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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
OF
ST. ANDREWS

SEPTEMBER 1865 TO SEPTEMBER 1890

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON'

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

THIRD EDITION

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND ANTHONY

LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED IN TOKEN OF

THE WARM AND CONSTANT FRIENDSHIP OF

THIRTY YEARS

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

OF

ST. ANDREWS



CHAPTER I

BEGINNING

ON this bright September morning, this long-contemplated task shall be begun. I hope to be allowed to finish it : but that is in another Hand. It is but the third day of the month ; and I have looked out from my study-windows on the strath that stretches towards the South-West to Clatto Hill. It looks most beautiful. There are broad expanses of golden corn, and the trees are green as in June.

The place is unique, was the judgment of a Prince-Bishop of the Anglican Church, who spent some days in it five years ago. Very many know the enthusiastic words in which Dean Stanley told of the indescribable charm of ' my own St. Andrews.' Just once did the writer speak to Carlyle, whom he found kindness itself. One sentence remains in vivid remembrance. ' Grand place, St. Andrews. You have there the essence of all the antiquity of Scotland, in good and clean condition.' These were the

words. By chance, yesterday, a letter was found, written by James T. Fields, the genial and eminent publisher of Boston, U.S.A. 'It seems like a dream sometimes that I have roamed around your most interesting old city, with good Robert Chambers to point out all the wonders of the place.' For poetic praise of 'fair St. Andrews,' the days have been in which one turned to *Marmion*. But, for years past, never was city sung more charmingly than St. Andrews has been on the touching and beautiful page of Andrew Lang.

It is but a village-town in population: some seven thousand souls. But not merely has St. Andrews the rank of a city, handed down from past centuries when its population was greater absolutely, and immensely greater in comparison with Edinburgh and Glasgow. It has the look of a city, a sacred and solemn city, seen either from far or near. John Stuart Mill did indeed tell the writer that he was disappointed with its modern look: and the statement wrung the heart of dear Principal Shairp: but then the Lord Rector of the University explained that he had expected something like Augsburg or Nuremberg. 'The very ideal of a little University city,' was Mr. Froude's judgment, looking at it from the Eden, two miles out along the West sands. Mr. Froude had in his turn been elected Lord Rector, and had come to give his inaugural discourse. And never does the gray place take a more haunted aspect than when a bright September sunset shines on it across the famous Links, turning the ancient towers and ruins to a marvellous opal hue.

And its population is as exceptional as its look. It is amazing how many eminent persons abide in it, for a longer or shorter space, in the course of each year. But these are birds of passage: I speak of its regular inhabitants. It is the University that does it. Very many men of high mark have lectured in its class-rooms: and are laid to rest in the magnificent churchyard, hallowed by the ruins of two cathedral churches, and surrounded on two sides by the sea. But men of high distinction have come into the vacant places; we can bear comparison with any former age. And as I am not a member of the University I am free to say so. If you go down in an afternoon to the Club, which bears a characteristic name of quaint dignity (it is *The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews*), you may on many days have a talk with really remarkable men, in scholarship and in letters, such as you could not find in any other city of like population in Britain. If you look round the table after dinner in Winter, when St. Andrews is itself and the crowd of Autumn visitors is gone, you will note that every man of a considerable party has written his volumes, and a good many too: most of them widely read. And it is a kindly society in these latter years. Our relations are those of a pleasant family. In distant days it is on record that the case was otherwise. You may read in the Life of Professor Aytoun how once he staid a week with his brother-in-law Professor Ferrier here: both these distinguished men were sons-in-law of Christopher North. And, having returned to Edinburgh, Aytoun made the appalling statement, that

'Hell was a quiet and friendly place to live in, compared with St. Andrews.' You must not tie a genius and a poet to his very words. I believe, indeed, there were breezes in that old time. But they have passed : and there are peace and kindness now.

It would be very congenial work for the present writer to attempt a description of St. Andrews : the place, and the people. But it is not to be formally attempted at this stage. It is not merely that St. Andrews has already been described very often, and by very capable writers : outstanding among such being Lord Cockburn and Mrs. Oliphant. Besides this, I know that many readers would pass over these pages, if they existed : and I would rather the picture of the sacred place should grow gradually upon us as we go on. Some have said that no man can truly estimate St. Andrews, unless he was a boy here ; or in any case unless he studied at the University. But indeed St. Andrews has an inexpressible charm to the writer, and is dear to him beyond words. It ought to be so : for this parish of St. Andrews, containing not merely the city but a great expanse of country lying to East and West, has been his charge in the Church for twenty-six years. Some remember pathetic words of Boston (who wrote the *Fourfold State*), 'If I forget thee, O Ettrick, my charge, and my now-glorified father's charge,'—and so the good man goes on. Very many ministers of the Kirk have felt towards their parishes even so. At this University the writer's father studied : and after leaving college he saw St. Andrews no more. There was always a glamour about the

remembrance of the place, in that saintly man's mind. And though I never saw the city till I was twenty-six (just my years here), I cannot think that any one could feel the mystic power of the gray place more. Nor has the glamour faded at all : though it is very long since I came to know every nook in the parish where a mortal dwells : and doubtless have seen much here which was sorrowful and even heart-breaking. 'You'll forget all about it in a fortnight,' were the words of an eminent Edinburgh clergyman, seeking to dissuade the writer from accepting the living : but it is a question of one's nature : and the special character of the mediæval place, the old ecclesiastical capital, has never been forgotten. 'It will pall, like everything else,' was said by my very dear friend Principal Tulloch, long the light of this place : but St. Andrews has not palled. Yet here the writer has grown old. He came to this charge at thirty-nine : and now he is nearer seventy than sixty. These years have made an awful difference, in many things. Before he goes, he desires to write some record of that time.

Let the nature of these annals be understood. There are details which are to be avoided here. This will not be a municipal history. Neither will it be an ecclesiastical. It is not intended to say a word of either the Presbytery or the Kirk-session of St. Andrews. Each has a history, and a strange and significant history : but the stirring events have not been in the latest quarter of a century. Nor will this book partake of the nature of an autobiography. I fear that this last is to be the temptation : to show the place

as seen from one's own point of view. That would be very easy : but I feel that it would be extremely presumptuous. And then it would not be published till I had gone away. The course will become plainer as we advance. I possess a homely record, in many closely-written volumes, which brings back with an awful vividness all the old days, and the moral atmosphere of that time. Startling little bits of that circumstance which is real life come back to one who has unquestionably grown old, looking into the diary which has been written daily since he was fifteen. The parish church has a great history, stretching over many centuries before I saw it : the reader will have quite enough of its history hereafter, if all should go well. And the most touching personal associations have gathered round it through those innumerable services : of which the reader will have nothing at all. Yet one recollection comes capriciously back when I stand over the grave of Archbishop Sharp, slain cruelly at Magus Muir : one of three Archbishops who rest in the church, which was their pro-cathedral : the magnificent cathedral having been ruined before their day. In carrying out certain repairs, it was needful to break into Archbishop Sharp's resting-place, which is only five feet below the pavement : a huge and costly monument was set over it, with a life-sized statue of white marble. The doors of the church were carefully locked while the grave remained open ; and I staid beside it. But I at once sent over word to Principal Shairp, who claimed some kindred : and he speedily appeared. He pulled off his coat, and went down into the grave. It is a

chamber, with sides and floor of polished stone. In a little, the Poet-Principal looked out, with eyes gleaming with excitement: he was covered over with red dust, and he held in his hand the jawbone of the murdered Prelate. With intense feeling he uttered these remarkable words, 'Wouldn't Stanley give his ears to be here?' Of course, we all knew well, here, the beloved Dean's interest in such a place: though surely he had tombs enough at Westminster. Specially, we remembered a sentence uttered in our hearing more than once or twice: 'There is nothing that interests me so much as what may be called an ecclesiastical curiosity.' On one occasion, when the ultra-conservative Principal refused to kneel at prayer and stand at praise in the College Chapel, where these 'innovations' had been introduced, Stanley added, in genial tones, 'I think Shairp is rapidly becoming an ecclesiastical curiosity.' Only Shairp and I were present: and Shairp listened with his pleasantest smile. Never man in this world had a pleasanter smile.

There is this advantage about a little place, that one feels profound interest in every little improvement that is carried out. Not that the place is so little: it is nearly two miles long. But if you climb to the bartizan of the tower of the parish church, built in the twelfth century *in mediâ civitate*, and quite the centre of the city still after all growth, you will see what great open spaces there are between the streets. Walking along beautiful South Street, beautiful in its general effect, though with hardly a good building in it, you would fancy you were in the middle of a consider-

able town. Yet on the south side, behind these quaint old houses, there are only great gardens; and beyond them the open country. It is but a little city: though looking at it from the hills which stretch southward, rising into the 'Backbone of Fife,' you would think it a large one. Build it tightly, and twenty thousand might well live in that space. Thus we have sensible pleasure in little things: which pleasure the wise man will take thankfully. I have just walked along the seashore, from the Club to the 'Ladies' Links: the famous Bay spreads from your feet over to Forfarshire, fourteen miles: far out stands the grand Bell Rock Lighthouse, built on the Inchcape Rock, which Southey has linked for ever with the unblessed memory of Sir Ralph the Rover: you will hardly see the solitary tower, rising at high-water amid the deep sea, by ordinary daylight: but on a clear night the revolving light blazes out wide and far. Twenty-five years since, a shingly beach of great stones bounded the water: great stones varied with very much broken crockery, ugly to see: and these kept you far from the murmuring wave. But countless thousands of cart-loads of dry rubbish have gradually covered the shingle a dozen feet deep: and now beautiful green grass goes down to the water's edge: the sea has been brought near. To many quiet folk, getting through their anxious life, all this is a sensible help. And looking at any change for the better wrought upon the beautiful Links, blazing-green to-day in a rainy harvest-time, one recalls the kindly, sagacious face of great and good Tom Morris.

On Thursday, September 14, 1865, I was inducted to this parish, by the Presbytery of St. Andrews. I had been presented by the Crown: the last who ever will be. For Patronage in the Kirk has been abolished by law: and the like is sure to follow, as time goes on, in quarters where it is not expected now. Practically, Patronage had ceased, long before. The Crown presented any qualified person whom a parish, with anything like unanimity, petitioned for. The English reader is not likely to know of a kindly custom, peculiar to Scotland. After divine service, and the ceremony of induction, the new minister goes to the chief door of the church; and the congregation, going forth, give him a kind hand of welcome. It is a pleasing and touching little ceremony. I can never forget the hearty reception of that day: the beginning of an unvaried course of kindness on the part of the parishioners, which, on occasions of sorrow and of joy, has manifested itself in a fashion which will warm the writer's heart to remember, till it grows cold at last. I have always felt an interest in accuracy of numbers: I counted the people who shook hands that day: they numbered just a thousand. The church is large, being seated for two thousand five hundred: and on many Sundays it looks full: on some it is tightly crowded: but this was a considerable congregation to gather at noon on a working-day. Let it be said that St. Andrews was my fourth parish. When I went into the Church, I was for eight months assistant at St. George's, Edinburgh. On September 18, 1851, I was ordained minister of the parish of Newton-on-Ayr. In January

1854, I was inducted to the beautiful country parish of Kirkpatrick-Irongray, close to Dumfries. In April 1859, to St. Bernard's, Edinburgh: where was the kindest and heartiest of congregations. I really cannot help saying that though I never saw St. Andrews but twice till I was presented to it, I had from the day I first beheld the city a presentiment that it was to be my charge; dashed somewhat by the conviction that nobody ever yet got the place in life he most desired. And coming here, I had got to the end of my tether. Never once, for one moment, have I wished to go elsewhere. Of course, in this Republican National Church, we have no dignities in the Anglican sense: there is no Prelacy. And I never forget how Mr. Froude said to me, 'Be thankful you have no prizes:' adding somewhat cynical reasons of which nothing now. But no incumbent of St. Andrews ever left it except (let us trust) for a better world. All my predecessors are there. This is well for the existing minister. You do not mind about being unfavourably compared with one who has gone so much higher. And such a one cannot come back, and attract a congregation twice as large as usual. Not that I should be mortified, I humbly trust. But though I have had my full share of human trouble, I have not as yet been tried in that particular way. It will come, doubtless. But after serving the Kirk for forty years, I do not think I should mind. When I was a lad, studying theology at Glasgow, Dr. Hill's *Lectures in Divinity* was already a standard and classical work in Scotland; and it was our text-book, under another Dr. Hill, a kindly, dignified, and

lovable Professor, but not equal to his father. Even Chalmers, who died in 1847, and who was in vehement opposition, ecclesiastically, to George Hill, acknowledged that he knew no better treatise on Systematic Theology. Yet there are but two Incumbents of St. Andrews between Dr. Hill and me. I confess it used to frighten one. But one grows accustomed to surprising things. Still, they keep one humble.

It may be added that Principal Hill was moderator of the General Assembly just a hundred and one years before I was called to that office. The office is one which is honourable and pleasant if you get it with the general approval of the Kirk : and exactly the opposite if it is got by favour of the little nominating College of past moderators, the Kirk keenly disapproving. Such a thing has happened, more than once or twice. It is not likely to happen any more. If it did happen once, it would be the last time.

The reader may justly think that I am growing too autobiographical already. But this is not to go on. The object, so far, is to indicate the writer's qualification to tell the story of this place. This done, the personal element shall be sternly suppressed. Wherefore, not a word of the countless Sundays, and week-days, whose services have been his chief interest : not a word about pastoral and parochial duty, infinitely interesting and touching to himself.

It is to be the story of St. Andrews : its outstanding inhabitants, its eminent visitors. A quarter of a century

is a very little thing in this city's thousand years : but it is a great thing, and a long time, to us who have lived through it. It has changed those who survive : it has taken very many away. On Sundays now, it is a changed congregation which worships in the churches where I and a valued friend minister : for this is what we call a Collegiate charge, and the parish has two Incumbents, in great measure independent of one another. I thankfully record that I have been most happy in a relation which is often anything but a pleasant one. It has been brotherly ; and so it will abide. Turning from the living congregation, it is a touching thing now to go to the Cathedral churchyard. The gravestones on every side bear familiar names. It is but lately that we have ventured, in the Kirk, to read the burial service. I keep a record of the special friends over whom I have read it. They number fifty-six to-day. The Elders laid to their rest are thirty-two.

The faces come back, only too vividly : Principal Forbes, Principal Shairp, Principal Tulloch, Professor Baynes : others beyond number, whose names the reader would not know so well. The faces, the voices, and all the cares and troubles which I knew so well : all hushed now. I suppose they must have had their little faults, those friends departed. I cannot remember any now. But I remember good beyond reckoning-up : kind and lovable features of character, far more precious than the abounding ability, eloquence, and learning. And only good shall be written on this page of the brothers who have gone before us. We smiled a little, when in departed days while a

wave of what is called *revival* passed over this region, the admirable Shairp was moved to an extreme sensitiveness of conscience. Only, somewhat perversely, his conscience pointed out Tulloch's sins, and not his own. And he penitently confessed these to many friends. In fact, there were not any to confess. The very worst that could be said of Tulloch was that he really could not be much interested in Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Tulloch only smiled at his colleague's concern for him. And when the sudden news came of Shairp's departure, I beheld my dear friend's unfeigned tears.

In the evening of that first day of my little rule here there was a public dinner, at which two very characteristic St. Andrews personalities were much in evidence. Mr. Whyte Melville was in the chair, and made many graceful little speeches: Mr. John Blackwood, the eminent Publisher and Editor, got off with one. I had known both of them in some degree before that day: but that day was the beginning of a period of many years, through which all St. Andrews men saw them continually. I grew very well acquainted with the men and their ways.

Mr. John Whyte Melville was the 'chief heritor' in the parish: that is, the greatest proprietor of land. His hospitable house, large, warm, home-like, comfortable, stands on a richly-wooded height in a beautiful park, two miles from the city. His son, the distinguished novelist, made the name known to many who had never heard of the father: but the elder Whyte Melville was a remarkable man. He was the ideal country gentleman, and he did the

duties of his position to perfection. No Duke, no Prince, ever had 'the grand manner' more thoroughly than he; and this without a vestige of affectation. He was the most courteous of men. He was, as of course, the figure-head in all functions here. He was always ready with a graceful little speech, in which he never failed to say exactly the right thing. I never saw him ruffled but once. It was at a meeting of heritors, where he was naturally in the chair. One man was persistently obstructive and stupid. The chairman bore it long: but finally he turned to me (I was sitting at his left hand), and said in an audible whisper in which dignity and asperity were blended, 'That man is the greatest fool that God Almighty ever made.' He was long Master of the Fox Hounds, and by a life of great regularity and abundant outdoor exercise, he lived in high health and with every sense entire to close on eighty-seven. Twice in his life, he told me, he had visited a dentist: fifty years intervened between the visits. Six months before his death, he would go round the Links twice a day (a walk of nine miles) three days a week. The Links are sometimes a place of awful language: such are the temptations of Golf. But the worst the fine old man was ever known to say was 'God bless my soul.' The sentiment is most becoming. I never knew his wife, Lady Catherine, till she had grown old: the most charming of old ladies. They lived together sixty-two years: all their children went before them. She was thoroughly an Englishwoman, and was never quite acclimatised here: yet, singularly, no one ever played Scottish music to such perfection. She was

the daughter, sister, and aunt, of three successive Dukes of Leeds : the well-known S. G. O. was her cousin-german. It was a black day when a telegram came to the Club, that the novelist had died in the hunting-field : and a strange irony. For his novels had been the glorification of all that concerns sport, and chiefly of horses : and the grand horseman met his death under circumstances in which even so awful a rider as Bishop Wilberforce should have been safe. The question was, who should tell the father, who was there as usual, ere going home to dinner. At last Tulloch was persuaded to take him into a little room and break the terrible news. 'Poor George,' was all the dear man said. Then, without a word, he got into his carriage which was waiting at the door, and drove away into the winter night to tell the poor mother. She never held up her head again ; and was gone in a few weeks' time.

Mr. John Blackwood's name is much associated with Edinburgh. But St. Andrews was even more his home, through the last twenty-five years of his life. He rented Strathtyrum, only a mile from the city : a great commodious mansion-house standing on a height amid wonderfully fine trees, though the outward ranks of them go very near the German Ocean, which eighty years since flowed up to the very gate. It was not deep water, but a salt marsh : the tide came up through runnels. An old lady who died at four-score, twenty years since, often told me how well she remembered this. Archbishop Sharp lived at Strathtyrum in his day : he was making for it in his coach-and-

six when he was killed : but the house in which he dwelt has vanished.

Mr. John Blackwood was not merely the head of the famous publishing house. He managed, as his father had done before him, the famous magazine. In earlier years, Christopher North was often called its Editor. He never was. The Blackwoods, father and son, had counsellors, and listened to them : but the ultimate decision of every question was in their own hand. I am quite sure that a publisher makes the best Editor. He is much less likely than a man of letters to fill a periodical with unreadable papers which echo his own crotchets. He is much more accurate. He is absolutely without jealousy. He knows nothing but the success of his magazine or review. Some editors are like certain unpopular clerics of my youth, who would much rather have their churches empty than filled for them by some better preacher. John Blackwood (such was the invariable title) could write well enough : but he had an absolute genius in discerning what would hit the popular liking. I have known very eminent writers who had not the faintest measure of that faculty : who would print lengthy articles which no sane person (but themselves) could suppose would be read by any mortal. Success is the touch-stone here. It may be a Philistine test. But, thus tried, John Blackwood's thirty years of management of the magazine were years of triumph. Shrewdness and geniality were his outstanding characteristics. The days of tomahawking were happily over : and I do not believe his editorship ever lost him a friend. At Strathtyrum, in

Autumn, one met many eminent writers : by no means all on the same side of politics. John Blackwood called himself not a Conservative, but a Tory. But his politics, in fact, were the politics of almost all reasonable men. He was an enthusiastic golfer : and the Links spread just under his woods. Mr. Cheape, the proprietor of Strath-tyrum, is the 'Laird of the Links.' In due time, Mr. Blackwood became for his year Captain of the great Club : the premier Golf Club of the world. As for both Links and Club, Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere. That magnificent velvety sward, the course beaten by innumerable feet for centuries, stands alone. And the laws of the national game go forth from St. Andrews. As Captain, John Blackwood presided at the great annual dinner in September. He was a little nervous about his many speeches ; and he got through them with incredible rapidity. It is impossible to say how grateful the members were. I have heard grand speaking from the chair : as may be believed when I say I have seen it filled by the Lord-President Inglis. I have likewise heard from it the very worst speaking I ever heard at all. But I never saw a Captain who was not a fairly-fit one. Very excellent qualities may abide with one who lacks fluency of speech.

The Session of the University is opened yearly by an address from the Principal of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard. This address is delivered as nearly on November 1 in each year as is found convenient. It is always a pleasing and interesting function. Then,

somewhat later, St. Mary's College begins its winter's work with a lecture from its Principal, who is also the first Professor of Divinity in the University.

On Thursday, November 2, 1865, I was for the first time present on such an occasion here. The address is delivered in the Hall of St. Salvator's, a handsome apartment of academic aspect, hung round with portraits of departed Professors. It is the St. Andrews use, that the students assemble before the entrance of the dignitaries, and beguile the time by songs: some of very remarkable character, and all very heartily and well sung. The red robes of the undergraduates look warm in the gray November afternoon; also on the streets all the winter through. Principal Forbes was Head of St. Salvator's College. The Professors enter in single file, headed by the Principal. Forbes was a tall, worn, stately man: specially dignified, but extremely benignant as a rule. I always found him so: but somehow he was less popular with the students than he deserved to be. One looked at him with much interest: not so much as one of the first scientific men of the day, but rather as the son of the lady who Sir Walter tells us 'broke his heart.' Certainly the greatest Scotsman never quite got over that early disappointment. One had not seen things then which have grown common now: and it was somewhat jarring when the Principal, a layman, said the brief Latin prayer with which the function begins. Further, he grieved the writer by prefacing it with the ugly and heathenish word *Prece mur*: forgetting the stately and beautiful *Oremus* of universal Christian use. But I ven-

tured to expostulate with him : and the good man, a High-Church-man through and through, thanked me warmly for my suggestion, and ever afterwards took the better way. The address was of course an excellent one : and of scientific character. Violent applause somewhat startled the speaker, when he made mention of *The Comet* of a certain year. To a stranger, it was unintelligible. But the fact was that a fortnightly publication, brought out by a syndicate of students in those days, bore the name. And I cannot but say that I remember it as quite the cleverest periodical written by undergraduates within my knowledge. The Principal closed the proceedings by pronouncing the blessing in Latin : an incident never other than distinctly irreverent (in my judgment) when the words are said by one never ordained so to do. But in Scotland one has to bear with a good many irreverent things.

On Monday, November 20, 1865, I heard Principal Tulloch open St. Mary's College for my first time. St. Mary's is the Divinity College : it is attended only by students for the Church. Having taken their degree in Arts, which is done in four years (in exceptional cases it may be done in three) the young men enter on their theological studies for three years more. In each of these three years they attend the lectures of the Professor of Divinity : that is, Systematic Theology. During two years they attend the Professors of Church History, Biblical Criticism, and Hebrew respectively. Thus the course for the Scottish Church lasts for seven long years. My record of Tulloch's opening discourse is brief : *Splendid lecture.*

Tulloch had a grand presence : a grand voice : his opening lectures were always new, and always up to the time of day. A little after each was delivered, you might read it in one of the big Quarterlies or Monthlies. He used no arts but fair and manly ones to keep his hold upon his students : but he always hit it off with them to perfection. Making a great speech in the General Assembly, with flashing eyes and flushed cheek and the great mane of yellow hair, Tulloch was never to be forgotten. And on a platform, swaying a multitude, he was not to be surpassed. But I do not really think that such as never heard him giving his opening lecture in the Divinity Hall, ever saw Tulloch at his brightest and best. Nor am I forgetting what it was to *hear Tulloch preach* in those days : by which is meant to hear him conduct the entire service of the Church of Scotland. The liveliness, the interest, the brightness, which he put into the service from the first word to the last, were quite amazing. I mean when at his best : I know he was very unequal. And I know that in his earlier years in the Kirk he had not been popular or attractive at all. I have heard a person of high rank, who in a little while came to think quite differently, say 'he might be a clever man, but he was not a good preacher.' But good Dr. John Paul, of St. Cuthbert's at Edinburgh, said to me repeatedly, 'It is sad that that man does not preach regularly : he would be the first preacher of the age.' I have all my life made it a rule to tell a friend anything that would cheer him : being well aware that *for fear of making him conceited* most of those who knew him would not do so. So I repeated

Dr. Paul's words to Tulloch : adding, ' You must preach for me very often, for the years of your preaching your best are going over fast.' Tulloch was touched by Dr. Paul's kind judgment. But he added, ' You are a born preacher : I am not. Yet it is quite certain neither of us will preach very long.' I have several times explained, elsewhere, what a born preacher means. It does not necessarily mean a good one.

I note that on Wednesday, March 28, 1866, I went to St. Mary's College and heard Tulloch give his last lecture for that session. And there had been some intermission at Christmas. It is a short season of academic work in the year : very different from the way of the University of Glasgow, where the opening lecture was on November 1, and we were kept hard at work till the first of May. Of course Tulloch never could be idle, while health and strength remained. But thinking even of the Glasgow College session, the English reader will understand how the Scottish Universities, with their moderate endowments and their hard work while the session lasts, can attract the services of the greatest English scholars. Lushington and Jebb, each a Senior Classic, were in succession Professors of Greek at Glasgow. Butcher, not less eminent, holds the same chair at Edinburgh, and for many years, two Senior Wranglers, Kelland and Tait, held Edinburgh chairs together. Instances as striking could be named, without going beyond St. Andrews. But to be one's own master for the bright half of the year, free to go where you will, is an immense thing. To have six consecutive months, from the first of

May to the first of November, for literary or scientific work, is a wonderful blessing to a willing worker. And a Scottish Chair is a singularly unanxious position. Go back to Glasgow or Edinburgh to resume your lecturing : you know your benches are sure to be crowded. That is as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. And though in St. Andrews, to the great advantage of good students, the classes are very much less in number, the bright young faces are sure to be there on the opening day.

Twenty-six years since, Dr. Brown was Professor of Biblical Criticism in St. Mary's College. All readers of Tulloch's Life know that Dr. Brown had aspired to the Principal's Chair when Tulloch was appointed : being far his junior. But not a shade of unkindness ever existed between the two. Dr. Brown was a sweet-natured man : not without quaint, old-fashioned ways : and a very competent scholar. Dr. John Cook was Professor of Church History : the latest of the many Cooks who have filled St. Andrews chairs. He was in great measure laid aside by illness, in my time. But I never forget his cordial kindness, in many ways : never was more courteous gentleman. When he was Moderator of the Church, he held the office with a dignity which left nothing to be desired : nor did he lack the firmness which was needful to preside in the General Assembly when feeling ran high and keen on the burning question of *Innovations*. I beheld him rule the whirlwind on a most uproarious occasion. Dr. Mitchell was Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages : by universal consent master of his work. He succeeded to the Church History

Chair when Dr. Cook was taken. It is difficult for me to speak as I could wish of one who has been a kind and most reliable friend since I was a youth in my first parish ; and who has been associated with the marked turning-points in my life. We have grown old together. No more conscientious or capable man ever filled a Divinity Chair. You might differ from Professor Mitchell, but you could not but respect him : and the nearer you got to him the better you would understand the warm and sensitive nature which was partly veiled by a certain reserve of manner : you would discern the truthfulness and unselfishness of the man : and your esteem would warm into real affection. And if you had heard him preach, as I did, on a memorable occasion in the parish church here, when he was Moderator, and the question of disestablishment was raised in what most of us regarded as a very unfair way, you would have listened to a fiery eloquence that came very straight to two thousand hearts : and which came strangely from that devout and self-restrained nature. It was an unmistakeable hint of what heat will be stirred in Scotland should the question ever come within the range of practical politics.

CHAPTER II

ST. SALVATOR'S COLLEGE ; AND INNOVATIONS
IN THE KIRK

LOOKING back over these twenty-six years, one discerns four men as outstanding among the Professors of St. Salvator's College. These were Shairp, Campbell, Flint, and Baynes. My purpose is that both the place, and the characters of its chief inhabitants, shall picture themselves before our eyes as we go on. But at this stage, a word must be said of each of these.

Shairp's character and career have been very well set forth in a volume recently published, entitled *Principal Shairp and his Friends*. His friends were indeed a very remarkable band ; and they held Shairp in an esteem and affection which were fully deserved. Never did man make less parade of his great acquaintance. It was from Archbishop Tait of Canterbury, not from Shairp, that you learned of the warm relation between them which existed through many years. 'My pupil at Oxford, my assistant at Rugby, always my friend : ' were the words. Yet even from that volume of panegyric, you may gather that Shairp had the defects of his qualities. And this book would be not merely misleading but contemptible if it did not tell the

truth. Shairp was not a very successful Professor of Latin. The students, some of them, complained that he gave them too much of Wordsworth. But he was a most sufficient scholar: and he took the kindest interest in the young men he taught; specially if they came from the Highlands, specially in any time of trouble. As Principal, he was distinctly unpopular with many students. The opening of the College became a painful thing to see; and in Shairp's latter years the function ceased. This vexed his friends: for never was there Head of a College who more earnestly desired the welfare of his undergraduates; and never was man who could make himself more charming than Shairp. Never was purer, braver, or more magnanimous spirit. But he was crotchety. When the students began to wear the square cap with the gown, he keenly disapproved it as an aping of Oxford and Cambridge: and he took no notice of the salutation of any student whom he met wearing the cap. What he desired, as characteristically Scottish, was a Kilmarnock blue bonnet with a red tassel. This had been worn by Lord Aberdeen and his brothers, and it won Shairp's heart. Of course, there never was a chance of its being adopted: and the square cap has established itself. The main cause of his unpopularity, however, was a Quixotic determination not to 'curry favour.' All popularity-seeking arts he held in unfeigned contempt. He would not have walked across the street to gain the cheers of the whole University. 'I would rather cut across the prejudices of the lads,' he has said to me many times. He had to take the consequences of this heroic action. And

as I lived next door to him for seven years, when some of the students came (now and then) and hooted outside his windows, I was of necessity aware of the fact. On one most regrettable occasion when these unruly youths were expected, policemen were in waiting who apprehended the ringleaders. And instead of being subjected to academic discipline, they were taken before the magistrates, the Principal appearing against them. They were acquitted, amid popular applause.

It was never forgotten that on this lamentable occasion, Shairp had stated before the Bench that the students had uttered such 'wild cries,' that he thought they were to break into his house. The idea was absurd, quite beyond words. And time brings its revenges. The dear man who had shown his disapproval of *Innovations* by contumeliously speaking of Dr. Lee as 'Bobby,' at the same function complained that the students had spoken of him as 'Jock.' It is wiser to avoid that peculiar method of controversy.

But as Shairp grew older, he mellowed and sweetened. In the last years, you found him always at his best. And his best had always been delightful. And he, who at one season would not kneel at prayer in church or stand at praise, became of note among the Innovators. He took a deep interest in the Church Service Society: and pressed for the Nicene Creed in the Holy Communion. He heartily stood by the writer, and others, seeking to revive the observance of the Christian Year. He had ever been the best of men: and we, to whose views he had come over, held him at the last as one of the wisest. He was a true

poet. He has left behind him some of the most exquisite verses in the language. Tears came to many eyes when it was told how, on the morning he died, looking out on a Highland loch, he had said, 'It is very misty now, but it will soon be perfectly clear.' Surely he went where he has found it so. And we shall see him again, among the 'spirits of just men made perfect.'

My first sight of Lewis Campbell, Professor of Greek when I came to St. Andrews, and still abiding in entire efficiency, was at Glasgow College long ago, receiving the highest prizes in Latin and Greek on the First of May. He had been dux of the Edinburgh Academy: and he took his place at once at Glasgow. He was sent to Oxford on a Snell exhibition, as many eminent scholars have been. He took a high degree; and after some years of service in the Anglican Church, he came to St. Andrews. His fame as a scholar has grown. His translation of Sophocles is a classic: and it is understood he helped Mr. Jowett in his translation of Plato. Campbell is an admirable Professor: and he sympathises with the students not merely in their graver studies, but in the presentation of their annual play: which, two years since, was indeed his own translation of the Aias. It was very intelligently performed, and it was favourably received: but one was made to feel how the world has changed in these ages. The troubles of Aias met little sympathy. And when Aias very cautiously let himself down upon a wooden sword in the act of self-slaughter, a fearful cry as of a stuck pig proceeded from a scoffing student, with evil effect upon the audience.

Professor Campbell is one of the kindest of friends, and brightest of conversationists. Though in Anglican orders, he has many times preached in the parish churches here. His discourses leave on one's mind the impression of a man aiming at a very high and pure standard of goodness and truth. And I cannot but add, as one who has often asked his help in public duty, that he more than doubles the value of what he does for a friend, by the frank benignity with which he does it. Campbell is indeed a man of singular sweetness and attractiveness. More than once, we feared he might be tempted to go elsewhere. But St. Andrews has happily retained him ; and it may be hoped that he will long abide here. There is no better-loved man in this University or this city.

Twenty-six years since, Flint was Professor of Moral Philosophy. There can hardly ever have been a better Professor in any University in this world. A quiet, worn, recluse student, by pure force of high qualities he gained an extraordinary popularity with the undergraduates. He had been a parish minister of the Church, and he continued to preach occasionally, always attracting a great congregation. With the mass, his popularity was greater than even Tulloch's. There was no particular grace of matter or manner : it was downright strength, and grasp of the subject. Twice, Flint was Baird Lecturer. The lectures were on *Theism*, and *Anti-Theistic Theories*. They were published : and their value was at once recognised. I never heard Liddon speak more warmly than of these books : and Liddon's views did not tend to the undue

exaltation of a Presbyterian divine. Flint is likewise author of a great work on the Philosophy of History. In due time, he became Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh. There his influence abides as here. Students have odd ways of expressing their admiration of those set over them: but when a distinguished graduate stated that 'every lecture was a ripper,' I understood he meant very high praise indeed. On the Sunday before Flint departed from St. Andrews, he preached at the parish church. It was an ordinary afternoon service: but the church, which seats 2,500, was densely crowded: a memorable sight even to such as have often seen it. Mrs. Hanna, the daughter of Chalmers, was wont to say that Flint reminded her of her father more than any other preacher she had heard. No doubt, we can read Chalmers' sermons: but it should be remembered they were written to be preached, and preached by the man himself; not to be read. Very few sermons bear that test; and those which do, were not specially attractive when delivered. And if any credit whatever can be attached to the testimony of many highly-educated men, the sermons of Chalmers, when actually preached, were the most impressive discourses of the last hundred years. It was Lord Cockburn who said of them to Professor More of Edinburgh, 'After that, I can believe the stories of the awful impression made by human speech in classic times.'

Baynes was Professor of Logic. He was better known to the world as Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He was admirable as a Professor, and an excellent writer.

But now that he has left us, one remembers yet more the lovable man. For he was a man greatly beloved. He could speak incisively enough, but the benignant smile was there: no mortal ever heard him utter a rancorous word. And he never failed to tell a friend anything he had learned to the friend's advantage. This was a marked characteristic of Baynes; and though not exceptional, it is singular. We have all known really good and able men, in listening to whose talk about their acquaintance the words of Dickens came as a refrain at the end of each sentence, 'Let him apply to Wilkins Micawber, and he will hear something not at all to his advantage.' We knew that in the latter years Baynes was struggling with feeble health: but when he was suddenly called away, not quite an old man, it was a heavy blow to many. His chair was nobly filled by Seth: but it was as the Old Guard said, *sans oublier l'autre*. He spent his long vacation much in London, and he greatly enjoyed the theatre. A Scotch parson, going into the Haymarket in days when many still held that an awful thing, found himself seated directly in front of Professor and Mrs. Baynes. Baynes occasionally alluded to the incident. But, with great consideration, he always put it, 'that time when we met in Westminster Abbey.' It was a great Edinburgh preacher, long ago, who was going into the pit at Drury Lane. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and an awe-stricken voice said, 'Oh Doctor MacGrugar, what would the people in the Old Kirk say if I tell 't them I saw you here?' But the good man's presence of mind did not fail him; and he

straightway replied, 'Deed, they wadna believe you, and so ye needna tell them !'

The first winter went on quietly. There was very much, in the church services and the parish work, of infinite interest to the writer, and which he would greatly like to record : but it must not be. Only let it be said that it was a very interesting event when the saintly philanthropist Catherine Marsh was persuaded to give an address in the large room of the Madras College on the evening of November 16, 1865, to a larger number than she quite approved. About 800 were packed into the 'West Room,' including a good many Professors : and Miss Marsh spoke beautifully for an hour. Sitting, according to her wont, speaking with perfect fluency in a rich contralto voice, she made herself heard in every corner. That most admirable woman disclaims the idea of anything like preaching. But both here and in Edinburgh I was so happy as to get her to give addresses : and I can but say (what all readers of *English Hearts and English Hands* will believe) that for pathos and interest and deep impressiveness I never heard a finer speaker. I did not mind much when in a few days I received a letter from a good friend at a distance, that I was 'defying St. Paul at St. Andrews.' That is the way of this country.

All this while, the burning question in the Kirk was that of 'Innovations.' I have told the story elsewhere, and shall not repeat it here. The *Saturday Review* was wrong, when it spoke of the worship of the Church of Scotland as 'the most dismal service ever devised by man.'

Those who had grown up under it liked it, and found it uplifting. Still, the feeling grew that it was capable of improvement. Dr. Robert Lee, of Old Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh, had asked his congregation to kneel at prayer instead of standing, or rather lounging; and to stand at praise instead of sitting. He had likewise introduced instrumental music, and began to read his Prayers. I never liked his prayer-book, I confess: he had no ear whatever for the true liturgical flow. Now that all these things, and more, are found everywhere, it is strange to think how ferociously (no other word will do) they were opposed much less than thirty years since. No American slaveholders, when their peculiar institution was threatened, were more furious, than were many of the best ministers of the Kirk when ugly fashions of recent origin were criticized, which they had fancied the good old way. A saintly Edinburgh minister frequently said in my hearing, that these improvements were inspired by the Devil. I did not believe him. A Church Service Society was founded, which soon attracted most of the outstanding clergy and laity, whose object was the study of ancient liturgies and the improvement of the tone of public prayer. I have fully related its history elsewhere:¹ from the beginning I am proud to have been a member of it, as are my dearest and most esteemed friends. But it was a serious matter to belong to it at the first. Several, who discovered that their hearts had been with it all along, as soon as it became an

¹ *Blackwood's Magazine*: November 1890. 'The New Liturgies of the Scottish Kirk.'

assured success, did all the harm they could to it and its members while it was struggling, and while it might have been crushed.

In my first February here, I had been asked to preach on behalf of the Edinburgh University Missionary Society. It was with no small surprise that I received the following letter from the most venerable and saintly of the Edinburgh clergy, who had been my next neighbour during my incumbency of St. Bernard's parish : from whom I had met much kindness, and whom I held in unfeigned reverence and affection. It is well worthy of preservation, as a singular sign of that time. And the admirable man who wrote it, now passed beyond these petty matters, wrote it in deep honesty and conviction.

‘ 13 Saxe Cobourg Place :

‘ Edinburgh : 23rd February 1866.

‘ Dear Dr. Boyd,—Receive my apology for breaking in on your fully occupied time thus.

‘ This afternoon I received a call of a Deputation from that excellent Society, the Students' Missionary Association.

‘ Their object in calling on me was to confer about an eligible church for the Sermon to be preached in it, on behalf of their funds.

‘ They mentioned, along with St. Andrew's, St. George's, and St. Bernard's, my own church.

‘ And they left me, informing me that it was their design to write to you, requesting to know from you which of these churches you would prefer.

‘ You will, I hope, bear with the liberty which I take in writing to you.

‘ I entertain, along with multitudes, a high opinion of your talents : and I have always estimated, and been very grateful for, your friendly bearings in such intercourse as you have kindly favoured me with.

‘ Believe me, I never would presume to remonstrate against any opinion held by you, as if I had a right to interfere in the province of your judgment.

‘ But I crave your indulgence, and, if necessary, forgiveness, while I state that sentiments are expressed in your acknowledged writings which I seriously dissent from. And, more particularly, on the matter of innovating in regard to the simple and evangelical form of worship in our beloved Church, I regard the position which, in your writings, you have taken as at variance—hurtful variance,—with our precious Standards.

‘ I lament to think that, in our Zion, you have not a few who sympathise with your sentiments and wishes.

‘ My mind has been, ever since those innovations began, decidedly made up to hold no Ministerial Communion with such Brethren as are following what I regard as “divisive courses,” opposed to solemn Ordination-vows.

‘ On these grounds I feel it to be necessarily incumbent on *me* to let you know (though I saw no necessity to enter on such particulars with the students who waited on me to-day) that, should they return to me, informing me, that, upon your intimation to them, they petitioned for the use of St. Stephen’s pulpit, on the occasion in view, my answer

to them will be this, that I lay the matter before my Kirk-Session.

‘Of course, I need scarcely add, that my opinions will accompany it.

‘I do humbly earnestly crave for all this your indulgence and excuse.

‘Believe me, there is no diminishing, on my part, of high regard for your eminent talents, and of gratitude for the kindness of your intercourse.

‘But with the views and feelings I have relative to the reckless movements at present going on to the threatened ruin of our Zion, I must seize every opportunity which offers itself of separating myself from the promoters of what I consider as a disastrous progress.

‘I remain, dear Dr. Boyd, yours most truly,

‘WILLIAM MUIR.’

The tears come into one's eyes, reading the letter of that venerable man. The old-fashioned courtesy of these elaborate apologies is characteristic. So is the clumsy style. I see the beautiful face : he was the finest-looking human being I ever saw. It was the great Duke of Wellington's face, a thousand times more beautiful. No Archbishop, Cardinal, or Pope, ever looked the High Churchman better than Dr. Muir. I know it was more painful for him to write that letter than to me to read it. But the meaning was plain. And for all fair words, it made an end. I had been for long addressed as ‘my very dear friend :’ and I had looked to Dr. Muir with filial reverence. But we never met again save once ; and that was in the hurry

of a levée at Holyrood. He held me by the hand for two minutes, eagerly talking. But the rift was there: we had parted.

The letter had to be answered. I am aware that it has been put about that I answered it in terms of asperity. Dr. Muir was just twice my age; and that would have been unpardonable. The reader shall judge.

‘ St. Andrews: February 26, 1866.

My dear Dr. Muir,—I received your letter on Saturday, and have read it with surprise and pain. But I do not complain of it. I know that in this you have acted from a pure regard to duty. And it shall make no difference in the reverence and regard in which I have always held you, and which I have ever been ready to testify.

‘ I shall spare you the pain of asking your Session to refuse me your pulpit. I had no idea the students had thought of St. Stephen’s, which I should not have chosen in any circumstances.

‘ My writings are anonymous. But I am quite content to be held responsible for them. They may contain hasty or erroneous statements here and there. But their general drift, I know by the testimony of hundreds and perhaps thousands of readers who have written to thank me for them, is towards what is good and kind. In religious doctrine I hold, as strongly as mortal can, by the invaluable standards of the Church. Long study of the *Confession of Faith* has enabled me to accept it in all its teaching with a heartiness for which I am thankful.

‘Although I have made no innovation in the form of worship in my own churches, but adhere simply to the old way, I yet honestly think, and have thought for many years, that our worship is capable of improvement without any infraction of its evangelical spirit. To kneel at prayer, to stand at praise, to have the organ to aid in the latter, are things I should be glad to see. But I never would divide a congregation on such matters. I never would push them. All I should do would be to assent to them, if my congregation with unanimity expressed a desire for them. And I never have made such things matter of preaching. They are infinitely insignificant when compared with the truths I preach. My views are theoretical, not practical. But I hold them firmly: and do not think I am precluded from doing so by the Standards of the Church or by my ordination vows. If I saw that, of course I should be silent on them for ever.

‘I lament to think that a difference of opinion on such unimportant matters should be thought by you reason enough to decline ministerial communion with one who in all vital matters is entirely at one with you: and who has served the Church which he chose for his profession at a great worldly sacrifice, faithfully and not unsuccessfully for a good many years. I believe very few intelligent Christian people would be found to think such a reason sufficient. And in this excommunication, I find myself in the same class with Dr. Macduff and Mr. Charteris of Glasgow, Dr. Watson of Dundee, and Mr. Cochrane of Cupar-Fife. How these men do their duty and hold forth the word of

life, is known. I find myself in the same class with my venerable Father, who had in his church, and has left there, all the innovations I have named ; and who did not leave behind him in the ministry of the Church a man of simpler piety. Be my soul with such, here and hereafter !

‘Our Church is a small section of the Church Catholic. Surely good men in Her ought not farther to separate themselves unless for vital reasons.

‘I lament as much as you can do any unhappy doctrinal deviations by ministers of our Church. In these I see nothing but evil. But surely little improvements in worship, introduced where they help many and offend nobody, are very different things. I can remember when good Christian people found fault keenly with the singing of Doxologies, and even the existence of Choirs : improvements in worship which I am told you were among the first to introduce. The late Professor More told me that when the line ceased to be read before singing it in the Secession body, all the objections about innovations and ordination vows were brought forward more keenly and commonly than they are now.

‘I have no hope of changing your views ; which I know are held most conscientiously. I think I am entitled to credit for equal honesty in holding mine : and I do not think I am likely to pass from them.

‘As I never once preached in your church during the six years and a half I was minister of St. Bernard’s, your repudiation of Communion with me leaves us practically where we were through that long time. It leaves me, too,

unshaken in my esteem for you ; and not without the hope that the day may come when your feeling in the matter will be different. Meanwhile, with the prayer that the Blessed Spirit may lead us into all truth, and help us to hold and speak the truth in love, believe me, my dear Dr. Muir, ever yours sincerely,

‘ A. K. H. BOYD.’

I note with interest, over these long years, the vehement declarations of doctrinal orthodoxy. They were made in entire sincerity. One is a little amused at the small range of ritual improvement which was desired. Things have advanced, greatly. The selection of names of innovators was made for a reason. I have preached in St. Stephen's Church since the good man left it. It is incredibly ugly and depressing, though a recent incumbent did all he could to mend it. But I found a fine organ, and the changed attitudes in prayer and praise : likewise divers other innovations. The tide will flow, spite of all comminations.

It was unlucky that in Edinburgh ritual change was so associated with Dr. Lee. For his theology was Broad, in days when Breadth was perilous. And the Confession which the humble writer accepted, twenty-six years since, was coming to be criticised freely by men like Tulloch, Robertson of Glasgow Cathedral, and Macleod. It was at St. Andrews that Dean Stanley said, with authority, ‘Your subscription is the very lightest possible.’ It was replied that we thought it very stringent. On which Stanley, gazing into distance, uttered the Sibylline sen-

tence, 'What is the lightest weight you can put upon a camel's back? The weight which is so heavy that the camel casts it off altogether!' He added no more.

And it is all well now to laugh at the extravagances of men who saw the hand of the Devil in the organ. These were very serious matters then. No one could say what the end would be. I heard Dr. Muir say that 'surely there was room enough for Macleod and Tulloch without.' And the day was in which it was conceivable that a majority of the General Assembly might be got to depose them both. Had the Assembly done so, though without shadow of legal pretence, there was no redress. The Kirk is spiritually independent: and the civil courts dare not interfere.

On Sunday March 11 in this year, Dr. Lee came to St. Andrews to preach for the University Missionary Society. I wish heartily that English readers in far greater numbers had interested themselves in Professor Story's most attractive life of this very eminent man. But I know how hard it is to get Anglicans to feel any concern in the Church controversies of Scotland. On Saturday evening Dr. Robert Chambers had one of his pleasant little dinner parties. They numbered eight guests: two on each side of a square table. And Dr. Chambers told me he carefully considered not merely who the eight should be, but how they should be placed so as to make conversation flow. It did flow, as a rule. That evening there were present Principal Tulloch, Dr. Robert Lee, Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews (who in those days lived at Perth), of course Dr. Chambers himself. Less distinguished men

made up the eight. It was the first time I had met Bishop Wordsworth, who was to be a greatly-valued friend : and the first time the Bishop and Lee had met. They took to one another : the party was most congenial : the flow of talk was tremendous. But the evening had to be shortened, as all went to a Penny Reading in the Town Hall, one of a series which was kept up for several Winters. There was a dense crowd. The Hall can hold less than eight hundred : but 1,050 pence have been taken, exclusive of 50 on the platform who rendered the entertainment. On these occasions, had any fainted, they could not have fallen to the floor ; so were the people packed. Professor Campbell and Dr. Chambers read : but the feature of the evening was the Bishop's reading of his great Uncle's *Idiot Boy*. He sat to read ; but he was heard perfectly. For Bishop Wordsworth is not only one of the first of Scholars, but one of the chief of Athletes. He and his brother, Bishop of Lincoln, rowed on opposite sides in the first Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. The Bishop does not value his sleeves half so much as the faded jersey, carefully preserved, worn on that great day. I shall have much to say of him on following pages. Here it may be said that (with many more) I have, by years of continual intercourse, learned to hold Bishop Wordsworth in true reverence and affection. The Anglican Communion numbers not a Prelate of statelier aspect ; nor a more conscientious man. When a clergyman's private pupil becomes Prime Minister, the clergyman abides not in a poor Scottish Bishopric. And everything would have

been open to one who was equal to anything. But Wordsworth, from a sense of duty which many called Quixotic, parted from Mr. Gladstone: that is, differed from him in opinion. And the consequence had to be. I have read a lengthy sentence, written in a very bad hand, which set forth that in advising Her Majesty as to the appointment to the dignities of the Church, a Prime Minister must hold in view the paramount claims of those who had aided him in passing legislative measures of the highest importance for the welfare of the Nation. The meaning could be gathered. Briefly, 'Vote against me, and don't look for anything from me.' Everyone knows how the Bishop has prayed and laboured towards the union of the two Established Churches of Britain. He has not done what he wished, but he has done much. I anticipate by a good many years; but the day came on which 'the lawn-robed Prelate and plain Presbyter' walked side by side into the ancient parish church of St. Andrews, long Popish, then Presbyterian, then Episcopal, then Presbyterian again, and so abiding for two hundred years. And Bishop Wordsworth preached a sermon to two thousand souls, from which you could not have gathered whether he was Bishop or Presbyter. But none could hear it without being the better for it; and Tulloch, fit to be Bishop or Archbishop, remarked that in five minutes after the first appearing of the lawn sleeves in the pulpit of a Scottish Kirk, no mortal ever thought of them. The congregation thought of the sermon, and of nothing else.

Next day, however, the Bishop went to minister in the

Episcopal Chapel, then a very plain little building in North Street, standing North and South, and quite without ecclesiastical character. A beautiful church succeeded, after years. The event of the day was the Students' Service in the parish church in the evening. There was a great congregation. Principal Tulloch took the Prayers and read the Lessons: and Dr. Lee preached for forty minutes. The sermon was extremely bright and interesting: but Dr. Lee quite lacked the fervour, the 'unction,' which is needful to make a preacher very popular in Scotland. And he certainly took no pains whatever to prevent people from fancying that he held certain heretical views, then commonly ascribed to him. On the contrary, he played into his enemies' hands. But that was his way. He was a brilliant debater: I do not think that in Parliament or out of it I ever heard a finer. He was epigrammatic, crisp, crystal-clear: but he was not conciliatory. One often thought that instead of trying to bring over his opponents to think as he did, his object was to exasperate them. Probably this was when he knew there was no chance of conciliating them. On that day, Dr. Lee read the concluding prayers, and read them beautifully. It was the first time prayers had been read in that church for two centuries. They are continually read now: to the great comfort of such worshippers as are both cultured and devout. This would probably not have been, but for what Dr. Lee did and suffered. He was persecuted into his grave for his innovations: and now we easily enter into his labours. It is the usual way.

After evening service, Dr. Lee, Dr. Chambers, Professors Campbell and Baynes, dined with Tulloch. At that period, a great stir was caused in Scotland by a speech made by Norman Macleod in the Presbytery of Glasgow, in which he set forth startling views as to the Lord's Day and its observance. The speech was of nearly four hours' length : no full record of it remains. As to the observance of the day, probably the ground taken is that now generally taken by educated people. But the views set forth as to its authority seemed very strange to most Scottish folk. The binding authority of the fourth commandment was flatly denied : the obligation of the day was made to rest on its manifold advantages and long sacred associations : and in the orator's eagerness, the other nine commandments seemed to be held as cheap as the fourth. It need not be said that the higher morality of the New Testament, and its eternal obligation, were strongly recognised. But all this passed the understanding of many decent people. At that time, I heard a simple St. Andrews minister say, 'The best answer to Norman's speech is to go out to his house and take away his silver spoons.' The occasion brought forth a multitude of squibs, in prose and verse. By far the best known to the writer appeared in that little University magazine called *The Comet*, of which mention has already been made. On that evening, after being thrice in church, Dr Lee relaxed ; and he enjoyed the poem greatly : repeating the last verse with great gusto. It was written, of course, by an admirer of Norman. I do not know why defenders of the faith are commonly rather stupid. If the

current belief be right, the poet is now a singularly bright and eloquent member of Parliament. The poem cleverly hits off the sum of Norman's teaching, as understood by the vulgarer and stupider minds. It began :

Have you heard of valiant Norman,
Norman of the ample vest,
How he fought the Ten Commandments,
In the Synod of the West ?

It went on to personify the Decalogue as a vague and awful Beast, much like the Jabberwock of the renowned ballad. Norman encountered this creature, with much bravery ; but the contest was unequal, and he was beaten and swallowed down by it. But even yet, he adhered to his principles, as these are summarized in the compendious statement of his creed with which the poem ends :

Still from out the Monster's stomach,
In the choicest Glasgow brogue,
He is heard TO CURSE THE SABBATH,
And TO BAN THE DECALOGUE !

I hear Lee's voice, saying several times over these last two lines. Then he added, sorrowfully, 'Ay, that is the way in which our views are taken up, by many who hear us.'

CHAPTER III

TO THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR

AT these Penny Readings, which have been named, nothing was ever read which so caught and held the crowd, as successive chapters from Dr. Moir's *Mansie Wauch*. It is singular how that pathetic poet, ultra-refined, yet hit off with such miraculous skill the vulgarities of the humblest Scottish life. And I have often lamented that a book which is unique in its way, is absolutely incapable of appreciation in England. It is not merely that it is in great measure unintelligible to the reader who has not perfect mastery of Lowland Scotch : it is like the *Dies Irae* at least in this, that it is untranslatable. Render it into English, and the whole raciness is fled.

Pardon the writer for intruding the reflection, How strange and sad it is to read the diary of twenty-six years ago ! The faces and voices come back, too vividly. And yet, on the other side, the day that was so long as it passed over, is glanced at in half a minute in its little history. And things which greatly worried at the time, are quite forgot now. The poor record revives them out of oblivion. And you wonder that you ever minded about them as you did. It used to be dear Mrs. Tulloch's saying, that ' the

great thing in this life is to get things over.' Indeed they are over, after a while. Looking into your diary of twenty-five years ago you find a thing named as having kept you awake all night, which but for the diary was quite forgotten. Yet even after long experience, the present day often fevers us. It will soon have passed over: the day and all it brought.

Kate Kennedy's Day was a great institution in this University, a quarter of a century back. It had to cease, to the regret of some. The first Kate Kennedy's procession I ever beheld was on February 16, 1866. The first *Kate Kennedy's Annual* I ever read was read on that day. It certainly handled academic dignitaries freely. Hereafter the story of this singular custom will be told: and of its end. It is striking with what gusto staid old gentlemen relate stories of their ill-doings at College, which would have brought serious consequences at the time. It was a venerable man of near ninety who spoke to me as follows. I think I can give his words.

'An awful thing happened when I was at St. Salvator's College long ago. On a Sunday morning I and one other got up into the tower, and tied great woollen rags round the clappers of the two bells. In a little, the bells began to ring for service: and most awful sounds proceeded from the tower. Soon the whole population was gathered under the tower. The word went round that the Devil was in the tower; and it was generally believed. And among the people who were gazing up, awe-stricken, there were none more astonished and awe-stricken than the two

youths who had done the thing. We felt we had to be there. By and bye some bolder spirits ventured up, and found what was wrong. It was never found out who did it. We should have been expelled, of course.' Then the look of a very mischievous schoolboy came over the venerable face; and the aged pilgrim laughed with a guilty satisfaction.

It was at a later period that the city was placarded with bills, stating that the great German scientist, Herr Stoffisgotzpholl, would fly from the Martyrs' Monument above the Witches' Lake, to the top of the College spire. A great crowd assembled to witness the performance: day and hour had been announced. The scientist did not, however, appear. And when an attempt was made to pronounce his name, it suggested a hoax by some smart undergraduate. A grave D.D., not unconnected with the proceeding, quite lately told me the story.

It is the commonest of all stories, I know. But just when Dr. Lee preached that remarkable sermon, a little boy of six years old lay dying of consumption, close to the church. I saw the little man daily: I see the patient little face, now, over these years. At last the day came on which he had to sit up, panting for breath. That day, when I went, I kissed the white cold forehead; and bade farewell to the young brother who had to go before us. He followed me with his eyes, when I left. I wonder if anybody remembers the name of little Andrew Marr.

That March, too, there was a public examination of the school at Boarhills, four miles along the seashore to the

East, but still in the parish of St. Andrews. At that period, parish schools were examined by the Presbytery of the bounds: that is, by a Committee appointed for the duty. I cannot but say these examinations were very fairly done: some minister, an expert in education, an old tutor or schoolmaster, being put in chief charge. At Boarhills, there was a public dinner after the duty was over. One of the many toasts was of course the schoolmaster: a hardwrought and underpaid man. In Scotland a schoolmaster used to be called a Dominie. As we arose to do honour to the toast, a Heritor who ages before had taken his degree, and still retained some classical leaven, desired to utter some befitting sentiment. He had somewhat forgot his Latin. But, holding high his glass, he exclaimed, with deep feeling, '*Domine dirige nos!*' It sounded very appropriate. I remember a like case, in which when an unmelodious bell was loudly rung, to the torture of sensitive ears, one whose scholarship had grown rusty exclaimed, 'Ah, as Virgil says, *Bella, horrida bella.*'

I had thought to divide this *First Year* into the Dark Half, and the Bright Half. For my year runs pretty nearly from Equinox to Equinox. But this summer of 1866 there is little to record. In May, the worthy Dr. Veitch of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, published a pamphlet about Innovations, maintaining Dr. Muir's views. It was very ill-tempered. The good man said that the desire for organs was part of a great Rationalistic movement, threatening Christianity all over Europe. He had no sense of humour. For he said that it was useless that

the congregation should respond *Amen* : inasmuch as the minister said the entire prayer in their name, he might quite fitly say the Amen too. I remember the same excellent man stating that there was no difficulty in the ancient case of Jael : it was God who told her to murder her guest. Of course, there is not a syllable in Scripture to that effect. And if there were, it would only make the difficulty greater. But the strongest Protestants put into the Bible what they want to find, just as much as any Romanist. I remember well, when Dean Burgon of Chichester was told by a Scottish friend that there is not a word in the New Testament stating the vital necessity of Episcopal Church-government, the charming Dean replied, 'Of course there is. Don't you remember how we are told that our Lord, before His Ascension, talked a great deal to His disciples about His Kingdom? Of course he was telling them then of the necessity of Episcopacy.' The answer, with equal reason, was ready. It need not be given here.

On May 22, the weather-cock, which had been on the spire of the parish-church for two hundred years, was taken down ; and a commonplace vane, seven feet long, substituted for it. The ancient cock is preserved in the church. When close to it, its aspect is weird and appalling. I remember Flint coming to see it. He gazed at it for a while, with a stricken look. Then he said, 'There is something awful about it : unearthly.'

At the General Assembly in this year, Dr. Lee fared rather hardly. A speaker who began to be prominent was Dr. Wallace, in a little Dr. Lee's successor at Greyfriars

Church, and Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh. He had been a most eminent St. Andrews student. There will be occasion to speak of him hereafter. Meantime it may be said that in a few years, to the surprise of most, he threw up his church appointments, which were valuable as these things go here ; and became Editor of the *Scotsman* in succession to Alexander Russel, brightest of all Editors. He did not long hold this office. He went to the English Bar, and has for several years been M.P. for a division of Edinburgh. I grieve to say he is a Dis-establisher : which he ought not to be. I remember how, in that Assembly, Dr. Pirie, an Aberdeen Professor and a very frequent speaker, made an attack on Tulloch, which the sense of the Venerable House stopped. For Tulloch, though present as Clerk of Assembly, was not a member, and could not defend himself. I never listened to Dr. Pirie's speeches, though I have often been present while he spoke. He was in violent opposition to all improvements in public worship. But I possess a book by him, on Natural Theology, which is understood to have competed for the Burnett Prize when Tulloch got it. There is a passage in it which greatly interested Tulloch, and which is worth preserving.

‘ Thus a young man or woman, under the influence of passions appertaining to their age, having their attention directed to an individual of the opposite sex under suitable circumstances, by dwelling on their qualifications in connection with their own feelings, gradually form an attachment, which for the time supersedes all counteracting

considerations. Hence it is that difficulties, as in all other cases of desire, add fuel to the flame of sexual love. The effort to overcome the difficulties keeps the parties more incessantly in each other's thoughts, and with a more overbearing impression, so long as there is any hope of success, while the time is prolonged during which the growing passion is either flushed by hope or exasperated by disappointment. The effects of all the arts of Flirtation, it is obvious, are, as forms of difficulties, reducible to precisely the same principle. Those who exercise them do, though for the most part very unconsciously, act on the most philosophical principles in thus alternating hope and disappointment. They are stamping their own image on the hearts of their admirers by the most effectual process which they could employ ; and if they be cautious in not going too far, so as to bring counteracting principles into operation, they will seldom fail of success, because they are really following the laws of nature.'

I see Tulloch sitting on an easy chair in this room in which I write, as these lines were read to him. He was deeply impressed, and said, 'You must bring that passage before the public : *Pirie on Flirtation.*' After many days, I fulfil my very dear friend's behests.

That year, the Moderator's Dinner began at 6 P.M., and went on till 11.45. A few of the speeches on such occasions are very bright and good. Most of them are extremely dreary and bad. At one of them the great Lord President of the Court of Session, John Inglis, returning thanks for the College of Justice, made one of the felicitous and

beautiful speeches in which he excelled all men. Himself a Son of the Manse, he got straight to the hearts of his audience. 'I do not know in which of your homes my successor is growing up; but I have no doubt at all he is growing up in one of them.' His words have come true: our grand old Chief-Justice has been taken from us. His successor is not yet designated. But it must be one of two: the present Lord Advocate and the last: and both are numbered among the Sons of the Clergy.

The Chaplain-General Gleig this summer visited John Blackwood at Strathtyrum. He was a very interesting man: as readers of his books will believe. His father was a Scottish Bishop, in the days of deep depression of the Episcopal Communion here. He had seen service as an officer, as most people know. Mr. Blackwood had a large party to meet him at dinner: but he was quiet: a great contrast to the roaring of Anthony Trollope in the same house at a later time. Next day, an interesting visitor came: the daughter of John Mason Neale, to whom we owe such charming hymns. She saw our sights and departed: a bright young girl. If she is living, she must be more than middle-aged now. Once, when I was in Edinburgh, Dr. Neale came to church: and wrote to me that to his great surprise he did not hear a syllable in which he did not agree: adding that it was the only time in his life in which he had ever entered what he regarded as a schismatic place of worship. I explained to him that in most of our churches his experience would have been the

same : and we became friends though we never met. He gave me most of his books : and the day came when I went to East Grinstead in Sussex to visit his grave. Round the lowly grave-stone there is an inscription in the Latin tongue, of which it may suffice to quote the first words : *Misericordia Jhesu Hic requiescit Ioannes Mason Neale*. For many years he was Warden of the beautiful little Sackville College, hard by. He was nearing the end when his daughter came to St. Andrews. It was on July 19, 1866. He died on August 6, aged 48 years. His controversial works are mainly forgotten. But very many who never heard of Bernard of Clugny, and who could not translate *Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora*, know well a famous hymn which begins with the words *Jerusalem the Golden*. It was a grandly-chosen text that was sent to his friends with the announcement of his death : touchingly suggesting that by which plain Christian folk best knew him. AND THE KING SAID UNTO HIM, COME THOU OVER WITH ME, AND I WILL FEED THEE WITH ME IN JERUSALEM.

Dr. Pirie and I were nominally in the same Church : Dr. Neale and I were outwardly divided. But miles cannot reckon how much farther I was from Dr. Pirie than I was from Dr. Neale. It is only Establishment that kept me, and many more, in the same visible communion with many who (in their own judgment) were leaders of the Kirk ; and who were (certainly) spouters in her General Assembly.

That summer, a grand-looking man entered my study

one morning and sat down. He told me his name. It had been familiar all my life. He said, 'There never was a man I loved like your Father.' And assuredly I am proud to be the son of one of the sweetest-natured of men. He was minister of the Tron Church of Glasgow : but when I was born, he was minister of Auchinleck, linked with the name of Boswell. Then my visitor went on. 'I am fifty-nine. I was born to a great estate. I never have done the smallest good to anybody in my life. I have done nothing but amuse myself. And it has been hard work I have broken this bone, and that bone, and that other' : and he indicated eight or nine of the chief bones of the human frame. Everybody knew he had been a mighty fox-hunter, and renowned in all sport. Then the stately old man (I thought him old) said, 'I have everything that wealth can give me : and I have made a poor thing of it.' But he brightened : and went on with a very benignant smile to recall the years when my father was his tutor. 'Oh, if I could always have been under him ! The saddest day of my life was the day he went away.' I was much inclined to suggest that a few thousand pounds might be well applied to the restoration of our historic church, if he wanted to do a good work. But I thought I should wait till next time. Thus we parted, in the kindest manner, with plans for my visiting him at his grand house. The sands were running out fast, though he did not look like it. And I never saw him again. He offered me a dog of great value, which I did not want : and a horse of high price, for which I had no use. But he spoke no word of church-

restoration. I see him plainly yet : as dignified and kindly a gentleman as I can remember.

Dr. Hanna and his wife, Chalmers' daughter, spent some weeks of that season here. I never could understand how he, with the views he frankly expressed to me, had been got to write Chalmers' Life in that spirit of animosity to the National Kirk which one regrets. He had certainly changed his mind on divers matters : unless indeed it be true that in treating the red-hot question of '43, he was set aside, and very singular hands did the work. But Scotch ecclesiastical controversy, so malignant and unscrupulous, has ever been inexpressibly hateful to me : and I go to what is pleasanter and more improving. Mrs. Hanna told a story of her great and good Father. When he was minister of a country parish in Fife, one of his farmers took his wife and children to St. Andrews for sea-bathing. In those days it was part of the system that sea-water should be largely imbibed, too. When the farmer took his family to the city, the great Estuary of the Eden, reaching four miles to Guard Bridge, was full. He left them for a fortnight, and then returned to see them. It was low water, and the Eden was empty. The good man fell into a singular mistake. And looking over the miles of bare sand, he exclaimed, 'Od, but they maun hae drucken weel !'

Old Archdeacon Sinclair, Vicar of Kensington, staid with his sisters at St. Andrews this Autumn. His father was the well-known Sir John Sinclair : one sister was Catherine, the novelist. His nephew, now an Archdeacon

too, was a youth of cheery address : and living just next door to us, we saw a good deal of the household, young and old. One got, as one has got in many places, a glimpse of the disappointments which must be in the Anglican Church, with its great prizes. The old Archdeacon one day said, rather sorrowfully, 'I have got in my possession a letter from Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, congratulating me on my appointment as Bishop of Worcester, and saying there could not be a better choice.' I knew the meaning of the thoughtful glance which a great and saintly Prelate cast one day, long after, at a model of the throne of St. Augustine, which stands on the mantelpiece in my study. For the Prime Minister of that day had written to him that of course he would have proposed him to be Archbishop of Canterbury, only that after so long and great service in the Church, rest had been well earned. Not to me, but to one who told me, the Prince-Bishop's words were, 'I was quite strong enough to be Archbishop.'

In that August, I saw the first *Lammas Fair*. From the middle ages the usage has come down of dancing in the open air on that day. Sometimes in the curious amphitheatre, formed of earth, with grassy seats all round, called the Butts, near the sea : sometimes just outside the parish church. A great crowd of country folk assemble ; and many Shows converge on St. Andrews at that time, with the strange Bohemian set who, by choice or necessity, make their living in that irregular fashion. In a country which has so little amusement, and in which till lately it was thought the right thing not merely to be 'unhappy on

Sunday,' but on all the other days of the week, it is always a pleasure to see the little function. Both lads and girls generally dance remarkably well.

The eminent author of the touching song which begins 'Let us all be unhappy on Sunday,' made a brief visit to St. Andrews in this month. Lord Neaves, a very distinguished Judge, who had been Dux of the High School of Edinburgh and a brilliant scholar, had the somewhat inconsistent faculty of writing comic songs of most extraordinary character. He was staying at Innergelly, a pretty country place on the other side of Fife, with his son-in-law, Mr. Millar, then Solicitor-General, soon to be a Judge under the title of Lord Craighill. The two lawyers, with their wives and some little children of the younger generation, spent a day with us and went round the ruins. I remember the immense heartiness with which Robert Chambers and Lord Neaves met. The elder visitors of that day are all gone: and a little boy who came, led by his father's hand, after a brilliant college career, is now a clever barrister. Let the reader remember that there are regions in Scotland yet in which a gloomy aspect is required on the Lord's Day. Norman Macleod used to tell of a Highlander who went to Edinburgh, and was there over what he called a *Sabbath*. 'It was an awfu' sight. You would see people walking along the street, smiling as if they were perfectly happy!' The day came when Lord Neaves was elected Lord Rector: and not merely gave an address to the students in the nature of a sermon, but after dinner sang his chief songs to the Professors. I had heard them all

several times before. But some good men, hearing them for the first time, were deeply moved.

The first of many visits of the beloved Dean Stanley was on August 29 in this first year. He will be spoken of very much hereafter. But though he had been repeatedly in our house in Great King Street, at Edinburgh, he never till now wrote his letters at my writing-table. I was greatly impressed with the great man's ways. The writing-pad on this table is of white blotting paper, but has an outer skin of cartridge paper. Regularly, as the dear Dean did me the great honour of writing where I write now, he turned his letter over and sought to dry the ink on the cartridge paper. The letter, already nearly illegible, became entirely so. And of the many proofs he corrected here, few there were which were not treated in like manner. Even a suffering compositor must have loved Stanley. But both his manuscript and his proofs were received at the printing-office with howls. It was a Wednesday: and Mr. Rodger of St. Leonard's parish and I had afternoon service regularly in the beautiful little chapel of St. Salvator's College, wherein the St. Leonard's congregation is allowed to worship. I tried to persuade Stanley to preach the sermon. A few years later, he preached continually in Scotch kirks: but he would not venture now. I went away sorrowfully at 3 P.M., leaving him still writing his letters: and I tremble to think what they must have been like when I was not there to intercept each as he was in the act of turning it down. Some human beings are very lacking in resources. But, after a

while, the thought suggested itself to both of us at once, to make the pad exclusively of blotting paper. The Dean was a very great man. But so was Isaac Newton. And you remember how he cut in his study door a large hole for his cat and a small one for the kitten.

The same day, there came to St. Andrews Henry de Bunsen, son of the ambassador, and Rector of Donington : a singularly bright and charming man. At his next visit, he preached for me both in the parish church and at St. Mary's. His sermons were admirable, and they were delivered with Scottish go. In one way he followed our fashion, where Stanley used to say he durst not. In pronouncing the blessing he held up both hands. I have heard Stanley say, repeatedly, that he would give anything to do so, he thought it looked so impressive : but that he could not bring himself to it. But we live to learn. And I have seen Stanley bless the congregation in the parish church even so. I think I have seen him do so in Westminster Abbey. And assuredly, so long since as 1860, I saw Bishop Wilberforce bless the congregation with two hands, Scotch-fashion. I know that afterwards he changed to an older way.

Next morning we all met at Tulloch's, and went with Stanley to the railway to see him depart. Then Tulloch, Bunsen, Campbell, and I, in a lovely autumn day, climbed Drumcarrow Hill, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles off ; the view was wonderful. Schiehallion, Ben Lawers, Lochnagar, stood out. The Bell Rock lighthouse and North Berwick Law seemed close at hand. The yellow of the harvest fields was everywhere.

Bunsen was radiant. He spoke of the pretty singing of a young woman after dinner the evening before ; but he brought one of her songs to a most prosaic test. It had ended, 'My voice may know the old songs, To all eternity.' Then, with a grave face, he said, 'Did she mean that people in Heaven would be singing, *Slap-bang, here we are again?*' Such was the refrain of a depressing comic song, now happily forgot.

But I have come round to the end of that First Year. It was not nearly so rich in events as many which came after. And I feel, very deeply, that I have not written the story of the St. Andrews I care about, and to which all my strength and thought have gone through these hard-driven years. I have not told of the Sunday services, and the parochial work : which are the chief things in this world to myself. Both because I ought not to tell of these, and because I cannot. Each reader who has reached middle age or who has grown old, knows that the infinite pathos of home incident and lonely exertion of such mind as one has, likewise of the outside labour in which one faces one's own little world,—the matters which come home to one's weary heart, faces and words which are gone for evermore, for the little child grown-up to man or woman is finally lost,—cannot be expressed by words to any other ; and would meet little sympathy if they could be. The things we think most about, we keep rigidly to ourselves. The most lovable of grown-up sons is impatient of early remembrances which bring the tears to the parents' eyes. That was a tremendous year in 'the

writer's little life, if he could tell the fact about it. We all know what Wordsworth wrote, about 'a day like this which I have left, Full thirty years behind.' Six-and-twenty will suffice. And going outside of this, of which not another word shall be permitted wittingly, you know how associations gather upon the scenes amid which you live and toil. On these steps I saw a good woman, younger than myself, feebly walking backward and forward in the fretful stage of failing, who has been gone twenty years. There it was I met Froude, when he was Rector, coming to our door with a bright look. There Jowett broke away and *ran* to meet Stanley and his wife. Hard by, at a corner where we parted daily as evening fell, Tulloch, with the red sunset on his face, said of an ecclesiastical wirepuller, 'He moves in a mysterious way,' and, shaking his head sorrowfully, turned to go. But, my friendly reader whom I see, pardon my recording how in that year I visited the entire parish, seven miles in length, city and country, eight thousand souls, from door to door: making kindly acquaintance, as becomes a parish minister (you would say Rector, but we know not the term) with every soul in what we call his 'corner of the vineyard.' Likewise that, though a disappointing service must be now and then in every clergyman's experience, the services here have in the main been cheering and uplifting; and growingly such towards the end. No doubt, in a great city, you have the cheer of knowing that people come to church because they find what helps them; for they have abundant choice, and the parochial division there counts for little, even with

zealous church-folk. But that is an anxious thing. Too much depends upon the individual parson. It is not a charge in which to grow old. And passing, far onward, to the time which is going over, one has come to be thankful, each Sunday evening, when the public services have gone heartily and well. It is not but that they are cheering : indeed, more interesting than ever : for the churches are full generally and often a great deal more. But any time now the clear call may come ; and certainly it will not come unexpected. For to-morrow I shall have been ordained (that is, admitted to full orders and set in the solemn charge of a parish), Forty Years.

CHAPTER IV

GOING ON : KINGSLEY

THE great Archbishop Whately said that he could not keep a diary : for if he did he would be obliged to wish himself dead, that his diary might be finished. Surely a morbid way of looking at the case. I have elsewhere set forth the advantages of a diary, which seem to me very great. But there are disadvantages too. And if you systematically, for any purpose, read your diary of twenty-six years ago, you will be aware of one, a great one. There will be no mirage. The haze of peace and beauty will not gather upon the long-past. For when you turn over the faded leaves, the poor reality will appear, with all the sordid care and worry. It will not look a bit better than the fact. For though you took pains to leave out any record of what was painful and vexing, what you did was vain. The few words written at the time, being read, will recall all the environment, all the atmosphere ; and, with special vividness, all you specially wished to forget. And most old people wish to forget a great deal : both of what happened to them, and of what they did. But it seems as though the punishment of wrong-doing and folly must be eternal. We cannot forget them : and their remembrance

is keen pain. If you really remember your past life, as it was when it was passing, I believe there are few days indeed that you would wish to live over again. St. Paul, besides what else he was, was a man of shrewd worldly wisdom. It has got to be 'Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.' That is, if you are to be good for anything.

At the end of September, 1866, St. Andrews received a most eminent visitor, always more than welcome, whose presence was to grow familiar here. Mrs. Oliphant was a young woman then ; but she had done enough to make every Scotsman proud of her. She was the second authoress I had ever seen. The first was bright, and lovable ; but she would not be as other women, in dress and divers other matters. Mrs. Oliphant has always been absolutely free from any literary airs. She is merely a thoroughly well-bred, unaffected, bright and charming lady. It was on St. Michael's day that she first entered our house : never was guest more honoured. In that year, the third of October was the day of the great Golf meeting : and that afternoon, amid a crowd of two hundred, I walked round the Links to see the decisive match between two crack players, Mr. Hodge and Mr. Lamb. Mr. Hodge won, by the narrowest possible advantage. I had been minister of St. Andrews for more than a year, but that was my first round of the Links. For in truth, I had been terribly overworked, and never had spare time. And, being naturally stupid, I never had been drawn to the National Game. My dear friend and Elder, Tom Morris, looked on

me for long in sorrow rather than anger. But my failings were atoned for when my boys became good players. One of them, when at Cambridge, was president of the University Golf Club : and when Oxford and Cambridge met yearly at Wimbledon, the Captain of either team was a St. Andrews lad : a son of Bishop Wordsworth representing Oxford. Many are the silver cups which adorn this house, won at Golf near and far away : as far as Calcutta. My main interest in that round was that it was in the company of the great authoress. And what a young and active woman she looked that day, after all her work : tripping over the smooth turf and skipping over the bunkers, in the fading October light : for the match did not start till 4 P.M. I do not presume to estimate Mrs. Oliphant : I hold her in far too warm regard to pretend to do so critically. And her associations with St. Andrews have been close : notably with the family of Tulloch. To me, her fertility is miraculous ; and the high standard steadily maintained through all. Surely she is the most remarkable woman now living : and she has written as good material as any woman ever wrote. I know you think of George Eliot. Mrs. Oliphant, writing ten times as much, has written as excellent thought as ever came from that pen. She has done enough to make half-a-dozen reputations. Her two stories, *A Rose in June*, and *Madam*, hardly noted among so many, would have set a novelist in the highest place. And her *Lives of Edward Irving*, and of Tulloch, would set her high among biographers. In quite another walk, think of Florence, Venice, and Edin-

burgh. Then, as time goes on, her writing grows ever fresher and brighter. It is not as with George Whyte-Melville, first seen at that same Golf Meeting : who, speaking of his own books, said, sadly, ' Ah, the tea is getting very thin.' He had great charm and sweetness of manner : but he had a worn, sad face, and it used to be said that he looked much older than his father.

Tulloch's opening lecture this year was on Chillingworth. And already bitter frost had come upon us : and the magnificent Winter sunsets were here. I never saw anywhere such Winter sunsets as at St. Andrews. One year, through all November and December, regularly each afternoon, the sky all round the horizon blazed with crimson and gold, to the zenith. You could not have said which was West and which was East. The men came out of the Club daily, and gazed their fill. Nor did any one, known to me, belittle that grand sight. It was not as when a great Edinburgh reviewer was asked to look from Skelmorlie on the sunset behind Arran, and over Bute. He cast on it a patronizing glance : and the languid words were ' Very well got up !' Oh for the knout, to wallop vile conceit and affectation !

This Winter, and through many more, a number of friends met on Saturday evenings in each other's dwellings, and read aloud a play of Shakspeare. The first reading was in the house of Baynes, on December 8. Tulloch, Shairp, Campbell, and Baynes were outstanding readers. So was Skinner, our Episcopal parson : grand-nephew of the author of *Tullochgorum*. I do not intend to mention

ladies' names : but I cannot refrain from saying that Mrs. Baynes, Mrs. Campbell, and Mrs. Shairp, read beautifully. The play was Macbeth : and the difficult part of Lady Macbeth was read by a bright and charming girl, soon to be taken : Miss Harriet Cook. I do not hesitate to say that I never heard any amateur who had more distinctly the makings of a great actress. Tulloch was Macbeth : but though he had a grand voice and perfect understanding of his part, he did not read very well. It was impossible he should. For he told me that whenever he got carried away by what he read, the awful feeling rushed upon him that he was making a fool of himself. Of course, this self-consciousness is fatal. At one point, when Lady Macbeth turned upon him (he was sitting next her), and with blazing eyes and the beautiful face lighted up said a few lines in a way which was reality, not acting, Tulloch dropt his book on his knee and gazed at her, frightened. Then, after a long pause, he somewhat injured the effect of his reply by prefacing it with 'I beg your pardon.' The words do not occur in Shakspeare.

Just this morning, I see Lord Advocate Robertson gazetted as successor to Lord President Inglis. Very warm is my interest in our new Chief-Justice : for not only is he a Brother of the Manse, but my Father christened him. The noble presence of his great predecessor comes very plainly back to-day. Through many autumns, he spent several weeks here : an enthusiastic golfer. When President of the Golf Club, he said in one of many perfect speeches at the annual dinner, that he found two

things at St. Andrews as he never found them anywhere else: to wit, Health, and Happiness. It was tremendous testimony. But, among many quiet talks at the Club fire late of an afternoon when the day's work was over, one stands out. The Lord President had been reading Bishop Lightfoot: he read a vast deal beyond law. And he was an Elder of the Kirk, whereof his father was leader in his day. But he summed-up a long exposition in words not to be forgot: 'If you plead for a Hierarchy on grounds of expediency: its venerable associations: its social advantages in a country with great diversities of rank, I will take a Bishop to my arms to-morrow. *But*, if you tell me that Episcopacy is a vital thing, and that without it there is no Church, and there are no sacraments, I snap my fingers at you.' Then, with a grim look on the grand face, the President did snap his fingers.

In January 1867, John Stuart Mill came to St. Andrews to be installed as Lord Rector of the University. He staid with Tulloch, in his charming old house in St. Mary's College. On the evening of January 31, a large party met him at dinner there. Though so courageous a writer, I noted that he was 'a timid, nervous-looking man.' Sir Robert Anstruther, our County Member and Lord Lieutenant, told us how nervous Mill was when he made a great speech in the Commons. Nothing could be more kind and gracious than the great man's manner. A small essayist, when introduced to him, spoke of his indebtedness to certain of Mill's writings: whereupon Mill thanked the essayist warmly for the interest with which he had

read his books : and furthermore went on to talk in a way which showed he knew them extremely well. The essayist, a desponding person, was temporarily cheered. The next day Mill was installed in the fine old upper hall of the University library. He gave a magnificent address, which, though rapidly read, occupied two hours and twenty minutes. Our Doctor, looking on from his own point of view, remarked it as a noteworthy fact that Mill, not much accustomed to address crowds, spoke all that time without once touching the tumbler of cold water which was placed beside him. The divinity students applauded violently when Mill said that any man in a National Church, though he might drift away from its understood creed, ought not to leave the Church till he was put out of it. 'You have more right to be there, than those who would expel you!' Shairp had announced his intention not to attend Mill's address, 'because he was a Democrat and an *Atheist*' (so he said the word) : but he thought better of it, and was there. Unluckily, he had expected the address to be much shorter, and had arranged to leave by a certain train. So, unhappily, just as Mill expressed this view, the orthodox Professor arose and walked out : amid such a storm of hissing from the students as I never heard before. The thing was most unlucky. Shairp was incapable of intentional discourtesy to anybody. The day after I lunched at Tulloch's with Mill alone. He was most frank and delightful. But one could see his violent anti-Church prejudices. They seemed very unworthy of so great a man. But after a while one came to know that (as Charles II. said of him-

self) he had been very oddly brought up by his father. His hatred of Bishops was extreme. And he made a remark concerning them which appeared preposterous. It was liker an anti-state-church lecturer than a great thinker. 'I don't say that these men are hypocrites. But I do say that no man can go about dressed as they are, without looking like a hypocrite.' Mill would have been pleased with Hartley Coleridge's remark to another Lord Rector, when they met Bishop Blomfield of London in Pall Mall, looking remarkably sleek and well-dressed. 'There are only two individuals who know what is that man's income : himself, and the Devil.' But it was a great Judge, not a Bishop, of whom another Judge said, infuriated by his self-satisfied aspect, 'There 'e goes, the 'oly 'umbug, 'umming a 'ymn. 'Ow I 'ate 'im !'

In that early Spring, old Mr. Balfour, a builder, died at the age of 97. Till I came to St. Andrews, I never knew any mortal of 90 years. But if you can bear our climate at all, it will harden you. And I have known several of 95, one of 97, one of 99. I always investigate such cases ; and I confess that I could not find authoritative evidence of the age of him who died (as was said) within three months of 100 years. One pleasant-looking old woman even at 95, had been a great beauty 70 years before. And the soft, winning manner remained. Mr. Balfour was a remarkably intelligent old man, and retained his senses wonderfully, all but sight. 'I just see a dark shadow when I look at you,' were the words. And in the last days, he spoke much of a little sister, who died

90 years before. The Paraphrases had just come in : and after the funeral, they sang, *My race is run, my warfare's o'er*. His grandnephew was the last Lord Advocate ; and had Robertson declined might have been Lord President. His father was minister of Clackmannan : Robertson's father was minister of Forteviot. Both are men of the highest mark. Mr. Balfour had been employed by the Heritors when the parish church was frightfully transmogrified, about a hundred years ago. It was especially interesting to hear his account of what was done. He did not know the technical terms, clearstory, transept, centre-alley and side-aisles : but he well described the things. The most eminent architect, not professional, now in Scotland, is the Marquis of Bute : and when I told him Mr. Balfour's story, he begged that I should write it down. The church, 163 feet long internally, had two side-aisles vaulted in stone. These had buttresses which reached so far out that Balfour as a boy, with many companions, used to climb up them, and run along the roof of the aisles. There was a very lofty clearstory : and over the centre-alley an open roof of black oak. The North transept was roofless. It has now disappeared, but the South transept abides. The floor of the church was not seated with pews, symmetrically arranged. You had to pick your way. And the ground plan still shows *Here space for 48 chairs : Here space for 60 chairs*. This was a survival of mediæval times, when the floor was free to all. To get space for awful galleries, the beautiful groined roofs were taken off the side-aisles, and the outer walls were carried up so high

that the centre-alley, with a vile plaster-roof, is but little higher than the aisles. So the galleries were stuck-in : and the church seated for 2,500. It is remembered how Norman Macleod, entering the pulpit when the church was crammed, began his sermon by saying 'I feel overwhelmed by the sight of this congregation : I do indeed.' Even Dr. Liddon, who on two occasions entered the pulpit when the church was empty and stood a space in silent prayer, acknowledged the sorrowful ingenuity with which that pulpit is placed. A preacher with a fairly good voice can be heard in every corner. But Bishop Goodwin of Carlisle, having been led round the ruins by the writer, ended with the parish-church. Standing in the pulpit he said, 'Well, it is a very sad sight to see that magnificent Cathedral in ruins : but it is a much sadder sight to see a church of the twelfth century degraded like this.' Some regard the church as extremely fine, just as it is. And I comfort myself on many Sundays by thinking that after all, the great thing about a church is the congregation. But when the Bishop of Winchester departed from St. Andrews, after a little sojourn here, his last words were, 'Now, when I come back, I hope at least a beginning may have been made of the restoration of that parish church.' A good man, standing by, said, 'But, my Lord, I think it a beautiful church just as it is.' The Prelate spoke no word, but walked a few steps along the railway platform. And having got quite beyond the critic's hearing, he said, in solemn tones, 'His opinion is of no value.' It was the same eminent man who having

attended divine service was approached in the vestry by a good Heritor, asking what he thought of the kirk. 'Ah!' said the Bishop, with a tact gained from much experience of difficult positions, 'your church is outside of criticism. It brings a great number of people within hearing of the Gospel.'

It was a very interesting time when we had Charles Kingsley with us in September 1867. He came on the third day of the month and staid a week. He won the hearts of all who came to know him. 'I apprehend I am a bad Englishman,' he wrote; 'for I like you Scots far better than my own countrymen.' When I received him at the railway, I was startled to see how he had aged since I saw him last. He said he had despised sick folk, and was now being punished duly: never feeling quite well. But after a bath in water nearly boiling, he brightened up, and was the life of a gathering at dinner of men and women who valued him as they ought. Of course Tulloch and his wife were there; Mrs. Oliphant, Robert Chambers, and some Professors. The British Association was to hold its meetings in the great town of Dundee, now a City: and Kingsley had come mainly to attend these. But he did not trouble the British Association much. Just twice did he go to Dundee. Three trains and one ferry-boat (across the Tay) were needed to cover the distance from St. Andrews: the marvellous Tay Bridge, spanning the river where two miles broad, was not yet; and Kingsley got tired of the journey. The day after his arrival, Wednesday September 4, was bright and warm. He spent the day

wandering about the ruined Castle and Cathedral : Tulloch with us. We sat in pleasant talk on the grass in the quadrangle of St. Salvator's College, close to our then house. There was blazing sunshine, and there was the sense of rest. Tulloch and Kingsley were at their brightest : it is a cheerful time to recall. Then in the evening, Tulloch still with us, we went to Dundee, to hear the Duke of Buccleuch give his address as President. There was a vast crowd in the handsome Kinnaird Hall : a great gathering, on the platform, of the philosophers of the age. Sir Roderick Murchison made a speech, in which he appeared as anything but a correct quoter of verse : for, relating certain perplexities as to the place of meeting, he stated that finally, in the words of the beloved Sir Walter (no Scot will add the surname), ' We threw up our bonnets for bonny Dundee ! ' Sir Walter would have been surprised to hear the quotation. ' Bonny Dundee ' was a man, not a place : and no such words occur in the famous song. But Kingsley was delighted when the Duke, very bright-looking and well set up, the broad blue ribbon of the garter crossing his breast, and every inch the territorial Prince, began his address by saying that a good deal had been spoken by those who had proposed him about the bold Buccleuchs of past ages : but that not one of them had ever done anything requiring so much courage as he needed in rising to address all the scientific sages of the land. Of course, the applause was tremendous. Better beginning could not have been. Next, the Duke went on to say, that he could easily have given the Association an

address full of learning and eloquence, by the simple expedient of getting somebody else to write it for him ; but that he preferred to give his own material, however inferior. But the rest of the speech was not so good. Indeed, the record at the time says 'awfully bad.' And the function, beginning at 8 P.M., and including divers addresses, was all over at 9.20. We had to wait at the railway till 10.40 for a special train : it had been expected that the proceedings would be much longer. And I never forget just one involuntary outbreak of the inner feeling of many Anglicans towards the Scottish Kirk. We sat down beside a man who was likewise waiting, and I introduced him to Kingsley. They had some talk. Then Kingsley and I arose, and paced the platform. 'What did you say your friend was?' To which I answered, 'A minister of the Kirk : the incumbent of a parish quite near.' In a state of absence of mind, Kingsley burst forth, 'Why, that man's a gentleman!' The natural rejoinder was, 'And those you have met hitherto have not been so?' Kingsley knew nothing earthly of the Kirk, but had a vague idea of illiterate savages. As the *Saturday Review* once said, 'poor bewildered ploughmen.' He hastened to explain that nothing could be more admirable than the Scotch parsons he had met ; but that he somehow fancied they were exceptional men. One has grown accustomed to that kind of thing. But any decently-educated man in the Kirk (in which every man must have been at a University at least six years) would be ashamed to know as little of the Church of England, as very great Anglican dignitaries know of the Church of Scotland.

Well, we know the fate of poor relations. They know all about their big relations ; but the big relations know nothing about them. *Fiat!* We must just bear it.

Next day was given to a thorough examination of the old buildings of St. Andrews, in company with Dr. Robert Chambers : and to a partial round of the famous Links, to see the game of Golf. 'Very French,' was Kingsley's estimate of the St. Andrews Gothic. When this city was in its glory, France was the allied country and England the hostile one. It was a bright fine day, and the place looked its best. The following day was very sunny ; and as I got through some writing at my study-table, Kingsley sat near with two little boys on his knee, to whom he told charming stories : quite equal to the *Water-Babies*. One was impressed by his respect for church-dignity. That day, good old Archdeacon Sinclair came to lunch with him : and Kingsley, who had gone about St. Andrews in tweeds, attired himself in perfect clerical array. 'He's a dignitary,' he said, solemnly. I thought of a day, long before, in John Parker's room in the West Strand. It was in May, 1860. Arthur Helps was there, pleased with his appointment as Clerk of Council : Kingsley, full of his new Professorship. I see them both, sitting in Parker's pleasant library, smoking : and Kingsley vehemently setting forth his plans for his lectures : for two very short hours. Then Helps had to go. The day was very warm, and Kingsley had talked himself into a white heat : accordingly he discarded his coat and sat in his shirt-sleeves. In a little Parker opened the door wide, and said with some solemnity,

The Bishop of London. Kingsley made a rush for his coat and had got half-way into it: when, with grave and solemn demeanour, fitted to the Episcopal Bench, beseeming the title he had heard given him, walked in Helps! I do not know how Helps would have looked in lawn-sleeves. But assuredly he had an incomparably finer face than any Bishop of London I have seen. I have seen four.

That evening, Kingsley made his second and last visit to the British Association. He went to Dundee in time to dine at the Royal Hotel with some outstanding members. I recall Professor Tyndall and Sir John Lubbock, specially: I never saw them but then. One thing comes back very vividly. Something had been said, by somebody, of a somewhat sceptical tone. Whereupon Kingsley exclaimed in a loud voice, 'You must not say that to me! I'm not a freethinker. I'm a parson!' I remember, too, now when we went into the beautiful church which had been built by Sir Gilbert Scott for good Bishop Forbes, Kingsley went up to near the altar, and solemnly knelt in silent prayer. 'I never enter a church without doing that,' he said. Not so, unhappily, with us here. But in a Scotch church of the unimproved type, there is really no particular place where you could kneel down. Which is sad. Of course, one may pray anywhere. But helps are welcome to most of us. After dinner we went to hear Mr. Geikie give an excellent lecture in the Kinnaird Hall. There was a great crowd: and the eminent geologist's voice was not stentorian. After repeated cries of *Speak out*, he stopped, and said in a very good-natured way,

‘I’m speaking just about as loud as I can.’ There was applause, and no farther interruption.

The next day was Saturday : a full day. In the morning Kingsley was photographed by Dr. Adamson, an amateur of extraordinary taste and skill. The portrait is one of the very best ever taken of Kingsley : it has looked down from the wall of the room in which I write, for four and twenty years. It has the stern expression which came partly of the effort, never quite ceasing, to express himself through that characteristic stammer which quite left him in public speaking, and which in private added to the effect of his wonderful talk. In the afternoon, the University entertained the leading members of the Association in St. Salvator’s Hall. Here Kingsley made a most beautiful and touching little speech, replying to the toast of *The Literature of Science*. The occasion was one to be remembered. Tulloch was in the chair. He proposed the British Association. Sir William Thomson, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow, replied. I am proud to be the very first student that eminent and charming man ever enrolled. But, hating Mathematics, I did my dear instructor no credit. We used to fancy then that any man who was first in Moral Philosophy (which meant all Metaphysics) was bound to be stupid in Physics. On the other hand, a man of my year who was nowhere in Metaphysics went to Cambridge and was Second Wrangler the year Tait was Senior. Dr. Chambers proposed the Geological Section of the British Association. It had not then been announced that he was the author of the

Vestiges: but everybody knew. The famous book, once so heretical, now soundness itself, was written at Abbey Park in this city. Mr. Geikie replied. I had the honour to propose *Scientific Travel*, and Dean Stanley. Stanley made a delightful little speech. Flint, in a quite elaborate and of course most powerful address, proposed the Economic Section: very brightly and gracefully replied to by Mr. Grant Duff. Dr. Story, already showing the faculty of graceful fluency which has made him in these last years the first speaker in the General Assembly, gave *Social Progress*. Sir John Bowring, in a vehement outburst of eloquence, set off with profuse gesticulation, pleased us all: a wonderful old man, hitherto mainly known through an unkind sentence of George Borrow. Borrow complained that Bowring had said that *Lavengro* gave a melancholy view of human nature: and Borrow added, very smartly if somewhat irrelevantly, 'Just as if anybody could look in his face and not have a melancholy view of human nature.' Lastly Campbell, always scholarly, fluent, and refined, gave the toast to which Kingsley replied in a speech which awakened wild applause. Being an Englishman, speaking in the old ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, he stuck in a few Scotch words which a Scot would not have thought of using: *The Bairns*, notably, more than once. Then, from St. Salvador's Hall, the party of some 150 passed over to the University Library in South Street, where was a crowded reception. Here Kingsley was the observed of all observers. Divers great men were there, but none

so gazed upon. All the girls had sung *The Sands of Dee*, and *The Three Fishers*, and *When all the world is young, lad*. In all sincerity, he disliked it. It was while we were coming away that he saw a very handsome and fragile-looking young woman waiting to be driven home, and coughing a little. Kingsley suddenly approached her, and in paternal tones said, *My dear, always wear flannel next your skin*. The young lady was greatly flattered. But Kingsley must tell his own story. Next day, he wrote from our house to his wife :

‘ St. Andrews : Sunday September 7 [1867].
[It was in fact September 8.]

‘ I am looking out on a glassy sea, with the seabirds sailing about close under the window. Yesterday was a day of infinite bustle. The University and City received the British Association, and feasted them. Everything was very well done, except putting me down for a speech against my express entreaty. However, I only spoke five minutes. [It was about twelve.] After this early dinner a reception *soirée* of all the ladies of Fifeshire’s “ East Neuk ” : we escaped early. I hate being made a lion of, and stuck tight to good Mrs. B. Nothing can be more pleasant than my stay has been. These dear Scots folk : I should like to live always among them, they are so full of vigorous life and heart. Tell Maurice Golf is the Queen of games, if Cricket is the King : and the golfing gentlemen as fine fellows as ever I saw.’

Still, he was not well. That Sunday forenoon he spent in bed : and when I came back from church Kingsley said,

‘I have had a driech morning.’ Yet he roused himself and went in the afternoon to the parish church, where he sat in the magistrates’ seat: the same whence James VI. cried out to the preacher (who was preaching politics), ‘Either you speak sense or come down from that pulpit.’ To which the preacher replied, ‘I’ll neither speak sense nor come down from this pulpit.’ Stanley sat close to him. Curiously, once before I had preached to them both. They met by chance on a Sunday morning at the door of St. Bernard’s in Edinburgh. The beloved Hugh Pearson came with Stanley. It was in the autumn of 1862: twenty-nine years since. Yet with what strange vividness little things abide in the memory after that long time. In those days, people did not dine so late as they do now: there was tea after dinner, and something to eat with it. I see Stanley, eagerly talking about some Scottish ecclesiastical questions: when Pearson, on the other side, asked him to hand him a dish wherein was buttered toast. The great Dean, in a state of absence of mind, seized up a highly-oleaginous bit of toast in his fingers, and held it out to Pearson amid the flood of speech. Pearson looked askance a moment, but meekly took it from Stanley’s hand. Everything Stanley did was delightful: some things were very queer. After being at St. Bernard’s, Kingsley said a kind word of the sermon: but he added, frankly, ‘You can’t expect me to like the service.’ It was the unimproved service of the Kirk in St. Bernard’s in those days. Froude, after faithfully attending that church morning and afternoon thirty years since, in his first visit to

Scotland, said with like outspokenness, 'It is the queerest service I ever saw. No Common Prayer at all.' But habit reconciles to everything. And as an Englishman thought the Scotch service queer, even so did a Scot think the English service odd, and, when rendered chorally, most extraordinary. After that afternoon service at St. Andrews, we walked out on the velvety sward of the playing course of the Links; and Kingsley enjoyed the exquisite turf which has been turf for ages, and which has strangely rooted itself on sand shaped by the wind. Only on Sundays is that turf safe unless for players: not always safe for them. One beautiful summer evening one of our choicest little Madras-College boys bade his mother good-bye, and ran away to the Links to have a game. In half an hour he was carried back, stone-dead. A ball had struck him behind the ear: and he never stirred. I see the white little face plainly, over the years of a human generation.

There was an early evening service in St. Salvator's Chapel at 5.15, at which Tulloch preached. We all went. One was made to feel that our speech falls somewhat strange on a Southern ear. Tulloch preached extremely well, though not at his best: and we were in use to fancy that Tulloch spoke the English language quite without provincial accent. Not so to Kingsley's keener ear. We dined with Tulloch at 7: and coming home, Kingsley was a little hypercritical. The lash fell upon other shoulders than the Principal's, when Kingsley burst out, 'How sad it is that with that magnificent voice, he spoils the whole thing by that abominable Scotch accent!' Surely this

was a bit of high-bred provincialism. How may a Scot be expected to speak? Wherefore should a Scotch accent be held *abominable*? At least we never drop our h's: neither do we omit our final g's. I did abominate the words of the dignitary I heard in Lichfield Cathedral: who said that there was something entrancin' about congregational singin': that improvement was comin', but that perils were besettin'. We came home at ten, but Kingsley talked eagerly till past one in the morning. It was an immense pleasure to see and hear him: and one listened to a voice not to be heard again. For he went the next morning, and I never saw him more.

His little ways come back. One morning we were sitting by the window of his room, he looking out on the broad Bay, just under it: talking eagerly of all human things. A little expanse of carefully mown grass stretched from under his window to the edge of the cliff, fifty feet perpendicular. Here he read his letters that day, eight or ten: and then, vehemently condemning some iniquity, he carefully tore them into little fragments and cast the great handful from the window. His friend, dominated by a painful tidiness, could but think that each separate fragment must be gathered up again from the trim little green.

He had been for some years Canon of Chester, when Mr. Gladstone in the Spring of 1873 wrote to him proposing that he should exchange his stall for one vacant in Westminster Abbey. 'All I had ever wished, and more than I had ever hoped,' were his words in reply to a letter of congratulation. He would no longer be obliged to

write for money, but might give his strength to his sermons alone. What the Great Abbey was to Kingsley, need not be said : nor what Dean Stanley. And beloved Eversley, never to be abandoned, was but forty miles away. But he had to leave them all. He died on January 23, 1875, having lived seven months more than fifty-five years.

Parting, in thought, from that beloved and most vivacious man, how his face and figure are present on this dismal Equinox of howling hurricane, September 21, 1891, after these twenty-four years ! The tears come to one's eyes, recalling such little incidents. One evening in our house, when only the household was there, a pretty young sister-in-law, of whom Kingsley grew very fond (she was just eighteen), having sung another song, without a word began 'Oh Mary, go and call the cattle home.' But she had not finished the line when the poet started up from his chair, and with his old-fashioned courtesy, with many bows and apologies for interrupting her, begged her to stop : saying he could not bear to hear his own songs sung. I do not know if Kingsley was always in this mind. Burns, on the contrary, was always greatly pleased to hear any one sing his songs. Does the reader know a little poem which Kingsley gave to *Fraser* in the old days when *Fraser* had its special flavour, and its set of contributors who never wrote anywhere else ? It is called *The Knight's Leap at Altenahr*. It seems to me as characteristic and as perfect a piece as he ever wrote. And the burst of charitable judgment with which it ends is to be referred to the same order as a wonderful bit of Burns setting forth a hope for an individual

even worse than the old robber who came to that awful close.

Walking about with Kingsley, the dear old Robert Chambers told us some touching facts of his early life. He did not usually speak of these: 'It was too sad a story,' he said. I told him how a Glasgow Professor had told me, long before, that when Chambers and his brother William started the universally known *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, they did not print the first number till they had accumulated material for three years. 'An extraordinary instance of resolution,' was the good Professor's judgment. No doubt it would have been. But by this time I had learned to doubt such stories. 'Not the smallest truth in it,' was Robert's answer. 'We had provided for about six weeks ahead, and no more.' He said that he and his brother were violently attacked for not giving their Journal a religious character; and specially, for not connecting it with any visible Church. We cannot now take in the narrowness and bitterness of Scotland in those distant days. Dr. Chambers stated that the minister of the parish kirk his brother and he attended, took the first number of the little periodical to his pulpit, and made a violent attack upon it in the presence of its Editors and Publishers: grossly misrepresenting its scope and purpose, where he was safe from reply. *Coward's Castle* was the name Frederick Robertson gave to such a pulpit, so employed. Scotch-fashion, the two Chamberses, on this provocation (no doubt a great one), abandoned the Church of their fathers, and joined the Scotch Episcopal Communion.

'I'll leave the Kirk,' is the less educated Scot's resolution, on any small offence. And it is not unfrequently carried out. If this be so, even when the departure can take not a penny out of the minister's purse, how will things be in the conceivable case of disestablishment? I do not think that such an event is likely to be, in the life of any one living: but a new race of ministers would have to be trained up, suited to that new condition. Men trained in the traditions of a National Establishment could not, and would not, abide it. They would go somewhere else. And there is no doubt whatsoever where the best both of the laity and the clergy would go.

You cannot please some folk, take them high or low. It is an interesting fact that the same men who abused *Chambers' Journal* for giving no religious teaching, by-and-by abused *Good Words* quite as bitterly for combining religious and secular matter. The ground now taken was, that people would begin to read the religious parts of Mr. Strahan's magazine on a Sunday, and gradually pass to reading the secular too. Possibly this might occur. But it was quite evident that the keenest critics (if the word be permissible) of *Good Words* were mainly impelled by dislike and jealousy of the Editor, Norman Macleod. His popularity and eminence were (not unnaturally) an offence to men quite devoid of either eminence or popularity.

In those early days we made it a rule to ask all the students of St. Mary's College to dinner, in the course of each Session. I well remember how impressed one was

with their brightness and cleverness : likewise with their possession of accomplishments quite unknown in my student days. There was hardly a man of our first gatherings who did not sing admirably, and accompany himself on the piano just as well as possible. They told capital stories, too. Some of them had taken their degrees with the highest honours : these were the best singers. And at Golf, and all other games, such were outstanding. Indeed, there were Admirable Crichtons among them : one, a crack golfer, our Professor of Mathematics, Fischer, Fourth Wrangler, told me would quite certainly have been Senior Wrangler had he gone to Cambridge. Although these youths have done well in their profession, they have hardly come up to what one had hoped. Circumstances hold Scotch students down. They have to work so terribly hard at tutoring, to support themselves. I could tell pathetic stories. On a blowy March morning in 1870, I went with Tulloch to perform the service at the funeral of a student of divinity. His father and two sisters had come from far away in the Highlands. The service was done : and then, in a small procession, in a bitter icy wind, at 7.45 A.M., we followed the hearse to the railway station. What self-denial had brought him so far through his course : what hopes died with him ! And how heroically the youth had fought against failing strength, God help him ! It was *Saturday morning* when we went with him so far towards his grave : he had taught his pupils as usual on *Wednesday evening*. That is to say, he died upon his feet : he died working : he died without

a word to vex those at home. There died a hero ! And such a story is like to break some hearts which do not care a solitary farthing for the kicking-out of Emperors, and the like.

There is not a thing more associated with those students' parties, than the personality of Shairp. One wanted a Professor, to help to entertain the dear youths ; but one of their own Professors would have been too business-like. So Shairp, of the other College, our next-door neighbour, always came. And how charming he was ! I see the wonderfully-bright, handsome face, coming in, with the most attractive of smiles. Never man in this world could make himself more delightful. He talked to the youths just as one of themselves. I am glad to think none of them ever appeared to stand in the very smallest awe of me. Some folks' desire is to be liked, and trusted, by young men. And, having grown old, one may without conceit say, one has been.

CHAPTER V

THE DAILY LIFE : AND VISITORS

ON September 28, in what may be called Kingsley's year, Mr. William Longman, the eminent publisher, with his wife, a son, and two daughters, came to St. Andrews. Our house was full, so they slept at a hotel ; but otherwise they staid with us. On Sunday morning they went to the parish church ; never having been in a Scotch kirk before. In the afternoon we had a long walk across the Links ; two miles out to the Eden, and back by the seashore. Mr. Longman took to Tulloch : also to Story : both of whom dined to meet him one day. A forenoon was given to Dura Den, six miles off : a place of great interest to a naturalist. Dr. Chambers had called, but missed Mr. Longman : and one evening after dinner he and I went down to Dr. Chambers' house, which was quite near, for a few minutes. I was much impressed by the veneration with which Chambers, himself a very successful publisher, regarded the representative of *the Great House in the Row*. On Mr. Longman asking him to do some matter of business for the House, I remember Chambers' reply : ' Proud to do anything for you : it is the King's errand done by the Cadger's Cart ! ' One thought of a youthful Vicar ad-

dressings the Archbishop ; and wondered. We are an un-hierarchical, not to say disrespectful race, in Scotland : and reverence always impresses me much : forasmuch as I see so little. On October 2 the Longmans went, after a brief visit. I note that a great many authors, great and small, in these days tend to abuse publishers. We have all heard of the unhappy parson, fallen into evil hands, who, reading the Lessons in church, said, unintentionally, but out of a full heart, ' Now Barabbas was a Publisher.' The writer is a small author. But he has written for Mr. Longman's magazine for five-and-thirty years, and is happy to do so still when he has anything to say. And for thirty-one years, the Great House have done him the kindness to publish for him. Never were pleasanter relations in this world. There has never been a ruffle nor a jar. And when the House, following the new way, wrote proposing to send vouchers for all expenses charged, the writer hastened to write back, absolutely refusing to have them. That Longmans should take an unfair advantage, or do a shabby thing, was an idea absolutely inadmissible.

I do not say a word in these pages of various books which I have published during these thirty-two years now gone. I have passed over one which came out in November 1866, and was successful. When I came to St. Andrews my volumes were nine. They have increased in number, and two years ago amounted to twenty-seven. A sentence may be pardoned concerning a volume of Essays, reprinted from *Fraser*, which came out in the Autumn of 1867. Dear John Brown, in his quaint way, lamented the difficulty of

finding a title for such a miscellany: saying that the author should ask the prayers of the congregation. This volume was to have been called *In the Middle Passage*: but Mr. William Longman did not like the title. Ultimately it was published as *Lessons of Middle Age: with Some Account of Various Cities and Men*. Tulloch objected to this title-page on the ground that it was giving up finally all claim to be young. He was three years my senior, and felt (he said) a personal concern. But as I was forty-one, I was content to be ranged so. The volume was a dear one, but it soon came to a second edition: though somewhat prejudiced by the fact that the title as printed on the back was suggestive of a volume of sermons. However, volumes of sermons have been bought under the expectation that they contained essays: so the odds were made even. At this time, too, I learnt how dangerous it is to speak about a book to its author, unless you have at the very least seen the outside of the book. For a very kind and intelligent person said to me, with a friendly smile, 'We have all been reading your delightful book upon the *Middle Ages*.' Which was not in any way the subject I had designed to treat.

A similar misapprehension may be recorded. A preacher, known to me, delivered a sermon one evening to a great crowd in a certain Edinburgh church. His idea was the tendency in human beings, going on, to take to Inferior Expedients: a tendency which certainly exists. And he thought his text a very suggestive one. It was, 'And King Ahaz took down the sea from off the brazen

oxen that were under it, and put it upon a pavement of stones :’ that is, put Solomon’s sea on a reduced footing. The analogy is obvious. But how hopelessly astray one decent elder was from taking the obvious idea in the discourse was soon made apparent. He approached the preacher, and thanked him for his sermon : saying that the sermon came very nearly home to himself. ‘For, just the other day, I went over to Fife by the steamer. It was extremely stormy, and I was very sea-sick. I should have been most thankful if anybody had taken me off the sea, and put me upon a pavement of stones!’ The preacher smiled, but spake no word.

On the last day of October Baron Mackay, son of the Prime Minister of Holland, came with Admiral Bethune of Balfour (of whose family the two Archbishops of St. Andrews were members). Baron Mackay never saw St. Andrews again till he came, now being Lord Reay, to give his address as Lord Rector many years after. I took the Baron round the ruins, and got Tulloch to lunch with the two friends. What impressed me about Baron Mackay was the extreme interest he took in theological questions : which Tulloch and he discussed at great length. Then he departed. His inaugural address was a remarkably good one. But some felt it sad that the University began with Lord Reay the fashion of having the Lord Rector’s address outside the ancient buildings, in a huge modern hall. The convenience was great : but venerable associations were sacrificed. After the function I met my acquaintance of that long-departed day : who took me by the hand and said,

Do you remember? I did, vividly. But we were both much changed.

That winter there was a continuance of the grandest sunsets ever seen. When I came here at first, it seemed strange that the sun, instead of setting in the sea, which a boy brought up on the west coast looked for, set inland. It appeared unnatural. But the reader of *The Antiquary* will remember an exceptional sunset. Just across the Bay, on the Forfarshire coast, is the spot where the Baronet and his daughter were caught by the tide and all but perished. On that occasion the accurate Sir Walter describes, very powerfully, how the sun set in the East, going down into the German Ocean. The event was anomalous. Even Joshua did not (according to the Book of Jasher) attempt anything like it. When you are not relating facts, it is wonderful how the most truthful will blunder. *Ivanhoe* opens in early summer: yet the swine in the forest were eating the ripened and fallen acorns. When this was pointed out to the shameless genius, he replied that it was just as true as all the rest of the story.

Though Principal Forbes, who long kept a record, used to say that on every day of the year the climate here was somewhat milder than at Edinburgh, yet one has known snow lie for long, going down to the edge of the sea: and one bitter Winter the skating-pond was bearing every day for three months together. St. Andrews looks very strange, in snow: the old streets, and churches: and, as light fails in the evening, the green waves tumbling in upon the white beach cannot be forgotten. One associates these winter

afternoons with Robert Chambers. From about six o'clock to seven, most days, Tulloch and I, the day's work over and the evening's work not quite in view (for we worked in the evenings then), sat by the Club fire with him, and listened to his wonderful talk. The talk was always shrewd ; the man always most amiable : but the outstanding remembrance is the amazing flow of anecdote. And he did not repeat himself, as most story-tellers do. His mind was full of quaint old-world events : and he poured them out to sympathetic ears. We were most sympathetic listeners. And we learned much from him. He had come in from his round of golf. The game is called *goff*, but he always sounded it as spelt. Tulloch and I, wearied with 'something attempted, something done' that day, sat in the fire-light, each in a great easy chair, and listened. Chambers was suffering from exhausting illness, which took him away at seventy : but his memory was perfect, and he was generally very cheerful. It was not as with the beloved Dean Ramsay of Edinburgh, who told those stories which he has made familiar to the English-speaking world, with a worn and melancholy face. No doubt, the effect of the humorous relations was increased. But each story-teller has his special way. And one who, like Sydney Smith, bursts into loud laughter at his own wit, has proved effective too. The best story-tellers I have heard were Sir Daniel Macnee, late President of the R.S.A. ; Norman Macleod : Lord Ardmillan, the eminent Scotch Judge : Archbishop Magee of York : Dr. John Cook of Haddington : Dr. Grant of St. Mary's Church at Edin-

burgh. And though he does not tell stories commonly, I have heard Bishop Thorold of Winchester tell several, just as well as any of these. But all these men were quite unlike one another. On a platform, addressing a great meeting, probably Dr. MacGregor of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, can tell a story as effectively as any living man. And in his case, one has marked the *ipsissima* talent of the orator, the power of making a deep impression by saying something in which there is not much apart from the way in which it is said. It was so too with that charming orator, Dr. Guthrie. Once, at a gathering of three thousand people at Aberdeen, I saw and heard MacGregor cause wild enthusiasm by simple means. 'There was a day,' he said, 'on which an ancestor of mine was sentenced to be hanged.' Loud applause greeted this tragic statement. The orator went on: 'I have no doubt it was for stealing.' Considering the way in which the MacGregors of old got their living, the suggestion was a very probable one. It was received with thunderous cheering. Then, 'But as he was a distinguished thief, he was allowed to select the tree on which he was to be executed: and, with great presence of mind, he selected a gooseberry bush. It was at once objected that it was not big enough. But he said, with dignity, *Let it grow! I'm in no hurry.*' The multitude appeared frantic with delight: and then MacGregor went on to moralise. Still, there is a danger in such family incidents being made public. To have an ancestor hanged about five or six centuries back is respectable: even digni-

fied. But it must not be too near. And curious ideas get abroad. Two days after I received a letter from a dear friend of the orator's and mine, in which the passage occurred : 'What is this I hear about MacGregor's grandfather being hanged?' This came quite too close to the present day. MacGregor is at present the Moderator of the Kirk. But he did not always care much for church Courts. 'I go into the Presbytery a humble Christian man : I come out an incarnate devil,' was his startling statement to Principal Shairp. The Principal expressed great delight and sympathy.

Strange stories are current of the quaint doings of old St. Andrews, while the world was yet far away from it. But hardly ever could there have been a quainter personality than that of the Professor of Natural History twenty-five years since. Professor Macdonald was a most picturesque old figure : a Highland laird and gentleman, whom circumstances and a private Patron gave to the University. His ways were liker Robinson Crusoe than a modern teacher of science. I remember well his showing me over his house ; of which every stone has been swept away. He showed me a heap of fur rugs on which he slept. All the domestic arrangements were of like character. I really never could make out whether he was a happy or an unhappy man. He had all the old-fashioned courtesy of a Highland laird, when treated with scrupulous courtesy. But it was remembered how, being provoked, he addressed a colleague (and a very eminent one) as a 'Galloway Nowt.' I believe he never

delivered more than his introductory lecture in each session. It was not needful to taking one's degree to attend lectures on his subject: and hard-working students have not time for superfluous study. Just once, he having asked me to do so, I went to his opening lecture. The function was painful. There was an uproarious crowd of undergraduates, and there were a few ladies. One heard very little of what was said. Once he gave a dinner party. It was small. There were Tulloch, Skinner the Episcopal clergyman, Dr. Lindsay of Balmungo, wisest, kindest, and best of Heritors and Elders; and myself. No more unconventional entertainment was ever provided. But we were made extremely comfortable, and our host was every inch the Celtic gentleman. His ways, I fancy, were the ways of the Highlands, seventy years ago. And the whisky was the best.

In February 1868, Sir David Brewster, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and formerly of St. Salvator's College, St. Andrews, died. In March, Dr. Robert Lee, Professor of Biblical Criticism at Edinburgh, was taken. We feared that one of these vacancies might be filled by Tulloch: but it was not to be so. I remember vividly how walking over the Links at that time, he told me he had a strong presentiment that he was to live and die at St. Andrews. He died far away, in Devonshire: but his mortal part was brought back and laid here. In one of these years (I would not on any account say which) the recorded estimate of the Moderator's address at the General Assembly was 'awfully stupid.' *The Fastday*

was a great institution in Scotland still. Mr. Buckle, in his History, fell into the not unnatural mistake of supposing that on a fastday people fasted. Certainly, for very many years, it has not been so. It was a day of special penitence, in preparation for the Holy Communion: the Wednesday or Thursday before the Communion Sunday. On June 18, 1868, the preachers were MacGregor and Tulloch. For years before that, MacGregor's popularity had been second only to Caird's. Caird has been quite the most attractive Scotch preacher of the last forty-five years. MacGregor was my Father's colleague and successor in the Tron church of Glasgow. Thence he was translated to Edinburgh. St. Cuthbert's is said to hold 2,750 people: I suppose when MacGregor preached it was made to hold a good many more. One cannot associate age with such a man. He has been ordained 36 years, and he cannot be young. But I heard his closing address at the General Assembly of May 1891: and all the old indescribable fire and charm were there. The passionate orator might have been five-and-twenty. And the utmost vehemence was combined with perfect grace. In short, MacGregor is a born orator. You have to listen with rapt attention to every word he says. He is equally great, too, as Guthrie was, in pulpit and on platform. Caird is the greatest of preachers, but he eschews the platform altogether.

This summer, Millais and his wife spent some weeks in St. Andrews. We all delighted in both. I remember well how Millais came one day into my study, and sat

down, and talked charmingly of many things and many men. His criticism was always kindly. He spoke of Dickens. 'The little fellow has the real spark of genius in everything he does.' Later in the season, Anthony Trollope and his wife paid their first visit to this place. They staid at Strathtyrum with John Blackwood. Trollope tried to play golf. It is a silent game, by long tradition : but Trollope's voice was heard all over the Links. One day, having made a somewhat worse stroke than usual, he fainted with grief, and fell down upon the green. He had not adverted to the fact that he had a golf-ball in his pocket : and falling upon that ball, he started up with a yell of agony, quite unfeigned. On August 19 a large party dined at Strathtyrum to meet him : among them Chambers and Tulloch. The charming *Last Chronicle of Barset*, surely as sunshiny a picture of English country life as ever was written, was then delighting us all. While preparing for dinner, I had stuck up the work where I could read it : and I glanced at several of the most beautiful passages, and at one or two of the most powerful. Filled with the enthusiasm of one who had very rarely met a popular author, I entered Strathtyrum that day. The sight of the great novelist was a blow. He was singularly unkempt, and his clothes were very wrinkled and ill-made. His manner was a further blow. We listened for the melodious accents which were due from those lips : but they did not come. Indeed, he was the only man I had heard swear in decent society for uncounted years. The swearing, which was repeated, was

the most disagreeable of all : the actual asseverating, by the Holiest Name, of some trumpety statement. How could that man have written the well-remembered sentences which had charmed one through these years ? Then, by way of making himself pleasant in a gathering of Scotsmen, he proceeded (the ladies being gone and we all gathered to hear him) to vilipend our beloved Sir Walter. One was much interested in hearing what one of the most popular of recent novelists thought of the founder of the modern school of fiction. Mr. Trollope said that if any of Sir Walter's novels were offered to any London publisher of the present day, it would be at once rejected. We listened, humbly. Then it was asked whether this was because time had gone on and Sir Walter grown old-fashioned. 'Not a bit : it is just because they are so dull.' He went on to say that the only heroine in the Waverley series with whom one could really sympathise, was Jeanie Deans. The tone was most depreciatory, all through. Possibly it was wilfulness on the part of the critic, or a desire to give his auditors a slap in the face ; for I have in after time read a page of Trollope's on which Scott was praised highly. It is sometimes very difficult to know what is a man's real and abiding opinion.

This season Mr. Jowett staid for some weeks at St. Andrews. He had several clever youths reading with him. The Marquis of Lansdowne was one, and another was Lord Francis Hervey, who brought an introduction from Hugh Pearson. The good Chambers was

breaking down now, and making touching little blunders in his speech. He came to dine with Hervey, and on being introduced startled us by saying, 'Well, Francis, I am glad to see you.' Possibly it was thought the Scottish way to drop titles. He proceeded to say that the best-dressed clergyman he had ever seen was the young man's uncle, now the venerable Bishop of Bath and Wells. I saw some little, that autumn, of Dr. Cunningham, minister of Crieff. No one dreamt that he was to be Tulloch's successor as Principal of St. Mary's. Many years before, Cunningham had written a *Church History of Scotland*: an elaborate work in two large volumes, and quite the brightest and most interesting Church History I ever read. Of course, he ought to have been placed in a Church History Chair. No man in Scotland had shown himself a tenth-part as fit. But Cunningham was on the wrong side of politics: and time after time men were promoted over his head whom it would have been cruelty to compare with him. It is quite understood that these appointments are political: and one party is exactly as good as another in this respect. Cunningham, to his great honour, remained quite unsoured by ill-usage which was a scandal, and acknowledged to be such by all who knew the facts. And his day came: though it ought to have come earlier. Within a few months, he was appointed Croall Lecturer, a place of honour and emolument, Moderator of the Kirk, and Principal of St. Mary's College. He is a very bright and interesting man, and singularly amiable. Going to Edinburgh on a day in

October, I crossed the Firth with Dr. Guthrie, who poured out a stream of stories, marvellously told. I do not believe there ever was the orator who more decidedly took hold of the multitude to whom he spoke. He published a good many sermons. But he could not publish his voice and manner. And the printed pages lack the first, second, and third thing which vivified the spoken words. Guthrie was equally master of humour and pathos. I remember his arising in the presence of several thousands, eager to hear him. His first words were, 'There were two Irishmen.' Not much, but a roar of laughter followed. Then he proceeded to tell how when the two were working on a house, one fell down to the earth. His friend looked over and cried, 'Pat, are ye dead?' The answer was, 'Not dead, but spacheless!' Not Demosthenes ever moved his hearers more than did Guthrie by this simple narrative.

A great scholar came to St. Mary's College this year: Professor MacGill, of the Hebrew Chair. Dr. Pusey said that no man living knew more of Oriental languages. He was a minister of the Church, but his niche was the Hebrew Chair. Sad to say, his health broke down soon, and he was taken away after only two or three sessions of work. He preached for me just once. The sermon was very quaint and interesting: and not without the perilous dash of humour. I do not object to just the ripple of a smile crossing the congregation for one instant: but it is a risky expedient, and is to be used with great caution. In MacGill's opening lecture he complained of the neglect of Old Testament study on the part of the clergy: saying

that the chief use which many of them made of that part of the Bible was to find 'very extraordinary texts for very ordinary sermons.' And indeed a preacher in Fife had published a volume of sermons, in which one text was 'Nine-and-twenty Knives,' and another 'Old and clouted shoes.' But the New Testament may be treated in like fashion. I once heard a remarkably eloquent and pathetic sermon from the text, 'a colt the foal of an ass.' I remember it vividly, this day : over more than forty years.

On November 4, 1868, the handsome new building for St. Leonard's Hall was inaugurated. It had been thought desirable that in the University a Hall should be provided where young men should reside under a Warden's care : attending the regular lectures of the professors. In the Scottish Universities the students find their lodgings where they please ; not living within the College precincts. For some years, the Hall, which had its home in the old buildings of St. Leonard's College, was very successful. Some thirty youths, who would have been at Oxford or Cambridge but for this, remained in their native land through their University career. The sons of the Chancellor of the University, the Duke of Argyll : three youths of whom two in succession were Earls of Aberdeen : the young Marquis of Breadalbane ; and many more of the upper class, lived in the Hall. Still, I remember Stanley saying to me, very decidedly, 'These young fellows would be far better at Oxford, where there are many like themselves.' And gradually, the Hall went down. In fact, it

never throve quite so well after it migrated into the new buildings. There was a little function at the opening. A considerable gathering : Mr. Evelyn Hone, the Warden, read scripture, and Tulloch read a prayer which he had himself written. This was still unusual ; and I remember the shamefaced way in which he held his manuscript. The Wardens were all clever and competent men : Hone, who was in English orders, was a singularly attractive personality. He had held a living ; and was soon tempted away to another. He is now incumbent of a great parish in South London. I could quite easily explain why the Hall faded out : it was managed (not by the Warden) in a fashion which made its end quite certain. In a Scottish University it was an exotic ; and it could have been kept alive only by great good sense and tact. These were conspicuously lacking.

The day after the opening of the Hall, I met at Shairp's house his brother-in-law, Douglas, Bishop of Bombay ; and Mr. Campbell Swinton, an Edinburgh Law Professor, and now looking after the seat in Parliament for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews. The Bishop, having been brought up in the Free Church, not unnaturally became somewhat High when he turned Anglican. He had been Dean of Capetown in the Colenso days, and was most anxious to put down that dangerous heretic. But he was a very sweet-natured and good man : and once, only once, came to hear the writer preach. Campbell Swinton was for many years an outstanding speaker in the General Assembly. When his cousin Tait, afterwards Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, was at Glasgow College, he and Swinton lived together. And the writer never will forget how, in days when the *Scottish Hymnal* was struggling for recognition and when those who prepared it were subjected to extreme abuse and misrepresentation, Swinton was one who stood by it. After the Hymnal became a phenomenal success, selling by millions and bringing thousands of pounds into the treasury of the Kirk, it became the subject of universal praise. A few days later, the chair was taken at a lecture in the Town Hall of no particular moment by Mr. Edward Ellice, some thirty or forty years member for the City. He was a man of singular sagacity ; and while, in the pronounced sense, an aristocratic Whig, he sat for an advanced constituency and never but once had a contested election. His father was the wisest man of his time. John Brown mentions that a terrier of his, a dog of extraordinary wisdom, was 'extremely like the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M.P.' This was our member's father ; his mother being the sister of Earl Grey, the Prime Minister of the first Reform Bill. Mr. Ellice, the second, had a charming residence, Invergarry, on Loch Oich, the middle loch of the three which make the Caledonian Canal. Here, in autumn, he entertained a great gathering of important folk. He enjoyed having Bishops and the like. It was while Mr. Ellice's guests that Archbishop Thomson of York and Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford severally preached in the parish Kirk hard by. A considerable outcry followed. And the two Prelates hastened to say that they never meant to recognise the Scottish Kirk, but only to

hold a mission-service as in a Heathen land. Only once have I been able to spend a few days at Invergarry. The Archbishop of York was there, and peers quite beyond remembering. Twenty-four sat down to dinner daily, and the party was continually changing. It was a singular scene, the house and the party, far in the Highland wilderness, and remote from any town. Inverness was the nearest, and it was far away.

On one of the first days of 1869, I took one over our large school, the Madras College, who was to become a famous educationist. Mr. Percival looked a youth then : but his bright interest in school-work was remarkable. And he was to be Head-Master of Clifton, then Head of an Oxford College, then to go back to school-work as Head-Master of Rugby. It was now, too, that at a Shakspeare reading a worthy man made many extraordinary blunders, which he excused on the ground that he had a bad cold. But our cleverest lady-reader said to me with deep feeling, 'It wasn't cold : it was Idiocy.'

In February, Sir George Campbell, nephew of the Lord Chancellor whom St. Andrews educated, came to give a lecture on India as a sphere for Scotch youths. Sir George had been Head of the Bengal Government, under the Governor-General of India. He was looking for a seat in Parliament : and Mr. Ellice was talking of retiring. Sir George did not become member for St. Andrews, but for another Fife burgh. And the House of Commons knows him extremely well.

CHAPTER VI

MR. FROUDE'S RECTORSHIP; AND OTHER EVENTS

THE great event of the early Spring of 1869 was the coming of Mr. Froude to be installed as Lord Rector. The students had elected him in November before. Clearly comes back the bright frosty morning on which William Tulloch, the Principal's eldest son, who was to become an eminent minister of the Church and the writer's dearest friend of the next generation, hurried in with the pleasant news. Froude came to the Principal's house on Thursday, March 18. He was installed on the Friday. And on Saturday morning he came to our house to stay. On the Thursday afternoon I walked over the Links with Froude and Tulloch. It was here, first looking at St. Andrews from two miles' distance, that Froude uttered the sentence which I have quoted too often: 'The very ideal of a little University town!' At 2 o'clock on Friday was the inauguration. It was in the upper hall of the University Library. All was as usual. There was a great crowd. Before the function began, the red-robed students (Sir Daniel Sandford said *Discipulos rerum dominos gentemque togatam*) sang their usual songs: which always warm a weary heart to hear. Froude's address took an hour and

a half. It was very admirable and very well delivered. Not a trace of nervousness. But I always remember when going with Froude to the Music Hall in Edinburgh, where he was to deliver the opening lecture for the season of the Philosophical Institution to all the culture of the Northern Metropolis, how I asked him, drawing near the crowded scene, 'Don't you feel nervous?' and got the answer, given quite unaffectedly, 'What is there to be nervous about?' Surely a happy man. Froude had appointed Dr. John Skelton of Edinburgh his assessor in the University Court. The address over, Tulloch, Skelton, Froude and I, walked over the Links to the Eden. At 7 there was dinner in the Senate Hall. Only the Professors were present: the members of the University Court, Dr. Chambers and myself. And before 10, Froude and Skelton, Tulloch, Baynes and Campbell, came over to our house, where was a great gathering of students, including all St. Leonard's Hall. Froude had not quite Stanley's art, which we were yet to see, of saying a word to every youth separately; but he made himself specially pleasant. I do not forget his remark: 'Those youths are exactly like Oxford undergraduates.' But though by no means necessarily the cleverest of our young men, they were mainly those whom fortune had treated with most favour.

The Saturday was a day of remarkable interest. The forenoon was given to the Castle and Cathedral. In the afternoon we drove out to Magus Muir, where Archbishop Sharpe was murdered. The party included Froude, Tulloch, Shairp, Baynes, Campbell, and myself. It was a

lovely sunshiny day. Mr. Whyte Melville met us at the fatal spot. It is a thick wood now. A rough pyramid marks the traditional spot where the Archbishop perished. It was set up by Mr. Whyte Melville, to whom the ground belongs. He asked Dean Stanley to write a suitable inscription : and the typical Broad Churchman, sympathising to a certain degree with all earnest conviction, devised one which was equally complimentary to the murdered Archbishop and to the well-meaning though mistaken individuals who removed him. The Laird, however, did not approve ; and a Latin inscription was written which was adopted. I know who wrote it : but I name him not. For even I could discern that it is not creditable to Scottish scholarship. A year ago I drove Mr. Buckle, Editor of *The Times*, and a late Fellow of All Souls, to the place : and he pointed out three specially-glaring blunders. One of these was made by the mason : but though it utterly destroys the sense, and in fact makes the inscription nonsense, it has been allowed to remain year after year. Another *may* have been made by the mason : it defies all grammar. The third unquestionably came of the author's ignorance of a technicality. When you give a Bishop's title in Latin, you use the adjective, not the noun. In English, you use the noun. Thus, old Henry of the West signed himself *H. Exeter*. But his successor was *F. Exon*. That is *Exoniensis*. *Ebor*, in the signature of York, does not stand for *Eboracum* but for *Eboracensis*. It used to be *A. C. London*. It is now, in more scholarly fashion, *F. Londin*. That is, *Londiniensis*. The thing became very

plain in the quaint signature of the Bishops of Rochester. Rochester was *Roffa*. The signature is *Roffen*. To many it is unintelligible. I have seen divers letters come, addressed *A. W. Roffen, Esq.* My only excuse for this display of cheap learning is, that I have found hardly anyone in this country who possessed it. Indeed a Professor of Criticism once told me that the signature of York was what he called *Eborācum*. But a spiteful critic of former days, proposing to explain what is meant by works of necessity and mercy, said that if Professor Snooks had to read an easy passage of Greek, it would be a work of necessity for him to use a lexicon, and a work of mercy to give him one.

I should have said that before the little omnibus came to carry us to Magus Muir, I took Froude a few yards to the dwelling of that prince of amateur photographers who had done Kingsley so well : Dr. Adamson. Dr. Adamson was ready : and in just twenty minutes he took Froude nine times. The first eight were bad : Froude looked self-conscious, and not himself. But just as we were going, resigned to failure, Dr. Adamson said, 'I have one plate more : let us try again.' Froude, quite wearied, sat down, never thinking of what he looked like : and in half-a-minute we had quite the best likeness of him I have ever seen. Near Kingsley's, it looks down on me now : as it has for twenty-two years. But the hair is black ; and the beautiful face is the face of early middle-age.

Froude did not seem to mind much about Magus Muir. It was very different when I took Stanley there. Each a

charming historian : but no two men are really very like one another. An Anglican prelate who visited St. Andrews years after, remarked that in the forenoon of his first day he was shown where Bethune was killed at the Castle, and in the afternoon where Sharpe was killed at Magus Muir. Not without reason did Archbishop Tait of Canterbury say, when being at a country house in Fife I said to him that he must come to this city, 'They don't like Archbishops at St. Andrews.' And indeed many of the Archbishops of St. Andrews came to a violent end. Bethune, after being slain, was hung by one leg out of the window of the castle whence he had shortly before surveyed the burning of Wishart, hard by. This was to give the citizens assurance that his unscrupulous life was ended. On the morning of the Prince-Bishop's first day here, he was asked by someone at dinner in our house where Cardinal Bethune lived. The answer was smart. 'He lived at the Castle. In a quite literal sense, he hung-out there !'

Returning from Magus Muir, we all walked from Mount Melville gate, two miles. Close to St. Andrews, we had a specimen of Shairp's peculiar humour. We met a good lady, a strong Episcopalian. Her husband was indeed a Canon of York : a Canon with work and pay, be it understood. Let it be interjected, that certain men, supposed to have been concerned in the murder of Sharpe, were hanged on the spot, and buried there. Approaching the lady, with a look of the utmost simplicity, and as one sure of entire sympathy, Shairp said, 'We have just been out at the graves of the Martyrs : the good men who are buried at

Magus Muir.' The lady listened with interest, not quite comprehending. Shairp went on, 'Most interesting place : the good men, I mean, who killed Archbishop Sharpe.' The lady vouchsafed no reply whatever : but with a glance of extreme scorn she rapidly walked away.

That was a quiet evening : and next day, for the second time under our roof, Froude passed through a Scottish Sunday. But he did not find it by any means austere. There was a day on which Froude and I, at the hospitable table of Mr. William Longman in London, met, among many more, Sir Travers Twiss and his wife. The lady assured us that in Scotland, on Sundays, all the blinds were drawn down, and every house was as though one lay dead in it. But the beloved historian found that the fact was otherwise. In the morning he went to the parish church, and sat in the Magistrates' seat beside the Lord Provost. These dignitaries have handsome chairs of oak and velvet. At Edinburgh, Froude had complained of the absence of common prayer. Now, his standpoint was changed. He thought there was too much : saying that a sermon, wherein one human being told to others what he had thought upon the gravest matters, was a reality ; but that worship tended to grow into sorcery, and to unduly exalt a priestly caste. In any case, he listened to the sermon with the utmost attention : unlike a very great Edinburgh reviewer, of whom a friend said, 'How can that man go to church? His critical faculty is sharpened to that degree, that to listen to any ordinary sermon would be torture to him!' Froude corrected divers proofs while his friend

went to afternoon church: and then, with the writer's daughter and himself, went off for a long walk across the Links. Froude's kindness to children has ever been remarkable. I never forget how at Edinburgh, years before, coming down in the morning I found the great man on his knees, intently helping a little boy to pile up a huge castle of bricks: which indeed attained to eight feet in height. Nor will that little boy forget, while he lives, how when Edinburgh was grandly illuminated on the evening of the wedding of the Prince of Wales, the historian carried the little man on his shoulder through all the chief streets. Froude had said he should like to hear his remarks on what he saw. But, as is the way of this world, Froude was disappointed. The boy was stricken stony, and spake no word at all.

That Sunday evening was quiet. Campbell came to dinner. Shairp and his wife came after. There was pleasant talk. And Froude said he had enjoyed this evening much more than any other since he came to St. Andrews. On Monday afternoon Tulloch, Shairp and I drove down to the railway, and saw our friend depart. The homely chronicle of the time says, 'He seems much pleased by his visit, and everybody was delighted with him.' He came back, two years after, and addressed the students a second time: the first Lord Rector who had done so. On that occasion Skelton was able to stay longer: now, he was but a very short time here.

John Skelton's name is well-known in England: and his reputation stands high. But I always think he has

never got his due. He is quite the most eminent Scottish man of letters now abiding. He is a charming writer : and if there be any living man who writes a more exquisite style, I know him not. Louis Stevenson writes as well. I first came to know Skelton forty years ago, when I was a youth preaching in the afternoons for seven months at St. George's church in Edinburgh. He was studying for the Bar, to which in due time he was called. He was wonderfully clever ; and a little cynical, as clever youths tend to be. But everything that he has grown to be was quite apparent in him then. Very early, he began to write in *Fraser*. He and I became very great friends of young John Parker : and for many years there were few numbers in which we had not each our part. Once, I had an article in *Fraser* twenty successive months. Skelton adopted the *nom-de-plume* of Shirley. I was content with my awkward combination of initials. It had appeared hard that any one should be appointed to bear them. But they are what Scots folk call *kenspeckle* : they are remembered, and gradually came to be known. Skelton has published many books, all charming to me. No doubt the large and handsome volumes called *Essays in Romance*, and *Essays in History and Biography*, are very outstanding : and *Maitland of Lethington : The Scotland of Mary Stuart*, is the basis of a solid historical reputation of a very high class. But the writer must confess that the volume called *A Campaigner at Home* has for him an attraction beyond any other by the author. I dare not say how often I have read it through. It came out at first in *Fraser*, and is

dedicated to Froude: who (as everybody knows) edited *Fraser* for many years after John Parker died. The brilliant chapter *Why we took down the Sun* is a reminder of days in which the London 'religious' paper, called by some *Christian Charity*, did its little worst (without any success) to put down *Good Words*; and indeed 'went for' the humble writer of this page, with equal result. Mr. Froude's successor in the management of *Fraser* succeeded in quite alienating *Fraser's* best hands: and for many years Skelton has joined himself to *Blackwood*: the oldest of magazines and certainly one of the best. Literature laid its hand on him, as on others of the very brightest of barristers: and it is many a year since Skelton accepted an office of high standing and responsibility in the public service, which took him away from the practice of the law. The writer has seen a good many friends become Judges, Lord-Advocates, and Solicitor-Generals. They have earned their success; and he rejoices in it. But not one man in the grand profession of Scotland is quite so much to the writer, and to many more, as his old and dear friend John Skelton.

Can I forget, speaking of the law, how a Judge of great distinction, seated by the fire in the great room of the Club here, related an experience of a recent circuit? He went to church on Sunday, pretty far North: the sermon was on Dives and Lazarus. The preacher came to speak of the rich man's request that Lazarus might dip his finger in water: as is related. Then he went on: 'This seemingly rizzonable, but in the circumstances tottally

inadmissible proposition, Abraham hastened to repudiate.' I take this opportunity of suggesting that nobody should venture to state that in a Highland Kirk he recently heard a minister, thinking in Gaelic and translating into English, state that his three heads of discourse were to be : (1) Who the Devil he is : (2) What the Devil he does : (3) Where the Devil he goes. This is, in Scotland, a very ancient Joe Miller. Yet an individual of exalted rank quite recently (with amazing impudence) stated that the discourse had just been preached in his hearing. More flagitious still, he told the story to a Bishop : a Double-First : who told me.

On April 8, 1869, the handsome Episcopal chapel of this place was opened : not consecrated. It took the place of the very shabby one already named. I remember the day vividly. For upon that evening, an educated man, claiming to belong to the Episcopal Communion, asked anxiously of me what was meant by the *Chancel* of a church. And another intelligent man (both are now far away) said to me that they had had a surpliced choir of men and boys ; all that was now needed was a number of ballet girls to dance. This individual had been for many years an Episcopalian. Bishop Forbes of Brechin, that learned and saintly and self-denying man, preached in the morning. He lived and died in the odour of sanctity. Alas, the afternoon preacher was Bishop Morrell of Edinburgh. He was a most agreeable man. Just once I heard him preach. There was no difficulty in making out who it was he was imitating. In the autumn of 1863, far away

amid Swiss glaciers, his exemplar, Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, told me that Morrell was 'the best parish-priest in his diocese.' I knew what that meant. But, knowing Hugh Pearson, I did not in any way accept the strong statement. Stanley always said that Sonning had the ideal English church and parsonage. I have seen many; and never one more delightful. But the sweet-natured, learned, devout, courtly, sympathetic, affectionate man was better than his church or his home. Walking by the sea-shore that afternoon I met Morrell, and we had a pleasant talk. The irony of the event is awful: his sun was to go down in sorrow. God have mercy upon us all, and keep us right till the end! It comes back on me how Norman Macleod came into my Father's house, the day after that best of all good men died. His words were, 'Now, here is a completed life. He never can do anything to vex or disappoint you now. God knows what you or I may come to.' After a pause: 'No: nothing of that: by God's mercy we shall end well.' The great Lord President Inglis, just taken, when it was proposed to set up some grand memorial of his career, he being still among us, objected. Nobody could say how he might besmirch his reputation ere he went. But, after a little, he consented.

It was on April 19 in this year that I ventured to lay before a 'Meeting of Heritors' the plans I had procured for the restoration of our grand old parish-church to something of its former glory. But I was made to feel the time was not ripe. Of course, I proposed that the church should be arranged with ecclesiological propriety: the Com-

munion-table (let not another word be breathed) at the East end: the pulpit under the crossing: and certain other things which need not be named. Scotland has advanced far since April 1869: St. Giles' at Edinburgh has been made into a church, and a beautiful one: not but what there are divers things still lacking. In 1869 St. Giles' was, in the severe but quite just words of Liddon, 'divided into three meeting-houses.' The Choir, which was by pre-eminence *The High Church of Edinburgh*, was specially dirty and shabby. Not that its position, ecclesiastically, was a bit better than its aspect architecturally. And now that St. Giles' has been beautified, and filled with a congregation which duly values its beauty, other ancient Scottish churches may hope to be restored too. We are quite content with the congregation. Some day the fabric will be made worthy.

June 17 was our 'Fast day': the day was fully occupied with services. And with the perversity of human affairs, that was the day which Mr. Fields of Boston, U.S.A., with his wife and Miss Lowell, selected to come to St. Andrews from Edinburgh. They arrived at 1 P.M., and had to go the next morning. Our house was full: but they found refuge with Robert Chambers. When I got rid of my official guests, I hastened to Dr. Chambers' house, and brought Mr. Fields: who abode with us, brightly talking, till 1 A.M. Seen just once: known by frequent correspondence over many years. In those days, everybody knew the great American publishing house, Ticknor and Fields; and their magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Lowell

edited it for a time. On that evening, Fields told us to look out for the writings of a rising humourist, calling himself *Mark Twain*. The origin of the name is curious. He was a Mississippi pilot. In navigating parts of that great river, perpetual soundings must be taken: and the sounder calls out the number of fathoms. 'Mark three: Mark four:' and when the fathoms are two, it is more euphonious to say 'Mark twain.' No doubt the fault is mine: but I never was able to take the smallest interest in his works. 'The Jumping Frog' was named by Fields on that distant day. Fields delighted us all. Next morning I saw him and his party go from the railway station. We remained, as Dickens puts it, 'ever the best of friends': but we never met more.

On July 1 I made the acquaintance of a charming writer, whose home was at our county town, Cupar, nine miles off. Miss Henrietta Keddie is, in Kingsley's words, 'the nameless immortal who wrote *Meg of Elibank*.' And assuredly, when that exquisite little story came out in *Fraser*, long ago, not many read it but with moistened eyes. I do not know why Miss Keddie has chosen to write under the name of Sarah Tytler. She has written a great deal: all of it possessing a singular pathetic touch. But though her books have been widely read, they never have been nearly so popular as they deserved to be.

On the thirteenth day of the same month I read in the newspaper the announcement of the death of one who never got his due. As Dean Stanley used to say, *It is all Election*: meaning thereby what some people call Providence

and some call Chance. William Shaw, minister of Alloa, was one of the most cultured scholars Scotland has produced. He was Dux of the High School of Edinburgh. Good old Dr. Paul of St. Cuthbert's in that city told me that he once asked Dr. Carson, Head-Master of that great school, whether, looking back over his long term of office, he could pick out the Dux who seemed the most certain to rise to great eminence in life. Carson replied that he had not the least difficulty: one Dux was quite pre-eminent: certainly the cleverest and most promising boy of all these years. It was Shaw. One could quite believe it. But Shaw went into the Scottish Kirk. He held important charges, and was long minister of Ayr: the Ayr of Burns. Here he ministered to a large congregation, including many of the highly-educated class. It cannot be said that he was not highly-valued: but he was not valued enough. I heard him preach just once. The sermon was beautiful: but the manner was very quiet. Now, a good deal of physical vehemence goes to popular effect in Scotland. 'Your minister wad thole mair steerage o' the boaddy,' was the remark of a decent Cameronian elder on hearing his parish clergyman, a quiet cultured preacher. MacGregor, on the contrary, was not unjustly described as 'a' fleein' about.' And Shaw had a sensitive organisation that felt keenly the rough rubs of life. He was too fine for the work we have all to do. He should have been Dean of Wells, or of Salisbury. Even there, he would have needed to decline to hear how a Canon's wife had said 'We all acknowledge that the Dean means well.' He

could not have smiled, as some of us have had to do, at hearing our modest attempts at a more decorous ritual described as a *Poppish Pantomime*. Had he been a Professor of Greek, or of Biblical Criticism, in our dear University, lecturing to a reasonable number of fine young fellows such as I have seen continually for six-and-twenty years, he might have been with us yet. And though I do not think he felt sore at it, he could not but see that men with a tenth-part of his brains and culture were promoted over his head. Which thing he could not have liked. The days were in which, along with others, I failed to do him justice. Wherefore I desire to bear this testimony now : when I am old and he is passed away.

It was on July 25, 1869, that I first ventured to suggest to the congregation at St. Mary's church that it would be decorous and might be helpful if on entering and leaving church they paused for a minute in silent prayer. The Scottish use was to do neither. And while pronouncing the blessing, one used to see the men smoothing their hats and opening the pew doors, to the end that with the last word a rush might be made as though the sacred building were on fire. It is curious, now that in all decent Scotch kirks the reverence before and after service is exactly as in England, to think how the thin end of the wedge was introduced. Tulloch used to tell me how our common friend William Smith, minister of the great parish of North Leith, began. Smith was a man of magnificent presence and grand voice : one of our very best preachers : but he worked himself to death at fifty-eight, managing the

Endowment Scheme. Smith did not venture to propose that the great congregation in his church should ask God's blessing on the worship ended. But he said the rush-out looked irreverent ; and begged the people just to sit still in their places for one minute after the blessing was said. My suggestion at St. Mary's was at once acted on. It was a good deal later ere I ventured to make the like at the parish church. But, for many a day and year, the devout aspect of the congregation in both leaves me nothing to desire. Many and great improvements in our public worship came gradually : of which a word will be said at the proper time. On Sunday August 1, another step onward was taken at St. Mary's. I asked the congregation to kneel at prayer and stand at praise at Evening Service. It was done with entire unanimity. It speedily came to be done at all services. And all steps in advance were taken so deliberately, that we never have retraced even one. Of course I met a certain amount of abuse. But the persons from whom it came were extremely few ; and for their abuse no one cared.

I am sorely tempted to relate very many events of this season. But they did not happen at St. Andrews : and this must not be suffered to grow into an autobiography. Only I may note for the consideration of men in my profession, and for caution, how certain is the failure of life, approaching the forty-fifth year. As for the sixty-third, everyone knows about the grand climacteric. *Deadly exhaustion* is the regular record, after trying duty. Do not think to ignore such warnings, as I did. Very many of us,

looking back, if we wrote our own little history, have to read a sad story of truly outrageous over-work ; and wonder that we did not die. Our eminent University Member, Sir Lyon Playfair, told me at that time that a very great proportion of brain-working men break down at forty-five. A good many die. Some work on drearily for two or three years, never feeling well or cheerful. Others get quite out of the wood, and have a new lease of life, feeling quite strong and buoyant. After the Member told me this, I took special interest, for long, in watching the course of many hard workers. It was startling to remark how accurately Playfair had stated what must be.

Possibly one's brethren have found, too, that when they are brought very low, so low that it seems as though they must go out altogether, so low that all power of resistance is gone ; it is just in those sorrowful days that some terrible stroke falls, or some terrible worry comes, more than can be borne. I wish I were as sure as many good men seem to be that it is all for the best : and that we are being led on by the right way. After a while, it has in some cases become very clear that good came out of the present grievous trouble : good which possibly could have come in no other way. But assuredly this is not always so. And I fancy that things are so balanced in this world that it depends very much on the state of a man's health and spirits whether he shall be optimist or pessimist. George Eliot was too great a writer to palter with truth to the end of making things pleasant as in fact they are not. One often thinks of her words concerning poor Amos

Barton : ' It was another blow inflicted on the bruised man.'

On Saturday August 28 came a pleasant letter from Dean Stanley, which however conveyed the unpleasing news that he had not been offered the Bishopric of Oxford, as was generally put about in those days. He said, with the frankness fit in so great a man, that though he believed he was happier at Westminster than he could be anywhere else, he would accept a Bishopric if offered, to indicate that there was nothing in his theology to unfit him to be an Anglican Prelate. The same post brought a letter from Kingsley, pleased to be made Canon of Chester ; and one from Thorold, now Bishop of Winchester, glad to be made Vicar of St. Pancras. Thorold had been Rector of St. Giles', and done great work there. But his health broke down : he resigned his rectory, and for a space was quite laid aside from duty. Then he held, for a little while, the incumbency of Curzon Chapel in Mayfair : a hideous building like the worst Scotch kirk, where a wonderfully-aristocratic congregation assembled. Of course, Thorold was popular wherever he went : but his friends never felt he was in his right place in such a charge : and it was getting into the right track again when he took in hand the great parish with its costly but ugly church. The church holds 2,500 : and he kept it full. In a little he was made a Canon-residentiary of York, and spent three months yearly in the archiepiscopal city of the North. On May 1, 1877, Tulloch and I were travelling from Edinburgh to London in the Flying Scotchman,

when I read in the *Times* that Thorold was appointed Bishop of Rochester. And having held that overwhelming diocese, including all South London, with singular ability and success, for the intervening time, he was advanced at the beginning of 1891 to the dignified Bishopric of Winchester, in succession to Bishop Harold Browne, who had succeeded Wilberforce. The time came when Bishop Thorold visited St. Andrews: and he will be naturally spoken of later. But I will forewarn the reader that I do not pretend to estimate him impartially. For close on thirty years he has been quite the kindest and most sympathetic friend I have known in my life: and the cheering word never failed from him in days when it was not so common as it has come to be of late. The most restful days I have ever known have been spent under his roof and among his trees. I have watched him nearly in divers positions, all of them fitted to try a man. It has seemed that he has always said and done the right thing. I never knew a better or more lovable man. And when I was called to do the most outstanding duty of my little life, I had the Bishop beside me: where Bishop had not been for two hundred years.

On October 21, I christened Tulloch's youngest child, Margaret Blanche Oliphant, always called Blanche. She was called after the inestimable friend whose name is familiar to the world. At the other extremity of the family, I have married six Tullochs. And I read the burial service over both father and mother. On November 15 Tulloch gave his opening lecture. My record

of the day says 'really very splendid.' It ought to be said that though these brilliant addresses were by no means mere exhibitions of fireworks, they were not the business-like setting to the work of the Session which I knew in old Glasgow College days. They were discourses on some ecclesiastical or theological topic, which had become matter of current interest, which had *emerged*: to use the slang of some Church Court spouters. And a few days after they had been read in St. Mary's College, you might often find them in some Review or Magazine. But they were always stimulating: as the prelections of a humdrum professor never could be. And a special pathos was sometimes in them, if Tulloch was at the time in one of those dark moods of which Mrs. Oliphant's biography most truly tells. Well I remember the audible hush, once, when the Principal looked up from his lecture (he always sat to lecture), and said, as last words, 'Gentlemen, you will not fully understand these things, till you have been taught them by experience: or till your lot has been plowed by the furrows of sorrow.' Somehow, what Tulloch said always *got home* wonderfully. Adaptation was perfect. And in speaking to young men, adaptation is everything. You must hit the mark; or you had as well not draw your bow at all.

CHAPTER VII

INCIDENTS : CAIRD

ON November 18, I was witness of the occurrence of one of those incidents which are much in the narrations of story-tellers, but little in actual life. The Presbytery of St. Andrews met in the parish kirk of Kingsbarns, to ordain a minister and induct him to the living. The service was very decorously gone through. But the absurd fashion still prevailed that, no matter how many ministers were present, one should conduct the entire service from the first word to the last. Service over, the minister having been ordained by 'the laying-on of the hands of the Presbytery,' a handsome dinner was given to the Presbytery and other outstanding guests by the Patron, the Earl of Glasgow. The entertainment was in the parish-school: the party numbered some fifty: and champagne flowed. Mr. James Hope of Edinburgh, son of the old Lord President Hope, and brother of John Hope, named by Sir Walter, who became Lord Justice-Clerk, was in the chair. The evening was advanced when a venerable squire of ancient name and lineage arose to propose a toast. Seldom have I heard one more successful. He began modestly. It is always well to begin

modestly. 'I feel,' said the good man, 'that for a plain country squire like myself to address a dignified body like the Presbytery of St. Andrews, including in its number various learned Professors, is indeed to cast pearls before swine.' He had to pause long ere he got farther. Thunderous applause broke forth. The swine cheered as if they would never leave off. We all knew perfectly what the laird meant. He meant that we were the pearls and he was the swine: but he did not say so. I was sitting next him, as he spoke the words: I heard them with these ears. Some indeed have suggested that the squire's simplicity was like that of Mr. Bret Harte's famous hero; and that though the venerable face looked 'child-like and bland,' he knew uncommonly well what he was saying. It was running a risk, if the case were so. But though the test of success or failure be a Philistine test, it is one which is apparent to all. And that that sentence was a success, many abide to testify.

Thursday December 2 was our Winter Fastday. The preachers were as remarkable as could be found in the country. But unhappily the congregation at St. Andrews is so accustomed to hear remarkable preachers, that what would create a great stir elsewhere is taken with little observation. The morning preacher was Dr. Wallace of Greyfriars, now M.P. for Edinburgh. The afternoon preacher was Dr. MacGregor of St. Cuthbert's, now Moderator of the Kirk. Both were specially bright that day. Wallace never hesitated to cause a smile, by some odd illustration: even more than a smile. But you always

laughed *with* him, never *at* him. Perhaps it was on this day that he dwelt on the difference between loving and liking. He did not treat the distinction as Wordsworth did, but in a fashion all his own. I think I can give his words, pretty nearly. 'We are told to *love* our enemies; but we are not told to *like* them. I don't like my enemies. I dislike them, very much. But' (this with a baleful glance) 'I *love* them. And I shall ever be ready to show my love to them by trying to get them severely punished, that they may be led to repent of their behaviour towards me.' At this the congregation quite audibly smiled. Some of us could have made out a list of the reactionary men in the Assembly towards whom the keen professor felt this undesirable affection. But Wallace's preaching, though powerful and sharp-edged to the last degree, was chilly. It quite lacked 'unction.' Yet the days were in which he, now the Broadest of the Broad, was a pronounced 'Evangelical.' He had reversed Chalmers' progress. But those who watched Chalmers at the last had a profound conviction that the erratic comet would wheel to where it rose, had he been given ten more years. MacGregor was much the more popular preacher. The great church was commonly quite full when he appeared, even on a week-day afternoon. And the difference between the spiritual temperature of the two services of that Fastday was as the difference between the top of Mont Blanc and a hothouse. Yet MacGregor too, like divers great orators, did not scruple to use strong means to keep attention eager. But you felt perfectly safe: he knew well how far to venture

on the ice. He had himself in hand, in his most enthusiastic bursts. And though orthodox in doctrine, there was a broad way of looking at divers things. 'You think it very strange, when you look at the Witches' lake a few hundred yards off, that poor women should have perished there. You think it an awful thing that poor women should have been drowned or burnt, merely because they were very old, and very ugly.' Here the smile was most audible. A professor, near me, gave a sudden snort. Then the orator went on to say, in substance, 'Believe me, a good many doctrines which you believe now will seem, a hundred years hence, just as incredible as the belief in witches looks to you now.' Tulloch and Flint came and dined with the two preachers. And, as Dr. Johnson said, 'we had good talk.' All these men were very remarkable talkers. All were thoroughly up to the latest thinking of the day. And each was ready to listen, in turn. Furthermore, they all thoroughly liked each other. It is twenty-two years since. But of that little company, Tulloch is the only one who has had to go.

Sunday January 16, 1870, was the first day on which the prayers were read throughout in the parish church. Mr. Story of Roseneath came to preach for the University Missionary Society. He was already well-known as a man of high culture and intelligence. But though his sermons were scholarly and beautiful, they were not delivered with the physical fervour which is needful in these parts to general popularity. And though the entire service was rendered with admirable taste and devotion,

these qualities did not use to be valued as they are now save by an educated few. I fear that the 'eloquent and impressive prayer' was still in use by certain of our big men. And liturgical grace and propriety were nowhere, in the popular estimation. But of recent years Story has drawn steadily ahead, till he has come to rank quite in the first flight of the Scottish Clergy. Story had been, from the first, one of the three or four who were the life of the Church Service Society, and who compiled the Book of Common Order, generally known as *Euchologion*. This Sunday evening he read the service. The congregation, which was large, knelt at prayer and stood at praise without any suggestion: so was the tide flowing. The sermon was extremely able, but quiet. The text was 'Now know we no man after the flesh:' and the teaching was 'advanced.' The very best thing which can happen when any change in ritual is made, is that it should pass quite without remark. Dr. Lee had read two or three Collects, after sermon, years before: and a great deal had been said. But now, when the prayers had been read from first to last, only one voice was raised; and that a mild one. A good Elder said to me, on Monday, that he feared some of the people would not like Mr. Story reading prayers. The answer was ready. 'How do you know that Mr. Story read prayers? I fear you must have been staring about, instead of joining in worship. If you had bowed your head and joined in the prayers, you would not have known whether they were read or not. I don't know whether they were read or not. I think possibly they

were, because they were a good deal better than usual. But it is solely for the officiating minister to consider how he can best lead the congregation's devotions.' It is singular to think that in that church, for many years past, I read my prayers as often as I do not ; and very nearly every man who preaches for me reads his prayers. Not a word is said. The tide has wonderfully advanced. Soon after that day, I preached on a Communion evening in an Edinburgh church. I said to the minister, before service, ' Now it would be a great relief to me to read my prayers, but I shall not do so if it is to aggrieve your congregation.' The answer was, ' I don't think it will. For two men preached on Thursday, and one on Saturday : each read his prayers, and there has not been a word of complaint.'

Story's visits to St. Andrews became frequent. He was Tulloch's chief friend : and he was Robert Lee's biographer. Much will have to be said of him on subsequent pages. But as of the Prelate, so of the Presbyter, the writer must say frankly that an unbiased estimate need not be looked for here. Story was my brother's best friend. He conducted the service at his burial. He preached the funeral sermon in the beautiful church at Skelmorlie. And now for a good many years past, Story has been my most valued friend in the Kirk. He has done and is doing a manifest work in the Church, which I think a good one. And though I cannot belong to any ecclesiastical party, sympathising heartily with men who are in opposition to each other, I am commonly in entire

accord with the speeches I hear Story make in the General Assembly. He has ever been most helpful in the work of the Hymn Committee. And I notice that any decent man who attacks recent developments in the ritual of Scotland generally names Story and me together. From his point of view, the decent man is quite right.

On the Thursday evening after that outstanding Sunday, Mr. Waldegrave Leslie gave a lecture in the Town Hall, at the request of the Young Men's Literary Society. His subject was Parliament; and knowing it well, he made it interesting. His brother, Bishop Waldegrave of Carlisle, the one Double-First of his year, was Bishop when Tait was Dean of Carlisle. When Mr. Waldegrave married the Countess of Rothes, he came to live at her interesting old house at Leslie in Fife: and Tait sometimes visited them there. I was there on one St. Michael's day: and it was an interesting thing to witness the morning prayers of the household conducted by the Archbishop. The hall serves as a chapel. When I came down, I found the Primate turning over a large Bible on a lectern. He said, 'You must conduct prayers: I am nobody here.' He had to yield, of course. He read, wearily, the first Lesson for the day: first standing. But after a few verses he sat down; and having evidently an exceptional sight, he read from a distance the book high above him. Having finished the Lesson, he proceeded to expound it: a function which rustic Scotch folk, speaking more wisely than they know, often call *expunging a chapter*. It was not so on that morning: the Archbishop gave a nice

little sermon. He naturally spoke of the day in the Christian year : beginning, 'This day, in the Church,—I mean the English Church': and so passed on. This exposition ended, he knelt, and first read the Collect for the Day : then said a rather long extempore prayer ; and ended with the Lord's Prayer. Finally, rising to his feet, he said the longer benediction. It was from Leslie that Tait went to the Post office to send his telegram ; and met the adventure which I have related often enough, with the post-master who thought he was an impostor, having failed to remark that he was 'rather consequential about the legs.'

When a Scotch Country Parson has a solitary walk and talk with the Archbishop of Canterbury, it may be assumed that he listens with much interest to the remarks which proceed from the blameless Prelate's lips. As we paced up and down by the river side, my eminent countryman said many things which I am not to repeat, though all were very proper to be said. Others may quite fitly be recorded. He said he was sorry to remark that many of the landed families had quite ceased to attend their parish churches : driving far away to some little Episcopal chapel, and thus accentuating the distinction, already far too great, between rich and poor. I told him that I had often said to persons of position that even if they did not like the Scotch service they might well conform to it, and help those who were working to make it better : that as the fact their estates lay in Scotland made it needful to submit to the rigour of the Scottish climate, so they might

well endure the severity of the Scottish national worship. 'Yes,' said the Archbishop, with the familiar sorrowful smile, 'your service is a good deal like an East wind.' Of course he spoke of the unimproved and bleak service of his youth. Then he passed to speak of Dean Alford, lately taken. 'It was infatuation, his working himself to death: he did not need to do it: he had an ample income.' But as Dickens said of making wills: 'there is no subject in regard to which there is such inconsistency.' For I looked at the weary face and the feeble steps of one overworking as much as Alford. He spoke of Dean Stanley's having lately preached in the parish church of St. Andrews. He said, 'You mean to do good, to draw nearer. But it does no good. For Stanley is a man who represents nobody but himself. And his preaching in a Scotch Kirk causes angry remark in England through all the High Church party.' His first sentence when we had gone out had been 'Is there any hope of a drawing-together of the two National Churches?' And he added many things, showing the unspeakable advantage. I suggested to him many difficulties, needless to relate here. The singularly amiable and sweet expression deepened into its most sorrowful, as he summed up. 'The practical difficulties are so great, that we can but leave the matter in the hands of God.' For Tait was a Scot: and he knew the weight of considerations which dear Bishop Wordsworth, after all his years in the North, cannot take in at all. Above all, he knew that whatever may be with individuals here and there, the bulk of Scotch folk are just as content

with Presbytery as the bulk of English folk are with Episcopacy. Many Anglicans are under the illusion that the Scotch Clergy are so anxious to be united with the Anglican in one National Church, that they would be content with union under humiliating terms. And it is, in fact, just those men in the Kirk who, making very much of their Orders and Sacraments, seem at first glance to be nearest the Church of England, who would most keenly resent the suggestion that their commission is invalid or even irregular.

Great bereavement may be oddly expressed when it is deeply felt. All are gone, long ago. But it was on a cold winter day at this time that I was one of those who laid to rest a good woman who had known great weariness and trouble here. Not without a tear, the few mourners turned away : when the bereaved husband, good man, startled us by saying emphatically, 'She was a most ailgant wumman.' No one ever felt more keenly. I thought how my Father told me, long ago, the words of a new-made widow, telling how her poor husband had suffered through the last sad night. 'In fact,' said she, 'it was just perfectly rideeklous!' It was the strongest word she could think of : and so it came.

Many matters of profound interest to the writer press on remembrance now, and here. Not a word of any. But a word must be permitted of my first and only meeting with Sir Edwin Landseer, which befel this January at the table of Mr. Millais : such was his designation then. Landseer and I were next, after the ladies went. He told

me he had never heard the *To be or not to be* in *Hamlet* said in what seemed to him the right way. 'If I had to say it, I should speak for a good while with my eyes shut. Then I should put my hands together at the back of my head, this way.' It was very interesting to hear how the great painter would have represented Hamlet saying the famous words. Surely the attitude would convey the notion of a man puzzling out his way through that great perplexity. Still, one could but suggest the difficulty, 'Would the audience take it seriously? Would not there be risk of a laugh?' 'Not,' said Landseer, 'if the thing were rightly done.'

Dare I tell what was told me, in that hurried race to London and back between two Sundays, by a great man of another great man? 'He was a prodigy at the University. Whatever could be learnt, he learned. But he had no sense of humour, which is fatal. He thinks all our eyes suffer through not wearing hats with brims of sufficient breadth. So he wears a hat with an immense brim. Just yesterday he sat down in that chair where you sit, and told me that he had been down to the great city of Calicopolis. He said he had had convincing proof of the readiness of the English people to accept improvement when placed in their view. "I had not been out of the railway station five minutes, when I was surrounded by a perfect crowd of people, all exclaiming *Who's your Hatter?* You see, they discerned the advantage of this valuable hat, and wanted to know where they could get hats like it. But, most unfortunately, I had quite forgot: and so I had

to tell them that I could not remember who was my hatter. Then the crowd gave me three cheers, and went away.”’

But these things are far from St. Andrews. There, on the last Sunday of February, we had the advantage of listening to two sermons, very great sermons, of our most outstanding Scotch preacher, Caird. He came to preach for the University Missionary Society.

It is pathetic, to look back on the set of men one knew in College days, and to remark how all are changed, and many departed. And the mention of Caird carries me back to the day when I first heard him preach, I being a young undergraduate. He was but a youthful minister. For from the very first Caird took his place, and he has never lost it. When one has nothing at all to give, he may seek out his old contemporaries without fear. It will not be as with the American millionaire who, after forty years, thought to find out all the surviving members of his class, and make them comfortable for what of life remained. He proceeded to inquire, and was greatly startled. For so had time told on that little band, that out of eighty who had graduated together on that long-departed day, only nine hundred and sixty-nine remained.

The reader is not to fancy, if I speak of Caird (as I remember him long ago) in what may appear to be superlatives, that I am drawn to do so by personal affection, as in the case of two already named, and to be named hereafter. For though I have known Caird for forty-five years, since the time when he was the young minister of

Newton-on-Ayr, and I a lad in the Moral Philosophy Class at Glasgow College ; and though in old *Fraser* days I did as much as any one else to exalt him : yet our acquaintance never grew into anything like intimacy, and for many years past we have rarely met. I think I have spoken to him once, and then briefly, in the last thirteen years. We are set apart as far as (in Scotland) the East is from the West : and we never felt drawn to one another. But I have never failed to testify that in my remembrance Caird stands out as, for popular effect, quite the greatest preacher I ever listened to. Not every one admired Caird as we Glasgow students used to do. When Liddon asked me to describe Caird, and I did so enthusiastically, Liddon said, 'I should not like that kind of thing.' The biggest of Colonial prelates said on a like occasion, 'Why, that's acting, not preaching.' And, though I often tried, I never could get Tulloch cordially to admire Caird. Shairp downright disliked Caird's preaching. It seemed to me unintelligible. His criticism was always depreciatory. And the frequent remark of a most outstanding Churchman was, 'The Church has done a vast deal more for Caird, than he has ever done for the Church.' Against which, put the judgment of Stanley. I once said to him, 'We hear a great deal of the preaching of Bishop Magee of Peterborough. How would you place him, as compared with our big Scotch preacher Caird ? You have heard them both.' In his eager way, Stanley replied, 'Caird first : and the Bishop second, *longo intervallo*.' I give the opinion for what it is worth. And there are not

many more outstanding men to-day than one who said that not Caird, Guthrie, Macleod, Liddon, Wilberforce, nor Magee, was equal to the best of MacGregor, who still abides.

No doubt, the first thing in popular preaching is to be able to make people listen to you. But we have a fair number of men who always command the dead hush, in which the proverbial pin might be heard to drop. It was Magee who divided preachers into three classes : 1. Those you cannot listen to. 2. Those you can listen to. 3. Those you can't help listening to. Now Caird, in days when I heard him, was always intently listened to, even when preaching quite over the average head. Guthrie said it was necessary to 'fire low': Caird did not. So, while Guthrie succeeded everywhere, Caird did not impress a very dull congregation. Yet I remember vividly, over twenty-nine years, how when Caird was preaching on a Fastday in my Edinburgh church to a crowd which crammed every corner, I marked a man standing in a passage hard by me, gazing open-mouthed at the great orator, concerning whom I could have made an affidavit that he did not understand a sentence Caird was saying. The overwhelming vehemence swept him away. Gavazzi used to 'thrill' a Scotch multitude, knowing only its own tongue, by violent orations in Italian: absolutely unintelligible. I always wondered how Gavazzi could wind himself up, in such circumstances. Once he preached in English in the parish church here, I taking the prayers for him. Certainly it was wonderfully fine. But he used arts unknown here

such as uttering the demon laugh which in my youth was associated with Der Freischütz.

Caird's voice was a most beautiful one, when not too hard driven. Some of its notes really got at one's nervous system. I have seen the thrill pass over a congregation, like a breeze across a wheat-field. And the manner was marvellous, for grace as for power. To say Caird used profuse gesticulation is nothing. An accompanying pantomime, perfect, marvellous for what it conveyed, seeming quite spontaneous, brought out the meaning of all he said. It was as the Italian, speaking from head to foot: not the quiet Scot. It is indeed singular how a pawky race, little moved elsewhere by the display of feeling, demand it in the pulpit. And it is sad to see a good man roaring, without a vestige of warmth: but conforming to the fashion, so far as he can. What always struck me about Caird as singular was, that while in the pulpit (of old I mean) the florid, emotional orator, he was quiet and unexcitable in private talk. MacGregor in private talk is just what he is in preaching: only not so loud. So was Liddon. I never heard Liddon preach. But I have walked with him many hours and miles. And when Liddon got deeply interested in what he was saying: and stopped, gazed intently on you, and talked in touching tones, accompanied with a graceful little movement of both hands: you had no difficulty in making out the great preacher of great St. Paul's. But in Caird's quiet modest unpretending talk, there is no trace whatever of the 'bursts' of the great orator. The criticism of a homely hearer was, 'Aw don't hazitate to say, that some

o' thae brusts are aqual, if noatt suparior, to ony o' the brusts o' Chalmers !'

But this follows of that marvellous manner of old : that when what so carried you away is published, and calmly read, it lacks what vitalized it. Caird cannot publish his manner. I have known those who heard a continental chaplain preach Caird's sermons, and found them very tiresome. And 'every style is good, except the tiresome.' The sermons are most admirable : thorough and able treatments of an important subject, in language which could not be improved. But they do not carry you on. I am a very bad judge, for I confess I can read hardly any published sermons. All the same, when Caird's one volume of such was published thirty-three years since (1858) I read it carefully ; and reviewed it at great length in *Fraser* in terms so eulogistic that John Parker wrote me that but for his being abroad when the magazine was published (August 1858), he would have asked me (which he never did on any other occasion) to look over my article and tone it down. What is written in that article I know not. I have not looked at it for thirty years : and I am afraid to look at it to-day. But one thing I will say frankly : I never opened the volume of sermons again. On the other hand, John Robertson of Glasgow Cathedral never drew any crowd at all. No eager throng gaped at him. But I have looked into his published volumes many times ; and always found the page buoyant with life.

I will add, that Caird's power is exclusively in tragedy. When he tries to be funny, he tends to be coarse, where

not downright stupid. 'Though Benjamin be ignorant of us, and Disraeli acknowledge us not' (which old Professor Jackson assured us was written and read, a fact barely credible) is the highest point in 'wut' which is known to have been as yet attained by Caird. It is not very high. And if I took pleasure in calling attention to the spots on the sun, I could give examples of much worse. I remember well the ferocity (that is the word) with which Shairp condemned some; and how a saintly man said, with a sigh, 'If he was not ashamed of that appearance, he ought to be.' But Caird this year is seventy and I am sixty-five; and I will go back to the feeling of old days, in which all Caird said was held as admirable, as incomparable.

All the country was deep with snow on Saturday February 26, 1870. Caird arrived in the forenoon: we walked all about the streets and ruins, and saw how they look under the white mantle. In the evening a few Professors dined with him. There were Tulloch and Shairp, Crombie and MacGill, Baynes and Campbell: also the incomparable Mr. Stuart Grace, Secretary of the University and its Colleges, and generally beginner and carrier-out of everything good which is ever done in St. Andrews. It was a pleasant evening. Caird talked extremely well, and we were all ready to listen. Sunday was a dismal day of snow, melting as it fell, and turning soon to heavy and ceaseless rain. The ground was inches deep with melting snow. No one but Caird could have had a large congregation on such a day. But he crowded the great church afternoon and evening. He

did the entire service each time. In these latter years, the prayers and lessons would of course be taken for him. I copy what was written on that day : second thoughts are not the best here. 'CaIRD a little disappointed me by the first prayer, seeming nervous : but his sermon, an hour, not a scrap of manuscript, was truly magnificent, both for matter, and for wonderful grace and beauty of manner.' The writer of these words was not an excitable student of theology : he had been a Doctor of Divinity for six years. He became one indeed at thirty-eight : but a man of forty-four has attained discretion, if it is ever to come at all. We came home in the pitiless sleet. Dinner was put off till after the evening service. Like the great opera-singers, I remember how the orator found sustenance in porter. Not that this will be of the smallest use, for the guidance of youths who would rival him. I have known those who had their hair cut wonderfully like his : but unhappily it was only the outside of the head in which there was any resemblance. The record of the time and place says : 'The church would be empty, in this awful weather, with any one but CaIRD ; and I am in doubt if there will be a great congregation even with him.' To church in drenching rain, through streets deep with slush. The church was crowded in spite of all. CaIRD seemed very nervous before evening service : and little wonder, with an elaborate sermon of more than an hour to deliver from memory : every sentence so careful that you could not change a word but for the worse. I remember Dr. M'Culloch, of Greenock, one of our most graceful preachers, who gave

his sermons under the same trying conditions, saying (near the end) that he was unhappy the whole week if he bungled a sentence on Sunday. Going out into the dismal night, I said, 'In two hours we shall be back here, all this trying duty over': whereat the orator sadly shook his head. Again the record: 'a magnificent sermon.' I remember a wonderful description of a thunderstorm. You heard the thunder rolling; and a worthy soldier said 'He even put in the lightning with his finger.' Indeed he did: you saw the forked flash. The only unfavourable criticism (save that of Shairp, who instituted an unfriendly comparison with a friend of his own), was that the whole thing was too fine for weekly recurrence. After it all, Caird was not tired. Tulloch dined with him. And after Tulloch went, we sat up talking till 2 A.M. And next morning, in St. Mary's College, he gave a lecture to the Divinity students. About this, opinions greatly differed. I see Shairp's severe face, without a smile, as the youths roared at several jokes. I do not know what I should think of such now. But the impression of the hour is written. 'Splendid: as good as his sermons, though in a very different way.' He himself said he had written it to give to the Glasgow students when breaking up for the long vacation. 'We were all in a rollicking humour.' I thought, then, that no apology was necessary. Caird was now Professor of Divinity at Glasgow: in a little he became Principal, and so abides.

One has always wondered whether the crowds which listened to Caird did indeed find real help: which in these latter days one feels to be everything: or whether there

was merely the enjoyment of grand oratory, and something analogous to the enjoyment of fine acting by people who had never listened to a great actor. Has Caird been cheered by the assurances of many tried souls, that he had indeed comforted and aided them in the many troubles and perplexities of this anxious life? I know not at all. I never knew Caird well enough to ask him. I never heard any one speak of real help derived from his teaching. I have heard persons talk of 'an intellectual *trate*' (sic), who did not know the meaning of one word in that brief sentence. But I have been told that the innumerable students of Glasgow feel his influence as uplifting. I can say for myself that I never felt the seriousness of this life as I did when at nineteen I first heard Caird : that sermon is vivid in memory to this day. Of course, one knows the difference between being carried away by vehement eloquence, and being indeed spiritually guided and bettered. When we want oratory, we all know where to go. But I hesitate not to say that if you want spiritual wisdom, and true help, and regard these as the highest qualities in a sermon, I know not where you will find these as you may in the preaching of two men set far apart in this life : Bishop Thorold of Winchester is one, and the other is Dr. McMurtrie of Edinburgh. He succeeded me at St. Bernard's ; and after twenty years of service there, he became the manager of the Foreign Missions of the Church. Principal Shairp often told me that he held McMurtrie the best preacher he ever heard. I fancy he meant with the exception of Newman in old Oxford days.

And now, when the most degraded and stupidest buffoonery seems to attract a crowd of a certain sort, one recalls with thankfulness the gravity and seriousness (in the main) of all the great preachers to whom I have listened. One is anxious to believe that there must be some power of interesting and helping too about these outrageous pulpit orators : who, by the way, seem generally to forswear the decorous restraint of the pulpit and strut about a quasi-stage. Possibly the offensive passages given in the newspapers (as of him who described the Pharisees as stating our Blessed Saviour's behaviour on one occasion as *rather rum*) have some core of something better. And it is to be remembered that what disgusts people of sense and taste may truly impress people who have little sense and no taste at all.

After that Monday morning lecture at which Caird was as bright and effervescent as if the day before had not been one of exhausting duty, we had a walk through our old streets with Tulloch. During it, Caird said that while interested in St. Andrews he would rather live either in the country proper or in a large city : and gave his reasons, which had force. Finally, we saw him depart by the railway, and he has returned no more. His brother, Edward Caird, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, is now our Gifford Lecturer on Natural Theology ; but that comes much later. And I cannot but sum what I have said of Principal Caird by adding : that he is absolutely unspoiled by a popularity which I believe to be unparalleled in Scotland. He is absolutely without pre-

tence. And his presence is so attractive when met, that even an overdriven man finds a moment now and then to regret that one meets him so rarely.

A few days after Caird's departure, St. Andrews was visited by Dr. Lockhart of Milton Lockhart in Lanarkshire: an interesting member of an interesting family. His eldest brother, the Laird, was for many years Member for Lanarkshire. His brother John was Sir Walter's son-in-law, and wrote the famous biography of the greatest Scotsman, and one of the best. Dr. Lockhart was for many years minister of the parish of Inchinnan, in Renfrewshire. The father of these sons was minister of Blackfriars Parish in Glasgow. Dr. Lockhart's son Lawrence is widely known as a very bright and attractive novelist. *Fair to See*, and other books, are known to most readers. But his eldest son John, who died at twenty, was, of all my fellow-students, the man who gave highest promise of eminence in after-life. Perhaps, indeed, his outstanding place came of his mind being, at twenty, as mature as that of a man of thirty: and he might not have grown. But a prize-poem of his, written at Glasgow College, was quite the best prize-poem I have ever seen. As I wrote two myself, which were successful, I am a disinterested witness. But consumption laid its hand on that wonderfully bright and keen youth: and he had to go. Strange, indeed, is the fact of survival. I showed good Dr. Lockhart our cathedral: not forgetting how his brother John, in Sir Walter's Life, had singularly stated that it was the longest Cathedral in Christendom. The statement

was terribly wrong. It is just half the length of old St. Paul's in London. It is two hundred feet shorter than Winchester and St. Albans. No more figures shall be given : for I have come to what is a temptation to expatiate. But here the reader may be told, as reliable fact, that Winchester is the longest Gothic church remaining in this world. St. Albans runs it within a few feet.

It was during his visit to Milton Lockhart, near the end, that the pathetic incident occurred which has come home to many workers of far less degree. On the evening that Sir Walter and John Lockhart arrived, a very old friend, smitten with the like illness, had dined : and much kind talk had passed. Next morning the news came that the friend, on returning to his own house, had fallen down in another fit, and was despaired of. Sir Walter was toiling on Castle-Dangerous.

‘ Immediately, although he had intended to remain two days, Sir Walter drew my brother aside, and besought him to lend him horses as far as Lanark, for that he must set off with the least possible delay. He would listen to no persuasion. “ No, William,” he said, “ this is a sad warning. I must home to work while it is called day ; for the night cometh when no man can work. I put that text, many a year since, on my dialstone ; but it often preached in vain.” ’

Infinitely touching, from the hardest and faithfullest worker that ever worked ; and who was then working himself into his grave.

CHAPTER VIII

PARISH MATTERS

ON a day in April, I walked round the Links with a 'foursome': the only time I ever did so. It is sad to make such a confession: but truth must be told. My brother Alexander and Lord Colin Campbell played against Tulloch and a golfer departed. It was extraordinary how peppery the golfers became. Tulloch and his partner were being badly beaten, and became demoralised. Tulloch, seeing his partner doing something stupid, made some suggestion to him. On which his irate friend brandished his club in the air, and literally yelled out, 'No directions! I'll take no directions!' Tulloch used to complain that an old story of the Links and their provocations, applicable to another Principal, had come to be told of him. 'How is the Principal getting on with his game?' was asked of one of the caddies of a returning party. 'Ah!' said the caddie, with an awestricken face, 'he's tappin' his ba's, and dammin' awfu'.'

On April 19, two adjoining dwellings in St. Andrews were signally favoured. There arrived at each, from Sir William Stirling Maxwell of Keir, a copy of his magni-

ficent folio on the *Chief Victories of the Emperor Charles V.* The book was privately printed: just 200 copies. Mr. Stillie, the eminent bookseller of Edinburgh, Sir Walter's still surviving friend, told me that each copy cost its opulent producer fifteen guineas. There is a great number of curious illustrations. The binding, in black and yellow, showing continually the Eagle of the Empire, was plainly designed by Stirling himself. My copy bears, all in print, so that the arrangement had to be varied for each copy, 'The Impression consists of 200 copies, of which this is No. 105.' It is one of the most remarkable books printed in modern times: and Shairp and I felt much honoured in being remembered by the most cultured Scotsman of his day. Though privately printed, it was reviewed at length in one of the great reviews: I think *The Quarterly*. And the reviewer said that by-and-by the volume would be among the special treasures of great libraries. Mr. Stillie told me that within five years of its appearance, he had had four or five copies of it in his hands to sell. Stirling of Keir (people would not change the name) died as Chancellor of the University of Glasgow: the only commoner who ever held the office. Before the Reformation, the Archbishop of Glasgow was Chancellor. And for no very apparent reason, in the later years the Chancellor was the Duke of Montrose. It was while a number of Professors were driving down in a great carriage to dine at Buchanan House with their Head, that a dispute arose as to the direction from which the sudden squall blew. It appeared to come from all quarters at once. The con-

troversy became keen, Scottish-fashion. But Buchanan, Professor of Logic, intervened with the words of peace : ' Ah, gentlemen, *De gustibus non est disputandum.*'

On Sunday April 23 Dr. Craik, minister of St. George's, Glasgow, who had come to preach next day, dined with us. Of course we had the seldom-failing Tulloch. Also Craik's son, a rising young Edinburgh lawyer, who has now risen very high indeed. I am quite sure that no English reader of this page ever heard Craik's name before. He was one of the brightest and most remarkable men I have known. And he was one of the many Churchmen, North and South of the Tweed, who never got their due. I say this, though he ministered for near thirty years to quite the wealthiest and most influential congregation of the West of Scotland, and rose to be Moderator of the Kirk. For while his preaching was wonderfully rich, and full of thought, it was over the average head. And only those who knew him in private talk were aware of his vast store of information, and of his keen and versatile intellect. He was somewhat stiff to strangers at first : while Scotch parsons are usually 'r^{ale} affable.' You had to come to know him : and you found him one of the brightest and most lovable of men. As senior parish-minister of Glasgow, he offered prayer when the Queen opened the Loch Katrine works, which give Glasgow the finest water-supply of the world. The picturesque reporter in one newspaper stated, oddly, that Craik, in his prayer, compared the Loch Katrine works with 'the chief water-works of antiquity.' I am perfectly sure he did not. He was a brilliant scholar : and gave

his closing address at the Assembly to the hopeless enterprise of persuading a clergy, overdriven in practical work, to maintain a thorough acquaintance with the literature of ancient Greece. The thing might not be. But Craik's mind was academic. His enthusiasm for St. Andrews was touching. He studied at this University, and spent here the ten most hopeful years of his life. It was a touching thing to me, who had looked up to him with reverence and admiration since I was a boy (for I entered the University after he was what I thought a great man in Glasgow) when one weekday, sitting in St. Mary's College seat in the parish church, he said to me, 'Words can't convey what St. Andrews is to me. There is not a place in this world which for many a year I thought so enviable as that which you fill.' Of course, I was well aware the place was far too good for me : but my life here had been very laborious and very anxious. A few weeks later, during the sittings of the General Assembly at Edinburgh, young Craik had a large dinner party of his father's friends at the University Club. It was a memorable occasion. Norman Macleod and Tulloch were there : several crack speakers in the Assembly : several bright young barristers, most of them now on the Bench. Macleod was at his very brightest : and never man was brighter than he at his best. Well I remember, years before, Craik's quoting, with intense appreciation, Burns' great lines, 'Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, O'er all the ills of life victorious.' It seems to me, looking back, as if Macleod was glorious that evening: and Craik, usually rather

sad, was swept away. There had been talk about Greek brigands. Norman of a sudden said that he knew the Greek brigands well. 'You remember,' he said to Tulloch, 'when you and I fell into their hands.' Years before, Tulloch and he had met at Athens, and spent some days together. But Tulloch stared blankly. 'You remember that bridge across a little stream, with trees hanging over. That was the place.' Then addressing the company, 'They seized Tulloch and me, and carried us away to their cave in the hills. They had just three books in their possession: the Confession of Faith, the Free Kirk Catechism, and the Recreations of a Country Parson. They were decent lads, but they had been demoralised by reading these books, and so had taken to robbing on the highway. They gave us Athole brose for refreshment, seeing we were hungry. And the moment they found we were ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, they felt it was so absolutely hopeless to get any money out of us, that they not merely set us at liberty, but tipped us something handsome for ourselves. To the end of my life,' Macleod went on, 'I shall never cease to regret that, in the hurry of coming away, I did not think of asking them for a subscription to the fund for supplementing the small livings.' Tulloch's face was a study as the story went on, many life-like circumstances being added: and the young barristers, gradually discerning that the story was not historical, howled. The great preacher and orator they all knew: but here was another phase of the renowned Celt. I see, clearly as any one, that the story does not seem much in print. It was a tremen-

dous thing to hear in that private dining-room at the Club, on the evening of May 24, 1870.

Still, cheery as he looked, Dr. Craik was breaking. And he went on August 20 in that year, at the age of sixty-eight : missed by many, and most by those who knew him best.

Just the evening before that cheerful dinner-party, the Scottish Hymnal had been authorized for use in churches by the General Assembly. The success of this hymnal has been phenomenally great : and those who prepared it are thankful. It has been partly the cause, but much more the effect, of a revolution in the Kirk in the matter of church music. I have elsewhere told the story of this book,¹ and am not to repeat it here. In charity, I refrained from telling, fully as I might, of the opposition to it. It is merciful, and possibly wise, to forget many things I know. I said nothing about this evening. In a crowded Assembly, the matter came on at 9.30 ; and we had our majority at midnight exactly. The majority was narrow : but here was eminently a case in which votes should be weighed as well as counted. I read the Report of the Committee, and said a good deal, seeming to myself to carry the house with me. Then Dr. Smith of North Leith moved the approval of the Hymnal, seconded by Mr. Campbell Swinton. Both spoke very wisely, in a conciliatory strain. Nobody need use the Hymnal who did not like it : let such as wanted it have it. Sir Robert

¹ *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1889. *The New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk*. Republished in *East Coast Days ; and Memories* : p. 76.

Anstruther, our County Member and Lord-Lieutenant, supported, very heartily and brightly. On the other hand, certain good men who apparently had rarely seen a hymn before, had carefully read up two or three, and entered on long reviews such as no halfpenny paper could be expected to insert. One declared that it would be impossible to make his congregation understand the meaning of the words, *Eternal Paraclete*. A worthy person has previously objected to the word *Hymnal* as misleading: saying it meant a *Hymn-All*, that is, a collection of *All Hymns*; while this was only a selection. Another, who seemingly never had seen the word before, said it was barbarous, being a Greek word with a Latin termination. He also thought it offensive to use the title, *The Scottish Hymnal*. There had been other hymn books, and might be more. He pressed for a title which he seemed to think euphonious, simple, and convenient to use in buying in a bookseller's shop, *Hymns for Public Worship in the Church of Scotland*. The speaker was well worthy to be one of the New Testament Revision Committee. I am tempted to describe other opponents. I will not. But some, unversed in the ways of Church Courts, learned that evening how good it is for any cause to be opposed with extreme ignorance, and with manifest personal malignity. The vote was not so narrow, in a house which had thinned. We had 109 votes, to 65 against us. And we had the rising generation. I wonder how many men, such as could be supposed to influence any rational mortal, would vote against the Hymnal now.

While the debate went on, one or two really conscientious men minutely criticising the one or two hymns they knew, I could not but recall a day on which I was one of a Committee of Presbytery, examining divinity students in Hebrew. A vehement opponent of the Hymnal was there. And while a poor young fellow was getting along rather lamely, he encouraged him by such kindly remarks as 'Don't you see you're talking nonsense?' and the like. At length a venerable minister could stand it no longer. With an air of extreme simplicity, he said, 'I really think, Mr. Smith, you are rather hard upon our young friend. You see, he has had to prepare forty Psalms; while you probably have only got up the two or three verses on which you are examining him.' There the venerable minister stopped, his beautiful face devoid of all expression. And Mr. Smith stopped too.

Glimpses come of the life of those departed days, very vividly. On June 11, a beautiful summer evening, 'Tulloch came in 9.30. Staid till 10.45. Then he and I a turn in South Street.' South Street is the chief street of St. Andrews. The ancient archway called the *West Port* is at its west end. At its east is the Cathedral. The South Transept, with two sky-framing windows, bounds the view, looking along the street. There is hardly a handsome building in it, yet the general effect is venerable and fine. And instead of the depressing straightness of magnificent Princes Street in Edinburgh, South Street winds naturally as the feet of old pilgrims had mapped the way. A row of handsome limes on either side looks beautiful in the time

of leaves, growing or fading. Would they had been planted three hundred years ago! But most of them are thriving beautifully. The name *South Street* is a lamentable modernising of the fine old *Southgate*. *North Street* was the *Northgate*. The three chief streets of the city run from west to east, so converging that the Cathedral is at the end of each. The only thing which reconciles one to the loss of the antique name is the fact that it was commonly pronounced *The Sowgate*: which fails of dignified euphony. And Chalmers, in his diary, calls it *The Shoegate*: which is even worse.

Thursday June 16 was the Fastday here. Dr. Watson of Dundee preached. He was the parish-minister of that great town: one of our wisest and best ministers. He had wonderfully widened and mellowed, from his first start. I had heard him preach at Gourock on the Clyde long ago, when I was just out of the Moral Philosophy Class; and such as know what one is taught, or used to be, in such a Class at a Scotch University, will understand how my spirit rose against his teaching when he said, 'God's way, and the right way, is always exactly the opposite of that which you would naturally be inclined to take.' Mr. Weir, afterwards Professor of Hebrew at Glasgow, and one of our very best men, was minister of Gourock in those days. His preaching never was popular, but I remember admiring it intensely. And he was sharp. Many years ago, Caird gave several times a grand sermon on the elements of truth contained in the Greek Mythology. After hearing this great discourse, Weir approached Caird

(they had grown up together, and worked together as men) and thanked the preacher. 'A most eloquent discourse. Almost thou persuadest me to be a Heathen.' Watson was made Moderator : one of the appointments which were generally approved. He was taken away early. He had that fine wisdom which is absolutely free from any suspicion of dodginess. And he was truth itself. Divers eminent preachers have not been so. A curious feeling possessed him towards the end. He sometimes spoke of the time when we first met, when I was an undergraduate and he had come to preach at St. Matthew's, Glasgow, hoping to be appointed minister : which he was. He said, repeatedly, 'It is nothing. We have had no life at all.' He was extremely impatient of light speech concerning a Future Life. I have seen him stop it, quietly but effectively. Good Liddon said, meaning nothing but the truth, 'Bishop Forbes of Brechin was the Bishop of Dundee.' It was in Dundee the saintly man lived. But indeed it was not so. Tried by every test, ecclesiastical and secular, the wise and good Watson was indeed the Bishop of Dundee. He had ten times the general influence of Forbes. The extreme views of Forbes quite cut him off from the great mass of a Presbyterian Community.

The parish church of Dundee is a fine one, and Watson soon had a beautiful organ there. In days when it used to be said that the 'Innovating' party consisted mainly of unwise men, comparatively young, and who ought to have been in the Church of England, it was a great thing to have so wise a man as Watson ranging himself decidedly

on that side. The notions of the obstructive party on ritual matters were very odd. One Dundee fastday, I preached for Watson: and at that service Watson christened the child of a special friend. Of course he did it admirably. To my extreme amazement, in the vestry after church a worthy minister said to Watson in my presence, 'Dr. Boyd will be much aggrieved at your christening the child. It looks as if *you thought he could not do it!*' I hastened to assure the decent man that I thought it most fit that an old friend, and not a stranger, should minister on such an occasion. But I thought within myself how marvellous is some men's power of taking offence. Watson said, as sharply as I ever heard him speak, 'That idea never entered Dr. Boyd's head.'

A pathetic memory recurs: on another St. Andrews fastday Watson preached: an incoherent gusher preaching at the other service. A saintly old lady, a visitor from afar, was in church both times. Next day Tulloch said to the aged saint, I standing by, 'I think I may say that yesterday I heard one of the very best sermons I ever heard; and just about the very worst.' 'Ah, yes,' said the dear old woman. 'What a contrast between the chilly essay we had from Dr. Watson, and the delightful soul-stirring sermon of Mr. Howler!' Tulloch turned his eyes on me silently, but spake no word. The simple critic had just reversed his meaning.

Wherefore they visited us I know not: but three or four huge whales spent several days at the beginning of July in St. Andrews Bay. They were not afraid of any evil, and

made themselves most conspicuous. They seemed of gigantic size. Sometimes they showed themselves from head to tail above the water. I see them now, as though they were before me. Unmolested they departed, and they returned no more. Their spirits appeared to be high. And a gaily-frisking whale, of a hundred feet in length, is a being to which ordinary folk will give a wide berth.

On July 10 our eminent and most kindly publishers, Messrs. Blackwood of Edinburgh, advertised for the first time that divers editions of the Scottish Hymnal would soon be ready. In a day or two I received a threatening letter from a conscientious man (who had violently opposed the *Te Deum*) announcing that he, with one or two more, were to 'rouse the country' against the book, on the ground that it contained the familiar 'Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.' I did not think the decent man could rouse anybody: not even the congregation which had to listen to his preaching: and I replied that he might do his worst. As Holy Scripture says 'Mary, the Mother of Jesus,' this appears to imply 'Jesus, the Son of Mary.' I heard no more. I have no doubt he did all he could. The same intelligent man objected to the Blessed Virgin being described as *mild*. He appeared to think it possible that She, from whom our Saviour took His beautiful perfection of human nature, might have been a Termagant. A truly good but very stupid person wrote me that it was an awful thing that in Dean Milman's famous verses our Saviour was six times described as *Son of Mary*, but never once as *Son of God*. I tried to get him to understand

that the fact that a prayer was addressed to Him at all, implied that He was Divine ; and that the obnoxious words conveyed that the present appeal was to His real and sympathetic Brotherhood in poor Humanity. He saw it not. All he knew was that the Mediæval Church had made too much of the Virgin ; and so the Kirk ought to refuse Her any respect whatever. The fights over that line in the Committee had been terrible : curiously, the ministers whose churches were nearly empty being the most Protestant. Those whose churches had been empty when they preached, and crowded when their Curates preached (the Curates being now members of the Committee, and strongly Catholic), were the most Protestant of all. Here was a chance of paying off an old score. I remember the last word. An illiterate and pettifogging member stated that the line in question tended directly to Mariolatry. Whereupon the mild Dr. Robertson of Greyfriars started up, his face flushed with wrath for the *second* time in his life, and exclaimed, ' Only if our congregations consist exclusively of born idiots ! ' The other time was when a faithful old man informed him and others (including myself) that any one who knelt at prayer and stood at praise was a ' perjured person, who had broken his ordination-vows.' It was well known that Robertson did this. But, quite uncowed, the meek man said, firmly, ' That is rank nonsense. Nobody will believe that.' The faithful old man fell back in his chair, and appeared to think the world was coming to an end. For he kept himself surrounded by those who accepted his Personal In-

fallibility. And though I had frequently heard him talk rank nonsense, and frequently heard many men say so, I believe this was the very first occasion on which mortal man had frankly said in his presence that which most sane mortals said in his absence, and that continually.

On Sunday August 14 the Scottish Hymnal was used for the first time at the parish church. This was the first time it was used at all at a Sunday service. I had for some considerable period used it at week-day services, where it was easy to supply the small congregation with copies of the final proof. The first hymn sung was that beginning 'Return, and come to God': a homely hymn, of whose authorship I have been able to learn nothing. But, as a boy in London, I had been struck by it in a hymnal then much used in London churches. The other hymn sung that first day was a much grander one, both in words and in music. It was Bishop Heber's magnificent Trinity hymn, beginning, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.' The music was the beautiful *Niccæa*, of Dr. Dykes. And the evening service ended with 'When our heads are bowed with woe,' to Redhead's touching tune. It suited the sermon.

That summer of 1870 was one of intense and prolonged heat. One consequence was that for several days in September the air was literally full of wretched little flies. They sometimes looked like a fall of black snow.

I would I might relate many things of that interesting season: but it must not be. It was an event when Tulloch's eldest daughter was married to Mr.

Tarver of Eton College on September 1 in the pretty chapel of St. Salvator's College. The law of the Kirk has always been plain that weddings should be in Church. But, singularly, if any minister broke the law of the Kirk in the direction of better ritual, he was hauled up: while if any man broke it in the direction of indecorum and irreverence, nobody meddled. An Edinburgh minister had introduced the absurd and ugly fashion of expounding the psalm with which the service begins before it was sung: that is to say, of beginning the service with a gratuitous sermon. Not a word was said in the Presbytery. But when Dr. Lee tried to move in the direction of decorous propriety, he was speedily attacked. It is singular to remember that Dr. Muir, who said that Lee's innovations were to destroy the Church, and were instigated by the Devil, had been one of the first to have a trained choir. Just yesterday, an Aberdeen Professor told me that in those days he went one Sunday to St. Stephen's with a worthy Highland parson. The Highland parson listened to the choir in horror: and when the service ended his words were, 'If this is to go on, the Church will go down.' But you see there was all the difference between Dr. Muir's own innovations, and the innovations of anybody else. All can remember the familiar definition of Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy. 'Orthodoxy is my doxy: Heterodoxy is anybody else's doxy.' Which things are strange.

A great crowd, so far as a crowd could be in the little place, beheld that wedding. To prevent a dangerous crush, admission was by tickets. A good old lady told me,

next day, that if the admission on such occasions were by tickets, 'the Church would go down.' Story and I performed the service. 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden' was sung as the bride entered: a hymn which had been violently objected to. The service was liturgical: as in the Book of Common Order of the Church Service Society. The Amens were responded, and the Lord's Prayer said by the congregation. Psalm 128 was chanted, and the hymn 'How welcome was the call' sung. This hymn had also been violently objected to. The singing, by an extemporized Choir, was very beautiful. One of the Choir was Canon Duckworth of Westminster. The chapel was prettily decorated with plants and flowers. All these things, and far more, go without saying now. But at that time they startled some. And an attack shortly appeared in an anti-state-church paper on Tulloch, Story, and myself. It contained several falsehoods: but we did not contradict it. Wedding breakfasts still continued: there was a large party in the great room at St. Mary's College which was Tulloch's library. I had the high honour to take in Mrs. Oliphant. And the speeches were extremely happy: quite unusually so. If I named the speakers, this would not appear wonderful. Story was not less than brilliant. Never bride went forth from her father's home with heartier good-wishes. And, so far as it can be in this world, these have been well fulfilled.

As the dear Bishop Wordsworth (who is worthy of anything) claims to be Bishop of St. Andrews; and as I am unquestionably and legally the minister of that famous

city ; it may be permitted to record that on September 7 (my household was abiding in Strathtay, where Tay and Tummel meet), along with Bishop Wordsworth and Bishop Claughton, then of Rochester, I visited Glenalmond College. Never was school in a lovelier situation, and the beautiful buildings are the perfection of school-gothic. Bishop Wordsworth was its first Warden : persuaded thereto by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Hope-Scott of Abbotsford. Mr. Gladstone has said that the best day's work he ever did was when he went to Winchester and persuaded Charles Wordsworth to come to Scotland. It was not a good day's work for Wordsworth himself. The son of the Master of Trinity, the nephew of the Poet, the brother of Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, the private tutor of the coming Prime Minister : it was not a poor Scotch Bishopric with the position of a Nonconformist to which he needed to look. Charles went to Oxford, his two brothers to Cambridge : and after a school-career of almost unexampled brilliancy, the three brothers, in the same week, carried off the most outstanding honours of the two great Universities. The great Duke of Wellington was not a gusher ; but he said that the happiest man in this world that week was the Master of Trinity. In the end, Christopher was Senior Classic : Charles was all he could be at Oxford : and he who stands ever in pathetic remembrance as the brightest of the brothers died. Then Charles was Second Master at Winchester : and he was resting from this when the rush of Gladstone's eloquence swept him to Perthshire, in hopes not to be realised : not in the life of any one now living.

In a year's time, Hope-Scott had joined the Church of Rome : and Gladstone and Wordsworth were alienated by vital political differences. The story of after years will come later. But it was a crisp bright Autumn day as we drove from Perth to Glenalmond : and the College looked its best. We dined in Hall at two : and I explored the Glen through which the river runs with Mrs. Claughton, Lord Dudley's sister. One thing comes back. I went up with the Bishop to the range of studies provided for theological students. These look down upon the wooded den and the gleaming water. The Bishop said, genially, 'Well, could not you study theology here?' I looked back on toiling days in gloomy Glasgow College, and answered enthusiastically. But I went on : 'How many students of theology are there?' The dear man, less frankly than his wont, replied, 'Well, when I was here, we had not many.' Not content (it was very bad, but I belong to the Kirk by law established), I pressed : 'But how many are there now?' Whereupon the inestimable Prelate answered, in a burst of confidence, 'Well, in fact, there are none at all!' We drove away back, through the beautiful harvest fields, blazing in the sinking sun : and after a rest at the Feu House, the two Bishops came with me to the railway. Not to see me off, which would have been quite too much, but to receive him whom they called Roundell Palmer : not yet risen to the woolsack, but as sure of it as such things can be sure. I had to go just the minute before he came : and I had to wait years before I shook hands with him.

On Monday September 19, along with my invaluable elder and heritor Dr. Lindsay, arising at 4.45 A.M., I went to our member's house at Invergarry. It was most singular to remark the succession of outstanding folk, varying daily as they went and came, whom he entertained. Archbishop Thomson of York was there, with his charming wife. Also the Earl of Cadogan and his daughter: Lord Halifax, once Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his wife, son, and daughter: Mr. Arthur Peel, now the Speaker, with his wife: Sir Antonio Panizzi, late Librarian of the British Museum; and various Romillys and Leslie Melvilles. A curious fancy of Mr. Ellice was to keep all the clocks three quarters of an hour too fast. Thus dinner, nominally at 8, was in fact at 7.15: and breakfast, called 9.30, was in truth at 8.45. One had to alter one's watch: there was no other way. The Archbishop struck one as a strong, sensible man: very fine-looking, but not otherwise remarkable. One thought of Waldegrave, Double-First, to whom (by Election) he had been preferred. We have all, in our humble way, to submit to the like: *Fiat Voluntas Tua!* One thing comes back. He was most frank and unpretending, and spoke of a certificate he had lately given to a candidate for a Scotch Chair. I told him we had been amused by the skilful yet courteous way in which he conveyed that he knew nothing earthly about the man's fitness for the place. 'Well,' said he, 'I once gave a certificate to a man of whom I knew less. A man wrote to me, to say he had been with me at Oxford, and asking a certificate to help him to a school. I wrote back that I

could not remember him at all, but that if he would tell me anything which might bring him to remembrance, I should say what I could for him.' I was touched by the modest way in which the Archbishop said, 'I had got on better than he had, and I did not want him to fancy I was putting on airs.' Men gain by that kind of thing. But the Archbishop went on, 'Conceive my surprise when, after a few weeks, I received a great printed pamphlet of certificates, with my letter put at the top of the list: and a letter from my quite-unknown friend saying that my letter had been so kind, that he had just printed it with the others!' But the pusher had succeeded. At the head of his index there stood, 'From His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York': and a good many, without reading the letter which certified that the Archbishop knew nothing about him, would merely say, 'Here is a recommendation from the Archbishop,' or words to that effect. We came away, in a ramshackle phaeton from the inn. Mr. Peel drove the fifteen miles, along Loch Lochy to Spean Bridge. I sat beside him, and heard much interesting talk. I did not know he was to be Speaker. But I knew he was his father's son, and the great Duke's godson. And a dweller in a remote place, quite out of the great world, listened with deep interest to many things he told. He was member for Coventry. And I remember well his saying, that, free trader as he was, it was a grievous thing to see the once-prosperous ribbon-makers ruined by the coming-in of French manufactures. The public was not a bit the better: but Coventry was smashed. He went to canvass the place,

vacant by the death of the senior Edward Ellice. One man said to him, 'You may have my vote, and much good may it do you. But my children and I are starving.' My opinion on such a matter is worth exactly nothing. But I should have kept the tax on French ribbons : the tax which harmed nobody, and made many happy little homes.

We had gone to Invergarry by Inverness, and down the Caledonian Canal. We came back by Spean Bridge and Kingussie. The famous Parallel Roads of Glenroy are visible on the way. Changing horses in Glenlaggan, an English tourist said to an old Highlander, 'You must have stormy weather here in winter.' The answer was, 'Ay, stormy enough, but we don't care for that. What we are afraid of is the white fellow, that comes down from above.' For snow is the fatal thing there, to sheep and shepherds.

A great arch at Invergarry spans the river Garry at a height of (as I remember) some fifty feet. A youth there told me he had once dived from the arch into the river : heroic, but unwise. Being a very brave fellow, he said, 'Well, I was terribly frightened. But what I remember as the most dreadful thing of all was, when I had dived from the bridge and was a few feet down, the awful rush of cold air that came through the arch. One had such a sense of helplessness, and desolation.' One could well believe it.

The Archbishop was busy photographing. His hands were badly stained with his work. And he wore knickerbockers : which fact he begged me to reveal to nobody. I assured him that I should have pleasure in making it

widely known. When we parted, I asked if he was to preach on the Sunday. 'I don't know. I have not been asked. I'll do it if I am asked.' He was much interested in having preached at Iona; conforming to the order of the Kirk. It was to have been in the ruined Cathedral. But he said, 'Sentiment had to yield to convenience: we met in the school house.' I never saw the Archbishop again. But he sent me divers of his books. And I always watched his career with interest. No matter through whose fault, he had his full share of trouble at that elevation. Very ordinary men have sat in Wolsey's chair. But the position is extraordinary.

On September 28 I got from my Edinburgh Elder Mr. Lessels a beautiful drawing of the interior of the parish church, restored. It looks very dignified and impressive. It hangs on the wall in my study, and I look at it daily. There is much to say on this subject, hereafter. That church will be restored in time: but perhaps not in my time. *Si erro, libenter erro.* Is this strong conviction in me like the dear Liddon's prophecy when I took him to our Cathedral, for the first time? 'This church will be rebuilt, stone for stone!' And practical objections were put aside, with the air of a prophet. So may it be! But this is Scotland. And this is a practical age. We should need to be greatly changed. Perhaps we may be: in what Liddon called 'the generation next but one.'

It was a beginning of better things, when our second church, St. Mary's, was re-opened for worship on Sunday October 9. It had been a dismally ugly and shabby

place : but it was made remarkably pretty and church-like. Sir George Reid, the new President of the Scottish Royal Academy, said a word about it which is pleasantly remembered. Step by step it has gone on : till now I think all has been done for it which can be done for a church with galleries. And step by step the worship has been improved, till now it is precisely that of the latest edition of *Euchologion*. The prayers are read. The Amens are responded : and the Lord's Prayer and Creed joined in. The pulpit is used only for the sermon. The Psalms for the Day are chanted. The *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* are sung in the morning, and the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in the evening. The congregation stand up in assent to the ascription which closes the sermon. The Lessons are read from a lectern. The communion-table is as beautifully vested as any you will readily see, South of the Tweed. I confess I liked it not when a good woman who would have interested Thackeray said, 'It's a great set-off to the service, having the Lessons read by a Baronet.' It was not for that, that he was chosen : but because he was an Elder second to none in the Kirk, and one of the best of men and truest of friends. Add to these externals, that I know no church in the land where the congregation is more devout, nor where the worship is more uplifting. I cannot say what a help and comfort St. Mary's has been to me. But all these things had to come gradually, and slowly. People had to be educated. Now, *Deo gratias*, all classes, rich and poor, speak of the furnished service with equal warmth. And there is no.

hardship. Whoever likes it not has the parish church to go to. The service there is mended too : but (I grieve to say it) no one says Amen to the prayers offered. All that was done, on that opening day, was to make a beginning of the better attitudes. You will judge that in those days, in the Kirk, one was thankful for a little thing, when I quote from the record at the time such words as these : 'I am so much interested in the prospect of seeing St. Mary's opened in its improved state, that I tremble to think what it would be to me if I am ever allowed to witness the re-opening of the great parish-church in its glory.' I fancy the reader knows the experience of looking back with pity and sympathy upon one's poor self of departed years. Since that day, I have preached at the opening of many churches so church-like in aspect, and so beautiful, that any Scotch parson who had suggested the like then, would have been deemed fit for Bedlam.

On October 19, I saw dear Dr. Chambers for the last time. He was perfectly clear in mind ; but sadly changed. He was in his bed, and never rose again. One would not have wished to keep him here. And his mind lasted only for a few sentences. When he had begun, years before, to complain of lack of occupation, I had suggested to him his autobiography. 'I couldn't. It would be too sad a story.' All the long years of wealth and success had not delivered him from the chill of what he called 'the dark ages.' But his brother William, once Lord Provost of Edinburgh, wrote the biography of both brothers. It is a

most touching history. It is very strange to think that Robert was excluded, long before, from being Lord Provost, because he was suspected of having written the *Vestiges*. An ecclesiastical bully announced that if Chambers were nominated, he would on some public occasion demand of him whether he was the author. The first principles of literary courtesy were unknown to the bully. And now, the *Vestiges* are orthodoxy itself. It is pathetic how the writer, time after time, declares his belief in a creating God. I know that it has been usual to attack William Chambers as a self-advertising man, like Dickens's *Bounderby*. Likewise to represent that he was offensively arrogant. I can but speak of him as I found him. He had found fault with a little paragraph I had written ; in a volume where he was quite entitled to have some say. And when I, in reverence for his years, and his munificence in restoring St. Giles', replied that I would gladly do much more than alter that to please a man like him, the letter he wrote me (then unseen) was so grateful and kind that it brought the tears to my eyes. I never talked with him but twice, each time alone, each time for a long space, reaching to hours. It was near his end. He died while the documents as to his Baronetcy were making out. He was greatly moved when I told him of my continual intercourse with his brother Robert, and of how that good man was beloved here. Then he begged me, on another day, to go over St. Giles' with him. He walked feebly about, leaning heavily on my arm ; but he would go everywhere. All he desired, he said, was to see the work completed. A

more modest man I have not seen. There was not a vestige of 'I was that boy.' I helped the old man into his carriage. He very solemnly bade me farewell, and blest me. I will remember him kindly while I live.

On Friday October 21 I was at work in my study, when two fishermen, one of them a poor fellow whose son and brother-in-law had been drowned only last Sunday, came in to tell me that a bright cheery lad I knew well had just been drowned ; and to ask me to tell his poor young wife, a few months married. These sad things must be done. It was a sunshiny morning, and she was sitting at her door in the Fishers' quarter, laughing and talking cheerfully with some neighbours. It was awful to think I was carrying the news which would wreck that little home. I had known her well from girlhood : she was little more than a girl then. I am not to recall that day ; things have brightened again in the twenty-one years since it fell upon her : I often meet her going about actively : she has been happily married again. But I do not think I ever meet her, without remembering her stony look upon that awful day.

Had that poor fellow been able to swim a dozen yards, this would not have been. But it is wonderful how few sailors or fishermen can swim at all. I have often talked with them. There is a curious fatalism : 'If it has to be !' There is an unreasonable trust that Providence will help, though you fail to help yourself. I have heard the words, 'God would take care of us.' There is a further reason : 'If anything happens, it is better it should be soon over.'

In many cases, it would only be lengthening the agony. All the same, after a while, I preached a sermon on *Tempting Providence*, in which, among other things, such as not needlessly going near infectious disease, when you can be of no use, I spoke of this simple equipment of those whose work is on the waters. The people listened in startling silence: but I fear that nothing was done. But Flint next day told me, with a smile, that I had been 'tremendously practical.'

There is such a thing as what we call luck. The Presbytery of St. Andrews is the fourth of which I have been a member; and on September 18 I had been ordained nineteen years. Yet on Wednesday October 26 I was Moderator of Presbytery for the very first time. The office comes in rotation, and is held for six months. It brought me an interesting duty. On November 2, three young divines completed their trials, each of them reading (a part of) six discourses, one of them in Latin, before the Presbytery: and it fell to me, speaking for the Presbytery, to admit them to the first step in their orders: to 'license' them. Ordination, with the laying on of hands, comes later. I had prepared a little address to read to my young friends. They are all parish ministers, and have long been so: and they have all done me credit. One was William Tulloch, the Principal's son, who at once became my own assistant, and has ever been my chief friend of the following generation. He has long held a very important Glasgow living, with singular success. I never knew a sweeter-natured nor more lovable man. Ah, older now

than I was when I licensed him. The others were Ewan, who has long been minister of a pretty country parish close to St. Andrews: and Ireland, now of Gartsherrie, in the iron region. Tulloch and Ewan were each M.A. and B.D. The B.D. is given to Masters of Arts on passing a smart examination when they come out of the Divinity College.

Let me very strongly counsel young preachers (and old if they will give heed) not to do work monstrously beyond their strength. I was breaking-down for serious illness, the illness which comes at forty-five (which I was on November 3): but on November 20 I went through a killing Sunday's work. On that morning, at 11, I took the whole service in the parish-church of St. Andrews: giving the prayers absolutely extempore, ever a heavy pull. That afternoon, at 1.45, I took the whole service at St. Mary's: both churches very full. Then, after a cup of tea, without returning home, I drove away to Newport, eleven miles. Across the Tay in the ferry steamer: another cup of tea: and at 6.15 did the entire service at St. David's Church. There was a tremendous crowd, filling the passages, through which I made my way with difficulty. There were 2,000 people in church, I was told: the minister was a specially-popular man. Such a congregation lifts up the weariest: I recall the burst of praise, and the hush at the sermon. Service over 7.45. Drive straight to wharf: again across the Tay: carriage waiting on the other side, and after the eleven miles, home at 10.20. I have several times since then taken an evening service at

Dundee: always to a most up-lifting congregation: but it was after one service only at St. Andrews: and it was not when quite unfit for even one. It is worth while to get home at almost any cost. You do not lose the next forenoon: and you get back to your own belongings. But 'quite worn-out,' was a mild statement of the fact, that inevitable day. For I had got a friend to promise my afternoon service. But, having been asked to dine with the Lord Advocate in Edinburgh on Saturday evening, he wrote me on Friday evening that he 'couldn't come.' I have often thought that I have had friends who can pleasantly do what I could not, at any price. I then asked four quite idle parsons to take my service, but they had too great regard for their important health. I have often been told (and the thing, though paradoxical, is intelligible) that it was much easier for me to preach three times a week, twice on Sunday, once on Wednesday, two of the sermons almost always new and sometimes all three, than for the friend I had relied on for help to preach once in six or twelve months. He had to get up the steam: I had not.

This month I had my only glimpse of James Ballantine, the author of several exquisite Scotch songs. Most people know *Castles in the air*, and *Ilka blade o' grass*. Besides being a poet, of real genius, he was the head of a firm in Edinburgh which has made much of the best stained glass of these days. He came to St. Andrews to arrange about the St. Mary's windows. He was most pleasant: but did not look like a genius, but like an un-

commonly shrewd Scotsman. He was smart, too. At a meeting of some Joint Stock Company in Edinburgh, where he was criticising some daring proposal of the Directors, one of them quoted to him a bit of his own song : 'Have faith, and ye'll win through !' But the reply was instant : 'Have faith, but no in you !'

I went on, growing weaker and worse, for three months, before quite breaking down. I suppose many readers have been told by the Doctor that all this came of overwork and worry, lasting long. The overwork had been excessive. And Sunday services and sermons of our National type, take out of one terribly. As Doctors say, they 'greatly affect the nervous system.' On December 18, 1870, I managed to preach at Edinburgh on an occasion in extreme unfitness for it. But on January 8, 1871, I struggled miserably through a second service, when from pure exhaustion I could hardly speak. That day, far away at Canterbury, my kind friend Dean Alford broke down too : struggled through his sermon in the Cathedral (though he did it 'as well and energetically as usual'), and on the Thursday he died. But on that Thursday a very great Edinburgh Doctor took me with a strong hand, and stopped all engagements for the time. It was the only time in my life, till now, that I had to send a Doctor's certificate to beg off an occasional service. One came to know the meaning of 'faint turns' : and of being so stupefied by weakness that the care of the parish, never absent from one's thoughts, dropt from the relaxing hand. 'You must go to grass for a long time,' were the Doctor's

words: 'go abroad for all the Winter.' But when the great man saw how miserable a thing that would be, he yielded. 'It will do you more harm to be worrying yourself about the parish when you are away, than it would do you good to be away.' And it would be a sorrowful thing for an anxious worn-out mortal to be away from his home and the familiar faces there. So after three Sundays of rest I was allowed to take to work again, undertaking to preach very quietly and to do as little duty as might be for six months. Very clearly one discerns, at such a time, how little a thing would extinguish life: how if one fainted off, there might be no returning. Likewise, how unspeakably thankful one should be if the means are there of providing what the Doctors order. That is, what they order within modest limits. For there are hardworking and fairly-successful men who go through this life never knowing what it is to have a long holiday: I mean such a six months' rest as would mean a real breaking-off, and a true beginning-again with revived strength and heart. But I never forget that not one in fifty of the clergy, either of North or South, have fared as well as I have. And now, drawing towards the sunset, I am very thankful. Very few, indeed, going into any vocation, are allowed to get (as I did) the very place which was their ideal. It goes without saying that I did not find it, in every respect, all I had pictured it. I do not pretend to have fully deserved it. And I remember, vividly, the frank way in which a departed Senior Wrangler conveyed to me his conviction of my unworthiness. He was a gentleman of high degree,

and should have learned to conceal his thoughts. In the Autumn of 1865 I entered a certain country-house where he was. It was my only vision of him. Somebody said to me, in his presence, 'You are leaving Edinburgh.' Whereupon he inquired, 'Where are you going?' I answered, 'To St. Andrews.' He went on, 'What are you to be there?' I told him. On which he said, with frank amazement, 'Bless me, are *you* going there? Why, that's a place for one of the first men in the Church!' Ere I could make reply, a relative took the arm of the absent-minded mathematician, and drew him away. I beheld him no more. Of course I am aware that seats are not unfrequently held by men who cannot be said to fill them. Years after, an echo came to me of the forgotten estimate. An intoxicated parishioner addressed me on a country road, and asked for half-a-crown. I stated that she should have it next day on presenting herself in a state of sobriety. But she flounced away with the parting shot, 'Ah, ye're an unco drap-down frae Principal Haldane!'

I am aware of the tendency to drop into autobiography. It must be sternly repressed. There shall be no more of the writer's personality for a season. I could say an immense deal of what was read and thought in that enforced rest by the Western sea. Also of beginning again on Sunday February 5 with the morning at the parish church; and how that kindest of men Professor Campbell of the Greek chair preached at St. Mary's. But it was a fact in Scottish ritual that in these months of

weakness I began to have the Lessons read for me at that church. The like had not been done in Scotland for ages, save at the beautiful church of St. Monan's, fifteen miles off, where Sir Robert Anstruther had thus helped a failing minister. We had among us a youth who had carried most of the honours of that University ; and who, besides, was as beautiful a reader as I had ever heard. He read for me for all that session : of course reading admirably. The relief was great. Only the two or three inevitable fault-finders found fault. That hopeful youth served for some years in a Forfarshire parish : but, though an excellent preacher, his place was a chair. I am proud to say that for several years past he has held, in great honour and efficiency, the dignified place of Professor of Divinity in the University of Aberdeen. He has grown grave, but he is the same kind and helpful friend as of old. And when, on a day of June 1890, a number of Scottish clergy who had studied here and had read at St. Mary's presented to me an address which was nearly the pleasantest thing that ever came to me ; and besides, a beautiful gift which is worth to me far more than its weight in gold ; the speaker of that day was my old friend Alexander Stewart, now D.D., and risen, through his own merit and nothing else, just as high as he can in our unhierarchical Kirk. And never man made a little speech more gracefully or kindly. It is a high honour to a Scotch parson to be Moderator of the Church, with the Church's general approval. But it touched me far more to be spoken to as I was by those dear youths, some growing gray, whom

I had tried to instruct at St. Andrews through that quarter of a century.

Just to-day, a distinguished Scotch M.P. said to me, in surprise, 'What, do you have the Lessons read in the Kirk? I don't approve it.' I explained to him that we needed that help quite as much as any in the grand Church (just as dear to us) South of the Tweed. Likewise, that I had not expected him to approve it. And as he went on to say that his 'desire was to abolish the Clergy altogether,' I concluded that (though he is a wonderfully-clever man, and has done great work) his opinion on this special subject need not be much regarded.

CHAPTER IX

BOOKS AND MEN

IT appears as though we entered on a somewhat flat period with the lengthening days of 1871. The great event was the coming of Froude, to give a second address as Rector of the University. He staid with us, and his visit had to be brief. He arrived on Thursday March 16. We walked across the Links to the Eden, returning by the seaside. It was a beautiful frosty day: the distant hills white. And from St. Andrews we see first the Sidlaws, bounding Strathmore, among them Shakspeare's Dunsinane (pronounced Dunsinnan); and much farther off, a great sweep of the grander Grampian range. In the evening many came to dine with him: among the men were Tulloch and Shairp, Skelton and Baynes. Next day Froude gave his address. But the day was a sorrowful one here. Professor M'Gill, the great Oriental scholar, died last night, and dear old Dr. Chambers this morning. We walked about the Cathedral in the forenoon: the address was at 2: as usual then in the University library. A great crowd. The address lasted an hour and three quarters. It was the well-known treatise on *Calvinism*, which has been published in several forms. After it, tea

at Tulloch's. Then a walk up the St. Nicholas Brae, two miles, to see the fine view of the City from that point. Coming back, we saw how easily a serious accident may come. A nice-looking girl was walking towards St. Andrews, when a youth, driving in a cart, asked her to go with him. She had barely got into the cart, when the horse started off in a wild fright: she was thrown out and broke her arm. It was all done in two minutes. I hear the poor young creature yet, saying, 'Oh, I ought just to have walked!' Dinner was quiet: only Campbell: but at 9.30 a little gathering in Shairp's. And next morning Froude had to go. He said he had greatly enjoyed his visit. But Tulloch told me, when Froude went, that a cloud had fallen darkly upon himself: as had to be. He could not for his life have come to dine quietly with Froude, that last evening. 'You'll not understand it: it was a horror of darkness!' Yet even the next morning, the cloud had lifted for the time. It was an early forenoon train by which the Rector went: Shairp and I walked down with him. We found Tulloch and Skelton at the station, and they went with him to Edinburgh. No one would have guessed, from Tulloch's manner, that there was anything amiss. But he had to dree his weird.

In May of that year *The Coming Race* was published. Mr. Blackwood sent a copy, which I read. I make no pretence to discernment in such matters: but before I finished the book I said to myself that Lord Lytton was surely trying another anonymous departure. The book was very unlike the Caxtons, doubtless.

Thursday June 15 was our Summer Fastday. The preachers were Dr. Watson of Dundee, and Dr. Young of Monifieth. I have already spoken of Dr. Watson. Dr. Young is one of our most cultured clergy. He possesses a scientific knowledge of music, and was very helpful in the selection of tunes for the Hymnal. Bishop Wordsworth was still resident at Perth. But he was, happily, in St. Andrews for the day, and he came to dine with my preachers. So did Professor Jackson, a grand old Divinity Professor, who had left this University for a Glasgow chair, but whose heart was constant to St. Andrews, and who spent the long vacation here. I shall have much to say of him. But here it may be recorded that he was ordained upon his theological chair, never having held a parochial charge. He never would preach. But he had, in his turn, to preside at the induction of the minister of a country parish: and on that occasion preached his first and last sermon as a clergyman in full orders. Tulloch sometimes remarked the somewhat ominous text of that day. It was the famous 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God.' But the dear old Professor would no doubt hold that to train the rising clergy was far more than to have direct charge of any parish. Country folk are fond of speaking of the theological Professors as 'the men that make the ministers.' Sometimes such are anything but masters of the art they presumably teach. It is well remembered in St. Andrews how a good old woman who had listened to a dreary sermon in the parish church,

inquired who was the preacher? 'Oh, that's ane o' the men that mak' the ministers.' 'Deed,' said the aged Christian, 'he maun be a good man! There's no ane o' his students that he does-na mak' to preach far better than he does himsel'!' And the judgment was severely true. My curate of those days, ever my very dear friend, William Tulloch, dined on that occasion too. His father was absent. I remember well the youth's delight at Bishop Wordsworth's talk of great men in the Universities and the Church of England, very many of whom he knew closely: likewise how frank and kindly was the intercourse between Prelate and Presbyters. But we have all had abundant reason, since then, to know what cordial relations may exist between those outwardly separated by 'our unhappy divisions.'

That summer was one of much incident to this household: some of it very trying: but such things are forbidden here. Only it may be said that on Sunday August 13 I 'introduced' William Tulloch to his own congregation: he having been appointed to a beautiful old church at Greenock. It is a Scottish fashion that when a minister enters on a new charge, some special friend should preach at morning service, and say many good things of him. All that was said on that day has been justified by the faithful work of twenty years. We were living away in Perthshire, near Dunkeld: and it was a far cry to Greenock. Here let me strongly counsel all preachers who will hear, not to ruin their yearly weeks of rest by going home for each Sunday's duty. Be the holiday short as it generally must

be : but abide in the wilderness through all the precious days. The writer speaks from sorrowful experience. For many years, through the six weeks in Autumn, he made a long journey each Saturday to his parish, under the illusion that he could not be done without : and a long journey back on Monday. The Sundays were always uplifting in the highest degree : which implies extremely-exhausting. Having done this for seven successive Sundays, he found himself at the end of the holiday-time a good deal more weary than at the beginning. There are parishes, indeed, where it is desirable that the incumbent should be 'at home' (so we call it) on Sundays in Summer and Autumn. But it can be arranged that there be three or four weeks of entire cessation of toil, without undue absence. I mean absence which reasonable people will complain of. Unreasonable people, we all know, will complain of anything. You will mind their complaints the less, if you have not broken yourself down in nerve by extravagant over-work ; as many of us have tended to do. And the duty of adequate resting from work, is a cardinal duty. I am aware that readers who know the facts may possibly smile at these judicious sentences. When the saintly and charming Bishop Harold Browne of Winchester was here for two days some years since, he alluded to something I had said to this effect : and then in a fatherly way made inquiry as to how I managed my own duty. On being told, he said, reproachfully, 'Well, you can't say you are yourself, the great sublime you draw !' And he added, 'You'll repent it.' At this point, one of my boys, a Cambridge graduate,

reading for the Anglican Church, appeared: and stated, somewhat sadly, that he was working very hard in getting up for his examination the good Bishop's work on the Thirty-Nine Articles: part of it, of course: and that he found it very tough. The Bishop replied, sympathetically, 'Yes, a good many candidates for orders have been plucked on that book.' Whereat the youth trembled. But let it be recorded that when the day of trial came, he passed very creditably.

An interesting visitor to St. Andrews this season was Lady Belhaven. Her husband had been for many years High-Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Kirk. Lady Belhaven was old: but she had been a beauty in her youth; and was very striking in appearance: extremely frank and kind. She had seen a great number of remarkable people, and could tell much of interest about them. One season, her sister Lady Ruthven was with her for several weeks. Lord Ruthven had long predeceased her: but she had during her life the charming Winton Castle, near Pencaitland. She was an extraordinarily-clever old lady: sharp as a needle. She lived to a great age, and in the last days was very dull of hearing. In Pencaitland Church, of which she was patroness, she sat on a chair placed close to the pulpit, and listened in a spirit which tended to be critical. Then she would express her opinion of what she had heard in what she regarded as a whisper, but what was in fact very audible all over a large room. It was remembered how the dear old lady was staying at Holyrood during an Assembly. One evening a

distinguished Chief Justice was of the party. The conversation turned on church-going. In a sudden and audible pause, Lady Ruthven, in a voice of thunder, said, 'And where do you go to church, my lord?' There was an awful feeling in that drawing-room: for everybody knew that the Chief Justice, though an Elder of the Kirk, did in fact never go to church at all save when he had to attend officially. But the Judge's presence of mind was great. 'Do you know, Lady Ruthven, I am the very oldest seat-holder in St. Kentigern's Church?' That was not quite the name of the sacred edifice: but it must suffice here. Lady Ruthven was quite content: understanding the statement as most Scotch folk would. And the Judge, who had not seen the interior of St. Kentigern's for thirty years, passed readily to other topics of conversation. She was a masterful woman, too. It is quite thirty years since I was in the drawing-room at Winton Castle on the evening of a Fastday. Happily, my sermon had been approved. Suddenly, the old lady sat down in an easy chair by the fire: signed to me to sit close to her: and then, in a loud voice, uttered the words, 'Now, talk!' Under the circumstances, it was not very easy.

On St. Michael's day a pathetic event befel. Mr. Smeaton, a man of quite extraordinary energy, had for many years a great boarding-school at Abbey Park. I have known him have 98 boys. They attended St. Mary's Church, and formed an interesting part of the congregation. The annual examination, and prize-giving, formed an event in our year. But the time came when the doctor

said that Mr. Smeaton must rest : and he arranged to hand over the school to another. He had made a fortune, and could quite afford to retire. All Thursday, September 28, he had spent on going over final arrangements : he was very busy till late. At length he said to his wife that everything was done ; and that after a life of hard work he would now have some rest. He was but sixty years old. But early the next morning he was struck down by paralysis or apoplexy, and gradually passed into unconsciousness. I hastened to Abbey Park, but it was forbidden that any one should see him. Through the day he sank, and at six in the evening of that first day of rest he died. It seemed strange, and sad, that after a life of constant work and anxiety, a quiet evening was not permitted here.

Among the crowd of Autumn visitors to St. Andrews in 1871, was Mr. Thomas Hughes ; universally known and beloved as Tom Brown. We were all greatly charmed with him. It is not always that an author proves to be what one had expected : but Mr. Hughes was exactly the man who should have written of the famous *School-Days*. He had a love for the sea : and having to go to London once during his stay, he sailed from Dundee to London, and enjoyed it. It is pathetic how in a place like this, one sees a good deal of pleasant people for several weeks, and then they pass out of sight, and one never sees them more. On October 9 Mr. Hughes and his wife came to dinner : Tulloch and Mrs. Tulloch came : and one or two more. We listened with delight to the talk of the manly

and cheerful writer, and thought how pleasant it would be to listen to him continually. But as it drew towards eleven o'clock we shook hands and parted : just twenty years ago. I have watched his progress, in Parliament and out of it ; as very many have. But we have never met again.

On Wednesday November 1 Shairp, now Principal of St. Salvator's College, gave his opening address. The students were very uproarious, and he certainly failed to manage them. The day before was Halloween, All-Hallows-Eve, much observed in Scotland, as readers of Burns remember. It is singular that the Vigil is remembered, and the Feast absolutely forgotten. Not many in the Kirk know that November 1 is All Saints' Day. On Thursday November 2 the new Professor of Latin, Dr. Roberts, gave his introductory lecture. It was admirably hearty and energetic, and quite held attention. Professor Roberts is well known by several useful works, and was a member of the New Testament Revision Committee. Not that I name that to any man's credit, unless I were assured he was always in the minority, as was Bishop Wordsworth. Near the Shortest Day, came Helps' *Thoughts upon Government*. Like the Life of Mr. Brassey, it bore to be by Arthur Helps : not by the Author of *Friends in Council*. I am looking now at the large, clear handwriting : one knows what Helps meant by 'his kindest regards.' I think that, on the whole, he was the wisest, best, and sweetest-natured man I have ever known. But he never

could come to St. Andrews. His visits to Scotland were hasty runs to Balmoral. 'We are always in such a terrible hurry when we have to go there.' Like many others, he found these journeys very oppressive. The portrait of Sir Arthur Helps, a fine etching, given me by his son, looks down upon this table where I write. The beautiful face is accurately given : but painting, as Thomas Campbell says, 'steals but a glance of time' : and the rapid changes of expression, the bright smile, the humorous look which in a moment overspread a countenance commonly sad, are not there. And the rigidity of one aspect, never-changing year after year, is singularly unlike the remembrance, always warmly cherished, in those who knew and loved the man. Helps took criticism with entire equanimity. One day, sitting with him in his room in Downing Street, I had glanced at a paper while he was signing some documents. 'Ah,' said he, 'you see that paper says I am little better than an idiot. But when I read it, I thought to myself, I can't be an idiot, for A., B., C., and D., like my books. And so I don't much mind.' Curiously, he would not be photographed. And he wore a beard, he said, because he did not choose that people should know what he was thinking and feeling. When he came to know anything that tended to cheer a friend, he hastened to make it known to the friend. A letter from him was always far more than welcome : for this among many other reasons. His books have ever had a singular charm to many readers. And when one came to know the writer well, one found him better than his books. It is running a risk, to make the

personal acquaintance of an author or a preacher who has helped and cheered.

It was during this winter that a stately gentleman, long since passed away, and not to be identified, came into my study one morning and offered me a sum of money for the poor. He said that he had been winning a great deal at cards, and had a feeling that evil would come to him unless he dedicated some part of his winnings to charity. Some weeks after he came to me again, and expressed his mortification at the entire failure of his plan for conciliating that which men call Chance. Ever since he had given that money to the poor, he had steadily lost whenever he played. He did not, however, ask the money back. And indeed it had long before been distributed to needy folk. It certainly had done good to them.

'The old year and new year met,' 'blowing and roaring': as the Laureate has sung. 1871 went out and 1872 came in, in storm. As one felt the house, which stands on a cliff above the sea, vibrate sensibly, it did not seem strange that many fisher folk have told me that they would not spend a night in the Bell Rock Lighthouse, which stands on the Inch Cape Rock fourteen miles out at sea, for any earthly bribe. At high water, the lofty tower seems to rise from the deep sea. And they say it rocks quite perceptibly. They are a hardy race, the fisher people, men and women: it is a heavy and anxious life they live. Robert Chambers was greatly touched when I told him how once, walking along the cliff behind two fisher-women who had walked the two miles from the Eden, each carry-

ing a huge weight of mussels for bait which you would have said no man could have carried for a hundred yards, I heard one say mournfully to the other, 'We might just as well be slaves.' The tears came to one's eyes, at the quiet resigned voice. But one could not but try, lamely, to say a word of cheer.

I cannot but record how in the early morning of Thursday, January 4, 1872, my brother Walter died. He was the very last one would have expected to go at thirty-nine. For sixteen years he had been minister of the beautiful parish of Skelmorlie, on the Firth of Clyde. He had done much to improve the service in his pretty church : which was one of the first to have an organ. He had to bear his full share of the abuse which at that time followed the 'Innovators.' A hundred miles from Skelmorlie, being in a railway carriage, a familiar name fell on my ear. I looked : and two old women, with most rancorous faces, went on in spiteful tones about the doings in my Brother's church : telling stories every one of which was absolutely false. Charity thinketh no evil : but these old persons plainly could think no good of a man who had an organ. 'They call it Boyd's Theatre,' one summed up. I did not contradict them. It would have done no good. Even after all these years, an amount of acerbity is shown by good ladies which is difficult to believe. I cannot but anticipate a little, to the end of giving an example. In November 1890 I contributed a paper to *Blackwood's Magazine*, on *The New Liturgics of the Scottish Kirk*. It was an historical view of the changes which have come, in

the matter of public prayer. It was studiously conciliatory. And I found, with satisfaction, that it gave no offence save to one Christian woman. I do not give her name or address. But I give her letter.

‘ 4th Nov. 1890.

‘ Rev. A. K. H. BOYD, D.D.,

‘ Sir,—Having read an article, purporting to be written by you in *Blackwood* for November, I feel justified in stating to you the impression it has left upon my mind, and will doubtless leave on the minds of all the intelligent, truth-loving portion of the Public who may peruse said article : viz., that, alas ! you are a Liar, a Blasphemer, and a Perjurer. You lie, in stating that “ liturgical prayer was the way of the Kirk in her best days, and that Knox never dreamt of a Church without a Prayer Book ” : you are a blasphemer, in your utter ignoring of God, the Holy Spirit, as a Spirit of grace and supplication, who alone can help our infirmities, and teach us how to pray : and in speaking of the people as “ helplessly in the hands of the officiating minister for their prayers.” And you are a perjurer, because, as you well know, you have broken your solemn Ordination Vows.

‘ As a Presbyterian and an attached member of the true Church of Scotland, the Church of Knox, I demand an answer if possible for you to give one. If I receive no answer, I shall publish my letter in the newspapers and give my reason for doing so. I am, yrs. obdtly.’

I did not feel that I was equal to answering my cor-

respondent's letter. And I know not in what newspapers it may have appeared. But I venture to think that the sincere soul who wrote to me did adopt an unduly austere style in addressing a stranger who had honestly and temperately set forth his views in a periodical of the highest possible respectability.

I pass away from a very sorrowful time, which brought out great kindness in all quarters. Dr. Story preached the funeral sermon in Skelmorlie church. His text befitted the occasion : ' What I do thou knowest not now : but thou shalt know hereafter.'

On Tuesday February 13, 1872 (Shrove Tuesday), I heard Norman Macleod give an address for the last time. He was not sixty : but he was sadly bent and aged : and his face was worn, and (as Shairp said was the word) flaccid. At that time, besides his immense parochial charge, he had been persuaded to be head of the Committee which manages the Foreign Missions of the Church. In that capacity, he had visited India, attended by Dr. Watson. It was far too much for him. He had come to St. Andrews to persuade, if possible, some bright students to follow the example of Alexander Duff, and give their lives to the Heathen world. He gave an address in the chapel of St. Salvator's College, which was crowded with students. It is small, holding fewer than 300. It was a wonderfully touching and beautiful address : none who heard it will forget it. I sat close to Macleod, on his right hand : and it was very pathetic to see the great orator, sadly failed and broken : yet giving his last strength

to a cause to which he had given his heart in a singular way.

It was not easy to impress me that day ; and I heard Macleod at a disadvantage. For I had been jarred and vexed, shortly before the meeting, by an instance of the kind of criticism to which we were subjected who had prepared the Scottish Hymnal. I will not indicate where the gathering was, at which I suddenly heard an eminent man in the Kirk vehemently abusing the Hymnal to a circle of seeming sympathisers. He ended by uttering what I esteemed as a clap-trap : ' Ah, King David was a greater man than the Hymn Committee ! ' I at once presented myself before him and said ' Granted. We all know that. But we are not proposing to supplant King David : only to supplement him. And it would be better if a man of your standing, instead of vague condemnation of our work, would point out what you think wrong in it : then we should try to mend it. ' The eminent man looked a little confused. I fancy he had not observed that one who has unworthily presided over the Committee for twenty-five years was within earshot. So he said, ' Mr. A., of B., who has helped you a great deal, has as much poetry in him as a dry stick. ' I said, ' Mr. A. has immense industry and accuracy. But I will not be turned aside to that. Tell me something wrong about the Hymnal. ' He said, ' Why did you not put in *When gathering clouds?* ' I answered, ' It is in. ' With much readiness he rejoined, ' Oh, nobody knows what is in the Hymnal and what is not : you have had it in so many shapes. ' And, indeed, to meet

the views of the Assembly, it had been altered three times. But the answer was too ready. 'You know perfectly that the only thing entitled to be called the Scottish Hymnal is the edition sanctioned by the General Assembly. It is that you are condemning. But I don't need to make any point of that. *When gathering clouds* has been *in every edition ever printed.*' Upon this the eminent man shrugged his shoulders and moved away.

This was criticism. General abuse: clap-trap about King David's superiority to us: then, being brought to book, not even one objection to make. For the man, though eminent, knew nothing of Hymnology. I had therefore not asked him to join the Committee. And it was enough for him that the work had been done without troubling him. I am able to add that he did not speak more favourably of the book after that day. Possibly it was not to be expected. And I could say more, touching the Hymnal and himself. For the present, I shall not do so.

But all this vexatious atmosphere was dispelled when Macleod began his address. It was quieter than aforesaid. And there was a tone of despondency, not like the buoyant Celt of departed days. But his eloquence was wonderful. He said to the students that if some of them would go to India, he would dare the Church (he liked the word *dare*) not to find the money. But he went on: 'If May comes, and the men are not there, and the money is not there, then some of us will be glad to find a grave.' Those were the last words. He sat down: and there was a dead hush for a minute or two: there were tears in unused

eyes. That feeling in him was absolutely real. But he passed, with a strange rapidity, from grave to gay. It seemed to us who listened as if Norman's heart were broken ; as if he could never lift up his head any more. Then we went out to the vestry : and in five minutes he was exclaiming, in cheerful tones, 'Tulloch, I want you to come down to-night to Shairp's : I have got some magnificent weeds.' It did not jar one at all. One was thankful that he had picked himself up : and so doing had picked up all the rest of us. But for the cheery sentence one would not have liked to speak to him. He was very near the end. On Thursday May 30 he made his last speech in the General Assembly, which by common consent of those who heard it was his greatest. But his exhaustion was painful to witness. 'He'll not get through it,' was the exclamation of one of the chief lay Elders. Yet that evening I dined with him at Holyrood : he sat next 'Her Grace,' and seemed buoyant. But there was inward harm ; and he went on Sunday June 16. On Thursday June 20,—that day three weeks he had made his great speech of near two hours to a breathless multitude,—he was laid to rest in the churchyard of Campsie, where his Father had been minister ; amid such marks of public mourning as had not been seen in Scotland for many a year.

I have no personal reasons to think too highly of Macleod. For I was much his junior : and though we always got on well when we met, I never was one of the circle of his intimate friends. And I certainly was never under any obligation to him. I had very special friends

who discerned in him what they esteemed as faults. One could not think of anything but what was delightful, when under the glamour of his presence. I wish his clan had been larger: including (let us say) the entire human race. But I have said of him, times innumerable, he was both a great and a good man. He held one of the largest livings of the Kirk. Various honours had come to him, with universal approval: honours which are worth a great deal less than nothing unless they come with universal approval. For there are Pushers who fail to see how infinitely more respectable it is that people should wonder why you have not got some petty decoration, than that they should wonder why you have. There are Pushers who think, with King George II., that any mortal in Britain is fit to hold any place he can grab. But nothing that ever came to Norman Macleod was other than a miserably-insufficient recognition of such a man. There have been men in whose case one said *God knows how they got there*: meaning that nobody else does. No doubt Macleod was not like Archbishop Whately, with whom you stood at a great disadvantage if you were one of his kin. But that is more than can be expected of a Highlander. Some of them may really have been 'noble fellows,' and may have been 'doing magnificently.' But most of us really could not say these things about our very near relations.

On February 23 was the yearly Kate Kennedy procession. It reached our door at 1.30. Kate was in a carriage and four, and looked remarkably well. She was

attended by the usual company of Red Indians, Devils, Fishwives and the like. She came into our house, and was received with all honour. The crowd remained outside : kindly as I have ever found the St. Andrews students. We bought many copies of Kate's Annual and 'Cartoon.' It is to be admitted that some of the Professors were freely handled in the Annual, and put in ridiculous positions in the Cartoon. But the most brilliant scholar of the day, having examined these productions, a collection of them for several years, thought that a man's skin must be too thin for this life if he took offence at them. I never could see the smallest harm in Kate Kennedy's Day. The youths liked it : and it was a pure delight to all the children of the place. But of course when the Professors ordered the Function to cease, under the severest penalties, it became the duty of all right-minded people to advise the students to submit. And there were regrettable circumstances, it is to be confessed : not by any means all upon one side.

On Tuesday February 27 we had the Thanksgiving Service for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. It was at the same hour with the great service at St. Paul's in London. It was held in St. Salvator's College Chapel, which was all but quite full. The Magistrates were there officially : and the Professors. It was a pleasant service : of course we had all the 'Innovations' then attained. The Te Deum was sung, 'with intention of thanksgiving.' There was an Anthem : and we sang the same hymn as at St. Paul's, to the same tune. The Prayers were said by

Mr. Rodger, minister of St. Leonard's Parish : among them was the Prayer prepared by the Archbishop for the occasion. The sermon took twelve minutes exactly. One grudges writing a careful discourse, which never can be preached but once. But it has sometimes to be done. And this one was published in due time, along with many others.

On a day in March, the dear and good Dean Ramsay gave me the Twentieth Edition of his *Scottish Life and Character* : a large and handsome book. I had got from him three earlier editions : the book steadily grew. I hear the pleasant voice of the sad-looking old gentleman, now very near the end, say, ' You know I'm not conceited ; but I am pleased.' He gave likewise a Sonnet on the occasion, by the energetic Professor Blackie. It begins :

The Twentieth Edition ! I have looked
Long for my Second : but it not appears.

The good Dean repeatedly spoke with feeling of the fashion in which some good folk condemned the publication of such a book by an aged clergyman. But I think most intelligent folk have learned to regard it now as a serious contribution to the exposition of Scottish character. Still, I remember vividly how a saintly man, who never laughed at any jokes but his own (which were inconceivably bad), once said to me, ' It is painfully humiliating to think that our old friend Dean Ramsay should spend his last days in bringing out a new Joe Miller !'

CHAPTER X

DEAN STANLEY : AND OTHERS

THE great event of the early Autumn of this year was Dean Stanley's coming to preach at the parish church. The Dean's relations with the Kirk, and with some of her ministers, had long been kindly. He had preached in the University Chapel at Glasgow : but now for the first time he ministered in a parish church on a common Sunday. We were abiding in Strathbraan, above Dunkeld ; but as usual I was coming to St. Andrews for the Sundays. The Sunday of the Dean's appearing was August 25. Along with Lady Augusta, he arrived on the evening of Saturday ; and speedily hastened to the church to try the pulpit. A typical little St. Andrews party dined at our house that Saturday evening, to meet our distinguished guests. There were Tulloch and his Wife : Campbell and his Wife : Sir Alexander Kinloch, the invaluable Elder who so long read the Lessons at St. Mary's, and his Wife, the sister of our County Member Sir Robert Anstruther : and some others. Stanley talked eagerly ; and all were delighted to listen. He listened with extreme interest to Sir Alexander's graphic description of Macleod's last great speech. How charming was Stanley's wife is known to

very many. Her sharpness and tact were as her amiability. She was at home in Fife : a daughter of the Elgin family, sister of the Indian Governor-General ; and of the direct line of Robert the Bruce. I was struck by the rapid way in which, in the process of walking downstairs to the dining-room, she learnt something of every one present who was yet a stranger to her. About ten o'clock, the representatives of the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald* appeared : and Stanley promised to let them have his sermon next day as soon as he had preached it. They were clever youths : but they knew not what they were to receive. At a later time, when they had seen the great man's handwriting, their countenances fell.

One was always in fear whether the Dean would be equal to any duty he had undertaken. He was to have preached at our church the Sunday before, but had been taken ill. And it was alarming when his wife appeared next morning to say he had a sore throat, and must breakfast in bed. It was now that my wife asked one of our maidservants if she minded about taking in the Dean's breakfast to him. The answer was, 'Oh no : poor creature.' We are an unhierarchical race. Then he was well toasted before a bright fire ; and came down looking buoyant. With wry faces he swallowed a raw egg, beat up by his wife's deft hands. Finally, we reached the church before the ancient bells began to ring : morning service here is at eleven, as is usual. An immense crowd had already gathered : seats and passages were filled : there were 3,000 souls in church. The Dean wore our

preaching dress ; the black gown, and bands. Also the red ribbon of the Bath, and the order. As he sat in his robes before a great fire in the vestry, like one to whom warmth was life, waiting the beginning of service, it was strange to see the beautiful face, with its delicate features, usually so mobile, fixed in unwonted seriousness. The record of the time says 'he looked beautiful.' It was not now, but on another occasion, that as the modest procession moved along through the church, an old woman, with a huge umbrella in her hand, joined herself to it, and followed the Dean closely, with loudly-tramping feet. Solemnity was destroyed, but the Dean was delighted. 'Couldn't have happened except in Scotland,' he said. I took the service : and we gave the Dean some characteristic Scottish church-music. We had no instrument then : but it was not missed, as that great congregation, in thunderous tones, sang the Hundredth Psalm, and *O God of Bethel*. Stanley did not forget the latter : and years after, when a good many Scotch friends went with him to a grand evening service in the Nave of Westminster, amid the magnificent choral worship, rendered by a tripled choir, it came in, touching beyond words, and it thrilled the Scotch hearts through. When the Dean entered the pulpit, amid an audible hush, he read *Lord of all power and might*, which he called *Jenny Geddes' Collect*. For it was this which provoked that heroic woman to cast her stool at the Dean of Edinburgh's head : she intelligently regarding the beautiful words as no better than the Mass. The words are historical : 'The Deil colic thee in thy

wame! Dost thou say the Mass at my lug?' I do not know whether he kept it up: but Stanley said then that he never would preach in the Kirk without saying that Collect. The sermon is well known. Its eloquence was really magnificent. It was an hour and a quarter: and though the voice was monotonous, being driven hard throughout, the Dean made himself heard in every corner. The corners are many: the church is 163 feet in internal length: one-third of the congregation is seated behind the preacher: but breathless attention never flagged. At the Ascription, the multitude arose. A little collect said: *Jerusalem the Golden* sung: and the Dean said the Blessing in a very loud voice. Service was over at one o'clock precisely: half an hour longer than usual. It comes back, vividly, how the dear and great man took out his enormous mass of manuscript, a perfect volume. He had not such a thing as a sermon-case. But seeing one of mine lying on the vestry-table, without a word he eagerly seized it up, and put in his sermon, and solemnly held it in both hands. Every great man who has ministered in the Church of Scotland since the days of Knox, has preached from the pulpit of that church. But among them all, never greater nor more lovable man than Stanley.

After service, a number of the Elders presented themselves and asked him to publish his sermon: which he promised to do. Walking home, he said he had preached to more people than ever in Westminster Abbey: where the Choir and Transepts hold 2,200, and the Nave only 1,800. Of course, these are vast numbers in a church

unprofaned by galleries. He did not seem very tired : and having had some food, he went to his room to lie down. A little sleep quite revived that eager spirit : and at 3.30 when Tulloch came to have a walk among the ruins, Stanley was effervescent with animation. But nothing in this world is quite perfect. It was a gloomy rainy day, with a bitter East wind. Spite of all, we went out, as far as the Kirkheugh, and the ruined St. Mary-of-the-Rock. The waves were breaking in thunder below : but even Stanley said we must go no farther.

In the evening, we went to our lesser church, St Mary's. It was densely packed, possibly on some hope the Dean might preach again. But all he did was to say the Blessing. And Lady Augusta quite turned the heads of those who had care of the music at that time, by saying it was 'as good as Westminster Abbey.' It really was good, and hearty. But Lady Augusta would always say a kind word. William Tulloch read the Prayers and Lessons. The sermon was preached by the person whose duty it was to do so. And if all critics should estimate his preaching as did the too-kind Dean and his Wife, that preacher would be extremely popular. Both remarked the higher pressure at which Scotch preaching is done : a national characteristic.

Bright as ever, at dinner after evening church, was the unflagging Dean. Only eight : but among them Tulloch and his son. The happy Dean slept beautifully after that long day ; and next morning was down early. It became a bright day, and we drove out to Magus Muir.

I had given Stanley Lyon's History of St. Andrews, two considerable volumes; and he eagerly read it all the way out and in. With immense vivacity, he recalled all the incidents of the murder of poor Archbishop Sharp: you saw that his genius was mainly that of a most picturesque Church historian. When we came back, we met Campbell and Jowett at our door: Jowett not yet Master of Balliol: he had arrived that day. They came in, and had much bright talk. Lady Augusta had to go that evening to her relations at Dunnikier: and she anxiously commended her husband to my wife's care, with many directions as to what he was to eat. We dined, a little party, at Professor Campbell's, where Jowett was. And I saw the Dean safely to his rest at night. The chronicle of the time bears the words, 'That great, lovable, and brave man is inexpressibly helpless.' I can but say, in palliation of the judgment, that I have heard just the same thing said by the very highest possible authority. And assuredly it implied no lack of either admiration or affection. The next morning, in lovely sunshiny weather, the Dean departed to rejoin her who was indeed his good angel. I gave him in strict charge, at the railway, to one who thought it a high honour to be so intrusted.

Wonderful as was Dean Stanley's flow of discursive talk when a good many were by, I am not sure but that quite alone he was even more charming. On that Monday evening, after his wife went, he proposed a walk. He would not have been allowed to take one so long, had she been there. For we walked out across the Links to the

Eden, two miles, and then back by the beach, quite two more. We took an hour and a half to the four miles. He did not walk quickly : no mortal could have had breath to do so, talking so eagerly : but he was not in the least exhausted. I remember, clearly, this day, what he said in that quiet walk, with him only : also what he said that evening in my study, before he went to rest. The brilliancy, the intense feeling, the frank outspokenness, the delightful setting out of his own history and character : who could ever forget ? But these things are to be recalled : not repeated. One thing stands out : but it must have come at a later time. I had asked him when the volume was to appear which should bring down his lectures on the Jewish Church to the time of our Saviour. Many of us were anxious to see how that subject was to be treated. Not that we had any doubt as to the substantial orthodoxy of his view : for the word *Divine* (which he pronounced with a strong accent on the first syllable, Divine) was constantly on his lips, speaking of our Blessed Redeemer. He said, with great fervour, ' If I can manage it, the volume shall be published between the day on which I die, and the day on which I am buried.' I did not ask what exactly he meant. But of course it was incredible that a man like Stanley should wish to go out of this world, leaving behind him a shell to explode after he was gone. He came to St. Andrews many times after this : and the events of these days will be duly recorded. But on that Tuesday morning he departed ; his last words, as he sat in the railway carriage, being, ' Well, travelling about brings a good deal of bodily fatigue : but

how it refreshes the mind !' So he departed from present sight ; and we who had taken care of him went away back the weary journey to our rest in the wilds of Perthshire.

On an evening in September, Tulloch's large study was converted into an adequate little theatre : and *The Critic* was performed. The burden fell upon Mr. Tarver of Eton College, the son-in-law. He acted splendidly : one or two others very well : and most of the residuum tolerably. Two days after, I completed seven years here. The record of the time says ' Something of the idealised charm of St. Andrews is gone ' : and reflections follow which cannot have place here. There was a good deal of worry, in those days, about the working of the parish. But that worry was to pass ere long. And the charm was to come back, and to remain.

On Sunday September 22, Henry de Bunsen, Rector of Donington in Shropshire, son of the Ambassador, preached at the parish church in the morning and at St. Mary's in the evening. He preached in a most interesting manner, and with Scotch vivacity and energy. The criticism of many of the congregation was that ' you would not have known he was not a Scotch minister.'

Christmas-Day in 1872 was remarkable as the very first on which I had ventured to have service. The thin end of the wedge was got in through this, that we were having service every Wednesday afternoon : and Christmas fell on Wednesday. Of course, it is breaking the law of the Kirk to keep the Christian Year : but as the law of the Kirk is continually broken where it is right, I did not

mind running the risk of breaking it where it is wrong, and flatly in the face of human nature. Doubtless, the temper of the Church Courts was such that you were quite safe in breaking a right law : as that Baptism should always be administered in church, and marriages celebrated there. But you ran some risk if you gave the Holy Communion to a dying communicant : or if, in a country where the Queen's Birthday is carefully kept, you kept the Birthday of the Saviour. We all know the cheap scholarship about its not being the day. Neither is the State Birthday kept upon the right day. But the General Assembly has advanced with the time. And though, a good many years ago, an attempt was made there to stop the observance of Church Festivals, the attempt was met in such fashion that it has never been repeated. By a narrow numerical majority, we were forbidden to keep Christmas, Good Friday, Easter Day, Whitsunday, and Ascension Day. But the whole head and heart of the Kirk were in the minority. And we have quite openly gone on keeping these Days, without let or hindrance. I remember how delighted the saintly Dean Church of St. Paul's was when I told him this. ' So you only keep your laws when you think them right. Would it were so here ! ' And he added praise of the wise tolerance of ' the Assembly : yielding in such a matter to the growing sentiment. For a few years, it was intimated in church that ' Divine Service would be held on December 25, held by many to be the Day of Our Lord's Nativity.' But for a long time past, that is changed. And the intimation is that service will

be held on such a day, 'being Christmas-Day.' And in Holy Week, we have Daily Service at St. Mary's, very well attended : quite a considerable congregation on Good Friday, when we sing the Passion Hymns, and have short meditations on the Words from the Cross. The first time we had service on Ash Wednesday, the text was 'I repent in dust and ashes.' What more could be done, unless indeed to carry out that good intention ?

Two days after that Christmas-Day, an entertainment was given for the first time, which is now an annual institution. It was a tea party, in the large room of the Madras College, for old people above 65 years of age. 168 accepted that first invitation. A far greater company assembles now. The girls of the place come, in any needful number, and wait on the good old folk. There is much singing, and some reciting : speeches, as far as may be, are tabooed. But unhappily, some men, when they have a chance to speak, are not easily repressed. The most interesting thing by far to me and many more, is when certain of the guests sing each his own song. Each has his specialty. Year after year it is welcomed with enthusiasm. It is charming, when the song is accurately rendered. It is even more interesting when it is sung out of all tune. This latter indeed rarely occurs. And some who sang in that fashion habitually have gone away. The incredible length of certain songs is a remarkable fact.

It was touching to many of us when in January of 1873 Dr. Gillan of Inchinnan came, by appointment of the Church, to give a course of Lectures in Pastoral Theology

to the Divinity Students. Their designation is commonly shortened into *The Divines*. Dr. Gillan had been a great Glasgow preacher when I was a lad at the University there; and this year he was to be Moderator. Long before, I had asked him one evening at Holyrood when his turn was to be. His answer, shouted aloud, was 'Never! I never emptied a church. I have filled several, but never emptied one!' Things are altered now: and the College of Past Moderators dare not stick in their own incapable friends: not, in any case, regularly. And it is not likely that in the future, the announcement of the new Moderator's name should be received with a general cry of 'What has he done?' and even of 'Who is he?'

I remember hearing it said by Dr. Black of the Barony at Glasgow, that the most effective short speech he ever heard in the Assembly was made by the Mr. Gillan of departed years. The people of a certain parish objected to the minister presented by the patron, on the ground that his sermons were so *dry* that there was no listening to them. His able counsel, Mr. Cook, afterwards Procurator (which means the Kirk's Attorney-General), somewhat injudiciously took up the ground that the word *dry* as applied to a sermon is unintelligible. 'I know the meaning,' he said, 'of a dry stick or a dry stone, but a dry sermon—I really have not the least idea what it means.' It sometimes happens that when a decision of a Presbytery is appealed from, the Presbytery, instead of employing counsel, instruct some of their own number to appear at the Assembly bar in support of their judgment: and on

this occasion Mr. Gillan rose to reply to Mr. Cook. He at once fixed on the weak point in Mr. Cook's argument ; and by various questions from standard writers, showed that the word *dry*, as applied to a discourse, was perfectly intelligible and abundantly suggestive. 'But who,' said Mr. Gillan, with tremendous emphasis,—'who is this gentleman who tells us he does not know what is meant by a dry sermon? I understand his name is Cook : that he was brought up at St. Andrews, and spent the greater part of his early life there. Brought up at St. Andrews, and not know the meaning of a dry sermon! Hoohh!!!'

No types can express the wild howl of contempt with which Mr. Gillan concluded his speech, or the shouts of laughter which followed. Everybody knew that St. Andrews had long been the headquarters of the Moderate party in the Kirk, and that some of the very dullest and heaviest preachers of that generally unpopular party had dwelt there : likewise that certain of Mr. Cook's own nearest relations, though eminent among the Moderate leaders, and (some of them) men of ability and culture, were proverbially uninspired in the pulpit. Dr. Grant of Edinburgh, himself one of the ablest of that party, said to me, long ago, speaking of the days of his youth, 'If you wanted to have a congregation, you had to be a High-Flier.'

I heard Dr. Gillan's opening lecture in St. Mary's College. He was more than seventy. But there was great *go* and fire in the old man. His style, indeed, was anything but academic. And one had him where his

strength lay the next Sunday morning at the parish church. All the students were there, and many Professors : there was a great congregation. The sermon was very interesting : but to one who had known the preacher at the zenith of his strength, the appearance was pathetic. He was extremely good, and quietly impressive : but I had seen him sway a multitude as few living men can. His sympathy was intense. I never knew any speaker weep as he used to do. And he did not merely shed tears : he went on for many sentences together, sobbing, and speaking in a broken voice. Still, when Gillan cried, the congregation cried too. It was with him as with the supreme orator Guthrie. It is a Philistine test, success : but I fear that all oratorical expedients must be brought to it. I have known another preacher, who cried a great deal more than either Guthrie or Gillan. But when he cried, the congregation laughed. Wherefore he was a failure.

On Thursday February 13, 1873, Lord Neaves was installed as Rector of the University, and gave his inaugural address. Lord Neaves was an eminent scholar, and a distinguished Judge of the High Court. His address was pitched in a serious strain, and was very good. But he was old, and was imperfectly heard, and the students were uproarious. In the evening he was entertained by the University at dinner, in the Senate Hall. I had the honour to be present. The Judge sang some of his own songs. They were wonderfully clever, and he gave them with extraordinary effect. I knew them all extremely well, having heard them more than once before. But to

some of the Professors they were quite new. And assuredly they were startling. Tulloch, sitting in the chair, convulsively shook with laughter. But Crombie, the great scholar and Professor of Biblical Criticism, turned and glared at the Rector with a severe disapproval which happily that eminent person did not remark. The general taste had changed, since the Rector was young. But the Rector had not changed with it. And these things were so well understood that he was not liked nor respected a bit the less.

On Monday February 24, Dr. Guthrie died. He had for a while been laid aside from preaching : but everybody remembered what he had been ; and one felt it was a light put out, and a link to the old times broken. When he published his sermons, he could not publish the charm of his presence and manner : and they are disappointing, like those of Chalmers and Caird. But it was not the pathos of a common 'popular preacher' that made the tears run down Mr. Thackeray's cheeks. And Guthrie had the gift of so saying a thing with not much in it, that it brought the tears to your eyes, straight. He was as great in humour as in pathos.

It must be related, with many expressions of penitence for the personal relation, that in April of this year we departed from the house which had sheltered us for seven years, close to Shairp, and looking upon the broad Bay, and came to this in which we have dwelt ever since : a period coming near to nineteen years. That house, to which Campbell Shairp the Principal's son, now a specially

sweet-natured and attractive Advocate and Sheriff, had as a little boy given the name of Edgecliffe (a name his father and I at once accepted, as compendiously stating the fact), had grown too small for us : and we came to a larger one, which is our own. A mistaken rumour went abroad, that we had been cautioned that the sea was undermining the rocks on which the house stands. As a matter of fact, we had been told so, by a distinguished geologist. But on inquiring of him how long it would be ere the house should be in danger, he answered 'About sixty thousand years.' And all fears were laid aside. Many things may happen, and some things must happen, before that time runs out. But for the sake of the reader, I here suggest how vain a thing it is to accumulate letters. All my letters home when I was a little boy at school : all the letters I then received : all the letters I wrote home when I was a young curate in Edinburgh, and since I came to have a house of my own, and all I had received from my Father and Mother, brothers and sisters : had been treasured up till now. But in the seven years in Edgecliffe they had never once been looked at. The same may be said of a mass of letters from John Parker, who managed *Fraser* when I joined it in 1856 : from Froude, who was Editor from 1860 onward : and from Mr. William Longman of the great House in the Row. A very busy man has not time to turn over old letters : and the work is too sad. You remember how Sir Walter said, after turning over a great mass of such, that now he understood as never before the link between the two statements in the text of scrip-

ture, 'Ahithophel put his house in order,—and hanged himself.' It is terribly sad to burn these : and you do not take in till you try what a long time it takes, and how near it goes to setting the house on fire. But it will have to be done some time : and it is better done by you.

When I came to St. Andrews, my great desire was to have one of the old-fashioned South Street houses, with the undercroft vaulted in stone : survivals of the mediæval days when the upper stories were of wood. Old Professor Jackson said to me then, 'Wait ten years, and you will have your choice of any of them.' It was touching to note how true the prophecy proved. But where there are little children, one finds that a quite new house, built from the foundations in the period of sanitary science, has great advantages : and sentiment has to yield. So we bought this house unfinished, and completed it according to our own views. One thing is well-remembered : how substantial and strong all the leaden pipes were made. Let the reader be advised. And whereas we have known what it was to have pipes continually bursting, and going amiss in divers ways, the like has not happened once to us in what will soon be nineteen years. Yet severe reproach followed the course which was adopted. I never forget how one day I met the grand old Jackson, who, drawing himself up to his stateliest mien, and speaking with extreme dignity touched with fatherly reproach, thus expressed himself : 'What's this I hear? Can it be true that you have gone and bought a vulgar modern house?' For in his mind, vulgar and modern were words synonymous. I

had to acknowledge the fact : and I sought to palliate my behaviour. Let it here be said, for the information of such as desire to know the ways of the Kirk, that I am entitled to an official residence. But I prefer not to have one : receiving its yearly value instead. For a day must come, on which those who survive must turn out of every official residence, from Lambeth and Farnham Castle downward. It is twenty years since dear old Bishop Wordsworth said to me, very quietly, ' There will be a good deal of trouble when I die, without that.' And silence fell upon us two.

We came into this house on Easter Tuesday, April 15, 1873. My study windows look due South, and catch all the Winter sunshine which abounds here. Many great and good men (according to my standard) have been in this room where I write. And St. Luke's sunshine comes through the windows to-day.

On Tuesday April 22 St. Andrews received an eminent visitor : the Dean of Durham, Dr. Lake. He staid but one night with Shairp, who had been with him at Rugby. Tulloch, Flint and I, went to dine with him. We found him a most pleasant man ; of great dignity in appearance. All of us, much interested in our countryman Archbishop Tait, listened intently to divers life-like touches concerning his Rugby life. One may be told. When the Income Tax was imposed, Tait returned his income as Head-Master at five thousand a year. The authorities declined to accept this, saying his income was much larger. And the Dean told us how he remembered Tait going to the inn at Rugby where the Commissioners sat (I think it was called the *Black*

Dog) : taking his books with him to exhibit. He succeeded in persuading them that the sum he had returned was somewhere about the fact. When Tait took his degree, he had nothing. His fellowship and tutorship made him comfortable. But from Rugby onwards he entered on the period which he has himself chronicled, writing of his wife, in which he was 'always in the enjoyment of ample means.'

The immemorial Sundays came and passed over : each so very important when it was present : each so soon and so completely forgot. The two sermons had to be forthcoming : not all of them fully written. For unless one is to be ground into the earth, the faculty of preaching *extempore* must be developed. By preaching extempore I mean thinking a subject out : making a few notes indicating the line to be pursued : then trusting to the moment for the words, and for a great deal of the illustration. If a man has the faculty at all, his best extempore preaching is the best he ever does. There is a thorough adaptation to time and place : there are freshness and heartiness. But then extempore preaching is a hit or a miss ; and its success depends upon many little circumstances of bodily and mental health. And it takes out of a man. Further, it cannot be well done unless in a church where one can be heard speaking in the tone of conversation. I do not forget, indeed, how Archbishop Maclagan of York told me that once, in great bodily suffering, he preached quite extempore to a multitude under the dome of St. Paul's. But he is an exceptional man : and he has, in supreme degree, the

fluency of his race. Even Bishop Thorold of Winchester, whose fluency never fails, and who constantly preaches without book, said to me *Not in St. Paul's*. All the energy available must there go to the delivery of the message. None is left for thinking it out. The ordinary extemporaneous preacher must be delivered from all thought about making himself heard : or he will flounder. Then, besides the heavy Sunday duty, with Sunday schools and classes and interviews and visits to the dying in addition to the services in church, the long list of pastoral work made each morning, to be somehow got through that day. And the awful work of writing letters : of answering letters. Even twenty a day, made brief as you can, are exhausting ; and there was a year in the writer's life in which it took three hours of driving on each day, just to answer his letters in the fewest possible words. Once, having been absent from Friday till Monday evening, it took seven hours on Tuesday to work through the weary task. One's hand grows weary at the sight of the heap that waits attention. And one desires not to be Primate of England, recalling Archbishop Thomson's two hundred letters written with his own hand in three days. Then, any parish, even the smallest country one, affords to the poor young incumbent many opportunities of making grievous mistakes. A Cabinet Minister does not need more discretion than a country parson. It often comes to me, the touching glimpse of a great man's inward feeling which I got, many a year ago, from Shairp. When Tait was Bishop of London, Shairp asked him whether it was harder work to be

Bishop of London or Head-Master of Rugby. Tait thought a minute, and said : 'About the same. Each is just as much as a human being can do. But there is one great difference. When I was Master of Rugby, I never got out of bed any morning without thinking to myself, *Now, to-day, I may make some blunder, in tact or in temper, that would greatly harm Rugby School.* But now, I know that however foolish I may be, I can't ruin the Church of England. That is a great comfort. And so I say, that, on the whole, it is harder to be Master of Rugby than to be Bishop of London.' To me, the story was infinitely pathetic. But it failed to comfort. For I felt, deeply, that though the minister of St. Andrews cannot ruin the Kirk, he has it in his power to make a sorrowful mess of the city and parish of St. Andrews.

Speaking, too, of sermons (which may possibly never be spoken of in these pages again), let an old preacher say a word to young ones. You will be vexed to find how often, when you have been steadily giving new sermons for many weeks, ill-set folk are putting about that you are preaching nothing but old ones. For if you repeat a marked sentence in a quite new discourse, it will be remembered : and people will fancy they remember the entire dissertation. Wherefore : practise stern self-denial. Do not repeat your good things. Further, if a man's style be a marked one, what some Scots call *kenspeckle*, the whole thing falls with a familiar sound on a careless ear. It appears to be an old song. I fear this is a cross which must be borne. Not long since, having to preach twice

each Sunday and once each Wednesday, I gave, in two months, twenty-four absolutely fresh sermons: each on a bonâ-fide subject. With pardonable pride, I mentioned the fact to a good Professor of Divinity who had heard many of these treatises. His observation was that 'he had not remarked anything particular.' Now I have been forty years in the Church I have learned to bear such things. It was different, thirty years since, when on a Friday afternoon I told two saintly ladies of my Edinburgh congregation, that I had been so hard-driven that week, that on Sunday afternoon (when we had the crowded flock) I should be obliged to give an old sermon. But, that evening, an idea possessed me. I sat up late (a thing never permitted now), and wrote hard on Saturday forenoon: and (tolerably fagged) I ascended my pulpit on Sunday afternoon with a quite new sermon in my hand. I did not grudge my labour, when I looked upon that dense multitude. Of course, multitude is a comparative word. The church holds but 1,400, but it was packed, with a good many seated in a passage. Vainly, I thought my sermon good. At the Sunday-school, I found my saintly friends. Their joint exclamation was, 'Oh, how well we remembered your old sermon!' They were highly-educated gentlewomen: much above the average in intelligence. Had I driven myself for this?

Your services, too, young brothers, if you abide North of the Tweed, will be sure to meet remarkable criticism. A quite eminent and distinctly friendly man once said to me, 'I hear you sing *The Dismission* very often in St.

Mary's.' I answered, 'If you mean the *Nunc Dimittis*, we sing that every evening, regularly, as we ought to do.' But my friend rejoined, 'That's only meant to be sung when a man is going to be hanged.' Indeed, he repeated the startling statement several times: saying that the hymn in question was unfitted for use unless in that contingency. 'Why, think of the words,' said he: '*The hour of my departure's come.*' I had to explain that Michael Bruce's well-known hymn was not the *Nunc Dimittis*; and I quoted the words with which the inspired song begins. But I could make nothing of it. 'It is only fit to be sung at an execution.' My friend can hardly have failed to be present on some occasion at the Evensong of the Anglican Church. But he remembered it not. And well I knew that ere this intelligent criticism reached my ear, it had reached a good many others. Which is strange.

That year went on and went out with many events of great private interest: but with few to be recorded here. The publication of successive volumes is much in a quiet life: and even such is the frequent coming of *Fraser* with the pages which look very familiar and yet very strange. You know how, to the last, Southey delighted to open a *Quarterly* and read his own article. And you remember the clever and frank American who said of his own first book, 'It was the most interesting volume I had ever read.' I know not if any reader has been subjected to the trial of reading an essay of his own rendered into phonotypy. It is painful. Nothing shall be said of these incidents: neither of the strangers, visitors to the city, who came to church,

and sometimes personally but more frequently in writing offered a kind and cheering word of thanks for some little help experienced : a word always valued. Let it only be said that a very clever periodical of this season ended a kindly notice of a volume lately published by saying ' We do not know why this pleasant volume should not be extensively read ; and yet somehow we feel sure that it will not.' One cannot say for certain that a book is actually read. But that volume, rather rapidly, attained a sale of a good many thousand copies.

In the Autumn, Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, the well-known Barrister, staid a while in St. Andrews, and gave a large ball in a hotel to those who had been civil to him. He was leading counsel for Orton, in the Tichborne case : having for his junior the present Chancellor, Lord Halsbury. As the days shortened to December, Martin Tupper came and gave a reading. It was very poorly attended : and really a good deal of what was read was very absurd. One felt for the lonely man, coming with so little to encourage. Shairp and Campbell dined with him before his public appearance : and Tupper seemed to be unaware of the empty benches. He staid over Sunday, and came to church : in the evening I dined with him at Campbell's. I walked home with him to his hotel, where we parted ; not to meet again. One felt a kind-hearted man : and where the wind is not tempered to the lamb, I have remarked that the lamb has sometimes a pretty thick fleece of self-satisfaction. He burst into rhyme, as he bade me farewell in South Street, that cold dark winter

night. His words assumed this form : 'God bless thee : A. K. H. B. : says M. F. T.' I could not but remember that when I was very young, I had read through the *Proverbial Philosophy* : and found it interesting. Nor do I forget that a very brilliant Fraserian and Saturday Reviewer of John Parker's day, who had done as much as any man to burlesque Tupper's writings, told me, confidentially, that when he was run-down and depressed, there was nothing he really enjoyed so much as to let his mind glide along those lines. Yet it was he who in the brilliant *Saturday Review* on one occasion gave an imitation of the *Proverbial Philosophy*, to which no objection could be taken save that it was a great deal better than the great original. The last line lingers on my ear. It is this :

Let us turn-on the Church. Give us a righteous Turncock !

CHAPTER XI

THE YEAR 1874

ON Sunday January 11 Dr. Lees preached in the morning at St. Mary's, and the evening at the parish church. He was then minister of Paisley Abbey : but has for many years been translated to St. Giles, Edinburgh. The singular good fortune has befallen him of seeing two of our finest churches restored to something of the pristine glory under his ministry : and he has published the history of these in two handsome quartos. He had not, at this period, attained to any outstanding popularity : and I remember well how I thought that, so far, justice had not been done him. For it seemed that from first to last, prayers and sermon, I never had known the service of the Kirk done quite so admirably. He was not in the first flight of preachers : and he had small University standing : but he was among the first to use the beautiful prayers now grown familiar in *Euchologion* : and he had a charming voice and a graceful manner. The great church was quite full that evening : and attention was held from beginning to end. In this world, the odds are (sometimes) made even to such as know how to wait : and if Lees failed of getting what he deserved in those days, all this has been redressed. For,

after a while, he was made Dean of the Thistle, in succession to Tulloch, and over the head of Caird. Of course, this was as when Thomson was preferred to Wilberforce for York. It would be cruel to compare the two men. But if the decoration came unsought, a man can hardly be blamed for accepting it.

It was as the last year drew to its close that Helps published his three-volume novel, *Ivan de Biron*. I do not know that it ever attained a great popularity; and, as a story, it is somewhat heavy. Yet it is high above even the best of ordinary fiction; and here and there you come upon passages wise and beautiful as Shakspeare. It was now, too, that Mr. Allingham, who had been sub-editor under Froude, and now for a space had the entire charge of *Fraser*, lost the manuscript of an elaborate essay of mine. Of course, such an incident is absolutely inexcusable. And the essay, which was *Of Looking into one's Diary*, I esteemed the best I had written for long. I made a vain effort to recall it: but not a word would come. I never saw Mr. Allingham, and had no acquaintance with him save through needful correspondence. But I liked some of his poetry, and I read his *Rambles*. In one respect, he was quite the most irritating Editor I have known. He would alter a word here and there: always for the worse: sometimes in a way which seemed impossible for a fairly-educated man. When my essays were republished, I had the trouble of comparing the proofs with my manuscript; and changing all Mr. Allingham's alterations back to the original way. I have written for *Fraser* for thirty-

five years, and sometimes for other magazines. Mr. Allingham was the solitary Editor who ever altered a word of mine. He was soon got rid of. I should have left *Fraser*, had he not done so. Mr. William Longman, ever the kindest of men, strove to soothe my indignation at the loss of my manuscript. He wrote that the negligence was 'most intolerable. But the manuscript *must* be in existence somewhere, and is sure to turn up.' It has not turned up in near eighteen years. And from circumstances which I came to know, I was not in the least surprised that articles should have been lost, in those days. On April 4 a letter came from Froude, that Allingham was forbidden to touch my papers in future: also one from Allingham, that they were to go direct to the printers.

The days were lengthening towards the vernal equinox when John Macleod, minister of Duns, came to preach for the Students' Missionary Society. The county-town of Berwickshire was spelt *Dunse* then: but they have gone back to the older and better way. Berwick is five times as large as Duns: but though geographically in Scotland, it is politically in England. The Anglican Church is the Establishment in that Scotch town. Since his cousin Norman was taken, John Macleod is beyond comparison the ablest of that clan. Indeed he is so admirable a preacher that on each of the few occasions on which I have listened to him, I thought for the time that I never had heard better preaching in my life. Macleod's father was known as the *High Priest of Morven*. The reference was to his commanding stature: but his influence in the

Highlands justified the name. The son has some of the father's grand presence, and far more than the ancestral eloquence. On the evening of Sunday March 15 he preached to a great crowd: the chronicle says 'far more than two thousand.' He spoke absolutely without book, though the sermon was most elaborate, and took fifty-five minutes. The teaching was a singular mixture of very High Churchism, very Broad Churchism, and very Low Churchism. But, as years have passed over, the first of these elements has prevailed. In due time Macleod was translated to the vast parish of Govan. The name may be unfamiliar to the reader: but that parish includes a very large part of the great City of Glasgow. Here Dr. Macleod has built a most stately and beautiful parish church: quite the stateliest that has been built for the Kirk since the Reformation. I had the great honour of being one of those who preached at its dedication, in May 1888. The occasion was one never to be forgotten. And Macleod continues to be, as he deserves to be, a great power in Glasgow. For not merely is he a man of such singular eloquence, but a man of a most devout spirit, and absolutely free from the reproach of being a Pusher. When he departed from this house in March 1874, the contemporary history says 'We feel helped and lifted up by Macleod's visit.' On the Monday afternoon, Shairp and I had walked with him about our ruined Cathedral. I remember Shairp saying, with much feeling, as he pointed to the ruined walls, 'Is not the Kirk, in some respects, about as desolate as these?' And true it is that nothing

in our intercessory prayers comes more from the heart of many, than words which, praying for the Holy Catholic Church, say, 'Where It is in want, furnish It.'

On Sunday March 22, 1874, instrumental music was first used at St. Mary's here. It was but a modest harmonium. The parish church had yet to wait for years. Both our churches in the city had been anticipated by the little chapel at Boarhills, near the east end of the parish, four miles out. And it may here be stated that the reverent kneeling at prayer and standing at praise, now for long the use at St. Mary's, was begun at the parish church on Sunday May 10. Such a step, of course, was never retraced. And it was wise to wait till it was taken unanimously.

We had a visit on a day in March from Mr. J. T. MacLagan, the Secretary of our Foreign Missions, who gave an excellent address with the entire fluency which characterises his family. Mr. MacLagan still holds that office, and others of trust in connection with the Kirk. It is an interesting and curious example of a state of matters peculiar to Scotland, which is afforded by the ecclesiastical position of the members of the MacLagan family. The good old father and mother belonged to the Kirk. They were most faithful worshippers in St. George's Church at Edinburgh. There I preached to them each Sunday for the eight months of my curacy. I remember well the intent face with which Dr. MacLagan listened. Nor did he fail, Scotch-fashion, of the occasional word of kindly criticism. Two of his sons, Sir Douglas, a medical professor of high eminence and a man greatly esteemed and beloved; and the Mission

Secretary : are Elders of the Kirk. Both were members of the General Assembly of May 1891. Another son left the Kirk with Dr. Candlish in 1843, and lived a zealous member of the Free Church. It seems yesterday since I met him, being a youthful student myself, at an Ayrshire country house, and heard him use a form of speech quite new to me, but which familiarity has failed to commend to my approval : ' I sit under Dr. Candlish.' Another brother followed divisive courses a long step farther : for the Free Church is pledged to the principle of a National Establishment. But this brother became a Presbyterian of a Voluntary Body, which repudiates all State-connection. So he is presumably a Liberationist. Finally, William Maclagan went into the Church of England : served usefully as Secretary of more than one Church organization : wrote some beautiful hymns : became a popular London preacher : was for many years Bishop of Lichfield : and is now Archbishop of York. It is a singular domestic history. Long ago, in a meeting of Churchmen and Dissenters at Sion College to the end of establishing nearer relations, after various men, Anglican by birth and descent, had said many gentle things to soothe the Nonconformist heart, the impatient Maclagan arose and testified that the right thing to do was to teach the duty of every Dissenter to forthwith become a Churchman. To which a smart Nonconformist preacher replied that so long as that kind of thing was preached, Dissenters would never fail in the land. Of course, the two Elders of the Kirk are Churchmen : though I know not what the Episcopal

brother would say even of them. But there can be no question at all about the English Presbyterian and the Scottish Free-Church Elder. So it is apparent that if the amiable Archbishop has pressed his views on the members of his own family, it has been, so far, without success.

On the evening of June 12, coming back from Edinburgh from a most pleasant meeting of the Hymn Committee (it is mentioned that 'happily A., B., and C. were absent'), one had a glimpse of something infinitely pleasanter than any detail of ecclesiastical controversy. It was eight o'clock in the evening. It is written 'When the train was coming near St. Andrews, two miles off or so, the sun shone out suddenly, lighting up the town in a most wonderful way. Not the dark glow of the September sunset, but light and bright, the spires and ruins seeming as blazing, with a bright blue sky behind. A wonderful and magnificent sight.'

In the early morning of Friday July 10, a little soul departed from this city, of whose existence in it not many knew. He was a poor deformed boy, and lived with his aged grandmother in a dark room which the sun could rarely reach. It was blazing summer weather when he seemed drawing to the end, and I saw him daily. But two days now I had to be absent, to preach at a Perthshire Fastday: and while I was away my little friend was called. He was really about sixteen, but he looked about eight. I often recall the thin pale good cheerful face, and the mis-shapen little figure. He had been sorely neglected: but he lived a brave honest life under his sad

disability, mainly supporting himself, and helpful to the poor old woman. He was taken ill at last, of a very painful trouble: but he was always patient and never complained, even when he could hardly get breath, and had to kneel for the last days of his life, because he could not sit or lie down. And I cannot but give here the brief record of a bit of that homely tragedy which touches me about a hundred thousand times as much as the kicking out of some disreputable monarch or effete dynasty. 'Poor little Watty Fenton gone. Died this morning at 2.30. That patient little deformed boy was to me more interesting than almost any other person in the parish. I am thankful he has been taken. He would have felt his deformity more and more. I took the little man some strawberries on Tuesday, and he seemed much pleased. I told him I could not see him for the next two days. But Aggie took him some soup and pudding on Wednesday, and some strawberries yesterday. The last words he said, to his grandmother, were *Run for Dr. Boyd: I'll choke*. Then the water overpowered him and he was gone. Doubtless to his Saviour.'

This Summer of 1874 Dean Liddell, of Christ Church, Oxford, staid in St. Andrews for three months: as he did likewise in several other seasons. He had a tie to Fife: for his daughter is the wife of Mr. Skene of Pitlour, one of our most accomplished county gentry, and once Fellow of All-Souls. I was amused at the Dean's conformity to Scotch ways of expression, when he said to me when I called upon him, 'My daughter is married to *Pitlour*.'

Long ago, Scotch lairds were generally called by the name of their properties : but rarely now unless by English folk. I have never heard Mr. Skene called *Pittour* save on that one occasion. Dean Liddell's supreme standing as a scholar is known to everybody. We here knew all about his Double-First in 1833 : and all our students are familiar with the famous Greek Lexicon. And I remembered Dean Stanley's words to me, years before : 'The Dean of Christ Church is an upright and downright man.' I was not in the least surprised to find him extremely dignified, both in appearance and manner : though sometimes when one met him hurrying home from the University Library carrying a lot of books, his apparel was careless to the verge of being seedy. He had run out in his study suit. But what both surprised and delighted me was the frank and cordial kindness with which I, a stranger, paying my respects to an eminent visitor to the parish, was received in that house. The Dean was far more than courteous : he was cordial. And charming is a mild and insufficient word to express what I always found in a still more attractive head of that household. I say this, because I have read in print what left a quite different impression as to the reception which an undistinguished visitor might meet. They have not been here for several years : and it is unlikely that we shall ever meet again. But the very happiest remembrance abides with me of those distinguished sojourners in St. Andrews.

At the beginning of August we went to the quaint old House of Marlee, two miles from Blairgowrie in Perthshire,

where we spent part of the Autumn for many succeeding years. Here I found as parish minister a St. Andrews man, Mr. Rae : a man of great information, and singularly bright and genial. He lived and died as minister of the united parishes of Lethendy and Kinloch, with a population of 400 souls, and two curious little kirks to serve them. It is very singular how men are set down in the Church here ; and no doubt elsewhere too. Mr. Rae had in him the makings of a popular preacher : he was very attractive in his early years : but, happy in that quiet place, in his pretty Manse with its fine trees and beautiful garden, he abode quietly through a long life, and never changed. I used to think he was a good deal thrown away. But few can be more useful, and none can be happier, in our vocation, than the kindly country parson. Mr. Rae was thoroughly up in the literature of the day. I have several times heard him preach. His sermons were written in the rotund, elaborate sentences of a former time : they lacked the directness of expression which is in fashion here now. But the kind good man had done what he intended : and done it well. We could not go back to Marlee, now that Mr. Rae and his kindly home circle have departed. The place perishes, when the old familiar faces go. But that season comes back, with the yellow fields, the clack of the reaping-machine, and the little boys happy in helping to bind the sheaves after it. As nothing has been said of several volumes published, I may be pardoned for recording that the introductory essay to the volume called *Landscapes, Churches and Moralities* was written at Marlee in

the last days of August. It treats *Of the Expression of Nature*: and it was inspired by the surroundings. Here Tulloch came to us for two days. His country parish of Kettins is not far from Blairgowrie, and he was interested in the familiar scenes. He enjoyed rowing on the Marlee Loch, where was profusion of magnificent water-lilies. One day we were to have revisited Kettins: but drenching rain stopped us. I think Tulloch was relieved at not having to go. It was while he was with us that three boys who abode in one great room were laughing so noisily as to make sleep impossible for their next neighbours. On its being gently suggested to them that they need not be quite so loud, one of them, aged eight, replied 'You ought to be pleased to see young fellows happy.' There was no resisting that. And Tulloch took the postponement of his night's rest most amiably. He and I had walked to Cluny Loch, where is a little islet with a castle wherein the Admirable Crichton was born: as he was likewise in several other castles. A delightful old man, an Elder of the Kirk, told us the story: and was most eager to find who Tulloch and I were. I should readily have told him: but Tulloch would not have it. It was a vain reticence. Marlee was just three miles off. And doubtless the good old man knew next morning that he had had a talk with the eloquent Principal.

On Sunday September 27, the sermon at evening service in the parish church was preached by the well-known Signor Gavazzi of Rome. His relations with Pope Pius the Ninth are well known: and his record was a blameless

one. Most of the anti-popery lecturers of whom I have known anything have been so unfair, spiteful, and vulgar, as to affect one with great repulsion. Indeed, a clever member of the Presbytery of Edinburgh in my days there used to say that a notorious person who continually abused the Roman Church was in fact a Jesuit, and received a large salary from the Pope for going about making the Reformed faith appear offensive and ridiculous. Gavazzi was of quite another order: though one regretted the personal venom with which he talked of the Pope and his immediate friends. The great church was crowded that evening, and was a sight to remember. Of course, there could be no question about Gavazzi's orders. He was eligible to preach in Westminster Abbey: which the Act of Uniformity says I am not. I took the service: then Gavazzi entered the pulpit and preached for an hour and twenty minutes. His ways were peculiar. He did not come into church till he had to preach, and he departed whenever the sermon was over. It was a grand exhibition of florid oratory: and his command of the English tongue was complete. Somehow, one felt sorry for him. He seemed to have got among people who must have rubbed him the wrong way. I remember his eagerness to know what the offertory amounted to. He was going about trying to raise money to build a place of worship in Rome. He appeared a quite honest but extremely crotchety man. An individual who came after service to take him away omitted to remove his hat on entering into my vestry. I looked fixedly at his hat: but as it was my sole interview

with him in this life I did not think it fit to make any remark. But when they two had departed, a humorous clergyman who was present said, 'He's a hatter, and wanted you to see his wares.' Of course the worthy man meant no harm. And I calmed myself by remembering how a Prelate, not unknown to me, exchanging his shovel-hat for the easier wideawake, on coming out of the railway station and getting into his carriage, met some remark on the drop-down in apparent dignity by saying, 'You remember Gray's beautiful line in the Elegy: *Let not ambition mock their useful tile.*' So Gavazzi disappeared, and I saw him no more.

The next day I went where I met Archbishop Tait of Canterbury. He gave an amusing account of an occasion on which he and the Archbishop of York and Bishop Wilberforce were locked up by mistake in a dissecting room with Mr. Gladstone. A vehement discussion arose about the Lessons from the Apocrypha: Mr. Gladstone being in great excitement on the subject. 'I thought how differently Lord Palmerston would have taken such a question,' was the Archbishop's remark. A clergyman in Kent, he told us, in answer to a circular asking what specially hindered work in his parish, said 'The followers of Joanna Southcote': which seemed strange at this time of day. He was interested in the removing of the University of Glasgow to its west-end site: saying how much healthier it would be for the Professors' dwellings. Sir Daniel Sandford died of typhoid fever, caught in his unsanitary house. When a student, he had lodged just

opposite the College, in High Street: 'I saw awful sights there.' Baron Rothschild and Sir Moses Montefiore subscribed to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. The Archbishop thanked Sir Moses. 'Oh, don't misunderstand me. I do it because your Mission rids us of a pack of scoundrels.' In graver mood, 'A permanent Moderator of Presbytery, presiding at all ordinations, would be a Bishop, and would content even our Highest men.' Mr. Gladstone had just published an article on Ritualism. The Archbishop thought it very absurd. And he was just then chafing at a blunder in a report of a speech he had given at a great function. *A sermon by George Whitfield* was turned into 'a sermon by the Vicar of Wakefield.' The mistake was quite explicable. The good Primate did not look like a man to last long. He was extremely sensitive to cold. He seemed feeble. And his voice, though powerful and pleasant, seemed used with an effort. Everything he said and did left the impression of wisdom and goodness. And never was one set so high, whose head was so absolutely unturned by elevation.

On the great Golf Day, this year Sept, 30, I found Sir George Grey, often Home Secretary, rather wearily pacing about near the winning hole, not much interested in the game. He was staying in the county, and had made his sole visit to St. Andrews. One thought of the exciting political life he had lived, and the immense patronage he had dispensed, walking up and down with

the mild dignified old gentleman that day. He was Home Secretary when I was presented to this living; and he had written me a letter quite different from the usual formal announcement. A kind word is never thrown away.

Much parochial and domestic incident filled the remainder of this year and the first weeks of 1875. But I pass on to the month of March, in which Dr. Lindsay Alexander of Edinburgh came to preach at one of a series of special evening services in the parish church here. Dr. Lindsay Alexander was a very remarkable and attractive man. And his position was unique. Circumstances had made him minister of an Independent congregation in Edinburgh. It is a little thing to say that he was *facile princeps* of Scotch Nonconformity: very few men of his mark and character have ever been in any Christian Communion. And the law of the Kirk had been so altered that I was free to invite to my churches one whose presence did them high honour. Like all men of culture and devotion outside her pale, Dr. Alexander had a strong gravitation to the Church of England. It is twenty-eight years since I had to spend an hour in the railway station at York: an hour made most interesting by his presence there. As we walked up and down, our talk fell, as was natural with the Minster close at hand, upon the singular attractiveness (to many) of the churches and services of the Anglican Communion. He spoke of these with warmth: and summed-up by saying that a few

years before, it was the turning of a straw with him whether he should not go into the Church of England. I replied that as the question that seemed likely to put men to right and left was the question of a National Profession of Christianity and a National Church, I thought that a man of his mark and weight who approved of the Church ought to range himself. I remember the answer vividly. Rather sadly, and with a shrug of his shoulders, he said, 'It is too late now.'

There was in him a singular vein of humour. Possibly this tended to draw him into very close relations with Dean Ramsay. They were very warm friends. I hear Lindsay Alexander saying (he lived at Musselburgh, seven miles off) 'I don't care to go to Edinburgh now that the Dean is away.' When Dean Ramsay dedicated his book of *Pulpit Table Talk* to divers eminent preachers, Alexander was one. The dear Dean, who was lacking in backbone, was got at before the Second Edition; and the dedication was struck out. But I am the happy possessor of the First Edition. The volume was inscribed to Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, Henry Melvill, Norman Macleod, Lindsay Alexander, Dr. Guthrie, 'in their several positions in the Christian Church, distinguished preachers of the gospel of Christ': 'with the sincere respect and admiration of the author.' Dr. Alexander's humour was not always suppressed in his preaching. Once, speaking of Moses, he said that possibly it seemed strange to the congregation that Moses should be described as the meekest of men,

seeing that on several occasions he showed a good deal of temper. 'But then, you must consider how Moses was placed. For many years, he had the charge of a great many Jews. Now, if any of you had the charge of one Jew for a few weeks, instead of being disposed to blame Moses for irritability, you would be astonished at his meekness.' Here the congregation smiled audibly: and my friend who was present said Lindsay Alexander seemed surprised. He could hardly have been so. And some present were aware of facts in his recent experience which made him speak with feeling.

He built in Edinburgh the fine church of St. Augustine. With due judgment, but not with ecclesiological propriety, he called it *Augustine Church*. He had to think of prejudices. And here a great congregation of all classes, including many of the highly-educated, attended his ministry through many years. Here he had a fine organ: to the horror of some. Even his beadle liked it not. One morning, soon after the organ came, something went amiss with the bellows. He told me how the beadle came in with great satisfaction, saying 'She's clean gien up the ghaist!' Here, too, when it was objected to the Voluntaries that they 'were not worship,' he said 'No, they are not. And neither is the shuffling of feet and the slamming of pewdoors. But the Voluntaries are a pleasanter noise than these, and drown them.' He told me that he was extremely sorry he had not taken to wearing of robes when his new church was opened: that was the time. Here, of course, he conformed to our decorous

ways. He had a warm love for St. Andrews, where he had studied, and where for a time he was a member of the University Court. He came on the Saturday afternoon. Tulloch, Shairp, Professor Jackson, and some others, dined with him. Next morning I took the prayers at St. Mary's, a student of divinity read the Lessons, and Dr. Alexander gave a beautiful sermon. In the evening, the parish church was crammed. He did the entire service. For the very first time in a Scotch Kirk I heard words, soon to grow familiar, 'Here endeth the First Lesson.' The sermon, which was of extraordinary ability, treated the teaching of Hegel : and Dr. Alexander himself said he felt it was rather over the heads of many in the congregation. Next morning Shairp came after breakfast, and we walked round the sacred spots. Then in the afternoon the pleasantest of guests departed to his home : and saw St. Andrews never more.

On the last day of that same month of March, Dean Stanley, now Lord Rector of the University, gave his inaugural address. He had been elected by a narrow majority over the Marquis of Salisbury. As I have elsewhere given a very full account of the Dean's appearance upon this occasion,¹ I shall merely give the dates here. Stanley arrived on the afternoon of Tuesday March 30. He staid with Tulloch. There was a party to dine with him there that evening, and he was in great spirits. Here he several times repeated the touching verse, lately sent

¹ The Recreations of a Country Parson ; Third Series : p. 149, *Dean Stanley at St. Andrews.*

him by a correspondent (a friend of Coleridge) lately out of Hanwell :

In old Cockaigne did Liddon Khan,
A stately preaching house decree,
Where orthodoxy's river ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
From fudge to fiddle-dee.

At a later hour all the party went over to St. Salvator's Hall, where was a great gathering of three hundred people. Here it was that an awful incident occurred to the Dean, to which not even his greatest friends ever ventured to allude in talking with him. He had been introduced to a dear old lady, and said a few kind words to her : at the same time bending forward his head in the way we all remember. The aged saint misunderstood the gesture, and solemnly kissed him. My wife had his arm at the moment : but he rent himself away and fled from the spot with extraordinary activity. Few have ever seen Stanley so frightened as he was then. Next day, Wednesday March 31, was the installation. He gave a really magnificent address, of an hour and a half. Then Stanley and Tulloch, with Story and myself, walked out the Links in a beautiful Spring afternoon. Stanley came here to afternoon tea, which he took in incredible quantity : and in the evening there was a large gathering at Tulloch's, where he said a word to each person, very gracefully. The following evening there was a crowded reception in the University Library. On Friday morning, Stanley's last for the time, by ten o'clock we set off 'round the ruins'

which never sated that great and beloved man. One sees the little party, vividly, over these short years. There were Mr. and Mrs. Drummond of Megginch, the Dean's very special friends : Lord Elgin and his sister (Lady Augusta's nephew and niece), Principal Shairp and his wife, the Dean, and the present writer. Time was short, for the train was to go at 11.55 : but Stanley was eager to make the most of the minutes ; and he would end with the parish church. He did not care a bit for the hideous galleries and the general architectural degradation : here was a historic building with many strange associations ; and they all lived again to him. I see him, standing over Archbishop Sharp's grave, and eagerly debating his character. Like Tulloch, he said that Sharp was neither so bad as his enemies made him, nor so good as his friends. He was a worldly man, a pusher, and would be on the winning side. Had his friends not taken his desertion so bitterly, he might have been an easy-going Primate, trying to keep the peace between parties. But he fell on evil days. And he had no principles, particularly. Then the friends went away to Megginch as often before, and sometimes after that day.

Just a week before I had been asked to go to America for three months on Church business. It would have been a little incident in the history of the parish of St. Andrews if I had gone : likewise if I had never come back. This would probably have been the event with so deplorable a sailor. Tulloch used to propose that we should go to the States together, and 'stump the country' as he put it : trying to turn

an honest penny by giving some lectures. The days were in which we both had urgent invitations to do this : and Tulloch had seven months of the year free. But I have always been tied tightly to my parish work. And it could not be.

My old Greek Professor at Glasgow, Lushington, resigned about this time ; and we feared we were to lose Campbell. However, Jebb, Senior Classic, succeeded the outgoing Senior Classic. And Campbell was saved to St. Andrews. Somebody must be preferred in these cases. And Jebb was the younger man. For a good many years he held the chair in magnificent sufficiency ; and his wife won all hearts : the brightest and most charming of Americans. But both of them had found their true home at Cambridge. And they returned there. Jebb is now member for the University. He is a brilliant and ready speaker, and ought to be a power in Parliament.

It was not at St. Andrews, but in Edinburgh, that I heard Sir Daniel Macnee, President of our Royal Academy, tell his best stories for the last time. It was Founders' Day at Fettes College, that grand School which was made by its first Head-Master. It was not the half-million of endowment : it was not the magnificent buildings which house 200 boys at a cost of 300,000*l.* : it was not even the wise and good Trustees, headed by the great Lord President Inglis : it was Dr. Potts that did it all. The admirable men who helped him would be the first to say so. St. Andrews has given its full share of bright youths to Fettes. Four boys have gone to it from this house ; and

each would fight for his School. A Senior Wrangler was once so bold as to say something depreciatory of Fettes : a boy of this house proposed to thrash him. It was prevented. On the evening of Sunday June 27, I was at service in the beautiful chapel. Never was brighter worship. The prayers were admirably read. The music was most uplifting. The Anthem was *As pants the hart* : it was like King's Chapel at Cambridge. I had the great privilege of preaching to as interesting a congregation as I hope to see. Next day were the Speeches, and many other things. The day ended with the Trustees' dinner at the New Club. It was a remarkable party : numbering but fifteen. The Lord President : Lord Ardmillan : Sir Daniel Macnee : Mr. Bouverie Primrose : Mr. Dundas of Arniston : Mr. Anderson of Moredun : Sir Douglas Maclagan : one sees yet. Of course Dr. Potts ; and the President's brother Mr. H. Inglis. Sir Daniel was at his brightest. Singularly, the Lord President had never met him before : Sir Daniel had come to Edinburgh from Glasgow only when called to the chair of the Academy. When Sir Daniel began his first story, telling it with immense facial expression, the stately Lord President looked somewhat doubtful : but in a few minutes he was *howling* : there is no other word. Macnee's way was to select some individual, and address himself to him. I was directly opposite him : the stories were all of Glasgow and the Clyde ; and as I was in so far a Glasgow man, he addressed himself to me : frequently appealing for corroboration of his most outrageous statements. And

Macnee never told a story twice in exactly the same way : his invention was infinite. Great solemnity characterised his most comic narrations. Who can forget the man that was 'blawn-up, in the Earl Grey steamer, at Greenock quay' ? But who can tell it, now Macnee is away ? Years afterwards, I heard an Attorney-General essay to relate that ancient legend. Some people roared. I could not. And when the successful lawyer ended, I felt vividly how magnificent a story-teller was Sir Daniel Macnee. We had some songs. Sir Douglas Maclagan was always delightful : but the outstanding memory of that evening as regards music was Professor George Ramsay of Glasgow, giving the famous *Number One is all alone* : which is classic. Then I came away home to Fettes with Dr. Potts : Lord Ardmillan going with us to his own door in Charlotte Square. That very distinguished Judge, second in this lighter line to none, had been silent that evening to listen to Macnee. He was in great spirits : saying how happy the Judges of the First Division were under the Lord President : a brotherly band. So we walked along Princes Street together. The Judge was older than I was, but Dr. Potts was several years my junior : and now both are gone and I remain. * The young reader will find out, by and by, the unutterable pathos of homely incident.

I cannot but relate that on Thursday July 22 my colleague, the second minister of St. Andrews, was inducted to his charge. Mr. Anderson had taken his degree at this University with high distinction, and had for a

good many years been incumbent of a parish in Forfarshire. Some years ago he was deservedly advanced to the dignity of D.D. My relations with him have ever been more than pleasant : I think of Stanley's description of the Dean of Christ Church : 'an upright and downright man.' I know no higher praise. And helpful kindness has never failed. Had Dr. Anderson, just at that time when a run was made against 'Innovations,' chosen to pose as a true-blue Presbyterian, he would have had supporters. I have grown quite accustomed to being called an Episcopalian ; and mind it not at all. For there is a use of that word often made here, (1) By honest stupidity : (2) In conformity with an honest ignorant impression, compendiously expressed : (3) By intentional malignity using a suspect word *in invidiam*. Twenty-eight years ago, in Edinburgh, I was talking in a drawing-room before dinner with Professor Fraser, for very long the eminent Professor of Logic in the University. He succeeded Sir William Hamilton in that chair. Suddenly the Professor said to me, 'I suppose Caird is an Episcopalian ?' The answer was, 'Oh dear no : he is Professor of Divinity at Glasgow, and so of necessity a minister of the Kirk.' 'That's not what I mean at all,' responded the astute Fraser. And now the rejoinder was, 'Well, if by an Episcopalian you mean a man who values reverence in worship, and who would have churches beautiful and undesecrated by secular use : who wants the organ and perhaps a prayer-book, who feels the helpfulness of the Christian year, and the charm and pathos of many old Church

ways of which we were stript bare by English Brownism : I suppose every educated man is an Episcopalian. But *that* is not the meaning of the word at all.' 'All right,' said the good Professor with a look of great intelligence. 'I understand.'

It is indeed extraordinary how many in Scotland *will* identify Episcopacy, a form of Church Government, with fabrics and ritual which have no necessary connection with it whatever. The finest organs in the world have been in Presbyterian churches. When Episcopacy was established in Scotland before the Revolution of 1688, and when our parish-church was pro-cathedral of the Primacy, the Prayer-book and the surplice were in most parishes unknown. A good old Episcopal parson told me the other day, that the Bishop (in the Scotch Episcopal Communion) who ordained him never wore any robes but the black gown : that he prayed without book : and that in celebrating the communion he stood behind the Table : as only the Kirk and the Pope now do. But though the Church of Scotland had not the prayer-book when it was Episcopal, it had the prayer-book when it was Presbyterian. All these matters, however, are at this time of day only of academic interest. They have no practical weight. And if the illiterate spouters who try to identify Episcopacy (in the uneducated mind) with reverence, and Presbytery with ugliness and irreverence, were to succeed in their evil work, a nation rapidly growing in culture would speedily make short work of Presbytery. Or we should behold the most lamentable division of all : religious lines

of cleavage co-inciding with social. We should have the cultured in one church, and the uncultured in another. The rich and poor would cease to meet together. And a severance, far too deep and wide already, would grow to an impassable gulf. Such a state of things would break any patriotic heart.

There was a pathetic event here at the beginning of September in this year. The grand Old Tom Morris (always so called, in respect and affection, great Golfer and best of men) had a son, called for distinction's sake Tommy Morris, who was a greater golfer than himself. At an early age Tommy won the dignity of Champion of the World, and bore it well and meekly. On Thursday September 2, father and son went together to North Berwick, to play a great match on the Links there. Tommy left his wife perfectly well. She was a remarkably handsome and healthy young woman: most lovable in every way. Her brother was a great manager and speaker in the Trades Union world. But on Saturday afternoon that fine girl (she was no more) had her first child, and at once ran down and died. A telegram was sent to Tom, who told his son they must leave at once; a fine yacht was put at their disposal, and without the weary railway journey by Edinburgh, they were brought across the Firth of Forth. Tom did not tell his son that all was over, till they were walking up from the harbour. I was in the house whenever they arrived. What can one say in such an hour? I never forget the poor young man's stony look: *stricken* was the word: and how, all of a sudden he

started up and cried, 'It's not true!' I have seen many sorrowful things : but not many like that Saturday night. Poor Tommy went about for a little while, but his heart was broken. On the morning of Christmas-Day they found him dead in his bed : and so Tommy and his poor young wife were not long divided.

CHAPTER XII

DR. LIDDON : AND OTHERS

SATURDAY September 18 was a bright fine day : and that day St. Andrews received a most eminent and welcome visitor for the first time. I had read over my sermons for Sunday, and hurried out to see a dying man. Just as I reached this door, at one o'clock, three gentlemen approached it too ; and one of them reminded me that we had met at Mr. William Longman's : Mr. Malcolm Maccoll. Then he quite astonished me by introducing me to a thin dark man who stood smiling by : Dr. Liddon. 'Dr. Liddon of St. Paul's?' 'Yes.' Never man was more welcome. We were friends from that moment till last year parted us for the present : September 9, 1890. The third, a grand tall benignant man, was the Earl of Strathmore. The three had come from Glamis Castle to see St. Andrews, never seen before. They had hoped Mr. Dempster of Skibo would have been here to guide them ; but he was away. So they came here. It is seldom in this world that things happen exactly at the right time : but it was so that day. There was a little party coming to have luncheon in a few minutes : I see the delighted faces at the mention of the great preacher's name. It is a

very pleasant association with this room in which I work, that Liddon has been here. He was overflowing with kindness. He had never been in a dwelling of a Scotch parson before. I don't know what he expected: plainly something different from what he was accustomed to see. For his first words, when he had tidied himself and come downstairs and was standing before this fire, were that 'perhaps I might not think it a compliment, but that he seemed just to be in the study of an English clergyman.' The answer was, 'Why not? We are not so very different, as you will find out when you know us.' They had left Glamis early, and came from Perth by Ladybank, a dismal journey: so they were hungry. Liddon sat next me, and I joyed to see the ascetic-looking saint take his food with an appetite. Everybody knows the beautiful and pathetic face. Then the remainder of the day was given to the pilgrims, and we went forth. As we went forth, the great man said, 'Let me come to other side: I'm deaf of my right ear.' Going forth from Abbotsford Crescent, along Hope Street, Liddon said, 'The place is much more modern than I expected.' The answer was, 'Bide a wee.' And when we came into South Street, and stood by the ruined transept of the Blackfriars chapel, where Cardinal Bethune is laid, and looked eastward to the Cathedral and westward to the West Port, Liddon gave a long sigh, and said 'Now!' He at once spoke of the likeness to the Oxford High Street, of which we are proud. Not very like, it must be confessed. Still, it is there. Then the parish church. Liddon's interest was extreme,

both in it and its history. He gazed intently on Archbishop Sharp's great monument, over his grave. But what I remember best is his ascending the lofty pulpit, and thence surveying the church. 'A great place.' There was room for both of us; and as I stood by his side, he went on, 'Would that the day may come when I shall be able to preach here!' The answer was ready: 'Dear Dr. Liddon, to-morrow is Sunday. Stay with us and preach. You don't know how welcome you will be!' But he shook his head sadly: 'Our unhappy divisions.' And he did not like the pulpit better because Stanley had preached from it. All the sights were gone over. And Lord Strathmore and Mr. Maccoll were as enthusiastic as Liddon. When we entered the Cathedral church-yard, Liddon exclaimed, 'This church will be rebuilt!' The answer was, 'Amen. But this is an utilitarian age. It might cost half-a-million. Scotch folk will hardly rebuild a Nave of twelve bays, vaulted in stone at a height of a hundred feet, for people to walk up and down in, and stare about them.' But Liddon put these unworthy thoughts aside: and with a prophetic fervour he exclaimed, 'This church will be rebuilt, stone for stone.' Sinking to a lowlier level, he pointed out how much remained, for the guidance of a good architect: both walls and foundations: and the ground-plan was perfectly clear. St. Regulus: St. Leonard's Church, lacking the roof only: the Pends: the Castle, with the awful Bottle Dungeon. Never, in my experience, were these more eagerly scanned. It was to be done once more: and on that bright summer day we climbed St.

Regulus Tower, and saw the German Ocean spread from our feet into infinity. Liddon was out of breath with the climb. 'Do you grudge the fatigue of climbing-up?' Never in St. Paul's to thousands did he speak with more fervour than in the loud 'No!' The pleasant afternoon went over too fast, and the guests must go. They would walk to the railway, for a glimpse of the Links. But we were rather late, and got into a little 'bus which was making for the spot: four of us. The fare is sixpence each. But in consideration of the short distance we had been conveyed, the honest conductor abated his charge. He appeared impressed by Lord Strathmore's appearance, though not knowing who he was: not much by the others. And his somewhat contumelious words were, 'A shilling for the lot!' So they went from view. But from that day frequent letters kept us in touch: some of his of great length, almost like sermons. And we met again too: once for several days of kindly converse, at the weird Glamis. Of these things hereafter. Meanwhile let it be said that when, by and by, a youthful Anglican found fault with me for writing about Cathedrals, which he (of course) took for granted I knew nothing about, and could not know anything, Liddon undertook my defence chivalrously. I had not thought of defending myself. And I would readily have been smitten a hundred times as sharply, to have been championed by this great and good man. I remember well his lamenting the outward severance of the two National Churches. But he said, 'It is the fault of nobody living. Things have crystallised into this,

through ages. And it will be very difficult to change them.'

Most people have felt that it was nothing short of a scandal that such a man as Liddon rose no higher in the Church. It is very grievous that wrong-headed prejudice in any quarter should have held back such a man. Yet it is to be acknowledged that though Liddon was a scholar, a saint, a great orator, the preacher of the Anglican Church in his day, and a most sweet-natured and lovable man, yet his extreme views, of which I shall have to speak at another time, would in some degree have unfitted him to be Bishop of any but a quite exceptional diocese. He might indeed, had he been placed on the Bench (one cannot say *raised* in the case of Liddon, for he could stand no higher), have learnt to somewhat modify his views, to the historic toleration of the Church of England. Or, at least, he might have learnt not to act upon them. The most uncompromising do that, or the world could not go on. I remember well how Bishop Wordsworth showed me a letter from his old friend Archbishop Manning, the letter beginning 'My dear Bishop.' One could not but point out the inconsistency of the Cardinal. 'He does not believe you are a Bishop at all.' The Bishop could but answer with a sigh, 'Of course he can't.'

Flat times come in the history of a place or a human being. There is nothing beyond the daily round till March 1876, when Flint, on six successive Saturday mornings, delivered at St. Mary's Church his admirable Baird Lectures on Theism. I remember the warmth with which

Liddon praised them. It is difficult to convey the sense of intellectual force which greatened upon one, listening time after time. The strength, the simplicity, the self-forgetfulness of the man, so charmed, that really before the end I had come quite to like and approve even his odd pronunciation of certain often-recurring words. The word *awtoms* did at first jar upon one. But as Shairp said, Shairp who attended regularly, 'You'll get fifty men to say *atoms* in the usual way, before you get a man who can write a lecture like that.' The impression at the time is very real. A few Saturdays after I find it written, 'Very grand indeed. He is a wonderful fellow.' And never was eminent man more unpretending. There was not in him one trace of the self-seeker or pusher.

On Thursday June 15, our Summer Fastday, two distinguished preachers ministered at the parish church, for the last time together. In the morning, Professor Wallace, now a layman, and M.P. for Edinburgh : in the afternoon Dr. MacGregor, now Moderator of the Kirk. Shairp dined with them in the evening. Wallace had to go early next morning : but at ten o'clock Shairp came, and MacGregor, Shairp and I, set out on the never-wearying 'round of the ruins.' Often, since then, has MacGregor recalled that day. It was blazing summer. Shairp was at his brightest ; and MacGregor was effervescent with stories of old College days, and with marvellous specimens of the sermons to which the students had then to listen. There was a very striking passage, not without philosophic truth. Og, King of Bashan, somebody had stated, was five miles in height.

‘ But this is plainly impossible. For, had it been so, while his feet were burning in the heat of the tropics, his middle would have been enjoying a temperate climate, and his head would have been covered with perpetual snow.’ A discourse on Enoch began with the statement, ‘ Walking is that motion of the boaddy by which we transport ourselves from one point in space unto another.’ First, to the quaint dwelling of good Professor Jackson : and through his charming old garden to a little pavilion where the Professor sat with books and papers round him : while before him on a writing table lay the first pages of the great work which was to remove all difficulties and calm all perturbed spirits. ‘ Ah, the *magnum opus*,’ said Shairp : ‘ how is it getting on?’ ‘ Slowly,’ was the ordinary answer. In latter days the delightful old man confided to me that possibly he lacked the gift of popular exposition ; and that an intellectual middleman must come in between him and the multitude : he to supply the thought, the other to put it in attractive and (if possible) intelligible shape. He had his eye upon the man for this work. It was Flint. But unhappily Flint would not take to it. In his early days, Jackson had lived under the roof of Dugald Stewart : and he told many things of that somewhat-forgotten philosopher. But when Professor Jackson arose, and walked with us about his garden, full of improvements to be made upon it, and discussing all topics with lucid clearness, one felt how singularly a man’s written style may be involved, tortuous, intricate, and to many unintelligible, while his talk is crystal-clear. Even in.

making a speech, which he did with entire fluency and great dignity, the grand old man was direct, and understood of all. A favourite topic was the injustice done by Protestants to the Church of Rome. ' People forget how much we hold in common : The Trinity, the Divinity of our Saviour, a Future Life,' and many other things. Then came the frequent summing-up : ' I would infinitely rather be a Roman Catholic than a U. P.' I know not why : but the old theologian had a keen dislike to that energetic body. He would say, in stately accents, ' As for the parish-church, even in its present unrestored condition, no mortal could take it for a U. P. place of worship.' Never did any man so lay down the law *ex cathedrâ*. You could not resist him at the moment. He was absolutely sure he was right. And the powerful voice, the tall dignified form, the silvery hair, the ascetic features, all combined to produce the effect. Furthermore, in these careless days, no mortal ever saw him unless attired in the severest clerical array. Professor Jackson had the grand manner, as much as any man I have known. Yet there was a constant kindness, and the occasional gleam of humour, which kept him clear of the accusation of being pompous or donnish.

Then on to the Cathedral : never to be visited too often. We stood before the high altar, whose steps time has carpeted with soft green. As we mused in the solemn place, Shairp of a sudden proposed the institution of an *Anti-Hugh-Playfair Society* : whose function it should be to obliterate, as far as might now be, the well-meant but Philistine endeavours of a departed civic ruler to make a

little city look modern whose entire charm lies in its antiquity. A sudden enthusiasm seized the little band, as the eloquent Professor of Poetry expatiated on deplorable deeds done with the best intentions. Each held forth his hand on high, and vowed to do all that in him should ever lie to keep the dear old place old-fashioned.

I do not know that they ever did much, in fulfilment of that promise. And I am sure they can do less now.

At the beginning of August, University business brought Dean Stanley here. This time he brought with him the ever-charming Hugh Pearson, Vicar of Sonning and Canon of Windsor. Likewise Lord Elgin, Rector's Assessor in the University Court. It was too much for humanity that any mortal should possess two such dwellings, within an hour of each other, as Sonning Vicarage and the Canon's house in Windsor Castle. Only nothing could be too good for Pearson. The visit was a flying one. Pearson staid with us : the other two with Tulloch. The business was the election of a Professor of Moral Philosophy in succession to Flint : who, like Chalmers, had quitted that Chair here for the Divinity Chair at Edinburgh. They appointed Mr. Knight : who, though not a graduate, had somehow been appointed Examiner in Mental Philosophy of candidates for degrees. Flint had repeatedly spoken to me in the strongest terms of Mr. Knight's qualifications. I have always felt an interest in Knight. He is the son of an excellent minister of the Free Church : and when I first saw him he was assistant to a good man who was probably the most bigoted Free Church

minister in Edinburgh. But Knight was always too enlightened for that kind of thing : and when he came to be incumbent of a free kirk in Dundee, he rapidly gained a character for liberality. Finally, he found his position so unpleasant that he quitted the Free Church, and for a time was an Independent minister. Then he was received into the Church, not without much opposition. After becoming Professor here, he appeared to join the Episcopal Communion : and I am told he would have taken orders in the Church of England had it been possible to hold a curacy South of the Tweed along with his Chair. He is a diligent literary worker, and always a helpful friend. When he joined the Kirk, I was one of many who desired to hold out a friendly hand to him ; and along with Dr. Burns, the eloquent minister of Glasgow Cathedral, I preached in his beautiful church on his first Fastday in the National Establishment. Professor Knight was Secretary to the Wordsworth Society, and he was a pall-bearer at the funeral of Browning. I have never heard him lecture ; but have many times heard his students speak of him. I heard him preach just once, in the parish church here. The sermon was extremely good and interesting. I am told that when he was in Dundee, he attracted many of the more intelligent class. I should not judge that he would be generally popular. And I understand he has some difficulty in finding any preacher who is quite up to his intellectual level.

The Election did not take much time : then, in the loveliest of days, to the Cathedral, a considerable party :

one was Bishop Mackenzie of Nottingham, one of the early Suffragans. He was much *my-lorded*, by some who knew not the facts. In the evening, Stanley and Pearson dined here : also Tulloch, Campbell, Mr. Whyte Melville (one of the Electors, and full of Flint's views as to the Election), and Lord Elgin. I was struck by finding that Lord Elgin had never heard of Sir Francis Doyle's fine poem in which his father's name is mentioned with honour. I mean the stirring verses about the Private of the Buffs, who was taken prisoner by the Chinese and tortured to death.

Last night, amid his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed, and swore :
 A drunken Private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place :
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race.

He was a very odd one to wear the crown along with St. Stephen and St. Peter. But the poor Private is named in the *Te Deum*. I know no definition of the word which would not place him in the noble army of Martyrs. He must be with them, that rough soul : greatly changed for the better.

The heavy blow had fallen on the dear Dean, of which more hereafter : and at first, that evening, he was very quiet and subdued. But he brightened up, and was lively and talkative as of old before the end. He and Tulloch.

departed at 11, but the lovable Pearson sat up far into the night, full of bright and charming talk. I remember his saying that he grudged to grow old, because the Church and the world were growing ever more interesting, and he would wish to be here to mark their progress. I suppose hardly any man ever had so many warm friends as Pearson : and he deserved them all. He was a special friend of Bishop Wilberforce. When the Bishop wanted a quiet Sunday, he came to Sonning. Then some little step in advance was taken in the ritual at the beautiful church ; and it was never retraced. But Pearson, like us poor men here, had his difficulties to face ; though the pinch did not come so early. It was strange, in that exquisite building, how long his choir remained unsurpliced. I remember his triumphant letter to announce that the step had been taken at last ; and that (so he expressed it) his men and boys entered in procession, ' robed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.' Speaking of Bishop Wilberforce, whose manner he did not in every respect approve, he summed up by saying, emphatically, ' You may say what you like of him, but he is the *Show Man* of the Church of England' : meaning, doubtless, the Man to Show. Lord Elgin had not slept at Tulloch's, but at a hotel : our modest dwellings were full. But when I came down the next morning, the descendant of the Bruce was standing by my study fire, benignantly smiling. He had to go early, and desired to bid Pearson goodbye. He lost by going. It was a memorable forenoon. In a little Stanley and Tulloch came. Stanley, always lifted to his brightest by warmth,

stood before the fire in this room : Pearson, Tulloch and I, sat round and listened : and Stanley blazed out into marvellous eloquence, speaking of Convocation and its meetings, and of the doctrine and ritual of the great Church of England. I knew the dear man's likings and ways : the fire was specially bright and glowing : I dropt just a bit of coal on it from time to time : and Stanley, standing right in front of it, seemed to expand and dilate like a rose in the sunshine : the flow of eager speech, poured upon our sympathetic ears, was truly miraculous. I thought of good Lady Augusta : 'He needs a good fire to toast himself before it' : and not the Fat Boy himself was better toasted than he was that day. I see the eager face, the little figure, turning from side to side : I hear the hearty laugh, and the voice flowing on. Alas, of that cheerful little company there now remains but one. I recall the delight, as of a good-natured but mischievous schoolboy, with which he told how he had provoked and worried some of the big men in Convocation. When an attempt was made to pass a *quasi*-excommunication of Bishop Colenso, the first step was the proposing a resolution that the Church of England was in communion with the Bishop of Capetown. Up started Stanley and seconded that resolution : saying that though he thought Bishop Gray had behaved very foolishly and wrongly, he did not think him so bad that he would refuse him communion. How he enjoyed that bit of smart practice ! But after that first step, the fight came : and, approve Colenso or not, you could not but admire the courage as well as the

magnificent dialectic skill with which the Dean stood by him. The Dean could not talk himself out. It was as with Bunyan, the more he pulled, the more there was to come: and as the fire was to that little frame, so was kindly sympathy to that sensitive spirit. Stanley was far more alive, painfully alive, to suspicion and misrepresentation than many thought of him. On one of divers occasions on which, alone with him, I wandered into every nook of Westminster Abbey, I said to him, 'Well, if I had a church like this, I don't think I should take the trouble of going down and preaching in the parish kirk at St. Andrews.' But he turned to me, and said, with great feeling, 'You don't know how few English churches I should be allowed to preach in!' The statement seemed very strange. One had thought that almost all churches would have been more than open to such a man. But one remembered, too, how good Dean Goulburn of Norwich had refused to be one of the Select Preachers at Oxford if Stanley's name stood on the list. One would have said that the more heretical Stanley's teaching, the more it became Dean Goulburn to appear and correct it. No doubt there is another way of looking at the case: 'Come out from among them, and be separate.' I once heard Goulburn preach, to a great crowd, in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Gladstone was listening attentively. The sermon was good enough: but not good enough to counter-work Stanley. It was ingenious, but it was distinctly dull. And there were things in it which could only be called silly. The worthy preacher told us things which nobody

could believe, except the man who can believe a thing though he sees plainly it is not true. Now, whatever a man may say he believes, no man can in fact believe what he sees is not true. I am aware that some excellent folk would say this is the Rationalistic spirit. As if the most direct of all revelation were not that which God has so made us that we must see. No question can arise here of faithfulness of text or accuracy of translation. As Thomson said, in one of the memorable lines in *The Seasons*, it is 'The Voice of God within the attentive mind.'

That long forenoon passed over, as all others will pass. And at length we drove down to the railway and saw Stanley and Pearson off to Megginch. It was a bright visit from first to last: save for the cloud of bereavement, the 'sense of something lost.'

It is remarkable how easily difficulties are got over, if there be but a little good sense and good temper. About this time good Bishop Wordsworth gave up the house he had long occupied near Perth, and came to live at St. Andrews: to the great enrichment of our life here. On a morning in September I had an extremely kind letter from him (one of innumerable such) suggested by much correspondence in *The Scotsman* on the question of precedence between the representatives of an Established Church which taboos all dignities, and the dignitaries of the non-established Episcopal Communion. The Bishop said that officially he would of course always yield precedence to Tulloch and myself: which indeed went without

saying. But he added that even socially he would do so, unless in the houses of Episcopal families : and that, as he was coming to reside in the parish, it was right to come to an understanding. My reply was that I was perfectly sure there never would be the smallest difficulty. And there never has been. By being ever ready to recognise the legal position of affairs, the Bishop has (in this house and in all others) met a consideration which might otherwise have been denied. And looking to the personal eminence of the man, his character and history, the Kirk has ever been ready to recognise the Bishop in a way equally pleasant to both.

On Sunday September 17, Flint, to depart on the morrow, preached his last sermon in the parish church. He had been for many years a member of the Kirk-Session ; and he had preached for me sixty times. These occasions mount up, surprisingly, when you count them. The church was quite full that afternoon, 'believers' seats' and all. Flint could not preach unless admirably. But he was not at his best ; and he said no word of farewell. Service over, I walked with him to near his door ; and we parted. It has very seldom happened us to meet since. But I have ever found him the same kind friend. And how grandly he has filled his Chair, all Scotch folk know well.

Now and then, one gets a letter from some entire stranger, asking that I should press Tulloch or Shairp to get the stranger the degree of D.D. or LL.D. of this University. A more than ordinarily-foolish letter came at this

time. Of course, the answer in every such case was that it was impossible for me to interfere. So well-informed was one correspondent about St. Andrews, that he called Tulloch *Principal Tholuck*. Very curious facts come to one's knowledge of the way in which such decorations are canvassed for: both by applicants, and by their friends, male and female. It need not be said that they are of no value whatever unless they come unsought. Yet when a man has anyhow got his hood, he can wear it all the same: though it may have been with him as Disraeli said about an individual to whom he had given a peerage: 'He went down on his knees to me to get it.' Not much modesty can abide with him who has touted to be made a Doctor of Divinity. Yet I have noted that the countenance of such a person falls, when in the presence of somebody who (he knows) is aware of the facts.

It may in any case be said for the Kirk, that if you find a man wearing the hood of a degree, you may be sure he has (somehow) got that degree. But I grieve to say that I have known cases in which men with no degree whatever have worn hoods. Possibly in such cases, if you examined the hood, you would find that there was some colourable difference between the bogus tippet, and the mark of any degree of any University. Still, it is a deception. A very great scholar, a Scotch Bishop, once went to minister in a chapel near Timbuctoo, and found the incumbent wearing the mark of an Oxford M.A. The Bishop said 'I am pleased to see you are a graduate of my own University.' Looking somewhat uncomfortable,

the incumbent replied, that he was not a graduate of Oxford, or of any other University; but that his wife thought it looked better to wear a hood, and he thought he might as well adopt what he esteemed the most respectable. 'Ah,' said the Prelate, with a sigh, 'so I perceive that it is an Im-po-si-tion.' So the story ends.

Wednesday September 27 was this year the great Golf Day. The morning was dark and wet, but the day proved sunshiny and pleasant. Prince Leopold was the new Captain. More spectators than usual were there to see him strike off the first ball. He arrived with Mr. Whyte Melville, with whom he was staying. He was received with due respect: a pleasant modest-looking young man. A considerable party lunched with him at Tulloch's. He was shy; but very unaffected, and devoid of airs. The Provost and the Principal took him round the ruins. I trust he was interested. He could hardly have been informed. He presided at the Club dinner this evening: and the following evening, though lame, danced at the ball with great diligence. He was not crowded, nor stared at. When I saw him, some time after, he spoke pleasantly of the time. I cannot but copy from the record of the time a sentence which coincides exactly with my recollection. It does not, I am thankful to say, apply to everybody. But it applies to some. 'The incredible tenacity with which some folk keep hold of the coat-tails of a Prince, is even exceeded by their mortal terror lest anybody else gets hold of those sacred coat-tails.' The weaknesses of humanity will cleave to human beings.

On Saturday December 16, the wife of old Professor Jackson suddenly died. They had been all-in-all to one another. I went at once, and found the old man wonderfully composed. They had been married forty years ; and in all that time had never been parted for so much as a week at a time.

I fancy every reader knows what it is to be possessed by some bit of verse. At this time Mr. Coventry Patmore's beautiful and touching lines, beginning ' My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,' did for many days take hold of me as I do not remember ever being taken hold of. I look at the lines now, and think them very charming : but in those days they were much more. Even yet I think they will bear being gone over, and dwelt upon, trying to realise the meaning of each line, more than almost any in the language. Mr. Bonamy Price said, at Shairp's table, that Wordsworth's *Michael* surpasses in pathos anything ever written by man. Humbly, I agree with him : but side-by-side with *Michael* I place Mr. Coventry Patmore's lines. Day and night they held me, for long. And having, on a dark December evening, to preach to a good many children who were surrounded by eighteen hundred grown-up folk, I took the lines for my sermon, giving Mr. Patmore all the credit of it : taking for text the unforgettable ' Like as a father pitieth his children ' : and making the poet's story last for twenty-five minutes. I was the poet's middleman : as Professor Jackson wanted Flint to be his. Everything good was Mr. Patmore's. And I think that the poet would have been pleased had

he seen the moistened eyes of that not-inconsiderable assemblage. I never saw Mr. Coventry Patmore, and know him not at all. But perhaps, should he ever come to know it, he may be pleased to think that an unknown friend has held him in warm regard, in grateful regard, now for fifteen years.

It was about this time that I had a singular proof of the bitterness of ecclesiastical divisions *within* the Anglican Church. I met a Christian young man, very zealous to do good, and preparing for orders without going to any University. He was very Low Church indeed. I chanced to say a word in commendation of the *Christian Year*. '*The Christian Year!*' he exclaimed, wildly holding up both his hands on high; 'Filth! Filth!'

But on the other hand, the saintly writer of the *Christian Year*, speaking of a most exemplary Scotch Bishop who had differed from him on the question of Eucharistical Adoration, used these kindly words, 'He is a pestilent fellow!'

From all uncharitableness: Good Lord, deliver us.

CHAPTER XIII

1877, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

YOU cannot always, with us, make up your mind for yourself where you are to preach. Your Presbytery sends you, and you have to obey. More than once, in my long ministry, I have had to go to places where no worldly inducement would take me again. I have several times had to do what is here called *preaching a church vacant*. The phrase is of double meaning : but its proper intention is that having conducted divine service you intimate that the living is vacant by the death or the translation of the incumbent. Once, in a fine old church, where were two ministers, one of them was officiating out of his turn. He said to the congregation that the reason was that his beloved colleague had been sent by the Presbytery to preach a certain church vacant. He went on, 'And I can assure you, my brethren, that there is no man better qualified than my beloved colleague to preach any church vacant.' It was not a kindly statement, by any means. But unhappily it was true. The 'beloved colleague' had, ages before, preached in St. Giles' before the Commissioner at the Assembly. His text was 'Ye have need of patience.' It is impossible to say how heartily the entire congregation agreed with him, long ere he was half-done.

A Sunday in that January stands out in my remembrance as quite the most dismal of my life. I was sent to preach a kirk vacant. It was the most ghastly and repulsive specimen of a Scotch kirk which I had seen for very long. It was hideous, outside and in. I could have borne that, if there had been a good congregation. But it was nearly empty. The singing made one's blood run cold. In such a case, the only thing for a preacher to do is very earnestly to ask help: to preach without reading: and resolutely to give the few people the very best he can. Let it be added, to preach *The Gospel*, and nothing else. On that day, the handful of souls were very silent and attentive. But I recalled, painfully, the day on which I preached another church vacant, where a worthy man had long ministered to whom no mortal could possibly listen. The moment I gave out my text, the whole congregation fell asleep. Very often have I said that the only permissible way of getting a congregation to attend, is by interesting them. Scolding is excluded. 'I'll name ye out, name and surname, if ye don't awake' (familiar in a church once known to me), will not do. But I tried my little best: every art I knew. It would not do in a single day. And I remember yet how beaten and discomfited I drove the twelve miles home. Such Sundays are very trying. And I know that men who had in them the makings of eminent preachers have had them snuffed-out in places like these. I do not care how homely the congregation is. Here, intelligence will not fail, when you have trained the people out of the awful habit of inatten-

tion. But an empty church is like water to fire. In such a case, young brothers, bring the people together. You cannot touch people, spaced far apart from one another. But get a little bit of the church full: get it crowded: have the folk near to you: and in a little you will never think of the surrounding wilderness of empty pews. No more than when the Choir of a Cathedral is crowded you are chilled by the empty nave. Of course, you have to reckon with the mulishness of humanity. At a weekday service, where you have indicated a certain part of the church as the only part to be used by the small congregation, you will find one, here and there, far away, solitary in an outlying bench. It is vexatious. But you cannot help it. Try to train yourself not to see them. The number which, scattered over a church, looks most miserable, being massed together will make a hearty little congregation. And how can people join in praise, each twenty feet away from the next one? Let it here be said that while a large and crowded congregation will count up to less than you would think, a very thin congregation will count up to more. A church which you would say was quite empty you will find has seventy or eighty. But when you look at a congregation ascertained to be of three thousand, if any one said it was five thousand you could not gainsay it.

The first great incident of 1877 was Stanley's coming to address the students as Rector for the second time. Much was compressed into the time of his visit. And I have elsewhere told the story fully: in an essay which has

already been referred to. The address was on Friday, March 16. The University Library was densely packed. The three maces came first: then the authorities of the University. I see them pass close by where I was sitting: and the Dean somewhat disorganize their movement by stopping, and silently holding out his little hand. The address was perfect, in adaptation, in eloquence, in manner. Never did Rector so put himself in sympathy with the undergraduate crowd. I was grieved to find that Stanley had been informed that he would probably be interrupted, and possibly hissed. I never knew our students hiss anybody who had not brought it on himself by lack of common sense. In the evening, dinner at Tulloch's. Just the people who should have been: one need not repeat the names, given before. But somebody was wanting: and though the kindest of friends were in charge, some of us noted that the Dean's get-up was not so spotless as of yore. The simple contemporary record says, 'Strange, to look at the wee body, and think he is so great a man.' Such are the reflections of unsophisticated minds, remote from London: dwelling in an out-of-the-way place, such as St. Andrews. It was at this time he said to me that he had written only two books which really made an impression. Of course, Arnold's *Life*, and *Sinai and Palestine*. He said too that the moment he heard of Arnold's death, he resolved to write his biography, and that he managed to get Mrs. Arnold's permission within a very few days.

The next day, Saturday, was wintry: snow falling and

a bitter East wind. Some folk have to work hard on Saturday forenoons. But at 1.30 Tulloch, Story, and Stanley came to luncheon. Then it was exactly as before. Stanley had been very quiet. But we went into my study: and here Stanley, standing before a great fire prepared for him, seemed to become vitalised. He grew cheerful to the degree which boys call jolly, and talked with vehemence and eloquence. Tulloch, Story and I sat round and threw in the occasional word. It was the day of the University Athletic Games: and near four o'clock we went down to the field, which is near, for just a minute: but Stanley pined in that bitter wind, and speedily came away, amid cries of *Three cheers for the Rector*. That evening there was a crowded reception in the University Library: and here Stanley managed to say a word to almost every student. A good country parson asked me to introduce him to the Dean. This done, he began 'I'm a Hill minister.' But though the Dean talked to him very pleasantly for a little time, he complained afterwards that the Dean spoke with such an English accent that he could not understand him at all.

Sunday March 18 was a beautiful sunshiny frosty day. Stanley preached in the morning in the beautiful little chapel of St. Salvator's College. Here he was persuaded by some one, incredibly ignorant of ecclesiastical propriety, to wear the shabby but venerable robe of the Rector. Flies, amounting in size to bluebottles, are too much wont to appear in the services of the Kirk: specially where an attempt is made to mend them. It was not as

Rector of St. Andrews, but as a clergyman in Anglican orders, that Stanley could preach in our churches. That morning Dr. Scott, minister of St. George's, Edinburgh who had come to preach for the Students' Missionary Society, preached at St. Mary's. Scott is one of our very best preachers: but of course, all the students were hearing Stanley. The Dean was to preach at the parish-church in the afternoon. Long before the bells began, the church was quite full. When the service began, the congregation crowded pews and passages, and must have numbered near 3,000 souls. Scotch-fashion, two or three persons of humble estate had informed me that they disapproved of Stanley's preaching for me: and they 'testified' by staying away from service. Of course, nobody missed them. I arrayed the Dean in his robes: he could not have put them on himself. He wore the black silk gown, as we do, and the bands: the Oxford D.D. hood: also (what we do not wear) a broad scarf of crape, and the order of the Bath. It was now, while my colleague Mr. Anderson and I were walking into church before the Dean, that the old woman with the umbrella joined herself to the modest procession: to Stanley's great delight. The congregation was a great sight, and the volume of praise impressive and memorable. We gave the Dean characteristic Scotch psalms and paraphrases: the Hymnal was put aside for that day. *Such pity as a father hath*, to Martyrdom. The twenty-third Psalm. *O God of Bethel*: and *I'm not ashamed to own my Lord*. What the Prayer-Book is to the devout Anglican, these are to a Scottish ear and

heart. When Stanley entered the pulpit, of course there came *Lord of all power and might*: and he preached for just an hour, very finely, on the Essential Characteristics of Christianity. I do not think that either Dr. Liddon on one hand, or Bishop Thorold on the other, would have drawn up exactly the same catalogue of these. The text was curious: 'There is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen: the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it' (Job xxviii. 7, 8). But the sermon may be found by all, in the volume of *Addresses and Sermons at St. Andrews*. Service over, the Dean came to the Session-house, where were many Elders. Stanley solemnly shook hands with each. Two good men, now far away, began to compliment him, in severely-modified terms, upon his sermon. Plainly, they had not liked it all. But I intervened, fearing what might come; and Stanley afterwards spoke with interest of the little passage. 'I knew they did not like my sermon, dear good men.'

We were to dine after evening service: so the Dean had a long sleep. It was a trying thing for any preacher to appear in that church after such a function as had been in the afternoon. But the church was full: and Scott gave a most admirable sermon: 'really splendid' was the impression at the time. It was, in fact, just as able a sermon as Stanley's: and when the hungry sheep of Scottish training looked up, I fancy they found more feeding in it. Yet the teaching was liberal. Scott is one of the Trustees who administer the great Baird gift to the Kirk, of half a million. Tulloch's remark was, 'If James

Baird had heard that sermon, I don't think Scott would have been a Trustee.' Then the Principal meditated for a little : and solemnly added, 'That is, if he had understood it.'

I remember no pleasanter little party than dined in our house with the Dean that evening. Ten in all : of whom Stanley, Tulloch, and Baynes, are gone. Nobody who was there will forget it. There were Scott, my colleague Anderson, Mr. Rodger of St. Leonard's, who ministers in the chapel where Stanley had preached in the morning. A re-action had come, after the comparative depression of his first hours at St. Andrews : and Stanley was in tremendous spirits. He had had a good sleep : he had got through all his work : he was pleased with the crowds that had come to hear him : and he talked without cease, and talked brilliantly. I see the beautiful little face, beaming : and the singular way in which he used to look up, with his eyes closed. His buoyancy and fluency were quite extraordinary : such was that sensitive nature when all was sympathetic. Not that we all thought exactly as he did. I never saw Stanley to so great advantage. He had been on the stretch ever since he came to St. Andrews, but he was not run-down at all. It was in the drawing-room, afterwards, that he uttered to my eldest boy a pleasant prophecy never to become true. 'When you are a merchant-prince, I will come and stay with you at Glasgow, and we shall have such a good time !' But for twelve years, that good boy's home has been in Calcutta. And Stanley has gone away.

Monday was a busy day of duty, and Stanley went to some country house near. But on Tuesday evening (to go next morning) he dined here again: Tulloch, with whom he was staying, having an engagement. A little party: Shairp, Crombie our great scholar, and Knight: besides our own small household. It was as Sunday evening again, but quieter. Broad as Stanley was, he could not have much patience with the leaders of the Oxford movement: and he spoke very severely of Newman. He produced a curious memorandum of a conversation with Carlyle, and read it twice over. Carlyle described his intense excitement when, being in Edinburgh, he finished his first reading of *Wilhelm Meister*: how he went out at night, and walked about the dark streets, saying 'God intends us each to do all we can!' As it drew towards midnight, Knight and I took him to Tulloch's door, where he bade us farewell very kindly, and we parted for a while.

In telling of Stanley's visit in March 1877, I have not repeated what has been told already: but rather spoken of private matters, not so fit to be told of while the dear and great man lived. But in a little while, the volume appeared which contained all his words spoken here: and in *Fraser's Magazine* for October I noticed the book, and told the story of *Dean Stanley at St. Andrews*. Stanley was in America when *Fraser* came out. But he had a singular eagerness to read anything written concerning himself: and in due time he read my essay. Let me turn down the

leaf upon this interesting period in the history of the place, by showing how it affected him to look back upon it.

‘ Oct. 17.77. Deanery, Westminster.

‘ My dear A. K. H. B.,

‘ As soon as I returned to England, I went to look at the October *Fraser*. It is not for me to thank you for the kind things you have said of me myself. But I am grateful to have a record of days so delightful : and I thank you especially for your touching and beautiful notice of her—whose passing away must always be associated in my memory with that time,—the one shadow deepening and darkening over what else would have been unmixed happiness.

‘ The story of Liddon Khan is introduced so dexterously that I cannot think any one will be offended by it.

‘ Yours sincerely and gratefully,

‘ A. P. STANLEY.’

I was to see a good deal of Stanley that Spring, though not at St. Andrews. On the first of May, a wintry Mayday, Tulloch and I, with my daughter, travelled from Edinburgh to London by the Flying Scotchman. During that rapid journey I read in the *Times* that Thorold was to be Bishop of Rochester. Tulloch spent much time in London. He was a member of the Athenæum, one of those admitted in a specially-honourable way. But he did not know London well just then : and it cost argument to break him of speaking of *Paul-Maul*. Next day, I went

for him to that most respectable of Clubs : took him along the Strand and showed him the chapel of King's College, as beautified : in my days there it was plain enough. Then in a hansom to Birch's, in Cornhill, of which he never had heard. Through strange nooks of the City, Tulloch staring in consternation at my familiarity with them : then by underground railway from Moorgate to Queen's Road : whence we walked through Kensington Gardens, growing beautifully green. Tulloch went obediently, till my daughter and I spoke of Evensong at All Saints, Margaret Street : then the repugnance to public worship of the Divinity Professor appeared, and he rebelled. One such, being asked if he was going to church, said, intelligibly though coarsely, ' No : butchers don't like collops.' So we went without him : according to our wont each afternoon in London, as five o'clock came. People know not what they lose, in not being trained to daily service. But there is recompense : they do not turn their faces to the frigid North with the sigh wherewith some do. It was during this fortnight of holiday in London that I came to see daily Dean Edwards of Bangor : a charming man and a great Welsh preacher : though, as Stanley said, ' a Babe decanically ' : a very youthful Dean. I wonder how many of my cautious countrymen would have told me how once, preaching in his father's church, he gave one of my sermons : and how next day various intelligent hearers said how much he had improved. He could quite afford to say so. One long day to Sonning, to Hugh Pearson. I remember no pleasanter days than my days there. It

was years since I had been there : house and church surpassed recollection : and my daughter, who had never seen the like before, was charmed. In a great house, near, I saw a book bearing in a beautiful hand the statement that it was given to John Locke by the Author. The book was Newton's *Principia*. Pearson drove us to see the church where Tennyson was married ; and then to a beautiful little church he had recently built. On Ascension Day, May 10, I heard Dean Church preach in St. Paul's. Never was man so exactly what I had looked for. In the afternoon, I heard Stanley in the Nave at Westminster, which was crowded. The sermon was a grand one. If Stanley had possessed the physique, he would have been (for educated people) the most popular preacher of his time. On Saturday May 12, I went with Stanley to the Privy Council to hear judgment in a case of Ritual. The Chancellor, who was Lord Cairns, read the judgment. Archbishop Tait's face said nothing, whether of approval or the reverse. But I made very sure that the ex-chancellor, Lord Selborne, liked it not at all. The judgment was very clear, and well-read. The man from Belfast appeared just once, in a hasty reference to 'the language of the *toime*.' We sat close behind the Judges, being, as Stanley said, in the Dress Circle : a standing crowd was outside the bar. The Council sat at eleven : at twelve the judgment was not nearly done, though we could see how it was to be. But Stanley said, 'I can't stand this any longer,' so we came away. I told the Dean that Mr. Gladstone had asked me to be with him at one. Stanley's

parting word was, 'Tell him what this judgment is : and just see if he does not say, *A great step towards disestablishment!*' I arrived punctually at 73 Harley Street : and had a long talk with the great man quite alone. That is, he talked, eloquently and eagerly : and I listened. But he put a good many questions to me, sharply : and noted down the answers. I am not going to record anything the ex-Minister said : but only the impression of extreme kindness, entire unaffectedness, and deep earnestness. I once read a letter, written by his great opponent, which began 'A fanatic is a dangerous man. If he be leader of the House of Commons, he is an extremely dangerous man.' I add no more : and I feel quite sure Mr. Disraeli did not intend what came next to be seen of any, beyond one or two. But I gathered that in Politics, a fanatic is a man who is guided by the great distinction between Right and Wrong. The charm of Mr. Gladstone's manner is quite wonderful. His knowledge of facts seemed very great. And his ignorance of other facts quite as great. All this is preliminary to telling of my meeting Stanley next day. That Sunday morning I heard Bishop Thorold preach one of his last sermons in St. Pancras, which was quite crowded : hastened to the quaint old Deanery in Doctors' Commons to lunch with Dean Church : went with him to afternoon service in St. Paul's, where the music was magnificent, and we had a grand sermon on the Ascension from Bishop Lightfoot of Durham : got to the Deanery at Westminster just in time for dinner at 5.30. Stanley's first words were, 'Did not Gladstone say what I told you

about the Judgment?' The answer was, 'The very words.' On which Stanley said, emphatically, 'If the Doctor told Gladstone to take a glass of wine he did not like, he would say, *Well, I'll take it: but it will be a great step towards Disestablishment.*' The Nave of the Abbey was packed for evening service. The music was overwhelming: the Choir being much increased. Archdeacon Farrar preached a sermon which quite kept up attention: but it seemed juvenile, gushing: and it was tricked out by many quotations of very familiar verse. He is a good and able man: but I liked not his sermon. Great numbers plainly liked it extremely. And to be liked by great numbers of people, whose individual opinion may be of little account, is to be popular. He had dined with us at the Deanery, and hurried away to finish his sermon. I thought that if any of us were going to preach on such an occasion, we (1) should not have dined out an hour and a half before, and (2) should have had our sermon ready at least the day before.

Thorold still abides, now Bishop of Winchester: long may he abide. So nothing shall here be said concerning what I saw of him during these days: though it was very interesting to have a near glimpse of how a man feels when unexpectedly set on high. I had always thought that both he, and his neighbour Sir Emilius Bayley, would reach the Bench. Sure enough, Bayley was nominated for a Bishopric by Lord Palmerston, and Thorold by Disraeli. But it was not appointed that Bayley should end at Worcester: but rather as a Scotch laird. By necessity

taking the classic name of Laurie, he is now possessor of Maxwellton Braes, which most people know to be 'bonny.' Somehow one had not thought of Thorold for Rochester, which means all London south of the Thames : and neither had Archbishop Tait, who desired somebody else. Very soon, the Archbishop knew he had been mistaken. It is of Stanley that the story is being told : continually seen through these days. Stanley had not the sense of smell. If he had possessed it, the Deanery would have been seen to ; and the illness which brought his death would have been averted. It was a memorable day on which, at this time, not for the second or third time with me, Stanley took a favoured party round Westminster Abbey. He had promised my daughter, long before, that he would take her round : and as many of her friends as she chose to ask, 'not exceeding sixty.' She was reasonable, and brought only twelve : all people deserving of such an honour : among them I remember specially Lady Millais and her mother : and the Dean of Bangor. Such a party should be sifted : I have known a very grand though ruined Cathedral cast before swine. When we entered Stanley's study, the aspect of things was Scotch : there were Tulloch, MacGregor, and Lees. There were also two singular-looking Dissenting ministers, English : Stanley had odd friends. Well, had it not been so, possibly we might not have been there. We went over the Abbey very thoroughly : visiting everything save the awful Waxworks. It was borne in upon one, how like to one another are the smallest and the greatest of Guides : Stanley told his story in the

self-same words each time : and you may find much of it, *verbatim*, in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*. A pleasant remembrance of the Deanery was one's meeting Matthew Arnold there. Though his manner, with the pen in his hand, was arrogant, the man was charming. Likewise Lord Plunket, the Bishop of Meath : a silent man amid the flow of discursive talk there. I could not help thinking of his father's well-known Charge. He is now Archbishop of Dublin, having married a Guinness. He may be an extremely able man. But it did not appear at Westminster in those days. And from what one hears at Dublin, the Archbishop's power has still to reveal itself in that city.

May 15 is not to be forgotten. To Windsor for the day : and by extraordinary luck, at Slough Pearson came into the carriage : just made Canon of St. George's. All the morning at Mrs. Oliphant's quaint and pleasant house : and over Eton College for the first time, guided by Mr. Tarver. I beheld the *A. Wesley* cut in large letters in the old school. Then to the Castle, to Pearson. He took me to the Deanery, and introduced me to A. Wesley's nephew the Dean. He was most pleasant and kind : and looked exactly like his uncle the great Duke. In after days I was to see much more of him, and to hear strange things from his lips : whereof hereafter. The study in the Deanery, with its groined roof of stone, and with what the Dean called a *Squint* (I thought the word was Squinch, but found he was right) commanding the High Altar in the Chapel, is memorable. Long time Pearson, Dean Wellesley,

and the humble writer, walked up and down on the terrace above the Slopes. There was the watery plain below, with Eton Chapel standing out, and in the distance the heights of Harrow. The trees were growing rich with foliage. To afternoon service : the music fine : but a little too much about the Knights of the Garter. The sympathy of a congregation goes not with such prayers. At Mrs. Oliphant's, in the evening, I had my only glimpse of the saintly Mr. Carter of Clewer. He was silent : but he looked the good man he was. The main remembrance of the day, however, is of that time with the Dean and Pearson : and of the Dean's amusing account of the absence of mind of a good Canon, then in residence, whose brother had been several times Prime Minister. The Canon was generally known as Lord Wriothlesley Russell : but the Dean did not call him so. The great Dean, who might have been anything in the Church he chose, appeared to me very like a good-natured schoolboy, fond of a joke at a companion's expense.

No more, for the present, of Windsor and its Dean and Canon. But there is more to be said of Dean Stanley. An incident recurs of that day on which we went round the Abbey. I had told Dean Edwards that he was to see one of our great preachers : indeed, after Caird, quite our most popular man. But when the Dean beheld MacGregor, he was disappointed ; and said so. For MacGregor is small of stature : and though his face is very fine and expressive, it was difficult to take in that the little figure, wandering about the church a good deal in the rear of the party, was the telling orator that Edinburgh knows. But our sight-

seeing over, the little company parted : only Dean Edwards going with my daughter and me to Stanley's drawing-room for a little space. Here I said to Stanley, 'You have heard MacGregor : I want you to tell this young Dean that he is indeed a great orator, though he looked it not to-day.' Whereupon Stanley, in his most perfervid manner : 'Yes, he is a great orator. You can no more judge what he is in a pulpit from seeing him waddling about Westminster Abbey, than you can judge of St. Paul from his Epistles !' I cannot say that to this day I have fully caught Stanley's meaning. But I have given his very words.

Before passing from him, for the present, something should be added. To a reasonable High Churchman, like the writer, it was a little provoking to remark to how great a degree Stanley's favourable appreciation was gained by sharing and echoing his peculiar theological views. In the catalogue of recent Scotch Churchmen who have done good work, given at the end of the second address as Rector of St. Andrews, no mention was made of Professor Flint, though he had been transferred from St. Andrews to Edinburgh only a few months before, and though his standing is beyond comparison higher than that of several of the worthy persons commended. No mention was made of MacGregor, though a St. Andrews student and graduate. Both of these men, however, must be ranked (by comparison) with the Orthodox. And it seemed strange, in a roll of Scotch preachers, that no room was found for the incomparable orator Guthrie.

I say this here, because I have said it in Dean Stanley's presence. It was in the Deanery, Stanley sitting within reach, that I read a paper to the C.C.C. Society, *Of the Treatment of Heresy in Scotland*, wherein these words occurred :

'Some Scotch Heretics, it must be admitted, are very provocative. Their self-conceit and flippancy are intolerable. They made a very poor figure at College, having generally been plucked. But they fancy that Heterodoxy stamps them as *Intellectual*. They parade their views with irritating self-sufficiency : and are fond of calling those who differ from them *Philistines*. One does not wonder at the extra-judicial treatment they sometimes get. Great men sometimes inadvertently give them a lift. A great Anglican dignitary, giving an address in a Scotch University, managed to say a good word of every mortal connected with that University, who was unsound. But he said not one syllable of others, beyond all comparison more eminent, and equally connected with the University, who, though liberal, were orthodox in the main. Some thought, and said very openly, that to refuse to recognise good in all, but to puff a certain class of theologians who minimise the supernatural in their teaching, was not to be Broad, but to be extremely Narrow.'

These words were received with very loud applause. As I ended them, I gave the Dean a friendly poke. Ere I went on, the dear man whispered to me, 'I dare say you're right.'—Yes, he was Broad, after all. And most people who care about these things know that he invented

the name. 'Not High, nor Low, but Broad.' That was the sentence where the word was so used for the first time.

No mortal ever loved Dean Stanley more warmly than I did. But what I ventured to say in his presence, I cannot but repeat when he is gone.

It was an event which came home to some in this city, when on Monday August 13 Mr. William Longman, of the great House in Paternoster Row, died. For many years, the writer's relations with him had been very kindly and pleasant. There are men who, communicating with a Firm, prefer greatly to be allowed to write to an individual member of it: and Mr. William Longman was my chosen correspondent ever since Parker's business went to the Row. And when one went to London, the great gatherings of distinguished men about his table were deeply interesting to one living in a remote place. Mr. William Longman, as is well known, had eminent literary ability. He gave himself successfully to historical investigation: but above everything else, in my regard, stands his beautiful volume, the *History of the Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul in London*. The subject is of profound (and sorrowful) interest to a lover of Gothic art: and it is treated admirably. I read, time by time, bitter complaints in the newspapers of the treatment of authors by publishers. My fortune, in this matter, has been singularly good. I do not know whether Mr. Strahan, thirty years ago, was the most astute of all publishers; but he certainly was the most liberal I have ever known. And no publisher can

by possibility be pleasanter to deal with than Mr. William Blackwood of Edinburgh.

After Bishop Wordsworth came to live in St. Andrews, one met many remarkable persons in his house. A visitor ever specially welcome to many here was Bishop Claughton of St. Albans. In September 1877 he came to stay in this city for the first time. I dined with him at the Bishop's on the evening of September 26: and the next day they lunched here and then went round the ruins. They sat a while in my study, looking at books on Cathedral architecture: and I had the proud satisfaction of telling the Bishop of St. Albans a good deal about his own Cathedral whereof he was quite unaware. I think I see the benignant Prelate yet, sitting in an ancient rocking chair, looking round the walls, and saying with solemnity 'I suppose you bought all these books before your boys began to go to school?' I hastened to explain that a surprising number of the handsomest of them came as presents. But I think that even men who have had to think anxiously enough of ways and means seldom have regretted buying a book.

A large addition was made in this year to the Cathedral burying-ground. It is a wonderful churchyard. Already the new space is filling fast. Tulloch and Jackson lie there. Bishop Wordsworth urged me to have a religious service, on occasion of setting apart this ground for Christian burial. I should most willingly have done so. But just at this time violent attacks were being made on those who aimed at decency in the worship of the Kirk. People were keenly canvassed to stay away from an

additional communion in St. Mary's Church. It had been said of the overworked writer, 'It's little to say he is an Episcopalian : he is a Papist.' Wherefore it appeared wiser not to do what had not been done in Scotland since the Revolution, and what was sure to be misrepresented. All the more that it came to appear almost certain that the ground thus added had been dedicated ages before.

I cannot walk about our magnificent churchyard without recalling certain lines of Andrew Lang's. I think even Lord Tennyson might be proud, reading that description of Clevedon churchyard.

There is no colour but one ashen light
 On tower and lonely tree :
 The little church upon the windy height
 Is grey as sky or sea.
 But there hath he that woke the sleepless Love
 Slept through these fifty years :
 There is the grave that has been wept above
 With more than mortal tears.

Certainly we, who abide in St. Andrews, never forget how our own poet passes from the burying-place where Hallam rests, to that above the ocean-cave of St. Rule.

Grey sky, brown waters, as a bird that flies,
 My heart flits forth from these
 Back to the winter rose of northern skies,
 Back to the northern seas.
 And lo, the long waves of the ocean beat
 Below the minster grey,
 Caverns and chapels worn of saintly feet,
 And knees of them that pray.

CHAPTER XIV

JANUARY TO OCTOBER, 1878

DR. CROMBIE, Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University, was Baird Lecturer this year. He gave the lectures in Glasgow, in the beautiful Blythswood Church. On Saturday February 16 I heard him deliver one. Crombie was one of the most eminent scholars ever formed by a purely Scotch training; and he was a very graceful lecturer. His fluency of extemporaneous speech was marvellous. He spoke extempore in a written style. Very often it appeared that he had got into such an involved sentence that he must break down, or get through by some breach of grammar. He always came out triumphantly, every word falling into its proper place. The lecture was given at 2 P.M. The congregation was very small. Crombie went to the pulpit, and after the Lord's Prayer he read his lecture: an hour. It went against the grain to hear him say *Deliver us from the evil one*: one of the many irritating alterations made by the Revision Committee. But the lecture, on the literary characteristics of St. John's Gospel, was perfect, both in matter and manner. The lecture over, I went into the vestry, where some one in brief authority was informing

the Professor that he had not heard a word of his lecture. It was put about that some one remarked that the lecture was perfectly audible to any one with ears of the ordinary length. But my impression is that the sentence was not quite in these words. I had gone to Glasgow to preach on Sunday in the University Chapel. The services there are very interesting. The music was very impressive, the great Choir being vested : the men in scarlet, the boys in purple. Dr. Peace was organist, and of course played magnificently. I had written a sermon specially for the students : and when I saw the multitude of bright attentive faces I had my reward. Mrs. Grundy was aggrieved : particularly complaining that I had at one point addressed the students as *you young fellows*. I had not intended so to do : but perhaps I did. I picked up in Glasgow at this time two volumes of the old chap-books, which were the rural population's reading before the days of Chambers' Journal and the penny papers. Things are changed, very much for the better. That literature was, much of it, inconceivably stupid, coarse, and brutal.

I was this year President of the Glasgow Society of the Sons of the Clergy. In those days the President selected the preacher of the annual sermon. I asked Dean Stanley : going for the first time beyond the Kirk. He was delighted to come. The sermon is preached in Glasgow at the end of March. Sad to say, on March 13 the Dean wrote that after he had written his sermon, the Doctors forbade his coming to Scotland this Spring. At short notice, Lees undertook the duty, and did it just as

well as it could be done. And my successor as President, the Lord Advocate Watson, being informed of the circumstances, asked the Dean to preach next year. This he did: giving a very eloquent and memorable sermon.

Tulloch was this year Moderator of the General Assembly. On Wednesday March 27 the Presbytery of St. Andrews elected Tulloch, out of his turn, a member of Assembly. And the Presbytery dinner that day was made memorable by the presence of the first Bishop who had appeared on such an occasion since the Revolution. Bishop Wordsworth was invited, and came. He was made very much of. His health was proposed: and he returned thanks in a really beautiful speech. The Bishop won all hearts by his first words: They were, *Moderator, and Brethren*. The Moderator, who proposed the Bishop, was a fine old minister, Dr. Urquhart, of Newburn. Nothing could be more graceful than the way in which he did it. He said he had all his life held the Anglican Church in profound admiration and affection. He spoke of his deep obligation to the great poet, and his interest in all who bore his name. He made mention of the grand University of Oxford, and its elevated scholarship. Thus he approached his subject from afar, in a delightful fashion: and with old-world dignity (his years were eighty-six) he expatiated on the perfection of the Prayer-Book. The Bishop said to me, as we walked home, that it was impossible anything could have been better done than the Moderator's speech: the only thing which occurred to him as strange was, that holding such views,

he happened to be Moderator of a Scotch Presbytery instead of being an Anglican Rector or Dean. But indeed we here can quite understand how a man may fully appreciate the attractions of Anglicanism, while yet his heart warms to the Church of his fathers, and her simpler ways.

A little storm burst upon St. Andrews in the early days of May. On the last Sunday of April I had preached at the opening of a fine organ in the ancient Cathedral of Brechin. The Choir is in ruins: and the Nave is most horribly fitted up for worship and used as the parish church. Happily, it would be a simple and easy thing to restore that beautiful building. Even yet, its external aspect is very fine. Besides a grand Western tower and spire, Gothic, there has been built into the West front an old Round Tower, of immemorial age. The organist had been brought from Carlisle Cathedral: and the music that day was something to be remembered. The church was densely crowded, and all the services were most hearty and enjoyable. Everybody seemed pleased. I abode in the pleasant dwelling of Mr. Gardner, one of the parish ministers: greatly enjoying his kind hospitality. And having on Monday climbed the extraordinary Roman fortress of Caterthun, in my Colleague's former parish of Menmuir, I returned on Tuesday to my work at home. But on Friday I received a communication from a gentleman in Edinburgh, describing himself as Secretary of an Anti-Papal Society, in which the Brechin organ and all concerned with it were handled with some asperity. The

very title of the communication had an unfriendly sound. It ran in these words : *Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews defying the Almighty with a Box of Whistles* : a thing far from my mind. I should be most unwilling in any way to misrepresent the conscientious individual who addressed me : and as Dr. Liddon read our correspondence with much interest, I shall give it here. It is printed in *The United Kingdom Anti-Papal League Magazine : For the Repeal of all the Unscriptural Legislation of the Nation* : No. XXXVIII. 1878. *Edinburgh : Anti-Papal League Office, 1 James' Square.*

‘ DR. BOYD OF ST. ANDREWS DEFYING THE ALMIGHTY
WITH A BOX OF WHISTLES.

‘ Rev. Dr. Boyd.

‘ Sir,— According to the newspapers of the 29th ultimo, at Brechin Cathedral, on the Lord’s-day previous, the first occasion of a new box of whistles being used there, you are reported to have said, “ they had reason to rejoice in the dying out of unreasonable bigotries, perished now from the minds of all cultured men and women, which too long deprived the national church of the great privilege and help in its public praise of this hallowed instrument of glorious sound.” Now, Sir, I am one of the parties you have libelled by the foregoing statement, for I received a University education, and have spent most of my life in applying and studying the applied sciences ; and as I hold the Scriptural views opposed to your so published opinion about the box of whistles and its traducers, it is manifest that I am one of the parties libelled by you, and

am therefore fully entitled to demand an answer to this. Herewith I send you a one-paged leaflet of printed matter, being "A Parable about Praise" which I wrote a short time ago, for the purpose of bringing out more powerfully the Scripture truth on this subject.

'In what you did and said about the box of whistles in Brechin Cathedral on the Lord's-day, the 28th ultimo, I charge you with having acted the part of "the blind leading the blind," because you in reality lifted up your voice against the Almighty, while you were pretending to lead worshippers of Him. I charge you in the sight of God with having impiously set at defiance and rebelled against His specification of what praise to Him should be in New Testament times.

'I write this letter for publication, and reserve the right to publish any reply you may send to it or any correspondence that flows from it.

'Yours faithfully,

'JAMES JOHNSTONE.

'United Kingdom Anti-Papal League Office,
'Edinburgh, May 2, 1878.'

DR. BOYD'S REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

'7 Abbotsford Crescent, St. Andrews,
'Fife, May 3, 1878.

'Sir,—I have received your letter. I willingly give you credit for entire sincerity in holding the views you set forth; but how any rational man can hold them I cannot at all understand.

'Yours faithfully,

'A. K. H. BOYD.

'James Johnstone, Esq.'

‘ Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd,

‘ 7 Abbotsford Crescent, St. Andrews, Fife.

‘ Sir,—I am in receipt of yours of yesterday. As we have both been ordained servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore by our ordination vows are bound to make God’s Word the rule of our lives, your answer is manifestly a confession that you feel my first communication has taken from under your feet all the support you at one time believed you had from God’s Word, in the course you are following with regard to instrumental music ; and that seeing God’s Word has failed you, you have now descended to the depths of rationalism rather than give up walking in the broad way of opposition to God’s Word. This being the case, I feel it my duty to make one more effort to arouse you. I shall therefore descend to argue the point with you on the low level of rationalism.

‘ When you were called to be minister of the parish of St. Andrews, if you had been compelled to enter into a written contract with the parishioners to the effect that you would be deprived of all right to your stipend if you did not conduct the worship of God continually according to his specification, “to offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually—that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to His name” (Heb. 13, 15), would you now act so irrationally as to defy your parishioners by adopting instrumental music while conducting worship in St. Andrews Parish Church, and thus throw away your stipend ? When God’s specification of praise has been adopted, and made the specification of a contract by men, you would not be so irra-

tional as to set it at defiance and lose your stipend. Then, why are you so irrational as to defy God's specification, or are you so blind that you don't see that you are defying God?

' I am, yours faithfully,

' JAMES JOHNSTONE.

' United Kingdom Anti-Papal League Office

' Edinburgh, May 4, 1878.'

' Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd,

' 7 Abbotsford Crescent, St. Andrews.

' Sir,—As yet no answer has been received from you to my letter of the 4th curt., which was registered, so that there can be no doubt you received it. Herewith you have a proof slip, by which you will see that the whole correspondence is in type, up to the present date. I hope that you will obey God's injunction, "Be ye ready always to give an answer to every man that asks you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear" (1 Pet. iii. 15), and answer my letter of the 4th curt. But if I do not receive an answer, I shall understand that you have become convinced that it is utterly impossible for you to defend from the Scriptures the use of instrumental music in the worship of God. Further, if you persist in silence, you put yourself in an unenviable position. It is the course the Jesuits always take when they have presumed to appear as being guided by God's Word, and are challenged to defend themselves by it. The gravity of your position is enhanced by the fact that in a periodical called *The Choir* there has just appeared a paragraph on the progress of the organ movement in Scotland, in which

you are represented as "preaching a crusade against the mischievous doctrine of the holiness of ugliness," which means the absence of organs and instrumental music from Presbyterian Churches—a course of procedure which all true Presbyterians must regard as an attempt to demoralize them ; a line of procedure which the late Dean Goode of Ripon has so clearly proved was one of the ways the Jesuits proceeded, in the reign of Charles I., to undermine Protestantism. (See the pamphlet by the Dean, entitled "Rome's Tactics," published by the Christian Book Society, London.) If I do not receive an answer from you to my letter of the 4th curt., by Tuesday, the 14th curt., I shall get a very large edition of this correspondence printed, and shall distribute it broadcast over Scotland.

‘ Yours faithfully,

‘ JAMES JOHNSTONE, Gratuitous Hon. Sec.

‘ United Kingdom Anti-Papal League Office,
‘ Edinburgh, May 10, 1878.’

‘ The foregoing was printed as a tract on the 15th May, and a copy of it sent to Dr. Boyd.

‘ 7 Abbotsford Crescent,
‘ St. Andrews, May 20, 1878.

‘ Sir,—I shall be much obliged if you would be so kind as to send me a few copies of the correspondence as to the "Box of Whistles."

‘ Is not the proper word *Kist* ?

‘ Yours faithfully,

‘ A. K. H. BOYD.

‘ James Johnstone, Esq.’

‘ Rev. Dr. Boyd, St. Andrews.

‘ Sir,—Yours of yesterday has just been received. By this post you have a parcel of 20 copies of the Correspondence, as already printed, and I will send you a present of more copies if you wish them. As to your remark about the word *kist*, it is the original word used ; and had I been labouring under the fear of man and his criticisms, I would have used the word *kist*, but I do not do so because, as this correspondence is to appear in the *Anti-Papal League Magazine*, it was necessary to use *box*, that the English readers of it might understand what was meant, and I hoped thereby God would be served, as I wish always to act under His admonition, “ I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear : Fear Him who, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell ; yea, I say unto you, fear Him.” It is this admonition that causes me to wonder why you have taken no notice of the main object of my letter to you of the 10th curt., urging the serious responsibility that you have incurred from having defied God by going against His specification of praise. Your letter shows that you are sensitive regarding the fear of man, but why are you so dead to the fear of God ?

‘ Yours faithfully,

‘ JAMES JOHNSTONE

‘ Edinburgh, May 21, 1878.’

‘ Our last letter, it appears, has caused the evaporation of A. K. H. B.’s assumed frivolity concerning so solemn

a subject, as no answer has been received from him up to the time of this being sent to the printer.

‘May 28, 1878.’

This ‘correspondence,’ in which my share was so modest, was widely circulated : more widely than its importance appeared to deserve. Specially, copies of it descended like snow-flakes upon the city and parish of St. Andrews. I am not aware that any effect followed, of any kind. The good man who was mainly the author of the little tract had misapprehended the force of a term in my first letter. He imagined that by a ‘rational man’ I meant a *rationalistic man* : whereas I had intended a man whom his friends did not think it necessary to take care of. But it might have appeared discourteous to have called his attention to this fact, later on.

When Stanley was last with us here, one of us had amused him by extemporising a little speech, incorporating many of the technical words which some speakers in Church Courts were then in wont to use. On May 6 I received a letter from the Dean, asking me to write for him a few sentences containing some of these : as *homologate*, *resile*, *implement* (in the sense of fulfil) : also *hoc statu*, *quoad ultra*, *cum periculo*, and the like. In the late afternoon I met Tulloch at the Club, as usual, and told him of Stanley’s request. ‘Don’t do it,’ said Tulloch, ‘on any account. He’ll put them all in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and burlesque the ways of the Kirk.’ I had no mind to help anybody to do that. But I named

the matter to Shairp, who saw no harm in it : and who came in by and by with an imaginary speech of his own composition which was so outrageous, that I could not refrain from sending it on, with a caution that it was for Stanley's own perusal. Vain ! In a few days Stanley presided at the Literary Fund Dinner : and there gave part of Shairp's speech as a specimen of extreme degradation of the language. He added, however, that when a man, hearing such phrases, had resolved to return to Scotland no more, he thought of Sir Walter, and other respectable natives, and changed his mind. For a day or two Shairp and I were in fear that offence would be given. But no one seemed to care at all.

On May 23, 1878, amid extraordinary enthusiasm, Tulloch was elected Moderator of the General Assembly. Nobody expressed wonder at his elevation. Nobody had the smallest difficulty in understanding why he was placed in the Chair. Many of us remember that pleasant time. The Principal liked the office, and held it in great dignity and efficiency. His closing address was a noble one. And indeed a Moderator, appointed with general approval, has a very happy time. And if he have good temper, and some measure of good sense, the duty is not so difficult. The very kindest and wisest counsel is always near. I venture to think that if any Moderator find the Assembly unmanageable, it must be his own fault. If I am allowed to write the story of the General Assembly which came twelve years after Tulloch's, I shall have somewhat to say. I cannot but add, as one to whom Tulloch was very

dear, that I thought it a high honour to be asked to propose his health at the 'Moderator's Dinner,' which comes after the Assembly has closed. I was not a member of his Assembly. But our relations had long been very near. More and more, they continued so till we were parted. Elsewhere, I have said my say.¹

Thursday June 13 was a sad and strange day here. It was our Summer Fastday : a perfect Summer day. Lees and MacGregor were to have preached. But MacGregor was summoned as a witness in the Court of Session at Edinburgh for that day. The lawyers wrote me (and I suppose it is true) that this sets aside all engagements. We were very well off : Lees preached at both services, one of us taking the prayers for him in the afternoon. Just as the service ended word came that a poor creature living down at the Harbour had shot his wife dead, and then shot himself and seemed dying. Some of our Elders remembered him as a bright rosy-cheeked boy at the Sunday-school. I forthwith saw the poor wretch and prayed with him : earnestly hoping that he might die. But the doctors nursed him back to life : and then he was hanged. Had I been a doctor, I should have let him slip away. His execution was a scandal. He was mad. His father had committed suicide before him : I saw him continually ere he died, the father. The son had to all intents killed himself : any jury would have found him insane. I have always felt a moral disapproval of the Home Secretary who hanged him, in the face of a petition, signed by all

¹ *East Coast Days* ; and *Memories* : p. 219. *Principal Tulloch*.

St. Andrews. But he had let off one or two : and it would not do to yield to local pressure. No doubt he acted as he thought right : no doubt he had been advised by the authorities in Scotland. Yet years after, I sat next him at a great City dinner in London, and found it very difficult to be civil to him. He appeared an extraordinarily ordinary man.

The day was clouded. And Tulloch was absent. But Bishop Wordsworth and my colleague came to dine with Lees in the evening, and all the affairs of the Church were settled in the pleasantest way. It is grievous that our unhappy divisions hold outwardly apart men who are in the most vital sympathy. On the other hand, outward arrangements hold some folk in visible unity with others with whom they have no sympathy at all. Establishment hoops together some heterogeneous souls.

On Saturday June 15 Mr. Anderson and I buried the poor woman who had been murdered. We shall never conduct a service under more singular circumstances. We read and prayed in the room where the poor wretch was lying who had killed her. He seemed dying. He was hanged at Cupar on October 3. He was very reticent. And one thing which certainly told against him was that, with the cunning of dense stupidity, he persisted in the manifest lie that the wife killed herself. Of course we thought of him, as he ought to be thought of, at the awful hour. And my belief in the Divine mercy is very strong. As the Autocrat said, 'God never made a man with a crooked spine, and then punished him for not

standing upright.' And if the crookedness be in the brain, not in the spine, due allowance will be made by the Almighty ; if not by the Home Secretary.

My story would be very long, if I related a host of matters of great parochial interest. And each man's parish is (in his own judgment) quite peculiar, and unlike any other. But, in sober earnest, one knows that this is illusion. Still, no two sad cases are really very much alike.

Wednesday July 24 began with a misty morning, but grew into a magnificent Summer day. I was hard at work, between twelve and one: when my study door opened, and the welcome faces of Liddon and Lord Strathmore appeared. They had come from Glamis, for a day in St. Andrews. But they were a considerable party: and with much consideration they had ordered luncheon at a Hotel before announcing their presence in this house. This was a disappointment: but the Earl, pleasantest of men, was obdurate. They departed, and in a little I joined them, and we went over all the place just as before. The Blackfriars chapel: the parish church, where again the great preacher ascended the pulpit, and stood for a minute in silent prayer. I knew what he was asking for; and I said Amen. St. Mary's College: St. Leonard's Church: the Pends: the Cathedral: St. Regulus. Now Liddon and Lady Strathmore ascended that ancient tower: which he who would be popular in St. Andrews must believe to be fifteen hundred years old. In fact, its years amount to the respectable sum of eight hundred. Liddon was out of breath when he reached the top: but his enthusiasm was

delightful to see. The countess came up like a young roe. I know not what are her years. But as] she has a large grown-up family, it is impossible that she can be twenty-six, which is what she looked upon that day. The sea was blazing and sparkling sapphire, and it reached without a break to Norway. The gray gables and turrets of the Cathedral were hard by : the quaint old city lay beneath, always solemn to see, and suggesting its story of a thousand years. It was a wonderful sight : and it was duly appreciated. Then St. Mary of the Rock : the Castle : the Bottle Dungeon : St. Salvator's College with its charming chapel : ending with this house, where tea awaited. Then, with sorrow, we saw them go. Liddon was radiant : and effervescent. But High Church men do not always pull together harmoniously. As we looked down from St. Regulus, I said 'There is Bishop Wordsworth's house : I should have taken you to call upon him, but he is not at home.' Rather gloomily Liddon answered, 'I should not have called though he had been here.' Liddon was a very special friend of Bishop Forbes of Brechin : and these two Scotch Prelates did not by any means see eye to eye. A little more than three years parted Liddon's two visits to St. Andrews. There were but the two. No visitor to this sacred place in my time ever appreciated it more enthusiastically. And none left pleasanter memories behind. If I am allowed, I shall have very much more to say of him.

If one had any hope of being useful as an example to one's younger brethren, a bit of autobiography implying

nothing in any measure complimentary might be permitted here. I do not mean as an example to imitate, but an example to diligently shun. Such things have been. Only yesterday (this story is literally true) a caddy on St. Andrews Links presented himself to carry his employer's clubs, he being anything but sober. The employer upbraided the caddy : and having suggested other considerations, went on, 'Think of your son, growing up to be a young man : what sort of example are you setting him ?' The caddy replied, with great readiness, ' I do think of him : I have done him a great deal of good. I have been an awful warning to him. He is teetotal, which he never would have been but for me.' Even so, let me say, as seriously as I can, Beware, young parsons, of overwork. The work of the Kirk, as of other vocations, is most unequally divided : some have far too little to do, some are terribly overdriven. Most of my friends belong to the latter class : the class of those who, for weeks together, find the day a great deal too short for what has to be done in it, and wish heartily they could add three or four hours to its duration. This must sometimes be submitted to, for a little space, even after one has grown old : but if it be persevered in too long, you will repent it : perhaps too late. The laws of physical and mental health are terribly inexorable. Looking back, specially if you preserve some record of your own little history (and without that nine-tenths of our life are utterly forgotten, and might as well not have been lived at all), you will discern that for many weeks before the coming of that great illness which crushed you to the earth, and very nearly ended all

your life and work here, you had been getting many serious warnings. But they were put aside : you meaning to rest after a certain task was accomplished : you perhaps only feeling that you *could not* stop: as did the great and good Sir Walter who said, when entreated not to work, 'Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire and say Now don't boil.' For little folk are swayed by the same laws as the greatest : and men in no way extraordinary may work themselves into a fever. If the overdriven mind did no worse than grow weary, that would not matter much. But it gets jarred : out of gear, out of tune. Everything sad you see, or read, gets an undue hold of you. I remember vividly Tulloch's complaining that when the cloud stooped down upon him, he durst not read a good and life-like novel : for he took note of nothing but what was sorrowful, and that possessed him, and abode day and night. Many know the feeling : and even when all goes fairly well with them, would rather (if they read fiction at all) read what is far away from daily experience. It does not try one deeply, when an inconceivable hero is cast into the sea in a sack from a cliff three hundred feet high. But there is real wear in the story of a poor widow's struggles to hold her place, and to get her children educated and started. I diligently read *Middlemarch*, and that with profound admiration. But it was a painful discipline.

I doubt not that all my brethren who minister in large town parishes are just as weary after a hard winter's and summer's work as I was on Thursday August 1 when we went away to Marlee in Perthshire, as in various other

seasons of which nothing has been said. The Tay Bridge, the first bridge which went down on that awful December night, made the journey much less grievous than aforesaid : and the quiet place was restful. But if you, going to such a retreat on Thursday, come back on Saturday for the Sunday duty, and do the like for seven successive Saturdays, you will be a good deal more weary at the end of the holiday-time than at the beginning. You may try to persuade yourself that Saturday and Monday are in fact days of rest : as Sir James Simpson the great doctor took a rest by travelling from Edinburgh to London and back ; but cross-country travelling, with the weary waiting at railway stations, and the catching of trains, cannot be made other than wearing-out, by any amount of making-believe. And though you resolve not to allow yourself to get angry, the fact that such trains are always twenty minutes late, with no apparent reason whatever, is irritating. Likewise that they are diligently arranged to miss the trains of the competing railway, by which you desire to get on. On the Sundays, no doubt, the churches were an inspiring sight, and the services uplifting : but hearty services take out of some folk terribly, and leave them sadly run-down. What is interesting to the congregation (mainly of visitors) is sometimes death to the poor preacher. At Marlee in that month of August I wrote the Introductory Chapter to the Third Series of the *Recreations of a Country Parson* : also the Conclusion of that Volume : and I note that in the latter I pointed out the un wisdom of spoiling the little season of much-needed rest just as I was spoiling mine.

For some men are wise for anybody but themselves. Cautions against overwork come curiously from one who is working himself down to the earth. But such are quite common. I have heard them from great and small. Dickens thought there is nothing in which human beings are so inconsistent as in the matter of making their wills. Alongside of that, you may set overdriving brain and nerves. It would be well for many, too, if they could attain Mr. Buckle's happy stand-point : 'I never allow myself to be hurried.'

The harvest came early that year : by September 6 a Highland stackyard was full : the reaping having only begun on that day in the year before. On September 18 we returned home : all thinking to take to the winter work. You will probably find, when serious illness is coming upon you, that everything will go against you. Details need not be given : you will find them all out, in time. Sunday October 6 was my last of duty for a while. And having gone about burning and shivering the three first working days of the week, on Thursday one must stay in bed for just a day and get rid of this bad cold. But there was no getting up for six weeks, and there were eleven Sundays without duty.

You remember how Milverton, in *Friends in Council*, describes his son Walter's plan for writing his father's life. The first three chapters were named with much fluency. 'Now, then, I said, for Chapter Four. Here Walter paused, and looked about him vaguely for a minute or two. At length he seemed to have got hold of the right idea,

for he burst out with the words *My going back to school* ; and that, it seemed, was to be the end of the biography.' Perhaps the reader will pardon a like egotism on the writer's part : when he makes an experience which for the time stopped his own work effectually, to mark the end of a stage in his story of St. Andrews. And should anybody care to know more of what was to the writer a very awful time, he may find it shadowed out elsewhere.¹

¹ *Our Little Life* : First Series. *Critical Periods and New Leases*, p. 114.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

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