this time, he says, “There were two zealous Christians in Edinburgh, who made some attempts to reform some street-walkers in their neighbourhood; Mr. William Finlay, master baker, and William Coutts, journeyman cutler, or pewterer, I forget which. They related to me these attempts, with the effects their conversations had upon some;—that there were two or three girls who seemed very willing to relinquish their way of living, if they could obtain any other way of supporting themselves;—that they had lost character, and no families would receive them as servants without a character; therefore, they said, they did not continue in prostitution, from choice, but necessity. For their relief, we thought of hiring two or three rooms from poor but pious females, where they could be lodged, and provided for; but in this plan we found out formidable difficulties. We then got Mr. William Pattison, a respectable haberdasher, to enter warmly into our scheme, for devising some plan for relieving these outcasts of society. After several consultations together, we resolved to invite thirty or forty persons to consider the propriety of forming a society for supporting an institution, for receiving such of that class of persons as professed repentance and a sincere desire to live a virtuous life. I wrote out a small circular, which I signed, and got neatly printed, inviting a meeting in the Hall of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to consider the above proposition. These circulars were addressed to a number of respectable persons, and, what was peculiarly gratifying to us originators, was, that almost every person who had been invited, attended;—three of the City bailies (or aldermen) attended in their gold chains.

Under such happy auspices the Magdalen Institution was formed. A fact interesting to medical men, and a lesson to all in the treatment of hysterical affections, is given by Mr. Campbell in describing the inmates of the new institution:—

“A house, with a little ground behind it, was taken in the middle of the West Bow, which was soon filled with inmates, of some of whom we had soon reason to entertain hopes of a radical reform. The rooms were small, and, from the confined situation, little fresh air could be obtained. In a short time a very discouraging occurrence took place. A young woman was admitted, who soon was seized with nervous *fits*, which in a few days were communicated to almost all the other inmates; which nearly put an end to all work. I summoned a meeting of the directors, to consider what was to be done.

“When a quorum assembled, we proceeded to business. The state of the females was laid before them. Dr. Charles Stuart being a physician, and present, was looked to for his advice. He said they had a power in their will to *resist* taking those *fits*, if they would exert it; and mentioned the case of upwards of a hundred girls in an hospital at Amsterdam, having taken those *fits*; that the physicians of that city tried various means for removing the *fits*, without producing any beneficial effect. They invited Linnæus to Amsterdam, that they might have his assistance in devising means for removing the disease, especially as the governors were talk-

ing of breaking up the institution. He came, and his advice was, that the hangman should be clothed in the most terrific dress they could invent; that he should go into the rooms where the girls were, carrying with him two red-hot irons; tell them he knew that they had power to resist the fits when they were coming on; wherefore if any one took them, that he had orders to apply those hot irons to the feet of any one who took the fits. They acted upon this advice, and no more fits made their appearance in that hospital. Dr. Stuart was then asked, how we should act in reference to our females? He said he believed that the most of those females had been before Bailie Wood, as a magistrate, and that they had a greater terror of him than they had of any other magistrate; and he recommended that he should meet with them to-morrow, and talk to them on the subject in his own way, as he should think best.

"I had them all ready to meet him next morning at eleven o'clock. They were seated opposite to him. He took up his glass, and looked through it to the face of the first, and continued looking till she turned away her face. After doing the same to each of the ten, he said, 'I know you all; you have been before me as culprits, and here you expect to live in idleness, diverting yourselves with fits. That shall not be permitted. I shall order a cellar under Bedlam to be cleared, and that shall be the residence of the fit-takers.' These and various other things he said with an austerity and firmness of tone, that left a deep impression on their minds, and banished all their nervous fits, every one returning to her former occupation."

While Mr. Campbell was studying in Glasgow, he one day dined with Dr. Penmann when three of the city bailies were present, and he took the opportunity of recommending a Magdalen Asylum. He relates:—

I mentioned the rise and progress of the Edinburgh Magdalen, and the discoveries we had made of the peculiar wretchedness of many in that class of society, from the stings of conscience, and who had no way of extricating themselves from being real *outcasts* from society. As a sample,—we know of three or four such females who lived together in a room. It sometimes happened in a stormy night, when they were alone, that some of them would be so overwhelmed with horror, that they would try to ascend the chimney to hide themselves from the devil; that the erection of such an institution was the opening of one door of hope to such wretched individuals; also all who were reformed was lessening the number of the tempters and ruiners of young men. After having finished my statements, the first person who spoke was a Mr. Hamilton, then well known in Glasgow. All he said was, 'If Mr. Campbell's proposal be carried into effect, I promise to contribute one hundred pounds!'

These things remain the blessing and praise of the useful life of this good man. But his usefulness was of an extended kind, embracing many objects. He was an early and a successful writer for children in "his own line of things," which was not that "of idle story-books." His first and most popular little book, "Worlds Displayed," has gone through many editions both in England and America, and done good to many. He projected *The Edinburgh Missionary Magazine*, of which, however, Dr. Greville Ewing became the editor. He seems to have brought out an edition of the works of Mr. Robert Riccalton, the metaphysical minister of Hobkirk; and the MS. letters of Colonel Blackader, having been put into his hands by Mr. Newton, after being accidentally recovered in a snuff-shop in Stirling, he published them in connexion with Dr. Stuart, who wrote for the work

an historical account of the Blackader family. On other occasions, Dr. Stuart acted as the critic and literary director or assistant of Campbell.

Although not distinguished in literature, and making no pretensions of the kind, he was always fond of books—a taste common among the young men of Edinburgh; and at Kingsland he began a book society, "of which he was long," says his biographer, "the centre and the charm, by his varied information, vivacity, and urbanity." He had not been long settled there when he projected *The Youth's Magazine*, which had a very extensive sale. The profits of the magazine were devoted to useful and benevolent purposes. But a Penny Magazine, which he afterwards commenced for children, entitled *The Teacher's Offering*, had a much wider circulation, which even rose to the astonishing number of between forty and fifty thousand copies. The sale of the modern penny and three-halfpenny periodicals is not therefore so wonderful, when the change of times is considered. He was for many years the editor of both these publications, and contributed a good deal to them in a style of simplicity peculiarly adapted to charm juvenile readers. The same happy knack made him be often selected to preach to the young.

We believe that he published the journals kept on his preaching tours. His African journals, giving the history of his first and second expedition, are well-known and popular works; for his fame as a traveller soon became even greater than his popularity as an itinerant preacher. Of that fame in the Highlands, his namesake, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," tells a good story, thus reported by Dr. Philip:—

The poet, after he had acquired fame, went into the Highlands, indulging some curiosity to know whether his name had found its way over the mountains and into the glens of his native land. On one occasion, he modestly inquired of an old lady, if they knew anything of Mr. Campbell in that quarter? "Know him," she said, "every one knows Maister Campbell here." Now, thought the poet, this is *true* fame! "I am Mr. Campbell," he said. The old lady exclaimed—"What, and are you really and truly the great Mr. Campbell?" The poet began to qualify the word, "great," before he would appropriate it to himself. This startled the worthy matron, and led her to ask, "But are you the great Mr. Campbell of *Lattakoo*?" This question dissolved all the vision.

We suspect that some persons will be ready to say, that Dr. Philip has heaped too many laurels upon John Campbell, and sometimes accorded him honours which properly belong to others. Not only were Religious Tracts, a Scottish Missionary Society, the Magdalen Hospitals of Edinburgh and Glasgow, Sabbath Schools, and Village Preaching, of his projecting, and in a great measure of his establishing, but he projected the very *Tabernacle*, the tap-root and feeder of many of them. He tells it thus himself:—

"About a year and a half after this, I was invited by Mr. Haldane to meet a few excellent Christians, who were to sup at his house. At one time there was a short pause in the conversation, when, I suppose, every one was thinking what topic he could start. A Mr. Alexander Pitcairn, who sat opposite to me, said, Mr. C., what has become of your African scheme? To which I replied, 'It is put off to the peace!' which created a

general smile, as few expected peace till Buonaparte had got the world under his feet. Mr. Haldane asked, from the head of the table, what African scheme I had, never having heard of it! This I answered as briefly as I could, but added, 'I had another scheme in my head, as important as the African one.' 'What is that?' 'To have a Tabernacle built in Edinburgh.' 'What is that?' asked Mr. Haldane. 'The Tabernacle in London is a large place of worship, supplied by popular ministers, of different denominations, coming up from the country, and preaching for a month. The crowds that it attracts, and the good that has been done, are very great.' All agreed that such a thing was desirable. 'Who could be got to supply it?' I mentioned Rowland Hill and other English ministers. 'Could a large place be obtained for a year on trial, before proceeding to building?' 'Yes, the use of the Circus may be got for Sabbaths; as the Relief congregation, who have had it while their new place was building, are on the eve of leaving it. When I first proposed the Circus, Mr. Haldane turned to a certain lawyer who was present, saying, Mr. D., will you inquire about it to-morrow, and if it be to let, take it for a year?'

"It was secured the next day; Rowland Hill was invited; he consented to come; and did come in the month of May or June.—The place was crowded even at seven o'clock in the morning,—and in the evenings, if the weather was good, no place could have contained the crowds that came to hear; they mounted to near the summit of the Calton-hill, where there was a spot resembling an amphitheatre, as if excavated to hold a congregation of 10,000, which number I believe sometimes attended him."

When he had been nine or ten years settled at Kingsland, from which, according to his original stipulation with the congregation, he every year made long preaching tours, the death of Dr. Vanderkemp occurred, and the Directors of the London Missionary Society could fix upon no one so well

qualified as Mr. Campbell to follow him, and superintend the missions to the Hottentots and in Caffreland. This supposed a long separation from his people, but not the surrender of the pastoral office; and the congregation consented for a time to give him up to the high duty to which he had been called. Of this, and also of his second visit to Africa, he has left ample and well-known records in his published volumes; and of these Dr. Philip has made free use, even to the extent of being liable to the charge of wholesale book-making.

To forward missionary objects, Mr. Campbell made preaching tours, after his final return from Africa; and from the marvels which he had to relate, which he accommodated most felicitously to the taste of his auditors, he became quite a missionary lion; a fame which we think he rather, in a modest way, enjoyed. Late in life he married, and, for the encouragement of old bachelors, to the great advancement of his domestic happiness; and to the very close of life he was actively engaged in the business of the various religious societies of London. It was, after his marriage, proposed to send him out as a missionary to the South Seas; but this he declined. Some years before his death he visited his old friends in Edinburgh; and "The Life and Times" closes with extracts from the letters written to his friends, the Wallaces, in consequence of this renewal of love and social intercourse. He died in April 1840, at the age of seventy-four. His memory received every testimony of affection and respect, which that of so good, pious, and useful a man deserved.

EMERSON'S ESSAYS.*

MR. CARLYLE ought to love this American. If not submitting to be his disciple, or to call any man master, he is of the same brotherhood. And Mr. Carlyle does love and admire him enough, to be not sure of how he may be welcomed among the present degenerate race of English readers, the "Great reading public." Yet this Essayist possesses some of those qualities which enable an author "to take the sow by the ear." He is passionate, bold, somewhat dogmatic, and at times sufficiently mystical or unintelligible to become piquant. Mr. Carlyle considers him personally as "less notable for what he has spoken or done, than for the many things he has not spoken and forborne to do;" which is a kind of riddle to which we have no key, save that his most notable quality is, that, in a "never-resting locomotive-country," he possesses "the valuable talent of sitting still"—that he is, in short, a soul apart; a "voice in the wilderness;" a philosophic observer of the stir, the vanities, the bustle and contention of the society in which he is placed; philosophically contemptuous of its frivolous pursuits, superior to its sordid ambitions, nay, indifferent to the acquisition of dollars—a phenix

of a Yankee, and a rare character anywhere. But if the man is not of the common order, neither are his sermons; for his eloquent and sometimes over-strained and voluble declamation partakes more of the vehement nature of spoken language than of the tranquil character of the written expression of thought. His essays are twelve in number. They may be described as so many discourses on the very texts afterwards laid down by Mr. Carlyle in that preface, in which he warmly praises "this brave Emerson, seated by his rustic hearth, silently communing with his own soul, and with the God's world it finds itself alive in." He is a man who, when he is told by his commonplace contemporaries of *Realities*, is entitled to reply—

Yes, ye contemporaries, be it known to you, or let it remain unknown, there is one man who does not need to be a king; king neither of nations, nor of parishes or cliques, nor even of *cent-per-annuums*; nor indeed of anything at all save of himself only. "Realities!" Yes, your dollars are real, your cotton and molasses are real; so are presidencies, senatorships, celebrations, reputations, and the wealth of Rothschild: but to me, on the whole, they are not the reality that will suffice. To me, without some other reality, they are mockery, and amount to zero, nay, to a negative quantity. *ETERNITIES* surround this god-given life of mine: what will all the dollars in creation do for me! Dollars, dignities, senate-addresses, review-arti-

* Essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, Massachusetts, with a Preface by Thomas Carlyle. London: Fraser.