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THE SCOT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

His Religion and his Life

By

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THE KIRK AS A FACTOR IN SCOTS
HISTORY

I

THE KIRK AS A FACTOR IN SCOTS HISTORY

WHEN one invites his readers to the consideration of the eighteenth century in Scots History, and especially when his subject is its religion, he is conscious of an initial disadvantage, for he cannot depend upon any large capital of knowledge in their minds, or any wealth of living enthusiasm. If the eighteenth century in England be counted drab-coloured by certain persons, it must surely be hopelessly dull in Scotland—a mere link to connect more brilliant ages. It was its misfortune to be preceded by two stirring centuries which were the history of a vast movement—the emancipation of the people from feudal control, and the birth of the middle class. In this century there are no outstanding figures like Queen Mary, that daughter of debate who across the years still fires men to her defence, and was such a Queen, to quote one of Dr. Johnson's savage flings at Scotland, "As every man of any gallantry of spirit would have sacrificed his life for"; nor any leader of such individuality and elemental force as John Knox. Nor was there any crisis in history like the fall of the Stuarts, that best loved and most ill-fated of

Royal Houses; or the Revolution Settlement, which fixed the destinies of both Kingdoms, beyond change. This grey century can afford no such historical ironies as the Coronation of that good-natured profligate Charles II, by the grim God-fearing Scots people, and his cheerful unhesitating acceptance of the Solemn League and Covenant; or Oliver Cromwell's Scots tour, when he reduced the most insubordinate of nations to quietness, not so much by his Ironsides as by his sermons. For the Scots had been beaten before in arms, but never in preaching, and he added insult to injury by beseeching the Scots Kirk to believe that it might be mistaken—an incredible supposition.

The eighteenth century has also had the doubtful good-fortune of being not only the offspring of two masterful ancestors, but also in turn the parent of a brilliant and self-satisfied child. During the nineteenth century Scotland flourished exceedingly in agriculture, in manufacture, in trade and in commerce. The produce of distant nations was carried in steamers built on the Clyde, and their Banks were controlled by men who had learned their business in Scots country towns. The most distinguished regiments of British Infantry were recruited in her glens and her Universities were thronged by men from every quarter of the world, who had come to study at the feet of Sir James Simpson and Lord Kelvin. The Invasion of England which began when our Scots Solomon succeeded that bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth, and

increased to the exasperation of the English Capital in the eighteenth century, rose to its height in the nineteenth, till a Scots doctor looked after an Englishman's health, a Scots gardener managed his hot-houses, a Scots pedlar sold dresses to his servants, and the Scots clerk, awkward and silent, but capable and persevering, whom the good-natured Englishman took in yesterday at 30s. a week, became in a few years his partner. Sir Walter Scott—the most valuable commercial asset of his country—had opened the eyes of the world to the beauty of Scots scenery and the romance of Scots history, and to Scotland came thousands, not only from England, but from beyond seas to admire Edinburgh and the Highlands. And the Scots emigrant going out as his fathers had been doing before him for centuries, with a modest persuasion that the commerce and affairs of foreign countries could not be thoroughly conducted without him, was no longer regarded with contempt. Owing partly to the amazing progress of his nation, but possibly quite as much to the witchery of Scott, he found himself, for the first time in history, interesting and even popular.

If you subtract the Union in the year 1707, which was detested at the time both in England and Scotland, and in after days has been almost forgotten; and the risings of '15 and '45, which owe their birth rather to the restlessness of the Highlands, than to any devotion of the clansmen to the Stuart line; their importance to the panic in the South, of which the English people was bitterly ashamed; and their

lasting interest to the romances of Sir Walter ;—did anything happen in this prosaic century to stir men's blood, or invest life with colour? Very little, except the Porteous Mob—and an Edinburgh mob is the most dangerous in the world—and the Secessions from the Scots Kirk which had such far reaching issues, both religious and political. There were great men both in Church and State during that century, but if you except Robertson the Historian, Adam Smith the Economist, Hume the Philosopher, and Burns the poet of the Scots people, you have to look closely to find them, and to appreciate their work.

Apart from Jacobitism, the dying effort of the feudal spirit, life was not picturesque or eventful. Yet no one interested in the development of the United Kingdom, either upon the political or religious side, can overlook the eighteenth century in Scotland, because it embraced a long stage in the journey of civilization. For history is like one of those rivers which from time to time fling themselves through gorges with impressive effect, but between the cataracts run smoothly. During the middle passage the sluggish stream is still advancing, and through the eighteenth century the Scots people were unconsciously preparing themselves for the modern age in which they have played no insignificant or dishonourable part. Mr. Lecky has not over-stated things when he says "No period in the history of Scotland is more momentous than that between the Revolution and the middle of the eighteenth cen-

tury, for in no other period did Scotland take so many steps on the path that leads from anarchy to civilization."

It were difficult to find a more inspiring record of progress, than between the year 1700 and the year 1800 in Scotland. At the beginning of the century Glasgow was a dwindling town of about 12,000 inhabitants, with only a few ships, and none able to make a distant voyage. Edinburgh would have about 30,000 people, all confined in the old town. The nobles had fled, either ruined or ruining themselves in London. The country swarmed with beggars who had reached, it was said, in evil years the preposterous number of 200,000. Inverness consisted of some 500 thatched houses, and the population of Dundee was considerably under 10,000. The whole revenue of Scotland was only £160,000, and foreign trade had been killed by the ill-fated Darien expedition. The Highlands were in a state of absolute savagery, the people spending the summer time in raiding, and passing the winter in the most miserable hovels where they subsisted on coarse meal mixed with blood drawn from the veins of their starving cattle. In 1705 in a Fifeshire town a woman was done to death for witchcraft, with the consent of the minister of the parish. There was neither trade nor industry, nor humanity nor money, neither was there any literature worth the name, secular or theological, when the eighteenth century began. When the century closed Glasgow had

become a great seaport, and a dozen new and profitable industries were flourishing in the land. There were roads through the country. Canals had been made, coalpits opened, iron foundries started. Linen and cotton were being spun on a large scale and with ingenious machinery ; there were carpets on the floors, good furniture in the rooms, paper on the walls, stage coaches and post chaises on the roads. Banks were directing and stimulating the finance of the country, and the Eastern towns were exporting their manufactures in all directions, while Glasgow had established a large trade with both the Indies. A school of brilliant writers in Philosophy, History, Religion and the Drama had earned for Edinburgh the title of the modern Athens, and the Scots Kirk might have claimed to be the most enlightened and broadest in Christendom. Superstition and ignorance were dying out, broad and liberal views were taking possession of the people. And the nation, emancipated from the dead hand of the seventeenth century, and from its weary quarrels, had prepared itself for the conquest of the nineteenth.

Various influences wrought this change in Scotland and divide the credit of the social revival. The English Government showed an admirable statesmanship in not only making roads through the Highlands, which became avenues of civilization, but also in opening a military career to the turbulent clansmen. The last remnant of the feudal system was swept away when landowners had their

rights of jurisdiction bought out. They did not require any longer to have prisons in their houses for ill-doing tenants, and the town of Perth would never again apply to its Earl, as it did in 1707, for the loan of his hangman. And a chief in the North could no longer sell his vassals into slavery, or hold men in slavery at home, as he did in Captain Burt's day, when that English officer of Engineers found a fellow-countryman enslaved as a retainer and dared not ask his release. Vast importance must also be attached to the action of that excellent law which established a school in every parish and so carried to a further stage Knox's "devout imagination"; and the service rendered to education by the Catholic Church before the Reformation. Without doubt, however, one of the two chief factors in delivering Scotland from poverty and misery at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and sending her forth on a career of amazing prosperity was the Act of Union with England. It was a measure forced upon both countries by the argument of circumstances—by the conviction among wise, far-seeing Scotsmen, that their country could never develop its trade or gather material resources, till it had the privileges and opportunities of English commerce; and by the fear among English statesmen that if Scotland with her beggared nobility, her starving people, and her shattered trade, should find no relief, the nation might fling itself into the arms of France and return to the allegiance of the Stuart line. It was best for both countries that

they should be one, and the Act of Union was drawn up with much ability, and with great fairness to Scotland. Only £480,000 of the land tax was allowed to the poorer country, and £2,400,000 was assigned to Scotland for the payment of her debts and the restitution of the money lost by the Darien Company; the Presbyterian Church in Scotland was established; perfectly free trade was granted between England and Scotland; and Scotland received access to the English Colonies. It is an instructive fact that this measure, so wise in its principle and so admirable in its execution, was bitterly opposed in England because it gave such advantage to Scots trade, and in Scotland because the nation was afraid its traditions and institutions would be swamped by English influence. There is no question that the Union was carried by corruption, and that the Scots Peers, not for the first time, were in the pay of England.

When the Scots legislature had passed the Act and Scotland ceased to be an independent nation, the Lord Chancellor said "There is the end o' an auld sang," and when the Commissioners retired to the cellar of a house in the High street to sign the Treaty of Union, the mob besieged the door to execute justice on the traitors. Fortunately for themselves, and also for Scotland, the Commissioners escaped to the garden of Moray House, and there in secrecy the deed was completed. Never was any great political measure negotiated or consummated in

more unworthy circumstances ; never was any inspired by surer political foresight or constructed with more scrupulous justice for the rights of all parties. With the exception of the Kirk, no single factor was charged with such comprehensive good, both to the people and the commonwealth of Scotland during the eighteenth century.

For reasons which lie beyond the scope of this work, the Christian Church has been a foreign element in history, and a disturbing force in the mind of historians. Its influence has poured into the current of national life from some unknown quarter, and has been apt to upset the student's calculations and to throw his vessel out of her course. Perhaps, therefore, it is no reflection upon historians that they have very seldom done justice to the Church in any age, from that famous passage of Gibbon in which with latent irony he stated the five causes of Christianity, to the merciless invective with which Buckle pilloried the Scots Kirk. Mr. Lecky considers that the author of the *History of Civilization* has been guilty of "some prejudice," and he admits, with the ingenuous perplexity of the untheological English intellect, that it is not easy for any one to judge the Kirk with equity who is not in sympathy with her theology. But even this philosophical writer gets heated at the sight of the Kirk and denies that Scots religion was likely to produce "any real modesty of judgment, any gentleness of character, any breadth of sympathy," and winds up by saying that "superstitious and intoler-

ant as was the Catholic Church, the Scots Kirk was at least in these respects superior." But Mr. Buckle, yielding freely to the tempting vice of generalization, had already carried his comparison to the last degree, and given us the conclusion of the whole matter in his famous parallel between Spain and Scotland. When he declares his belief that there is nothing to be found like the tyranny and superstition of the Scots Kirk, except that of the Spanish Church in the days of the Inquisition, we know the worst. So pitiable, indeed, is the account given of Scots religious life at the beginning of the eighteenth century that charity ought to condone the faults of a Scot even unto this present, for is it reasonable to expect culture of grace from one whose fathers so recently escaped from ignorance and bondage?

Against this forbidding background even the most dubious virtues stand out in relief, but if one mentions the independence of the Kirk, he must in the same breath make a concession which would apply to any date from the Reformation to the middle of the last century. When it is said that "Of all the considerable forms into which the Christian religion crystallized after the Reformation, the Scots Kirk was the most habitually insubordinate to the civil power," it may be allowed with some slight reserve that the witness is true. But it may be urged that in this matter the Church only reflected the spirit of the people, who from the murder of James I. to the rebellion against Charles I. have dealt faithfully with their Kings; and it is fair to

remember that, however tyrannical the Scots Kirk may have been with her children, she steadily refused to allow any other person to domineer over them. While in some countries the Church has been the ally of despotism, teaching the doctrine of the Divine right of Kings and calling the sanctions of religion to enforce submission to an oppressor, this Northern Church has put a passion for freedom within the heart of the nation, and when the choice lay between the throne and the people, has thrown in her lot with the people. Knox may not claim the broad mind of Lethington, but he had the courage of his opinions, and at a crisis, when he was the custodier of national liberty, would not surrender the keys of Scotland, even to the tears of a fair Queen.

When James VI. was interfering with national rights a Scots Ecclesiastic shook him by the sleeve and reminded him that he was "God's silly vassal." Which indeed was painfully candid, but also absolutely true, in regard both to the noun and to the adjective. It must have been a great relief to James to find himself in a country where bishops knelt before him, and assured our Scottish wiseacre that the like of his wisdom had never been heard since the day of Pentecost. There was indeed a pathetic earnestness in the warning James gave to Laud that whatever he did he should not meddle with the Scots Kirk. "I keep him back because he hath a restless spirit. When three years since I had obtained from the Assembly of Perth

the consent to the Five Articles of order and decency, in correspondence with the Church of England, I gave the promise that I would try their obedience no further, anent Ecclesiastical affairs, yet this man hath pressed me to incite them to a nearer conjunction with the Liturgy and Canons of England; but I sent him back again with the previous draft he had drawn. He assaulted me again with another ill-fangled platform, to make that stubborn Kirk stoop more to the English pattern. But I durst not play fast and loose with my soul; he knows not the stomach of that people." James did, and his son was to learn it.

Students ransacking the records of Church courts for appetizing morsels, and discovering how people in the former days were censured for visiting a friend on Sundays, or walking in the fields, or going to the theatre on a week-day, or attending a ball, may wonder that a people not conspicuously distinguished for docility of mind or patience of temper should have endured such meddling. The people themselves remembered that again and again the ministers of the Kirk could have made terms for themselves, securing good livings and Court favour by selling popular freedom to autocratic power, but instead thereof had died in the Grass Market of Edinburgh and on the moors of Ayrshire, contending for what was both political and religious liberty. And, therefore, the men who would have taken no such treatment at the hand of any King submitted to the discipline of the Kirk, because she had

been the creator of the democracy in the sixteenth century, and the vigilant guardian of national rights in the seventeenth. This spirit lived in the children of the Kirk in the century following; it has animated them wherever they have gone, and in every land has borne the same fruit. The Kirk has never been facile; perhaps the Kirk has not always been courteous, but she has created citizens with a passion for liberty and devoted to the commonwealth.

When, for instance, in this century the Scot went over to America, he carried with him his hatred of tyranny and his courage in public affairs. At the first declaration of independence, it was a Scots minister who brought the Continental Congress to a decision, declaring, "Though these grey hairs must soon descend to the sepulchre I would infinitely rather that they descended thither by the hand of the executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country."¹ Dr. John Witherspoon had been a leader in the Scots Kirk about the middle of the century, as well as a somewhat broad satirist, but in 1768 he became Principal of Princeton College, New Jersey, and it was to him that Horace Walpole alluded when he said in the English Parliament, "Cousin America has run off with the Presbyterian parson." Which, in the eighteenth century, and with the London idea of Scots folk, Walpole no doubt thought very poor taste on the

¹ Note the combination of nationalism and cosmopolitanism.

part of Cousin America. If in the outbreaks of '15 and '45 the Lowlanders of Scotland stood solid by the Hanoverian dynasty, and were not beguiled by their national love for the Stuarts, it was because they had been taught by that great Kirkman, Carstares, that Hanover on the whole spelt liberty for Church and State, and Stuart on the whole spelt tyranny for both; and because largely through his wisdom the Revolution Settlement had been laid down and applied along such sound and statesman-like lines. When the Scots nation is represented crushed and down-trodden under the heel of a tyrannical Kirk, one has a pleasant sense of literary humour and strongly suspects that the historian's tongue is moving to his cheek. If the Kirk has not created free-men, resentful of oppression in every form, unmanageable both by Kings and politicians, undismayed by dragoons and prisons, then Scots history is one gigantic falsehood.

When one claims culture for the Kirk, he deserves credit for courage since he comes into conflict with that excellent John Bull and literary dogmatist Dr. Johnson, who condescended to make a tour through Scotland in our century, and whose experiences related by that gay rattle Boswell are the most delightful of contemporary literature. Johnson used to point out with triumph that the Scots had made no lasting contribution to theology, and it must be frankly confessed that theological learning did not flourish in the beginning of the century. Apart from that laborious and too credu-

lous annalist Woodrow, one can only remember two religious books of any importance. One was the *Biographis Presbyteriana* written by Patrick Walker, and published from 1725-1732 and to whose graphic, strenuous style Stevenson confessed his debt. The other, Boston's *Fourfold State*, was published in 1720 and took an immense hold upon the Scots mind. It was not a book for scholars, although it rested upon the Dutch theology of the day, and it hardly can be included within theological science. Through a certain provincialism of thought and want of literary taste it has not won a permanent place among devotional books, like Law's *Serious Call* and Archbishop Leighton's *Commentary on the Epistle of St. Peter*. It was intended for the people and for the time, and it did not fail in its end. As was said in a recent excellent introduction to Boston's *Memoirs* the *Fourfold State* was discussed in Edinburgh drawing-rooms; the shepherd read it on the hills; it made its way into the Highland crofts where stained and tattered copies of the early editions may still be found. There was indeed no pious home without its copy, and to this day one can lay his hand upon it in the cottages of Scotland. If nothing more learned and indeed hardly anything else was produced, and if preaching had little grace of manner, and almost no contact with the outside world, the reason lay near to hand. No doubt there was a contrast, as Carlyle puts it, "between Addison and Steele writing their *Spectators* and our good Thomas Boston writing with

the noblest intent, but in defiance of grammar and philosophy, his *Fourfold State of Man*." But there had been "quarrels enough, politic and theologic, with gall enough in both to have blotted out the intellect of the country." The isolation of Scotland from England at this time both in literary and political sympathy is disheartening, but not unintelligible. The English regarded the Scots with contempt as barbarians, tempered by their dislike of their success as immigrants; and the Scots, fiercely jealous of their independence and afraid that they might be absorbed by the richer country, were morbidly suspicious of everything English. The two nations were like watertight compartments, or like rival neighbours who have nothing but guarded intercourse.

But literature even more than religion is an atmosphere which penetrates through all barriers and dissolves all enmities. Allan Ramsay in the early part of the century was not only himself opening again the native fountain of Scots literature, but he was also through his bookshop bringing English literature to Scotland, for which, in the matter of plays, I frankly acknowledge the Church did not then thank him. Two books of the previous century, one English and one Scots, were to be, so to say, exchanged, and were profoundly to affect religious life in our century on both sides of the border. In 1646, a graduate of Oxford called Edward Fisher published a book, called the *Marrow of Modern Divinity*, which was really a compilation

of pronounced Evangelical preaching. A copy fell into the hands of Thomas Boston, who espied above the window head of a cottage in his parish this "Little old book." He relished it greatly, and by the end of 1700 he says, "I had digested the doctrine of the book, and I began to preach it. By-and-bye it was published and renewed the face of religion in Scotland, setting the Gospel free from the bonds of an extreme Calvinism, and making its messengers beautiful upon the mountains, as they came with the tidings of peace. A little later in the seventeenth century a young professor of divinity at Aberdeen who died at the age of twenty-eight, and who is one of the most beautiful examples of piety in the Episcopalian School of the Church of Scotland, published a book called the *Life of God in the Soul of Man*, and that book found its way into Oxford, and into the hands of the Oxford "Methodists." Writing in 1769 Whitefield says "I must bear testimony to my old friend Mr. Charles Wesley; he put a book into my hands called *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*, whereby God showed me that I must be born again, or be damned. I know the place; it may perhaps be superstitious, but whenever I go to Oxford I cannot help running to the spot where Jesus Christ first revealed Himself to me, and gave me the new birth."

It was a generous gift that England bestowed on Scotland in *The Marrow of Divinity* and a worthy return which Scotland made to England in the *Life*

of God in the Soul of Man which, as Mr. Butler truly remarks in his excellent little book on *The Influence of the Oxford Methodists on Scottish Religion*, was to Whitefield what the *Theologia Germanica* was to Luther. By and by the English Broad Church School was to affect the thinking of the Scots Kirk, and the spirit of the Augustine period of English literature to touch the Scots writers who made Edinburgh glorious, but the Kirk produced no Butler and no Paley in our century, and, in its early part, had few writers or thinkers. The seventeenth century, in fact, had led so wild a life, and been so spendthrift of its best goods, that its child succeeded to an impoverished estate. If ministers be driven from their manses for conscience sake, and hunted like wild beasts on the hills, imprisoned in noisome dungeons and tortured in the boot, one cannot expect them to have much leisure for study, or to cultivate the student's even mind. One cannot carry his library with him when living in the mosshags, nor is he apt to write elegantly when his thumbs have been crushed in the screws. If the Scots Kirk emerged from the persecution of the seventeenth century more distinguished for intensity than culture, the blame must lie not on the Presbyterian Clergy, but on Lauderdale and Claverhouse.

When the hand of persecution was lifted, and the Kirk had free course again, she was true to her ancient devotion to learning. The beginning of the century was an evil day, and the lamp of scholarship had sunk low, but when the revival of letters

came to Scotland it found its congenial home in the Kirk.

Lord Mansfield was reading Dr. Hugh Blair's sermons to the King, and Johnson declared, "I love Blair's sermons though the dog is a Scotsman and a Presbyterian and everything he should not be." Principal Robertson was obliged to take boarders to eke out his living, yet Voltaire complimented him on his *Charles V.* and Catharine II. of Russia sent him a gold box set with diamonds. When Dr. Johnson made his tour through the distant West Highlands he called upon Mr. McLean who was minister of the islands of Col and Tyree. Although the manse is so poor that the minister has to keep his books in large chests, he has a valuable library, and Dr. Johnson is good enough to observe, "Mr. McLean was as well dressed and has as much dignity in his appearance as the dean of a cathedral." Very soon the Doctor and he are discussing Leidnitz's *Controversy with Clarke*, and of course the Autocrat of letters disagreed with the other person, and was as positive as he could be. But although even distinguished writers used to yield to this arbiter of letters, the minister stood with his back to the fire "cresting up erect, and pulling down the front of his periwig" and generally giving the doctor as much as he got. Boswell declares that it would have required a page with two columns to describe the scene, and it was all the more remarkable that each maintained his own argument without hearing what the other man said.

But the most remarkable thing of all was that in 1773, and in that distant Col an old man of seventy-seven, educated in the dark days, could hold his own in literature and in argument with the English despot, and win from Johnson the tribute that "he had a look of venerable dignity, excelling what I remember in any other man." Johnson adds: "his conversation was not unsuitable to his appearance." Some may believe that the Kirk had better days when she was worshipping under Peden and Cameron on the hill sides. But Carlyle of Inveresk, pleading for the augmentation of poor livings in 1788, made a proud and true defence of the Scots Kirk at that date. "I must confess that I do not love to hear this Church called a poor Church, or the poorest Church in Christendom. I dislike the language of whining and complaint. We are rich in the best goods a Church can have, the learning, the manners and the character of its members. There are few branches of literature in which the ministers of this Church have not excelled. There are few subjects of fine writing in which they do not stand foremost in the ranks of authors, which is a prouder boast than all the pomp of the hierarchy. Who have written the best histories, ancient and modern? It has been clergymen of the Church of Scotland. Who have written the clearest delineation of the human understanding, and all its powers? The clergymen of this Church. Who wrote a tragedy that has been deemed perfect? A clergyman of this Church. Who was the most perfect mathematician

of the age in which he lived? A clergyman of this Church. Let us not complain of poverty, it is a splendid poverty indeed, it is a poverty rich in men."

When the century opened London was the centre of literature; before it closed the centre had shifted to Edinburgh, while Hume was boldly comparing London to the barbarism of Lapland. For this marvellous change the Kirk largely deserves the credit.

One may frankly assign to the Kirk a certain quality of intellectual contentiousness, which is simply another evidence that the Kirk has been the embodiment of Scots character. If differences in mental as well as physical constitution must be referred in the last issue to the climate so that the humour of a people and their creed both depend upon temperature, then it will readily be understood that there must be a great difference between, say, the fibre of Scots intellect, nourished upon the keen East wind, and engaged upon a perpetual contest with a cold soil, and that of a Southern people under a soft sky, and gathering their harvests without trouble. The Scot has had a hard fight to wrest his living from reluctant nature, and this struggle has passed into his habits of thought. He will insist on proof for every statement; he will grant nothing to any opponent; he will follow out argument to its last extreme, and will despise compromise with all his heart. When he has proved by unanswerable reasoning that any institution is self-contradictory, and ought to be abolished, and an irresponsible

Southern admits the demonstration, but gaily argues that the institution has worked well, the Scot is nonplussed and wonders upon what principle this other mind was constructed. One remembers how Thomas Carlyle's father discovered in their district a man with argumentative powers of the first order, and looked forward to the day when his son would visit him. He would then place between Thomas and this local champion some enticing subject of debate and hear them discuss it for a glorious evening together. It is the inevitable tendency of the Scots mind to follow out every line to its terminus, even though it be over a precipice, and to divide every hair till infinity is touched. It is not only in Church courts but in market places, and in railway stations, in humble cottages as well as in University societies, that the Scot is disputing, in every spare moment of his time, from morning till night. It may not be *vero*, but it is certainly *ben trovato* that a minister overheard a mother questioning her child, as it supped its porridge, after the day's work was done. "What," said this austere mother, "is the true relation between Kirk and State, according to the principles of the Free Church?" And the favoured child promptly replied, "co-ordinate jurisdiction with mutual subordination." It is certainly a fact that this impressive formulary used to be quite familiar to the peasants of Scotland, and one is not, I hope, offensive in hinting that it would be perfectly unintelligible to the ordinary English mind. Disciplined by the Confession of Faith, the

most arduous of modern ecclesiastical symbols, and by the Shorter Catechism, a book intended for those of weaker capacity, the Scots intellect has been so toughened that there is no problem it will not face, and no question on which it has not made up its mind. And one understands the exasperation of the mere English mind at this unrelenting dogmatism, and magnificent self-confidence.

"You never catch the Caledonian mind in an undress" says Charles Lamb in his fetching essay on imperfect sympathies. "The Caledonian never hints or suggests anything, but unloads his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. . . . His understanding is always at its meridian; you never see the first dawn in early streaks. He has no falterings of self-suspicion. . . . The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative, and the negative there is no borderland with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book, his affirmations have the sanctity of an oath."

And this characteristic of the Scots mind has been admirably touched with local colouring in that unbending personality, David Deans of the *Heart of Midlothian*, whose scene is in our century.

“ ‘I only meant to say that you were a Cameronian or MacMillanite, one of the society people, in short, who think it inconsistent to take oaths under a Government where the Covenant is not ratified.’

“ ‘Sir,’ replied the controversialist, who forgot even his present distress in such discussions as these, ‘you cannot fickle me sae easily as you do opine. I am not a MacMillanite, or a Russelite, or a Hamiltonite, or a Harleyite, or a Howdenite (all various species of the great genus Cameronian). I will be led by the nose by none—I take my name as a Christian from no vessel of clay. I have my own principles and practice to answer for, and am a humble pleader for the gude auld cause in a legal way.’

“ ‘That is to say, Mr. Deans,’ said Middleburgh, ‘that you are a Deanite, and have opinions peculiar to yourself.’

“ ‘It may please you to say sae,’ said David Deans ; ‘but I have maintained my testimony before as great folks, and in sharper times ; and though I will neither exalt myself, nor pull down others, I wish every man and woman in this land had kept the true testimony, and the middle and straight path, as it were on the ridge of a hill, where wind and water shears, avoiding right-hand snares and extremes, and left-hand back-slidings, as weel as Johnny Dodds of Farthing’s Acre, and ae man mair that shall be nameless.’

“ ‘I suppose,’ replied the magistrate, ‘that is as much as to say, that Johnny Dodds of Farthing’s

Acre, and David Deans of St. Leonard's constitute the only members of the true, real, unsophisticated Kirk of Scotland ? ' "

" ' God forbid that I suld make sic a vain-glorious speech, when there are sae mony professing Christians ! ' answered David ; ' but this I maun sae.' "

What he said did not matter, what he thought was that he and Johnny Dodds of Farthing's Acre were the Kirk of Scotland. If controversy was pushed in the eighteenth century to its extreme and division was confounded with duty, the blame must not be laid upon the Kirk, but upon the nation, for before the century was done the Kirk had become a mediating and charitable influence. And the blame need not be laid upon the nation, but upon the land in which the people were born, and which they would not have exchanged for any other.

It is right also to point out that Scotland has suffered not only through a tendency of the national mind to interminable controversies, but through the accident of geography which compelled Scotland to be ever on her guard against England. England was always the " auld enemy " to be feared, watched, opposed. Until the Union of the Crowns in the sixteenth century, or perhaps one had better say the Union of the Parliaments in the eighteenth century, England was always endeavouring to annex Scotland, and Scotland was persistently refusing. The two countries were so situated that they were bound to act and react upon one another, and it was a guiding principle of national life in Scotland to do

nothing which England did, and to refuse everything which England asked. Dean Stanley in his brilliant lectures on the history of the Church of Scotland, points out the negative character of Scots ecclesiastical struggles. The Kirk is the only Church which has produced a "negative confession of faith"—the name given to the National Covenant of 1680—and the only Protestant Church which in its forms of subscription has an enumeration of errors to be condemned. The Dean with quiet humour reminds his readers that Scots symbolism for a long time depended for its meaning, not on what it affirmed, but on what it rejected. "The Church of Scotland," he says, "sat in praise because others stood, it stood in prayers, because others knelt. It was silent in funerals, because others spoke, it repudiated Christmas because others observed it." This is quite true and cleverly put, but that agreeable writer might have remembered that the combative attitude of Scots religion was not peculiar to the Reformed Kirk, but also can be discovered in the Pre-Reformation Kirk. This obstinacy was not ecclesiastical but patriotic, and had a delightful illustration before the Reformation, when Scots in their dourness were quite as determined as in after days, that worship as they might, it would not be after an English fashion. They had in those days their Scots service books, and were furious against Edward I. because he destroyed them in order to compel them to accept the Sarum use.

But when the Archbishop of York, who did not bow to Sarum, wished to extend his authority over Scotland, Scots Bishops gave Sarum an ostentatious welcome. They did not love Canterbury any more than York, but they used Canterbury to resist York with characteristic inconsistency. When the congregation in St. Giles', having heard their own prayers read from the Scots book, threw stools and abusive words at the dean, who dared to read prayers from an English book, the point was not that he read prayers, but that they were English prayers, and I suppose if the King had adopted the Book of Order, and had enjoined it to be used, the patriots of St. Giles' would have welcomed an English service book as a retort. It is not a paradox to say that the creed and the worship of Scotland have been largely decided in their peculiarities by climate and by geography.

It is recorded by an English visitor that he heard prayer offered in an ecclesiastical court last century, that the spirit of the disruption might be shed abroad in the land, and certainly the spirit of disruption was poured forth on Scotland in our distracted century. The descendants of the hill-men who fought Claverhouse's Dragoons, and excommunicated the King, remained apart from the Kirk of Scotland because the Kirk would not renew the national covenant, and the Covenanters were divided among themselves by distinctions no human being can now understand. The Erskines left the National Church and on December 6th,

1733, constituted the first Secession Church—to be the mother, alas, of many more. The Secession divided over a burghess oath into Burghers and anti-Burghers, and later the Burghers divided over another civil question, into Lights and Old-lights. More clergymen by and by left the Church of Scotland, always now over this eternal quarrel about patronage, and since nobody in those days wanted to join any other person, but rather to set up for himself, another denomination was added which was called the Relief Kirk, while a clergyman was deposed in 1729 for assaulting all establishments of religion, and he set up a denomination called the Glassites. The spirit was not confined to Presbyterians, but had its full course amongst the Episcopalians.

No controversy between Burghers and anti-Burghers could exceed in bitterness the conflict between two sets of the Episcopal Church called the Collegers and Usagers, and Dean Stanley declares “No ecclesiastical struggle, except that of the rival Popes, has more tried the Episcopal system than that in the month of June 1727, in Edinburgh, when the bishops of the two contending parties of Collegers and Usagers strove to outdo each other by consecrating and deposing rival bishops, so as to secure the point at issue, ‘if not by equal arguments, yet by equal numbers.’” And it may be added that the Scots Episcopalians shared to the full the national antipathy to England, accepting the English articles with the utmost reluctance, refusing to pray for King George, and denouncing

clergymen ordained by English or Irish bishops and officiating in Scotland, as schismatical intruders.

Two illustrations, as sheaves from a sad harvest, may be given to show how high feeling ran in Scotland, and how unreasonable were the grounds of division. When Whitefield came to Scotland and greatly stirred the people the Seceders were naturally in sympathy with him because both he and they were Evangelicals, but they were anxious to come to terms with him. They wished especially to instruct him in Church government and to induce him to sign the Solemn League and Covenant. They also demanded as a *sine qua non* that he should have no intercourse with the Established Church, and declared boldly that they, the Seceders, were the Lord's people. Whitefield, who was not by any means the kind of man to go bound, declared that he would preach Christ anywhere, and that "If the Pope should lend me his pulpit, I would declare the righteousness of Christ therein." So they parted, and after the great revival at Cambuslang the Seceders appointed a day of fasting and humiliation and denounced Whitefield as "a priest of the Church of England who had sworn the oath of supremacy and abjured the Solemn League and Covenant," and reference was made to "the system of delusion attending the present awful work on the bodies and spirits of men, going on at Cambuslang." They also issued "The Declaration, Protestation, and Testimony of the suffering remnant of the anti-Popish, anti-

Lutheran, anti-Erastian, anti-Prelatic, anti-Whitefieldian, anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland against George Whitefield and his encouragers, and against the work at Cambuslang and other places."

Just in proportion to the likeness of one denomination to another was there bitterness, and the feud was carried to its last extreme between the Burghers and the anti-Burghers. Ebenezer Erskine was one of the chiefs of the Secession and a Burgher, and his daughter married a minister who became an anti-Burgher. When her husband returned from the synod which excommunicated the Erskines, Dr. MacEwen their latest biographer tells us, she met him at the manse door with an anxious look. He came with bent head and in evident distress. "Well," she said. He was silent. She followed him into his study and repeated her question, "Well?" After a long pause he replied, "We have excommunicated them." "You have excommunicated my father and my uncle! You are my husband, but never more shall you be minister of mine." She kept her word and joined the Burgher congregation at Jedburgh. It is to her husband's credit that he showed no resentment, and every Sunday morning mounted her on his pony that she might ride to Jedburgh to profit by ministrations which preserved the loved traditions of Bortmoak Manse.

It was a day when scrupulosity of conscience and pedantry of intellect were carried to the last extreme—a millennium of secessions, divisions,

controversies and protests ; and this I think is one of the most complete and satisfying. " I leave my protest," says a stern Cameronian in the middle of our century, " against all sectarian errors, heresies and blasphemies, particularly against Arianism, Erastianism, Socianianism, Quakerism, Deism, Bourignanism, Familism, Scepticism, Arminianism, Lutheranism, Brownism, Baxterism, Anabaptism, Millennarianism, Pelagianism, Campbellianism and Independency, and all other sects and sorts that maintain any error, heresy, blasphemy that is contrary to the word of God, particularly the toleration granted by usurper Oliver Cromwell, and the anti-Christian toleration granted by that wicked Jezebel, the pretended Queen Anne." One recognizes in such a man the model of David Deans and can only hope that this deliverance which did no injury to anybody was a great relief to himself. With this utterance a contentious century reached its height.

Amid those bitter dissensions and somewhat ignoble squabbles, it must not be forgotten that a considerable number of the ministers of the day, including the leaders of the Secession, were gentlemen of ancient family and good education, and when they were not denouncing heretics or lifting up protests, which was all in the day's work of that period, carried themselves in public as became their birth and calling. Ralph Erskine was a genial and witty man, famous for his stories and his skill upon the violin. When he was censured for his playing by

the grim elders of the day, he gave them so pleasant a tune that they were comforted and admitted that he was "nane the waur for his tunes on the wee sinful fiddle." In 1719 Dr. McEwen tells us he wrote to his Episcopalian half-brother Philip proposing a fraternal correspondence, and declaring that there was no essential difference between the two Churches, so long as Episcopalians adhered to the Thirty-nine Articles. He also wrote a poem in praise of tobacco with spiritual reflections which were to say the least ingenious, and many Gospel sonnets which George Whitefield said had been blessed to him and others. Ebenezer Erskine his brother raised a corps of Volunteers during the rebellion of '45 and appeared in uniform as their captain, declaring that the present crisis "requires the prayers as well as the arms of good subjects."

When Willison a pious clergyman of the Church, and the author of the sacramental directory, was dying, Ralph Erskine waited upon him, and when a foolish woman tried to revive the quarrel between the two good men, saying to Erskine that there would be no Secession in heaven, they only smiled, and Willison nodded assent to Ralph's retort, "Madam, in heaven there will be a complete Secession from sin and sorrow." As one has been obliged to touch upon the strife of that time, it is pleasant to quote from Whitefield's journal the following entry: "I have met and shaken hands with Mr. Ralph Erskine. Oh, when will God's people learn war no more." And to recall the fact that after his opponent's

death Whitefield preached a sermon and used Ralph Erskine as an illustration of God's triumphant saints.

It is right to add that if the middle of the century was convulsed by controversy, there was peace towards its close, and the credit is largely due to the spirit of the Moderate Party which was then controlling the Church of Scotland. Culture has not always been calm, and the elder D'Israeli has reminded us that authors are an irascible tribe ; but the literary society of Edinburgh in the eighteenth century was almost idyllic in its courtesy and its friendliness. Adam Ferguson the historian had certainly a bitter quarrel with Adam Smith the economist, but Ferguson was an excitable Celt, and had been chaplain of the 42nd in his day, and he made up his quarrel with his old friend before he died. That was the only jarring note in the music, for all the other voices were in harmony. Robertson refused to write a history of England, because it would encroach upon the field of his friend David Hume, and when his story of Scotland took London by storm, Hume bubbled over with delight, and wrote to Robertson " A plague take you ! here I sat on the historical summit of Parnassus immediately under Dr. Smollett, and you have the impudence to squeeze past me and place yourself directly under his feet." Robertson was the leader of the Kirk, and Hume the most dangerous critic of the Christian position, and upon those terms they lived, in this controversial century. Robertson was the head of one party in the Kirk,

and Dr. John Erskine was the head of another, they were colleagues in the same parish, and they preached the one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon, each from his own standpoint ; yet they remained the best and most loyal of friends, and when the Principal died Erskine celebrated his virtues in a noble funeral sermon. When Principal Campbell, of Aberdeen, replied to Hume's book on miracles, he sent the manuscript to Hume, that the philosopher might point out any mistake in fact or unfairness in argument, and Dr. Jardine, one of the leading ministers of Edinburgh, and David Hume were on the most intimate terms. Jealousy and acrimony were unknown in that circle ; if any man did well they were all glad and every one helped his neighbour to succeed.

If the day broke upon the Scots Kirk in clouds and darkness, it closed in light and peace, for the Kirk never stood lower in knowledge and charity than at the beginning, and never stood higher in those fine qualities of religion than at the close of the eighteenth century.

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE KIRK

II

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE KIRK

WHEN brilliant historians like Mr. Buckle suggest that the Inquisition has only been seen twice in its glory—once in Spain and once in Scotland—they find their most affluent and vivid evidence in the seventeenth century, but they also make forays into the eighteenth, and it may be said with reason that the authority of the Kirk is quite as striking both for weal and woe in the eighteenth century. During the seventeenth if her power was absolute for a while, it was also for a long time broken by the distractions of society and by civil war, while on the other hand the arts and letters had no influence. It was an age when literature with its humanizing influence had no chance against theology, which was then in her fiercest and most dogmatic mood, and when men's minds were coarsened by unrelenting controversies and sanguinary feuds. During the eighteenth century the power of the Kirk was consolidated and undisturbed, for as far as influence was concerned any other religious body might as well have been non-existent. To her there was no rival, from her there was no escape. As the century wore on there was

one minister and one court of elders in every parish, who were absolute, and although there might be here and there a covert meeting of Episcopalians, and a few Catholic priests ministering to their people, even those nonconformists to the national faith were not beyond the reach of the Kirk's strong arm. For a century the Kirk had the people in her unbroken sway, and could do with them what she pleased.

One must also remember in estimating the firmness of her authority, and the lengths of her discipline, that the eighteenth century was an absolute contrast to the seventeenth in the wealth of its literature and the high intelligence of its writers. So early as 1729 Francis Hutcheson, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, was laying down the principles of his system, which might be called the vindication of the law of nature, and of which two salient points were the right of private judgment, and the appreciation of beauty in life. He was the father of Scots philosophy, and more than any other man affected the character of Scots thinking and the preaching of the Scots pulpit. He boldly denied the pessimistic doctrine that human nature was utterly corrupt, and he was the persuasive defender of the fine arts. The century had only run half its course when Adam Smith published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and seventeen years later his *Wealth of Nations*, in one of which he vindicated the principle of sympathy, in the other of which he expounded the action of selfishness ; and

in his own mind, at least, the two influences were co-ordinated as laws of human life. Together they are two of the most influential books ever written, and mark indeed an epoch not only in economic, but also in political and social development. So early as 1738 David Hume had begun to write, and before 1776, when he died, literature and philosophy had been enriched by his history of England and his essay on miracles, as well as his natural history of religion. If any single writer could deliver men from vain traditions and ignorant superstitions, and bring them into contact with reality, it would be that acute and genial philosopher who was falsely deemed an atheist, but who lived in friendship with all men, and whose deathbed called for Christian admiration. Reid's *Inquiry into the Human Mind* was published in 1764, and certain eminent persons such as Leslie the natural philosopher, Hutton the geologist, Hunter the physician and Black the chemist were bold, and successful leaders in science.

To this century belongs Allan Ramsay, Robert Ferguson, and Robert Burns among the poets; Robertson, Adam Ferguson, and Robert Henry among historians, while John Home was writing his plays, and Blair publishing his sermons. The century may have opened very modestly, but it became the record of the most profound thinking, and the most comprehensive speculation, both in literature and in science, and it may be said with reason that judged by the standard of its writers the Scots

intellect never stood higher. If one desires, therefore, to grasp the power of government resident in the Scots Kirk he had better see how she ruled in the eighteenth century, when, on the one hand, she was absolute in her own sphere of religion, and, on the other, men of such distinguished intellectual power were leading the mind of Scotland.

Suppose, in order to get the atmosphere of that day and realize through details its distant life, one visits a parish, and constructs the system of local Ecclesiastical government. The minister of course is supreme and allows himself a liberty of judgment, both in the pulpit and outside of it, which may be a little chastened since the days of the preceding century, when, according to certain writers, offended ministers prophesied the death of rebellious people and saw it fulfilled, but which would astonish us in our day, and was a dangerous possession to any fallible man. With him was associated a body of elders who were men generally of some social standing and almost always of high character. They were his colleagues and officers in the administration of government, and the thoroughness of their supervision left nothing to be desired. The parish was divided into districts and each was assigned to an elder. His duty was not as in modern times to visit the people in a friendly fashion and to invite them to come to the sacrament. His oversight was constant, searching and absolute. He had charge of the morals of that section of the parish, and he not only summoned

any open sinner before the Session which was the court of elders, but he kept his ears open for secret sins. He was ever observing and listening, putting two and two together, and following up the trail; he was more than a policeman, he was a detective, and a considerable part of his duty was called "delating," which really means giving information and accusing. In the year 1700 the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr passed an act which was appointed to be read in all Kirk sessions, within the bounds, and among other things this was required, that the elders exhort heads of families to set up the worship of God in their houses, reprove those who neglect it, and delate them upon their continuing neglect. It can easily be imagined that if an elder had a keen nose for scandal, his district would be in continual terror, and his delations would be very numerous. As might be expected, even with the ablest officers of the Inquisition, the delations were sometimes unfounded, and cases of discipline had to be abruptly abandoned.

In 1702 some zealous delator heard of a gathering in a certain house, and duly laid an information; but when the Session went into the matter it was found, to quote their own words, that "the people who met, only took a civil drink, and did no harm, so as to raise such a talk." Meanwhile there had been such a commotion, and the unfortunate guests, at what was evidently a little social gathering, were under so heavy a shadow that some reparation had to be offered. The Kirk Session, in fact, were guilty

of slander, and even in those days were not beyond at least social justice, so a very skilful announcement was made from the pulpit in which the parish was assured that the meeting in the house at the Pathhead of Ballochmyle had not really been so wicked as the elders had supposed, and in which the elders, however, took the opportunity of giving a warning "to all to cause others beware in time to come of the like sin." Which saved the face of the elders and kept the people in their proper place.

It was the duty of the elders to go round a village at ten p.m. and see that the people were in their homes, from which has risen the phrase, elders' hours. And upon them lay the task, difficult in every age, of supervising the public-houses, for though drinking was one of the characteristic customs of the eighteenth century, drunkenness was treated as one of the sins of the flesh. The elders also patrolled markets and fairs to see that nothing was done amiss; they were indeed under the direction of the minister, the moral police of the parish, and if they had no direct civil authority they could always appeal for the help of the magistrates, and in some cases it was arranged that a magistrate should sit in the Session in order to take civil action when the limits of ecclesiastical authority had been reached.

There was no sin with which the Church did not undertake to deal. It goes without saying, and need not be dwelt upon, that sins against the seventh commandment, which have been a great blot upon Scots life, were punished with extreme severity, and

that the sinners were put to open shame by being made to do penance in the Kirk before the congregation. Also, that sins against the orthodox creed received no mercy. But the whole range of transgressions, small and great, came within the range of this Court's vision and the lash of its punishment. A young man is tried for carrying food to his mother on the Sabbath, and Hamilton, Robert Burns' friend, for ordering a dish of new potatoes to be dug in his garden on the same day. If any one had approached the sacrament without presenting a token he would have incurred a penalty, but when a lad gave in a sixpence instead of his token, an act which he no doubt committed inadvertently, unless boys were different then from what they are now, he was brought before the Session and admonished. Two lads who had been playing at "guisards"—going round, that is, disguised and singing on New Year's Eve—were brought before the session, and a minister addressed them on the sinfulness and abomination of their deed; and in 1705 a man was delated for causing a dog to catch a sheep on the Sabbath. A bird of the air might carry the matter, and so thorough-going was the order kept that a man might be summoned before the session for what he said to his wife, if it was heard through the wall of the next house.

This Court had the courage of its convictions and gave a convincing proof of its self-confidence by dealing with the quarrels of angry women. If two women fell out and scolded one another, they would

be summoned before the elders, and severely censured, and if two women chose to carry their dispute to the Session that obliging Court would be willing to judge it. In that case, however, they were not going to work for nothing. The accuser had to deposit a sum of forty shillings, Scots money, and in the event of losing the case forfeited the cash. This was a wholesome check upon hasty accusations and a means of raising a revenue for the poor. This cautious and shrewd Court was not at all averse to fines, and had a more or less graduated scale for offences. It is right to add that the proceeds of this fund went to charity, and therefore when the session would release an offender from a public appearance in Church on condition of his giving a present to the poor, they afforded a double illustration of charity, alike in their treatment of the penitent and of the needy.

✓ The ordinary punishment of the Session was rebuke, which in the slighter cases was administered in private; in more serious cases the offender stood up in his seat and was reprimanded, but when sin had reached a certain height the offender had to stand upon the stool of repentance in the face of the congregation. After the sinner had been publicly censured, and absolved from his sin, he was on certain occasions asked to "subscribe a band" that he would not again break the law. In his most informing book, *Old Church Life in Scotland*, to which I have owed much, Mr. Edgar prints one of those bands. It was given in 1749 by a shoemaker

in Mauchline, who had insulted the minister and cursed his mother, and it ran as follows, "I, A. B., shoemaker in Mauchline, do acknowledge my rude and undutiful behaviour to my minister, both in time of catechizing and of visiting. I do also with deep sorrow of heart confess my horrid sin of cursing my mother. It is my earnest desire to be forgiven by God, whose holy name I have so dreadfully profaned, and by all of this congregation, those especially whom I have more immediately offended. And at the same time it is my sincere resolution through divine grace, which I heartily implore, that I'll do so no more. And as an evidence of my sincerity, I am willing that this, my humble confession, be recorded in the Session book, and be adduced against me as an aggravation of my crime if ever I shall relapse." The sentence of excommunication was not often passed, and seems only to have been annexed to the most serious offences, as when in 1750 a man was found guilty of "cursing his mother in very shocking terms and otherwise using her most barbarously." And he had added iniquity to iniquity by contempt of the Church Court. The Presbytery of Ayr unanimously agreed, "That the man be summarily excommunicated, and appointed Mr. Auld to intimate the said sentence of the greater excommunication between now and next meeting of Presbytery." And if ever this punishment were deserved it was by this profane and inhuman sinner.

So perfect was the organization of the Kirk in this

century, and so thoroughly had she embraced the Lowlands, at least in her government, that no man could hope to escape from her arm, unless he buried himself in a Highland fastness. It gave him no relief when he was under the ban of the Kirk to break up his home and to shift his parish. If any man left a parish without a certificate from the ecclesiastical authorities, he became a wanderer in Scotland. As soon as he landed in a new parish he was asked for his "testimonial," and if he could not produce it he was ordered at once to leave, and if he refused to do so, application was made to the civil authorities to compel him. One George Petersone seems to have thought that he could defy the local authorities, and when he was summoned to the session, and asked whether he had gotten a "testimonial" from his last parish, he answered, "He neither had got one, nor expected to get one." He was told if he did not produce one within a reasonable time the Session would apply to the magistrate, and in the end Petersone had to leave the parish. The elders reported every three months the names of new persons that had come into their parish, and inquiry was made into their history. Landlords were forbidden to let houses to persons who had come without their certificate, and at the close of the seventeenth century the Session committed a landlord to the civil magistrate because he would not dismiss an offending tenant. The Kirk had, in fact, anticipated the passport system, and had secured that no one could live in comfort in Scotland

unless he was keeping her laws, and had established a means of communication so thorough that if any one desired to be independent of her rulers, he must be an exile from civilized life.

It is not surprising that a strong-willed and liberty-loving people should have sometimes rebelled against this strong hand, and there were cases when sinners were not penitent, and did not take Church discipline meekly. Some refused to appear before the Session, one woman declaring she would not go the length of her foot ; others gave insolent answers in the Session, one woman declaring that time would show whether she had sinned or not ; certain men broke the stools of penitence on which they were set, and Cromwell's soldiers used to mount those stools for sport. And every one knows how Burns ridiculed the discipline of the Kirk. There is no doubt, however, that, on the whole, ecclesiastical authority was fully acknowledged and ecclesiastical punishments were humbly endured. If any one spoke lightly of an elder, it was an offence, and he had to give satisfaction ; and if any one refused to obey a citation before the Session, he was guilty of contumacy, and that in the nature of things was judged the worst of sins, for if men could be contumacious without punishment, then the power of the Church was finally broken.

But if the Kirk supervised the life of ordinary people with the utmost care, and with no little severity, she was still more careful about the conduct of their rulers. If the Session judged the

people of the parish they were also in turn judged. From time to time a meeting of Session was held, for what was called the Privy Censure of its members. The procedure at this solemn function varied a little in different places, but on the whole this was the order: After a devotional service in which the elders had taken part, each elder in turn left the room, and in his absence his colleagues "delated," or in other words made any charges against him which they could, stating rumours or criticizing conduct. He was then called in and made his defence; if he could clear himself, the better for him, if he could not, he who had so often administered discipline came under its weight himself. As a rule, and notwithstanding the case of Holy Willie, whom Burns put in the pillory, the elders were men of good character and carried themselves honestly before the community, and certainly the standard required was fairly high, for two elders in Ayrshire, in the year 1755, were censured—one for entertaining a company in his house to a late hour, and the other for being in the company. Nor must it be supposed that the minister escaped, for his superior Court, the Presbytery, came to the parish now and again, and held an inquisition upon him. He in his turn was sent out, and his elders were questioned about his work and life. Besides the questions which will occur to any person, and which might be fairly asked, the following collected by Edgar are, to say the least, interesting: "Is he a haunter of ale houses? Is he a swearer of small minced oaths, such

as, 'Before God, it is so'; 'I protest before God,' or 'Lord, what is that?' Saw ye him ever drink healths? Is Saturday only his book-day, or is he constantly at his calling? Doth he preach plainly, or is he hard to be understood, for his scholastic terms, matter, or manner of preaching? What time of day doth he ordinarily begin sermon on the Sabbath, and when doth he dismiss the people? Doth he ever censure people for idleness, breach of promise, or back-biting? Doth he restrain abuses at penny-weddings? Doth he carry anyway partially, so that he may become popular?" Several of the questions are certainly obsolete, but two of them go to the root of the matter: every minister may fairly ask himself whether Saturday be the only day he studies, and also whether he toadies for popularity.

One, however, has much sympathy with one minister who had been accused of not interfering when women were "flyting"—that is, scolding one another—and who held that his non-interference was justified, not as one would imagine by its uselessness, but by its too frequent success. For this excellent man, who, however, lived earlier than our century, and must have had a very persuasive tongue, declared that by frequent reconciliation, and removal of all fear of punishment they were the more encouraged in their sin. When the Presbytery held their Court they embraced every official in their view and every department of Church work. The precentor and the beadle were not forgotten,

and the Presbytery not only inquired into the state of the Church buildings, but into the quantity and quality of the minister's library. What ministers felt especially was the criticism on their sermons, and the minister of Maybole, in 1718, lost his temper in what were perhaps pardonable circumstances, and boldly declared that "some tastes are more perverse and peevish than delicate." The Kirk may be congratulated on having established one of the most comprehensive and searching of inquisitions, which embraced not only the whole nation, but its own servants, and secured both efficiency of administration and absolute impartiality in justice.

It is at this point one can most conveniently turn aside and touch upon an ecclesiastical sin which greatly troubled the Scots Kirk. "The study of the witchcraft trials in Scotland," says Mr. Burton, in his *Criminal Trials of Scotland*, "leaves behind it a frightful intelligence of what human nature may become." He adds, "Perhaps other nations can afford as evil a history to those who rummage among their criminal records"; but one certainly shudders as he reads this chapter of dark and fierce superstition in Scots history. According to Pardovan, the Scots ecclesiastical lawyer, the Kirk during the seventeenth century was largely occupied in ordaining "all ministers carefully to take notice of charmers, witches, and all such abusers of the people, and to urge the Acts of Parliament to be execute against them." In 1649 the Assembly appointed a commission of twenty-one ministers to

confer with nine lawyers and three physicians, anent the trial and punishment of witchcraft, and directed the Presbyteries to give up to the Lords of Justiciary the names of witches, sorcerers and charmers. This law-book also deals most solemnly with the marks of the devil upon the body of the witch, and the images of clay or wax which witches used, and concludes by laying down, "The punishment of this crime is with us death, and the doom ordinarily bears to be worried at the stake, and burned." Mr. Burton has preserved from an earlier date an account of the expense of carrying out justice upon two witches, which for the horror of it is worth preserving:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For twenty loads of peat, to burn them .	40	0
For one boll of coalls	23	0
For four tar-barrels	26	8
For fire and aron barrels	16	8
For a staik and the dressing of it .	16	0
For four fathom of tows (ropes) . .	4	0
For carrying the peats, coals and barrels to the hills	13	4
To John Justice, for their execution .	13	0

When the sullen gloom of the seventeenth century lifted, and the light of the eighteenth began to break, this hideous obsession was gradually lifted from the mind of the Kirk and of the nation, and before the century closed was, of course, despised as a cruel and senseless superstition. But the Kirk was not quick

to receive the light or to deliver the people, for dear old Woodrow in 1720, who was a firm believer in this absurdity, writes to Cotton Mather in America : "We are alarmed with the outbreking of horrid witchcraft upon the family of a nobleman about twenty miles East from this the lord Torphichen. A son of his about twelve years it seems has been seduced into the devil's service some years ago, and strange things are done by him, and about him. Several are taken up and lawyers have taken a pre-cognition ; what the issue is you shall hereafter know, if the Lord will." According to the account of the minister of Musselburgh this miserable lad, who was likely suffering from epilepsy, and certainly was possessed by the spirit of malice, following the example of the elders, delated a number of unfortunate women, who must have suffered cruelly.

But in the eighteenth century commonsense was beginning to assert itself, and the informer went too far, so that one hopes no one was seriously injured. "Two women," said the minister of Musselburgh, "who has confessed are since dead, and told the devil would kill them for confessing. The matter is not over ; many are still delated by the child ; but some who have been of very entire fame being named, it's suspected it may be one of Satan's stratagems to bring some innocent persons into suspicion, among the guilty." Let us hope that this was the view accepted by the Presbytery. In 1736 the penal statutes against witchcraft were repealed, but this gave great concern to many good people,

and that extraordinary Christian professor Lord Grange protested loudly, and in 1743 the Presbytery of Seceders enumerated in one of their testimonies among other national sins that "The penal statutes against witches have been repealed by the parliament contrary to the express law of God, for which a Holy God may be provoked in a way of righteous judgment to leave those who are already ensnared to be hardened more and more, and to permit Satan to tempt and seduce others to the same wicked and dangerous snare." This was the last testimony on the part of the Kirk against witchcraft, and it was given by the Seceders, and not by the Kirk of Scotland, which, under the guidance of the moderate party, had risen above such erroneous and degrading ideas.

Ecclesiastical trials for witchcraft in our century began indeed to have a ludicrous side. Two women got to words in Ayrshire in 1707, and began to bandy charges of witchcraft; they were promptly brought before the Session, and Jean Gibson complained of Jean Reid, because she had asserted that "her (Gibson's) parents went both to the hollow pit, and that (corbies) ravens conveyed them thither"; and Jean Reid confessed so much as this, that once she had said to Jean Gibson, "There were not Corbies on my grandfather's lum-head, as there were on your father's when he died." As it was believed in those days that Satan had a habit of taking the form of a raven when so minded, ravens fluttering about a chimney when a person was dying in the

house was very suggestive. Jean Reid was insinuating that Satan had been waiting for Jean Gibson's people, which was less than complimentary, and indeed very offensive on the part of a neighbour. The Kirk Session of Mauchline opened this case on June 8, citing witnesses, and putting them upon oath, conferring with parties and endeavouring to reconcile them, and did not conclude the case till December 28, when both parties were rebuked for slander. The Session did not commit itself to any opinion on the personality of the corbies.

Still more amusing was another case which Mr. Edgar has garnered from the same records. A young man who appears to have been ill-used by a damsel called Bessy Pethin, accused her of sorcery, and told a rigmarole of how she passed him one night on the muir, and that afterwards he heard "the sound of a fair, and then he heard a dog after a sheep." Miss Bessy deeply resented this charge, although in our day she would rather have been pleased to have been called a witch, especially if she had lived in Lancashire, and so she brought her unchivalrous admirer before the Session. Elders have never, perhaps, been too richly endowed with a sense of humour, and one should therefore not be too much surprised that the Session at once opened a case with witnesses. Witches were usually elderly and unprepossessing women, but, as our friend Mr. Edgar pleasantly suggests, Satan has been known to transform himself into an angel of light, and who could tell that this fair damsel might not have been an agent of evil

Will it be believed that after the Session had hammered at this preposterous case of the fair Bessy and her country swain, it went to the Presbytery, which, being visited by the spirit of commonsense, declared the man a liar, and ordered him to suffer public rebuke? Very likely the last case of witchcraft in ecclesiastical courts was a complaint lodged by one woman against another in the year 1779, and in this wonderful parish of Mauchline. And it is interesting to note that one of the women involved in this case was Jean Merkland, whom Burns celebrates as divine. Some people evidently thought otherwise.

There was even in our century a horrible side to this ghastly superstition, and one of the most painful incidents in Scots social history took place in 1704 in Fifeshire, when this craze about witchcraft suddenly seized the people. A poor old woman of Pittenween, terrified and tortured, as suspected witches were, confessed that she had injured a man with the assistance of the devil, and she was of course in danger of death. Somehow she escaped from the gaol, and reached a neighbouring parish, only to fall into the hands of its minister. This ferocious bigot sent her back to her own parish. The mob seized her, and dragged her by the heels to the beach; they tied her to a rope, one end of which was fastened to a vessel in the harbour and another to the shore; while she swung there they pelted her with stones; by and by they let her down to the ground and beat her cruelly "untill they were weary. Then"—to quote this dreadful narrative

from Dunbar's *Social Life in Former Days*—"they loosed her, and with a mighty swing threw her upon the hard stones, all about being ready in the meantime to receive her with stones and staves, with which they beat her most cruelly. Two of her daughters came upon their knees begging to be allowed one word with their mother before she expired ; but that was refused ; the rabble threatening to treat them in the same manner they went off. The rabble never gave over till the poor wretch was dead ; and to be sure she was so, they called a man with a horse and a sledge and made him drive over her backward and forward several times. When they were sure she was killed outright, they dragged her miserable carcase to Nicolas Lawson's door where they first found her, laying on her belly a door of boards, and on it a great heap of stones."

Perhaps the most dreadful feature in this loathsome crime is the conduct of the minister of Pittenween. The rabble asked him what they should do with her, and he replied they might do what they pleased. Next Lord's Day he took no notice of the murder, nor did he make any effort to prevent it. One is afraid that in this case the local magistrates were almost as guilty, and there seems to have been a very saturnalia of madness in Fifeshire. Seven unfortunate women were imprisoned about this time, four of whom confessed that they had been practising upon a young blacksmith called Patrick Morton, and gave the most ridiculous details.

Morton seems to have been a rascal who deceived people by his "odd postures and fits," and a Fifeshire gentleman writes, "Unless the Earl of Rothes had discovered his villany and discouraged that practice, God knows how fatal it might have proved to many honest families of good credit and respect." One is inclined to ask under what delusion did those poor women make a confession of witchcraft, and certain Fife gentlemen had the same curiosity. Three of them went and conversed with one of the witches. She confessed to him that all she said had been a lie, and cried out, "God forgive the minister," for he had beaten her one day with his staff when she was telling him truth. They asked her how she came to say anything that was not true. She cried out, "alas, alas I behoved to say to please the minister and the Bailies," and in the meantime she begged for Christ's sake not to tell that she had said so, else she would be murdered.

In 1727 a woman in Sutherland was condemned to death on the charge of riding through the country upon her daughter, who had been transformed into a pony, and shod by the devil. The mother, I quote from Graham's *Social Life in the Eighteenth Century*, "was burned in a pitch barrel at Dornoch—tradition telling how in the cold day the poor creature warmed her feet at the fire which was to kindle her barrel coffin." Surely every element of tragedy and comedy was combined in this last judicial crime and outbreak of religious fanaticism. Intelligent men in those days were horrified, and lifted up their

voices against this immense and cruel folly, but they did not always in that way increase their reputations. Religious Captain Burt in his informing letter from the Highlands tells a delightful story of how a certain laird found a witch in the shape of a cat in his wine cellar, and striking with his sword cut off a leg ; he then went to the house of an old woman in the district and found her in bed " bleeding excessively," and beneath the bed " lay her leg in its natural form." A certificate of the truth of this romantic narrative was signed by four ministers of that part of the country. Captain Burt with the scepticism of an Englishman, was rather suspicious that the excellent laird had done justice to the wine in the cellar, as well as to the cat, and he proceeded to point out, with an Englishman's commonsense, the absurdity of the whole story. He added, " If a certificate of the truth of it had been signed by every member of the General Assembly, it would be impossible for me to bring my mind to assent to it." Upon this last word my good lord, who had been silent all this while, said to the minister, " Sir, you must not mind him, for he is an atheist." Captain Burt was nettled by this charge and told the minister boldly that there was nothing irreligious in denying the supernatural power of witchcraft ; he then went on with refreshing candour to declare his belief that the witch of Endor was only an imposter like astrologers and fortune-tellers, and he suggested that she must have been a woman of intelligence and intrigue ; that she was not ignorant

of Saul's unhappy and abandoned state ; that she simply described the person and dress of the prophet Samuel ; and that Saul saw nothing, but took it all from the woman's declaration. Which is just what one would have expected from an English officer of engineers.

Before utterly condemning this painful superstition, it is right to remember that in our own day intelligent and well-living persons are convinced that the spirits of the departed can be summoned from their rest at the bidding of disreputable mediums, and made to talk delirious nonsense in ungrammatical language of which they would be ashamed in this life, and to move pieces of furniture about the room, for the astonishment of the company. And it should also be remembered that in those days the theory of the Bible held by the Church obliged believing people to accept every statement in Bible history as literally true, and also that every part of Holy Scripture was of equal authority, so that a commandment to put witches to death in the days of the Old Testament dispensation was regarded as binding upon the Church unto this present. Whether a man in the eighteenth century, when criticism and science were in their infancy, was more foolish in believing in witchcraft than a man of the nineteenth century, standing in a blaze of light, when he believes in spiritualism, is a grave question, and does not of necessity disparage the former century.

Our concern here is chiefly with the rule of the

Church in social life, and as her despotic government has been frankly stated, it is only just that it should, as far as possible, be vindicated. Is it not fair to take into account the claim of the Church to be the guardian of morals? This claim has been implied in the theory of the Scots Kirk.

According to her historical position, the Kirk has not been a select and esoteric company of people, gathered out from the nation, who meet for devotional purposes and the culture of the soul, who have no responsibility for social morality, and take no part in national affairs. The Scots Kirk was the Scots nation, upon its spiritual side, and nothing that concerned Scotland was indifferent to her. Upon her lay the charge of the people, as citizens, as well as Christians; it was her business to see that they were educated, that they were not oppressed, that they did their duty in the Commonwealth, and that they lived after a decent fashion. It was the Jewish conception of the relation of Church and State, and while the Kirk held an elaborate and speculative theological creed, which seemed at some points far removed from everyday life, she adjusted the balance by preaching the ten commandments to their furthest extent, and writing them, so far as she was able, upon the lives of the people. If any one profaned the Sabbath, or broke the seventh commandment, denied revealed truth, or quarrelled with his neighbour, the Church was his judge, punishing him for his own good and for the purity of the national life. It was for this

end she instituted and perfected her Inquisition. No doubt as the Church was human, and the light in the eighteenth century was not that of midday, her officers sometimes acted harshly, and sometimes foolishly, but no one can say that they were pursuing personal gain, and every one must admit their idea was not ignoble ; they desired to establish the Kingdom of God, perhaps not in joy, and perhaps not in peace, but certainly in righteousness. The Kirk in those days did not peep and mutter when iniquity abounded, but spoke out boldly ; evil-doers did not despise or ignore her censures ; there was no offender she would not tackle, there was no evil in the community she would allow to pass. Whatever criticism may be levelled at the Kirk in those days, no one can say that she was not a power in the land, or that she did not bend all her strength to create a moral and God-fearing people.

The severity of her policy may also be justified by the condition of the nation in that century. One requires not only to read its history, but to transfer himself into its atmosphere, before he can understand its coarseness, a masterful and unashamed coarseness. Just as in that day the scenery of Scotland presented a treeless waste, and the Scotland of to-day, with the woods surrounding gentlemen's seats and the well-cultivated farms, was only beginning to be, so the life of the people, with their rough manners and drunken orgies, were in harsh contrast with the decency and refine-

ment of present life. Travellers making an adventurous tour through Scotland were horrified at the uncleanness of the inns and the poverty of the homes. They were equally staggered by the drinking of all classes—lords, lawyers, farmers, ministers. The Restoration in the preceding century had set men drinking, and they still continued at the table.

Lord Kames, one of the most accomplished of Scots judges, was dining at a house with William Hamilton, the poet, and they continued their carouse until night. When they started to ride home, and the others had mounted, Hamilton was missing; a light was brought, and he was found sitting on the ground, on the other side of his horse, in great contentment, saying to himself, "Lady Mary, sweet Lady Mary, when you are good, you are too good." For, according to the legend, he had prayed to the Virgin for aid, and his prayer had been so wonderfully answered, that he had scrambled over his horse altogether. We are in a century, and in a time when men were careless about food, but particularly concerned about drink. Claret was flowing throughout the land at an absurdly low price, while brandy and ale were plentiful. As it happened, one glass only was used in a company, and there were careful rules how to drink, so as not to offend your neighbour. Scotsmen were more concerned then about the bottle than about the glass, and when a Duke of Montrose, at the beginning of last century, asked one of the aged retainers of the family whether he or his grandfather kept the

better house, the old man answered, "My lord, your grace lives nobly, and so did your grandfather. There are, however, differences; in his day, there were fewer glasses, but every man had his own bottle, whereas at your grace's table, there is a variety of glasses and few bottles are set down." Life floated on a tide of drink. "For God's sake, give them a hearty drink" were a dying laird's touching words to his son; and Captain Scott declared "a Scots funeral to be merrier than an English wedding." Distinguished ministers went from the deathbed of their people to drink heavily in some Edinburgh tavern; at the same place and over their cups, lawyers consulted with their clients; dinners terminated in long bouts of drinking, and even noble ladies would go to miserable cellars in Edinburgh for a homely refection of oysters and porter. Jesting was of indescribable plainness, and life had few reserves.

Still more arresting is the lawlessness of that century and the wild deeds which were done. It requires a certain strength of historical faith, to believe that public crimes and religious revivals, that outrages on persons, and discussions in theology were going on side by side. It was in 1736, and three years after the Erskines had established the secession Church, that Rob Oig, a son of Roy Roy, went to the farm of Invernenty and found John MacLaren upon his land, ploughing. MacGregor crept forward and shot him. MacLaren was carried to his house, and after a local physician had tried to probe

the wound with a kail-stock, and explained he could do nothing in the case, because he was ignorant of the kind of shot with which the patient was wounded, MacLaren died. Robert Oig escaped, and ultimately turned up as a soldier in the 42nd Regiment, with which he fought at the battle of Fontenoy. He returned to his native district, and for a time settled down. In the year 1750, eight years after the great revivals of Cambuslang and Kilsyth, Robert, in whom the lawlessness of Scotland seemed incarnate, and who in the meantime had married and lost his wife, carried off a young widow and heiress from the district, and compelled her to marry him in the Kirk of Balquhiddar. Under the compulsion of his brother James, a great rascal, this unhappy woman came to Edinburgh in 1751, and acknowledged her marriage. At last she plucked up courage to retract, and the MacGregors thought it best to make off. James escaped punishment altogether, but in 1753, after many delays and great difficulty, Robert Oig, the murderer of MacLaren and the abductor of Jean Key, was hung at Edinburgh.

Nor must it be supposed that a broken and desperate clan like the MacGregors had the monopoly of violence, for the Edinburgh mob, the most dangerous in history, hung Captain Porteous, the commander of the town guard, for an order he gave at the execution of a smuggler, and Lord Grange, an elder of the Kirk, and a person of the most orthodox creed, as well as the most ostentatious

religious profession, had his wife kidnapped and carried off to a lonely Western island, where she languished and died. Dr. Carlyle, of Inveresk, tells in his autobiography, that his father took him as a treat to see the execution of a criminal; and the master of Burleigh killed a schoolmaster who ventured to marry a girl with whom he was in love. It is worth noting that the country was in this century twice convulsed by rebellions, and that stout Presbyterians had accumulated a stand of arms, in order to strike a blow against the Union. During this century, when Whitefield and Wesley were preaching throughout Scotland and the Church was divided over the question of patronage and subtleties of doctrine, colliers and salters were held in slavery. Mr. Robert Chambers, in his *Domestic Annals*, says, "Certainly it is a curious thing to remember that I myself have seen in early life native inhabitants of Scotland, who had been slaves in their youth." The restraints upon the personal freedom of salters and colliers were not put an end to till 1775, when a statute extinguished them. A mining engineer in the year 1820 heard this conversation between an iron-master and an old working-man called Moss Nook

"Moss Nook," said Mr. Dunlop, "you don't appear from your style of speaking to be of this part of the country, where did you originally come from?"

"Oh, sir," answered Moss Nook, "do you know that your father brought me here long ago from

Mr. M'Nair's of the Green. Your father used to have merry meetings with Mr. M'Nair, and one day he saw me and took a liking to me. At the same time Mr. M'Mair had taken a fancy to a very nice pony belonging to your father ; so they agreed on the subject, and I was niffered away for the pony, and that's the way I came here."

In 1842, when Parliament issued a commission into the nature and results of penal labour in the coal-pits of Scotland, there was a collier still living who could state to the Commissioners that both his father and grandfather had been slaves ; that he himself had been born a slave, and that he had wrought for years in a pit in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh.

Revolutions cannot be made with rosewater, and a determined people cannot be civilized by gentle means. When young women are carried off from their homes and compelled to marry Highland catterns, and judges of the high court kidnap their own wives, and mobs hang chief constables, and colliers are kept as slaves, and the whole population seem to be drinking, swearing and making foul jests, a strong arm is needed to enforce and protect morals. The Kirk largely fulfilled the function of the police, and was the colleague of the State in hindering, if not punishing, crime. If she did her work roughly sometimes, it was rough work she had to do, and one only wishes that she had given less strength to discussions on patronage and abstract doctrines, and had given herself entirely to

the deliverance of the slave and the elevation of the people. The Kirk has been severely censured by secular historians, and fine play can be made with her eccentricities of discipline, but she must be judged by the result, and no one who compares Scotland of the nineteenth with Scotland of the eighteenth century may refuse to acknowledge her practical service in civilizing the people. The elders were known in the days of their power as "the civilizers," and if turning the people from vice and ungodliness and compelling them, so far as possible, to walk in the paths of decency and faith be civilizing, then those much-tried and often ridiculed officers did not fail in their work.

The student must be impressed by the fine severity of the Kirk, shown not only in her simplicity of worship, the slender endowments of her ministry, and the thoroughness of her creed, but also in the faithfulness of her discipline. This Church, at any rate, has not petted nor pampered her children; she has caught the hardy spirit of the land in which she wrought, and, like that land, she has been passionately loved by her sons. They have not complained of her severity; they have not despised her simplicity. From many a fair and fertile country where the skies are ever blue and the flowers are ever blooming, the heart of the Scot returns with fond longing to the grey of the North Sea, to the steely blue of the lochs, to the lonely purple moors, and to the clear sweet-running rivers of Scotland. It may be but a little land "of stone and water," as its savage

English critic said, but the Scot carries Caledonia in his heart, and with the land the Kirk. This mother may have been too apt to chide her children and to set them hard tasks, to refuse them dainty food, and even to conceal her affection for them. It has been her way and the result of her environment. The Scots mother treats her child differently than a Southern English mother, but with the afterlook her children know how true and tender she has been. She must be judged not by the machinery she used, but by the product she turned out, and for one thing Scotsmen at least must always be grateful: the Kirk, with all her limitations and her angularities, has taught her sons both to think and to do, and has sent forth a hardy brood unto the ends of the earth. If she has been a stern mother, she has been a mother of men.

NOTES

1702. Sport of cockfighting in operation in Leathlinks. Charges for admission, 10*d.* for the first row, 7*d.* for the second, and 4*d.* for the third. Became so general in Edinburgh that it was forbidden on the streets on account of the disturbance. During the century boys attending the parish schools brought cocks to school at Shrove-tide and devoted a whole day to the sport. Slain birds and feugies became the property of the schoolmaster, and the minister of Applecross about 1790 tells us that the schoolmaster's income is composed of 200 merks, with payments from the scholars of 1*s.* 6*d.* for English, and 2*s.* 6*d.* for Latin, and the cockfight dues which were equal to one quarter's payment for each scholar.

1705. Four gentlemen had a drinking bout at Leath, drove home so furiously, that they knocked over and killed

a poor woman, but a correspondent of Woodrow is chiefly concerned that the gentlemen in the coach be soundly fined for breach of Sabbath, which was very characteristic of the day.

FROM AN OLD SESSION RECORD

A FRIEND sent me recently some extracts from the records of a seventeenth century Kirk Sessions, which I think are of sufficient interest to print. In comparison, modern records are uneventful, but there are compensations. These were Spartan days of discipline, when the magistrates could be called on to punish the absentee from church, and when members were sternly dealt with for saying the minister contradicted himself in the pulpit! A fine of 40s. for not being able to say the Ten Commandments strikes our degenerate day as somewhat stiff, and the same tribunal must have been in a genial mood when it accepted the loss of the door-key as a valid excuse for Henry Wittit and his wife's absence from church. Severe experience, one conjectures, taught the elders of those days that official match-making was too thorny an enterprise even for a Kirk Session, but one would like to hear further as to Maisie Bower. It is likely her answer would be "resolute" enough to scare the elders, and send them back to rueful reflections on the "eternal feminine." After that no wonder William Cunninghame at last surrendered at discretion, though his skirmish seems to have lasted eight months. But enough of comment—let the extracts speak for themselves.

Extracts (modernized) from the minutes of Kinghorn Kirk Session, illustrating various phases of church discipline, social life, and curious custom :

January 17, 1608.—Which day compeared James Thomson, who for going forth of the church in time of preaching is ordained to pay 32 pence, and *for answering again to the minister* to stand in the steeple till the Session dissolve, and also if ever he be found hereafter rioting and entertaining a number of pipers and other songsters to pay

the penalty of 42s., *totus quotus* he shall be found doing the same.

May 1, 1608.—Ordains Robert Henderson for the striking his neighbour upon the "haffet" (the cheek) in time of preaching, to stand in the joughs (the stocks) two hours, or else to pay 20s., and also to compear before the pulpit, and confess his fault, and crave God's mercy for the same.

September 5, 1608.—Compeared Robert Orrok, who was convicted of being absent from the preaching three several Sabbaths, and *that in high and manifest contempt of his pastor*; wherefore refers him to be punished by the Council magistrate, conform to the Act of His Highness's Parliament.

October 9, 1608.—Which day the Session, in one voice, concluded that Robert Orrok for his offensive speeches, in craving that his minister's mouth should be closed till he got amends of him, which was confessed by the said Robert, shall be warned to compear before the Session this day eight days.

December 4, 1608.—Compeared Bessie Robsone, who confessed her to have cursed and banned at the Tron, but denied that she was in fault of the tumult that was betwixt her and her goodman, upon Thursday at even; wherefore ordains them both to compear this day eight days.

December 4, 1608.—Janet Tod and Janet Ayngill, being called, compeared, who for their misbehaviour in "flyting" and scolding in the audience of their neighbours, and also of other strangers coming by to the tide, was ordained to stand two hours in the joughs at the Tron, and the said Janet Ayngill one hour more at the Cross for her disobedience, without redemption.

May 21, 1609.—The Session ordains the minister to pay 20s. of penalty, for giving a testimonial to Thomas Gib, contrary to the ordinance of the Session.

May 28, 1609.—Compeared Patrick Flucker, who was rebuked by the minister for his misbehaviour in calling out maliciously at the Petticur against his neighbours, and for

his blasphemous speeches, which he promised to amend, and found James Robertsons caution that he should not do the same again under the pain of 40s., for each time he is found doing the same.

Compeared Alexander Glen, who was rebuked by the minister at the ordinance of the Session for being full with drink in the boat coming over the water, which was thought very slanderous, and admonished not to do the like again, which he promised to do.

September 3, 1609.—Compeared John Lambart, being called, who being accused for his ignorance in not having the commands (the Ten Commandments), confessed it to be a fault, and promised to get them under the pain of 40s.

February 23, 1623.—Compeared John Black, who was rebuked for breaking the Sabbath by sawing thereon, and for suffering his bairn to go so unworthily through the town as he does, which he promised to amend.

March 2, 1623.—The which day it was ordained that John Ewen should attend upon the sturdy beggars, strangers that resort to this town, and put them out of the town, and not suffer them to abide in the same. And when he shall meet with such as make opposition against him, and refuses to obey, that then he shall crave the concurrence of the officer, who has promised to help him in that case ; and the Session to be his paymakers for his pains, if he be diligent and do his duty.

June 15, 1623.—David Cook, being warned and called, compeared to have answered some allegations preferred against him by Mr. Alexander Scrymgeour, minister, that the said David had said of him that *he contradicted himself often in his sermons*, which the said David denied, and Mr. Alexander, *finding himself not able to qualify the same by witness*, passed from it.

September 25, 1625.—Janet Williamsone and Isabel Colzeare . . . were ordained to pay, every one of them, 32 pence for being gathering sand eels upon the Sabbath in the morning.

June 7, 1626.—Compeared Robert Melvill, who was inhibited to go over the water sailing in a boat upon the

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Sabbath day, without liberty granted to him by the magistrate.

May 27, 1627.—Compeared David Brown, who alleged that Maisie Bower refused to marry him notwithstanding they were thrice proclaimed. Which she denies. The Session has given her a month to advise, and to give a resolute answer whether she will marry him or not.

September 1, 1639.—Compeared Henry Wittit and Margaret Dawsons, his wife, who alleged that their door wanted a key, which was the cause they could not come to the kirk.

September 29, 1639.—Compeared some of the Easter Balgailly, Norther Pittedie, and Kylvie Norther, who were rebuked for not coming to their own parish kirk upon the Sabbath day, who promised to amend in time coming.

March 21, 1642.—The elders of the Session, all with one consent, upon sundry considerations moving them, are pleased to prefer Archibald Orrok to the place of carrying the hand bell, and proclaiming the defunct, to be interred, with other services belonging to such, at such occasions. The minister commented.

August 30, 1642.—Considering the indecency of plaids about women's heads in church on the Sabbath, and that it is a means to provoke sleep, appoints to it to be discharged, and 6s. exacted of the contraveners . . . and this to be intimated the next Sabbath.

June 25, 1644.—Isobel Dick, who, with Bessie Easson and Isobel Easson, were "vaiging" (vagabonding) and going to landward for milk in time of sermon, were appointed to satisfy as Sabbath-breakers conform to the Act—which they did.

August 9, 1646.—Wm. Cunninghame, who, when the minister was employed in catechising, carried himself irreverently towards the minister, interrupting that exercise of God's public worship by his inordinate speaking, to the great grief and scandal of all present at the occasion, appointed to be warned to the next meeting, and discharged from coming to the Lord's table.

October 4, 1646.—Wm. Cunninghame, when the third time called, sat still in his place, and being reprov'd by the minister, stood up and said, "Ye called me a beast, sir; ye shall prove me a beast first."

March 29, 1647.—Wm. Cunninghame, called to give obedience to the ordinance of the Presbytery, compeared, and in sackcloth confessed his sin of inordinate behaviour in the occasions of God's worship in answering God's messenger as he had done, confessed his contumacy and former disobedience to ordinance, and, craving pardon, promised amendment.

THE WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH

III

THE WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH

RITUAL is an embodied creed, and one has only to see the worship of a Church to understand her doctrine, perhaps not in its niceties, but certainly in its principles. A Catholic Church with the font at the door, the pulpit outside the sanctuary, the chancel where the prayers are offered, and the altar at the East end, where the chief rite of Christian worship is performed, means many things, but especially authority. In a Nonconformist Chapel, where no font is seen, and the Communion Table serves various purposes of convenience, where, instead of a pulpit, there is a prominent platform, where the people do not kneel, and the great function is hearing a sermon, worship may mean many things, but it distinctly spells individuality. In the one case it is the Church with her appointed services, and her uniform Vestments ; in the other, it is the individual in his personal freedom, and indifference to ceremony, which impresses the observer, and either repels or attracts his faith.

Mr. Shorthouse, in his admirable introduction to the facsimile reprint of *The Temple*, urges with much truth that Herbert was the very type of a Church

of England man. "His creed," says Mr. Shorthouse, "is well expressed in the poem entitled 'The British Church.'

A fine aspect in fit array,
 Neither too mean, not yet too gay,
 Shows who is best.
 Outlandish looks may not compare,
 For all they either painted are,
 Or else undressed."

The Anglican Church stood midway between "The religious fopperies of Romanism, and the slovenly attire of dissent,

So shie
 Of dressing that her hair doth lie about her ears."

It is not my business to orientate the position of the Anglican Church, which Mr. Shorthouse, though an alien immigrant, keenly appreciated. With reservations he has described the *Via Media* of the Scots Kirk, whose native locality is between the Roman Mother, from whom she sprang, and the English religious Communities which in the seventeenth century exercised so doubtful an influence upon her worship and life. The Kirk, in her normal condition, stands midway between Romanism and Brownism.

The Kirk has suffered so much at the hands of the alien, being originally conquered by Rome, and afterwards harassed by bishops, that it has not always been easy to find her natural state, and in dealing with her worship, one may not limit himself

to the eighteenth century. This is a case where one has to take a liberal range, if he is to give a true idea of things, for, as we shall see, the worship of the eighteenth century came very nearly to be the nadir of public devotion in Scotland.

With the exception of the Church of Rome, which is in a state of constant evolution, every Church has a way of referring to some age of purity, which is the standard of her creed and worship. The Anglican Church turns to the early centuries, although her divines are not quite sure how many to include, and the Scots Kirk has her period between the Reformation and the Westminster Assembly. During this time, she was free both from Rome and England, and one can see her face when she was not dressed either in an Anglican or Puritan fashion. It is a period treated often in eloquent allusion and unbroken ignorance by enthusiastic persons denouncing innovations in worship. One gathers from their protests against read prayers, the use of the Gloria, kneeling in worship, and the singing of canticles that the highwater mark of worship was reached when Peden was conducting a Covenanter's Conventicle among the hills of Ayrshire, or at the dreary service to which the Moderate school had reduced worship in the eighteenth century. It would indeed have been very disconcerting, if after one of those infallible persons had blown his brazen trumpet, some cold historian had read from credible documents how Scotsmen did worship in the days when

the Church was national, and the foreigner had not set up his altar within their heritage.

Before we can understand the decadence of the worship of the eighteenth century, it is necessary to remind ourselves of the comparatively high estate from which the Kirk had fallen. There seems no doubt that the first form of worship used by our Church after the Reformation was the second book of King Edward VI., which can be conveniently compared with other versions of the Book of Common Prayer in Pickering's *Liturgiae Britannicae*, a book as valuable for reading as it is for reference. This was superseded by what is commonly called John Knox's Liturgy, and more properly the *Book of Common Order*, which really was Knox's version of the book of Geneva. The *Book of Common Order* became the law of worship for the Scots Kirk in 1564, and according to Calderwood, the Assembly ordained that every minister, exhorter, and reader should have one of the Psalm Books lately printed in Edinburgh, and use the Order contained therein, for prayers, marriage, and ministration of the Sacraments. By this resolution, the English Prayer Book, after a short and modest visit was shown to the door, and the Kirk established her own order of service. But this might not have happened had not Knox paid a visit to Frankfort in 1554. He had been on good terms with the English Church, and had given its authorities some assistance with their Liturgies; he had even been offered high preferment in that Church, and his sons died in its service. Unfortun-

ately, the Protestant Refugees at Frankfort, living in the electrical atmosphere of controversy, quarrelled among themselves over a question of worship, and if any one desires to learn how the Kirk took her service book from Geneva, and not from Canterbury, he had better read *A brief Discourse about the Troubles begun at Frankfort*, which was printed in a black-letter edition in 1575, and reprinted in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The old quarrel between the North and South was transferred to this place of foreign exile, some insisting upon the English liturgy, and others desiring a form of their own.

Knox, influenced no doubt largely by national spirit, which preferred anything French to anything English in the matter of the Protestant religion, and having a pleasant quarrel of his own with Queen Elizabeth over "the monstrous regiment of women," set his face against the liturgy, and assisted curiously enough by Dean Whittenham, drew up the book of Geneva. It is one of the ironic confusions of history that Knox, who was to deliver his country from French political domination should form its worship on the French Protestant model, and that one who was to lay the foundations of the alliance with England should have driven the Book of Common Prayer out of Scotland. If Cox, King Edward's tutor, had not interrupted the services at Frankfort, and sent Knox into opposition, there might have been a common worship in the two lands, a century earlier than the Westminster

Assembly. But the Scots Kirk went her own way for weal or woe, and it would have been for her weal if she had been as stiff a century later, and had not yielded to Puritanism what she refused to concede to Anglicanism.

Suppose we visit a church in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and see after what fashion Scotsmen then worshipped—in order to mark the change of the eighteenth century. The prayers are read every day, and in the towns the churches are open for private worship, but it will be more convenient for us to attend on Sunday. The hour of service is intimated by the ringing of a bell, and at the second ringing we enter the church. The men go to one part of the church, and the women to the other, and it is not the minister but the reader who takes the service, which he reads from the lectern. The service begins with a confession of sin, which is brief and reverent. It has also a gracious note which was characteristic then amid various lapses into uncharitableness, but which disappeared when the English Sectaries overran the land. God is addressed as “Most Merciful Father,”—and there is a tone of filial confidence throughout the prayer—“that nothing is able to remove Thy Heavenly Grace and favour from us;” the confession concludes, “To Thee, therefore, O Father with the Son and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory world without end.” There is a spirit here which was unfamiliar in later days, and has only recently been re-awakened. During this confession the congrega-

tion kneel upon the church pavement, and it was when pews began to be introduced that the people grew negligent in their attitude. The Kirk Session of Glasgow issued a direction in 1587 that all persons in time of prayer bow their knees to the ground, and Calderwood in 1623, declares "kneeling is the posture of one who adores." As a matter of fact, every one does kneel at private prayer, or in family worship, and the reason why, in modern times, Scotsmen have disliked kneeling is because they associated it with Anglican worship. Calderwood, a very stiff Scot himself, says "we pray on our knees of our freewill, not because we are compelled by law." And it gives one pause to find him including among divers superstitious rites which entered into the Kirk in the days before the Reformation: "Not to kneel upon the Lord's Day in time of prayer," also "not to fast upon the Lord's Day."

When the prayers are over, and everyone has risen, the people make ready their psalm books, for the Scots folk loved singing in those days, and were encouraged by the Kirk to sing, both in Psalms and in the *Gude and Godlie Ballates*, wherein were many pleasant poems on the Sacraments, and the experiences of the religious life. The book they use is the Scottish Metrical Psalter which was first issued in 1564, and closed its history in 1650, when the present version of the Psalms came into use. As one cannot turn aside in this rapid review to the tempting subject of this Psalter, I would take the oppor-

tunity of referring my readers to the admirable reprint with its full dissertations on the authorship of the metrical Psalms, its history of the music, and its general discussion of praise in the Scots Kirk, which ought always to preserve the name of the Revd. Neil Livingstone in grateful remembrance. There is a conclusion or *Gloria Patri* which is sung after the Psalm, in various renderings, some of which are very pleasant :

To our Father bening
That made us of nocht,
To Christ our Lord and King
From death that us bocht,
And the Halie Spreit
That faild us neuer
Be glorie infinite,
For now and for ever.

The book also contained the Ten Commandments, which were sung to the same tune as the Fifty-first Psalm, and there was also a metrical prayer for grace to keep these laws. The Lord's Prayer was used at every service, and this also was prepared for singing. The Christian Belief, which is the Apostle's Creed, was also reduced to a metre, that the people might more easily repeat it, and there is a grand simplicity about the lines :

He thold the last assault of death,
Which did life's torments end :
Thereafter was buried,
And did to Hell descend.

This book included the *Veni Creator*, and what is called "the Song of the Blessed Virgine Mary,"

besides "The Song of Moses," and "The Song of Simeon." When the Psalm has been sung, the people join in a short collect, which is attached to the Psalm, and based upon especial truth. There are a hundred and fifty of those collects, all composed according to the rule of this form of prayer, and the series is distinguished by unfailing reverence, frequent majesty of expression and much tenderness of devotion. God is not addressed as a foreign and ferocious Deity, whose goodwill we have to win, and at whose absolute pleasure we can be disposed for life, and death, but as "Our Heavenly Father." And here, again, one discovers the natural warmth of Scots piety before a Southern wind soured it, and Brownism infected Scots prayer. The openings of those early collects ran after this style: "O Lord that art our all loving God," "Favourable and most merciful Father," "O dear Father," "Most pitiful and loving Father," and so on. It was a rough age, that sixteenth century, rougher than the eighteenth, and the sword was not far from men's hands, nor vinegar from men's tongues, but it strikes one that worship must have been more Catholic and more gracious.

There was also a reading of the Holy Scriptures, then a third bell rang, and the minister entered the pulpit to preach. As a priest of the Roman Church makes his obeisance to the crucifix on entering the pulpit, so the minister of the Kirk bent in secret prayer, and then preached his sermon, which lasted for about half an hour, and had not grown into the

interminable length of the following centuries. After the sermon came the litany for all kinds and conditions of men, which ended with the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostle's Creed. There was then another Psalm, and the sermon concluded with the Benediction, concerning which the *Second Book of Discipline* says, "it appertains to the pastor to bless the flock committed to his charge in the name of the Lord, who will not suffer the blessing of His faithful servants to be frustrate."

As might be anticipated, the reformed Kirk made a great change in the administration of the two Sacraments which it retained. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was reduced to a very simple service and stripped of the splendid ceremonies which accompanied the mass. Ceremonies died with the Sacramental doctrine, and the automatic change affords another illustration of the intimate connexion between ritual and creed. Perhaps the best exposition of the Scots form is to say that it was an effort to reproduce the arrangements of the first celebration in the upper room, and to convey the idea of a common feast, in which the brotherhood of the communicants, and the Saviourhood of Christ are declared. While kneeling for prayer was usual, kneeling for the reception of the elements was forbidden, because it was understood to signify adoration. But the book of order insists that the Holy Table shall be jealously guarded from all unworthy persons. If the minister be not a priest in the Roman sense he is charged with great power,

and this deliverance, which was called Fencing the Table, is characteristic of the Kirk. "In the name and authority of the Eternal God and His Son Jesus Christ, I excommunicate from this Table all Blasphemers of God, Idolaters, all murderers, all adulterers, all that be in malice or envy, all disobedient persons to father or mother, Princes or Magistrates, Pastors or teachers; all thieves and deceivers of their neighbours, and finally all such as live a life directly fighting against the will of God, charging them, as they will answer in the presence of God who is the righteous Judge, that they presume not to profane this most Holy Table."

In Pardovan's *Book of Church Law*, published in 1709, there is a form of general excommunication in which after the sin and impenitence of the scandalous person has been rehearsed, prayer is offered, "That God would grant repentance to the obstinate person, would graciously bless His Own Ordinance to be a mean for reclaiming him, and that others may fear." After prayer this terrible sentence is pronounced, and was still used in the eighteenth century, though with more reserve. "Whereas thou, N., hast been by sufficient proof convicted of—(here mention the sin), and after due admonition and prayer remainest obstinate, without any evidence or sign of true repentance. Therefore, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and before this congregation I pronounce and declare thee N. excommunicated, shut out from the Communion of the faithful, debar thee from their privileges, and

deliver thee unto Satan for the destruction of thy flesh that thy spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."

Those utterances have the greater weight when one finds in the service book an order of excommunication, and of public repentance, a form of absolution, and careful direction for the administration of discipline. The absolution is as follows; "In the name and authority of Jesus Christ I, the minister of His blessed evangel with consent of the whole ministry and Church, absolve thee, N. from the sentence of excommunication, from the sin by thee committed, and from all censures laid against thee for the same before, according to thy repentance; and pronounce thy sin to be loosed in Heaven and thee to be received again to the society of Jesus Christ, to His Body the Church, to the participation of His Sacrament, and finally to the fruition of all His benefits. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, so be it."

Persons desiring to receive the Sacrament from the beginning of the Scots Kirk until yesterday, presented tokens which were small pieces of metal, usually stamped with a text, and sometimes with a sacred symbol. The custom can be traced to the Tesseræ, which identified persons belonging to the sacred religious societies of Paganism, and the emblems in ivory or metal which early Christians carried with them as a sign of their membership. From time to time tokens have been used in the Roman Church of Scotland, and until lately in the

Northern congregations of the Episcopal Church. On a day before the Sacrament a court of elders was held, and all worthy persons received tokens which they gave up on approaching the Holy Table, and any unworthy person was denied this passport.

It is recorded of a stern minister in the seventeenth century that, when a neighbour was reaching a token to a certain woman, Mr. Semple said: "Hold your hand, she hath gotten too many tokens already ; she is a witch." It is added that though none suspected her then she herself confessed this to be true. The tokens were a valuable means of discipline, and the following entry of the date 1727 occurs in the church book of Ettrick: "The session met to distribute tokens, but finding that a horse-race was to come off, before Communion Sabbath, forbade any member to attend, and decided to hold over the tokens till after the race." This interesting incident took place in 1711 in the parish of Eastwood: "Two or three English soldiers presented themselves at the Communion, and one of them came forward without a token. He happened to be seated near the upper end of the table, within whispering reach of Woodrow (who was the minister of the parish), who, seeing that he had no token, desired him to come out to the churchyard, where he asked him why he had presumed to seat himself at the Lord's Table without a token of admission. 'In my native country,' replied the soldier, 'there is no such custom as you refer to and if I have given offence it was not with intention, but in

ignorance of Scottish ways.' Woodrow then examined him, and being well satisfied with his answer gave him a token, and told him he might go forward to the next table."

It may be inserted here that one can hardly appreciate the authority of the Kirk in the day of her glory, unless he reads the elaborate directions given for fasting, which was usually appointed for the second and third Sundays of May. The fast was to begin at eight on Saturday night and last till Sunday at five o'clock in the afternoon. During that time, bread and water were only to be used, and that with great reserve. No kind of games were to be used, and during the week between the two Sundays, gay apparel must not be worn. The fast was to be associated with a general confession of sin, and various suitable Scriptures were to be read and expounded during the week at the daily service. It was at a later date that fast days were directly associated with the Sacrament, and came to be grossly abused; but Dr. Leishman in his book on the ritual of the Church of Scotland, an admirable treatment of the subject, quotes from the Session-book of Anstruther a reference implying that the communion in 1592 was received fasting, and also the following passage from Blair's autobiography, where he says that being present at a communion at Ivine, apparently about 1605, "I was greatly ravished in my spirit at the first exhortation at the Table, and desired earnestly to communicate, but having gotten my breakfast I dare not, for it was

then a generally received opinion that the Sacrament behoved to be received fasting."

Baptism was administered not in private houses, but always in the Kirk, and the father in the early days was accompanied by a godfather. Dean Whittingham, for instance, was godfather to one of Knox's sons, and Bishop Coverdale to the other. It was the custom of the sponsors to say the Belief, and to promise to bring up the child "in that faith and in the fear of God," and the minister baptized the child into "the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." Marriage was celebrated in church and for a long time at the Sunday service, and no man was allowed to marry under fourteen, or woman under twelve, which was surely early enough, and both were required to be able to repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Creed and the Commandments.

It is not urged from this general survey of the first service-book that the worship of the Church was then perfect. Many of the offices were too long—the visitation of the sick was intolerable. There is also a combative note in certain of the prayers and even in some of the beautiful collects, which may have been inevitable in that troubled day, but which now offends the ear. The marriage service is not exactly what one could desire, but the taste of that day is not ours, and I do not know that its candour exceeds that of the Prayerbook. It also seems too costly a protest against Roman superstition to bury the dead in silence. The framers

of our worship denied themselves their just rights when they did not draw more largely from the sources of Catholic devotion, and they committed a mistake, which has only recently and imperfectly been repaired, when they abandoned the observance of the Church year with its happy festivals and instructive associations.

Before the first service-book, with all its faults, which are chiefly due to a reaction from extravagant Roman rites and the spirit inseparable from a controversial age, is abolished under foreign influence, and before one plunges into the wilderness of the eighteenth century, one should fix in his mind the testimony which the first book of worship bears to the reality and the authority of the Kirk. Although the Scots reformers renounced the Pope, they did not renounce the Church, for they had a high idea of the visible Body of Christ. The Kirk of Scotland was not a handful of persons meeting here or there, electing whom they pleased to be minister, and allowing any one to administer the Sacraments, without a common worship, a common creed, or a common order. The Kirk was the whole body of Christian people in Scotland, bound together in one faith, and ruled by regular officers, a body which was guided by the spirit of Jesus Christ, and which had power to bind and to loose. It was a serious thing to be cast out of the Kirk in those days, and a man would not lightly leave her shelter. People did not then secede when they could not get their way about this doctrine or that law. This

were to leave your mother and your home ; this were rebellion and schism. *The Book of Common Order* by its very title, and by its extensive though not universal use, proved the unity and solidarity of the Kirk. It was in vain that from the Anglican side King James VI. and King Charles I. tried to browbeat the Kirk ; no persecution ever finally intimidated or permanently affected the Kirk. But what could not be done by the power of Anglicanism was accomplished by the preaching of Puritanism, and that resolute body which had beaten the Stuarts in fair fight was out-manoeuvred by the Westminster Assembly.

While human nature is still imperfectly sanctified, politics will never be completely cleansed from trickery, and some of the most beneficent achievements of high statesmanship, such as the Scots Union, was accomplished by downright corruption. One therefore should not be shocked that ecclesiastical policies have not always been beyond criticism, and have not always been influenced by motives of candid simplicity. Certain doctrines of the Catholic faith were carried in the classical period of theology by very curious means, and one is not prepared to say that a simple desire for Christian unity was the sole end which moved the Kirk to take part in the Westminster Assembly. Scots history does not lead the reader to believe that either political or ecclesiastical Scotland was inclined to make concessions to England ; on the contrary, one is compelled to observe that both countries

had been playing a long game, in which England had been trying to impose her religion upon Scotland, and Scotland had been unpleasantly obstinate.

The wheel of fortune had now taken the turn, and the dominant party in England, instead of being able to dictate ceremonies to other people, found some difficulty in continuing them for itself. The Puritans, to whom the English Prayerbook was hateful, had got the upper hand, and the Scots people had helped to their triumph. There was only one common ground between the English Puritans, or as Baillie and the stout conservative Churchmen called them, the Brownists, and the Kirk: this was a strong dislike to be browbeaten and a special hatred to the school of Laud. Was it not excusable in such circumstances that Scots ecclesiastics, who had long been on the defence against the English invasion, should see a felicitous opportunity for a counter invasion? While the Brownists represented by Cromwell, and the Ironsides in the field, and certain very uncompromising divines from the learned Owen to that astounding personage Brown himself, in the study, were the real backbone of Puritanism, there was a milder section who inclined to Presbytery, and who were willing to negotiate for purposes of common interest with the Kirk. Was there not here an opening which the emigrating instinct of the Scot at once seized, and would it not be a remarkable stroke, after having brought to confusion the attempt of the English Church to Anglicize the Kirk, for the Kirk to Scoticize the

Church. There were comings and goings between the Puritans and the Scots, and the Scots Assembly was so pleased with the idea of uniformity in religion that its members were said to have wept aloud. We are supposed to be a hard-headed people, and to have the faculty of securing our share in a bargain, but one must admire on this occasion the beautiful simplicity of the Kirk, in her expectation that England would ever be brought within her border. This was one of the few baseless imaginations which have led the Kirk astray, and one of the very few transactions in which she was permanently worsted. As one has to make for his own purpose a brief and involuntary comparison between English Puritanism and Scots Presbyterianism, it is right to bear one's testimony that what the Scots call Brownism represents a certain tradition in English history, and to acknowledge the service which the fighting Sectaries rendered to English liberty. One must, however, be true to his own national tradition, and emphasize the fact, of which surely enough evidence has been given in the worship of the Kirk, that there was a great gulf between the Church ideal of an English Brownist and of a Scots Presbyterian.

The Westminster Assembly, like every other Church council from that of Jerusalem, shows evidence of adroit management, and of a constant game of chess between the Puritans and the Scots, which Baillie relates very pleasantly in his letters. The game was a long one, and in the end the Kirk

was checkmated. While the Brownists yielded nothing in reality, the Kirk came out with its Liturgy lost and the Directory in its place. It took her champions all their time to save as much as they did, for the Brownists were root and branch men. They objected to set prayers, and had an intense antipathy to the use of the Lord's Prayer in public worship; they had as little sympathy with set forms of praise, and were not favourable to the reading of Holy Scripture without exposition. "The reading of a book," they said, "was ceremonial," and one begins to see the leaven that affected Scots worship. The change from the Liturgy to the Directory would not, however, have been so disastrous, had it not meant the entrance of the Brownist spirit within the Kirk. It had already been affecting Scotland from the North of Ireland, and supported from England it captured the Kirk before the close of the seventeenth century.

So we have this curious irony that the Scots people, after having refused an English prayerbook because they had one of their own, should have given up their own to please the English people, and then when the English people, throwing off the reign of Brownism, resumed their prayerbook, the Kirk did not resume her own or any other. It was not without a struggle that the Kirk allowed herself to be swamped by this foreign tide, and some of her ministers made a hard fight to maintain her ancient usages. Baillie in his own parish, about 1643, dealt

faithfully with certain new men who refused to sing the Gloria or Doxology, for this was a test question between the former and the latter kinds of worship. "I forewarn you," he said, "the rejecting of the conclusion is one of the first links of the whole chain of Brownism, wherefore as you had beloath to drink down all the errors of Brownism take heed. I exhort you in the name of God, as you would not open the door to many and dangerous novelties, return to your former practice, and cheerfully join with me, your pastor, and the rest of the flock, to ascribe to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost that eternal praise which is due to His name." The Church courts also did their part for a while, and when certain ministers began "scrupling" about ceremonies, as, for instance, the minister bowing for private devotion on entering the pulpit, the singing of the Doxology at the end of the Psalms, and the use of the Lord's Prayer, they were sharply dealt with.

In 1641 a conference was held in Edinburgh, when certain noble laymen and distinguished ministers were present, and the innovators purged themselves, and Baillie hopes that there will now be peace in the land "Which everywhere began to be fashed with idle toys and scruples." It is pleasant to note in passing the various uses of the word innovation; in the seventeenth century the non-use of read prayers was an innovation, and their introduction in the nineteenth century became in turn an innovation. The battle between the new

and old parties was fought chiefly over the Lord's Prayer, which the Sectaries, perhaps not without reason, considered a sanction of Liturgy, and the other party, with surely a fair show of reason, held should be used at every Christian service.

One pious person, called the Laird of Leckie, said to be a great promoter of private prayer-meetings, achieved perhaps his only distinction by discovering that the Lord's Prayer was "a threadbare prayer," and a Mr. John Neavy, minister of Loudon, raged furiously against it, but according to Baillie was heard for the time with disdain. He was the same minister who was said to have urged the slaughter of the Royalist garrison which surrendered in Dunaverty in Argyleshire, and must have been a man after the Brownist heart. He was less successful for a while in his crusade against the Lord's Prayer than in his dealing with the Dunaverty prisoners, but his day was coming, and one can only be thankful that the preposterous but ferocious Neavy did not turn his sword against the Beatitudes. So long as the old school held its own the Lord's Prayer continued to be used in worship, and certain people in the eighteenth century resented so deeply efforts to make the use of the Lord's Prayer and the Doxology ecclesiastical offences, that the town guard had to be called into an Edinburgh church to put down the Doxology, which certain determined Scotsmen persisted in singing. Hog, minister of Carnock, a supporter of the narrow school, lifted up his voice strenuously in 1705 against the public use of the

Lord's Prayer, whose repetition, he said with much spirit, was "a lifeless, sapless and loathsome form." And dealing with the somewhat reasonable suggestion that the Lord's Prayer made amends for anything wherein we had failed in our own prayer through our infirmity, he adds, "I must say it, and doubt not of the concurrence of those who are exorcised to godliness, that it is in this sense an engine of hell." It is, however, very encouraging to find a champion raised up to plead the cause of the Lord's Prayer.

In 1709 an interesting little book was published entitled *A Collection of Letters relative to an Essay upon the Lord's Prayer*, which was printed anno 1704, "And now reprinted 1709 both by Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder." The essay is an earnest plea that the Lord's Prayer should be used at every public service. In a very courteous and earnest spirit, Sir Hugh besieges the doors of the Church courts from the Assembly to the Presbytery. He receives letters quite as courteous and full of religious sentiment from the great Carstares himself and ordinary moderators, but very little satisfaction about the use of the Lord's Prayer. In his essay Sir Hugh has a very interesting passage on the abandonment of the Prayer in public service, and the delicacy which, very naturally, a religious court had in accomplishing this change. An effort had been made in 1649 to forbid its use by Act of Assembly and the mover, according to Sir Hugh, was a man of more than ordinary credit among his brethren. The

Assembly therefore, to quote Sir Hugh, "easily comply'd with his Overture, and order'd the Moderator to form an Act to that purpose. This he essay'd to do once and again : but at last told the Assembly that he could not find words for such an Act as would undoubtedly displease all the Protestant Churches abroad, and a great many friends at home. His humble advice was, if the Assembly had a mind to lay aside the publick use of the Lord's Prayer, that the Ministers who were members of the Assembly should first forbear it themselves, and should (when they went home) acquaint their brethren at the first meeting of the Respective Presbyteries, that it was the will of the Assembly, 'That the publick use of the Lord's Prayer which was formerly practised, should after that day be universally forborn in all the Churches of this Kingdom.'" The greater number easily agreed to this Overture, as that which would give least offence. This policy of characteristic caution served its unholy purpose, and the Lord's Prayer passed largely into oblivion. But upon this deliverance the Laird of Calder pleasantly remarks, "As the General Assembly laid aside the Lord's Prayer, so our Lord who composed and commanded the use of that Prayer laid aside the General Assembly."

When the Assembly met in 1650 Cromwell sent orders that no General Assembly should sit in that nation, and Colonel Lilburn conducted its members out to the Burrow Muir and told them to go home. So there was no more Assembly from 1649 to 1689.

Sir Hugh was an heroic soul and fought hard to restore the Lord's Prayer, but with pious ministers like Hog of Carnock teaching the people that its public use would be an engine of Hell, and that its former place in the Scots worship was only the dregs of Rome, he had poor success. One parish refused to have a minister that would not promise to use it, and for years was left vacant, which was one of Sir Hugh's grievances. An old minister used to repeat it at the Communion, and when an austere brother spoke to him about it, this was his answer: "He told me," said Woodrow, "that there were three things which Christ's name had particularly given them—the Lord's Day, the Lord's Supper, and the Lord's Prayer, and that he had a strong impression on his spirit once before he died to testify his communion with the whole Christian Church by the using of the Lord's Prayer."

Things had come to a fine pass in this dead century, when men had to apologize for the use of Christ's own words. One's heart goes out to Sir Hugh in his pious lonely effort to maintain at least this golden thread of connexion between the Scots Kirk and the Church Catholic, and when one remembers the lavish praise poured upon that apocryphal market woman, who flung a stool at the dean's head when he read prayers in St. Giles', he wishes that some slight tribute of respect should be offered to that good country gentleman who made it his lifework to honour the chief of prayers, and to restore it to its place in the

worship of the Kirk. The Scots are a strange people, resisting Laud, when he wished to force foreign usages upon them, and welcoming Brown when he comes with usages as foreign and much less Christian. And then the whole situation becomes grotesque when we remember that poor "Grey little Laud" with all his narrowness was consistent to the last, and died as a saint, while Brown conformed to the Church of England, saying the Lord's Prayer three times in every service, which he had judged wrong to say once, and died in Northampton Gaol, to which place he had been sent, not for conscience' sake, but for brawling with the constable of his parish.

With this historical background let us visit a Kirk of our century, say about the year 1700, and although we might take one of the few pre-Reformation buildings which remain, it is more characteristic to choose that kind of building which rose after the spirit of destruction had run its course, and which was compared by Knox himself to a sheepcot. In shape it is like a barn, only partially glazed, and not only without ornament, but without comfort. Boston relates that he was saved once from fainting by the fresh air which poured in through a roofless aisle, and ministers in those days had to protect themselves from the rain which soaked through the miserable roof. The floor is of earth, and beneath in many cases the dead are lying; there are no pews, although here and there the minister or a laird has been allowed to put up a desk; the

rest of the people sit on stools. If there is a gallery in the church it will either have been erected by some private individual of position in the parish for his own use, or as a speculation by the church authorities. In the year 1710, it was reported to the Presbytery of Ayr that the Kirk of Stair "wants a bell, regular seats, and reparation of the roof and windows." In 1703 the minister's family had no seats in Mauchline parish, but the church of Sorn was still worse off, for it had neither a dyke nor a pulpit, nor a common loft, nor a schoolmaster in the parish, nor a bridge over the water, nor utensils for the Sacrament. Although the stools were now giving place to seats I fancy the people would part reluctantly with them, since in those days they did not restrain their feelings in service, and the stools came in handy. According to a judgment once given on church sittings, "The area of the Church was in former times left void, and people brought their stools with them, which they threw at the minister if they did not like his doctrine"; and the seventeenth century affords one classical instance of this. In the seventeenth century the Kirk Session of Aberdeen gave directions that "children were not to vaig through the Church here and there in time of sermon." And things were not much better in the following century, for in 1709 another Session ordered that "people should not entertain themselves during the sermon," while it was quite a matter of option whether a man had his hat on or off. It may be said in general terms

that the discomfort of the Kirk was equalled by the irreverence of the people.

The Scots clergy, like Goldsmith's village pastor about the same date were not tempted to be luxurious, for their stipends ranged from £40 in the country to something under £150 in the city. But, of course, money had a larger buying value in those days, and the minister had various additions to his income. For one thing he had a manse. But again, it was not judged wise that he should live softly, and every effort was made to keep him in touch with the early Christians, who lived in dens and caves of the earth. In 1705, to quote once more from that most instructive book, Edgar's *Old Church Life in Scotland*, the manse in Symington "had only a hall with a laigh and another high chamber, with a barn, and a brewhouse." Upon this account the Presbytery judged, and one must admit reasonably, "that there is no sufficient manse and office houses." It is worth noting in passing, but I forbear to point any moral, that, however slender was the accommodation for study, and indeed for sleeping, in those strenuous days, there was up to that time a brewhouse. From the same book, I quote the specification of a new and high-class manse to be built in 1699, which is to be "threttie-six feet length, and fourteen foot wide within the walls, threttine foot high of side walls, two fire rooms below, and two fire rooms above, and cum-seiled. With window cases and boards, glasse, partition walls, and all that is necessary to make a

complete Manse, with a barn of thrie couple-length and a stable two couplelength." As there is no provision for a brewhouse in the buildings of this new manse, the year 1700 may be suggested as a departure in the temperance movement.

There were some differences in local custom, but worship in the eighteenth century was very much in this order. Before the preacher entered the pulpit the precentor, sometimes called the reader, read a portion of Holy Scripture, either wherever he pleased, or as the minister gave him direction. This custom continued in some places till almost the end of the century, but elsewhere passed into disuse. The Episcopalians charged the Church with neglecting the reading of Scripture, and there seems little doubt that very little attention was given to the reading of the Bible apart from its exposition. In the competition between the reading of the Scripture lesson and the lengthy exhortation of the minister, the sermon won. When the preacher entered the pulpit the people sang a Psalm from the present metrical version, which was introduced in 1650. The custom was for the precentor to read a line and for the people to sing it afterwards, and this custom, which led to irreverence and absurdity, was forced upon the Scots Kirk by the Westminster Directory. The English divines considered it necessary on account of the low state of education in the South; the Scots divines, who were proud of the education of their people, were inclined to protest. But in this case, as well as in many others, they gave in to please

the Puritans and to secure Uniformity. By and by the Scots people, who were most obedient to custom and most resentful of change, were so wedded to this strange method that congregations were rent over its abolition, and there was danger of a new denomination being founded as a protest against what was called the run-line, and many people, on account of the run-line, left the Established Church and joined the Seceders. It really seems as if every eccentricity of worship in the eighteenth century, when the order of public service had reached its lowest point, was due to Southern ignorance or Southern bigotry.

By this time the Doxology at the close of the Psalms and the singing of the Canticles had been abolished, and the Doxology was looked upon with suspicion and dislike. The minister offered an extemporary prayer, which was apt to be long and formless, and nowhere in the service was the Lord's Prayer repeated. It ought to be added that certain pieces of "sacred poesy," or a collection of sacred poems, were in 1781 "allowed to be used in public worship in congregations where the minister finds it for edification." The chief act in the service was the sermon, and the minister preached twice on Sunday, if there were two "diets" of worship, and during the seventeenth century a custom had arisen of preaching a sermon during the week, and this continued in the eighteenth. The minister at Mauchline, from whose records we get so much information, was enjoined by the Presbytery to have weekday sermons on market-days, and

as there were a number of market days in Mauchline one minister complained that his charge was "very gravaminous"; but another minister reported that though he intimated weekly lectures he did not always preach them "because of the pausity of the people that meet."

The sermons had grown very much since the sixteenth century, and were of interminable length and corresponding weariness. When a man got a text, he would hardly let it go, but continued from week to week upon the same subject. He also was in the custom of giving out a huge catalogue of heads. I myself counted seventy-two in one sermon of Erskine's. A certain school among the people liked this affluence in heads, and this laborious treatment, and used to complain of preachers who like Archbishop Leighton had few heads and produced their impression by appealing to the heart, on the basis of religion, rather than by attacking the intellect through minute points of theology. The West of Scotland was very critical in this matter, and in 1707 the parishioners of Craigie complained of their minister—"his words in prayer are not connected, and he hath too frequent repetition of God's name in prayer, and he doth too often change his text, and doth not raise many heads, and doth not prosecute such as he names, but scruffs them."

It was the custom of the day that a man should thoroughly thrash a passage out, so that one minister got nine sermons out of a single text, and Mr. Mungo Lindsay, of Sorn, spent a year and seven

months on the second part of the nineteenth Psalm, while the Presbytery of Ayr started its ministers on the Epistle of St. James in 1766 and the course was only finished in 1792, so that a generation passed away during the exposition of this Epistle. The minister had a sand-glass in the pulpit, and it was so often broken (it is suggested by tortured hearers, who wanted to shorten the sermon) that in 1688 the authorities of Mauchline procured an iron case for the glass, which, I presume, lasted with this protection well into the eighteenth century. And one wonders how many glasses were broken in one parish where a minister was so much carried away by his subject that he preached from eleven o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the afternoon.

The administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the eighteenth century is the most convincing illustration of the decadence of worship in the Kirk. While in earlier days the Assembly ordered the Sacrament to be celebrated at least four times a year, and while pious ministers like Willison of Dundee were pleading in the eighteenth century for still more frequent celebrations, things had come to such a pass that in 1705 a minister was deposed because he had neither "dispensed the Lord's Supper to others, nor partaken thereof himself for more than sixteen years"; and the reason for this scandalous neglect of duty was not that the minister was careless, but that he was an extreme Puritan. He asserted that communicating with persons scandalous made people guilty of communicating

unworthily. In the first half of the century ministers were constantly being reported on, because they had not administered the Sacrament "this last season." And in the parish of Tarbolton the Sacrament had only been administered three times in eight years. The cause of this laxity was sometimes the state of the building, one church being "like to fall through the shutting out of both the side walls;" but in this instance the minister was told to have the Communion in the churchyard.

In another case, it was the miserable quarrels in the Church; in many cases it was the low conception of the Sacrament which had come in with Puritanism; but a chief reason was no doubt the preposterous number of services with which the Sacrament was surrounded. The Presbytery of Ayr in 1749, while urging earnestly a more frequent celebration, also recorded that this would be "in a great measure impracticable without abridging the number of sermons that have been long in use on these occasions." By this time under the mania for many and tedious sermons religious people would not communicate unless they had attended a fast day on Thursday, which had nothing to do with fasting, and very little to do with prayer, but was mostly occupied with preaching; a sermon on Saturday, another on Monday, besides the service on Sunday which began with a long sermon, and continued through a set of addresses at the tables which might number fifteen. It is said that Mr. Carstares, the father of the famous principal, once took a whole

Communion Service himself, and served sixteen tables. The length of a Communion Service at the close of the eighteenth century would be from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Needless to say there is no sanction in Scripture for the fast day, or other preliminary services. It has been a curious eccentricity, and another illustration of the influence of the Southern spirit that the Church which refused to keep Christmas and other Holy Days, which at least have sacred associations if they have not distinct sanction, should have created another set of Holy Days, which not only had no authority but have had to be abolished on account of their unfortunate associations.

What the Sacrament had come to in the eighteenth century may be gathered from Burns' account of the Holy Fair, to which a crowd of people came from neighbouring parishes. Five sermons were preached in a tent by five different ministers, and the conduct of the people was not distinguished by reverence. Woodrow, writing about the date 1730, complains that while his own communicants would number 300, 1,200 would come to his tables from Glasgow, so that he was obliged to preach in the fields, and the gatherings at the Sacrament in various places in Ayrshire led to the most painful scandal. Mr. Edgar calculates that in the ministry of Mr. Auld celebrated by Burns, the services at the Mauchline Communion could not have been concluded in less than nine hours, and it was usually late in the evening before the service ended. It may

be mentioned to the credit of the Kirk even in this dark time that the communicants were obliged to come to the Holy Table to receive the Sacrament, and the Sacrament was not carried, as the Puritans desired, to them sitting at ease in their pews. The worship of the Kirk had never been so irreverent and so unspiritual as in the eighteenth century, when it presents a lamentable contrast to the original order and grave dignity of the Kirk of Scotland at the beginning of her history.

One may not pass from this subject without recording with thankfulness the reaction which set in about the middle of last century and which is still in full force. The Kirk of Scotland in all her branches has been coming to herself, and has been realizing her own principles, which are those not of a reckless and self-willed individualism, but of a reverent and corporate Church life. Instrumental music has been introduced, and choirs have been carefully trained. The ancient Church hymns are once more heard, and the Lord's Prayer has its own place ; the sermon no longer crushes the service, and the Holy Scriptures are again read with reverence ; worthy buildings are now erected for Divine worship, and the Sacraments are administered in the beauty of holiness. The prophets and pioneers of this revival of worship suffered in their day, and were branded as ritualistic innovators by those who knew not the history of the Kirk, and had never imagined her fair order, before the blight of Brownism fell. But they have won their victory, and had

their reward. If any one desires to know how much we owe to those reformers, he must betake himself to a Kirk of the eighteenth century, and let the impression of its squalid surroundings and its weary services sink into his mind; and then visit St. Giles' Cathedral to-day, with its divisions removed, and its neglect repaired; with its becoming service and its national nearness to all the words of Hebrew prophecy fulfilled also to our Zion and our capital "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the Holy City."

WILLIAM CARSTARES

IV

WILLIAM CARSTARES

SINCE the Reformation no greater figure has risen in the Scots Kirk or nation than William Carstares, who was called by envious tongues the Viceroy of Scotland and the Cardinal of the Kirk, who was Principal of Edinburgh University and three times Moderator of Assembly, who was the intimate friend and trusted counsellor of William of Orange, but whose chief claim upon the gratitude of his people is that he rebuilt the Kirk when it lay in ruins, and guided a distracted nation through the crisis of the Union. There is a correspondence between every leader of men and the time in which he lived. No one can appreciate the unique service of Carstares without grasping the situation as the seventeenth century passed into the eighteenth. The seventeenth century had been one of conflict and confusion, of debate and battle, and the Commonwealth had almost been rent in twain. It had seen the attempt of Archbishop Laud to enforce an alien worship upon the Scots Kirk, and the significant riot of St. Giles'; the surrender of King Charles by Scotsmen into the hands of his enemies, and his execution, to the horror of the Scots people ;

the ill-fated invasion of the Scots army, which ended at the Battle of Worcester, and the mortifying defeat of Leslie by Cromwell at Dunbar; the crowning of King Charles, when with characteristic cynicism he accepted the Covenant, and his restoration, when he broke covenants of every kind.

That century witnessed the triumph of the Kirk at the Glasgow Assembly in 1638, and her humiliation when Charles mounted the throne; the Westminster Assembly when the Scots Kirk made so large a surrender to English Puritanism, and received so poor a reward in the destruction of her worship, and the decay of her Church principles; the abrogation of her liberty by the King whom in her foolishness she had crowned, and her cruel persecution by one in whose cause her soldiers had shed their blood. In that century the Assembly had been dispersed by one of Cromwell's colonels and her congregations were addressed by Cromwell's troopers, while the Protector himself, adding insult to injury, besought the Kirk to believe that she might be mistaken. Within her own borders she had been divided during the days of Cromwell into the rival parties of Protestors and Resolutioners, who fought so fiercely over a matter which is not now worth explaining, that the Sacrament could not be administered in some parishes on account of the bitterness of the feud; and later in the time of King James II. was again divided, into the hillmen who would take no favour from the Government and worshipped among the moors, and the ministers who accepted the indulgence

and discharged their duty to the parishes. Deeper and keener still was the antagonism between the Presbyterians whose ancient hatred of Prelatic Government had risen to a white heat, and the Episcopalians who were determined to make the stubborn Kirk at last conform to what they considered the model of Church order. They had contended, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, together against the Sectaries, and together had suffered under Cromwell's iron hand; Presbyterians had contended with Presbyterians, and barely stopped short of bloodshed. Episcopalians and Presbyterians had shed one another's blood freely. If the ministers of the Kirk had been sent to the scaffold; if Archbishop Sharp had been assassinated at Magus Moor, by men who thought they were doing God service, and if the Covenanters won the skirmish at Drumclog, a bloody revenge was taken at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. If hundreds of ministers were cast out from their parishes when the Stuarts returned, the curates in their turn were rabbled when the Stuarts left for the last time. If the Marquis of Montrose lost his head for being a Royalist, the Marquis of Argyle lost his for not being Royal enough, and if Brown was shot at his own door by Cromwell's troopers, two of the soldiers of the King's Life Guard were assassinated by Covenanting hands. If the Government sent out proclamations commanding the Cameronians to attend Episcopal worship, and take an oath of extreme loyalty, they in their turn responded by declarations in which they deposed and

excommunicated the King. It was a century without peace and without charity, without insight and without statesmanship, but rich in enthusiasm and courage, also in romantic and picturesque incidents, when Covenanting martyrs took joyful farewell of earthly scenes upon the scaffold, and welcomed death as a bridegroom going to his wedding; and Claverhouse, dying in the hour of victory at Killiecrankie, was satisfied because it was well with the King.

It was a cruel seedtime, and the harvest of bitterness was being reaped at the Revolution. Controversies are rarely conducted with charity, and were never conducted with courtesy till towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the spirit of moderation had for the first time gentled Scotland; but the virulence of religious animosity had reached its height in the end of the seventeenth century. Scots humour has always been ironic, and very seldom has been genial. The length to which satire can go may be seen in what is called *A Book of Scottish Pasquils*. They range from 1568 to 1715, and many of them are quite unquotable, but some of the cleverest and bitterest have to do with the Union and with the Kirk. It is indeed instructive to read in Woodrow the most respectful and affecting allusions to the piety of the Rev. David Williamson, a prominent and much married minister who died in 1706, and then the ferocious attacks made upon his character in certain Pasquils by Dr. Pitcairn the Jacobite Satirist.

Nor were the Presbyterians slow to respond, but the libels which they boldly published upon Pater-son, Bishop of Edinburgh, must also be veiled in obscurity.

Religious malignity can seldom have produced a more wicked and scandalous book than *Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed*, or the answer to it. They mark the temperature of the ecclesiastical atmosphere at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The feuds had been so keen, and the controversies so unscrupulous, so much offence had been given and so much blood had been shed, that one might well despair at the Revolution that there would ever be a united Kirk, or a united Nation. No one could envy the man whose duty it was to face those troubles and reconcile those extremes, but every one would grant that if in the end he staunched such gaping wounds, few have deserved so well of their country. There were, however, moments in that contentious seventeenth century when men were not arguing, and there were a few men who longed for peace. One turns from Balfour of Burleigh, and the murder of Archbishop Sharp to Rutherford the saint of the Covenant (and a keen controversialist in his time), who is said to have spent his life "always praying, always preaching, always entreating, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always writing and studying," who died with the words on his lips, "Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's Land," and about whom, when he was sentenced to death by a council, a certain lord said, "Ye cannot

vote him out of Heaven." And on the other side of the house one loves to dwell on Archbishop Leighton, who when every person was preaching controversy asked that one poor brother should be allowed to preach "Christ and eternity," and who, on one occasion when his boat was almost swamped, remained unmoved and exclaimed to his astonished companions, "What mattered it if we had been drowned, we should have been the sooner at the other side."

Leighton laboured hard for peace, and failing to make it in that divided Scotland retired to England to die. He had been a Presbyterian, and he died an Episcopalian, but questions of that kind did not engage his mind. "The mode of Church government," he used to say, "is unconstrained, but peace and concord, kindness and goodwill are indispensable." And he also declared, "I would rather convince a man that he has a soul to save, and induce him to live up to that belief than bring him over to any opinions in whatsoever else beside." Before the eighteenth century opened both these men had crossed to the other side, where they would be no longer divided, and if grim Covenanters and fighting Cavaliers left their heritage of hate for their children, the spirit of Rutherford at his best, and of Leighton at all times, was not quite wanting when that century ceased from troubling. To the larger spirit of Scots piety, as well as Scots wisdom, Carstares was heir. For his task was needed the finest quality of patience, generosity, and magnanimity, as well as

of shrewdness, insight, and constructive statesmanship. For he was called to bring unity to a broken Kirk, and a broken nation.

Before one touches on details, he is tempted to make a brief comparison between the work of Knox and Carstares, for indeed they have been the two makers of modern Scotland. Upon Knox fell the duty of delivering his people from the tyranny of the Roman See, and from the baneful influence of the French Court, to win for them liberty, political and religious, so far as it was possible and intelligible in that time. For this endeavour he required an unflinching will, an unfearing heart, and an unqualified persuasion of the justice of his democratic ideal. Conciliation and courtesy may have been desirable, but they were hardly practicable.

If Knox spoke violently and acted hardly, he was holding the keys of Scotland in his hand, and it does not become us to judge him harshly, who have benefited by his achievement and his sacrifices. He brought a nation out of Egypt, and through the Red Sea, and without Knox there had not been the educated and free Scotland which has taken an honourable place among the nations of the world. Upon Carstares was laid the burden, not of striking stout blows for freedom, but of healing the wounds which had been got in that battle. Not of winning a victory for one side over the other but of uniting all parties in one Commonwealth; not of arguing for the purpose of confounding adversaries, but rather of discovering the common ground where

opponents could meet in peace. Not of rousing men to battle like Knox as with the sound of trumpets but of persuading them to turn their swords into ploughshares. His was the office not of winning freedom, but of teaching men how to use it so that the victors should not drive the beaten party to madness, and those who were defeated should be saved from intrigue and rebellion. Action was the motto of Knox, and for thorough-going action he was born. He made a few fast friends, and many enemies, and when he died a hardbitten Scots lord said, "There lies 'one who never feared the face of man." The motto of Carstares was moderation, and during his public life he gave his full strength to pacify and edify his nation. He had critics and it was natural in his high position that he should sometimes be envied, and occasionally maligned, but enemies he had none. If Knox delivered Scotland, Carstares established Scotland—in that goodly place of peace and intelligence where the nation has since dwelt.

As regards his origin, like Leighton whose father made a bitter attack on the Anglican Church, and had his ears cropped for his pains, Carstares was the son of a very stout and rather fanatical minister of the Kirk. Mr. John Carstares was one of the clergymen who went with General Leslie's army to Dunbar, and coerced that able general by their foolish advice, so that they gave him into Cromwell's hands. Cromwell held him prisoner for a time, but

when he was free, he raged against the Sectaries at a later period and Principal Baillie refers dubiously to his zeal. During the black days of the persecution John Carstares was in hiding in various places, chiefly in Ireland, and sometimes in Argyle, writing to his wife under the name of John Jamesone and calling her his "worthie and dear sister" and describing himself in the letters as "that little commodity." During that time his famous son was at least once with him, and during that time also one of his children died that had been born when he was a wanderer. With all his firmness and with all his narrowness the father had in him a spirit of kindness, for he made attempts to heal the breaches among the Presbyterians, and when Scots nobles like the Duke of Rothes lay dying he was sent for to offer prayer, and the prayer was so touching that all present were moved to tears. His wife also wrote to him when he was a wanderer, "my dear, I have cause always to bless the Lord that ever I knew you, and this day I desire to bless Him more than ever . . . that I have a husband wandering and suffering for the truth." When he came to die he left a charge to his son William that he should not meddle with any work except what properly belonged to them as ministers of the Gospel. He blessed his family, and his last words were, "I am dying, and dying in the Lord, and now I have nothing to do but to die." A fine type of the fighting minister of the seventeenth century, who declared on his deathbed that he would rather

"fall with Christ than stand with any or all the powers in the world," and whom his son described as "my dearest and very worthy father."

Carstares was educated first at the Manse of Ormiston, where Latin was the language in use, and where many young men of ancient Scots families were boarded. He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1663, and took his degree in 1667, and he completed his education at Utrecht, for Holland was in those days a kindly home to Scots, whether Presbyterians or Cavaliers, according as the wind blew. And in Holland he received his orders at the hands of Dutch Presbyters. Already he had seen sad things in Scotland, and had obtained an experience of the Stuart Government which would never pass from his mind. "He saw his country"—I quote from the admirable *Life of Carstares* by Principal Story, to which I am much indebted—"writhing under the merciless dragnnades and exactions of fierce soldiers such as Turner and Dalzell. He saw the prisons full of hapless victims, only released from the dungeon to be crushed in the boot, or marched to the gallows, or shipped to the plantations to be sold as slaves. He saw the ministers of the National Church driven from their homes and Churches, celebrating the rites of their religion in secrecy and fear among the broken and scattered remnants of their flocks. He saw the places of the ancient pastors filled by those whom even Bishop Burnet could but describe as worthless men of little learning, less piety, and no discretion. He

saw his own father skulking from covert to covert, like a felon, under a feigned name, unable unless at peril of his life to look on the face of wife or child, even in their days of sickness, sorrow and death. The spectacle wrought on his spirit so powerfully that he was ready to rush into the dangerous *mêlée* when yet too young for its strife, and when he could only have ruined himself, and done the just cause no good.

His father, to whom he had an access denied to the rest of his family, marking his disposition, thought it safest that he should not try to study divinity at such a distracted time in Scotland." This was how he went to Utrecht, which proves that there was a fiery heat in young Carstares, although in after years it was ever mastered by prudence, and also that beneath the enthusiasm of his father there was working a shrewd Scots mind. What he learned at Utrecht we do not know, but he studied there under Witsius who was a learned and orthodox Calvinist, and whose work on the Covenants greatly affected the Scots ministry. Carstares was himself a scholar and was to render great service to learning in Scotland, but he was to play a wider and more influential part as a national and ecclesiastical politician and his destiny was decided at Utrecht. While still a young man, he was introduced to the Prince of Orange, and with his accustomed insight into character William immediately took notice of Carstares. The young Scotsman, who was a man of good family on both

sides of his house had already the manner of high society, and understood the ways of a Court ; he had also an intimate knowledge of the state of affairs in Scotland, and the play of parties ; besides, and this crowned all, he gave the impression of wisdom and stability. Already he was a man who could be trusted with grave affairs, and would on no account give himself away, either by foolishness of speech or wildness of action. Although only twenty-three years of age he was a man of discretion such as statesmen desire and use. William, with his characteristic foresight, was anticipating the crisis that came sixteen years later, and was looking for an agent of a different kind from vain, garrulous Bishop Burnet, who would keep him in touch with Scots affairs, and whom he could use to advance his interests. From 1672 William Carstares was employed by The Prince in secret political affairs, and continued to the end his adviser for Scotland, and one of his most intimate friends.

With certain differences in temperament there was a strong sympathy between William and Carstares. They were both far-seeing, broad-minded, indifferent to personal considerations, unmoved by traditions, and determined upon high ends. William was colder than Carstares, who beneath the mask of his self-control and caution was a very genial man, but both of them kept cool heads and had firm hands, and would allow no passing heat to inflame them, or local current of prejudice

to carry them out of their course. No ecclesiastic was ever treated by a King with more confidence than Carstares was by William. None in our history ever had such a hand in shaping the higher politics, and none ever used his unique opportunity with such personal unselfishness, and indifference to private ends, with such impartiality among parties, and such devotion to the general good of the Commonwealth. His master was wonderfully cleansed from every kind of emotion, but he was not unaffected by Carstares' loyalty and his faithful service. "As for Mr. Carstares," the King said towards the end of his life, "I have known him long, and I know him thoroughly, and I know him to be a truly honest man." Before he left Holland Carstares was William's chaplain, and afterwards he became Royal Chaplain to the King and Queen; he had his apartments in Kensington Palace, and was in constant attendance upon the King's person. Nothing was done in Scots affairs, and perhaps not much in English affairs, without consultation with Carstares, and the King never regretted this confidence. As might be expected, neither Scotsmen nor Englishmen were quite satisfied to see Carstares so near the King and wielding such evident influence, and on one occasion some Scotsmen told the King that it would be well to listen less to him, and that the English Bishops thought he had too much of the King's ear. William was not a loquacious person, nor one who invited advice from all and sundry, and

upon this occasion he reserved his answer. By-and-bye he comes into the presence chamber, where many nobles and such like people are waiting to pay court, and among them the Scots Cardinal is standing, a calm, unobtrusive, dignified, masterful figure. The King returned the salutation of the company, and then he held out his hand to Carstares, and said aloud so that all men heard once for all, "Honest William Carstares, how is all with thee this morning?" Amid a welter of intrigue, and beset on every side by selfish schemers, with foolish tongues like that of Burnet for ever babbling, a man of sound judgment and proved honour like Carstares was the best gift of God to the King of that day.

In the years between his engagement with William and the Revolution Carstares was to render various services to his master of a confidential kind, and to pass through many dangers. While upon his first secret mission he was suspected of having a hand in a very able satire upon the Duke of Lauderdale who had been a Covenanter and now was a Royalist, and was tyrannizing over Scotland after such a brutal fashion that Hallam the historian declares "no part of modern history for so long a period can be compared for the wickedness of government to the Scots administration of this reign." The *Accompt of Scotland's Grievances* was supposed to be written by James Stuart, who afterwards became famous in Scots history, but the Government had an idea that Carstares was joint author, and so he had his first personal experi-

ence of the Stuart Government when he was arrested in the autumn of 1674 and placed in the Tower, and then on February 26, 1675, handed over to the Governor of Edinburgh Castle to be kept a close prisoner.

As the patience of the country with James' misgovernment began to break, Carstares, who in the meantime had married into an ancient English house, and had had a short experience in the ministry in England, but who was constantly engaged in political affairs, coming and going to Holland, was again arrested (after the Rye House Plot) and sent to Scotland where he was imprisoned in the Tolbooth. Various efforts were made to move him to confession, for everyone was aware that he carried priceless secrets in his bosom, but it was beyond the craft of politicians to extract anything from Carstares. When fair means failed they tried foul, according to the habit of the Stuart Government in their day in Scotland, and a pair of thumbkins, a new instrument of torture which General Dalzell had brought home from Russia, and which was much used in those days with refractory Scots, was applied to Carstares. One noble left the room in disgust, and after another turn had been given to the screws Carstares said "the bones are squeezed to pieces," whereupon the Chancellor of Scotland, Perth, answered, "If you continue obstinate I hope to see every bone of your body squeezed to pieces," while General Dalzell pleasantly remarked that he would "take him and roast him alive the next day if he

would not comply." As the thumbkins failed with this resolute man they proceeded to put on the iron boot, and then when the hangman had not skill enough to work the wedge, they returned to the thumbkins and screwed them tighter. Next morning he was brought down to the Council in order to be tortured in the boots, but before this persuasive measure was applied Lord Melfort had a conversation with him. The result was that Carstares promised to answer the questions of the Council upon one condition, that his deposition should be regarded as confidential and should not be used against any accused person. He had a remembrance of a former prisoner who made the same condition, and it was broken. Lord Melfort however admitted with an oath that that was a perjury—a very usual incident with the Scots Government of that period—and gave Carstares the solemn assurances. Carstares then made his deposition and escaped the torture. According to their fashion, the Government repeated the perjury of a former time; his deposition was used in a succeeding trial. Carstares was furious and proved that the Government had been guilty of the grossest treachery.

There is no doubt that he has incurred criticism by what his historian calls a capitulation. Three things must be remembered, first that if the torture had gone on Carstares would most likely have succumbed, and Scotland would have lost a servant of liberty who could not be replaced.

His life at that time was too valuable to be thrown away through the mere determination of physical courage. Then what he deposed was really of no great importance since it was known already, and he took such care as he could that it should not be used against any prisoner. And it was known afterwards that he had secrets in his possession of the most momentous kind, and that if he had disclosed them he would have received the highest reward from Government and ruined the cause of William. He gave up what was of minor importance and escaped from the clutch of the Chancellor, preserving that upon which depended the success of his cause.

In July 1690 Carstares petitioned to Parliament that his misused depositions should be "razed and for ever deleted out of the records of these Courts where contrary to the public faith they were made use of," and the Parliament in agreeing declared that Carstares was "highly injured contrary to the public faith." Carstares felt this slur upon his honour very keenly, because it touched him where he was most jealous. "If it were possible," he once said, "I would rather die a thousand deaths than be a witness against any that have trusted me." He was released and left Scotland in the spring of 1685, declaring that he would never return till he saw things go there "in another channel," but when he was asked to wait upon the King he refused, unless he were allowed to say what he thought about His Majesty's

Government in Scotland. In those circumstances Lord Melfort considered that it would be better for Carstares to leave in silence, and so he returned to Holland where he lived till England could endure James no longer.

During those years Carstares was in constant communication with Scotland, and was already anticipating the coming situation. When William landed at Torbay Carstares sailed in the same ship with him, and his arrival on English soil was marked by a characteristic incident. Burnet, with his usual garrulity, had said some time before that it was predestinated his Highness should never set foot on English soil, and now with characteristic forwardness, he hurried up to William, and began asking him questions about the march. The Prince, with one of his rare dashes of humour, asked Burnet what he thought of predestination now, and told him to go and consult the canons. After the fussy Bishop had been silenced, Carstares who was in the Prince's company proposed that they should hold Divine service for the army, and when he had conducted it the troops sang the 118th Psalm. The army was profoundly impressed and Carstares accompanied the Prince to London and remained by his side in what was now his virtual position, Secretary for Scotland.

With the Revolution in England we have nothing to do, but it is necessary at this point to state with some detail the situation in Scotland, for it was neither so easy nor so simple as might be imagined,

and was by no means the same as that in the South. Leaving out the Highlanders, who were hardly embraced in civilized Scotland, and excluding the members of the Roman Church who were then reduced to an insignificant remnant, there were three parties in the Scots Kirk which was equivalent to the Scots nation. First there was the extreme left composed of the irreconcilable Covenanters who would accept no indulgence at the hands of the Government, and refused to attend the Parish Church while the Kirk was under Episcopal control; who had taken up arms more than once and would come to no terms whatever with James. They insisted that the Solemn League and Covenant should be renewed and that the Church should be absolutely cleansed from Prelacy in every shape and form; that Prelacy should be extirpated and its adherents put under pains and penalties; that the Kirk should be restored to the position she held in 1638; and that Presbytery should be the only form of Church order in Scotland. This extreme party had adherents in various parts of Scotland, but its chief strength lay in the West and South-west where it was a living power. It was from the members of this resolute persuasion that the Cameronian regiment was raised which defeated the triumphant army of Dundee, and brought the victory of Killiecrankie to nought.

The Covenanters could never be ignored or despised, for although they were a minority they were men of their hands, and of a most obstinate temper.

Their position generally was that as they had suffered cruelly from the Restoration at the hands of the Malignants the time for vengeance had come, and God had given them the necks of their enemies. They were in favour of root and branch work and would have made the Covenant the test both for Kirk and State, and if they had had their way there would have been immediate civil war in Scotland. It is needless to say that their unreasonable and heated temper of mind was absolutely alien to the idea of William and Carstares. Carstares had endured the thumbkins with the best of them, but the last thing he proposed to do was to apply the thumbkins to other people.

Opposed to the Covenanters was the party of the extreme right, which was as nearly as possible the same as the Cavaliers of the English Civil War. It consisted of nobles and their retainers as well as a considerable body of country folk in some districts, who were Jacobites in their politics and Episcopalians in their Church order. They were without exception on the side of the late Government, and against the Prince of Orange. They hated the Covenant with their whole soul, and considered Presbyterianism an engine of intolerance and tyranny. If the chance came, they would strike a blow again as they had tried to do in a somewhat haphazard fashion under Claverhouse, against the new Government, and in any case they would do their utmost to preserve the Kirk of Scotland under the rule of the bishops. This Legitimist party

had supporters in the South and East, but its main strength was in Aberdeenshire and in the South eastern counties where it was paramount—Aberdeen being hopelessly prelatie—and of course this side had always the Highlanders as a last reserve. Owing to its social power, and traditional prestige, owing also to its learning as seen in the “Aberdeen doctors” and most of the scholars at the Universities, this was not a party to be trifled with when a settlement was being made.

As happens in every such historical situation the majority of the people were neither Covenanters nor Jacobites, but stood in the safe ground between extremes. They had been willing to receive the Stuarts back, and they did not hold very strong opinions about Church government; they had been ready to keep the laws, and go to their parish kirk, to do their daily work, and mind their own business. They had no sympathy with Archbishop Sharp harrying people who had the same views as he used to hold himself, and they had about as little sympathy with covenanting preachers who would have cast that saint Bishop Leighton out of his office. When this party, which was really the solid mass of the people, grew tired of Lauderdale and Perth, Claverhouse’s dragoons, and the thumbkins, the end was at hand; and although the Covenanters and the Episcopalians kept on the full shriek, it was those men of practical sanity who held the key of the situation, and on their silent, steady, support Carstares was going to depend in pacifying Scotland.

As stress must be laid on the political and ecclesiastical bitterness of the day, it must also be kept in mind that in one respect the situation was not nearly so embarrassing as might have been expected. If any one imagines that the two systems of Church government, Presbyterian and Episcopalian, and the two forms of worship had been carried to their full extent in Scotland, he must cleanse his mind of a misleading idea. As one has said, it was a curious irony that the Covenanters of 1638 had a liturgy, and the Episcopalians of Charles II.'s day had none.

As we have already seen, the Scots Kirk only abandoned her book of order to please the English Puritans, and the Episcopalians did not by any means adopt the English liturgy to please the Anglicans. Indeed, the difference between the Presbyterian and Episcopalian worship was very little—the Presbyterian had more Psalms and the Episcopalian more Scripture; the Episcopalians retained the Lord's Prayer when the Presbyterians had ceased to use it. Both bodies had extemporary prayer, and both, at that time, administered the Sacrament to Communicants sitting. Christmas was possibly the only Church festival the Episcopalians kept, and they attached more importance to the Apostle's Creed than to the Confession of Faith. The Church government of the day was a wonderful amalgam. There were Church Sessions under Episcopacy which used their power quite as relentlessly as under Presbytery. There were Presbyteries which exer-

cised all their usual functions, except ordination, which was left to the Bishop, and there were Synods over which the Bishop presided. It was at a later stage that the Scots Episcopalians used the service book and wore a surplice. They were at first apt to regard the English book of prayer with intense dislike, because it was Hanoverian, and to protest loudly against the establishment of Episcopal places of worship in Scotland, where the English order was followed, and prayer was offered for a usurping monarch.

With this state of affairs, various things might have happened. The fanatics of the West had risen and had driven the curates from their manse, and the mob of Edinburgh had destroyed the beautiful Chapel of Holyrood : Presbyterianism was, therefore, so far discredited in the eyes of William. On the other hand, if it were possible to maintain the Kirk of Scotland under her present Government, while granting full liberty to the Presbyterian conscience, it might be wiser than a complete change, which would turn the country upside down. William was indifferent to forms of Church government, and desired only general toleration, and now that he was in London, and saw the excellency of the Anglican Church, which on the whole had given him a cordial welcome, he seems at least to have looked at the idea of continuing a moderate Episcopacy in Scotland. If Grub, the Episcopalian Church historian, be correct, much depended on the diplomacy of Bishop Rose, who had gone up to represent

the Episcopal Church, and make the best terms he could with William. The Bishop of London, it is said, gave Rose to understand that if the Scots Bishops stood by William, the King would take their side, and there does seem to be something in the story. "Are you going for Scotland," asked William of Bishop Rose, when he gave him an interview. "Yes, Sir," answered Rose, "if you have any commands for me." "I hope," replied the Prince, "you will be kind to me, and follow the example of England." "Sir," said the Bishop, "I will serve you as far as law, reason or conscience shall allow me." There was no doubt what the Bishop intended, and William took him at his word. The Scots Bishops were against him, and it was not likely he would leave the Church under their control.

Upon the other hand, Carstares had persuaded the Presbyterians to send deputies with a loyal address to the Prince. Carstares himself represented to William that his best friends were the Presbyterians and his worst enemy the Episcopal party, and William, who had been inclined to hesitate, decided in favour of Presbyterianism. This was a great victory for Carstares, and it has been truly said, the person who persuaded King William to settle Presbytery in Scotland was Carstares. When the Scots Convention met, the throne of Scotland was offered by a large majority to William and Mary, and Prelacy was declared "an insupportable grievance and trouble to this nation." Carstares had carried his first point, that William be King of

Scotland, and the Kirk be Presbyterian. What remained now, and it was perhaps more difficult, was to settle the Kirk upon a broad and liberal basis. One Scots nobleman of much wisdom desired a basis "not only which will satisfy one party, but the whole," but another Scots noble of great determination was anxious to see the Church cleansed from all leaven of Prelacy. While leading men were anxiously considering the question the Covenanters were demanding a renewal of the Solemn League and Covenant, and declaring that allegiance to an uncovenanted King would be apostasy, while Episcopalian ministers "preached King James more than Christ." If an Assembly had been called, and the matter had been left to its decision, no one could tell what would have happened, for the ministry was in the seething pot. There were sixty ministers still living who had been cast out in 1662; there were about eighty who had been cast out in 1681, and those now might be considered ministers of the Kirk. There would be about five hundred still in their parishes who had conformed to Episcopacy, but most of whom were Presbyterian in conviction, and there were about three hundred who had been cast out at the Revolution, because they would not conform to Presbyterianism.

This confused and mixed body was not likely to come to any wise decision, and therefore the Crown acted boldly, and settled the Order of the Church. The sixty ministers cast out in 1662 were restored to their parishes, and the Church was established on

the basis of the Confession of Faith and the Presbyterian policy. When this step was taken, everything depended upon the way in which the constitution was interpreted and the toleration which was granted. Both William and Carstares were determined that the Church should be as comprehensive as possible, and should have room for every minister who was not disloyal to the Government. Carstares advised the King "not to afford the smallest suspicion to either party, whether in Church or State, that your Majesty is so far engrossed or monopolized by the other as to adopt those private animosities or resentments with which they are inflamed against each other." And the King laid down this rule, "If you find that that interest is strongest which is for restoring the Government of the Church in the Presbyterian way, you shall endeavour to have it, with provision that all occasion of complaint for rigour shall be taken away." William also made certain notes upon the Act when it was submitted to him, all in the direction of liberality, and he was very anxious to reserve the rights of patrons, for he did not like "the taking away of men's property," and he had no belief in popular election. What William and his adviser desired was to make it as easy as they could for the former Episcopal incumbents to remain ministers of the Kirk. The King sent a very wise and conciliatory letter to the Assembly, and Carstares attended the Assembly of 1690 in order to restrain the fanatics, and to keep the Assembly in the paths of peace. He had there-

fore succeeded in securing the two points of his policy, that the Church of Scotland should be Presbyterian and should be comprehensive.

From this time forward, Carstares' great effort was to save the Church from bigots, and to widen her border. The Assembly of 1690 had used its power by a system of Commissioners to cast out a considerable number of Episcopalian incumbents from their parishes, and the Assembly of 1692 refused to remedy this injustice, and was dissolved by the Lord High Commissioner.

When the Assembly of 1694 met there came a crisis which was charged with the utmost peril to the Church, and for that matter also to the King. The Parliament of 1693, in addition to the oath of allegiance, had added an oath of assurance, which it imposed on all the clergy, as a condition of holding office. The latter oath declared that William was King, not only in fact, but also in right, and it was an offence to the Presbyterians, because they considered it an intrusion of the King into the religious sphere, and an offence to the Episcopalians, because it was a denial of hereditary right. The King, acting on this occasion without Carstares' advice, called an Assembly, and sent an order that every minister must subscribe the assurance. Had this order reached the Assembly, it would have half undone the work of the Revolution, and Carstares, on learning the nature of the dispatches, demanded them from the messenger who was starting for Scotland, and then went to the

King's apartments. According to the story, which is more or less true, he kneeled by the King's bedside, having waked him from sleep, and begged his life at the King's hands. When William asked him what he had done to forfeit it, he produced the dispatches which he had brought back from the messenger and asked to be heard. He showed to the King so clearly that the oath would offend the conscience of his most loyal subjects, and would play into the hands of his most dangerous enemies that William, ever willing to obtain light, and always full of confidence in Carstares, ordered him to throw the dispatch into the fire, and instructed him to draw up instructions to the Commissioner in his own terms. And he would sign them. Carstares wrote to the Commissioner saying it was His Majesty's pleasure to dispense with the oath, and the messenger arrived just on the morning of the day when the Commissioner was about to dissolve the Assembly. When the dispatch was read, the Assembly was filled with joy, and the gratitude of the Church was divided between the King and his wise adviser. From that day forward the Church was unswervingly loyal to William, and under the good influence of Carstares, empowered its Commissioners to receive every Episcopal clergyman who applied for reception under the terms of the Act of Loyalty, while many who would not conform were allowed to officiate in their parishes; and so lenient grew the spirit of the Church, that in 1710 there were 113 Episcopal ministers still ministers of parishes, and nine had not

even taken the oaths to Government. Carstares had brought order out of chaos, and while reducing the irreconcilable Episcopalians to a small sect, had established on a sound basis the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

Amongst his great services, two others must be mentioned. After William's death, he left the Court—although Queen Anne greatly esteemed him, and continued him in the office of Royal Chaplain. Turning for the time from political affairs, he accepted the office of Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and minister of the Church of Grey Friars. He also held the chair of Divinity. During his reign at Edinburgh he did his best to bring the Scots Universities into fellowship with the schools of learning on the Continent, and it was only his death which prevented the establishment of a College Hall in Edinburgh for English Nonconformists. His Latin orations at the opening of the University session united, as his Jacobite opponents confessed, the manners of a gentleman with the science of a scholar, and that fierce satirist Pitcairn used to say that in listening to Mr. Carstares he fancied himself transformed to the Forum in the days of Ancient Rome.

If the greatest achievement in the reign of Anne was the Union between England and Scotland, a large share of the credit belongs to Carstares, for although wise men in both countries believed the Union to be inevitable, neither the Kirk nor the people of Scotland were enthusiastic on its behalf.

It was hoped, indeed, that the Church would throw her influence on the other side, and the Jacobites did their utmost to inflame ill-feeling among the clergy. The Kirk asked various securities, and finally obtained this as the chief, that the British Sovereign on his accession, and before his coronation, should take as his first oath one to maintain the Government, worship, discipline, rights and privileges of the Church of Scotland. Carstares sent out circular letters to the clergy throughout the country of a persuasive character. When the Union was carried, the Queen personally thanked him for his services, and presented him with one of the Silver Union Medals, which she had cast off for her particular friends.

The General Assembly met in the Spring of 1707, and gave no sign of displeasure, which was the utmost that could be hoped for. Lord Mar wrote to Carstares, "I am very glad your Assembly proceeded so calmly; it is not the first time the Church of Scotland has been obliged to your good counsel." Nor was it to be the last, for again and again he used his influence to save the Church from rash measures, while he fearlessly pleaded her cause with the Government in London. When the Church was torn in controversy over the oath of abjuration he himself took the oath and induced the majority of the clergy to take it with him. When a number of rigid Covenanters refused to take it, and founded the body called the Reformed Presbyterians, and a number of Jacobite curates

rebelled, and afterwards went by the name of the non-jurers, and there was likely to be still another added to the innumerable feuds of Scots religious life, Carstares stepped in again, and induced the Assembly to pass an Act "for maintaining the unity and peace of this Church." The following extract will give an idea of its charity. "The General Assembly . . . most seriously obtest all ministers and people in the heart of our Lord Jesus Christ charging them, as they regard His honour, and the peace and quiet of this Church, that they abstain from all devisive courses, upon occasion of different sentiments, and practices about the said oath, and that they would, notwithstanding thereof, live in love, and Christian communion together. . . . And that all judge charitably one towards another, as having acted according to the light of their functions in this matter, and, therefore, that they carefully abstain from reproaching one another, on account of the said different sentiments and practices." This was in 1713. No wonder that the Queen and her Ministers were astonished at the placable temper displayed by the Churches, nor wonder that Carstares received many letters of approbation. Would to God every age had such ecclesiastical statesmen, and Church Courts more frequently passed such acts.

It was in keeping with Carstares' nature to preach charity and he practised what he preached. When his colleague in Grey Friar's Church, a hot-tempered and unmannerly Scot, made an attack upon Principal Carstares from the pulpit, and declared that the

promoters of the Union were traitors to their country and to the Church of Scotland, Carstares sitting in his pew with the eyes of the congregation fastened upon him, quietly turned over the leaves of his Bible. In the afternoon, he preached from the text, "Let the righteous smite me, it will not break my bones." And in his sermon he vindicated his colleague from any charge of want of affection towards him, and declared that he was sure both of them had the same end in view. He was so convinced, indeed, of his colleague's uprightness and goodness that he was determined to accept any rebuke from him as an expression of love.

Carstares complained with a touch of pathos that his very moderation was not always understood by the Church, and that they did not always give him credit for his loyalty. Once he felt so keenly what some of his brethren said about his want of zeal for the Kirk, that he begged leave in justice to his own character to observe "that such a reflection came with a very bad grace from any man who sat in that Court, which, under God, owed its existence to his interposition ; that if ever in any one instance his zeal had carried him beyond the bounds of discretion, it was in favour of the Church of Scotland ; that he never had received a frown from the greatest and best of masters, but one, and it was on her account." Upon one occasion a foolish old clergyman, charged with points of order and bad temper, demanded on technical grounds that Carstares should leave the Assembly while a certain case was

being tried, and allowed himself to say that there was too much of the holy water of the Court about Carstares. Carstares declared himself willing to leave the Assembly, and added that it was easier for him to forgive his reverend brother than it would be for his brother to forgive himself. And to do the fiery old gentleman justice he never rested till he had asked Carstares' pardon. Carstares was ever a winsome and genial man, fond of young people and devoted to his family. When he was prisoner in Edinburgh Castle the Governor's son, a little lad, was so captivated by him that he visited him every day, and brought him books to read, and the story goes that in the days of his power the Cardinal did not forget his kindly visitor. He had a tender charge of all his family, writing affectionate letters to his sister and to his brother-in-law: "Give little Will a kiss for me, he is such a name son to me as your little Betty is a name daughter to my wife." When a widowed sister called upon him he left high officers of state who had just come in, and went out to comfort her. "Make yourself easy," says he, "these gentlemen are come hither not on my account, but their own; they will wait with patience till I return. You know I never pray long." After a short prayer with her he returned in tears to his company. But the kindness of this magnanimous man was not confined to his own family or to his own Kirk. He had a watchful and tender regard for the "outed" Episcopalian curates, even for those who were most bitter against Presby-

terianism. One day an Episcopal clergyman, who was very keen and irreconcilable, received an invitation to call upon Carstares. When he came into his room the Principal was in a towering rage (an unusual thing for him), because his tailor had made a suit of clothes which would not fit him. He flung them peevishly about the room, and at last, studying as it were for the first time the figure of his visitor, declared they were his very size, and asked the curate to accept them, if only as an atonement for this fit of irritation. He did not tell his visitor with the threadbare clothes that he had instructed his tailor to make that suit for him, and when the curate returned next morning to restore the £10 he had found in one of the pockets, Carstares assured him that when he took the coat he had a right to have everything that was in it.

When the body of this fine Christian and masterly statesman, this greatest ecclesiastic of the Scots Kirk was laid to rest, two men burst into tears by the grave and bewailed their mutual loss. They were two non-jurant clergymen, whose families had been supported by Carstares' benefactions. It is well said in the Coltness *Collections*, "The good and great Mr. William Carstares, high favourite with King William, and of his Cabinet Council for Scots affairs. He surely was one of the greatest clergymen who ever embellished any Church; often moderator of General Assemblies; full of piety, and Christian Charity."

THE MODERATES

V

THE MODERATES

"MODERATES" was the name given to a party in the Scots Kirk which began to rise in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, asserted itself in the second quarter, was ruling the Church absolutely in the third quarter, and began to lose its power as the century closed. It is a striking phenomenon in Scots ecclesiastical history, partly because it had for a time such unquestioned mastery of a high-spirited Church that it could carry out its policy, even on the most costly terms, and in the end without almost a protest, and partly because in its spirit of action, and its standpoint of intellect, it seems so alien to the *perfervidum ingenium* of the Scots nature. No party has ever been more satisfied with itself on personal grounds, being firmly persuaded that it had the monopoly of light as it certainly had for a while of leading, and no party has been more severely condemned by its opponents or been more unpopular with the Scots people. While it reigned it was resisted by the common folk, after it fell it was vilified, and to-day "Moderate" is a name of opprobrium, which no one seeking for popularity would adopt, and which

it requires an impartial temper to appreciate. One thing, however, is certain, neither the Moderates nor their work can be ignored by the historian of Scotland, and they were one of the two great influences which shaped the thought and life of the Scots Kirk in the eighteenth century.

It has been characteristic of party names in history to be given as a reproach, and in course of time to be transfigured into an honour, so that the nickname of Christian given in Antioch by gibing lips has become the proud description of Jesus's disciples, and the followers of John Wesley are pleased to call themselves by the title of reproach flung at them in Oxford. This process has been reversed in the case of the famous Scots party, for while the name by which it is called arose in honourable circumstances, and has a persuasive meaning, it has come to be a term of keen reproach in religious circles and is considered equivalent to theological unbelief and spiritual deadness. When the Assembly of 1690, the first after the Revolution, met, Lord Carmichael, King William's Commissioner, delivered a gracious letter from his Majesty, but as Principal Story shrewdly remarks, one can trace in it "the cautious and kindly inspiration of Carstaes." "A calm and peacable procedure," wrote the King, "will be no less pleasing to us than it becometh you. We never could be of the mind that violence was suited to the advancing of true religion, nor do we intend that our authority shall ever be a tool to the irregular passions of any party. MODERATION is what

religion enjoins, neighbouring Churches expect from you, and we recommend to you." One may presume that the word in this connexion appeared then for the first time in the history of the Kirk, which had been distinguished by many strenuous qualities, but never had been accused of conciliation.

It was inevitable that the Kirk should be pugnacious and turbulent, for she had to make her hand protect her head, now against Rome and now against Canterbury. When Cardinal Beaton was burning Protestants, and Claverhouse was hunting Presbyterians, to speak of moderation were a vain thing, and one may not, from the security of the eighteenth century, fling stones at the generations preceding. This century entered into the fruit of their labours, and enjoyed the liberty their blood had won, and it must not be overpraised because the spirit of charity began to appear in troubled Scotland. It is creditable that it emerged so soon after the days of blood and iron, and that the Assembly of 1690, which heard of this beautiful virtue for the first time, should have shown itself on the whole so receptive. The men who formed that Assembly had suffered cruelly in past years and were no doubt tempted to take their revenge, and it is therefore pleasant to record that the history of Moderation began with the abandonment of that fighting instrument the Solemn League and Covenant and that oppressive dogma of the Divine right of Presbytery, and with the policy of an open door for Cameronians at one

extreme and Episcopalians at the other. The founders of the policy of Moderation were King William and William Carstares, and although they had a hard battle to fight with that Assembly and the Assemblies following, yet they wrought their wise and statesmanlike policy into the warp and woof of the Scots Kirk. But it is fair to assign some credit to the rank and file of the ministry, who were won over to this sweet reasonableness.

No effect is without its cause, and if it seem miraculous that the Church of the persecution should in so short a time become the Church of Moderation, it must be remembered that even in the dark days Archbishop Leighton was preaching the indifference of Church government and of theological dogma beside charity, and a considerable number of ministers on the other side had accepted the indulgence of the Government, and considered it more important to look after their parishes than to lift up testimonies. While Cavaliers were hunting Covenanters, and Covenanters murdering Cavaliers when they could get a chance, there were saints praying for peace, and honest men seeking for nothing but leave to do their daily duty. Scotland even could grow weary of controversy, and appreciate the blessing of peace, and they who pleaded as it seemed vainly for charity when their neighbours were for war, builded better than they knew, and the Moderation of the eighteenth century in everything wherein it was good and useful, was the harvest of a seedtime of tears

in the century which preceded. The Kirk was the more friendly towards this policy, and the better prepared to carry it out because of its personnel.

If the Assembly of 1690 had consisted of the sixty ministers who had been cast out in '62 and restored in '88, together with the few men of their school who had been presiding over the Covenanted Conventicles, one could hardly have looked for Moderation. There are limits to the achievements of partially sanctified humanity, and persecution drives wise men mad. But the Assembly of the Kirk embraced an increasing number of men who had been Moderate Episcopalians, or Moderate Presbyterians, and who in their toleration of one another had learned that larger principle which makes the machinery both of Church government and Church confessions secondary to the Sermon on the Mount and the ideals of the spiritual life. The most favourable condition for toleration is not similarity of opinion, for it is in sects founded upon the narrowest dogma that the worst quarrels arise ; it is diversity of opinion within the broad limits of faith and morality, and therefore the more comprehensive a Church, or for that matter a congregation, is, the more likely is it to be free from bigotry. When William preached Moderation to the Kirk he did well, but the Kirk was accustomed to sermons. When he insisted upon an open door for any man who was loyal to Church and State he did still better, for this action secured the success of his principle.

If one desires to appreciate a party he may either approach it through the measures which it passes, or through the men which constitute it, and in the religious world, where character is supreme and the issues are spiritual, it is convenient to study persons rather than policy. Indeed, in the circumstances, every one would agree that the Moderates must stand or fall by their character. We shall therefore choose four clergymen of the Kirk in the eighteenth century, who represent different types within the same school.

The first is William Robertson, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and author of various distinguished histories. He was born in 1721, and belonged like so many of the ministers of that century to an ancient Scots house, the Robertsons of Strowan. His father was minister of the parish of Borthwick and afterwards of Old Grey-Friars Church, Edinburgh, and was a man of some literary taste and poetical faculty, for he was the author of three of our paraphrases. In 1743 William Robertson was presented to the parish of Gladsmuir in East Lothian. Shortly after his appointment his father and mother died within a few hours of each other, and his six sisters (one of whom became the grandmother of Lord Brougham) and one brother, were left without provision. Robertson with that devotion to duty and true unworldliness which all along inspired him took them to his little manse, and devoted himself to their education. It was not till they were respectably settled in 1751 that he married

his cousin, the daughter of an Edinburgh clergyman, and began his own quiet and refined domestic life. Although he was from the beginning a man of conspicuous decorum and academic habits there was in Robertson a high spirit of patriotism, for when the Highlanders threatened Edinburgh in '45 he left his parish and enrolled himself in the Edinburgh Volunteers, and when it was resolved to surrender the city, he proposed to join the army of General Cope, which, as the author of the biographical sketch in Kaye's portraits appositely remarks, the General fortunately declined. No doubt with his firm spirit and sense of discipline he would have made an excellent private, just as in after life he was the successful drill sergeant of the Church, but Robertson's *métier* was not arms but letters. One knows that there is a new breath in the Scots Kirk, and that for weal or woe the days of Cameron and Peden are over when you read Robertson's motto, *Vita sine litteris mors est*.

The ministers at the end of the seventeenth century had been able to live comfortably without much literature, and the blunders of Rule, Principal of Edinburgh University, were the standing joke of Jacobite satirists. While he discharged the duties of a parish clergyman with the most scrupulous and affectionate care, rivalling Boston in the minuteness of his labours, if not in the fervour of his preaching, Robertson's mind was already set upon literature, and he was working diligently in the libraries of Edinburgh. He was on intimate terms

with David Hume, and as Hume had taken the history of England, Robertson whose mind inclined to this study, set to work upon the history of Scotland. In 1758 he had completed the work and made his first visit to London to dispose of it. He had a pleasant time with Carlyle of Inveresk and John Home, the author of *Douglas*, as his companions, and disposed of his work on favourable terms. It was painstaking and vivid, and had an immediate and enormous success. His own emoluments from the book exceeded £600, and his publishers cleared a little fortune. Honours were freely showered upon this new writer, with whom every one was pleased, except, of course, Dr. Johnson. He was appointed to Grey-Friar's Church, Edinburgh, and chaplain to the garrison of Stirling Castle, a pleasant tribute to his military ardour; in 1761 he was nominated one of his Majesty's chaplains for Scotland; in 1762 he was elected Principal of the University of Edinburgh; in 1763 he was appointed Historiographer-Royal, and made Moderator of the General Assembly.

At forty-one he was the head of the University, and at the age of forty-two he was the head of the Church, which was a remarkable record of promotion, and a testimony both to the dignity of his character and the solidity of his talents. Ten years after the history of Scotland his *Reign of Charles V* appeared, repeating his former success, but gaining the much larger pecuniary reward of £4,000. Dr. Johnson denounced the book, but it is recorded that when

Johnson met the author himself he was much pleased with him: "Sir, I love Robertson, though I won't speak of his books." It is suggested that Robertson, like many other people, was afraid of Johnson, and on the only occasion when they argued Johnson believed that he had worsted him. If so, he was one of the few men who could make that boast, for Robertson, with the utmost suavity of temper, was an autocrat in society; he loved to talk on subjects he knew and to talk at length, and was inclined to resent conversation, so that some of the gay spirits of the day played tricks with him—making speeches from an obscure place in the Assembly when he was absent with such successful imitation of his formal manner that the house thought that Robertson was speaking; or starting an elaborate discourse at the dinner table, on mustard, in the manner of the Principal. Robertson had not the faintest sense of humour and was incapable of committing a mistake. His own sisters called him sir, and every one treated him with immense respect, and this not only because he was a distinguished man of letters, but because he became the absolute ruler of the Scots Kirk.

It was in 1751 that he made his first appearance in the chief court of the Kirk, and the occasion was a turning point in the history of ecclesiastical affairs. The Presbytery of the bounds had refused to induct a minister into the parish of Torphichen because, although he was duly presented by the patron, only six people had signed the call. John Home in a

clever speech moved that the members of the Presbytery should be suspended for disobedience to the law; but the play-writer was never intended to be an ecclesiastical statesman, and Robertson seconded the motion in a speech which was a prophesy of his coming power. He was left in a small minority, for his position was a bold one; but by sheer weight of character and argument he soon obtained a majority in the Church, and held it till he retired in 1780 from the leadership of the house. His success was an illustration of the power which always belongs to thoroughgoing principles when advocated by an able and disinterested man. He honestly believed that patronage was a better system than popular election, and that it was in keeping with the genius of the Kirk. By this method he held the Church had secured a higher class of minister than under the mixed system which had preceded, and that under no other could the most brilliant men in the Scots ministry have served at her altars.

Besides, he was able to insist upon the fact that it was the law, and that while it was so it must be observed. While he was himself the most amiable and *débonnaire* of men he concealed a steel hand beneath a velvet glove, and he induced the Kirk to apply the law without flinching. He was not afraid to carry the deposition of Gillespie of Carnock for disobedience to the law, and was not dismayed that under his trenchant support of patronage hundreds joined the Seceders. He opposed every

modification of patronage, and held strongly that it was the safeguard of the Church against bigotry in doctrine and coarseness in taste. When Robertson was fifty-nine years old and at the very height of his power and reputation, laden with home honours, and with many foreign honours from Madrid and Italy and Petersburg still to come, he retired from the leadership of the Church. Why he took this perplexing step is not clear. Certainly he had been defeated in his effort to persuade the Kirk in favour of repealing the penal statutes against Roman Catholics, and was disheartened by the outburst of hereditary fanaticism which this proposal evoked and which even Principal Robertson, with all his debating power and all the vote behind him, could not control.

The Evangelical party under the leadership, among others, of his admirable colleague Dr. Erskine, was gaining strength and showing signs that the moderate supremacy would soon be contested. The dislike to theological tests which was rife in England had also spread to Scotland, and Robertson anticipated a proposal to recast the confession of faith. Very likely, as he was a far-seeing man, and inspired by a just ambition, he counted it wise to retire from his throne when it was unshaken, and to lay down his sceptre while it still ruled the Kirk. Whatever may have been the causes which influenced him, his early retirement was in keeping with the spirit of the man, and the Kirk saw him leave his high place with

unanimous and unfeigned regret. Although he was ambitious in the sense that he was not indifferent to literary distinction or to ecclesiastical power, no one doubted the high integrity of his character or the purity of his intentions. From the day he took on him the charge of his orphan sisters and brother, to that on which he laid down the reins of government, he had lived in all godliness before the world, faithful to the last detail in the discharge of duty.

Although he was a man of broad and liberal views, the companion of Home the play-writer and of Carlyle of Inveresk, a thorough man of the world; although young noblemen were boarded in his house, and he mixed in the best society of the day, he was himself of severe habits, neither playing golf, nor bowls, nor cards (till near the end of his life), nor going to the theatre. There was in him, as well as some other Moderates, more than a tinge of the ascetic spirit, and this no doubt increased his reputation in the Kirk. What Home could never have carried with his gay life was commended by Robertson, and one may hazard the guess that his austere ideals both of work and life had more effect among the Evangelicals than the pious eloquence of their own jovial Dr. Webster, who would rise reeking with claret to urge the cause of the high-flying party. If his public action seemed hard and uncompromising, it was well-known that he was in himself the kindest of men, and of this a pleasant anecdote has been preserved in Sir

Alexander Grant's story of the University of Edinburgh. In the first year of Robertson's Principalship he visited the logic class where Stevenson, his old Professor, was still teaching. After he had listened to the exercises the Principal rose and addressed the students in Latin, bearing testimony to the good which he had received from their Professor in his own youth and urging them to profit by the instruction of so valuable a teacher. Robertson was no doubt the more grateful to Stevenson because the Professor was accustomed to read copious extracts "from the prose discourses and prefaces of Dryden," as well as Addison's papers in the *Spectator*, which must have helped Robertson's excellent English style. This tribute of the Principal to his former teacher profoundly affected Stevenson, and after the dismissal of the class "the aged Professor, unable any longer to suppress his emotion, dissolved in tears of grateful affection and fell on the neck of his favourite pupil, now his Principal."

If the style of Robertson's writing be formal it was the fault of his time, and if the substance be now out of date, it was his lot to write when the resources for historical work were scanty, and the science of history was still in the future. It remains that Gibbon greatly admired the Scots historian and hoped for nothing better than to emulate him. He did his work in his own day with conscience and with skill, and more can not be asked of any man. But Robertson was greater than his work, and

left behind him a character illustrating every Christian virtue, and commending the Gospel by the happiest combination of piety and culture. Cockburn, in his pleasant *Memorials*, describes Robertson's life when the sun was setting, and the old Principal was spending his last days in his garden at Grange House. "A pleasant-looking old man," who took an interest in boys, assisting them "in devising schemes to prevent the escape of our rabbits ; and sometimes, but this was rarely and with strict injunctions to us to observe that moderation which Mrs. Robertson could never make himself practise, he permitted us to have a pull at his favourite cherry-tree." Carlyle of Inveresk, a man not easily touched on the spiritual side, describes the beauty of Robertson's last days, when he was more to be respected dying than even when living : "He was calm and collected and even placid and gay . . . his house three weeks before he died was really an anticipation of Heaven." When he was gone, Dr. John Erskine, his colleague in Grey Friars Church, and his opponent in the Church Courts, bore testimony to his ability and character with ungrudging voice.

"The power of others," said Dr. Erskine, "who formerly had in some measure guided ecclesiastical affairs was derived from Ministers of State and expired with their fall. His remained unhurt amidst frequent changes of administration ; great men in office were always ready to countenance him, to co-operate with him, and to avail themselves of his aid.

But he judged for himself and scorned to be their slave or to submit to receive their instructions. Hence his influence, not confined to men of mercenary views, extended to many of a free and independent spirit, who supported because they approved his measures ; which others from the same independent spirit thought it their duty steadily to oppose. . . . Keen and determined opposition to his schemes of ecclesiastical policy, neither extinguished his esteem nor forfeited his friendly offices, when he saw opposition carried on without rancour, and when he believed that it originated from conscience and principle, not from personal animosity, or envy or ambition." Like Carstares, Robertson was a great example as well as teacher of moderation.

Upon the benches of the logic classroom when Stevenson was teacher and Robertson was a student in the University, Hugh Blair, the grandson of Robert Blair, a " Scots Worthy " of the seventeenth century, sat with eager face and drank in the literature, if not the philosophy, of his teacher. Stevenson was indeed a fosterer of letters in those days, and seems to have awakened the love of what was beautiful in the minds of his more susceptible students. Blair, like Robertson, owed his literary inspiration to the same master, and at the age of sixteen wrote an *Essay on the Beautiful*, which Stevenson ordered to be read at the close of the Session. From the beginning of his career Blair followed his own line, and pursued it with success to the end. He

never aspired to be a Church leader, nor did he speak in Church Courts ; no one can call him a theologian, and there was no dogma in his sermons. He knew what he could do, and he knew how to do it ; he believed that a certain kind of preaching was the best for that age, and he gave it with brilliant success. He was early brought to the Metropolis and in 1758 he was appointed—a high distinction—one of the ministers of St. Giles', for St. Giles' then was divided into four Churches. Under the same roof men so different as Dr. Alexander Webster, the high-flying preacher, and Dr. Hugh Blair, the very type of the Moderate pulpit, held forth each Sunday.

Very soon Blair laid hold upon the fashionable people of the capital, both men and women, and they thronged to what was called the High Kirk to enjoy the comparatively good singing which Blair's taste provided at some trouble, and the characteristic sermons which, with still greater trouble, he prepared for each Sunday. There are preachers of great fame whose sermons have never been published, and we can only imagine the secret of their power ; there are preachers of equal fame whose sermons have been published, and we are at a loss to know wherein their power lay. Blair belongs to neither class, for his sermons were given to the public in his own day, and had an enormous vogue. For the initial success the credit is largely due to Dr. Johnson, who made Blair an exception to his general dislike of Scotsmen and carping criticism of their works.

“ I love Blair’s sermons,” said Johnson. “ Though the dog is a Scotsman and a Presbyterian and everything he should not be, I was the first to praise him ; such was my candour.” When Mrs. Boscowen said, “ Such his great merit to get the better of all your prejudices,” Johnson replied, “ Why, madam, let us compound the matter ; let us ascribe it to my candour and his merit.” Johnson was quite right in his claim to have been Blair’s literary patron, for Strahan the publisher had declined to accept Blair’s sermons till he received a note from Johnson on Christmas Eve, in which was the following paragraph : “ I have read over Dr. Blair’s first sermon with more than approbation ; to say it is good is to say too little.” After that Strahan, to Dr. Blair’s astonishment, paid £100 for the volume and afterwards doubled the price. For a second volume they gave him £300 and for a third volume £600. They were read by ladies in the drawing-room, they were the fashion at Court, and the King settled a pension (of £200 a year) upon their author. He was indeed the most popular preacher of his day in society, although he was not a preacher to move the masses.

When we take up his sermons now we can understand how they reached the people of that day, because they deal with those moral platitudes which constituted the sum of the Gospel to the “ Classes ” of the eighteenth century ; because they are cleansed from every trace of enthusiasm ; because they make no demand upon the spiritual side

of a man's nature, or raise awkward questions regarding the supernatural character of Christianity ; because they were written according to the standard of the day in a correct engaging style. They are common-sense, in very respectable English, and what more did a superior person of that age want? To-day they would be considered solemn fudge, but then, other centuries, other ideas. They corresponded with their local environment in the Edinburgh and London of their time, and there have not been half-a-dozen preachers, since the days of the Apostles, who have struck the universal note, and are therefore classical ; who fulfil Sainte-Beuve's admirable description of a classic : " One who has enriched the human mind, who has really added to its treasures, who has got it to take a step further, who has spoken to all in a style of his own, yet a style which finds itself the style of everybody, in a style that is at once new and antique, and is the contemporary of all the ages." Blair certainly does not belong to this high circle of the immortals, but he had a first place in his own day, and he remains the very model of Moderate preaching. And because he said what he believed to be true and what he judged to be useful to his generation, because he took immense pains in saying it, and because behind what he said lay a singularly pure and simple character, he deserved the crowd of fashionables which filled his dirty gloomy church, and the honour which he received at the hands of persons so different as King George III. and Dr. Johnson. It was, we imagine,

his style which pleased the doctor, and his commonplaceness which exactly suited the mind of "Farmer George."

It is to the credit of the Moderate School that they recognised no disunity between Christianity and literature, but did their best to reconcile them in a land where of late they had stood apart, and brought it to pass that while in an earlier day of the same century Allan Ramsay had come under the censure of the Church for his circulating library of English books, David Hume lived on the best of terms with Dr. Jardine the orthodox minister of the Tron Kirk, and Dr. Hugh Blair the fashionable preacher of Edinburgh was also an arbiter of letters. He gave lectures in the University on "Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres," and held a professorship on this subject till 1788. Literary men brought their work to him for his judgment and he was always ready to encourage any beginner. Logan the poet in a letter to Dr. Gilbert Stuart bears this testimony to Blair's unselfishness and friendliness: "Besides his literary merit he has borne his faculties so meekly in every situation that he is entitled to favour as well as candour. He has never with pedantic authority opposed the career of other authors, but has on the contrary favoured every literary attempt. He has never studied to push himself immaturely into the notice of the world, but waited the call of the public for all his productions." No doubt he made his mistakes as a critic, of which the greatest was his championship of MacPherson's *Ossian*, on which

Blair was deceived, and Dr. Johnson was absolutely sound. As a rule Blair stood in awe of Johnson and did not care to beard the giant in his den, but he ventured to ask the great critic whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems, whereupon Johnson replied with much confidence, "Yes, sir, many men and many women and many children," which was going rather far; but he went even further to Reynolds. "Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever if he would abandon his mind to it." If Johnson hit Blair hard over *Ossian*, Blair had a shrewd thrust at Johnson's style in one of his lectures on Rhetoric. He took a sentence of Addison in the *Spectator*, where it is observed of those "who know not how to be idle and innocent" that "their very first step out of business is into vice or folly." This Dr. Blair rendered into Johnsonese. "Their very first step out of the regions of business is into the perturbation of vice or the vacuity of folly." When this came to Johnson's ears he was not over well pleased, for on this occasion Blair had touched the autocrat's shield.

The kindness and the weakness of Blair came out in his treatment of Burns, whom he encouraged so much that Burns, before leaving Edinburgh after his "meteor-like" visit of 1787, wrote to the minister of the High Kirk "To thank you for the kindness, patronage and friendship you have shown me," and Blair replied with a letter full of the most excellent address and unconscious condescension, which

one believes Burns would richly appreciate. Burns was very likely thinking of Blair when he visited Ochertyre and Ramsay asked him whether the Edinburgh litterati had mended his poems by their criticism. "Those gentlemen," replied Burns, "remind me of some spinsters in my own country, who spin their thread so fine that it is neither fit for weft nor woof." There was indeed about Dr. Hugh Blair, with his anxious and minute attention to dress, his inoffensive and unconscious vanity, his shrinking from the conflict of public life, and his most polite manners, the extreme polish of his style and the harmlessness of his moral sentiments, a spinster-like quality of character. But vanity is the most harmless of vices, and since a man must have some redeeming vice, he had better compound for it. Blair, unlike Robertson, was always willing to obliterate himself in company and, as he said himself, show forth his lions. He was so accessible to every person and so courteous, so gentle and pure in his private life, and so diligent and faithful in the use of his gifts, that he may be justly taken as the favourable type of the Moderate preacher, a man by whom the cause of good living, if not of strong doctrine, was advanced, both in Edinburgh and throughout the country.

While the group of famous Moderates in the second half of the eighteenth century were personal friends, appreciating one another in their excellencies, and standing by one another in their difficulties, they were of very different character and talents.

When one passes from Robertson, with his formal dignity, and Dr. Hugh Blair, with his finnickings ways, to John Home, the author of *Douglas*, and to "Jupiter Carlyle," the famous minister of Inveresk, it is the transition from a study to a club, from a drawing-room to a market-place. No one could associate Home with the idea of an old lady, for from the day he marched out from Edinburgh with his volunteers to join Sir John Cope—calling at every ale-house to drink confusion to the Pretender, and escaping as a prisoner of war from Down Castle by letting himself down from the window by a rope of bedclothes—on to the day when, having resigned his Church, he appeared as an elder representing the Dutch town of Campvere in the Assembly and dressed in the blazing uniform of a Fencible officer, Home's life was full of picturesque incident. By an irony of circumstances he was a minister of the Kirk of Boston and the Erskines, and in order that the irony should be complete, he succeeded in the parish of Athelstaneford that gloomy ascetic Blair, author of *The Grave*. He endeared himself so much to the people by his sheer humanity that they were brokenhearted when he prudently resigned his Church before the Assembly invited him to go, and when he came back as a layman to live on a little property he had bought in the parish they eagerly carted the material for his new house.

It were hardly correct to say that he was a painstaking minister like Robertson of Gladsmuir, or

that he was a man of careful manners like Dr. Blair of the High Kirk. From first to last, whether fishing in the streams of his parish or carrying his plays up to Edinburgh, or cracking jokes with his friend David Hume, or getting up parties in London for Scots visitors, he gives the impression of a big-bodied, big-hearted, ever enthusiastic and ever good-natured lad. As he had a natural turn for literature, and his friends were men of letters, he by-and-by accomplished a play, which Mr. Garrick in London politely refused. Home relieved his wounded feelings by visiting the tomb of Shakespere in Westminster Abbey, and expressing the hope that that also would be his burying-place. Much cheered by this thought and the encouragement of his friends, he wrote a second play, and Carlyle has an engaging description of Home starting off for London with the tragedy of *Douglas* "in one pocket of his great coat, and his clean shirt and night-cap in the other." Six or seven ministers accompanied him for the first part of his journey, and one of them called at a manse and borrowed the minister's valise to hold the sermons and the clothing. They accompanied him as far as Wooler, having had some wonderful times on the road, and sent him on his way with good wishes. The incidents on that journey, indeed, were so amazing, not to say amusing, that Carlyle declares that if they were all related "they would not be exceeded by any novelist who has wrote since the days of the inimitable 'Don Quixote.'"

Garrick, however, was still unfavourable, and

when Home returned to Edinburgh it was felt that the insolence of England had gone too far. As London seemed under a judicial darkness and could not appreciate genius, Edinburgh must redeem the situation, so the play of *Douglas* was produced in the Scots capital by an English company, and with the advice of Carlyle and other ministers of the Kirk. It was an immediate and unqualified success, first with the "classes," who were enthusiastic over the drama, and next with the masses, who were enthusiastic over the story. From Edinburgh the play returned in triumph to London, and was presented at Covent Garden Theatre. It carried society by storm; the Duke of Cumberland presented Home with twenty guineas, and the author became a protégé of Lord Bute. Johnson, ever faithful, condemned the play, and said there were not ten good lines in it. David Hume, kind-hearted as ever and always full of admiration for his friends, said it was the greatest tragedy in our language, and the Scots people, ever jealous for their own reputation, and with a good conceit of themselves, compared Home favourably with Shakespere.

Home now lived in London, fetching and carrying for Lord Bute, whom he encompassed with flattery. Lord Bute called him "dear Johnnie." "Home showed the Lord Chief Bernard a pair of Pumps he had on, and desired his lordship to observe how well they were made, telling him at the same time that they had been made for Lord Bute, but were rather too little for him, so his lordship had

made John a present of them. 'I think,' said the Lord Chief Bernard, 'you have taken the measure of the Lord Bute's foot.' " Home, indeed, waited upon Bute hand and foot ; but when he could get away, Carlyle tells us, and could meet some of his old friends, he was like a horse loosened from his stake ; he was more sportful than usual. *Douglas* was the only good play Home wrote, and to compare him with Shakespere is stark folly ; but he had in him a dash of dramatic genius, and to come back to that engaging quality of which the Moderates had so large a share, he was an intensely living and agreeable personage. No one, by any possibility, could dislike Home ; every one, even though they laughed at him prancing about in a red uniform, or burying himself in Westminster Abbey, was bound to love him. " Home," said Carlyle, " had no opinions, only prejudices ; " and therefore, as that shrewd person concludes, he was fitted to be a poet, but not a historian. For Church Courts, although he once made a famous speech there in association with Robertson, he had no gifts ; of the knowledge of his own profession he was profoundly ignorant, and in the practical details of life, except in his treatment of Lord Bute, he was quite helpless.

But there was nothing selfish, or mean, or narrow, or unkind in " Johnnie." He was always in the highest of spirits and overflowing with charity. Carlyle, who often criticizes him, is always praising him, and although he does not confess it, like every person, loves him. David Hume

simply delighted in him, and had only one quarrel with him, that the playwright called himself Home instead of Hume, as indeed his name was pronounced. A few days before his death David added the following codicil to his will: "I leave to my friend Mr. John Home, of Kilduff 10 doz of my old claret at his choice, and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six doz of port provided that he attests under his hand, signed, John Hume, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever rose between us concerning temporal matters." When the sceptic and historian leaves the minister and playwright this characteristic legacy, and declares there never has been any quarrel between them, save over the spelling of their names, one feels that he is in a topsyturvy world.

But those pleasant relations, amid immense differences, were characteristic of that day in Edinburgh, and they are not an unpleasant testimony to the character of John Home. Whatever may have been his frivolities and shortcomings, Home was a lovable man whom ministers, sceptics, nobles, farmers, churchleaders, distinguished preachers liked to see, and missed when he had gone. His coming into a room, Carlyle says, was like sunshine; his going out left every person dull; men's faces brightened when they saw him, and for the time he lifted them above the tedium of life. And if any one charges

the Kirk with bigotry and fanaticism, let him be-think himself and correct his judgment, for the Kirk had Home for one of her ministers, and to the day of his death one of her devoted sons.

Among the Moderates of the eighteenth century Carlyle of Inversk will always stand out in relief, and lay hold upon the student's interest, partly because he is the typical Moderate of the popular imagination, and because his autobiography, in which there is not a dry page, is the most vivid description of clerical society of that day. He was a son of the manse, and was related in various ways to gentlefolk (as many of the ministers of that day were). Through his connexions, which were of a most extensive kind, and reached to the highest nobility, and his own gifts, which were those of a shrewd, cultured man of the world, he knew every person worth knowing, and saw most things worth seeing in his life, which lasted from 1722 to 1805. It was contemporary with the rise and decay of the Moderate party. Smollett in *Humphry Clinker* mentions that he owed to Dr. Carlyle his introduction to the literary circles of Edinburgh, and he adds that Dr. Carlyle "wants nothing but inclination to figure with the rest upon paper." But though he left no book except his *Memoirs*, which conclude suddenly but not unfitly, "we got to London next day before dinner;" and although he was only a country minister, yet his editor says, with justice, "Scarcely a primate of the proud Church of England could over-top in social position and influence the Presbyterian

Minister of Inveresk." "Well," said Sir Walter Scott, "the grandest demi-god I ever saw was Dr. Carlyle, minister of Musselburgh, commonly called Jupiter Carlyle, from having sat more than once for the King of Gods and men to Gavin Hamilton." It is not likely that Carlyle sat to Hamilton, but one can understand why he was called Jupiter, because we are told that when he attended at St. James's "his portly figure, his fine expressive countenance with an aquiline nose, his flowing silver locks, and the freshness of the colour of his face made a prodigious impression upon the courtiers." But Commissioner Adam adds, "It was the soundness of his sense, his honourable principles, and his social qualities, unmixed with anything that detracted from, or was unbecoming the character of a clergyman, which gave him his place among the 'worthies.'"

Whether the Scots people be willing to include Carlyle among their "Worthies", certainly, from his knowledge and influence, he is one of the figures of his century. When a child he had seen Colonel Charteris, the infamous libertine of society, and had played with the children of Lady Grange, the victim of one of the worst outrages of that day. As a young man he had spent evenings drinking with Lord Lovat and Lord Grange himself, and tells with much gusto stories of those astounding gentlemen and their gaieties. He was present when Robertson of the "Heart of Midlothian" escaped from Church, and he was taken as a treat

to see the execution of Captain Porteous. He stood close to Prince Charles at Holyrood, and described him as a good-looking man with a thoughtful and melancholy countenance. On the night before the Battle of Prestonpans, he directed the maid to waken him in good time, and he observed the rout of the English army from his father's garden.

He studied both in Scotland and in Holland, and was hand-in-glove with the men of the Scots Renaissance—with Hume the philosopher, Adam Smith the economist, Principal Robertson the historian, Blair the preacher, and Home the dramatist. Carlyle was present when the play of *Douglas* was acted in Edinburgh, although it is a ridiculous invention that he acted the part of "Old Norval" at a private rehearsal, while Dr. Robertson of all men in the world performed Lord Randolph. He did write, however, a satirical pamphlet in defence of the play entitled, "An Argument to prove that the Tragedy of Douglas ought to be publicly burned by the Hands of the Hangman." And he followed that up by a popular broadsheet on the story of the play, which brought the working people of Edinburgh to the theatre in a swarm. Carlyle was summoned before his Presbytery for attending the theatre, and fought the question stoutly; indeed he was not a man to be browbeaten by any person, least of all by bigots, and he lived to see the Assembly attending the theatre almost in a body when Mrs. Siddons played. One year he visits London, dining with Smollett, going to Drury Lane

theatre in the evening, spending a day with Garrick (who told him to bring golf clubs and balls for a game on Mosley Hurst), and dines at Inverary with Duke Archibald, where he tells us the bottles were well pushed about. At Inverary he stays over Sunday, and pleases His Grace with a sermon, which is very important, because without the Duke of Argyle no preferment could be obtained in Scotland. And Carlyle spent no inconsiderable proportion of his time pulling strings and negotiating, if not his own advancement, that of some of his friends. While he was far removed from being a sycophant and had at times an inconvenient independence, especially when maintaining the position of his order, he was a born manager and diplomatist. People complained that he was too much in society, too friendly with nobles; they also complained that he did not show many signs of grace in the Evangelical sense; and the minister of Inveresk accepted both charges as compliments. His deficiency in grace was so conspicuous that the party of piety were inclined to object to his settlement, but were won over by a godly Seceder woman, who saw Carlyle, when he was a child, point out Inveresk church as the scene of his future ministry, and now accepted the incident as an evidence of prophecy.

While Carlyle carried himself always with dignity and never gave himself away in the free society of that day, he could hardly be called a spiritually minded man; but it may be said that

if you find him now with Lord Glasgow, now with the Duke of Buccleuch, he had always a keen eye to the interests of the Kirk. He goes up to London to negotiate that the Scots clergy should be relieved from the income tax, and by his influence secures a private remission, though he cannot obtain a legal, and while he is in the capital he attends the House of Peers during the notorious Douglas case, when his grace of Buccleuch puts him at the side of the throne.

He was an accomplished judge of venison—he remembers a day with pathetic regret when he “had to divide a haunch of venison among fifteen of them without getting any portion of fat for myself”; of wine—which he liked to see used freely within the bounds of sobriety: “MacMillan was one of the best landlords for a large company, for he was loud and joyfel, and made the wine flow like Bacchus himself;” of plays—he was really John Home’s best adviser and critic; of preaching—his own sermons were admirable from the standpoint of morals and style, and he had no scruple of lending one to a friend to see him through an emergency; and he was certainly an acute judge of ladies, for his remarks on female character are penetrating as well as appreciative to the last degree. He had a low opinion of the clergy of the Church of England of that day, whom he divided into “Bucks and prigs”; the first, inconceivably ignorant and sometimes indecent in their morals, evidently the coarse clergy of Thackeray’s *Virginians*; the latter

half-learned and ignorant of the world, whom one imagines to be the men touched by the Methodist spirit.

He was a stout Kirkman, proud of his mother; a loyal though critical friend, and from a worldly point of view the soundest of advisers; besides being a very handsome man, whose face taken in the year 1770 is in every line that of an intelligent and well-bred gentleman. In the Evangelical sense of the word Carlyle had no religion and did not want any, considering it dangerous fanaticism; indeed the only prejudice he allowed himself was against the Evangelical party which he called "wild and high-flying." While he led a freer and more wordly life than Roberston and Blair, he was an excellent type of the Moderate party in its breadth of view, social colour, and natural patriotism. The most gracious trait in Carlyle was his chivalrous and tender devotion to his wife, and this is the kindest entry in his diary when he records her death on January 31, 1804: "She composed her features into the most placid appearance, gave me her last kiss, and then gently going out like a taper in the socket, at seven breathed her last. No finer spirit ever took flight from a clay tabernacle to be united with the Father of all and the spirits of the just."

If one desires to form a just appreciation of the Moderate party, he must not base it upon the criticism of their opponents but upon their life and work, taken on a large historical scale. They had

no sympathy with that spirit of religious enthusiasm which swept over England in the eighteenth century and more slightly affected Scotland—to them the revival of Cambuslang was an outbreak of hysteria, and they did not make those passionate appeals to the human heart which moved men visibly to the tears of penitence—they had no preacher among them who could affect the multitude like the Erskines. By the coldness of their temper and their indifference to dogma they certainly laid themselves open to the charge of deism which was so freely brought against their party. Their protest against the Pharasaic scruples of the day in regard to amusements and their devotion to literature were apt to be confounded with indifference to morals and to faith. There have been no words too bad in which to describe the Moderates, and no charge of ungodliness against them which has not been believed.

Before they are finally condemned, however, it must be remembered that they found the Kirk of Scotland ignorant and narrow; that they left her enlightened and broad; that within a few years their party gave the most acute critic of Hume's position in Principal Campbell; the founder of the characteristic School of Philosophy, in Thomas Reid; one of the most brilliant historians of his day, in Robertson; and the most accomplished preacher of that century in Scotland in Blair, besides many other writers like Ferguson and Henry and Mac-Knight and Wallace, whose work, if it is forgotten

to-day, was of value once. If there were among the Moderates free livers and careless pastors, drinking and incapacity was not unknown in the other party, and men like Professor Leitchman of Glasgow, to whose ascetic appearance and habits Carlyle refers, and Principal Robertson walking in his garden as the sun began to set, were surely of the order of the saints. The party which walks in the *Via Media* never arouses enthusiasm or lays a strong hold upon the people. Because it refuses to go to extremes, and has no flaming cries, its services to knowledge and charity are not highly valued at the time. But no one can estimate what the party of moderation at its best has done for the Church by preventing a divorce between faith and culture, and setting forth a working model of the religious life which secures Christianity without destroying humanity.

EVANGELICALS

VI

EVANGELICALS

WHILE the Kirk produced the Moderates and has sometimes been suspected of a tendency to Socinianism; while she has passed through periods of moral corruption, when evil living ministers were not brought to judgment, and the Sacraments were not administered; and also periods of hard scholastic doctrine when ultra-Calvinism, rather than the teaching of Jesus, has been preached from her pulpits, yet if one takes the length and breadth of her history from the Reformation to the close of the nineteenth century, it may be boldly said that her prevailing note has been Evangelical—the celebration of the grace of God. The first Reformation in the sixteenth century was partly ethical—a rebellion against the immorality of the Church, which was so freely satirized by Sir David Lindsay and Dunbar, and partly theological—a return to the teaching of the New Testament which had been overladen by an arid scholasticism. But it was mainly religious, the demand of the soul for free intercourse with God, neither priest nor Church between. Preaching from that day has taken the colour of its environ-

ment and has often been turned aside from its course by passing controversies, but the preachers who have moved the Scots nation have always made Christ crucified the motive of their preaching.

Knox and Melville, Henderson and Rutherford, Dr. John Erskine and Thomas Chalmers had to deal with many affairs of the day and to fight many battles, but they were all alike, in the imperial sense of the word, Evangelists. Covenanting ministers thundering against the tyranny of the Stuarts and nerving men's arms to resist Claverhouse's dragoons, would turn aside from those fiery themes, and implore their hearers, who might before evening be sent from this world to the next by a bloody road, to see that their souls were safe in Christ Jesus; and when Covenanting martyrs laid down their lives upon the scaffold, their most glowing testimony was not against their persecutors, but for their Lord and Master Christ. The rebellion of the Kirk against Episcopacy was not merely the belief that Presbytery was more in accordance with the word of God, but that in Scotland at least was it the best guarantee for the Gospel of Christ; and the resistance to patronage, while no doubt largely a conviction that the election of their minister was one of the rights of Christian people, was still more largely the persuasion that patronage went with latitudinarian theology, and freedom of election with the love of the Gospel. The departure from Rome, the Covenanting Conventicles, the Secession of 1733, and the Disruption of 1843, with all their extravagances

and narrownesses, were revivals of religion and springtimes of the Evangel. Whatever may be true of other Churches, the Erastianism of the Kirk has not been Evangelical. The Evangelical party was in the main current of Scots Kirk life, for though many of her scholars and some of her saints had not belonged to this school, from it has sprung the preachers who have shaped and coloured the religion of Scotland.

We shall learn most accurately and easily, as in the case of the Moderates, what the Evangelical party was and what it did in the eighteenth century by studying characteristic types of its clergy, both in the Highlands and in the Lowlands, both in the early and later periods of the century. And first let us see what manner of man a pious Highland minister about the year 1728 was, and as the whole surroundings are strange we shall stay our course and visit the manse. The Manse of Lochcarron in that year consisted of a long low building, divided into what is called the "chamber" where there is the luxury of a small glazed window, and a chimney at one end. Here the heads of the family take their meals and here, if we stay all night, we shall sleep in a tent bed. The next compartment is for the children; the third for the minister and his wife. After that comes the "Cearn" or servant's hall where the windows have only boards, and the fire-place is an old mill-stone in the centre, where peat is used for fuel and the chimney is a hole in the roof fenced with a basket of wicker-work open at both

ends. But the minister Eneas Sage is a mighty man, with the blood of the Sutherlands and the MacKays in his veins, and connected with the fighting chiefs who went out in '45. Fortunately he was a man of his hands with a stout heart, for his life was in danger in those troubled times, and plans were made to burn the Whig minister in his bed. Sometimes he met his adversaries with guile, but he was quite prepared to take a high hand also with unsatisfactory parishioners. He announced his intention one Sabbath of holding a diet of catechizing in the house of a certain small laird who was distinguished for his ferocity and evil living. When he arrived at the door the owner asked him what he came for. "I come," said Sage, "to discharge my duty to God, to your conscience and to my own."

"I care nothing for any of the three ; out of my house, or I'll turn you out."

"If you can," said the minister, and then the minister had what may be called a preliminary "diet" with the laird, who was a very powerful man. When the diet was over the landlord had all he wanted to eat, for he was lying on the floor with a rope round his hands and feet. As the minister pleasantly remarked, "he was now bound over to keep the peace," and then with his captive before him, the minister called in the people of the district and taught them the "Shorter Catechism," from the oldest to the youngest, no man refusing. It is encouraging to know that the laird became a decided

Christian, but it is difficult to see what alternative he had under the preaching of his parish minister.

When Red Colin MacKenzie, Lord Seaforth's factor, collected the rents of the district, and left without paying the minister's stipend, Sage instantly followed him, and overtook him at an inn where he was having breakfast. "Colin," said Mr. Sage, "I come to get what you owe me; it would have been more civil and neighbourly if you had handed it to me at my own fireside, instead of bringing me so far." Colin, who was an irreligious and domineering person, refused to pay one penny and was full enough to draw his broad-sword. The minister parried the thrust, and closed with him; he threw him on the floor and broke his sword, and then with characteristic vigour and some humour he thrust the factor's head up the chimney till that crest-fallen hero shouted for mercy, and promised to pay the last penny of the stipend. Unfortunately, this wholesome discipline was not blessed to Colin, and he did not become, like other subjects of Mr. Sage's arm, an exemplary Christian. He afterwards insulted Mr. Sage in the presence of Lord Seaforth, and the minister, realizing that he was beyond his help, prophesied in solemn terms Red Colin's death, and the factor a few months afterwards was drowned. This prophesy following on the factor's misdemeanours and the minister's faithful dealing, produced a deep impression in the parish. "We knew," said one of the people, "you were a minister, but not until now that you were a prophet." "No," said Mr.

Sage, "I am not a prophet, but judgment will follow upon sin." When he arrived in the parish it was the custom of the people to play games on Sabbath forenoon, and they were firmly determined not to attend service. As gracious invitations were futile with those stalwarts, Mr. Sage determined to secure a congregation by the power of his right arm. He went out and challenged Big Rory to a wrestling match, and threw the champion of the parish. Rory, like a true sportsman, took this defeat in the right way, and formed a high respect for the new minister. So Mr. Sage took Rory aside and proposed a plan for the reformation of the people, which exactly met the ex-champion's fancy. Next Sabbath morning when the people had gathered for their usual amusements, the minister and Rory seized each a couple of men, being Samsons in strength, dragged them into the church and locked them in. They returned to the field and caught four more, till they had secured a congregation. Rory then stood at the door with a cudgel, and Mr. Sage mounted the pulpit and conducted the service. It is recorded of Mr. Sage's work that he "made the people very orthodox." This stalwart died in '74, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the forty-eighth of his ministry, having turned many unto righteousness by the eloquence of his speech and the strength of his arms.

Nor was he the only muscular Christian in those days, and in Highland parts, for Pope, the minister of Reay, who used to keep up an interesting corres-

pondence with his namesake the poet, and was himself "a classical scholar, an antiquary, and a student of science," besides being of great bodily strength, used to carry with him a cudgel, which was known on account of its judicial function as the "Bailie." After he had preached one evening to a very small audience, a gang of young men who had been drinking in the inn, which had much better custom than the Kirk, came up to the minister who was sitting on a stone seat outside the manse. They challenged him to drink, and warned him not to refuse. They told him they would not give up their custom for all the Whig ministers in the country, and went to get reinforcements. By-and-bye a dozen powerful men infuriated with drink came up to attack him, and the foremost filled a glass with whisky, and offered the minister the alternative of warming his heart or risking his head. When the minister would not drink, the man threw the bottle at his head, and in return was levelled to the ground by the "Bailie." After a few minutes, and after four of his assailants had succumbed to the weight of the Church's arm the rest retired and carried their companions with them, while Mr. Pope went into the manse undisturbed and even encouraged.

Mr. Pope was a stern foe to drinking and prosecuted his temperance crusade by methods suitable to the period. When a band of revellers were rioting in the tavern, and no one could induce them to leave, the minister went down and after a patch of the thatch had been taken off the roof he poured in a

continuous stream of water from buckets handed up to him, and when six men came out to deal with their assailant Mr. Pope was waiting below with the "Bailie" in his hand. And at the sight of Pope and his cudgel "they were troubled, and hasted away." He administered discipline in the parish with a firm hand, and was careful to choose for elders the strongest men, so that they might support him in establishing the cause of godliness, and bringing the people to a right state of mind.

The elders of Reay were not to be despised when they were acting as "civilizers," and the Session would stand no nonsense. When a sinner was ordered by Mr. Pope to appear before the congregation and make profession of his penitence, he refused with much determination. "Before I submit to any such thing," said this hardened sinner, "you may pluck out my last tooth." "We shall see," said Mr. Pope, who was not accustomed to be contradicted or resisted. Next Sabbath three elders called at the man's house in the morning, bound him with a rope and marched him to church. "Bind him," said Mr. Pope, "to one of the seats before the pulpit, and sit one of you on each side of him till the service is finished." Before pronouncing the Benediction, Mr. Pope addressed the offender. "You told us that we might pull the last tooth out of your head, before you would submit to be where you are, but shame upon thee, bragging son of a beggar, where art thou now?"

Mr. Pope as he stands out from the pages of Sage's

Memorabilia Domestica, is a virile personage, and I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting another anecdote which shows both his vigour and his intelligent theology. Some parishioner who had fallen under the condemnation of the Session, and had observed their masterful policy, thought it better to leave the parish. Mr. Pope was furious, and declared from the pulpit "should he go to hell itself, I'll follow him to get him back." After service a laird who was present called at the manse to bid the minister good-bye before he set out on his perilous journey. "What do you mean, Bighouse," said Mr. Pope. "Oh, you told us to-day that you were to set out in pursuit of an evil-doer, and that you would follow him even to hell." "Don't jest, my good friend, on a subject that eternity will make serious enough," replied Mr. Pope. "Hell is the place appointed no doubt for all evil-doers in eternity, but the ways of sin and its delusions are hell on earth, and if I follow the sinner with the word of God and the discipline of the Church into all his attempts to hide his sin, I go to hell for him, and if successful, from hell I shall be instrumental in bringing him back."

Sage and Pope were strong men who did their work in their own day and were justified, but one would rather leave the Highland ministers of the eighteenth century with a gentler remembrance, and the vigour of Mr. Pope must be balanced by the sanctity of Fraser of Alness. He is the only one of those Highland eighteenth century worthies

who has achieved fame as an author, and he was a man of profound and intelligent piety. His power in searching the heart and awakening the conscience was so great and his calling was so distinctly that of John the Baptist, that many people awakened under his preaching, and looking for comfort used to go to a neighbouring parish to hear the Gospel. Mr. Porteous, its minister, spoke to Fraser about the matter, and besought him "not to withhold their portion from the people of the Lord, which you can dispense to them as I never could." Fraser's reply deserves to be placed on record, as an instance of humility and brotherly love. "When my Master sent me forth to my work, He gave me a quiver full of arrows, and he ordered me to cast these arrows at the hearts of His enemies, till the quiver was empty. I have been endeavouring to do so, but the quiver is not empty yet. When the Lord sent you forth, He gave you a cruse of oil, and His orders to you were to pour the oil on the wounds of broken-hearted sinners till the cruse was empty. Your cruse is no more empty than is my quiver, let us both then continue to act on our respective order. As the blessing from on high shall rest on our labour, I will be sending my hearers with wounded hearts to Kilmuir, and you will be sending them back to Alness rejoicing in the Lord." Overcome by this beautiful reply, Porteous said, "be it so, my beloved brother."

It was Fraser's misfortune to be married to a cold and uncongenial woman, who denied him

comfortable food in his own house, and would not allow him light and fire in his study on the long cold winter evenings. As the study was his only refuge from the scourge of his wife's tongue, and he was half frozen by the cold, he was compelled to walk up and down, holding out his hands as feelers ; so he wore a hole through the plaster at each end of his accustomed beat. At a Presbytery dinner one of the Moderates, proposing the health of their wives, turned to Mr. Fraser, and winking at his companions said " You, of course, will cordially join in drinking to this toast." " So I will, and so I ought," Fraser replied ; " she has sent me seven times a day to my knees when I would not otherwise have gone, and that is more than any of you can say of yours." Fraser is a type of the intensive and tender piety of the Celt, and from him it is an easy transition to the most characteristic and most famous Lowland Evangelical of the eighteenth century.

It was in 1732, and at the Manse of Ettrick in the South of Scotland, that Thomas Boston, author of the *Fourfold State*, and one of the saintliest of Scots clergyman, and, by the way, an ancestor of Sir Walter Scott, fell on sleep, after a life of the most single-hearted labour, and almost unbroken trouble. This good and much tried man was an ascetic of learning, and illustrated the hardness of a Scots student's life. His study when he was preparing for Edinburgh University was a malt-loft, and his whole expenses during a college course of three years, were eleven pounds. Even in those

days this must have been a miracle of economy and endurance, and the weakness of body and melancholy of mind which hindered Boston all his days and cast a shadow over his writings were no doubt due to those hard years. It is one of the sad disabilities of poverty that it leaves deep traces after it has passed away, and a man whose back is broken in his youth will be bent all his days. For a while he was tutor at Kennet, and there with his usual and morbid conscientiousness, he felt bound when the laird and lady were from home to catechize the servants as well as to reprove and warn them. And in all the years to come Boston would never be afraid to deal with any sinner, and engage in a long and minute warfare with Satan. Perhaps it is not wonderful on this occasion that he had a quarrel with "an ill-disposed woman," who was steward, and that with the touchiness of a person in authority she resented the interference of this raw lad.

But nothing could quench Boston's zeal or stay his hand in the path of duty, and after he had given Mrs. Bruce herself, the laird's wife, what was no doubt much good, but what was also quite unasked, advice on the management of the house, he was allowed to leave. A frail man and with a delicate family, the anxiety about his own soul and other people's souls, as well as public affairs and the authority of the Hebrew accents, was almost equalled by his outward trials. Out of a large family only four survived their father, and he regarded the death of one as God's judgment upon his sins ; his wife was practi-

cally insane for many years, and although she survived her husband, believed herself often to be in the article of death. One of his chief endeavours was to comfort her in her spiritual depression, and to prepare her for entrance into the heavenly kingdom which he himself was to enter first ; he was tortured by an accumulation of diseases, and often lamented " this body of humiliation." He was threatened with consumption at one period of his life, and afterwards suffered agonies from attacks of gravel ; he was a martyr to toothache and was hindered by weakness of eyesight ; he had some affection of the knee, and six years before the end paralysis had begun. Travelling on horseback, he would be arrested by pain and have to take refuge in some house, and in the midst of the study he loved would be obliged to go to bed in a state of helplessness. Once when abroad in another parish he was reduced to such weakness by internal disease that a foolish woman thought he was intoxicated, but his character was vindicated, as he triumphantly testifies, by another attack in the same place and about whose nature there could be no mistake. Without doubt he was in body the weakest, and in life the most tried, minister to be found in Scotland, and yet through pain and sorrow together with endless spiritual afflictions he prayed and studied, worked and preached, first in the parish of Simprin, and then in " Pathless Ettrick." There was, however, such an inherent vigour in the man, and such a determined will that amid all his illnesses he never

spent a silent Sabbath, and died at the age of fifty-six.

The parish of Ettrick was no easy sphere in that century, for it was difficult to manage physically and it was most discouraging morally. It had only one road and the snow lay deep in winter; there were no bridges, and the rivers ran strong; there were no carriages or wagons. Nor were the people much lighter to handle than the parish, for some of them were Separatists, insisting upon the Covenant, disliking the Revolution settlement, complaining of the unfaithfulness of the Kirk, and refusing to attend worship. Boston was weary arguing with those Cameronians, and for the first time in his life was afraid of pastoral work. Others were openly ungodly and evil-living and as one reads Boston's *Memoirs* he realizes the brutal coarseness of life in that parish, and his heart bleeds for its holy minister, who every now and again gets a sad "throw back" and loses heart. Many a time does Boston, after some shameful lapse of a parishioner complain that Satan had given them "another broadside." The spiritual heroism of the man shines out from his personal record, and one does not wonder that his unceasing and particular prayer for the people, his painstaking and earnest preaching, his immense patience, and unfeigned affection began to tell on the pragmatistical sectaries and scandalous sinners of Ettrick. When he was called in 1716 to the parish of Closeburn, the heart of Ettrick was stirred, and when Boston insisted in spite of

all ecclesiastical influence upon remaining in the wilds of Ettrick, he knew that he had established himself in the respect of his turbulent congregation. In Boston were combined the courage of a lion and the tenderness of a saint, and he so redeemed the parish that while in 1710 he administered the Sacrament for the first time to sixty persons, in 1731, when he celebrated for the last time, 777 received the Sacrament. When he could no longer stand in the pulpit he preached sitting, and when he could not reach the pulpit he preached from the manse window.

Boston may well be placed beside George Herbert and Richard Baxter as the faithful pastor of the parish, and the tender lover of human souls. He has left the story of his life in the *Memoirs* written by himself and this is its conclusion: "Thus have I given some account of the days of my vanity, being this 24th of October 1730, 54 years, seven months and one week old. Upon the whole I bless my God in Jesus Christ that ever He made me a Christian and took an early dealing with my soul; that ever He made me a minister of the Gospel and gave me some insight into the doctrine of His Grace; and that ever He gave me the blessed Bible and brought me acquainted with the original, especially with the Hebrew text. The world hath all along been a step-dame to me; and wheresoever I would have attempted to nestle in it, there was a thorn of uneasiness laid for me. Man is born crying, lives complaining, and dies disappointed from that

quarter. All is vanity and vexation of spirit—I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord.”

Boston's allusion to the Hebrew accent recalls a labour of his life which is invested with pathetic interest. From the beginning Boston had in him the making of a scholar as well as a saint, for he loved the best books, and hungered after exact knowledge. The former he could hardly afford to buy, and one's heart warms to the minister of Ettrick when he breaks the record of his own spiritual temptations, and of his people's most unspiritual conduct, to note the arrival of a little parcel of books, and to see in that happy event both an instance of the goodness of God, and a remarkable answer to prayer.

In 1706 “I got another parcel of books, the chief of which was *Turretine's Works* in four volumes 4to, wherewith I was not altogether unacquainted before.” He also tells us that before he went to Ettrick he had purchased Pool's *Annotations*, having had no entire commentary on the Bible before that, except the English annotations, edition 1, purchased in 1704. But it was in 1712 that the great literary event of the good man's life happened. Before he came to Ettrick, he had borrowed a piece of the Hebrew Bible containing the books of Samuel and Kings, but “this was the happy year wherein I was first master of a Hebrew Bible, and began the study of it.” He had long hoped for the gift of a Bible from a friend, and when his hopes were frustrated he purchased one of the finest Hebrew

Bibles of the day. From that year onwards Boston devoted every moment of his time that he could save from the care of his people, and the preparation of certain theological books; every moment that he could rescue from ministering to his wife, facing family trials, and the tyranny of pain, to his great work on the Hebrew accents. They were a mystery to him, those signs that had come somehow into the Hebrew text, and he wrestled with them, till at last he had prepared a learned and laborious treatise on their Divine authority. He was wrong about their authority, and he did not know, no shame to him, many things about the Hebrew writings which are commonplaces to-day, but the study of the accents gave him a better knowledge of his Bible, and light on many difficult passages. And it shows his faithful literary and religious conscience that after meditating a sermon on a certain text, and discovering that the original had a different shade of meaning, he abandoned the sermon which had been luring his soul.

For three years he toiled over this work, and then for many years to come he was preparing it for the press, which it never reached in his lifetime. He received both help and hindrance in this fond endeavour of his, and it will be placed to the credit of that remarkable professor of Christianity, Lord Grange, that he was one of Boston's encouragers. Professor Gordon, to whom he first submitted it, gave him a favourable report, and later Professor Hamilton testified to him that there was nothing in it "con-

trary to the doctrine of the reformed churches," but other scholars thought less hopefully of it, and somewhat dashed Boston. When reading the 71st Psalm in the original, and especially when meditating on the fourteenth verse, "I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more" he found the passage sweet, and was encouraged to write his essay on the accentuation in Latin. For the refinement of his style he read Cicero in his later hours, and got great good from a dictionary, which he notes, "Providence had in the year 1724 laid to my hand, when I knew for what use it was designed."

On the 17th of March, 1727, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he finished his work, and was greatly lifted. He laid it before the Lord with thanksgiving; he sang that latter part of the 71st Psalm, "Given me for my launching out, as being now on the shore;" he dined with his two daughters with a kind of little solemnity; "and he gave a widow who was at dinner a present of money in token of his thankfulness to God, for His bounty to me in this matter;" and at night with his family sang again that helpful part of the 71st Psalm. Upon Saturday morning he corrected one or two phrases, and wrote the last leaf over again, then he added the Hebrew sentences, "Blessed be the Lord. He giveth power to the faint, and to them who have no might, He increaseth strength. So have we seen it." His book was not published till 1738, six years after his death. It earned

nothing but a judgment of respect in that day, and it is of no value in our day. Yet no one can say that the minister of Ettrick laboured in vain over the Hebrew accents; his study was a discipline for the mind, and the subject kept him in contact with the Divine truth which he loved. And surely there never has been such a combination of simplicity and piety, of the love of recondite learning, and devotion to the welfare of human souls in the history of the Kirk.

Boston among his other publications was to write another book, this time not for scholars, but for the people; this time not to be kept waiting till he died, but to be sent forth in his lifetime, and remain among the most widely read books of experimental and dogmatic theology in the library of the Kirk. 1712 was a golden year with Boston, for in it he not only secured that fine Hebrew Bible, but he began the final draft of the *Fourfold State*. This history of salvation, wherein the plan of Divine grace and the experience of the believing Christian are both unfolded, had been preached first of all in fortunate Simprin, and again in obdurate Ettrick. His faithful friend and physician, Dr. Trotter, besought him to publish those sermons, and Boston finally determined to do so in the hope that they might reach some in his disheartening parish who would not come to hear his voice. He had great difficulties about the publication, and the book was almost ruined by the self-conceit and meddling of an Edinburgh magnate. As this Mr. Wightman had

been willing to take some risk in the publishing of the book, he proposed to put it in proper form for the minister of Ettrick. When Boston saw the result with Wightman's "unhappy corrections," and his "Modish style," he immediately stopped the printing, and when he discovered that so much of the authentic copy was destroyed, and the very title page altered, he was greatly cast down. "But," as he remarks, "in midst of wrath the Lord remembered mercy." And he also adds the "case of the book is an amazing and awful dispensation."

He had given Wightman leave to make some alterations, believing in his simplicity that this superior Edinburgh friend would remove the roughness of his style, and Wightman had made a generous use of his liberty. Boston, searching as usual for the spiritual meaning of things, discovered that the cause of the Lord's punishing him was "my base cowardice in having men's persons in admiration." He had originally intended to put on the title page the words "We are fools for Christ's sake," but Mr. Wightman without any ceremony, and no doubt because he thought it a disparaging passage, blotted it out, and Boston in the end dropped that Scripture also, and gives a characteristic reason. "For as much as I saw I had declined to be a fool for Christ's sake, therefore the Lord had made me a greater fool than I needed to have been." The good man was very sore over this experience, and declares "I have seen more into men, and how much they are to be ceased from

since that time, than ever I was able to see all my life before." And he determined "to see with my own eyes, whatever be other men's character or piety or learning." If no one in his lifetime, except a few professors, read his book on the accents, and very few people read it afterwards, all Scotland read the *Fourfold State*. It has not quite been lain upon the shelf in pious families to this day, and Boston has a name of everlasting remembrance, both in the piety and theology of the Scots Kirk.

From those rural ministers of the North and South who fulfilled their course in the early part of the century, and did their work with great singleness of mind and marked success, we turn to two ministers of Edinburgh who were leaders of the Evangelical party during the second half of the century, Dr. Alexander Webster and Dr. John Erskine. Webster, who figures largely and not very favourably in the pages of Carlyle, and who even in that age was an amazing figure, was the ostensible leader of what their opponents called the "wild or high-flying party." It was asserted by shrewd observers that he was only put to the front through his popularity as a preacher and his power of persuasive speech; that clever silent men like Hepburn, minister in the Old Grey Friars, and Dr. Jardine, minister of the Tron Kirk, and an intimate friend of David Hume, managed and utilized him. Webster was the son of a minister of the old school—as different from his son as Leighton's father was different from the Archbishop. The

elder Webster sympathized with the Covenanting party and held the most extreme views. The Jacobites indeed believed him to be mad and wrote squibs on him :

Great Meldrum is gone, let Webster succeed,
A rare expounder of Scripture and creed,
Whose learning is nonsense, whose temper is bad :
It's predestination that made him so mad.

Whether nature had improved in the son, it certainly had sweetened him, and whether the more famous Webster was a better man than his father, he was at least a more popular. His learning was not obtrusive and his temper was not bad. The Webster family had greatly mellowed in the opponent of Carlyle, and the contemporary of Erskine. He was a man of that full-blooded and expansive temperament which always interests the general mind, and about whom gathers a wealth of anecdote, some of which may be true, and others are doubtless greatly exaggerated. He was married to a lady, as they said in those days, "of fashion," and she brought him what was a large fortune, so that he was able to live not only at ease, but to keep good company. She belonged to the Erskine house, and her hand had been sought after, as Kaye tells us, "by some of the first Peers of the realm." Kaye also relates with much gusto how Webster won his wife, and the story throws light upon this genial ecclesiastic. Webster had been employed by a friend who was in love with Miss

Erskine to plead his cause, and being the most good-natured of men, and admirably adapted for such a romantic commission, he exercised all the arts of his eloquence. Miss Erskine was, however, hopelessly obdurate, but she was so much delighted with Webster's own appearance—he was a conspicuously handsome man, with an aristocratic face as shown in Kaye's caricature of him preaching in old Grey Friar's pulpit, and so much moved by his speech, for he could wile a bird off a tree with his tongue, that he did not lose by his labours as an ambassador. Miss Erskine, who had known him before, fell in love with Webster, and being a young lady of spirit and determination, proposed to him. According to the story she said boldly and without beating about the bush, "you would come better speed, Sandy, if you'd speak for yourself," and Webster seized the opportunity. Having done the best he could for his friend, and failed, he did the best he could for himself and succeeded. He was an ardent lover and soon after their marriage wrote the following stanza to his wife which got abroad in Edinburgh society:

When I see thee I love thee, but hearing adore,
I wonder and think you a woman no more :
Till mad with admiring I cannot contain,
And kissing those lips, find you woman again,

One's apology for introducing this gay verse into an historical sketch of the religious life of Scotland is to show the many sides of character in the Kirk,

and to point the contrast between a minister like Boston who died a year before Webster was ordained. Boston, on his part, tells the story of his long engagement with considerable detail in his autobiography, and not without some romance, for he fondly remembers the room where he went for prayer after the marriage service was over; but he is gravely concerned lest he did not lay this matter of marriage soon enough before the Lord, and considers that on account of this forgetfulness and selfwill God chastised him. While Webster conducts his courtship with all the gaiety and warmth of a thorough-going lover and man of the world.

One other interesting anecdote may be pardoned, because it also throws light upon the manners of the day, and it belongs equally to the life of Webster and Erskine. As Webster was much in demand of an evening for the fascination of his conversation as well as other social talents of a more dubious kind, he was tempted to stay too long away from home and apt to try the patience of Mrs. Webster who, one gathers, was not a woman to stand any nonsense. She was in the custom of questioning the worthy doctor where he had been, and he on his part had fallen into the custom of saying that he had been calling on Dr. Erskine, and the doctor had insisted on his staying to supper. Webster's memory on those occasions was too generous in the mention of Erskine's name, and Erskine having become the scapegoat for all Webster's late evenings, determined to teach his fellow Evangelical a practical

lesson. One evening when Webster was with him Erskine pleaded some pastoral duty, and slipping out went to Webster's house. As he and Mrs. Webster belonged to the same noble family they were very good friends, and Erskine stayed to supper. Webster was at supper with Mrs. Erskine, and Erskine at supper with Mrs. Webster, but Erskine was a man to return home long before Webster would dream of moving. When Erskine returned to his own house, he found his friend there, and as it is put by Kaye, "As yet only as it were pushing off from the shore of sobriety." By-and-bye Webster returned home, and was duly asked by his masterful wife where he had been, and replied as usual that he had been with Dr. Erskine. Mrs. Webster, feeling she had caught her husband at last, dealt faithfully with him as a man destitute of truth. "You have been with Dr. Erskine, have you, and Dr. Erskine was taking supper with me." Poor Webster was reduced to utter confusion, and having oftentimes escaped when he was guilty was now condemned when he was innocent. It was agreed that whenever Webster took supper with Erskine he would bring home "an affidavit under the hand of his host, testifying the fact." If one desires to catch the full significance of such an incident, and to estimate the progress of Christian ideals in the regulation of social life, let him imagine that scene taking place to-day in the homes of two leaders of the party of piety in any Church of our land.

Webster represents on a public and conspicuous scale that kind of a rich sensuous nature, which fits a man both for the enjoyment of life, and for the enthusiasm of piety. The quick and abounding emotion which reduces a man to tears at the sight of the Cross, and stirs him to pathetic eloquence in preaching the Gospel, gives him a sense of physical pleasure, and makes him the most genial of companions. One can therefore believe without any difficulty that there was no more popular preacher of the Gospel in Edinburgh, and that his glowing periods were in warm contrast to the cold ethics of the Moderates, and that after praying, as it were, some noble lady through the gates of Heaven, he would go down to the tavern, which was his club, and drink hard-headed men beneath the table.

It is amusing to notice that Carlyle writes of Webster, not only with dislike as a successful leader of the high-flying party, but also with envy as one who had achieved conspicuous success as a *bon vivant*. "His appearance of great strictness in religion," says Carlyle, "to which he was bred under his father, did not act in constraint of his convivial humour; he was held to be excellent company even by those of dissolute manners; while being a five bottle man, he could lay them all under the table." Webster was known in certain circles of Edinburgh society as Dr. Bonum Magnum, but it was admitted by Carlyle that he was never "indecently the worse of liquor," and as a love of claret was not thought a sin in those days, "all his excesses

were pardoned." Carlyle sometimes wonders that his party, which was distinguished for strictness, endured Webster, but concludes that they winked at his conviviality on account of his ability, and Webster's familiar saying in private was "my lot is to drink with gentlemen and to vote with fools." One must take, however, what Carlyle says with a grain of salt, as he was nettled by Webster's success both in the Church Courts and at the table, and by the way in which Webster had upset his plans on more than one occasion, for no reason except that he had a delight in sheer mischief, as Carlyle bitterly remarks, "having the mischief of an ape." He stands out from the severe figures of his party, and arrests the eye by his vivid humanity, and one can easily imagine him with his rapid expedients, his fluent speech, his engaging manners, his unfailing cleverness and his abounding good-nature. He was a man also of good business ability, for he founded, with the assistance of his friend Dr. Wallace the mathematician, the Widow's Fund of the Church of Scotland, which greatly endeared him to his brethren, and when the new town of Edinburgh was laid out his advice was sought by the magistrates, and he did the business entrusted to him at a daily dinner, which cost the town one year £500. Unlike many good-natured men he had also the courage of his opinions, for when Prince Charles came to Edinburgh, and many public men on the Hanoverian side were silent, he denounced the Jacobite cause from the pulpit, and urged his hearers to be loyal to

the house of Hanover. Webster would be impossible to-day, and we do not pray for his return. But there is no question he was loved by everyone except a few prejudiced Moderates in his own day, and trusted by his own party. Apart from the faults of his overflowing temperament, the root of the matter must have been in Webster, else he would not have been the private friend of Dr. John Erskine, and his leader in public affairs.

Dr. Erskine can have no better introduction than in the passage of *Guy Mannering*, when Pleydell—who was really Andrew Crosbie the advocate, and an elder of the Evangelical party, as well as, like Webster, a heavy drinker—took his guest to Grey Friar's Church to hear Principal Robertson. The historian was not on duty that morning but Pleydell said to Colonel Mannering, "Have a moment's patience and we shall do very well," and then Dr. Erskine ascended the pulpit. "His external appearance was not prepossessing. A remarkably fair complexion strangely contrasted with a black wig without a grain of powder; a narrow chest, and a stooping posture; hands which, placed on either side of the pulpit, seemed necessary rather to support the person than to assist the gesticulation of the preacher—no gown, not even that of Geneva; a tumbled band, and a gesture which seemed scarce voluntary, were the first circumstances which struck a stranger."

"'The preacher seems a very ungainly person,' whispered Mannering to his new friend.

“ ‘Never fear, he’s the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer. He’ll show blood I’ll warrant.’

“The learned councillor predicted truly. A lecture was delivered fraught with new, striking, and entertaining views of Scripture history—a sermon in which the Calvinism of the Kirk of Scotland was ably supported, yet made the basis of a sound system of practical morals, which should neither shelter the sinner under the cloak of speculative faith, or of peculiarity of opinion, nor leave him loose to the waves of unbelief and schism. Something there was of an antiquated turn of argument and metaphor, but it only served to give zest and peculiarity to the style of elocution. The sermon was not read—a scrap of paper containing the heads of the discourse was occasionally referred to. The enunciation which at first seemed imperfect and embarrassed, became, as the preacher warmed in his progress, animated and distinct, and although the discourse could not be quoted as a correct specimen of pulpit eloquence, yet Mannering had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument brought into the service of Christianity.

“ ‘Such,’ said Mannering, ‘must have been the preachers to whose unfearing minds, and acute though sometimes rudely exercised talents we owe the Reformation.’ ”

One grudges long quotations for the space which they occupy, but this one repays the time with usury because it contains a very accurate picture of

Erskine, both as a man and a preacher, and because it is far more vivid than anything to be found in his correct but lifeless biography by Dugald Stewart. ". . . . Robertson and Erskine were colleagues in the same Church, and were good friends till they were separated by death, and if Robertson and not Carlyle is the representative of the Moderates, Erskine and not Webster is the representative of the Evangelicals. The Evangelicals of that day, or indeed of any day could not be better served than by this man of high honour, blameless life, beautiful simplicity, competent learning, and sincere devotion to the Cross of Christ, and the principles of the Gospel. He was descended from the two noble houses of Buchan and Melville, and was married to a daughter of Lord Reay, so that it goes without saying that he was a gentleman in his ways of preaching and his manner of life ; but he was modest and unaffected to the last degree.

" His face in Kaye (and figure) are in striking contrast both to the face of Webster, and that of Carlyle, for he was a man of finer stuff and more spiritual mind. He was licensed in 1765, and preached his first sermon in a church of which he was patron and after having served in the provinces, was in the end appointed to the collegiate charge of Old Grey Friar's Church, Edinburgh, where for more than a quarter of a century he was the colleague of his college friend and opponent in ecclesiastical politics, Dr. Robertson. During his long and honourable ministry in Edinburgh, he had the respect

of all parties and all intelligent people, and he afforded a noble example of ministerial duty and high integrity. He was on intimate terms with Bishop Warburton, with whom he maintained an interesting correspondence on contemporary theological opinion, and he was in close touch with the divines of America and the Continent. He was frequently employed in supervizing the publication of their works, especially those issued after their death.

“ In 1747 he began his correspondence with Jonathan Edwards when Edwards sent Erskine a copy of his book on the religious affections. In a postscript to his letter Edwards gives a sketch of the plan of his great book on the freedom of the will. In subsequent letters he acknowledges the receipt of books which Erskine sent him, especially by Taylor of Norwich, whose arguments he intends to combat. In 1755 Edwards is acknowledging a copy of Lord Kames’s *Essays*, for which his Lordship was threatened with prosecution before the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and in which he asserted a doctrine regarding human liberty not very different from that of Principal Edwards. Edwards, however, points out that Lord Kames and he are not relying on the same principles, and states the difference in ‘A letter from Mr. Edwards to a Minister of the Church of Scotland.’ And the result is a controversy between Edwards and Kames in which Erskine took the deepest interest. Their correspondence was continued without

interruption till Edwards' lamentable death. A number of Edwards' posthumous productions were edited by Dr. Erskine, and Erskine declared that 'Our age has not produced a divine of equal genius or judgment.' Although Erskine was constantly receiving communications from the scholars of the Continent, he knew no foreign language except French till he had reached his sixtieth year. With his characteristic thoroughness in work and love of knowledge he set himself to acquire the German language, realizing even at that early date its utility to the theological scholar. And an extraordinary anecdote is told regarding his industry and quickness. Having borrowed a German grammar and a dictionary from his friend Lord Ellick, a distinguished Judge and man of letters, he returned them in six weeks, and when Lord Ellick called to know what this meant he found that Erskine, although he could not pronounce a single sentence of German, could translate into English a page of a German book which he had never seen before. Sir Henry Moncrieff justly remarks: 'It would be difficult to give a more striking example, either of perseverance or facility in the acquisition of a foreign tongue.'

"In 1798, five years before his death, he published the second volume of a book on Church history, and was accused of favouring the views of a German sect of doubtful reputation, and although in his seventy-eighth year successfully replied in a pamphlet. He wrote largely in theology, being

the author of twenty-five publications of various kinds, many of them sermons for important occasions and others within the department of Church history. A few weeks before his death he was meditating a new publication, and within a few hours of that event, he was 'eagerly employed in reading a new Dutch book, of which the leaves had until then been uncut.' The first sign of the end was that he asked for more candles, and till that moment his sight had never failed. He had always the courage of his opinions, attacking Mr. Wesley for what he considered disingenuous conduct in instructing his preachers to attack Calvinism in England, but to treat it gently in Scotland, and protesting against the American War, in a powerful sermon with the bold title 'Shall I go to War with my American Brethren?' If he was not able to join in the effort for Catholic emancipation, it was largely through his influence that Principal Robertson, its advocate, was saved from the violence of the mob."

One notices in the correspondence of the day among the Evangelicals and learned divines, a tendency to protest against what is called the insults of infidelity at the one extreme, and the madness of enthusiasm at the other. They lifted up their testimony against paganized divines, who are often called in England Bangorian, but they also were much afraid of what Warburton calls "a more dangerous sort of madmen with their *γραμματοφοβια*," and Warburton quotes with much relish:

For Virtue's self may too much zeal be had :
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

Erskine was largely in sympathy with Warburton in this matter, although more Evangelical in his attitude, and he was the pioneer of that school of divines both learned and Evangelical, devoted both to scholarship and to the Cross, ready to recognize the Spirit of God wherever it works, either in the illumination of the mind or the regeneration of the heart, which has been one of the finest features and perhaps the chief strength of the modern Scots Kirk.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE CENTURY

VII

THE THEOLOGY OF THE CENTURY

WHEN Dr. Johnson was blaring against Scotland in the eighteenth century, he used to demand the name of any divine of the first order which Scotland had produced, and upon this matter his criticism was just. Certainly it was disappointing that Queen Anne's Augustine period of English letters did nothing for Scotland, and that it was only when the Muses had forsaken London that they settled in Edinburgh. It is even more disappointing that the Augustine age of English theology in the days of George II., did as little for Scotland then and very little for Scotland afterwards. Certainly the Kirk had produced no Butler, no Warburton, not even a Waterland. One standing in the eighteenth century is tempted to ask why a people who had given themselves for two centuries to the discussion of theology had not produced theologians whose names could be enrolled among the immortals. It is not sufficient to say that the Scots Universities were poorly endowed compared with those of the South, for Scots scholars travelled over the Continent and made themselves famous in many fields, including Theology. Nor is it correct to say that Scotland

had not produced theologians, for any one who reads that most useful and comprehensive book, *The Theology and Theologians of Scotland*, by Dr. James Walker, will find a long list of writers distinguished by minuteness of learning and acuteness of reading who were all born in the Kirk, and who wrote on all kinds of subjects, from the Hebrew accents to the extent of redemption, from theories of sin to the constitution of the Church. But their books have not survived, and must be sought for in libraries.

One may read Rutherford's letters, but he does not turn to Rutherford's extraordinary speculations on the Divine permission of sin ; he may have a copy of Boston's *Fourfold State*, but who has seen Boston's book on the Hebrew accents ? Every one knows something of the Secession of 1733, but the discussion on *The Marrow of Divinity* is only a name ; the controversy about the theory of the Church went on without ceasing, but who has read Brown of Wamphray, whom Dr. Walker, no doubt properly, calls the most important theologian of his period, that is the seventeenth century. Those theologians of the Kirk have passed into oblivion because their theology was divorced from letters. For the permanence of a theologian it is necessary, not only that he has something to say in his own science, but that he be able to say it in good English. The style of those dead scholars was tedious, prolix, unchastened, unmusical. If they could have written like Hooker or Bunyan, they would have lived, because they would have spoken to us in our own

tongue, at its best ; because they wrote in a local style they have died. This explanation of a suggestive fact is confirmed by the one exception. Bishop Leighton alone lives ; he alone has touched modern thought, and been made a text by modern thinkers like Coleridge. But then Leighton was a humanist, steeped to his finger-tips in the spirit of letters. And just because in his own day certain pious people complained of his style—he had not heads in his sermons, nor the usual pedantry of expression—do we, in our day, love to read his commentary on St. Peter, or those beautiful letters which he wrote in cases of affliction. Before the eighteenth century closed no doubt the Kirk and literature were to be closely allied, but that is another thing from theology and literature. Robertson was an historian, not a theologian, and it is only by a stretch of courtesy that one could associate the name of Dr. Hugh Blair, the preacher of decent living, with theology. Theology cannot afford to despise literature, for if she refuses to clothe her thought in a becoming dress, it may appeal to a single generation, but afterwards it will be forgotten. Dr. John Erskine was a scholarly man, but his style was far from fascinating, and the brothers Erskine were men of moving speech and intense earnestness, but when a sermon runs to something like seventy heads, the human mind despairs.

One may also give a broader range to the word humanity, and suggest that much of the practical theology of the eighteenth century has deservedly

perished, because it would be to-day intolerable to our moral sense. Boston allows himself to say that "the wonted force of the rage of lions, leopards, and she-bears deprived of their whelps is not sufficient to give a scanty view of the power of the wrath of God." Genial Ralph Erskine has this passage about future punishment, and it is not the worst, which is quite unquotable and equal to the mediæval pictures of hell. "Oh, what a bed is there, not feathers but fire, no friends, but furies, no ease but fetters, no daylight but darkness, no clock to pass away the time, but endless eternity; fire eternal is always burning and never dying away. Oh, who can endure everlasting flame. It shall not be quenched night or day, the smoke thereof shall go up for ever and ever, the wicked shall be crowded like bricks in a fiery furnace." It is not grateful to quote such passages, and one need not wallow in their horrors. Happily their inhumanity carried destruction with it, and teaching which was saturated with such ghastly ideas of God could not survive.

One fondly believes that it was not by their barbaric imaginations of a future state but by their devotion to their Lord, that the popular preachers of the century like the Erskines obtained their hold upon Scotland. But the narrowness of their view, and the hardness of their Gospel, have deprived them of a modern audience. They offend the conscience by their representation of God, as much as they offend the taste by their style. As the century moved to its close a more Christian spirit sanctified the pulpit,

and Dr. John Erskine would have been horrified to say what worthy Boston proclaimed with conviction. And this increase of charity may be fairly ascribed to the spirit of moderation which was now reigning.

It does not follow, however, that because few books of permanent value were produced, theology had not been advancing. The great service which the century rendered was to deliver Scotland from the dead hand of the past and to prepare the Kirk for the broader vision of the nineteenth century. One's task, therefore, is to trace the deliverance of the Kirk from obsolete ideas, and an intolerant temper. The Kirk, however, was not to throw over everything that was believed in the past, for that were to deny the body of the Catholic faith. This century was to sift what was permanent from what was passing, what was Catholic from what was local; to set up the buoys which mark the channel in which from age to age faith finds her deep sea way. Certain ideas of the past were to be exploded, but the great conceptions of Christian truth were confirmed. And in one case a new principle of the relation between the Church and State was to be discovered and illustrated.

If the seventeenth century had an idol in theology it was the divine right of Presbytery, and if it had an idol in practice, it was the duty of Covenanting, and in the eighteenth century there were many who believed that Presbytery was the only divine system of Church government, and that the Scots

people ought to maintain the Solemn League and Covenant. From time to time there would still be loud protests against the wicked toleration of Catholics and Prelatists in which men like the Erskines would join, and there was in certain quarters an earnest desire to bring all non-Presbyterians to their senses by persecution. But the deathblow at the *Jus Divinum* of Presbytery was struck when the Act for the re-establishment of Presbytery was prepared and William, with Carstares at his side, went over it clause by clause. It ran originally in paragraph No. 2: "Their Majesties do ratify the Presbyterian Church government to be the only government of Christ's Church in this Kingdom." Which was the position of the past, but His Majesty (with Carstares beside him) desires it may be expressed otherwise. So it came to run, "The Presbyterian Church government to be the government of the Church in this Kingdom established by law."

The Kirk, in short, was to be governed according to the Presbyterian order, not because that was the only order given by God, but because it was the order which was in keeping with the wishes of the Scots people. During the century a minister of Aberdeen who had Episcopalian orders would be tried for heresy by the Presbyterian Courts and deposed, and an Episcopalian minister in Edinburgh, who had nothing whatever to do with the Presbyterian Church, would be sent to prison at the instance of the Church Courts for conducting service according to the Prayer-book. There would also be

sermons preached, and testimonies lifted, and acts of intolerance perpetrated, upon the underlying assumption that Presbytery was of God and other systems only of man. But it remained that the Church was established upon a broader view, and long before the century closed the Kirk had ceased to believe in the exclusive Divine right of Presbytery. Her position of expediency, that Church government is an evolution and different systems may suit different conditions, while Presbytery is in itself excellent, is the one most in keeping with the investigations of modern scholarship and the practical instincts of the modern mind. It is to the high credit of Carstares that he embodied it in the constitution of the Kirk, and it was an achievement of the eighteenth century to lodge it in the minds of the Scots people. The century at least brought this to pass, that while a divine of the seventeenth century asserting Presbytery as the will of God and denouncing prelacy as a work of rebellion, would be considered a defender of the faith, a divine of the nineteenth century doing the same thing would be considered to have lost his intellectual sanity.

The seventeenth century again was enthusiastic to the point of madness about Covenanting, and there is no question that those national Covenants, which were taken in the most solemn circumstances, and with the most impressive religious rites, were strong instruments for resisting oppression. It was not reasonable, however, to lift those bonds, which at the most were only strokes of policy, into binding

duties, and it was worse than a mistake to force the Covenant upon unwilling people, either in Scotland or in England. There was no compulsion of conscience to take such a Covenant, and although it would have been heresy in the seventeenth century to say such a thing, there was no sanction whatever in the Christian dispensation for such acts. The Covenants had grown into a fetish, and it was another deliverance of the Revolution settlement to rid Scotland of their obligation. The Extreme left of the Kirk, of course, desired that the new constitution should be founded upon a Covenanted king and a Covenanted nation, and was furious when the Covenants were never mentioned. Not a single voice, however, was raised in Parliament on behalf of the Covenant, and so far as legal sanction went, to quote Principal Story, "It faded hopelessly away, impotent and gloomy like one of Ossian's Ghosts." Like a ghost, however, it haunted the lonelier parts of the Kirk and reappeared in the darker places.

There was a small section who separated themselves from the Kirk of Scotland, because the Kirk had not taken the Covenant afresh, and brave references to the glory of the Covenant would be made in the testimonies of the Seceders. But the Kirk herself had buried the Covenants for ever, and in 1725, Mr. Glass, minister of the parish of Tealing, plucked up heart of grace and went further. He denounced the Covenants as inconsistent with the Gospel dispensation and the rights of conscience, and he drew a distinction, of which much will be heard afterwards,

between the old Testament Church, which was synonymous with the State, and the New Testament Church, which was a spiritual community and had no connexion with the kingdoms of this world. He carried his views to such a length in other directions that he was deposed, but his exposure of the Covenant was final. So again the eighteenth century led the Church out of bondage into liberty. Clearing away the old in order to build the new is a work of theological science.

From the beginning of her history it has been by controversy that the Church has realized her consciousness and settled what she did believe, and it is no reflection in this instance upon Scots character that the progress of theological thought in the Kirk can be traced by the heresy cases of the century. By her decisions at different dates one knows how much the Kirk has been learning, and learns the *via media* of truth in which the Scots Kirk has travelled. In 1696 an unhappy lad of eighteen who was studying at the University of Edinburgh, and who was intoxicated with new wine, began to criticize accepted doctrines, and to preach a crude scepticism, as lads of his age are apt to do. What exactly he said did not really matter and very likely next week he did not know himself, but in the plenitude of his youthful wisdom he denied that the Trinity could be consistent with unity, which was not a discovery of his own, and he suggested that Moses had wrought his miracles by his knowledge of Egyptian magic, which was not strikingly original. It would have been

better to take no notice of those vapourings, and the chances are that Thomas Aikenhead, grown wiser with the years, before he had reached middle age would have been a stiff defender of orthodoxy. But the Assembly had just passed an act against the opinions of the Deists, and was in a vigilant mood. So Aikenhead was tried for insulting the Deity, and as this by the law of Scotland was then a capital crime, he was sentenced to death. He pleaded for his life and willingly recanted his errors, but no mercy was shown him, and he was executed holding a Bible in his hand. It was the civil power which put him to death, but it was the influence of the Church which moved the State, and if the Church had used her power for clemency, the life of poor Aikenhead would have been spared. A controversy had arisen regarding the action of the ministers, but according to Lord Anstruther, one of the judges of the Supreme Court, and a member of the Privy Council, "they spoke and preached for cutting him off." It was a lamentable incident, but it marks the lowest point of bigotry in the history of the Kirk ; this unfortunate lad was the last man who died in Scotland for his religious opinions.

In 1756, sixty years afterwards, the case, not of an ignorant and heady lad, but of a strong and dangerous writer was brought before the Assembly. It was proposed that an investigation should be made into the writings of David Hume, whose criticisms touched the very foundations of faith, and that Hume should be summoned before the Assembly.

Certainly if it was right to arraign Aikenhead, it was far more obligatory to deal with Hume. But much water had run beneath the bridge since the close of the seventeenth century. Whatever may have been Hume's speculative opinions, he was personally the most lovable of men, the friend of many distinguished ministers in the Kirk, and most gracious to the younger men, with whom he never discussed religion. Would it help faith to prosecute its antagonist instead of answering him? Was it wiser to silence than to refute him? If you went to the root of the matter was he a member of the Kirk, and could they excommunicate one who owed her no allegiance? So it came to pass that the Kirk which was morally responsible for the execution of Aikenhead refused to prosecute Hume, and left his opinions to be dealt with after a more becoming fashion by Principal Campbell, who was by and by to show to the world the fallacy of Hume's *Essay on Miracles*.

Two trials for heresy in the early part of the century both show the sensitiveness of the Kirk in this transition period, when the conservatism of the seventeenth century was yielding under the play of new ideas and growing commonsense. Among the saintly figures of the Church in 1738 was Wishart, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, a Moderate whom Henry MacKenzie, in his *Life of Home*, describes: "His sainted countenance so truly expressive of Christian meekness, yet in the pulpit often lighted up with the warmest of devotional feeling." "In the midst of his family society, a numerous

and amiable one, it beamed with so much patriarchal affection and benignity, so much of native politeness, graced with those manners which improve its form without weakening its substance, that I think a painter of the Apostolic School could have nowhere found a more perfect model." He was a scholar and a man of letters who had published several learned books, and he was a preacher of the new school, dealing with practical ethical ideas, and using a literary style. He did much to improve scholarship in the University, and was the founder of the library fund.

Just before he was appointed Principal he published certain sermons, and in one he insisted "that true religion is influenced by higher motives than self-love." Whether the blame is to be assigned to this reasonable idea, or to the culture of the preacher, or for some other reason unknown, Wishart was tried for heresy, and the charge was that "he profanely diminished the due weight and influence of arguments taken from the awe of future rewards and punishments." It is pleasant to record that the Assembly absolved him from the charge, and he entered on his duty as Principal of the University without any reflection on his faith, as there could be none on his character. Curious to say in 1736 Professor Campbell of St. Andrew's came under the notice of the Church Courts, for a discourse with the title, "The Apostles no Enthusiasts," which sounds rather strangely in our ears, but was quite in keeping with sound thought in the eighteenth

century. In answer to Tindal's *Christianity as Old as the Creation*, he had argued the inability of man by nature to find out the Being of God. Dr. John Erskine's first publication was an answer to this argument; but Dr. Erskine acknowledged that Professor Campbell had been guided by the highest intentions and that he was "both a sincere and an able defender of Christianity." It was now settled that any man might preach that love was a higher motive than rewards or punishments, and also that there was in every man a moral sense which was sufficient to lead him to the knowledge of God, although that knowledge could only be limited and must be supplemented by revelation. One can see that the mind of the Church is broadening, and that she is also trying to avoid the falsehood of extremes. This liberality of thought did not embrace the Secession Church, which deplored the lenity of the Church to Professor Campbell as one of the signs of the decadence of the day, but as in the same "judicial testimony" it also denounced the Union between England and Scotland, the toleration granted in the reign of Queen Anne, and the repeal of the penal statute against witches, one is not inclined to attach too much importance to its censure of the St. Andrew's professor.

A few years later another clergyman and Moderate of distinguished piety and culture was called to the bar of the Church Courts. William Leechman had just been appointed Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, of which University he was

afterwards to be Principal. He was regarded with great respect, both as a man and a preacher, and Carlyle, who is seldom enthusiastic about any person, while regretting he should be withdrawn from the pulpit, is glad that he was raised to a station of more extensive usefulness: "For while his interesting manner drew the steady attention of the students, the judicious choice and arrangement of his matter formed the most instructive set of lectures on theology that had, it was thought, ever been delivered in Scotland." Principal Leechman shares the credit with Professor Hutcheson of liberalizing the pulpit in the West of Scotland, but his personal piety was even more impressive than his ability. Witnesses so different as the minister of Inveresk and Sir Henry Moncrieff bear harmonious witness to the beauty of Leechman's character. "He was," says Sir Henry, in his *Life of Erskine*, "a man of primitive and Apostolic manner, equally distinguished by his love of literature and his liberal opinions;" while Carlyle declares, and this was hardly his ideal, "His appearance was that of an ascetic, reduced by fasting and prayer, but he delivered his sermons with such fervent spirit and in so persuasive a manner as captivated every audience."

As writers of a sceptical tendency were arguing against prayer as an unreasonable attempt to alter what was inevitable, Leechman published a sermon in reply, which produced a great effect, both by its spirit and arguments. It was discussed by Johnson,

and in the conversation one gathers that Leechman, anticipating modern ideas, had put forward the subjective theory of prayer, or what in that conversation was called the physical effect of prayer upon the mind. "Leechman," said Dr. Watson of St. Andrews, in the same conversation, "meant to show that even admitting no effect to be produced by prayer respecting the deity, it was useful to our own minds." What, however, he was tried for, was the omission to state that prayers could only be effectual when offered in the name of Christ. Leechman naturally replied that he was not treating the whole doctrine of prayer, but only showing its reasonableness, and in May, 1744, he was triumphantly acquitted by the General Assembly, and the Moderator in his closing address referred to the case in very encouraging terms: "Have we not seen the beauty of Christian charity in condescension, on the one hand, to remove offence, and readiness, on the other, to embrace satisfaction." Evidently the spirit of liberality and of courtesy is permeating the Church. Two other cases were far more serious in their charges and still more instructive in their deliverances. They were indeed turning points in the development of the theology of the Church.

It was hardly to be expected that the Arianism which had once divided the Christian Church, and in the early part of the eighteenth century was profoundly affecting England, would not touch Scotland, and there was a vague suspicion

that a number of ministers of the Kirk had been touched by it. In 1726 the name of Professor Simson of Glasgow was freely mentioned, as one who had been teaching Arianism to his students, and as he had already been accused of Arminianism some nine years before, his character was not beyond reproach. Like many Broad Churchmen, he lacked balance of judgment and magnanimity of temper. He was clever rather than profound and more contemptuous of other people than anxious to advance truth. When he was accused he declared that the charges were false, and as he delivered his lectures in Latin, and the evidence had to be gathered from divinity students, the prosecution was encompassed with difficulty. The case dragged on its weary length for three years, and gave immense anxiety to Woodrow and others of the conservative school.

Lord Grange declared that Simson had the dangerous gift of teaching heresy orthodoxly, and took an immense interest in the case, speaking at great length in the Assembly, and writing about it with great unction. Simson was in bad health, and Woodrow tells us "was ruffled by his bodily indisposition"; he was not conciliatory to begin with, but in the end was always willing to retract anything he had said, so that the Kirk hardly knew what to do with a man who on the one hand took up a high ground to begin with, and on the other hand pleaded his age and bodily weakness as reasons for mercy; who on the one hand had evi-

dently spoken doubtfully of the Deity of Christ in the Nicene sense, and on the other hand was willing to affirm anything which the Confession of Faith contained or the Church required.

The Supreme Court finally decided that Simson, who had retracted everything in the shape of heresy of which he had been accused, and declared his belief in everything which the Kirk required, should be suspended perpetually from his chair, but should not be deposed from the ministry. They vindicated in this way their orthodoxy, as holding firmly the doctrine of our Lord's deity, and punished Simson for the use of what was at least incautious language ; at the same time, they did not find him guilty, as he had retracted all his errors, and they did not punish him by taking away the emoluments of the chair. The whole discussion, so far as one can gather from contemporary information, was conducted with learning, and the seriousness of the issue was faced. Questions about the principle of self-love and the particular blessings that come through prayer were important in their own way, but not for one moment to be compared with a discussion regarding the Person of Christ. This is the central doctrine of the Christian faith, and the Kirk of Scotland had to decide in the Simson case where she stood. The issue was larger than the opinion of any man ; it would reach further than any particular period. If the Kirk had not taken up and settled this case it would have been understood that the Kirk of Scotland had departed from

the Catholic faith, and that a man might be one of her teachers of divinity, who did not hold in the true sense the deity of Jesus Christ. When the Kirk removed Simson from his chair, notwithstanding the obscurity of his language and his slavish retraction, she declared that no man could serve at her altars unless he were a believer in the deity of Christ, and the Simson deliverance settled the genuine orthodoxy of the Church for all time to come.

This decision did not satisfy certain excellent men, who were jealous for orthodoxy, and who considered that Simson ought to have been deposed. Ultimately every one fell in with the deliverance except Boston, who says in his *Memoirs*, "Finding I durst not acquiesce I arose and said, 'I dissent in my own name, and in the name of all that shall adhere to me'; and finding nobody at all to declare their adherence, I added, 'and for myself alone, if nobody shall adhere.'" Then he read his dissent which declared that as the judgment did not bear a deposition of Mr. Simson from the office of the ministry of teaching and preaching "the Gospel of the blessed God," it was no just testimony of the Church's indignation against the dishonour done "to our glorious Redeemer, the great God, and our Saviour." And then he goes on to describe the striking scene which followed: "Hereupon the Moderator spoke to me very pathetically, and I stood hearing all gravely, without answering, until he said, 'Will you tear out the

bowels of your mother ?' Whereunto I being sensibly touched, replied, ' That if I had the conviction of that being the tendency thereof, I would rather take the paper I read, and tear it in a thousand pieces.' " And in the end, Boston did not insist that his dissent should be entered on the records, because it might have " dangerous consequence to the peace of this Church, which I think myself obliged in conscience to be very tender of." He, adds " which said, I immediately sat down ; and the Assembly seemed to be well satisfied."

Another controversy had preceded the Simson case, in order of time, and forms a complement to that case. If Simson had been suspected as early as 1717 of not holding Calvinistic doctrine in its purity, men of another school, including good Boston himself, were to come under the censure of the Church, which was very jealous about the doctrines of the centre, though inclined to be liberal about the doctrines of the circumference. The Presbytery of Auchterarder, which had ever been the stormy petrel of the local courts, became nervous about the soundness in the faith of candidates for the Holy Ministry, and not only required an applicant for licence to sign the formula prescribed by Church law, but added a test of its own devising, which ran as follows : " I believe that it is not sound and orthodox to teach that we must forsake sin in order to our coming to Christ, and instating us in Covenant with God." When a candidate refused to consent to this test the Presbytery refused to licence

him. An appeal was taken to the Assembly, and the Assembly condemned the Presbytery, and there is no doubt the Presbytery was wrong. It had no right to add any test not required by law, and its statement of doctrine was, to say the least, unfortunate, for it seemed to be a depreciation of holiness. The Assembly declared the proposition to be "unsound and detestable, as it stands, and was offered by the said Presbytery to be subscribed." But this was only the beginning of a movement, and of a controversy almost as serious as that on the Simson case.

A minister in this very Presbytery had read the *Marrow of Modern Divinity* on the recommendation of Boston, and preached a sermon, ventilating such extreme views on Divine grace that he was called before his Presbytery and accused of teaching Antinomianism. He made an apology, but he was not specially contrite, and it was evident that the "Marrow" doctrine was taking hold of the Church. Hog of Carnock, a prominent man among the Evangelicals and a steadfast opponent of the use of the Lord's Prayer in public worship, had published an edition of the *Marrow* in 1718, and Principal Haddow of St. Andrew's, the leader of the Moderates, attacked the *Marrow* in a sermon preached before the Synod of Fife. A committee is appointed by the Assembly "for preserving purity of doctrine, and in 1720, reports that the *Marrow of Modern Divinity* contains five distinct heresies, and a number of most unfortunate expressions." Perhaps the most serious are those

which Woodrow mentions in a letter to his wife, dated May 9, 1722: "That there are no precepts in the Gospel properly and strictly taken, and that holiness is not a federal means of obtaining eternal life." Certain paradoxes in the book were very startling, such as, "A believer doth not commit sin;" "The Lord is not angry with a believer for his sins," and "Nor yet as touching your justification and eternal salvation will God love you ever a whit the less, though you commit never so many or great sins." The Assembly condemned the book in 1720, and in 1722 rebuked twelve ministers who had been defending the "Marrow" doctrine and had addressed a memorial in its defence to the Assembly. This is a case where a great deal could be said on both sides, and in which some latitude of opinion might well be allowed. "The Marrow men" were strong Evangelicals, insisting upon the necessity and the abundance of the Divine grace, by which alone, from first to last, the soul is saved, the life is sanctified.

The majority of the Kirk, which embraced on this occasion both the Moderates and many Evangelicals, were concerned about the moral law, and were afraid lest this daring preaching of grace would lead to ungodly living. They believed indeed with Rabbi Duncan that there is only one heresy, and that is Antinomianism. It is right to take the Marrow and the Simson cases together, especially as the leader of the Kirk on both occasions was Principal Haddow, the representative of the Moderates, and when

the two decisions are placed side by side, one gathers that the Kirk was determined to allow no extreme school to turn her from the middle path of sane faith and good-living. If any one depreciated the deity of Christ, which implied with it the doctrine of salvation, he would be moved from his place; if any one depreciated the duty of obedience to the moral law, and so preached as to make men suppose that they were at liberty to sin, that grace might abound, he would come under her severe censure. In a word, the Church declared that she was neither Socinian nor Antinomian, but that she was Evangelical in the historical and ethical sense of the Catholic faith.

One may turn aside at this point to notice two cases of heresy, separated by more than a quarter of a century, but which, on account of certain common features, may be taken together. In the last year of the preceding century, Dr. George Garden, minister of St. Nicholas Church, Aberdeen, but who had never conformed to the Kirk, was much taken with the opinions of Antoinette Bourignon, a French pietist, who wrote books of a quietist character. Amid the commotion of the period when men were arguing about Church government and suchlike external matters, and when the whole country was filled with irreligious clamour, Garden, who seems to have been a pious man, and belonged to the Aberdeen school, which had given in the seventeenth century saintly scholars like Forbes of Corse, was tired of debate, and found relief in this engaging

mystic. He went the length of defending her views, and the Assembly of 1701, still influenced by the traditions of the hard school, summoned him to the bar, although in reality he was not a minister of the Kirk, and the Kirk had enough to do in supplying vacant parishes with godly ministers without vexing itself with the teaching of this good man.

But the position of Garden was all the more offensive to the Kirk because he insisted, in his simplicity, that the great end of Christianity was to bring us back to the love of God, and to move us to live in charity. This idea was enough to shake confidence both in the French mystic and himself, and the Assembly found that "the writings of Antoinette Bourignon were fraught with impious, pernicious and damnable doctrines," and the Assembly, "being moved with love to the truth of God, and zeal for his glory, as also by an earnest desire to purge this Kirk of error and heresy, and everything that was contrary to sound doctrine," promptly deposed Dr. Garden from the office of the Holy Ministry. They not only did that, but they were so alarmed lest the views of the pious Frenchwoman should take possession of the Kirk, that they inserted a renunciation of Bourignonism in the formula for ordination, so that for some two centuries ministers of the Scots Kirk had to declare that they had no sympathy with the views of this obscure French writer before they could be admitted into her service. One of the historians of the Kirk

of Scotland crowns the absurdity of the situation by asserting that the Assembly which deposed Garden had never read the dangerous writings, and that the account given at the trial was simply a caricature.

About twenty-five years after the Aberdeen minister was deposed for one heresy of mysticism, Glass, the minister of a parish near Dundee, was tried for another. He not only denied the lawfulness of Covenants, which might have been forgiven him, but he went on to push his spiritual theory of the Church to its furthest extreme. He is an interesting figure, because he was the first man in Scotland to hold the voluntary idea of the Church. He advocated independency, and condemned national Churches, and as Woodrow puts it, "Spreading Schism and innovations in a peaceable and united society." Woodrow, who was very racy on the Glass case in his letters to his wife, goes on to tell us about other practices of the minister of Tealing, which astonished the Kirk quite as much as his doctrines: "We have some stories here, as if Mr. Glass and his company were bringing in some surprising novelties;" and he mentions not only saying Amen and the use of the Lord's Prayer, but the holy kiss, and he might have added the washing of feet. Woodrow accuses him of "airs" and "a desire of being noticed for his singularity." He suggests that if he is set upon following the very early practice of some Christians, he might give the Eucharist to infants. But he congratulates him upon his shrewd-

ness in not innovating in doctrine. "Since," Woodrow remarks, with some sarcasm, "there are so many innovations there that it would scarce render him singular." In one letter he writes about Glass and another minister who had been carried away by the same notions: "We hear very wild stories of their kiss of charity and confession of sins, and sending out tradesmen to preach." And later Woodrow, with a rare sense of humour, if it be not unconscious, tells one correspondent, "The poor man (Glass) is still going on in his wildnesses and comical things are taught of his public rebukes for defects and excesses in the Christian kiss he has introduced to his meeting." Glass was a pious and vain man, unwearied in pamphlets, and destitute of commonsense. He founded a little denomination which practises primitive usages, more or less to the present day; but Glass's great achievement was to teach the doctrine of the spirituality of the Kirk, and its separation from the State.

The reference to this simple-minded man brings us to perhaps the most influential controversy of the century, which had nothing to do directly with the faith, but which was profoundly to affect the government of the Church. During this century the theory of the Church was to be modified in two opposite directions, to be lowered and to be heightened. Before the spirit of Puritanism had spread in the North, Scots divines had a high conception of the Church visible. It was the body of Christ in Scotland, with authority to bind and loose, charged

with the duty of preaching pure doctrine, and the oversight of public morals. It was not imagined that there could be two Kirks in Scotland; it was not to be allowed that anyone should leave the Kirk. The nation and Kirk of Scotland were one, and departure from the Church was sin. In those days there were no secessions, for to secede was to leave Christ. When the new leaven spread from England, and the doctrine of the Scots reformers was replaced by the ideas of Brown, gradually Scotsmen began to believe that any body of people meeting in the name of Christ formed a Church; it was not necessary that all men should belong to one Kirk; Christ was just as much in isolated meetings as in the great congregation. As the idea of the one visible Church lost hold upon the popular mind, the bond between her children and the Kirk was loosened and the principle of unity was broken. If any body of ministers did not agree with a decision of the Kirk, instead of submitting to the will of the Church and continuing to plead for a change in her mind, they could leave her fold and start a Church of their own. Once any body of people had learned this lesson there were no limits to the freedom of individualism. The Covenanters in the West formed a Church of their own in the early part of the century, and in 1733 the Erskines set up the Secession Kirk; by and by they split into the Burghers and anti-Burghers over the question of the lawfulness of a civil oath; another Church called the Relief was set up, and the century was to close

with other sub-divisions into Old Lights and New Lights. A mania for division possessed the people, and this indifference to unity sprang from the loss of the idea of the Church.

Side by side with the decay in the sense of unity ran an increase in the sense of spirituality, and the eighteenth century records a struggle, not always conducted with charity, but in its idea profoundly religious, for the deliverance of the Church from civil interference. A principle is one thing, and its practical application is another, and the long battle over, the spiritual independence of the Church turned on the question of patronage. It is a mistake to suppose, and Sir Henry Moncrieff, the biographer of Erskine, makes this clear in an appendix to Erskine's life, that the Kirk of Scotland had insisted from the beginning that the appointment of a minister must be in the hands of the people, and that every congregation had a Divine right to elect its minister.

The important Acts on this matter are 1567, which on the one hand secured to the Church the examination and admission of ministers, and on the other secured to the patron the presentation of the ministers; the Act of 1592, which bound Presbyteries to admit any qualified minister presented by the lawful patron; and the Act of 1690, which confirmed former Acts, but took the right of presentation from the ancient patrons, and conferred it upon the heritors and elders of the respective parishes. Under this Act the people might object,

and in that case the decision was left in the hands of the Presbytery ; but up to this date, the people had not obtained the right of election, nor had they claimed it as an inalienable privilege. In 1712 an Act was passed by the British Parliament restoring the presentation to the ancient patrons, and while there were political reasons for this step, two arguments had much force. One was that while any parish between 1690 and 1712 could by the payment of £33 have secured for itself the right of patronage from the hands of the former patron, only two, or at the most four, availed themselves of the opportunity ; and secondly, between 1690 and 1712 there had been a hundred cases of disputed settlement. It was therefore contended that the people were not very keen to have the power in their own hands, and that when they had it, it was not very wisely used. The restoration of lay-patronage, was, however, very unpopular in Scotland, and the Church protested loudly. For a while there were not many disputes, because patrons were not anxious to force their rights, and the Moderate party had not embarked upon their policy of compulsion ; but the material was ready for an explosion, and the match was set by Ebenezer Erskine, who took upon him the responsibility of breaking the unity of the Scots Kirk and inaugurating the policy of Secession. He was a man of pronounced opinions, a non-juror and a believer in the *Marrow of Divinity*. He was also a powerful preacher, and devoted to the cause of the people. Two thousand com-

municants used to go on occasion to his country parish to receive the Sacrament at his hands, and his character was one of integrity and piety. He was quite untouched with the modern spirit which was beginning to affect the Church, and was as keen for the punishment of witches as any minister of the preceding century. Before 1730 serious trouble had arisen over patronage, and the Church Courts were occupied with cases. In 1731 it was proposed that in every case where the patron had not appointed, and the duty fell upon the Presbytery, they should act upon a call to be given to the minister by the heritors—that is, landowners—and by the elders, and this proposal was passed into law in 1732.

The battle now began between two parties—those who held that the call should be restricted to the two classes mentioned, and those who held that the call should be given by the heads of families or, as it came to be, the whole body of the people. Erskine began now to preach the right of the people to elect their pastors, and to make inflammatory appeals, in which he drew comparisons between the man with the gold ring and the gay clothing—that is to say, the land owner—and the man with vile raiment and a poor attire—that is to say, the mass of the people. Going from strength to strength, or perhaps one may say without offence, from violence to violence, he preached a sermon on October 10, 1732, as Moderator of the Synod of Perth and Stirling, which gave deep offence and

threw the Kirk into a ferment. He took for his text, "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is made the headstone of the corner;" and he asserted, to quote Dr. MacEwen, his recent admirable biographer, "that the builders of the Church of Scotland had for many years with increasing disloyalty been rejecting Christ"; that men were brought into parishes who "snuffed the light of Christ out of the Church with flourishes of morality"; and he boldly declared that the recent act of the Church, which he judged to be worse than the act of the State, was "inconsistent with the principles and practices of the best reformed Churches, asserted in their confessions of faith, and particularly with the known principles of this Church, asserted in our books of discipline, which we are bound by solemn Covenant to maintain."

For this sermon he was censured by the Synod, and afterwards rebuked and admonished by the Moderator of the Assembly. As Erskine and three other ministers who joined with him, continued insubordinate, they were suspended from the ministry, and as every offer of conciliation was refused by them, the Commission of Assembly loosed them from their charges, and declared them no longer members of the Kirk. They were offered another opportunity of making their peace, but instead of seizing, it, they declared their intention to secede from the Established Church of Scotland, or rather, as they put it, having still a respect for the ancient doctrine of the one Kirk, from "the

prevailing party in this established Church, who have now cast us out from ministerial communion with them, are carrying on a course of defection from our reformed and Covenanted principles, therefore we do for these and many other weighty reasons to be laid open in due time, protest that we are obliged to make a Secession from them, and that we can have no ministerial communion with them till they see their sin and mistakes, and amend them." On December 6, 1733, at a little hamlet three miles from Kinross, they constituted themselves into a Presbytery, and this was the first real division in the Kirk of Scotland, and like others which were to follow it, had its cause in the burning question of patronage.

Under the influence of the past the Erskines protested that they were not schismatics, and that they were not sinning against the unity of the Church—just as in the nineteenth century the Free Church of the Disruption claimed to be the real Church of Scotland—and they proposed to make an appeal "to the first free, faithful and reforming General Assembly of the Church of Scotland." But academic theories are one thing, and the circumstances of life are another, and it was inevitable that sooner or later, those who left the established Kirk, should become rival institutions, and at last not only abandon all hope of returning to the Establishment, but under the influence of a new theory of the Church, demand that the connexion between Church and State should cease. It is open to con-

tend, as Robertson and the Moderates did, that lay-patronage secured a more cultured ministry, and in the end a quieter Church ; it is also open to contend that popular election secures the interest of the people and an Evangelical ministry. But one thing may be granted, that those who protested against patronage and suffered for its abolition, had before them an inspiring spiritual ideal that was to deliver the Church, which Christ purchased with His own blood, from the tyranny of the State, and to make the Lord Jesus supreme Ruler in His own House.

THE PIETY OF THE CENTURY

VIII

THE PIETY OF THE CENTURY

IT is easier to record the facts of a man's life than to appreciate the traits of his character ; after the same fashion one has much less difficulty in estimating the external than the internal history of a people. But it is only when one passes behind the screen of public incidents and written laws and meets with the people, as they think and feel, that he can value them by an ethical standard. It is the intimate journal of a nation which is their true history. The student of our century has the more difficulty in appreciating Scots life, because he may be deceived by an exterior unsightliness which is only its husk, and not have the perseverance to pierce to the core. A visitor to Edinburgh in that century would be daunted by the huge piles of building on the High Street, and his heart might fail him as he climbed the black malodorous stair ; and yet great people lived in that repulsive environment. This house is the town residence of a Scots noble whose ancestors made history, and next door to him lives a judge whose name is preserved unto this day for his wit and learning ; next floor can be found the charming authoress of one of our

most popular ballads; and across the landing may be a writer who has changed the current of thought for a century; while on the ground floor, a little earlier, Allan Ramsey could be seen any day dressing wigs in his shop. There will be cosy dinner parties in those houses, such as that to which Johnson was invited by Boswell when he lived in James Court, and good talk with Principal Robertson and Dr. Hugh Blair, with John Home and David Hume. It was humble living, except perhaps in the way of drink and high thinking. However uncleanly Edinburgh of that time might be it was a place of intellectual light and philosophical guidance.

So if one takes a purely historical view of Scots religion in this period, and is satisfied with its characteristic incidents, such as the recurring prosecutions for heresy, the interminable controversies on minute points of doctrine, the personal eccentricities of famous men, and the amazing testimonies against error, together with a variety of superstitions, which were not peculiar to Scotland, but seemed to have been flung into relief by her annalists, he can never do justice to Scots piety. He must accept those facts and allow them their due influence, but he must also discover the spirit of which they were only the faulty outcome. If men quarrelled over doctrine, it was because doctrine stated something they believed in the marrow of their bones; and if they were willing to make sacrifices for what we would call absurd scruples, it was

because they were terribly in earnest ; and if in that century men played the hypocrite exceedingly, it was the tribute which they felt obliged to pay to the habits of genuine piety. Piety in the eighteenth century had not thrown off the bonds of the seventeenth, and for the first half of the century, at least, its intellectual outlook was limited ; the conventions of good people had peculiarities which have been welcome material to gay-minded historians. But tried by the one test of religion, the thirst of the soul for God, this century is justified in her saints. And if one takes an impartial view, throwing in the shadows which must go with the light, he will not estimate the religion of the eighteenth century lightly or contemptuously.

Suppose we note one or two points which occur to the mind on a general survey, and which may help a student to relate the form of piety to its environment. The religion of the heart must have a certain relation to the ideas of the mind, and piety can never be therefore entirely disentangled from doctrine. The soul does not rise with the wings of a bird to that table-land where the saints walk with God, but rather climbs an arduous way by traditions and forms, by ancient habits of worship, and ancient statements of truth. And apart from those the character of the people must be taken into account, since the way in which it is accustomed to think and feel tinges its attitude to the Eternal. The Scot of the eighteenth century did not begin afresh ; he was a child of the past.

He had been brought up for the most part on the Covenant theology of Witsius, which was either sappy or arid, according as there was spiritual genius in the [man. The preceding century had also raised so many fine points of conscience, that he had inherited a conscience which was not only tender but morbid. What between a pragmatistical theology and a wire-drawn casuistry, with his own inborn tendency to debate, was it wonderful that the religious spirit in the eighteenth century was sometimes almost strangled? If it was a narrow channel in which the controversies were confined the water ran the more violently, and the very force of religion made men more intensely bitter.

No one can deny the genuine piety of the leaders of the Secession; it was partly because they were spiritual men that they did make "A Secession from the Judicatories of the Established Church;" but there is no doubt that in doing so they brought to a finer edge their scrupulosity. They worked themselves, to take one instance, into a feverish condition over the question of the relation of Church and State and very soon they fell out over a Burgess Oath. The terms of this oath varied in different towns, but the Edinburgh form may be quoted as, according to Dr. MacEwen, it was reckoned the most offensive. "Heir I Protest befor God and your Lordship, that I profess and allow with my hairt, the trew religion qlk at this present is publictlie preachit within this realme, and authorizit be the lawes thair of: I sall abyde therat and defend

the samyn to my lifis end, renouncing the Roman religion callit papistrie." The question was whether the true religion was now publicly preached ; one party of Seceders held it was, and they were willing to take the oath ; the others held it was not and they formed themselves into an Anti-Burgher Synod, and promptly tried and finally excommunicated the rest of their brethren, " handing them over to Satan and declaring that they should be ' holden by the faithful as heathen men and publicans.' "

Among the excommunicated were the two Erskines who had led the Secession, and they and their friends formed the Burgher Synod. It was many a long year before the two bodies united. And much of their energy after the breach, as it was called, was expended in grotesque discussions and bitter personalities. But if one desires to estimate the character of the Erskines, he will turn from this pitiable disruption to the sermons by which they saved a multitude of souls, to the Sacramental occasions when thousands attended to show forth the Lord's death, in this case with reverent and Godly fear, and no suggestion of a " Holy Fair " ; and to the diary which Ebenezer Erskine left behind him. It is only the historian who will occupy his time with the dispute between Burghers and Anti-Burghers, but every minister of the Evangel will find the life and diary of Ebenezer Erskine to be green pastures for his soul.

Perhaps the most astounding controversy which ever arose in Scotland was over a point of absolute

indifference in the administration of the Lord's Supper. Certain ministers lifted the elements in their hands before the consecration prayer, and others did not lift them till they gave the Sacrament to the Communicants. As Mr. David Smyton, minister at Kilmaurs did lift, he insisted that his was the right fashion and desired that the Synod of the Secession Church should order that the Sacrament be administered in this way. When the Synod refused, Mr. Smyton renounced their authority and the Synod suspended him from the ministry, and it was not for some years, and not without much negotiation, that this question was laid to rest. Here again one may enlarge upon the absurdity of attaching so much importance to a question of ritual, but in the long view one rather recognizes the profound reverence for the Sacrament which proved the high place which the Sacrament held among the pious people of the Kirk.

Over against this scrupulosity amongst Seceders there was a suspicious liberality in the Established Church. The objection to subscription which had taken possession of a large party in England, both in the Established Church and the Dissenters, had found its way into Scotland. Principal Leechman of Glasgow, and Principal Wishart of Edinburgh were not likely to be troubled about minute points of doctrine, while Principal Robertson had such a dislike to those discussions, and yet was so sure that they were coming, that he abandoned the leadership of the Church. Men were fretting

up and down the land under the bonds of the Confession of Faith. When Dr. Johnson visited Calder Manse, he had an argument with the minister on this question. "Mr. Macaulay," according to Boswell, "began a rhapsody against creeds and confessions." Dr. Johnson, who was a sound Conservative in all his views, insisted that what the minister called imposition "was only a voluntary declaration of agreement in certain articles of faith which a Church has a right to require, just as any other society can insist on certain rules being observed by its members." When Macaulay could not be driven out of his track, Dr. Johnson said "Sir, you are a bigot to laxness." Certain good men were bigots to narrowness, and other good men were bigots to broadness, but on the whole Scots religion of that period had distinguished itself by unnecessary debates and unreasonable divisions. There was a spirit of theological Provincialism which fettered large provinces of the Kirk, and there has always been, as the late Principal Cairns admirably remarks, "A forgetfulness of spiritual perspective in confounding the great and the small." This has always been a weak side of Scots religion.

Nor may one deny a certain credulity in the public mind which was fostered by contemporary piety. In 1717 a minister near Elgin fell into a trance and was carried to the Parish Church to be buried. He made at the last moment a noise in the coffin, and to the astonishment of all present was

found to be alive. When he came to himself he "related many strange things which he had seen in the other world." In the same year certain barbers were celebrating the Pretender's birthday over a bottle of ale, and when a great thunder-clap broke over the house, one of them profanely said "The people on earth will not adore their King, but you hear the Almighty is complimenting him with a volley from Heaven." He had no sooner said this than there came a second stroke which killed one of the barbers—as a judgment, it was understood, upon his blasphemy. When Charteris, a notorious profligate died, there happened the night he died a prodigious hurricane, which the vulgar ascribed to his death. Among the pious people of the North there was no limit to the practical achievements of prayer. Three distinguished Christians are asked to intercede for an epileptic, and one of them gave his assurance that their petition was granted, and "the young man was never afterwards attacked as he had been before."

A child of six years old is lying at the point of death when a man with the reputation of a seer enters the house, and delivers this oracle: "E'er the tide that now ebbs shall have touched the shore again, your child shall be no more." The child, however, knew that the man was a messenger of Satan, and when the father returned from his place of prayer he ordered the seer out of the house. "The messenger of Satan lieth," the father said to the mother; "the Lord hath given me the life of my

child," and in course of time the child became a distinguished minister. It was laid upon a certain godly man that one of his friends had no meal in his chest, and he prayed for three days and a half that his friend's chest might be filled, and when he visited him he found three and a half boles of meal had been delivered by a friend; "but what a pity," the other man said, "that you did not complete the prayers of the fourth day, for on the three preceding days I got a bole a day and only half a bole on the fourth day." One of the eminent ministers of that time rose suddenly from dinner and went hurriedly to a wood, where there was a small lake. He found there a woman distracted and despairing who was about to commit suicide, and he not only saved her from death, but was the means of her conversion. Those instances of simple belief in the supernatural, which might be largely recruited from the provinces of ghosts and witches, suggest that piety had more earnestness than intelligence.

But the confidence with which good people carried their wants to God in those days, as children turn to their Heavenly Father, is better than that modern state of mind which oscillates between crass denial of everything which is not physical, and the most infantile acceptance of spiritualistic trickery. If we do not smile at that fine picture by Sogliani, where St. Dominic is represented returning thanks among his monks for an empty table while angels are bringing the food,

why should we despise the ingenuous piety of an age which had not yet been brow-beaten by the authority of physical science, and had not yet learned the helplessness of the Eternal amid His own works.

Piety has its fashions which vary with the age, and while in the eighteenth century it certainly was deficient in philanthropy and did little for the social well-being of the people, it was diligent in worship, and laid great stress upon personal prayer. Ministers not only prayed at great length themselves, except a wise man like Principal Carstares, but they drilled their people, and compelled them to pray in their presence. That masterful minister of the Highlands, Mr. Pope, had such authority over his people that one man who had never held family worship, promised to be ready in a twelvemonth with a suitable prayer. When the minister came on the following year Sutherland said "I'm ready for ye now," and without further prelude he went down upon his knees and uttered aloud a long Gaelic prayer. Scarcely had the last syllable ceased when he started up again and said "Now, sir, what think ye of that?" "Oh! my friend," Mr. Pope replied, "it will never do; you must begin again if you would learn to pray aright." Sutherland was amazed. "It won't do, do you say, sir? I have spent a whole year in making up that prayer, and rather than lose my labour if it winna do for a prayer I'll break it down and make two graces of it." And to the day of his death the

blessing before meat was implored in the words of the first part of his prayer, and thanks returned in the words of the second. Whether men wished to pray or not they had to make a form of it in that century, and in the Lowlands at least to conduct family worship.

When the landlord of Robert Fergusson the poet used to come home fearfully intoxicated and insist upon taking family worship, Fergusson would hide himself in a neighbouring closet and frighten the disreputable sinner with sounds suggestive of judgment. Whether it was the prayer closet or oratory of the house, is not said, but every house had such a place, and young men coming to live as apprentices were expected to go there for private devotion. Unfortunately for one apprentice, the sanctuary was so near the kitchen that he was overcome by the savour of a roasted fowl, which had been prepared for his master's supper, and he discussed it himself. When his master returned the apprentice could not deny his guilt, but could only plead the temptation. "But what business had you in the closet at all, sir?" asked his master. "I went there to pray, sir," replied the humble penitent. "To pray! Pray where you like, man," replied the exasperated master, "but I'll take care after this that you will never pray within reach of my supper." Perhaps it had been better if the saints of that century had remembered that doing good is also prayer, and had bestirred themselves to deliver those who were in bondage; it would also have

been a good thing if they had not by their censures compelled men to do what they did not want to do, and to pretend to feel what they did not feel, and in this formalism lay one of the faults of their religious life. We have gone to the other extreme of fussy activity and shallow externalism, and it is both a rebuke and a revelation to read the diaries and biographies of the eighteenth century, and to learn how the spirit of prayer pervaded the life of Christians.

They prayed on rising up and on lying down, at set periods of the day,' and during the interstices of work; they brought before God in prayer their daily necessities, the work they had to do, the health of their children, the welfare of their friends; over such great questions as their life-calling or their marriage, or any change of sphere, or any public duty they wrestled for months, going into the most minute details. They marked the answers to prayer, and the refusals; they tried to gather the mind of God about each matter and to learn His will for the future; they recognised chastisements for some fault and humbled themselves immediately before Him; they accepted unexpected blessings as the shining of His face, and praised Him instantly. And far into the nineteenth century there remain certain beautiful habits of the days before, when in country places the farmer and his wife would retire daily to their room to be alone with God. The eighteenth century can teach us nothing in service and little in preaching; its

public worship was bald and unattractive, but the best men of that day knew how to pray, and the fragrance of their devotions is felt in their lives. When Boston finds his teeth dropping out of his head one by one, and collects them carefully against the resurrection, we can only smile, but when we find him living all his life in devotion before his God we can only envy him ; when Erskine is gravely concerned about the danger of witchcraft, we turn aside, but when we overhear Erskine wrestling for his family or his parish, we wish that we stood as near to God.

Upon one subject the religious opinion of the day was bitterly divided, and that was over those phenomena of the spiritual life which in our day we call revivals, but which were then 'described as a "Wark," which meant an extraordinary manifestation of God's power. From time to time religion was revived by the preaching of the word, and parishes like Ettrick in the South, and Loch Carron in the North were changed as when the wilderness blossoms like the rose, and all God-fearing men acknowledged the presence of the Divine Spirit. But there was seen a "Wark" at Cambuslang, not far from Glasgow, which was altogether by itself, and which caused the greatest controversy. The same debate also embraced the Evangelistic missions which Whitefield conducted in Scotland. When things were at their height at Cambuslang it is said that thirty thousand people were present ; services went on almost

without ceasing ; the people burst into tears and were thrown to the ground ; they confessed their sins with loud cries and called for mercy. There had indeed never been witnessed such scenes in Scotland, and everyone asked what those things meant. There were three answers, and the first, which was given by the Rationalistic party, may be left out of account. They regarded such phenomena as a form of hysteria, which was the result of wild doctrine and whose subjects were foolish people ; no such excitement was possible under the preaching of a man like Carlyle, whose sermons David Hume used to describe as Cicero's academics.

At the other extreme of theology the Seceders were even keener in denouncing the Cambuslang Wark ; they were influenced partly by prejudice because this revival had taken place under the preaching of ministers of the Established Church, which they considered to be corrupt, and had also been brought to a height by Whitefield's sermons, against whom as a priest of the Church of England the Seceders were lifting a stalwart testimony. But it is just to acknowledge that men like the Erskines had other reasons for standing in doubt of this religious outbreak. They were reasonable preachers of the Gospel, appealing to a man's mind as well as to his emotions, and building up their hearers in sound faith ; they were therefore suspicious of that kind of preaching which traded so largely upon the feelings, and aimed so much at

impression. Ralph Erskine distinguished between "A close silent attention, with gravity and greediness," and "the whole multitude in a flood of tears, all as it were crying out at once," and he very properly adds, "the more solid and judicious part of the auditory are seldom so noisy, though perhaps more affected inwardly." One concludes on the whole that the Seceders, apart from their foolish attack on Whitefield and the extremity of their language, took that view of the Cambuslang Wark which is most characteristic of the Scots mind. The middle view was taken by the Evangelical party, who gave a most cordial welcome to Whitefield, and who threw themselves into the revival. Dr. Webster, tearing himself away from some conviviality, welcomed Whitefield at Leith Pier, and assisted with much unction at the Cambuslang services.

It was quite in keeping with the theology of this party that they should give every countenance to the revival, and one feels sure that their preaching would lend itself much better to such services than that of either the Moderates or the Seceders. But it is no slander to suggest that the Evangelicals under Dr. Webster's astute leadership, were not sorry to avail themselves of this movement for establishing the credit of the Established Church, and showing that the work of the Lord was not the monopoly of the Seceders. Every such movement must be tried by its results, and it is interesting to learn that in 1751, nine years after the religious

awakening, the minister of Cambuslang bears high witness to the conduct of the converts—"That they have abandoned swearing, drinking, covetousness, and selfishness, and that they have given themselves to prayer, reading the Bible, and that they have also 'got a public spirit, and zealous concern for promoting the Kingdom and glory of Christ.'"

As might be expected, Scots piety in this century exhibited both the hardness and the tenderness which are blended in Scots character. Heresy proceedings were conducted with such stringency and indifference to the rights of the accused that Dr. Calamy, the eminent English Dissenter, said in conversation in the General Assembly that he was reminded of the Roman Inquisition, and the criticism flew round the Church to the amusement of one party and the scandal of the other. For a Scots Court in those days (and one wishes that the same charge could not be brought to-day) had no regard for the rights of the accused, but would ask him ensnaring questions and use his answers against himself. Saintly men took the most uncharitable view of God, believing Him to be the jealous Deity of the old Testament idea, visiting any neglect with judgment and any excess of affection for an earthly friend by bereavement. Boston imagined his Heavenly Father to be much more irritable and much less charitable than he was himself. The severity of God cast a gloom over Scots homes; and yet piety had its own romance even in those grim days. Hepburn was so turbulent a Covenanter that the

Kirk had at last to remove him from his parish; a correspondent of Carstares describes him as that madman . . . "having a great fervency in expression and unweariable lungs." But when Hepburn was confined in the Tolbooth prison, and was preaching out of a window, the daughter of the Lord Advocate of that day passed by, and being much impressed by Hepburn's appearance and earnestness, fell in love with him, and they were afterwards married. Adam Gib was the dourest of Seceders, and the dryest of theologians—though Dr. Walker the historian of Scots theology has a profound admiration for his ability—but Gib wrote his covenant with God in his own blood. When his father, being displeased with the conduct of his eldest son, left his property to Gib, that high-minded gentleman asked his brother whether he would amend his life and live as his father had desired, and on his brother declaring that he would, Gib tore up the will and handed back the property.

Michael Bruce, the poet, was a student of divinity in the Secession Kirk, and died in his twenty-second year, having left the "Ode to the Cuckoo" which Edmund Burke declared to be "the most beautiful lyric in our language," and also several paraphrases which are sung at Scots worship to this day. Death had a gloomy face in that century, but when Lawson the Secession Professor of Divinity visited Michael Bruce upon his death-bed, Bruce's eyes were shining like lamps in a sepulchre, and when Lawson was amazed to see him so cheerful, and said, "I am afraid

you cannot last long," the poet answered, "Why should not a man be cheerful on the verge of Heaven? You remind me," he continued, "of the story of the Irishman who was told that his hovel was about to fall, and I answer with him, 'Let it fall, it is not mine.'" Boston may refer to his marriage in the most chastened fashion, yet when thirty years had passed, he bears a testimony to his wife, who had been most of the time an invalid, which few women can have received from their husbands: "A stately, beautiful, and comely personage . . . a woman of bright natural parts, wise and affable in conversation, having a good faculty at speaking, and endowed with a singular dexterity in dictating of letters . . . finally a crown to me in my public station and appearances," and he adds with the passion of a lover, "her beauty (notwithstanding her long illness) doth as yet now and then show some vestiges of itself." Never has any nation been so sensible and so sentimental as the Scots; never has any piety been more severe and in the depths thereof more affectionate.

Among the public men who guided or hindered religion in that eighteenth century one may select certain types of piety, and one of the most convincing is presented by the founder of the Secession Kirk, Ebenezer Erskine. It was the custom of his day, and in this matter he was following the example of Pascal, to make a personal covenant with God, and the following, written and subscribed with his own hand, was found among his papers:

“O my God because I have so often broken my covenant of duty with Thee (though blessed be Thy Name, Thy Covenant of grace with my surety can never be broken), I do this day ratify and renew it, and earnestly desire grace from Thee, O Lord, to keep it in another manner than I have done. I being of myself weak and insufficient for anything, do again earnestly desire and crave that Thou wilt deal with me according to Thine own sweet promise, on which I lay my soul’s salvation, and remember the word, O faithful God, recorded in Ezek. xxxvi. 26: ‘A new heart also will I give thee; and a new spirit will I put within thee; I will take away the stony heart out of thy flesh:’ on which words thou hast caused thy servant to hope. In the faith that Thou wilt fulfil Thy word, I renew and ratify my former covenant. Wherefore I not only with my hand, but with my heart, set to my name, Ebenezer Areskine, thy sworn servant!” This covenant flowered into a secret fellowship with the Eternal, such as the saints only know, as he lay in his closet bed sleeping: “I thought in my sleep that I got my head thrust out of time into eternity, and O what ravishing glory did I then behold. I thought I saw nothing but glory, glory, and that I could see no corporeal form or representation of anything, but only my heart leapt and beat and panted within me, to have more and more of this glory, and to be swallowed up for ever in it.” On another night he was in such a heavenly frame that he grudged the necessity of sleep. “Yet the Lord did not leave

me, even when I was sleeping, for I found Him coming in upon my soul, as it were enlarging and widening itself to receive more of the Lord." Of another night he writes in his diary, "I dreamed that I was at Jerusalem, and I sung in my sleep the words of the Psalmist :

Jerus'lem as a city is,
Compactly built together.

I remembered that this city was a type of the Church of Christ, and that Christ had now come, and had done His work, making sacrifice and oblation to cease." One morning he records, "When I awakened I was full of awful impressions of God; the Lord made glorious discoveries of Himself unto me, I thought He was in me and about me." Of a wakeful night he writes, "It pleased the Lord to make it for the most part a sweet time to me; I think that the flames of love to Christ in the heart . . . would do much to mitigate and extinguish the flames of hell—they burn so sweetly and strongly." About five o'clock in the morning, while he is meditating, God visits him. "What high thought had I of God and of Christ; oh! to be where Christ is, and where the glorious company of the redeemed are. How welcome will Christ make me when I come to Heaven, how will angels welcome me. How will the saints of God welcome me, and how sweetly will they and I join together in singing the praises of the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world. Oh to be above with Christ." It must not be supposed, however, that Erskine was simply the subject of sublime emotions, for his faith, as became a strong

divine, rested not upon feelings, but on facts. When someone by way of comforting him, said "I hope you get now and then a blink to bear up your spirit under your affliction," he promptly returned this spirited reply: "I know more of words than of blinks, the covenant is my charter, and if it had not been for that blessed word, my hope and strength had perished from the Lord." Another friend, surprised at his serenity before death, put the question, "Sir, are you not afraid of your sins?" "Indeed no," was his answer, "ever since I knew Christ I have never thought highly of my frames and duties, nor am I *slavishly* afraid of my sins." His assurance for the future he expressed in this beautiful image: "I know that when my soul forsakes this tabernacle of clay it will fly as naturally to my Saviour's bosom as the bird to its beloved nest." That uncompromising controversialist, Adam Gib, once asked a minister whether he had ever heard Erskine preach. When the minister answered in the negative, Gib rejoined, "Well, then, sir, you never heard the Gospel in its majesty." But there was majesty in his preaching because there was majesty in the man. When he was not far from his end, and was told that his beloved brother Ralph had crossed the river, Erskine said with great emotion: "And is Ralph gone? he has twice got the start of me, he was first in Christ, and now he is first in glory."

As one reads those glowing extracts from Erskine's diary he is reminded that the Scots Kirk has shared with the Roman Church a school of profoundly emo-

tional piety ; there are two manuals of devotion which may be well placed together in one's library—Faber's *Precious Blood* and Rutherford's *Letters*. Nowhere, except from the lips of the more passionate Roman preachers, have such moving words been addressed to Christian people as at the celebration of the Sacrament in the Scots Kirk. It has been on those high occasions when Christ is set forth visibly crucified in the bread and wine that the *Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* has burned into a white heat, and Scots ministers have burst the bonds of academic doctrine and national reserve and magnified the love of the Lord, as a bride would speak of her bridegroom.

There has come down from the eighteenth century a Sacramental Directory which has no rival in the literature of the Kirk. It was written by John Willison, a minister of Dundee, and first published in the year 1716, and finally passed from his hands with certain additions in 1740. In the introduction he bemoans the infrequency of celebration in the Kirk, which had sunk from four times a year after the Reformation until at last it came to once in two or three years. He endeavours to persuade the Church to what he calls frequent dispensing, and the people to frequent receiving by the example of the Apostolic Church, in which the breaking of bread was "a constant concomitant to the Apostle's doctrine and prayer, and of the ancient Church till the fifth century when the Holy Supper was celebrated every Lord's Day, and the Lord's Day

was called on that account the Day of Bread." He refers to the fact that the Lord's Supper in some places was dispensed every day in the week, but in this matter he agrees with Saint Augustine. "I neither praise nor dispraise daily receiving of the Lord's Supper, but I would have all men to communicate each Lord's Day." He reviews the practice of the Reformed Churches, and severely condemns the Roman custom which enjoins men to communicate once a year; he pleads that the Church of Scotland "which so much abhors all Popish customs will at length throw out this annual communicating as well as they have done others." Finally he deals with the arguments against frequent celebration, both theoretical and practical, in very masterly fashion. "As he prayeth best and with most delight that prayeth oftenest, so a worthy Communicant increaseth in the love of God and of religion the oftener he receives. I cannot think this blessed Sacrament will be under-valued by frequent repetition, except by persons most unworthy who ought not to be much regarded; for no true-hearted Israelite would loathe this heavenly manna because it is common and afforded us in plenty." In the directory itself he gives minute directions of the most edifying character concerning the necessity of frequent communicating, of solemn preparation, of self-examination, of sorrow for sin, of meditation upon the death of Christ and suchlike exercises. He then advises with the same insight how the Communicant should prepare himself on the day of celebration, instructing

him to rise earlier that morning "seeing you have an extraordinary work in hand," and giving a meditation for his first hour. He then shows how to get faith and love quickened before going to Church "by viewing the sufferings and love of Christ," and how to get our souls in a suitable frame for approaching this Holy Table. He has directions "concerning our carriage when the time of receiving the Sacrament doth approach, when the Communicants are at the Lord's Table," and he has meditations on the various "Sacramental elements, actions and words." He follows up those directions with twelve "concerning our behaviour after partaking," which are not only very spiritual but also very practical, as well as genial and kindly, and the directory concludes with a set of meditations for the Communicant before partaking, when partaking, and after partaking. And one of those I quote as representative of Willison's standpoint and style as well as of that fine vein of Sacramental piety which has touched with spiritual beauty the austere worship of the Scots Church.

MEDITATION III.

"Oh now let the sight of a bleeding Saviour make me a weeping sinner! Had I been upon Mount Calvary and seen my dear Lord racked and nailed to the tree, had I seen Him lifted up, beheld His dying looks and heard His dying groans, and seen His blood for many hours run from His hands and feet to the earth. Oh could I have stood by with

dry eyes or an unconcerned heart, especially when I had considered that He suffered all this in my room and for my sins . . . Oh what kind of blood is it that I see running down, is it not innocent blood ! precious blood ! heart blood ! Nay, the blood of the Son of God, every drop whereof is of infinite value, and yet all shed for such vile worms and traitors as I am ! Oh can I see this blood run down in streams and my eyes not pour out some drops ! Shall I not give drops of water for streams of blood ! ”

Or this again from Meditation IV as the time draws nearer for communicating.

“ Now is the time for me to draw near to my crucified Jesus. Lord I will not stand afar off and look to Thee as those who followed Thee from Galilee to the Cross ; no, I will come close to Thee and take a near and narrow look at Thy wounds, and hear what they say when like so many mouths they are wide open to speak to me . . . Methinks I hear the language of the two wounds in His hands, saying Come to Me and I will embrace you. Methinks I hear the language of the wounds in His feet, Run to Me, cast yourselves down at them and I will protect you from the avenger of blood. I hear the wound in His side saying, Look into my heart and see it burning with love ; flee to me, oh trembling dove, and I'll shelter thee in the cleft of the rock ; behold the window opens in the side of the Ark Lord, I obey Thy voice to me ; I quit all other shelters and take my flight to these open

wounds and clefts ; Lord, this is my rest and here I will stay, neither earth nor hell shall ever pluck me from this rest. Oh ! that when I see how cheerfully the crucified Christ opened His heart and wounds to shelter me from justice, I may willingly open my heart to receive my wounded friend, and entertain him with the best I have. Awake, oh my graces, faith, love and repentance. What, can ye not watch with my dearest Saviour for one hour ?” If Carstares be the statesman of the Kirk and Robertson its man of letters, and Boston its ideal pastor, Willison is the mystic of the eighteenth century and Erskine the most representative type of sound spiritual character.

One may not forget in introducing those saints of the Kirk that holiness was not confined in that century to men of the Presbyterian order. When the century opened, the Roman Catholics, except in the Highlands, were an insignificant remnant, and were enduring the most severe civil disabilities. Their worship was proscribed and they were denied the rights of citizens. They could not inherit property ; what they had could be seized by any relative who turned Protestant. An effort to redress their wrongs and give them liberty roused a fury of opposition in Scotland, and endangered the life of Principal Robertson. During those dark days the few Catholics were ministered to by a number of devoted priests and there was given to them a Bishop who reconstituted the Roman Church in Scotland, and whose career was as romantic as

his character was beautiful. George Hay was a Protestant and a medical student at Edinburgh when the battle of Prestonpans was fought and Prince Charles sent to Edinburgh for surgical assistance. Hay responded to the call and was with the Jacobite Army for four months. He was afterwards arrested as a rebel and was for some time a prisoner in London. During that time he became in intention a Catholic, and was received into the Roman Church on his return to Scotland in 1748 by Father Seton the Jesuit. He then completed his medical studies, and was admitted a member of the Royal Medical Society. As no Catholic could then obtain his diploma, Hay served as a surgeon on a foreign vessel. Under the advice of a distinguished Roman Bishop he abandoned medicine and studied for eight years in the Scots College at Rome.

In 1758 he was ordained a priest by Cardinal Spennelli and entered on his life-work in Scotland. In 1769 he succeeded Bishop Grant who is described as "full of zeal and the love of God," and was consecrated Prelate. According to the latest historian of the Catholic Church in Scotland he was "a man of prayer and true piety, while utterly without assumption," and "he braved for more than half a century the numberless perils and fatigues which were inseparably bound up with the Episcopal office." By his appeals to English Catholics he obtained a considerable sum for the relief of his impoverished mission, and he issued a reprint of

Chaloner's translation of the Bible. In 1776 he published a book on the Scripture doctrine of miracles, and did his best to combat the views of Hume, for which his acquaintance with natural science gave him considerable facility. But the books by which he is known unto this day and which are deeply valued among Catholics are *The Sincere Christian*, *The Devout Christian* and the *Pious Christian*. (For Catholic disabilities see Belleshiem, Vol. IV. 231.)

During Bishop Hay's day the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr appointed a general fast day in view of "the astonishing progress of this detestable, cruel and unjust superstition," by which the Reverend Court meant Catholicism, and the result was that the Glasgow mob rifled the Catholic place of worship and assaulted the worshippers. In Edinburgh, Bishop Hay writes, no Catholic could appear abroad without being pointed at, with these or similar cries: "See the Papist, the black Papist, shoot him, kill him," and in February '79 the Catholic Chapelhouse was wrecked. Bishop Hay arrived when the flames had reached their height, and observing the unusual crowd asked an old woman what it meant. "Oh sir," was the reply, "we are burning the Popish Chapel, and we only wish we had the Bishop to throw into the fire." In the same month Bishop Hay sent out a pastoral letter from which we make the following extract to show what manner of man was this devoted and Apostolic pastor of souls. "We earnestly beseech you all not

to be discouraged under the afflicting hand of God, but to put your trust in His all powerful goodness, who when He is angry remembers mercy, and when He chastises us as children for our sins, intends at the same time our greater advancement in virtue Above all things we enjoin you not to allow the smallest resentment to enter your hearts against those who injure us : Remember they are only the instruments in the hand of God who like a tender Father chastises us His children by their means, but who could not touch a hair of our heads except as in as far as they are permitted by Him. Let us have all compassion towards them and pity their mistaken zeal which makes them think that by persecuting us they do God a service. Let us imitate the example which our Lord gives us on the Cross, and pray for them in His words: ' Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.' "

After a life of unselfish labour and sincere piety Bishop Hay died in 1811 at the age of eighty-three, and Bellesheim records : " The Catholics of Scotland deplored his loss as that of a father, and his name is still held in veneration among them."

Within the Episcopal School of the Kirk a tradition both of learning and piety was established in the seventeenth century, by men like Bishop Patrick Forbes, who was an Aberdeenshire Laird, and ministered so tenderly to his parish minister when he was dying, in painful circumstances, that he was asked to become his successor, and who after a life of singular devotion and unwearied service, said on

his own deathbed, "Blest of journeys, the blessedness of which so far beyond comparison transcends that of all others;" by Archbishop Leighton who realized more than any other man in Scots history the ideal of Christian peace and charity—the most gracious character in Scots Church history; by Henry Scugal who was made Professor of Divinity Kings College, Aberdeen, at the age of 24, and died at the age of 28, but not before he had won the admiration of all men by his scholarship and spirituality, by his meekness and humility, and fortunately not before he had written that book which through the English Methodists has so affected religion, *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*, and which is in its purity and beauty the faithful picture of his own mind.

During the eighteenth century no Bishops so great in personality, and no scholars so distinguished in learning were given to the Episcopal Church, but the tradition was honourably upheld by Bishop Petrie, who died in 1787, and whom his pupil, Bishop Jolly, declared in his funeral sermon to be one of the best men he ever knew. He was distinguished by his love for the Church. "If any detriment or hurt seemed to threaten the Church no outward thing could make him cheerful. Indeed the pleasures of the body he had so entirely got above that I am very apt to think such a thorough conquest of them has been rarely seen in these latter times; so well had he copied the example of the blessed Apostle, who kept under his body and

brought it into subjection, lest by any means when he preached to others he himself should be a cast-away." Of the same spirit was Bishop Jolly, who lived well into the nineteenth century, and set an example of Apostolic simplicity and primitive devotion. Of him it was written, "He was a living example of the intrinsic beauty and attractiveness of religion, as it may be developed through the Church system. It might perhaps be easy to find a divine as deeply learned, but seldom can the name of one be recorded who so thoroughly imbibed and exemplified the spirit of the blessed saints, whose works and history were the subjects of his study." The last book in his hand was entitled *Disce Mori*—Learn to Die—and the good man had learned the art so well that death had no terrors for him; it was only the removal of the veil which divided him from a world "in which he had for years habitually dwelt." They differed in that century over Church government and Church politics, but the Prelatists and Presbyterians, who had followed the same Lord through their lifetime of service and trial, died in the same blessed hope, and received their reward from the same Divine hand.

Before closing this brief review of piety in the eighteenth century, one must in justice to truth take two types at far extremes of faith, and also of morals. Erskine of Grange, commonly called, since he was a Judge, Lord Grange, was a man of ancient family and considerable ability, who played a large part in the politics both of Church and State, and

whose character is an astounding paradox. He was an elder of the Kirk, and made elaborate speeches in the Assembly ; he was also a friend of Lord Lovat and spent evenings drinking with that disreputable chieftain ; he was a stout Presbyterian and professed friend of the Government, but he was involved in Jacobite plots, and was willing to make gain from any quarter ; he enlarges in a letter to Woodrow upon " the usefulness of the history of the lives of excellent men," because he says they come " nearest of anything to intimate conversation with a knowing experienced Christian friend " ; and he had his wife kidnapped and carried off to a desolate isle in the Western Ocean where she lived in misery to the end of her days ; he was profoundly concerned regarding the light punishment of Professor Simson, piously remarking " it is dangerous to refuse to give honour to our glorious Lord Jesus ; " and Carlyle says that he had seen him drowned in tears during the whole of a Sacramental Sunday, while it was notorious that he spent periods of time in the most shameful debauchery. It may seem incredible that any man should hold his doctrine and live his life, but Grange did both, and is an example of the danger of separating faith from morals, and allowing that an orthodox creed can atone for a wicked life.

David Hume presents another instructive contrast between a man's theory and a man's practice, but in this case the situation is reversed, for from the Christian standpoint his metaphysics were bad, but his ethics were excellent. Hume was certainly

not an Atheist, for he declared to his friend Ferguson that no man could look at the stars at night and deny a Creator, and his writings were intended to make for Theism. He was not an avowed foe to Christianity, for his effort was to rest religion on faith rather than reason ; but he struck the heaviest blow at the miraculous element in Christianity in all the days before the rise of physical science, and the general effect of his thinking was to shake the foundations of faith. Yet Hume worshipped in the Church of Robertson and Erskine, and was the intimate friend of that fine Evangelical Dr. Jardine ; he was the truest of friends, and kindest of critics, without jealousy and without bitterness ; he was on good terms with many young clergymen and always avoided controversy in private ; he delighted in little children ; old friends waited on him in his last illness with the tenderness of women. Over against the problem of Grange we put the problem of Hume, and conclude that if there be a formal faith that is consistent with an immoral life, there may be an excellent life which springs from an unconscious faith, and that if the career of Grange be an instructive warning to those who have professed much, the character of Hume is full of hope to those who have been able to profess but little.

It has not been possible through the limitations of space to touch upon the character of many devout women of this century or the holy lives of many common people, nor to record the eccentricities and

extravagances of religion, as in the extraordinary delusion of the Buchanites and the weird tales of the supernatural which shadowed the imagination of Christian people. Much more might also have been made of the obscure religious literature of the day, and something should have been said about the early dawn of the mission spirit. One hopes, however, that a general view not devoid of instruction, and not altogether without interest has been given of Scots religion in a somewhat neglected century. If the eighteenth century gathered the crop of the seventeenth, separating the wheat from the tares, it was the seed plot of the century following. The Moderate Party, by their sympathy with literature and their openness to light, prepared Scotland for the coming and for the achievement of criticism in the nineteenth century. The Seceders by their protest against the outrages of patronage, and their doctrine of the spirituality of the Church, were the forerunners of the free Church of 1843, and the pioneers of that liberty with which the whole Kirk of Scotland has been made free. And it is to the everlasting credit of Boston, of Willison, of Dr. Erskine, and of many another devout Evangelical, that while the Presbyterians of England lapsed from the faith and passed away, the Kirk of Scotland was kept true to the Person of our Divine Lord and to the Cross whereby He accomplished the salvation of the world.

THE SCOT IN HIS HOME

IX

THE SCOT IN HIS HOME

MY endeavour now will be to give a plain, but I trust not inaccurate, nor wholly uninteresting account of how my countrymen lived and thought in the eighteenth century, and our method will be to visit the country as a traveller might, and to observe the ways of the people, as well as to meet their leaders in the Kirk and in Letters. It would be quite impossible, besides being very wearisome, to enumerate all the authorities, yet it may be convenient to mention half a dozen outside statistical accounts, agricultural reports, county histories and such like, to which every reader in this century must be greatly indebted. One authority is an English officer of Engineers, who was sent to Scotland in connexion with public works about the year 1730, and who in a series of letters to a friend in London gave an extremely frank account of the condition of the Highlands of that time, with not a little interesting information about the Lowlands; and as Captain Burt was a thorough Englishman, with all the honesty and some of the superiority of the national blood, his observations on Scotland have the keener flavour to a Scot. Another is a

Stirlingshire squire, Ramsay of Ochertyre, who was born less than thirty years after the Union, and died the year before the Battle of Waterloo, who had a keen eye for things, and knew many distinguished folk, and left behind him a mass of manuscript with notes on every side of Scots life. Selections from the bulk were published in 1887 in two volumes, under the title of *Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century*, and are a mine of treasure. Every one, of course, knows Volume V in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Clarendon Press Edition, so perfectly edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, wherein that autocrat of Letters condescended to make a royal progress of inspection and criticism through Scotland, even unto the Hebrides, and if any one will read the autobiography of Dr. Alexander Carlyle, parish minister of Inveresk, who was born in 1722 and died in 1805, and who left behind him memorials of the men and events of his time, he will not weary once through six hundred pages, and he will place himself within the Scots Kirk at a time when it contained more men of literary distinction and world-wide fame than it has ever done before or since.

Two other books may be mentioned, not because either is well known, but because they are a sample taken out of the sack, and represent that kind of work which is not much thought of by the author, and which may not have much literary excellence, but which is of immense value because it affords a picture of life in the former time, reflected without addition or subtraction, just as it happened, on the

mirror of an ordinary man's mind. One is *Memorabilia Domestica ; or, Parish Life in the North of Scotland*," by the late Rev. Donald Sage, minister of Resolis, which gives a most vivid and instructive account of religious and social life in the North of Scotland from the middle of the eighteenth century to the first quarter of the nineteenth ; and the other is a collection of facts, together with a number of good stories about the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Perth during last century, entitled *The Traditions of Perth*, by George Penny. Captain Burt makes an apology for dealing with such commonplace affairs as the habits of the people, pleading that he himself would rather have known how a burgher at Rome lived than a consul, and it is a good thing for the generations following that this ingenuous Englishman had so much humanity. Had he written on the constitution of the Scots State, then his book would have been as dead as Queen Anne, who had actually died a little before ; but because he tells us what he endured in inns, and how women washed clothes, with other trivialities, his book is unto this day a living document. Really, if any one with an observant eye and an intelligible style would only take note in his day of how people lived and what they paid for their farms, of the customs of society, as well as the famous people he met, his book would be material of the last importance someday to a Gibbon or a Macaulay.

Among the biographies of eighteenth century

Scots the most weighty is Burton's *Hume*, and it goes without saying that no one studying this century can afford to neglect Buckle's brilliant book, although he will remember that its author had the defects of his qualities, or the passages bearing on Scotland in Mr. Lecky's lucid and judicial *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*; and I desire to conclude this brief indication of relevant literature by acknowledging my deep indebtedness to the most comprehensive, instructive, and vivacious book in this department, which I earnestly recommend to every person who may be moved to further study, namely *The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*, by Henry Grey Graham, in two volumes, with a third volume more recently published by the same author on the literary men of the century.

Perhaps one can best realize the almost magical change which came over North Britain between the beginning and end of the eighteenth century, if he will only start from London, say about the year 1750, and, like Captain Burt and Dr. Johnson, make an adventurous tour. It was more daring then, and far more uncomfortable than crossing Siberia to-day, or visiting Khartoum, for if every Scot was not a savage as the lower class English then believed, the "petticoat men" of the Highlands were certainly very fair barbarians, and no one need wonder that Dr. Johnson was careful to equip himself with a pistol as well as that wonderful "oak staff." Insect powder and powerful disinfectants would unfortunately have been far more useful, with tinned meats

and a box of biscuits if such things could then have been obtained. It is unfortunately with no favourable prejudices about the people that our party can start, for from the days described in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, when Scotland bestowed on England the "most high and mighty Prince James" and the body of office seekers which followed in his trail, there had been a steady invasion of London by uncouth and hungry Scots till the capital hated the name of Scots, and would have rung the city bells and paid a considerable sum of money if the whole tribe had gone home. They had committed the unpardonable sin of a foreigner in being monstrously successful in politics, where the Earl of Bute was a ruling power; in medicine, where Pitcairn had one of the largest practices; in business, where Andrew Drummond of the Strathallen House had made a fortune in banking; and in literature, where Smollett, only in his twenty-seventh year, had just taken the town by storm with *Roderick Random*.

Besides, they had added iniquity to iniquity; for, as John Bull complained by the mouth of his oracle Dr. Johnson and by other people, the Scot always brought some friend with him, and every Scot stood by his countrymen, so that their settlement was one huge conspiracy for spoiling the land and defrauding simple-minded and straightforward Englishmen of their rights. The Scot brought with him also his national creed and his national habits, as well as a profound and imperturbable satisfaction with himself. He also talked a jargon which might not be

Gaelic, but was certainly not English, so that even in '85 Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* was "translated into English by W. Ward," and in 1790 the same book was "attempted in English by Margaret Turner." Indeed the Scot, even of the better class, was so remarkable-looking a personage that the Northern Members of Parliament were described as "odd-looking men"; and held such strange views that when that astounding Christian Lord Grange opposed the relaxation of laws against witches he moved the House to laughter; and had such an accent that when a Scots Law Lord went up to represent Scotland in the matter of the Porteous Riot and was put forward as spokesman because, as Ramsay says, "He spake a language peculiar to himself which he called English," it is recorded, "De'il a word did anyone understand." It is fair to add on the other side that English was not very well understood in Scotland, for when a gentleman's daughter from the country was reproached for having gone to see the play of "The Old Bachelor" because it was hardly proper for young women, she replied with great simplicity, "They did nothing wrong that I saw and as for what they said, it was high English, and I did not understand it."

The journey from London to Edinburgh, if we went as fast as the Mail, might be managed in six days, for it travelled light in the eighteenth century to the Northern Capital, where one letter carrier distributed the whole correspondence, and it is recorded that the year after the Rebellion, the London

bag had only one letter. This means, of course, that we should ride, and that was the most comfortable mode of travelling since Carlyle of Inveresk, having adventured into a postchaise of that day, was so shaken that he was glad to escape to the back of a horse. Should you insist upon a postchaise you must take it with you all the way, as the chances are you will not find one to your hand in Scotland. The Duke of Atholl's coach seems to have been the only one in Perthshire in the year 1713, and Commissioner Campbell astonished Argyllshire with a wheel carriage in 1725, and it was not till after '50 that carriages became at all common. For about £30, according to a curious contract quoted by Mr. Graham, a coach can be built, and the journey by coach would take fourteen days. For this scarcity of wheel conveyances in the North, and for the slowness of travelling, which beyond the Tweed was portentous—about twelve hours from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and the most of two days to Aberdeen—there was a reason, the state of the roads, or one may say (having now, as it were, arrived in Scotland) the absence of roads. Except the roads which Marshall Wade had made through the Highlands for military purposes, and about which Captain Burt naturally was very enthusiastic, there were only tracks up to the year 1750, which might be passable in summer but were fearsome in winter—so bad indeed that the Selkirk carrier preferred the bed of Gala Water in summer to what was called the road. Goods were carried on horseback and farm produce

on sledges. It was not till 1747 that the gentlemen of Perthshire determined to put an excellent law of Charles II. into action and make roads through their country. And in those days it was not easy to make roads, when the gravel for one important road in Stirlingshire had to be carried from the mouth of the Allan across the Forth in sacks on horseback. Beyond the Highland border such conveniences were regarded with deep resentment, as innovations always have been by sound-minded Highlanders, and one of them declared that he saw no use of roads but to let burghers and redcoats into the Highlands, none of whom in his father's time dared venture beyond the Pass of Aberfoyle.

If truth be told, the roads in England were none so good then, and, according to *The Heart of Midlothian*, Johnson's pistol would have been as much needed in Yorkshire as in the Hebrides; but we shall suppose that one way or other we have reached the Border and crossed the Tweed. And now we must prepare ourselves for a great surprise in the matter of landscape. The Lowlands of the nineteenth century, as we have seen them, did not then exist. The gentlemen's seats, each with its "Policy," to use the Scots word, of surrounding woods and rich pasture fields; the well-built farmhouses and steadings, with their garden and smaller belt of trees, the fields separated by hedges or wire fences; the main roads fringed by oaks and beeches; the comfortable little towns with their workshops and factories; and, not least, that group of buildings in some chosen spot sheltered

from the wind and facing the sun, where the church, the manse and the schoolhouse make the heart of the parish, were only beginning to be.

Apart from the original forests in the Highlands, which were being cut down for English firms, like Osbaldiston in *Rob Roy*, and the woods round a few noblemen's castles, like Inverary and Cawdor, the country was a treeless waste. Dr. Johnson declared that a tree was as great a show in Scotland as a horse in Venice, and Boswell, being upon his mettle, could only recommend a certain tree for the great man's approval, declaring that it was nothing to another a few miles off; but Colonel Nairn rather spoiled the effect by informing the traveller that there were only two large trees in the county of Fife. When Johnson lost that staff which was something like himself in being not only of impervious oak but also a foot and yard measure for all occasions, he despaired of ever seeing it again. "Consider, sir," he said to poor Boswell, who endured many things during that tour, "consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber here." And it was a tradition that the first trees were planted in the large district called the Isle of Menteith after the Restoration. Scotland in those days certainly might be described as a scenery of stone and water, and yet it was the same Scotland, for after a rain of nine or ten weeks they talked familiarly of "a shower," and Boswell triumphantly records that his hero allowed the peculiar merit of breakfast in Scotland. "If an epicure could remove by a wish in quest of sensual

gratification, wherever he had supped he would breakfast in Scotland."

As the night is falling and a Scots road of the Eighteenth Century is hardly safe in darkness, let us stop at this Inn. Be thankful that there is such a thing, for a traveller in Queen Elizabeth's days said, "I never did hear or see that they had any public Inns with signes hanging out." He adds, "Citizens of the better sort 'Will entertain strangers on entreaty,' " but warns that their ale "will distemper a stranger's body." It is therefore encouraging to see mine host coming out to meet us, and to be attended on the upper floor "by a handsome genteel man who gives a kindly welcome." He will let us know however, that he is a gentleman and does not employ himself in anything so low as attendance; like many other men of other centuries he leaves anything disagreeable to his wife, who also has considerable airs. But be thankful that you have not lighted on a Highland public-house, where once a lady in that century reprimanded the landlord for the dirtiness of his house and his assurance in taking the first glass of wine himself, whereupon the indignant chieftain departed with his servants in a body and would only return on condition of an apology; and a Highland landlord of the same mighty kind used to demand their word of honour from guests not to complain of any kind of treatment they might meet with in his house. For supper the landlady proposes the excellent dish of potted pigeons, having first astonished us with the offer of "a duke" or "a

fool," which, however, only meant a duck or a fowl. The cloth is not particularly clean, still we need not touch it; but when it is evident that the pigeons have been raked out of the butter by the cook's hands, and we have had a glimpse of their condition—there are matters one can only hint at in the most truthful account—it may be better to make our evening meal off a crust of bread and some new laid eggs, for the butter is also too pronounced. One thing, however, we get in quantity and also quality, and that is claret, which is flowing through Scotland at the absurdly low price of 1s. 6d. a chopin.

Our bedroom has no carpet, for carpets only came in with the latter part of the century, no paper on the walls, no plaster on the roof, and, of course, no bell. Fortunately the bed is not a cupboard in the wall with a closing door, as it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It stands out in the middle of the floor, yet the curtains bear such marks upon them of the servants' hands—and we are still shuddering at those hands—that with one of our travellers we may well ask for which of our sins we have been sent to this miserable country. It seems as if self-respecting persons would have to sit up all night; but courage! the linen is well spun, perfectly clean, and thoroughly aired, and throughout Scotland in that day travellers were astonished at the abundance and excellence of the linen in the houses of ordinary people. There was not a family which had not its store of linen spun by careful women's hands and

the linen industry was one of the most flourishing in Scotland. One company, which wrought on a large scale and rendered great service to manufacture, became in the end a financial concern, and is now known as the British Linen Company Bank. At the date of our visit to Scotland this Bank had been chartered three years, and, for those who can see, there lies behind the poverty and squalor of the land signs of enterprise and improvement—the beginning of a time.

Suppose, now, that next morning we are passing through some agricultural district, neither one of the best—too scanty at that time, where an English traveller admitted he had seen wheat as good as any in England—nor one of the worst—say on the slope of a bare hill where the soil is scratched to get a miserable growth of black oats, which never really ripens—but an average farm in the Scots Midlands. The house is built of turf or, in the Scots tongue, divots, and thatched with heather or with straw. The doors of the stable and cattle houses are made of wattles. The stable and byre are on one side of the house and the barn on the other, and in the centre of the square is the manure heap across which you must go on stepping-stones. If you will risk the hazard we shall enter the farmhouse of the eighteenth century to find that it has two rooms, a “butt” and a “ben,” and between them a pantry, or in the Scoto-French tongue—for we had much more to do with France than with England at one time—an aumry. In the “butt” room—that is, the kitchen—

the work of the family is done and the maids sleep. The master and mistress, with the children, sleep in the other room, and in both cases in closed beds with doors on them. The floors of both rooms are of earth, and in wet weather, for the house cannot be kept properly dry, are apt to turn into mud. The rafters are bare above, black with smoke and apt to drip with moisture. The kitchen fire is near the centre of the "ben" room, and the farmer sits on one side, and his men, if he has servants, on the other. In the evening the maids spin, and when each girl is engaged the quantity of yarn she has to work each day is carefully stipulated. The clothes of the whole family are spun and dyed at home, except perhaps a great coat of English cloth which the good man purchased as a luxury to wear on great occasions or in storms of the first class. For breakfast they have not yet reached porridge;—two Stirlingshire farmers passing one morning through the county town and seeing children eating oatmeal pottage, said one to the other, "When will we get that to eat?" They use bear meal and sometimes have to condescend on mill dust. For dinner they have kail, usually made without flesh and thickened with grolls, and it would only be on a high occasion there is flesh in the pot. For a dinner luxury they have cheese, eggs, and sometimes onions, which they do not grow. For supper they have sowens or flummery. The family use no ale or spirits, a very little whey, and occasionally sweet milk, but generally water. Whether the meal be kail or porridge

it is, you will notice, placed in one dish on a stool in the middle of the family, and from that dish every one sups. A spoon serves all purposes, except for meat, that rare delicacy, which the head of the household cuts with a knife and the others discuss with their fingers. It is a very homely interior, and the pinch of hunger was not unknown there in bad seasons, yet there was a friendly feeling round that fire which did not continue when the farmer got his well-built stone house with a parlour, and the men were sent to a bothy. And it is right to add that if we had come in at evening time we should have seen the whole circle join in family worship, the head of the household reading the Scriptures by the light of the fire, or the fainter glimmer coming from an iron cruizie.

Before we leave this farm it may interest you to know the system of agriculture, which, indeed, was a model of simplicity, ignorance and laziness. The rotation of crops was of the simplest kind, for the farmer only grew oats and barley; but he had one distinction then which has happily been abolished. The land round the homestead was called the "in" field and that he tilled with some care, and the rest was "out" field which never got manure and was only occasionally broken up. During winter—that is, between the ingathering of the crops and the month of May—the cattle wander over the country at their sweet will, for there were no fences and no herds. But we make our visit at an interesting time, for the farmer has just begun to try the new

crops of potatoes and turnips. Last winter he fed some cattle for the first time on turnips, which brought them to a preposterous fatness, and the family have greatly relished their supper of potatoes, substituted for bear meal. Except kail the farmer grows nothing in his garden, for even his onions are imported from the Low Country. His horses have only cost him between £3 and £4, and he has not yet reached, although he is thinking of, the convenience of a wheel cart. He pays his ploughman forty shillings a year, but he feeds and clothes him, and possibly on the whole he is not so badly off, as a tailor in the village is only getting 2*d.* a day. When the good man and his wife go a journey, which beyond Kirk and market is very rare and never very far, he takes her behind him on horseback. I am not sure that she has shoes, but there is no doubt about the saddle, which is a sod with a plaid laid over it.

If you please, we shall leave the road again and visit the house of one of the smaller gentry. The great nobles have been mostly ruined in the troubled times, or are living at Court, and their castles, magnificent specimens of the Scots architecture, are lying empty. This is the home of a small squire, and was built about the time of the Restoration. Battlements and towers, of course, have been given up, but the windows are narrow, as if the place still required to be defended, and there are one or two turrets and crow-foot gables. The rooms are small and the roofs are low, and it is with a shock one finds the manure heap, as well as the byre and stable,

near the front door. The house has been set down without any regard to view, but with a keen eye to a Southern exposure.

A few years ago there was no garden and no plantations, but recently the landlord, feeling the breath of new times, has formed a kitchen garden, and has planted the little hill behind his house. The ceiling of the dining-room is thin deals, and the walls are bare plaster; but a carpenter is busy at the date of our visit replacing the dim little windows, made of small pieces of glass joined with lead, by windows hung with pulleys, and there is some talk of wainscoting the walls. The furniture was made by this very carpenter's father, of plane, and is not particularly graceful. But just because there is no carpet the woodwork of the floor is excellent. The family has breakfasted at seven and dines at one, and they would consider it a thing disgraceful both to them and us if we did not share their midday meal, and we must be prepared to resist much pressing, both to eat and to drink. The arrival of a few guests gives the lady of the house no trouble, for in winter time they have always salted beef, and can supplement it with a couple of fowls, whose death scream marks the arrival of a party; and in summer they have lamb, and would also add salmon were it not considered food for servants. There is always broth, and for the strangers a few slices of wheat bread, which is a special delicacy. As a rule, the family would have only ale to drink, but on this occasion when guests have come in there

will be claret and brandy. You can tell that this is a Jacobite house because the ladies are wearing Tartans and the very bed and window curtains are also Tartan, and on great occasions our hostess will wear a costly silk dress, and in her chests her marriage finery is still lying. Very little money is spent on millinery, and in 1720 Katherine Murray was the only milliner in Edinburgh. There is one manservant, who is also gardener and groom, and on whom a uniform sits somewhat strangely. Our welcome, however, is of the heartiest, and the manners of our host and hostess are both kindly and stately, and if there be a certain roughness in the details of life and a want of modern luxuries, there is a sincerity and a good breeding which are very taking.

It is fair, however, to call at another laird's house of the better class, say such a man as Ramsay, to whom we have been so much indebted, that we may see the better circumstances in which some country gentlemen live. His house will have a stuccoed ceiling, or perhaps a piece of fine wood-carving done by one of Cromwell's soldiers, who left an artistic mark upon the Menteith district, and the walls will be hung with tapestry. The classics of Greece and Rome, as well as of our own tongue, are in his library, and especially certain fine editions of Horace, to whom Ramsay is much attached. Some fields are enclosed before the house and he has pleasure walks. Besides his orchard, which was the one redeeming feature in every laird's place, he has a kitchen garden, where the walls are faced with brick, on which he

grows peaches, and very likely there is a pine house, as his friend George Drummond had at Blair Drummond. Ochertyre, to call him by the name he would, has the advantage of his position as a country gentleman of good birth and extensive family connexions, and the literary circles of Edinburgh and the aristocratic Whig society of London are both open to him.

He has also the benefit of his rural tastes, for he lives among the people in the district of Men-teith, where there are some fifty country gentlemen ; watching with not unkindly eye the habits of his fellow-lairds and the tenant farmers ; collecting racy anecdotes of the generation passing away, the men of the Rebellion ; and noting with much acuteness the progress of agriculture, the parties in the Kirk and the literature of the day. And to those pledges of interest and reliability this Scots laird added another which was characteristic rather of the later than the earlier part of the eighteenth century. He is a man of broad and liberal views, Presbyterian in religion, a Hanoverian in politics, and most friendly to the faithful and suffering little Episcopalian communion, and to the men who had fought and suffered for the lost cause of Prince Charlie. He has a keen sympathy with literature as well as with antiquity, and it may interest you to know that before all is over he will be visited at Ochertyre by the two men who in modern times have been the glory of Scots literature. After that visit of Burns to Edinburgh, which was so charged with irony, the Ayrshire plough-

man will come to be guest at Ochtertyre, and this is his host's judgment : " I have been in the company of many men of genius, some of them poets ; but I never witnessed such flashes of intellectual brightness as from him—the impulse of the moment, sparks of celestial fire ; I never was more delighted, therefore, than with his company, two days' *tête-à-tête*. In a mixed company I should have made little of him ; for, to use a gamester's phrase, he did not always know when to play off and when to play on.' He also will give that tempestuous soul some excellent advice to avoid " the thorny walks of satire," and " curious questions which seldom mend the heart or temper," and will remind him that good morals may be recommended in a comedy or even in a song. Ramsay is much disturbed about Burns, as a man of his type was sure to be, and declares him to be a mixture of a Jacobite, an Arminian and a Socinian. Ramsay will afterwards visit Burns at Ellisland and be much pleased, as he says, " with his *uxor Sabina qualis* " and the poet's modest mansion. To Ochtertyre also in '93 will come Walter Scott and find Ramsay full of Highland stories and keen upon antiquities. To his last years he will wear the dress of former days, a blue coat with bright metal buttons, and high collar and lace frills at the wrist, breeches and blue stockings, with silver buckles on his shoes, and as becomes the study for Monk Barns, he sometimes forgets his garters. But a gallant old gentleman to the last, although he had never married, who loved to give young ladies peaches

from his wall, but always exacted a kiss as his reward. He chiefly loved his Horace and his garden ; he left behind him Latin inscriptions in many a Kirkyard of Stirlingshire, and I have dwelt thus long upon this history of manners because the picture of the man is in itself a contribution to my subject, and the book in which he figures has been so large a contributor to my information.

Were we anxious to visit the cleanest and best laid out town in Scotland at the middle of the eighteenth century, or, as Burt would say, " the most uniform and prettiest," we ought to go to Glasgow, for by the year '50 Glasgow had begun to revive and enter upon its great career of commercial enterprise and prosperity ; but Edinburgh is the ancient glory of Scotland, whose romantic situation is exceeded by her romantic traditions. Until towards the end of the eighteenth century the capital was confined within a narrow space, partly because it had been a walled city and because as yet it was not fashionable to live beyond the gates or courts. The city consisted of one street, running from Holyrood to Edinburgh, with lanes or " closes " branching out on either side like the ribs from the backbone. There was also a parallel street of much lower degree called the Cowgate, ending in the grass market. The houses were therefore of preposterous height, and Boswell showed Johnson one of thirteen floors, and as each floor might contain three or four separate dwellings a single building was a small village.

A leading lawyer would have a house of three

rooms and a kitchen ; one his consulting-room, one the family sitting-room and the other the bedroom. The children with their nurse would use the consulting-room at night for their bedroom ; the other woman-servant would sleep in the kitchen, and a man-servant would live outside. The rooms were low and narrow, but were sometimes redeemed by a noble carved mantelpiece or some fine pannelling, and on the walls there might be a picture by Jamesone, the great Scots artist.

Sanitary accommodation there was none, neither in town houses nor country. The air was confined and thick, having to filter up the close and then rise between the high piles of buildings—which stood so near to one another that things could be handed from one house to the other opposite—or perhaps even meander through narrow courts before it reached the window. People were not ambitious then in the matter of houseroom and convenience, neither lords nor ladies, lawyers nor men of letters. “ It was easy to make rich when I was at the Bar,” said Lord-President Dalrymple ; “ though my practice brought me in twenty thousand merks a year, I lived in a house rented at £8 6s. 8d., and I had only two roasts in the week, Sunday and Thursday.” Noble ladies will give parties in their bedroom and invite their friends to taste that new dish of tea which is just growing popular, and will treat them to sugar which cost 18s. a pound. Boswell is careful to pilot Johnson through the narrow ways, for they are encompassed

with great danger. Any time a window may open and a maid, knowing not that she is speaking French, cry "gardy loo" (Scots for Haud yir haund), and then, if the passenger does not give heed unto himself, he will receive the sewerage of a household upon his head. It is not wonderful that the servant's cry was freely translated by an English maid, "Lord have mercy upon us." Boswell could have wished that his great friend had been without one of his senses on those nights, for the Doctor used to grumble as he went along, "I smell you in the dark"; but indeed it was not poor Boswell, but the air that he was smelling. Yet Burt, on entering Edinburgh, considered that he had never seen anything more magnificent than the high streets of the city: "the extreme height of the houses, which are for most part built of stone and well sashed; the breadth and length of the street, and (it being dry weather) a cleanness made by the high winds. I was extremely pleased to find everything so unlike the descriptions of that town which had been given me by some of my countrymen." Which goes to show that the difference in Edinburgh in those days lay between Edinburgh clean and Edinburgh dirty.

THE SCOT WITH HIS BOOKS

X

THE SCOT WITH HIS BOOKS

IT is always dangerous to generalize, and as a rule it is not when a nation is poor and disheartened that literature flourishes, for though high thinking goes well with plain living there must be some living, and although the muses may not despise oatmeal they can hardly live on kail and groats. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the blight which had fallen upon society and upon the Church, the curse of isolation and exhaustion, had withered literature. Scots letters had a glorious period (as Mr. Oliphant Smeaton points out in his excellent monograph on Allan Ramsay), which began when James I. returned from his English prison and wrote *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, and which continuing by the noble succession of Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, Sir David Lyndsay, and Montgomery, did not cease till Drummond of Hawthorne-Glen died—the last Scots writing man before civil war and religious bitterness and cruel poverty made an end of letters and art. From 1617, when Drummond published his book, entitled *Forth Feasting*, till Ramsay collected the pieces which had been sold as Broad-sides week by week in

Edinburgh and published them in 1721, there had been silence in Scotland.

Scots letters in the eighteenth century had also to pass through the trying transition period between two languages. Both Sir David Lyndsay and John Knox wrote, the one his satirical poems, and the other his no less satirical history, in the Scots tongue, which was then a fine literary instrument and understood alike by scholars and the common people. From the day the Court removed to London the supremacy of the Scots dialect ceased, even in its own country, and although it was to be perpetuated in lyrical poetry and occasionally used in fiction, it would never again be the speech of literature. But a virile dialect which describes by phonetic sounds the very character of the Scots nation was not lightly laid aside, and a nation of pronounced individuality did not readily acquire a tongue which was almost equally characteristic of a different people. It is pathetic to notice how the Scots men of letters, even Hume himself, were anxious that Scotticisms should be removed from their style, and with what simple delight they received any compliment upon their pure English. After all, a language is the expression of a national mind (and is coloured by the national character), and the difficulty which beset the writing men of the eighteenth century in Edinburgh may be estimated by the fact that to this day there are few Scots writers who do not regard the likeness between "shall" and "will" with malignant feelings, and

few Scots folk who do not, to their ingenuous surprise, betray themselves as soon as they use a word with the letter "r." At the close of the eighteenth century there was talk of "nippity" English, and Scoto-English is a marvellous blend. Some writers abandoned Scotland and went to push their way in London, so that Smollett, the novelist, and Thompson, the poet, can hardly be included in our survey, any more than Scots artists who have become R.A.'s can be assigned to the Scots Academy. And David Malloch, who was the son of the gardener at Abercairney and was himself Janitor in the High School of Edinburgh, changed his name to Mallet when he went up to be the toady of great men like Pope and the slanderer of brave men like Admiral Byng, and about him Mr. Graham in his book on *Scottish Men of Letters* quotes a pretty story: "Was it not annoying," said his wife, "that her Mallet should sometimes be confounded with that man Smollett?" "Poor Smollett," one is inclined to say, but the answer was a swift revenge; "Madam," a friend suggested, "there is a short remedy for that, let your husband keep to his own name."

The nation of Dunbar and Lyndsay was not quite without books and writers before the revival of Letters. There were two scholars in Edinburgh at the beginning of the century who shared the same love of learning and the same political prejudices. Dr. Pitcairn was a Jacobite of the deepest dye, and regarded a Presbyterian and a Hanoverian as little better than vermin. He was a lover of Horace, and

considered that, had it not been for the evil genius of the Kirk, Scotsmen also might have been able to write Latin verse. As it was he not only wrote Latin verses himself, but also outrageous Pasquils on the Kirk, and on the Whigs. The other was Ruddiman, the very type of a man of Letters, devoted to the classics—some of which he edited—and to grammar. In 1714 he published the *Latin Rudiments*; to good printing and to endless controversy.

Up and down the country there were also lairds who owed very little to English literary influence, but who knew their classics, like Baron Bradwardine, whose sole amusement in his hiding-place was reading Livy, and who loved to quote from Horace, especially when Horace had been translated into the Scots vernacular by Struan Robertson. In my possession I have a Theophrastus, printed in Greek and Latin in the seventeenth century, which came down to me through the eighteenth century, when it was carried to the Rebellion in the pocket of a Highland chief, so that on his march to restore Prince Charlie he might read the chapter, *De Desperatione*, and I am bound to say there also has come down to me with the Theophrastus a silver quaich, or drinking-cup, with which the worthy chief would refresh himself, when weary, without stopping to drink at the brook. Against English literature there was, however, a keen prejudice, which, I am afraid, was fostered by the Kirk, till at last, before the century closed, the Kirk herself became a nurse of literature. A minister of Tullibody who died in 1754 denounced

the *Spectator* vigorously because it gave young people a dislike to more serious books, and he declared that Addison's contributions were the worst because some of them pretended to be religious. One recognizes with pleasure the gravity of the Scots people at that date, to whom the *Spectator* even was not serious, and their continuity of character, who both in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have objected to any mixture of things sacred and secular as a subtle snare of Satan.

From the date of the Union one can trace the Renaissance in Scotland, although at first its progress was slow and confined to clubs. As the golden age of Hebrew literature followed the reign of Solomon, and the Elizabethan spirit of adventure awoke in England the spirit of literature, so the expansion of Scotland roused Scots genius from its long sleep. The Union of the countries gradually broke down the barrier which was threatening to make Scotland an isolated and jealous dependency without wealth, either of trade or thought. It was a loss to Edinburgh for the moment when the great folk shut up their ancient homes in the Canongate and the Castle Hill, and finally betook themselves to London for their town life; but Scotland gained throughout all her borders when they came North with a wider outlook and the habit of more comely living. Addison and Steele were now read in Scotland, Shakespeare and Milton obtained their place, and Allan Ramsay not only sold English plays, but opened a circulating library, and used such freedom in the books he kept

that that austere moralist Erskine of Grange was gravely concerned, and moved the authorities to examine Allan's wares; for, like Benvenuto Cellini, Lord Grange alternated between debauchery and piety, and in his piety was an example unto all men.

Allan Ramsay of the *Gentle Shepherd* was the morning star of this Scots Renaissance, and a kindlier man never lived in Edinburgh, even in that friendly century, and a more characteristic Scot never wrote, although his mother was a Derbyshire lass. Born in 1686 in cold Leadhills, where the people were as austere as their climate, he came to Edinburgh in 1701, and was enrolled as an apprentice to a wig-maker. It was a great business in that day and one which brought him into contact with all kinds of people, and, amongst others, with the daughter of an Edinburgh lawyer, who, calling some day with her father's wig, was immensely taken with clever, sprightly, good-humoured Allan, and, curious to say, found reasons for calling from time to time at Allan's shop.

"Ye'd better let me gang doon wi' the wig, Miss Kirsty," said Peggy, the "serving lass" in the household of Mr. James Ross, writer, of the Castlehill.

"Oh no! I'd as leif take it doon mysel' to Allan Ramsay's for the sake o' the walk and the bit crack wi' the canty callant."

It seemed a hopeless courtship, for there is nobody on the face of the earth so proud as an Edinburgh lawyer, and Allan was a wigmaker; but no girl

could help admiring him with his twinkling eyes and humorous mouth and although he had not made his name he was a poet in his nature, and every poet is a lover. Besides, it is known to everybody that the poorest Scot may be of gentle blood, and Ramsay was a member of the great Dalhousie family, and Edinburgh was more concerned about a man being a cousin eighty-two times removed of a county family than with his money in the stocks. So Kirsty married Allan and never regretted the day, and seven years after they were married Allan wrote the song of "Bonnie Kirsty :—"

How sweetly smells the summer green,
 Sweet taste the peace and cherry ;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry :
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, though I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compared wi' those of Chirsty.

One feels that there may be drawbacks to marrying a poet, for poets are said to be a fickle and irritable race ; but "Dainty Allan " as he was called had no fault in him except a little harmless vanity. And for thirty-one years he made Kirsty his tender charge and brought to her the laurels of his fame. It was a poor little home where they started house together, two rooms with a closet and a kitchen ; but at last Ramsay flourished so exceedingly and was so ambitious for Kirsty that he obtained the loveliest site in all Edinburgh, upon the Castlehill,

and there he built a cage for his bird so strange that it seemed like a parrot cage. But, alas for Kirsty and for Allan, she died before it was finished.

Like all good poets, Allan was ever devoted to the fair, and when after many single poems, and the volume of 1721 and the collections called *The Tea Table Miscellany* and the *Evergreen*, he published the work on which his reputation stands, he dedicated *The Gentle Shepherd* with much flattering grace to the most beautiful woman of the eighteenth century, Susannah Countess of Eglinton. John Clerk of Pennicuick had wooed her and might have won her in her youth, but the Earl of Eglinton, who had been twice married, said to her father, one of the Ayrshire Kennedies, "Archie, bide a wee, my wife's very sickly," and so in course of time Susannah became his third Countess. A masterful woman as well as a patroness of the Arts was Lady Eglinton, and when her Lord, wearying for a son and unworthy of his wife, wished to divorce her, she laid down the conditions on which she would be perfectly willing: "Give me back my youth, my beauty and my maidenhood, and you may go as soon as you please." Her beauty she did not need to ask back, for she was so lovely when Johnson came to Edinburgh in '73, and she was then an elderly woman, that that bear was softened in her presence, and she adopted Dr. Johnson as a son. In his dedication Ramsay declares that if he is so happy as to please her ladyship then all his doubts about his poem shall vanish

like a morning vapour, and he shall hope to be classed with Tasso and to sing with Ovid. The Countess had reason to be proud of her dedication, and Allan, not being particularly blate, I fancy, had no scruple in sitting down beside Tasso ; for indeed his pure and winsome pastoral took the world by storm. It was praised by the poets of the day and by the critics ; it was compared with the models of pastoral poetry in the past, and Ramsay was called the "Scots Theocritus." Edition after edition was called for, and Ramsay, who had given up wig-making long ago, removed his bookselling business to larger premises. He established himself in a house which had been a favourite resort of Defoe's in former days, and he set above his door the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthorne Glen, and for three generations the place had a smack of letters, and there in after days were published almost all the works of the Edinburgh school. Gay, the poet, who came to Edinburgh in the household of the beautiful Duchess of Queensburgh—

Prior's Kitty ever fair

(the eighteenth century seems to have had the secret of preserving beauty, for Kitty as well as Susannah seems to have been beautiful unto old age)—used to visit Allan and enjoy the genial little poet's description of the famous folk of Edinburgh as they stood and gossiped at the City Cross before his windows. So captivated was Gay with *The Gentle Shepherd* that he seems to have looked about for the most unsuitable

man to appreciate a pastoral, and so he sent *The Shepherd* to Swift with this commendation: "At last we have a dramatic Pastoral, though it is by a Scot." Ramsay had many pleasant friends, such as Norrie the decorator—young Allan became a famous portrait painter—and the poet retired to his house on the Castlehill and lived his last years there in great peace as he deserved. And he had daughters to care for him who were worthy of their mother, as he described them "fine girls, no ae wally-draigle among them all."

From Allan Ramsay, the chirpy little poet, who loved his jest and had no particular regard for his dignity, we pass to one of the stately figures of Edinburgh life, whose portrait by Raeburn in Edinburgh University gives one the idea of a leader both in thought and affairs. Robertson was a great Churchman and ruled the Assembly of the Kirk for something like thirty years, during which he enforced the law of patronage upon the ministers and people because it was the law of the land and because he considered it made for an educated ministry. But he was also one of the literary glories, both of his Kirk and of his nation. There was no honour in the Church, for which he cared, that he did not obtain, he was also made Principal of the University in 1764, besides being the King's Chaplain. But while the most exemplary of clergymen and the most capable of ecclesiastics, Robertson was still more a man of letters. He had been from early days a laborious student and had read so widely

and had so good a taste that while Hume asked a poor creature like Mallet to correct his Scotticisms Robertson wrote English with purity. His histories are superseded now, for this is the fate of all historians except Gibbon, but they had their day and it was brilliant. Robertson went up to London on horse-back with his *History of Scotland*. Royal personages as well as politicians and critics were charmed with what seemed to them a living story, and great persons in the Church of England paid him that dubious-compliment which Anglican Churchmen think the highest to a Presbyterian—suggesting that he should leave the Scots Kirk and enter a communion where he might rise to that earthly paradise the Bishopric. It may seem incredible but it is an historical fact that the Principal of Edinburgh University and the almost absolute ruler of the Scots Kirk declined. Had a Bishop been translated into Robertson's place and been able to fill it he would have known for the first time in his Episcopal career the meaning of power.

Two other literary Churchmen were Hugh Blair, famous for his sermons and John Home famous (or infamous) for his plays. Blair was in almost everything, except culture, the opposite of the great Principal, being shy, and modest, anxious to listen rather than to speak in company, a great admirer of celebrated people and never their rival before the public, conceited about his personal appearance and always perfectly dressed. Blair became a famous personage, making visits to London, and

meeting with great folk, but the greatest man that Blair met in his dapper life was the Ayrshire Ploughman. One would like very much to have been present at the interview between Burns and Blair, because the one owed almost everything to native genius and the other owed most to training.

What advice Blair gave to Burns we do not know, but Burns is excellent on Blair. "He is at the head of what may be called fine writing and is a critic of the very first rank in prose, but natural parts like his are frequently to be met with." And then he sums up his judgment: "Dr. Blair is a truly worthy and most respectable character." Burns also adds that Blair's vanity was notorious among his acquaintances, and in his Edinburgh portraits Kay has a pleasant story of how an English clergyman said at dinner that his countrymen were not at all partial to Blair's sermons. Whereupon every one was uncomfortable and Blair was visibly cast down. Then having skilfully made this background the clergyman told the reason. "Because they are so much read and so generally known that none of us dare borrow from them." And Dr. Blair was immensely lifted. But as we all have some faults it may be well to compromise on vanity, for it is surely the most harmless and amusing. Carlyle declares that Blair's conversation was so infantine that many people could not believe that he had any genius, which he had of his own form or kind. But his prim seriousness and his imperiousness to humour made an excellent foil to

other people's frivolity. Boswell took Dr. Hugh Blair to the pit of Drury Lane Playhouse and then, I presume between the acts, entertained the audience prodigiously by imitating the lowing of a cow. According to Boswell's own account he was so successful in what he calls "this boyish frolic" (fancy Dr. Hugh Blair connected with a boyish frolic) that he went on to other animals with poor success, and then he concludes "my reverent friend, anxious for my fame, with an air of the utmost gravity and earnestness, addressed me thus: 'My dear sir, I would confine myself to the cow.'" Boswell deserved to be whipped for doing such things in Dr. Blair's company and he was punished by Dr. Johnson's use of the incident, for he used to say when he disagreed with Boswell, "Nay, sir, if you cannot talk better as a man I'd have you bellow like a cow."

Different from Blair in everything except of a common ministry in the same Kirk and that both were God-fearing men was John Home the Dramatist. He succeeded Robert Blair, the author of *The Grave*, as minister of Athelstaneford in 1746, when things were so changed from the beginning of the century that every fourth minister in the Lowlands seemed to have in him the smack of letters. What he was as a preacher one does not know, but he was vastly liked by his people and his own ambition was to write plays. His first production he carried to London with the goodwill of his friends, such as Carlyle, and brought it back again in his

saddlebags. He rode for the second time to London with another play, which was also rejected. When he returned to Edinburgh and told how he had been used by the "factious barbarians," as Hume would have called them, his literary coterie were loud in indignation, and arranged in 1756 that *Douglas* should be acted by an English Company, and the first rehearsals took place in the presence of Carlyle, David Hume, and certain others. The play, as we have already seen, was an immense success in Edinburgh, and in the end achieved a yet greater success in London, where it was taken by the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, but it brought judgment upon every clerical person who had to do with it in the North. Home thought it better to resign his living and give himself entirely to the drama.

One honest quiet man, the minister of Liberton, was decoyed, as Carlyle says, "to submit to a six weeks' suspension for having attended the tragedy of *Douglas*, while that stalwart Carlyle refusing to admit he had sinned was prosecuted by our friend Webster, who had a great love of claret but no sympathy with theatres, and who Carlyle declares (but then he didn't like Webster) "could do mischief with the joy of an ape." Home now gave himself to the drama and wrote many plays, of which *Douglas* alone is remembered. He obtained a sinecure post from Government which carried with it an Eldership in the General Assembly, and one day Home appeared there

dressed in the uniform of a Lieutenant in the Duke of Buccleuch's "Fencibles," for John played many parts, and Ramsay has a story about that. Said a country minister, "Sure, that is John Home the poet. What is the meaning of that dress?"

"Oh," said Mr. Walker of Edinburgh, "it is only the farce after the play." Life went easily with Home as he dealt kindly with every other person, and he died at the age of eighty-six, having lived into the nineteenth century and survived all his friends except Adam Ferguson.

As became, however, a strenuous people, Scotland was more distinguished for serious literature than for the drama, and for one Home it had many historians and philosophers. Adam Ferguson was a Highlander and a clergyman, but his only cure of souls, which lasted for ten years, was the Chaplaincy to the Black Watch, where he used to be in trouble because he would be at the front on battlefields sword in hand, saying he was looking after the wounded. After studying and wandering abroad he settled in Edinburgh where he became a member of the great set, and wrote a pamphlet in defence of Home called the *Morality of Stage Plays Seriously Considered*. He was capable of anything, taking the Chair of Natural Philosophy, of which he knew nothing, and teaching the subject admirably; writing on the *History of Civil Society* and on the *Institutes of Moral Philosophy*, subjects he did know; travelling as guardian to young Lord Chesterfield, and publishing the *History of the*

Roman Republic, where Carlyle says many of the battles are better described than by any historian but Polybius who was an eye witness to many. In his fiftieth year, Cockburn declares that palsy ought to have killed Ferguson, but his was a Highland spirit which nothing could tame, and he lived on to ninety-three, and then was a fresh old man. He had loved the pleasures of the table before the coming of the palsy, but after he lived on milk and vegetables (a splendid certificate for the vegetarians). He was a figure upon the street for the multitude of his garments. And he wore a fur great coat even within doors. He travelled unto old age, and generally had a good quarrel on hand, being a choleric Celt, and furious against any person who put on airs. (Carlyle declares that Home and he kept Ferguson on good terms with his friends.) He died in 1816, the last of his group, and according to the *Edinburgh Review* quoted by Mr. Graham, his final words were "There is another world."

A gracious figure, notwithstanding the little outbursts of temper, and his son Sir Adam Ferguson used to describe to Cockburn how his father would dine with Dr. Joseph Black, the pioneer of modern chemistry and the gentlest of living creatures, and how delightful it was "to see the two philosophers rioting over a boiled turnip." The rioting must have been all Ferguson's, for Black glided like a spirit through life, and died "seated with a bowl of milk on his knee which his ceasing to live did not spill a drop." Henry's *History of Great Britain on a*

New Plan is now forgotten, but the new plan was that so admirably carried out by Green in our own day, the record of the social progress of successive periods. Henry in the eighteenth century was already using the happiest method of the nineteenth. When he felt himself adying, Henry, who was also a Kirk man, sent for his brother minister, Sir Harry Moncrieff, with this message :— “ I have got something to do this week. I have got to die.” When Sir Harry was sitting by his friend’s bedside, a neighbouring minister called who was famous for never leaving a house after he once got into it. “ Keep him out,” cried Dr. Henry, “ don’t let the cratur in here.” The “ cratur ” was already at the door, and so Henry, after winking significantly to his wife and Sir Harry, pretended to be asleep, and whenever the cratur tried to speak Sir Harry would put his finger on his lips and Mrs. Henry would shake her head, while the dying man peeped cautiously under his eyelids to see how the cratur was looking. When the visitor departed Henry opened his eyes wide and laughed heartily at the sound of the departing cratur’s horse. Dr. Henry died that night, and I suppose never any man died more genially.

Adam Smith was a Snell Scholar at Balliol in 1740, and in 1746 he returned to Scotland, and since he was suited neither for the Kirk nor the Bar he gave lectures on Literature in Edinburgh, where his dearest friend, David Hume, was living. In the fifties he was Professor first of Logic and then of Moral Philosophy, and amid the rebirth of com-

merce was already putting forth the ideas which by-and-by were to be presented to the world in the *Wealth of Nations*. He wrote a book on the *Theory of Moral Sentiment*, and Hume in London was mightily pleased when "Three Bishops called at Miller's shop in order to buy copies." He made the grand tour Scots men of letters so often did then, in charge of the young Duke of Buccleuch, and came back rich in knowledge and reflection to write *The Wealth of Nations* with his mother in their quiet home of Kirkcaldy. He was a good tempered man but he could not stand the insolence of Johnson, and although there is some doubt about the story which is referred to in both Volumes III and V of Boswell, he is said to have given Johnson the lie direct, and Johnson did say in 1763, "I was once in company with Smith and we did not take to each other."

His absent-mindedness was a by-word, and it is said that a fish wife watching him wandering along the streets, seeing nothing, conversing with himself, and now and again smiling, said pitifully to her neighbour "Hech ! and the puir body is weel put on tae." But other ranks could appreciate the philosopher, for Kay not only has an admirable portrait of Adam Smith, a trim military-looking figure, but tells the pleasant story how he was engaged to dine with Lord Melville at Wimbledon and to meet Mr. Pitt, and how of course he came late and how all the company rose to receive him. He apologised for being late and entreated them to sit down. "No,

said Mr. Pitt and the other gentlemen, "we will stand till you are seated for we are all your scholars." His mother, to whom he had been so loyal, died in 1784, and three years afterwards Adam Smith departed, saying to his friends "I trust we shall meet in another, and a better, world."

But the greatest thinker of the eighteenth century in Scotland was David Hume, who was more bitterly abused and more tenderly loved than any man of his day, and whose opinions were as sceptical as his life was beautiful. The son of a county gentleman, from the first he had a passion for literature, and even then was so ingenuous and simple-minded, as he continued to the very end, that his mother used to say "Oor Davie is a fine good-natured cratur, but uncommon wake minded." As his portion was very small he had to earn his living, and as the law "appeared nauseous to me" he tried a few months of business at Bristol and found that totally unsuitable to him. He spent some years in France with great frugality, and published his *Treatise on Human Nature* which has been described by one of his biographers as "a challenge of philosophy to produce a doctrine of certainty." For a while he was governor to the Marquis of Annandale and then he was secretary to General Sinclair, he tried for Chairs in the University of Edinburgh and failed, because as he would have said himself, of his bad character.

He acted as secretary to Lord Hertford, the Ambassador of France; he was an under-secretary for a

short time in London, and finally he settled down in the Edinburgh which he loved and to which his heart ever returned from the compliments of French literary men and the fascinations of Parisian ladies, and in that Scotland which always suspected him, but whose searching intellect he so perfectly represented. By this time he had published his *History* which did not give satisfaction to either side but was read by every person, and his *Essay on Miracles*, with other dissertations, which to this day are regarded as an attack on Christianity. It is possible that Hume has received his bad character without sufficient cause. "Our most holy religion," he used to say, "is founded on faith, not on reason or miracles," and his purpose was to put an everlasting check to all kind of superstitious delusions.

When Mrs. Mallet took for granted he was a Deist Hume was furious, and he denied in Paris that such a thing as an atheist was possible. And one of his fastest friends was the orthodox minister of the Tron Kirk, Dr. Jardine. One evening, after lecturing on the "Sufficiency of the Internal Light" he wandered downstairs and landed, not in the street but in Jardine's cellar from which he could find no outlet. When Jardine brought a candle and delivered him the minister could not help saying, "Oh, David where is your 'Internal Light?'" He had one lamentable quarrel with Rousseau for which certainly Hume was not responsible, since he had shewn immense kindness to that creature of morbid vanity, and that was made up; otherwise he lived in peace with all

men and spoke charitably, of every person. He had many friends among the ministers but never tried to turn one from his faith, and was so winning in company that he charmed ladies who hated his opinions. When one woman came to put his faith, or the want of it, into a thorough state of repair, David, seeing her purpose and knowing her husband's business, insisted she should first take a glass of wine, since argument was weary work, and ended without any argument in giving a large order for her husband's goods.

It is said that when Hume, who was absurdly stout, fell into miry ground below the Castle and stuck fast, a woman would not take him out till he had repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, which David did cheerfully. And it was not wonderful, for when a little girl used to visit him he always made her say the Lord's Prayer before she left. After he had gone to his house in the new town of Edinburgh the daughter of Baron Ord chalked on the wall "St. David's Street," and Hume's servant complained that some one had been making game of him. "Never mind, lassie, many a better man has been made a saint before." That scamp Boswell had the impudence to tell David Hume that he was not clear whether it was right to keep company with him, but added that he was better than his books; and no one ever received any injury, but many received much kindness, from keeping company with Hume. The very children whom he dandled on his knees loved him, though he was so

stout and had so little room for them on his knee that they had to keep part hold of the corner of his waistcoat.

But his dearest friend was Adam Smith, to whom he constantly wrote, and whose native town of Kirkcaldy he loved to see in the distance from his Edinburgh house. John Home brought him from Bath to die. One by one his friends bade him good-bye and he wrote notes to them as long as he could. His cheerfulness was so great that people could not believe that he was dying, and when the doctor spoke frankly about the end to him he was rather pleased and flattered. He invented excuses to offer to Charon that he might be left a little longer, and one was that Charon might have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of superstition, but Charon lost his temper and replied, "That will not happen these many hundred years. Get into the boat this instant, you lazy, loitering rogue." He insisted that Adam Smith should return to his mother at Kirkcaldy that he might not be pained at seeing his weakness, and he wrote to Adam: "Last night I had a small fever which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness, but unluckily it has in a great measure gone off." Three days afterwards he died and his doctors bear testimony that he never dropped the smallest expression of impatience, that he spoke to everyone so long as he could with affection and tenderness, even when it cost him an effort to speak; and he died in such happy composure of mind that nothing could exceed it. And this is the verdict of

his most dear friend, and next to him the greatest man of his day, Adam Smith: "David Hume was as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as the nature of human frailty will permit."

Many were the good stories and retorts that flew round Edinburgh in those days, when more bright men could be gathered in one of the tavern clubs or meet together at the Cross than in any other day since, and a man's foibles were not spared. When a young man was taken up for stealing from whom better things had been expected, John Home declared that it was no wonder, for Boston's *Fourfold State* had been found in one pocket and Hume's *Essays* in the other, which for the moment made David lose his temper. One day Lord Kaimes meets Lord Montboddo in the street. "Well," said he "have you read my book." "I have not, my Lord; you write a great deal faster than I am able to read." This was the Lord Montboddo of whom Johnson said "most men endeavour to hide their tails," referring to his theory about men with tails, "but Lord Montboddo is as vain of his as a squirrel." Or it was told how Dr. Webster had put down the Earl of Dundonald, who was a profane man, and Webster would have nothing to do with profanity any more than with theatre-going. "Doctor, may not I ride through Hell on a windle straw now that I have got a roof put on the Abbey Church, and brought water into the Abbey of Paisley?" "My Lord," answered Webster, "you had better take the well along with you." What strikes

one most, however, in the period, next to its brilliancy, is its kindness. There were hardly any quarrels and any that took place were soon healed and the atmosphere was charged with charity. Thomas Reid, Hume's great opponent, wrote from Aberdeen and asked him to visit their club, declaring "your company, although we are all good Christians, would be more acceptable than that of Athanasius." And Campbell, in his answer to Hume on Miracles, treated the arch sceptic with such respect and tenderness that neither Hume nor his friend were in the slightest degree offended.

Dr. John Erskine and Principal Robertson were opposing leaders in the Assembly, but when Robertson, through his liberality to Catholics, was in danger at the hands of the people, Erskine, through his popular influence, protected him. The love of Adam Smith and David Hume was like that of David and Jonathan, it passed the love of women. They formed a loyal fellowship, those writing men, ministers of the Kirk, philosophers, economists, dramatists, historians. If anyone wrote a good book all the others rejoiced as if it had been their own, though with criticism, writing down from London and telling what men were saying about it. If anyone was attacked, as Hume and Carlyle were, by the Kirk, then Robertson defended them, though he was neither a sceptic nor a theatre-goer. Jardine was Hume's honest friend, and Hume had a pew in Robertson's church. There were no rivalries among them and no bitterness; if any new book

appeared by a stranger that had merit this set of men were on the look out for it. Blair staked his credit on MacPherson's *Ossian*, where he made a mistake of course, not about the cleverness of MacPherson but about the authenticity of the poem, and through sheer generosity David Hume himself for a while shared the mistake. When Blacklock the blind poet was near starvation Hume, who was librarian of the Advocates' Library used to give his salary for the poet's support. There was no man did well in letters in those days but this fellowship would honour him ; there was no man of their craft in need but this fellowship would help him. They were "encouragers of merit " and afford one literary republic in which there might be sometimes a dispute but never a lasting and lifelong quarrel. Adam Ferguson with his hot temper was estranged from Adam Smith for years, but when Smith lay a-dying Ferguson waited by his bedside, furs and all. If the spirit of bigotry was raging when the eighteenth century began, the spirit of charity reigned as the eighteenth century closed.

When David Hume shewed kindness to Blacklock he did a good action and Blacklock passed it on, for it was his word of encouragement that kept Robert Burns from leaving Scotland and secured the short and troubled but magnificent future of our chief poet for his native land ; and Burns had another tie with this period, full of pathetic interest as well as literary influence. " We are three Robins," writes Robert Louis Stevenson to the latest bio-

grapher of Robert Fergusson, the Chatterton of Scots letters, "three Robins who have touched the Scots Lyre this last century. Well, the one is the world's, he did it, he came off, he is for ever, but I and the other, ah, what bonds we have He died in his acute painful youth, and left the models of the great things that were to come, and the man who came outlived his green sickness and has faintly tried to parody his finished work."

Fergusson was a link in the poetical succession of Scotland, for he was eight years old when Ramsay died and became his devoted disciple, as Ramsay died one year before Burns was born. For one year only did Fergusson write, and then he died at the age of twenty-four, and his death in a madhouse is one of the saddest things in literature. His mother, who was too poor to keep him in her home, visited him on the last night of his life and he asked her to gather up the poor bedclothes and sit upon them, for he was very cold. "O mother," he said, "this is kind indeed, but I am cold, cold." The keeper gave the signal for retirement and then he cried "Oh, do not go yet, mother, oh! do not leave me." They had to go and through the night he died. If to Blacklock we owe it that Burns remained in Scotland, to Fergusson we largely owe it that Burns wrote in his mother tongue, and carried to its height the great tradition of the Scottish tongue. "When I met with Fergusson's Scottish Poems," Burns wrote, "I strung anew my lyre." And the first thing Burns did when he visited Edinburgh was to go to

the Cannongate Kirkyard and, kneeling down with uncovered head and passionate tears, to kiss the sod that covered Fergusson's grave. He erected a stone to the memory of the young poet, of which this is the first verse :

No pageant bearing here nor pompous lay,
No story'd urn nor animated bust,
This simple stone directs old Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

THE END

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