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AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

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Yours faithfully
Thomas Guthrie

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

AND

MEMOIR

BY HIS SONS

REV. DAVID K. GUTHRIE.

AND

CHARLES J. GUTHRIE, M.A.

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TO

OUR MOTHER,

WITH REVERENCE, AFFECTION, AND GRATITUDE.

PREFACE.

By his Will, Dr. Guthrie directed that all his papers should be placed in the hands of the two members of his family whose names appear on this volume—to be used for publication at their discretion, with the advice of his son-in-law, the Rev. William Welsh. These papers included an unfinished Autobiography, several sketches of eminent men whom he had known, and a mass of general correspondence.

One obvious difficulty and disadvantage under which we labour in compiling a memoir of our father arises from our connection with him. A biographer who is a near relative—like a draughtsman placed too near the object he would represent—is doubtless in danger of taking a one-sided view of the subject.

There is, however, this counterbalancing advantage in our case: we were of necessity familiar with the personal habits, the tastes, the opinions, and everyday life of Dr. Guthrie in a way that no one outside his family could be. And besides, our business is not to attempt an estimate of our father's gifts and services—for this, our relationship to him would totally unfit us—but to present

a narrative of his life and labours, so that those who knew him may recognise the portrait, and those who did not may thereby gain some conception of the man he was.

Our first care was naturally with the Autobiography. Being unfinished and never revised, it became a question whether it should be published separately and as a fragment, or incorporated with a completed memoir. The former was deemed the better course. For the sake of convenience, it has been broken up into chapters, and a few short notes appended; but no alterations have been made in the text save such as seemed unavoidable from the circumstances, that Dr. Guthrie was prevented from revising it himself, and that it is given to the world during the lifetime of various persons to whom he alludes in the course of his narrative.

Our next care was as to the Memoir needful to continue the record of our father's life. On reading the Autobiography, it seemed that there were some points wholly omitted, and others merely glanced at by him, on which the public would desire information. This might have been given by adding cumbrous notes to the Autobiography itself, or by subjoining a lengthened Appendix; but we judged it better to incorporate such material in the earlier chapters of the Memoir proper, while the sketches written by Dr. Guthrie will be embodied in their proper place in the course of our narrative.

In the construction of the Memoir we shall not confine ourselves to the strictly chronological order, but arrange the narrative under leading subjects, such as the

following :—Early Life in Brechin; College Life to Ordination; Arbirlot; Settlement in Edinburgh—state of his parish there; The Disruption; The Manse Fund; The Ministry; Ragged Schools; Interest in Foreign Churches and Countries; Domestic and Social Life; Latest Views on Leading Questions; Closing Days.

The aim which the Editors propose to themselves throughout the Memoir is to preserve, as much as it is possible, the autobiographical form—that is, to let Dr. Guthrie tell the story of his own life in his own words. Personal references, personal reminiscences, formed a marked characteristic of his style, both in speaking and writing; in fact, no one who has not had occasion to examine his sermons and speeches, can form any conception of how largely his allusions and illustrations were drawn from incidents in the course of his own life.

The Editors, in conjunction with Mr. Welsh, desire to express special obligations to the Rev. Dr. Hanna and the Rev. Professor Blaikie, on whose kind counsel they have been permitted to draw in connection with their work. Many valued friends of Dr. Guthrie have contributed important matter in the shape of personal reminiscences and of letters; and to all of them they desire to tender most grateful thanks.

D. K. G.
C. J. G.

EDINBURGH: *November*,

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PREFATORY NOTE.

VERY soon after 1865, when Dr. Guthrie retired from regular pulpit and pastoral work, he conceived the idea of writing an Autobiography; but new engagements of many kinds prevented his commencing it before the summer of 1868.

The various dates indicated in the course of the narrative will show that it was not a continuous composition. Written very much as a relaxation, Dr. Guthrie put it together by snatches, and at uncertain intervals. The weakness attending his last illness (from October to February) prevented his undertaking any composition requiring sustained thought: anxious, however, to employ the time he now felt to be more than ever uncertain, he made an effort to proceed with his Autobiography, and the tedium of these months was relieved by the interest he found in thus recalling the past. He wrote out the portion between the dates "November, 1872" and "4th January, 1873" in pencil, and when increasing weakness necessitated dictation, the remainder was taken down from his lips by one of his daughters. Thereafter, the subject was still in his thoughts; and he remarked that one of the objects for which, were it God's will, he should desire to be spared, would be to complete his Autobiography. It was literally the last thing he worked at on earth. He had to lay it finally aside while in the midst of describing the Disruption conflict; and, in a few days thereafter, done with all conflicts, he entered the rest that remaineth.

Part I.

BIRTH, CHILDHOOD, AND SCHOOL-DAYS.

1803—1814.

INCHGRUNDLE, LOCHLEE, FORFARSHIRE: *July* 13, 1868.

YESTERDAY I completed my sixty-fifth year: and now, amid the pleasant solitudes of this picturesque glen, where, through the kindness of Lord Dalhousie, and of his father, I have enjoyed for nineteen years a holiday retreat, I begin, what I have long purposed, a sketch of my life; the object I have chiefly in view being to thread on that, some of those important events and great changes I have lived to see, and in some of which I have been called to take a part. Such a sketch, however slightly or roughly drawn, will be read with interest by my descendants. It may also, if it should ever appear in print, prove instructive to others, and glorifying to Him, through whose great goodness and mercy I have been spared to nearly the three score years and ten that are understood to form still, as in old times, the allotted term of life.

With care and prudence, human life may be extended considerably beyond the ordinary period. The truth is that few people die a natural death. Some are murdered; but the greater part, who have arrived at years of discretion, commit suicide of a sort, through their neglect of the ordinary rules of health, or the injudicious use of meat, drink, or medicine. Hence few have ever seen a person who has reached a hundred years; and any

who have attained that patriarchal age are world's-wonders, whom people go to see.

I myself, though I have travelled much both at home and abroad, have seen only one person above a hundred years old. She kept a stone-ware shop at Coleraine in Ireland, and was, if I may be permitted the Irishism, the "lion" of the place. On entering the shop to buy something, that I might see her, I found an old grey-haired woman behind the counter, but this was her daughter, "an auld young lass" of eighty. On learning this, I said I wished to be served by her mother, that I might have it to say that I had not only seen, but bought from a woman a hundred and seven years old. On this, coming at once from a back room to the call of her daughter, the old lady, no beldam, appeared, walking slowly and softly, but straight as a rush; the only marks of her great age being the eyes, bright, however, with intelligence, deeply sunk in their sockets, and her face wearing a very bleached and bloodless hue.

The late Marquis of Lansdowne (a minister of State, who was in his attire and manner very like a polished and courteous minister of the Gospel) used to boast that he sat, on first entering the House of Commons, beside one who had been a member of the House in the time of George II.

But the case of Dr. Alison, the celebrated physician, and hardly less famous philanthropist, one of the best and greatest men I ever knew, was much more extraordinary. It recalls the days of the patriarchs. He, dying in 1859, had spoken to a man who had spoken to a man who had been at Flodden Field, a battle fought so far back as 1513. There was, so to speak, but one man between him and an event that occurred more than three hundred years before. What seems incredible is thus explained:—when a mere child, Dr.

Alison had been put into the arms of a man in Aberdeenshire, who lived, if I remember aright, to the age of a hundred and thirty; and this old Highland patriarch had once met with Jenkins—who survived till he was a hundred and sixty-nine years old, and had when a boy carried arrows to the English archers who fought and won the field of Flodden.

One of the most curious cases of old age I ever heard of was told me by Lord Ardmillan, who, to the integrity of a judge, and the graces of a genius, and the piety of a Christian, adds such a knack for story-telling as makes his society quite delightful. Mr. F. Dundas, M.P., a friend of his, having heard, when on a visit to Shetland, of a very old man who lived on the mainland, or one of its islands, went to see him. On approaching his cottage, he saw an aged but hale-looking man at work in a field close by, and not doubting but that this was the person he was in search of, he made up to him, but had no sooner begun to moralise on topics suitable to old age and the close of life, than the person he addressed turned round on him to say, "It'll be my faytber ye've come to see; there he is, sitting at the cheek o' the door!" And there, on walking up to the house, he saw a grey-haired, venerable patriarch, sitting on a stone by the door, warming his cold blood in the sunshine. On going up to him, and introducing himself as a traveller, who had come out of his way to see one who had seen so many years, he was much surprised when this old man, pointing his staff to the door, said, "It'll be my fayther ye've come to see; he's in the house, there!" He entered: and there, in one who, with bleared eyes and furrowed brow, cowered over a peat fire, while he stretched out his palsied hands to catch its warmth, and over whose shoulders, bent under the weight of years, fell a few spare silver locks, he saw the very picture of a great

old age. He was sure that he had now got hold of the veritable man. Raising his voice, for he found the aged patriarch deaf almost as a door-post, he let him know the purpose of his visit. But what was his astonishment when this withered form by the "chimney neuk," pointing to the door of an inner room, said, "Oh, it'll be my fayther ye've come to see; he's ben there!" and an old woman who sat by the fire, added, "Surely, sir, you'll not go till you've seen 'the Lucky Dad?'" And "ben there," to be sure, lying in a "box-bed" he found the father of the other three generations, alive indeed, but more like a dried mummy than a living man.

It may not be desirable to live on into second childhood—man, in such a condition, presenting physically and mentally, as well as morally and spiritually, the saddest of all ruins. Yet the glory of God and the good of mankind require that we do ourselves no harm, but, devoting it to useful, noble, and holy purposes, spin out our life till the thread snaps through sheer tenuity and weakness.

People should shine as lights in the world, but not put the candle in a draught or door-way. It is better, no doubt, as they say, to wear out than to rust out; but the weights of a clock may be made so heavy as to damage the machinery and make it run down before its proper time. We have no more right to shorten our own than another's life, and the duty of self-preservation which instinct teaches, is one which the Bible enforces. A knowledge of the ordinary rules of health ought, therefore, to be regarded as one of the most useful branches of education; and considering how easily they may be acquired, and how many diseases are spread and lives lost through the neglect of them, it is astonishing that they are not taught in all our schools. Were these rules learned to be practised, and were people to observe

moderation in all things—abstaining especially from every cup stronger than that which cheers but not inebriates—and were our working classes as well fed, clothed, and housed as they might be were they to abstain from the use of expensive and dangerous luxuries, thousands of lives would be saved, thousands of accidents and diseases averted, and the three score years and ten would probably prove not the ordinary limit, but the ordinary average of human life—as many living beyond that period as died before it.

"What's in a name?" asks the Poet. Yet some names are very awkward—an American minister of my acquaintance had the misfortune to be called Merryman; he, only less unfortunate than another in that country of strange names, the Rev. Mr. Scamp, who, "scamp" though in a sense he was, lived, as I read in an American paper, much esteemed, and died greatly lamented. Some names, on the other hand, are honourable; and have, or at least should have, an influence for good on those who bear them; and in that case, in the words of the wise man, "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Such a name is mine. It is an ancient one; the name of a very old family in Forfarshire. Greater honour still —in these words,

"FAMOUS GUTHRIE'S HEAD—"*

it stands on the Martyrs' Monument in the Greyfriars Churchyard of Edinburgh—being, with the exception of Argyll's and Renwick's, the only name, of the 18,000 that perished in the days of the Covenant, that has the honour of standing on that famous and sacred stone. James Guthrie was described by Oliver Cromwell as "the short

* Rev. James Guthrie of Stirling was executed at Edinburgh on 1st June, 1661. His head was affixed to the Nether Bow Port.

man that would not bow," and his fate forecast by his cousin William Guthrie, who said on one occasion, "Ah, James, you will have the advantage of me, for you will die honourably before many witnesses, with a rope about your neck, and I will die whining upon a little straw." This famous martyr was of the family of Guthrie of Guthrie; while William, who was banished from his charge and home for the cause of the Covenant, was also, like most of the leading Covenanters, a well-born man. He died in his bed; and lies within the old Cathedral Church of Brechin, my native place, below the seat belonging to Pitforthie, his ancestral estate, a mile from the town. He was the author of that precious book, "The Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ," of which it is related that the great Dr. Owen said, on one occasion, taking a "little gilt copy" of it out of his pocket—"It is my *Vade-mecum*, and I carry it and the Sedan New Testament still about me. I have wrote several folios, but there is more divinity in it than them all."

To establish, what certain circumstances made highly probable, the connection of my family with those heroes of the Covenant, to whom, under God—as is now all but universally admitted—Great Britain largely owes her civil and religious privileges, was an object of my ambition. I failed; yet am conscious that the idea and probability of this has had a happy influence on my public life, in determining me to contend, and suffer if need be, for the rights of Christ's crown and the liberties of his Church. Let me be thankful for this. All help was needed in the struggle which terminated in the Disruption of 1843. In these trying times not a few made shipwreck of their character, lacking what such a crisis required, a little natural courage and much grace, or, what perhaps best describes my own case, much natural courage and a little grace.

Through my ancestors, so far as I can trace them, I can claim to be the seed of the righteous:—a higher honour than the "blue blood" some boast of, though why noble blood should be called "blue," which is venous and polluted blood, I have yet to learn.

My grandfather, on my father's side, was a farmer, as his father had been before him. The latter was a tenant of that Earl of Panmure who lost both title and estates for taking part in the Rebellion of 1715. My worthy ancestor, accounting his lease too dear, saw in the rebellion a favourable opportunity to get rid of a bad bargain. So, when Panmure mustered his men, he appeared among them on horseback, booted, spurred, and armed for battle. But he was foiled. "No, no!" said the Earl, dismissing him to more peaceful toils, "go you home, David, and attend to your farm."

A circumstance in my great-grandfather's history is worth preserving, as, while honourable to his piety and courage, illustrative of the promises and providence of God. In his days, Willison, author of the well-known "Sacramental Meditations" which bear his name, was a minister in Brechin. He had been placed there by the Government, of which he was an able and ardent supporter, to keep down the Jacobites, who were strong in that district — most of the landed proprietors in the neighbourhood, and indeed throughout the whole of Angus, with the Earls of Panmure, Southesk, and Airlie at their head, being vehement partizans of the elder Pretender, and his son Prince Charlie. Willison, though supported by the townspeople—who were chiefly Presbyterians, while the landed interest was on the side of Episcopacy and the Steuarts—had a difficult and also dangerous post to hold. But, in him and his successor Blair, and such Presbyterian ministers, the Popish, Episcopalian, and Jacobite party found that they had to deal with men of determination, and of courage equal

to the occasion. Unable to beat Willison by fair, the adherents of the House of Steuart resorted to foul means; raising calumnious reports against his character, and suborning false witnesses to swear it away. Wearied at length of fighting with this nest of hornets, on being called to a church in Dundee he accepted the call: but when the time to shift his quarters came, it was in vain that he applied to one farmer after another to drive his furniture to that town. Overawed by their landlords, they would not venture to help him, either for love or money. Hearing this, my great-grandfather, who held a farm in the parish, stepped forward, volunteering to do this kindness to God's servant, cost what it might. A brave exploit in days when farmers were the slaves of lairds, and, worse than submitting, as now, to be driven up to the polling-booth, went out at their bidding to fight—some for George and some for Charlie. Years after this happened, the Duke of Cumberland passed through Brechin at the head of a large force, to fight the bloody but decisive battle of Culloden. There was a very old saintly woman, about ninety years of age, who used to come to our house when I was a boy, in the character rather than in the capacity of a seamstress (her sewing being but a cover and delicate way of giving her the charity which it would have pained her to receive otherwise); I have heard her tell that she saw Cumberland enter the town, and how he was received with joy by the townspeople, most of whom, being Presbyterians, were distinguished from the landed interest by their cordial support of the Government; and how, nevertheless, being suspicious of poison and foul play, as they supposed, the Duke declined a glass of wine offered him, as he crossed the bridge, by some enthusiastic supporter of King George, the Protestant cause, and liberty. Cumberland was hard up for means to carry northwards his baggage and guns: so he made a raid on the farms,

and cleared them of every available horse—my great-grandfather's horses among the rest; the ploughs in consequence were left to stand idle in the furrows, and ruin stared every farmer in the face. In this dilemma it occurred to my *forebear* to make his case known to Willison, who of all men was most able and most likely to serve him at this pinch. Willison had not forgotten the brave farmer's kindness to himself in other days. He instantly wrote to the Duke. In a few days thereafter the horses were neighing in David Guthrie's stables, and while neighbouring farms lay waste, the plough-boys were whistling in the good man's fields. Here was a remarkable instance, in God's providence, of bread cast on the waters returning, not even many days hence.

My grandfather, the son of this man, being then about fourteen years old, remembered the Rebellion of 1745, and indeed owed his comfortable and rather affluent circumstances to the troubled state of the country between the Revolution of 1688 and the fatal and final battle of Culloden. During that period, both life and property in Scotland were held by a precarious tenure. Proprietors found it difficult to get tenants for their farms—any one bold enough to invest money in the cultivation of the soil. I have heard that about that time nearly the whole parish of Tweedsmuir in the county of Peebles was without a tenant who paid rent; and this is true at any rate, that to induce farmers to take their land, landowners offered it both at very low rents and for very long leases. Nineteen years to start with, and afterwards the length of two lives, were the terms of my great-grandfather's *tack*, as the lease was called; a profitable bargain both for him and his son, the rent per acre being but a few shillings, and that arrangement extending over a hundred years, during which the value of produce doubled or trebled in consequence of the improved state of the

country, and the enormously high prices obtained for grain during our long wars with the First Napoleon.

Thus, affluent, rather than straitened, in his circumstances, my grandfather found it easy to provide for a family of seven sons and two daughters. Mild and gentle in his disposition, temperate in his habits, enjoying "the fruit of righteousness which is peace," and inheriting a good natural constitution, my grandfather, as might in such circumstances have been expected, reached a patriarchal age. He lived to be eighty-seven years old; my grandmother and he—as I never knew any other couple who did—living together as man and wife for sixty-six years. He adhered through life to the costume of his early days, wearing knee-breeches, a broad-tailed coat with large metal buttons, and a broad blue bonnet. I remember his appearance well—his air not rustic, but dignified; his form tall and spare, but, as if it carried easily the burden of nearly ninety years, straight as a lance; a few snowy locks falling on his broad shoulders; and his constant attendants, two red-haired terriers, tottering and half-blind with age, which went by the euphonious names of "Meg" and "Sawney." Nothing in my thoughtless boyhood ever impressed me so much as the reverence with which he approached God, even in saying a grace at meals. What a contrast his devout manner to the brief, hurried, mumbling "For what we are to receive, Lord, make us thankful," or some such curt expression, I have so often heard at the table in England, and from the lips even of her clergy! When all had taken their seats, and were waiting in solemn silence, he slowly uncovered his hoary locks of the cap he wore in the house; and, slightly throwing back his head, with his open eyes raised to heaven, he implored a blessing on the meal—his voice and uplifted eyes tremulous with age, and his countenance wearing an expression of profound devotion.

His wife, my grandmother, was no ordinary woman; a determined "wife" was she; *prononcée,* as the French say—such as I have met with nowhere else in life; and, saying what in her conscience she thought right, neither husband, son, nor daughter—in such respect and awe did they hold her—dared to gainsay it. Bowed and almost blind from the time I remember, she walked leaning on a staff, with which the dogs considered themselves too well acquainted. They stood in awe of her, as did we children also. Nor much wonder; for one part of her creed was that children were too much indulged. So, when she washed our faces, it was to rub them dry with a heavy hand and the hardest towel; and when, on one occasion, we asked for mustard at dinner, it was to meet a stern refusal, and get a rebuke sharper than mustard, for children presuming to think of such a luxury. From her we never got so much as a penny; but many a shilling from my grandfather, though never till we were outside the house and out of sight of the old lady. With her tongue, though far from a railer or backbiter, or scandal-monger (for she would have scorned to say behind any one's back what she would not have said to their face), she spared neither kith nor kin, telling the truth—sometimes more plain than pleasant—about them all.

What others lacked, her decision of character supplied. Her eldest son, for instance, had fallen in love with a farmer's daughter; but, being a bashful youth, could not pluck up courage enough to ask her. The state of the case being laid before my grandmother, she orders her sheepish lad to saddle a horse. Mounting behind him on a pillion, with her arm round his waist—the old fashion in which I have seen farmers and their wives or daughters enter Brechin on a market day—she directs him to ride straight to the house of his sweetheart; and on arriving there, before he, the lout, has

got the horse well stabled, she has done the work of a plenipotentiary, and got the affair all settled with the lass and her parents. But, though my venerable ancestress could not be said by gentleness and amiability to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour—a thing desirable in all, but especially beautiful in woman,—she was, notwithstanding, a woman of genuine though rather stern piety. For many long years down to her death, she fasted one whole day each week, spending most of the time in prayer and secret devotions. That she might not be disturbed, nor have the sights and sounds of the household interrupt her communion with God, she was accustomed to retire to some of the out-houses of the farm ; and I remember of being told by one of my parishioners in Arbirlot, who had been a servant lassie at Knowhead, in Menmuir, my grandfather's farm, that many was the coin she got from him, all unknown to her mistress—who certainly would not have approved of such extravagance—for watching by the door of the house where she was fasting and praying, so that none might interrupt her. This singular and severe exercise of religion, dating from the death of an infant she lost, was supposed to be somehow or other connected with that event. But nobody really knew. The mystery lies buried in her grave, for such was the reverence and awe in which she was held by her children, that none of them, not even my father, her own and her husband's favourite son, ever ventured to pry into her secret. This, however, is pretty plain—that to this remarkable woman, we Guthries largely owe the decision of character and determination of purpose, of which, unless other people are mistaken, we have a more than ordinary share ; a valuable inheritance certainly, especially when controlled and guided by the grace of God.

My mother's parents were both dead before I was born. Her father, the son of a farmer, was a baker, and, for

many years, a magistrate, in the town of Brechin. Both he and his wife were eminent for piety, bringing up their children in the fear of God and, as I have heard my mother tell, the very strict observance of the Sabbath. They were much esteemed by the ministers of the town; and here, as interesting illustrations of old times, I may relate two anecdotes told of one of these ministers, a Mr. Blair:—

Mather, one of the foremost preachers of John Wesley's staff, was a native of Brechin. Having been induced, when a mere youth, to join the army of Prince Charlie, he had fled to England to hide himself and escape the fate of other rebels after the Jacobite cause was wrecked on Culloden Moor. Long years afterwards, he returned to Brechin to recruit his shattered health. During his sojourn there, the communion was to be dispensed in the parish church. He desired to join with God's people in observing that ordinance; but fearing that his being a Methodist and an Arminian might be a bar in his way, he sent a message to Mr. Blair, saying, that he would be happy to be admitted by him to the Lord's Table, if the people of Brechin would not object; whereupon Blair, though himself a stanch Calvinist and Presbyterian, rising above all petty and sectarian feelings, returned for answer, that he would admit and welcome him as a brother in Christ, though the whole town should object.

The courage that, conjoined with a truly Christian and Catholic spirit, spoke there, Blair displayed on a still more trying and public occasion. While preaching one day, two Highland officers, followed by a band of rebels with claymores and kilts, entered the church to the consternation of the people. Mounting the pulpit stairs, each laid a pistol on the cushion, and ordered Blair to stop, threatening to shoot him dead if he didn't. He heard them as if he heard them not, and preached on.

The Provost of the town, who was his brother-in-law, observing this, and trembling for his life, rose from his chair in the opposite gallery, and ordered him to stop. The authority of the lawful magistrate Blair acknowledged; but not on that occasion, as he deemed it an unlawful interference with his spiritual office. Laying an arm on each side of the Bible, he pushed the pistols contemptuously over on to the floor; and said, as they crashed on the pavement, but fortunately without going off, "No, sir; I will not stop though the devil and all his angels were here!" Admiring his pluck, or perhaps taking him for a madman, the officers picked up their pistols, and, put *hors de combat* by this brave minister and stanch supporter of the House of Hanover, took themselves off. It is recorded on Blair's monument in the Church of Brechin, that to him belongs the honour of instituting Sabbath Schools; he having commenced one in my native town several years before any were opened in England by Raikes of Gloucester, to whom the honour is generally assigned.

So much for my more remote *forebears*:—who will not appear again on the stage, and on whose histories and character, as affording glimpses of long bygone times, I have dwelt at some length. My father and mother will appear often in the following narrative in their own admirable characters, and as fully deserving the respect in which they were held by the circle in which they moved, and the esteem, love, and filial reverence with which all their children regarded them.

My father went to Montrose, to become apprentice to a grocer and merchant there; and it may be mentioned, as showing the habits of the times and the hardships young men had to go through, that to these he attributed the dyspepsia under which he suffered all his days. The apprentices had porridge of oatmeal for breakfast; and pity it is that a food, the best, according to Liebig, and—

a greater than any chemist—experience, for making bone and muscle, has fallen so much, and in so many families, out of use. But (as in those days agriculture was much behind what it is now in respect of those green crops that furnish cows with food) milk for the winter months was a scarce commodity. Its place at the porridge-breakfast was taken by beer, often so sour that chalk was used to correct its acidity; and it was to the injury this inflicted on the digestive organs that my father attributed his delicacy. Let our young people nowadays be thankful, thinking of the difference between oatmeal porridge—probably ill-boiled, with only sour ale for *sap*—and their luxurious breakfasts—tea from China, coffee from Ceylon, sugar from Jamaica, and bread baked of "the finest of the wheat," from the banks of the Danube, or the plains of California.

My father began business in Brechin, and was long the leading merchant, as well as for some years the Provost or Chief Magistrate of the town. He married early in life, in that setting a good example. Early marriages, apart altogether from their moral influences, usually prove, in other professions as well as that of the law, the truth of Lord Eldon's observation—that the way for a man to get on at the bar is to start by marrying a woman who has no fortune—who brings him no other fortune but herself. Engaged in many departments of business—a banker, grocer, seed-merchant, shipowner—occasionally speculating in corn, oil, manufactured goods, and stocks—and conducting all his affairs with skill and success, my father was able to educate and provide for a family of thirteen; the blessing of God resting on a house where parents and children met morning and evening at the family altar, and no departure from the strictest habits of virtue and religion would have been tolerated for an hour.

The Sabbath was very strictly observed in my father's

house; no fun, or levity, or week-day amusements were allowed: and we would indeed almost as soon have thought of profane swearing as of whistling on the Lord's day.

We were trained much after the views (though the story presents these in an exaggerated form) expressed in the rebuke an old woman administered to the late Duke of Argyll. His Grace, then Lord John Campbell, had come to Edinburgh in command of a corps of Fencibles, about the time the first Napoleon threatened to invade our island. He was an accomplished whistler, and had the habit, when absorbed in thought, of whistling some favourite tune. Quite unconscious of it, he was so engaged as he lay over the window of an hotel in Princes Street, one Sunday morning before church-time. He was suddenly roused from his reverie by the sharp tones of a person on the pavement below, and there stood an old woman with her Bible in one hand, shaking the other at him, and giving expression to her indignation in these words, "Eh! ye *reprobāt!* ye *reprobāt!*"

The reverence with which the people in those days regarded the Sabbath was no way akin to that blind superstition which, in Roman Catholic and semi-popish churches, invests with as much, or more, sacredness the institutions of the Church as the ordinances of God. Though fast-days were generally observed much as a Sabbath, we, by indulging in one short whistle on them, used to mark our sense of the difference between the two; and this, long years afterwards, was brought to my recollection on seeing how in France, and Belgium, and Italy, their *fête* and saints' days were more strictly kept than the Lord's—how places of public amusement were shut, for instance, on Good Friday, but thrown open, as if it were the less sacred day, on the Sabbath.

In these old Scotch manners there might be, and in-

deed was, a strictness which gave an air of severity to the observance of Sunday, but in the duties we owe either to God or man, it is ever better to lean to the side of scrupulousness than laxity: and I may remark here, that Scotland and her children owe much to the manner in which they were taught to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. All this preaching, and catechising, and reading, whereby the people acquired a remarkable familiarity with the grand truths of the divine word, and even the profounder questions of theology, contributed much, I believe, to their thoughtful and intellectual cast of mind, and to their national and proverbial "hard-headedness," as it has been called; and, though this strict Sabbath observance was not, and could not be very agreeable to the volatile temperament of the young, it was the means of training them to those habits of patient endurance, obedience, and self-denial, to which, as much as to their good school education, Scotsmen owed their success when they went forth, in rivalry with the natives of England and Ireland, to push their fortunes in the world.

The current stories which are told in profane ridicule of our Scottish Sabbaths—such as that of a woman who parted with a valuable hen because it persisted in laying an egg on the Sabbath day—are all rubbish. Our pious ancestors might be too scrupulous; but, whatever they were, they were not fools.

I don't say that they did not fall into even glaring inconsistencies. For example:—on first going to Ross-shire to visit and preach for my excellent friend Mr. Carment of Rosskeen, I asked him on the Saturday evening before retiring to rest, whether I would get warm water in the morning? Whereupon he held up a warning hand, saying, "Whisht, whisht!" On my looking and expressing astonishment, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Speak of shaving on the Lord's day

in Ross-shire, and you need never preach here more!" In that same county Sir Kenneth Mackenzie directed my attention to a servant girl, who, if not less scrupulous, was more logical in her practice. She astonished her master, one of Sir Kenneth's tenants, by refusing to feed the cows on the Sabbath. She was ready to milk, but would by no means feed them—and her defence shows that though a fanatic, she was not a fool. "The cows," she said—drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are not and what are works of necessity and mercy that would have done honour to a Casuist—"The cows canna' milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity and mercy; but, let them out to the fields, and they'll feed themselves." Here certainly was *scrupulosity;* but the error was one that leaned to the right side.

Unfortunately for the interests of true religion, and for the virtues and pith of the people, their leanings nowadays are all the other way. And this, especially so far as the young are concerned, is without excuse. In my early days, besides the historical parts of Scripture—with all the stirring incidents, and marvellous miracles, and bloody battles of which, as related in Genesis, Exodus, Joshua, Judges, and Samuel, I became, for lack of other stirring and comprehensible reading, quite familiar—almost the only book we possessed interesting to young minds was the "Pilgrim's Progress." For the possession of this, an old copy, illustrated by rough and grotesque woodprints of Christian with his staff, and Giant Despair with his bludgeon, and Mr. Greatheart with his sword, my next brother and I had a contention every Sabbath. If the Lord's day was a weariness to us, as it undoubtedly was, the blame lay not with it, but with those who did not provide reading and discourses suited to the young. With the variety, and piquancy, and attractiveness of books nowadays provided for Sabbath

use, there is no excuse for people, whether old or young, seeking relaxation in museums, or public gardens, or Sunday excursions, or saying that the Sabbath is a weariness, and wishing it were over.

As to the plea set up for Sabbath walks and excursions for the sake of health by the working classes, there is no truth in it. If women would spend less on finery, and men on whisky and tobacco, they could spare an hour or two every day for more than all the relaxation which health requires. Besides, I feel certain that statistics, which have no bias to either side, would show that the good old Scottish way of hallowing the Lord's day is most favourable to morals, and health, and length of days—that Sabbath keepers have happier houses and longer lives than Sabbath breakers—and that in this, as in other things, "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

INCHGRUNDLE, LOCHLEE: *June*, 1871.

The youngest but one of my father's family, I was born on the 12th of July, 1803. I am now sixty-seven years of age; and I humbly and gratefully hope that it has been to do some good in the world—as it has been to enjoy unusual and unnumbered blessings—that I have been spared through two very dangerous illnesses, and two or three very perilous accidents, thus to reach the borders of three score and ten.

Of the first of these illnesses I have no recollection; it occurred when I was an infant; but I have been told that I was then brought back, very unexpectedly, from the very gates of death.

The second illness (to which I shall refer further on) occurred when I was minister of Arbirlot, in 1837, the year of my translation from that country parish to be a collegiate minister of the Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh.

As to my escapes from death by accident, the first

happened in boyhood, when wading across a swollen river with another boy on my back. Getting dizzy and falling off, he lost his presence of mind; and striking out with hands and feet bellowed like a madman as he lay floating, fast in my grip, on the top of the flood. It was with the utmost difficulty I succeeded in reaching the shore; and still remember how glad and thankful I was, even at that thoughtless age, that I had brought him as well as myself safe to land—an incident this, that sometimes rises to my recollection when people quote the proverb, "Providence is kind to fools and bairns."

Another merciful interposition of God's hand occurred during my ministry at Arbirlot. I had gone to the rocks on the east side of Arbroath that culminate in the noble promontory of the "Red Head," on a day when the waves were, so to speak, "running mountains high." Though the tide was making, a considerable breadth of the rocks that shelved at a sharp angle into the sea lay bare. I leaped down on one, and had no sooner lighted on the slippery weeds that covered it than my feet went out from below me, and, laid flat on my back, with my face to the sky and my feet to the sea, I was off, like a ship at her launch! Instantly taking in all the danger, I gave myself up for lost. I could swim, but in such a sea I would have been dashed to pieces against the rocks. By God's good providence the very extremity of the danger had the effect not of confusing but of calming my mind. I remembered that the rocks there, formed of what is called "plum-pudding stone," had often nodules that, consisting of harder matter, had resisted the action of the waves and rose above their polished surface. I remembered also how, but the very day before, I had got the heels of my boots armed with iron, and it came on me like a flash of lightning that, if I pressed firmly against the rock in my descent, I might peradventure catch a projecting nodule, and be saved—brought to a

stand-still by that. This flashed on my mind like an inspiration; and, through the Divine blessing, by this device I was plucked from the jaws of death—saved, where nothing else short of a miracle could have saved me.

There are few who have not experienced, some time or other, providential deliverances equally remarkable. It were well we saw God's hand in them, and made such use of them as did Lord Clive when he twice attempted and twice failed to blow out his brains. The founder of our great Eastern Empire, he landed in India a wild, reckless youth, with a purse emptied and a character lost by dissipation. Weary of a life which was a disgrace to his friends and a burden to himself, he loaded a pistol, and putting the muzzle to his head, drew the trigger; snap it went, but only to flash the powder in the pan. Bent on suicide, he renewed the priming, and, strange to say, again the powder flashed in the pan. Renewing the priming once more, a third time he put his finger on the trigger and the muzzle to his brow, and was about to draw, when, struck all of a moment by his remarkable escapes, he laid the pistol down, saying, godless and graceless man as he was—"Surely God intends to do some great things by me that He has so preserved me!"

With my brother Charles, who was only two and twenty months older than myself, I was sent, when four years old, to what might be called an infant school; "infant schools," properly so called, were not known in these days. My father had a large business to manage, and my mother a large family to look after; and I fancy we were sent there to be out of the way, and also probably because the fees offered an opportunity of contributing in a delicate way to the comfort of a humble but high-minded and eminently Christian man.

Jamie Stewart, our pedagogue, was by trade a weaver;

a very little man, dressed in the old fashion, his broad, blue bonnet covering a head of great size, and full of brains. Of him it might have been said, as a Highland porter, observing a stranger looking intently on Dr. Candlish, said, "Ay, tak' a gude look, there's no' muckle *o'* him—but there's a deal *in* him!" Stewart was an elder in the Burgher* Church, where, for lack of accommodation in the Established Church, we went, when children, with my mother, and eldest brother and sister, who had become Seceders. Though then a thoughtless boy, I remember how impressed I was with the prayers this old man offered up at meetings of the congregation. I have never heard anything like them since. With a remarkable knowledge of his Bible, and perfect mastery of its language, he so interwove its sublimest passages into his prayers, that they seemed like the utterance of a seraph before the Throne.

Remarkable for his piety, he was no ascetic, no sour and unhealthy Christian; but enjoyed, and encouraged others to enjoy, innocent recreations. He was very fond of fishing, and was off to the waterside with rod and reel whenever he could escape from his loom. Nor did he think it below the dignity and gravity of a Seceder elder to "harry" crows' nests; on one occasion astonishing a brother in office, as they came near a rookery, by suddenly dropping the thread of a pious conversation, to rush at a tree and mount it like a squirrel! The single room of this good old man, where he lived with his wife and daughter—the loom standing in one corner and their box-beds in another—was our school. There were some half-dozen of us who sat on stools, conning our lessons to the click of his shuttle, while he sat weaving, gently reminding us from time to time of our tasks, by the use

* The Secession Church, whose origin dates from 1733, when Ebenezer Erskine left the Establishment, split on the question of the lawfulness of taking the religious clause of the Burgess oath—the affirmative party being styled "Burghers," the negative, "Anti-burghers."

of a leather thong at the end of a long stick, with which he reached us without having to leave his throne.

Having learned our letters, and some small syllables printed on a fly-sheet of the Shorter Catechism, we were at once passed into the Book of Proverbs. In the olden time this was the universal custom in all the common schools in Scotland, a custom that should never have been abandoned. That book is without a rival for beginners, containing quite a repertory of monosyllables and pure Saxon—"English undefiled." Take this passage, for example, where, with one exception, every word is formed of a single syllable, and belongs to the Saxon tongue,—"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." What a contrast to the silly trash of modern schoolbooks for beginners, with such sentences as, "Tom has a dog;" "The Cat is good;" "The Cow has a calf!"

While learning the art of reading by the Book of Proverbs, we had our minds stored with the highest moral truths; and, by sage advices applicable to all the ages and departments of life, the branch, while it was supple, received a bent in a direction highly favourable to future well-doing and success in life. The patience, prudence, foresight and economy which used to characterise Scotchmen—giving occasion to the saying, "a canny Scot"—and by which they were so often able to rise in the world and distance all competitors in the race of life, was to a large extent due to their being thus engrained in youth and childhood with the practical wisdom enshrined in the Book of Proverbs.

The mode of pronunciation we were taught was very primitive—no danger of its being said of us as it was said of Lord Jeffrey, that at Oxford he lost his Scotch, and did not catch the English. Ours was the broadest Doric. "Abraham" we learned to pronounce *Aubrawhawm*—"Capernaum," *Caa-pernauum*—"throughout all the land

of Israel," *throch-oout aul the laund of Israul;* and if all this had to be whipped out of us at our next school, it was but a small price we had to pay for the good instruction we received from that venerable man, and the good we may have got in answer to his prayers, the effectual fervent prayers of a righteous man which avail much.

Our next school was one belonging to the Antiburgher Congregation—the property being theirs, and the teacher always one belonging to their body, selected by them. It was this school which the celebrated Dr. McCrie, the biographer of John Knox, came to Brechin to teach, when a student but fourteen or fifteen years old. I have heard the old people in Brechin speak of him as being even then a great politician, taking the liveliest interest in public affairs; and they told the following anecdote of him, which shows the budding of that ambition which, guided by rare sagacity and sanctified by grace and associated with patriotism and the love of liberty, won him his high place in literature and religion:—

But first I must explain that the body to which Dr. McCrie belonged, called Seceders, were, while remarkably moral and pious—in many places the cream of religious society—rather narrow-minded and exclusive. Old, sturdy, true-blue, double-dyed Presbyterians, they held stoutly by their own views of duty as well as doctrine. Though not averse to amusements *per se*, in some they would take no share. For instance, thinking it unfavourable to good morals, they disapproved of *promiscuous dancing*—dances where men and women took part together. Not that they condemned dancing, but it must be (to borrow a term from prisons) on the "separate system," the men with men, the women with women! Time somewhat modified these views. A worthy old Original-Seceder Elder, a retainer of our family, danced at my wedding; and John Mill, the said dancer, was as good and guileless a Christian as I ever knew. He used to retire for prayer early every

morning to a cellar below the room which was my study; and, as I was wont to rise early to work at my books, and he had the habit, as many old people of that age had, of praying aloud, though I could not catch the words, I used to be solemnised by hearing his earnest pleading tones, while, with all asleep around us, he would remain half-an-hour on his knees in prayer. These Seceders disapproved of all games of chance—regarding these as a profane use of the *lot*, which, as the means by which the Jews appealed to God for a decision, they considered should only be employed on solemn occasions and for sacred purposes. Thus, abjuring cards and every game where dice were thrown, they confined themselves to games of pure skill, such as chess and draughts.

Now, young McCrie on going to Brechin found in Mr. Gray, the minister of the Anti-burgher congregation, a most expert draught-player with whom he had not a chance. Yet he was determined to beat the minister. So, having heard of a shoemaker in an obscure part of the town who was a celebrated player, he ferreted him out; and finding how much he earned by each hour of his trade, he agreed to pay him the value of the time he would spend in teaching him the secrets of his skill in draughts—and this, when his fees as a teacher were hardly enough to clothe his back and fill his belly. Keeping the secret to himself, he becomes master in time of the shoemaker's tactics, sits down on a Saturday afternoon with the minister, who expected his usual triumph, and leaves the old gentleman staring in amazement and mortification at the boy who has plucked the laurels from his grey hairs, and swept him clean off the board.

To the school which was associated with the name of the great Dr. McCrie, Charlie and I were transferred, to be under the charge of a teacher who must also have been a very young man, else that had not happened which gave occasion to the first regular whipping I ever got from

my father. There, led off by others, I, being then about seven years old, with my brother for the first and last time played truant. Anticipating punishment, we resolved when the first was called out by our teacher, that the rest should rise *en masse* and show fight. My brother Charlie is the first called out. It is the signal for a general rising. To the astonishment of the school a dozen of us leave our seats, and with closed fists march up in line to the amazed and alarmed *dominie,* giving him his choice between forgiving or fighting us. This *coup d'état* was a success: and we returned to our seats, every boy a hero. But Charlie and I paid sweetly for our laurels. The poor *dominie* who showed the white feather, made us white enough at the supper-table in our house when, on the evening thereafter, he had the meanness to tell of this *émeute* to my father: Charlie and I being present. My father said nothing at the time; but we paid for it next day.

Speaking of punishment, I may describe the singularly wise and effective way in which—with much pain I am sure to himself—he performed that part of parental duty. Few parents ever made less use of the rod, in the common sense of the term, yet none ever ruled more absolutely. He was far from being stern; yet a word, a look was law, not only to be obeyed, but that promptly, instantly, without an attempt at remonstrance on our part, or any reason given on his. And that saved him a great deal of trouble and us a great deal of pain; the pain of tears, entreaties, and mortified expectations and unsuccessful pleadings. We never attempted to get a disagreeable order cancelled, to get our own way: and so never suffered the disappointment of failing. We would not even have dreamt of attempting anything of the kind. On the rare occasions—not above three or four, and which, with the above exception, all arose from my love of fighting —when I was punished by my father, he went very deli-

berately to work. At whatever time the offence was committed or the complaint made, there was a fixed hour for the payment of the penalty, and when we knew in the morning that a whipping awaited us, I remember in what misery the day was passed. The delay hung like a black cloud over the whole intervening time, and made the thing doubly terrible. I see my father yet, as, with more than ordinary dignity and a measure of solemnity, he rose from the table after tea to go to the next room, we knew well for what purpose. How the key grated in our ears as we heard it turning in the lock of the desk where he kept the strap! And the thing though firmly done, was done so calmly, deliberately, without a trace of passion, or any appearance of it being other than a pain to him, that I would twenty times rather have had my lips cut, my nose bled, and an eye closed up in fight, than have gone through the mental horrors of this whipping.

Ready in a year or two to enter on the higher branches of knowledge, we were transferred to a school that combined the advantages of private and public education.

Besides this school there were two others in Brechin where Latin and Greek, French, and mathematics were taught. One of these was endowed from property belonging in Roman Catholic times to the Knights Templars, who had a preceptory there. The other was the parish school. Both were conducted by "preachers," or licentiates of the Church of Scotland,—university men who had spent at least eight years at college. Both prepared young men for the university, teaching them, besides the more common branches of education, Algebra, Euclid, French, Latin and Greek, and all for five shillings a quarter! That may astonish people nowadays. But so it was: and the bursaries which a large proportion of their pupils won by open competition at the Universities of St. Andrews and Aberdeen, while the means of their support there, proved the goodness of the

teaching they got for this small sum. The result of this cheap and efficient education was that the sons of many poor and humble people pulled their way up to honourable positions in life, and that Brechin had many of its children in the ministry at home and in important offices abroad, while the parents had not their self-respect and feelings of independence lowered by owing the superior education of their children to others than themselves.

The school to which my brother and I were now sent was instituted by a few of the better conditioned families in the town. The teacher had gone through the curriculum of the Edinburgh University, and was thoroughly qualified to prepare his pupils for college. He received a fixed salary, and the number of scholars, which included girls as well as boys, was limited. The cost was greater than if we had attended a common school; but that was made up by its combining the care of a private with the spur of a public education.

In those days, what Solomon says of the rod was literally understood; and our teacher, though then a licentiate, and afterwards a minister of the Church of Scotland, had not learned to govern his passions. An able and accomplished, and at bottom a kind-hearted man, he broke out into terrible explosions of temper. Not that I suffered much; but I have ground my teeth and held by the bench to prevent myself rising in open revolt as I saw him unmercifully beating some naturally stupid but amiable boy, who was filling the school with his screams.

I recollect of getting one *licking* from him—no more; but it has left its marks on my memory, as it did for days on my body. We were reading Ovid's account of Phæton's attempt to drive the chariot of the sun, and my teacher's attempt that day to drive me was also like to end in a catastrophe. Before we had time to master our lesson, he calls out, as I was that day dux, "Tom Guthrie's class." "Not ready, sir!" was—no

unusual thing, and usually securing another half-hour to us—my ready reply. Something had put him into a savage humour. So, without more ado, he discharged it on me, springing from his seat to haul me from mine, and say, with fury in his face, as he struck the table with clenched hand—"I'll *make* you ready!" Well, no doubt, like the reeds by a loch side, I should have bowed my head to the storm, whereby I would have come off little the worse. But my blood got up, and I refused to read one word. Blows had no more effect on me than on an iron pillar. My class-fellows stood trembling. The attention of the school was wholly turned on the struggle. Transported with rage at the prospect of being baffled by a boy, he dropped the strap for a ruler, and beat me black and blue with it on the head. He might have broken my skull: he could not break my resolution, and at length gave it up. If I was wrong, he was much more to blame; since, instead of beating me so savagely, he should have turned me, for my insubordination, out of the school. Seeing me return next day with a brow and face all marred and swollen, he regretted, I believe, his violence, and was very gracious. I had no choice but to return. My parents were wiser than my teacher, my mother telling me, when I said I would not return but tell my father how I had been used, "You had better not; he will lick you next!" We were brought up hardier *louns* than the present generation, and did not get on any the worse in life for that.

A sister of my mother's, Miss Betty Cay, lived and died in my father's house. She was somewhat deformed, but had a beautiful and most expressive face. She wore a silken plaid overhead when out-of-doors, a hoop or something like it, and high-heeled shoes; and, though she took her meals with the family, spent most of her time in her own room, sitting at a small round table with a large folio volume before her of Boston's "Four-

fold State," or Ambrose's "Looking to Jesus," or some other such pious folio. It was her practice on New Year's Day to call Charlie and me into her room, give us some kind and pious counsels, and with these a sixpence and a kiss. The counsels, I fear, we did not mind much; the kiss we disliked; and though we valued the sixpence, our estimation of it was much abated by her instantly resuming it to place it at our credit in the Savings-bank. Well, as agreed on, we obeyed the summons on a New Year's Day to "Auntie Betty's" room, got our sixpence and our kiss to boot, and, having left the door open, before she could ask or get it back, to her great astonishment we bolted off, each with his prize in hand: and the most creditable story I have to tell of my early days is, that, though some of it may have come our own way, most of the money was spent in buying oranges for our old teacher's old wife; from which I infer, though I remember little about her, that she must have been kind to bairns. I have no recollection of being whipt for this escapade, which, though it astonished Auntie in the first instance, was, very probably, secretly approved of. I think very likely it was my brother Charles who suggested the thing—for, while of a rollicking disposition, he was very kind-hearted.

As I may not have occasion to speak of my brother and schoolfellow again, I may mention that he afterwards became a captain in the Indian army, and died on the banks of the Ganges in consequence of injuries suffered years before in the first Burmese war; leaving a widow, who, with her daughter was among the massacred at Cawnpore.

While I aspired to keep the top of my class, my greatest ambition was to win honours in another field,—to be the best fighter among boys of my standing. I undertook to fight any boy of my size and age with my left hand tied behind my back, and repeatedly fought

boys older and bigger than myself. Though I cannot say this gendered much ill-will, and did more damage to the eyes and nose than to the temper, it was not a commendable ambition; and now I never see boys in the street fighting, or threatening a fight, but I interpose.

This combative spirit, which brought me into the ring in my second as well as my first session at college (and, what I dreaded more, into the hands of the college officer, who threatened to take me before the Senatus Academicus and have me expelled) was nursed if not created, by the great war between our country and the armies of Napoleon, which occupied the attention of old and young in my early days. Our greatest and choicest sport was playing at soldiers. People nowadays have no idea of the warlike and patriotic spirit which then animated all classes. Many a time did we boys tramp a mile or two out of town to meet troops marching to the war; and proud we were to be allowed to carry a soldier's musket, which the poor fellows, burdened with all the heavy accoutrements of those days, and wearied with a twelve hours' march in a hot summer's day, were glad enough to resign to us. Animated by this martial spirit, school was sometimes pitched against school,—sometimes the upper part of the town against the lower. And it was not always play-stones which we showered at each other; the wonder is that some of us were not killed in these *mêlées*. We had our "deadly breaches;" and I remember of having to charge up a narrow close, down which "the French," as we nicknamed the opposite party, were sending volleys of stones, and suffering nothing in that "deadly breach" beyond a *thud* on the hip from a large piece of slate, which lamed me for a day or two.

I have a distinct recollection of many things that occurred about, or at the close of that great war. In those days, the only London daily newspaper that came to the town came to my father, and I have seen the

shop-fellows and a crowd outside the door listening to one of my brothers, as, standing on a chair, he read the stirring news of battles by flood or field.

I remember one morning, when we were at Wormy-hills—a place on the shore of what afterwards became my parish—for sea-bathing, of an alarm which brought all out of bed, that the French were off the coast. Out we rushed, to see, as it turned out, a sight of unusual magnificence and splendour. Many hundred vessels with every sail set, and many men-of-war for convoys, were forming a long and most imposing line, slowly making their way northward over a glassy sea and in a bright morning, but a mile or two from shore. The sight did not look less beautiful when we found the alarm false—that it was not a French invasion, but the West India fleet making under convoy for the Atlantic, north by the Pentland Firth.

I saw Bonaparte borne in effigy through the streets of Brechin, and then consigned to a tar-barrel in the Market-place, in presence of the magistrates and principal citizens, who had met at the Cross to celebrate the peace of 1814, and drink the King's health. I remember of us boys, with flags flying and drums beating, marching up in military style to the houses of two *black-nebs*, as the partisans of the French were called, and compelling them, by a threat of carrying their citadels by storm, to hang out a white sheet as the *drapeau blanc* of the Bourbons.

The news of Waterloo made each of us as proud as if he had been a hero in that field. It spread like wildfire from town to hamlet, from hamlet to cottage, and was celebrated in Brechin by an illumination, which, though only formed by a piece of candle stuck behind each pane of glass, astonished and pleased me more perhaps than the splendours of Paris at the baptism of the Prince Imperial, or the still more splendid spectacle of the illumination of Edinburgh on the night of the marriage of the Prince of Wales.

Part II.

COLLEGE LIFE IN EDINBURGH.

1815—1824.

In the spring of 1815, our teacher having left Brechin, I was sent, previous to going to college at the end of autumn, to pass the summer in the country with the Rev. Robert Simpson (afterwards Dr. Simpson of Kintore), the parish schoolmaster of Dun; and I may use his case to illustrate one and not a rare phase of the old parish school system of Scotland.

Though the emoluments were small, and almost all the scholars were the children of peasants, ploughmen, and artisans, who aimed at nothing beyond "the three R's"—as reading, writing, and arithmetic have been called—the teachers were in many instances university men who had gone or were going through a full curriculum of the arts and sciences. Many had won their spurs, the degree of M.A., at one of the Universities—St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, Glasgow, or Edinburgh—and not a few were licentiates of the Church. By help of the salary and fees accruing to a parish school teacher, many a poor lad was able to work his way through the expenses of a university, all the more if he had obtained a bursary there. He taught the school during the summer, and filled it with a substitute during the five months which he passed at college. And if, aiming at the pulpit, he had finished his literary and philosophical curriculum, and had become a student in divinity, it was

a still easier matter to hold a parish school. The Church of Scotland, wisely accommodating her rules to circumstances, required only one full attendance of five months at her Divinity Halls, if the student, instead of four sessions of that length, attended six or seven partial ones.

The disadvantages of this system were, so far at any rate as the general education of the country was concerned, more than counterbalanced by its advantages. As a licentiate of the Church, or one preparing for that position and for the office of the ministry, the teacher in such cases had a high character to maintain, and was thereby preserved from those temptations to fall into low, vulgar, and dissipated habits he might otherwise have been exposed to. In him, besides the clergyman, the rudest country parishes had a man of literary accomplishments and cultured manners, and the clergyman a companion of education equal to his own. But more than all that, in such a man the humblest country school had a teacher of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, in whom the son of the poorest peasant, at the most trifling cost to his parents, found one who could prepare him to enter a university. Thus ploughmen's sons were put on a level with those of peers. A "liberal education," as it is called, was brought to the door of the humblest cottage; and if a shoeless *loun* had talents and ambition, here was a ladder by which he could, and by which many such did, climb to positions in society far above that of their birth.

New schemes of education have altered all this; but not in all respects to the advantage of the country, which was very much thereby able to boast of having, in proportion to her population, three times as many more than England, and nearly five times as many more than Ireland had, of her sons who had received a university education. Some years ago these were the proportions:

in Scotland, one out of every 5,000; in England, one out of every 16,000; and in Ireland, but one out of every 22,000 of the people.

Take the case of a man I knew well, who was an example, and an admirable one, of these bygone days. His father, an elder of the Church, and a man of excellent character, was by trade a weaver. But, though possessed of some little means—what the Scotch call a "*bein' body*"—he could not well afford to educate a son at college out of his own resources. So my friend began life at the loom. But, a youth of superior talents and early piety, he was fired with a holy ambition to be a minister of the gospel. *Tenax propositi*—the characteristic of our countrymen—he commenced the Latin grammar, and, placing the book before him on his loom, as he plied the shuttle, he studied and finally mastered it.

Such a case was that of my excellent tutor Mr. Simpson. He had only a year or two at school; but, by dint of determined application, made such advances in study as to venture on competing for a bursary at the University of Aberdeen. He came out first on the list. His foot was now on the ladder, and round after round he manfully climbed, till he found himself Professor of Hebrew in the university of that city, a position he left to become minister of the parish of Kintore: where, after "going out" at the Disruption, receiving the honour of Doctor in Divinity, living and labouring for many years, he died last summer—few in life so much esteemed, few in death so much regretted.

The accommodation provided by law for teachers in those days was very inadequate. Mr. Simpson's house at Dun contained only two rooms besides the school-room. The heritors of Scotland, in most instances, grudged the schoolmaster (though, it might be, more highly cultivated than themselves) anything beyond this, the provision required by law. To them, with honourable exceptions,

the country owed little gratitude. They grew rich by the spoils of the Church; starved the teachers, and opposed with dogged determination every reform in Church and State, reminding one of what Dr. Chalmers related as the speech of a professor of St. Andrew's to his students. "Gentlemen," he said, "there are just two things in nature that never change. These are the fixed stars and the Scotch lairds!"

However, with poor accommodation and plain fare compared with what I had been accustomed to at home, I spent a happy summer preparing for college. No wonder! I was healthy, full of good spirits, and had in Mr. Simpson the kindest of guardians and tutors.

Under Mr. Simpson's charge, in November, 1815, when twelve years of age, I set out for the University of Edinburgh. No steamboats nor railways at that time, nor even stage-coaches always. Lads going to college were sometimes glad of a *cast* on a carrier's cart, and such was our condition between Forfar and Dundee, there being no coach on that road. Spending the night in Dundee, we crossed the Tay next day in a pinnace, and travelled two or three stages through Fife on the top of the coach. My tutor requiring to observe a rigid economy, we made out the last stage of ten miles to Pettycur on foot, intending to spend the night there, and cross the Forth next morning to Edinburgh. Like "*Canny Scots,*" however, we thought it well to call for the bill, and, by the charge made for tea, see how we were to get on. Ignorant of the world, we stood aghast at the charge of eighteen pence for each. Having dined in Kirkaldy some hour or two before, we had eaten little, and looked on this charge as an outrageous swindle—I, like a boy (as Mr. Simpson used afterwards to tell with much glee), regretting that I had allowed any of the viands set before us to leave the table unconsumed! We

resolved to get out as quickly as possible from what we took to be a "den of thieves," and so, the moment we had paid the bill, made off for the pier to cross the Firth of Forth by the six o'clock boat, which was an open pinnace. By this time the night had fallen down wet and stormy. We two were the only passengers who appeared, and, as such a small freight promised poor remuneration to the crew, they were unwilling to put out to sea, but at last were compelled by the superintendent to start. When a short way out on the tumbling waves, which, as this was the first day I had ever been at sea, I looked on with considerable fear, my fears changed into terror when, seeing us to be two "greenhorns," the boatmen threatened to pitch us overboard unless we paid them double or treble the proper fare. But a woman whom we were called back to take in came opportunely to our relief, gave them as good as she got, and, snapping her fingers at their threats, with a tongue as loose as theirs, and more mother-wit, answered these fools according to their folly.

The habits of students then were formed on a much less expensive scale than they are now. Our one apartment was bedroom, parlour, and study. For it, with coals, attendance, and cooking, we only paid 5*s*. or 6*s*. a week. We lived in Bristo Street. Our landlady was a highly respectable woman, the widow of a banker's clerk, whose children, wisely and piously trained at home, fought their way up through their straitened circumstances to affluent and highly respectable positions.

With the exception of some "swells," few students had ampler accommodation than ours, and our living was on a par with our lodgings—the usual bill of fare being tea once, oatmeal porridge twice a day, and for dinner, fresh herring and potatoes. I don't think we indulged in butcher's meat more than twice during the whole first session at college; nor that, apart from the expense of

fees, books, and what my tutor received, I cost my father more than £10. Though not luxuriously brought up at home, this was too great a change perhaps for a growing boy, who shot up into 6 feet 2½ inches without the shoes by the time he was seventeen years of age. Nevertheless, it is better for boys to be so trained than taught, on the John Bull system, to make a god of their belly. My expenses were higher in the two succeeding sessions when I had different tutors, and lived in better lodgings; but even then, and afterwards when, during the last seven years I spent at the University, I ceased to be under tutors, they were much less than is common nowadays. One winter, six of us had a common table, and we used to make up for the outlay of occasional suppers, by dinners of potatoes and ox livers, which we reckoned cost us only three halfpence a head.

Sydney Smith might joke about Scotchmen cultivating the arts and sciences on oatmeal, but the struggle which many an ambitious lad makes to fight his way on through college, is a feather in the cap of our country.

I knew one poor fellow, who brought up a large box with him to Edinburgh. He never took a meal outside his own room, which was a poor chamber in a mean house, near the scene of the "Burke and Hare" murders; and the landlady told me that he had lodged with her for three months, nor been served with anything else than hot water. That chest, the inside of which he was too proud to let her see, contained, she had no doubt, oatmeal; and her belief was, that, by the help of a little butter and salt which he had brought with him also, he lived on "brose," as it is called in Scotland—on nothing else than brose, for all these months. Such food was fit only for the strong stomach of a ploughman; whether due to this or not, the poor fellow went mad before the close of the session! I came to know the case by his

landlady applying to me to get him, as I did, received into a lunatic asylum.

A more fortunate case was that of a poor lad, who restricted himself for a whole year to two shillings and sixpence a-week, went hungry to his classes and hungry to bed, but fought his way through to become a Doctor in Medicine, and (till death in a distant land suddenly closed his career) occupy as a physician and a Christian, a position of the highest respectability.

A very striking reminiscence of my college life was the entrance of the 42nd Regiment of Highlanders into Edinburgh after the Battle of Waterloo. It must have occurred during the first session I was at college, that is 1815–16. This gallant regiment, who left most of their number behind them, had been fêted all the way north through England; and on the day when they were to enter Edinburgh, the whole town turned out to hail and welcome them. They were to come in by the Water-gate, and march up by the Canon-gate and High Street to the Castle. The long line of their triumphal march was one densely-packed mass of human beings. Every window was filled up to the topmost storey of these seven and eight-storied houses. Wherever there was sitting or standing-room on the roofs and chimney tops, there daring fellows were clustered. The town was wild with joy; and as the small but gallant remnant of that noble regiment entered with tattered colours, some with their arms in slings, patches still on the naked limbs that trode, and on the brave bronzed faces that looked upon that bloody field, the roll of drums and shrill sound of their bagpipes were drowned in shouts that rent the air. Order was gone; brothers and sisters rushed into the arms of their soldier brothers, as if they had got them back from the grave. Friends shook hands with friends, and one of the pipers, besides being well blackened, was nearly choked in the embraces of a drunken chimney-sweep. Imposing spec-

tacle as it was, to how many had it brought back sad memories of the dead, opening these wounds afresh! War is one of sin's worst curses. May it cease to the ends of the earth, and the world be brought under the benign sceptre of the Prince of Peace!

Yet it was a grand procession; the grandest I ever saw, save that other when, at the close of a better battle, in presence of a crowd as great, nearly five hundred ministers who had laid down their earthly all on the altar of principle, marched, amid prayers and tears and blessings, on the 18th day of May, 1843, to form the Free Church of Scotland, in Canonmills Hall; teaching anew infidels, sceptics, worldlings, *et hoc genus omne*, the reality of religion and the power of conscience.

Beyond the departments of fun and fighting, I was no way distinguished at college.

The first year, I was twice in the hands of the college porter and policeman, under a threat of being reported to the Senatus Academicus. On one of these occasions I got into trouble in the following circumstances. Some of the students, lads belonging to Edinburgh, who had come to college from its High School, despising my youth and ridiculing my Brechin accent (as if theirs were a whit better), thought they might make game of me. After days of patient endurance, I selected the chief offender as soon as we got out of the Greek class into the college yard; and, though I had not then a friend or acquaintance among them, my class-fellows acted very fairly. So soon as my opponent and I had buttoned our coats, turned up the end of our sleeves, and stood face to face in the middle of the ring, he came up to me squaring in the most scientific fashion. I met him with the Brechin tactics, pouring in a shower of blows, all directed to his face; and, so soon as blood came streaming from nose or mouth, and he held down his head to protect his face, hitting and giving him no time

to breathe. The victory only cost me a blue eye and the gentlest of all rebukes from my tutor, who, being himself a native of Brechin, was secretly proud of the boy who had stood up for the honour of the north country and its tongue.

During the second year, I was twice fined by one of the Professors, and put besides on a sort of pillory or "cutty-stool," being made to sit apart from my fellows and beside him, "a spectacle to men."

Not that for these sins of omission and commission I take much blame to myself. I was a mere boy, pushed on too fast at school, and sent to the University much too soon. I had no chance with many lads in my class, who, having been pupils in the celebrated High School of Edinburgh, were much more thoroughly educated, and who were, besides, three or four years older than I.

As to the fun, it was natural at my age; and, so far as it exposed me to be fined and pilloried in the class, it was provoked by my position and professor. We met in a part of the Old College buildings, at eight o'clock in the morning. The room was dark. My seat was one of the highest up and farthest back. The professor, though a learned and at bottom a kind-hearted man, was very *peppery;* and when, without rhyme or reason, he flew into a passion, it was not very wonderful that a boy who had some split peas in his pocket should, led on by older rogues, astonish the worthy man with a shower of them rattling like hailstones on the book he held, and on himself. I have seen him so carried away with passion that he would leave his chair to dance on the floor, or rush to collar, as happened sometimes, an innocent student, and drag him from his seat. The blame was more his than ours. Who cannot govern himself is unfit to govern others—the parent, master, or teacher, who, in dealing with his children, servants, or pupils, loses his temper, being sure to lose their respect. Another Pro-

fessor, though sour and sulky, never indulged in outbreaks of passion, and we left the uproar of the class just mentioned to be as quiet as lambs in his. In my second session, besides attending for a second time the Latin and Greek professors, I went to the Logic class. It was conducted by one of the Moderate ministers of the city, and of course a pluralist. It was said he read his predecessor's lectures; but, any way, it was all one to me, who, then but thirteen years old, set down logic to be a farrago of nonsense. In my third year, when I studied Mathematics under Sir John Leslie, and Moral Philosophy under the celebrated Dr. Thomas Brown, I made some progress in these sciences. Mathematics and Natural Philosophy occupied my time and attention in my fourth winter. I was rather fond of these sciences, and made a reputable appearance in both, but nothing more. Nor much wonder: for I had finished my four years' curriculum of Literature and Philosophy before I was sixteen years of age, leaving college at the age most youths nowadays enter it.

This was an evil; and yet, like many other ills in life, the parent of good in some respects. It saved me from self-conceit; no prizes inflated me with vanity, making me, as they have done not a few whom I have known, fancy myself a genius who might rest on his laurels, and dispense with the hard work that alone insures ultimate eminence and success. My extreme youth also rendered it advisable that, for the first three years at college, I should be in charge of tutors; and as these were grown men attending the divinity classes, whose associates were fellow-students far advanced in their course, I was thrown into the society of such as were in age and acquirements much my superiors. This, next to being able to say with David, "I am the companion of all them that fear thee," is the greatest blessing for men as well as youths. He who associates chiefly with his juniors is almost sure to

grow vain, self-sufficient, and intolerant, whilst they in their turn become his sycophants and flatterers. Elsewhere than in tap-rooms, it is a dangerous thing to be "the cock of the walk." To this, and the effect on himself of associating chiefly with men very much his inferiors, I can trace the unfortunate aberrations of a man who ought to have stood high in the public esteem. He is never seen without some of them; they are his tail; composed, like a kite's, of straws and base stuff; but do not, like it, repay the service he renders them in raising them from obscurity by giving steadiness to his course.

In consequence, besides, of entering college at a very early age, I had finished all my course of eight years—four at the literary and philosophical classes, and four as a student of theology—two years before I could be taken on my "trials" for licence as a "probationer" or "preacher." In these two years * I returned to the University, seizing the opportunity of studying subjects beyond the requirements of Church law and the usual course of ministers; such, for example, as chemistry, anatomy, and natural history; thereby enlarging my mind and adding to my stores of knowledge. What I thus gained at the end, perhaps compensated for what, in consequence of my youth, I lost at the beginning of my course. I lost the metaphysics, but gained the physics; and perhaps, so far as common sense, power of conversation, knowledge of the world, and power of popular address on the platform and in the pulpit, were concerned, that was a good bargain.

My parents acted prudently in placing me under the charge of an accomplished, tried, and religious guardian, as well as teacher. Left to the society of any companions they may choose, to become lodgers in houses where

* It appears from Mr. Guthrie's class-tickets that the latter of the "two years" was 1825-26, when he was already a preacher.

no oversight of their habits is taken, and exposed in university towns to temptations they have never before encountered or learned to resist, many promising youths are ruined at college, and more would be so, but that, happily for themselves, they are poor. Every university should have a roll of lodging-houses from which parents could make their selection, and on which no houses should be admitted but such as ministers or citizens of respectability have certified. After I escaped from tutelage, my father was prudent enough to keep me very short of money, and always required me at the close of the session, on my return home, to account for every penny I had received. And for this, which I may have thought hard at the time, I now bless his memory.

It may not be considered that he acted with the same sound judgment in sending a boy to college at such an early age. But he followed in this matter the advice of my teachers, and a not very uncommon as well as ancient practice. It appears, from the Records of Oxford and Cambridge, as well as those of the Scotch universities, that, not youths only, but boys even of ten years of age, were found at college in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With all our progress in the arts and sciences and boast of improved systems of education, the present generation is not so early initiated into the different branches of education as were the boys and girls of my day. Not that the race has degenerated; but we could read at an age when most children nowadays are ignorant of their letters. My youngest brother, for instance, could read in the New Testament when he was but three years of age, and we were half way through the classics at school before most of the boys of this age have begun them.

This also might enter into the calculation of parents who had sons preparing for the ministry—that the earlier

the time when they had finished the eight years at college required by the Church, they could afford to wait the longer for a living. In my early days, and for long years thereafter, the appointment to a parish did not go by merit but by influence; and, by one of the many evils of patronage, there was nothing either to be lost or gained by the candidate being but a raw youth. How often did it come across me, excusing and encouraging idle fits, that my "getting a living," as it is called, would not turn on my diligence, and that, through the influence my father had with those who were patrons of churches, I was sure of an appointment!

This system, so far as students were concerned, had but one redeeming feature. Through it, boorish cubs were licked into shape, and vulgarly-bred lads acquired the manners of gentlemen; for most of those who had the ministry in view could obtain the favour of a patron in no other way than by becoming tutors in gentlemen's and noblemen's families. Few had the political influence which made it unnecessary for me to seek access to the Church in that way. The consequence was that almost all divinity students were eager to get tutorships. In this capacity—entering the houses of landed gentlemen, associating there with people of cultivated habits, and becoming in a sense members of the family—they, however humble their origin, acquired those courteous and genteel manners which were more the characteristic of the ministers of my early days than they are of their successors.

This old system is now abandoned. The landed gentry, and others too, send their boys to England, either to public schools, or to the charge of some clergyman of the English Church, who, by his own hard toil and to the loss of the people committed to his charge, ekes out a wretched living by receiving pupils. Either way, the boys get Anglified and Episcopalianized, and thereby

the gulf which separates them from the mass of the people is made wider and wider; much to the loss of the country, and very much, as events will prove, to the danger of the upper classes of society.

It is not easy to know how to supply the want of these tutorships, in order to educate in polite manners those candidates for the ministry who have come from the lower classes of society. Short of a moral crime, nothing is more offensive in a minister than vulgarity; unless, indeed, it be when they swing over to the other side, and we have vulgar gentility and a pompous affectation of high breeding. With my own ears I heard an Independent minister in England—a very fine gentleman, with his ring and well-arranged hair—deeming *meal* a very vulgar term, speak of the widow's barrel of "*flour*," when referring to her who had the cruse of oil and barrel of meal; and to my old country neighbourhood there came a Seceder youth, affecting such refinement that, while some of his worthy predecessors would have called children *bairns*, he spoke of them as "those sweet and interesting bipeds that call man father!"

Now, however vulgar themselves, the common people appreciate and admire good breeding and gentle manners in their minister. There was an old minister of Brechin, grandfather of Dr. John Bruce of Edinburgh, who maintained, and rightly, that every truly pious man, every true Christian, had in him the elements of a true gentleman. I have heard the old people in Brechin tell how he illustrated that by appealing to the manner in which Abraham received the three Strangers who approached his tent; and, certainly, the single chapter in Genesis which relates that story is worth more than the whole volume of Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. He would also refer to Joseph when summoned from prison to the palace of Pharaoh. It is said that Joseph "shaved himself and changed his raiment." "Joseph," said old

Mr. Bruce, "did not go to Pharaoh foul and begrimed as he lay in prison. No; but he got himself shaved and shirted like a gentleman, and then he went in unto Pharaoh!"

Dr. Davidson, one of the ministers of Edinburgh when I attended college (brother-in-law of the celebrated Lord Cockburn), a man of landed property, and—better than all—one of the most pious and devout ministers of his or any day, was so impressed with the importance of ministers adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour by all freedom from vulgarity and a certain polish of manners, that I have heard of the good old man actually himself teaching such manners to a pious but awkward lad from some remote island or glen of the north. To the back of the door went the venerable Doctor, and to the amazement of the gaping boor, opened it to make him, and teach him how to make, a profound bow! On another occasion, it is said he slipped a bank-note into the hands of a poor student, beneath whose coarser crust, however, he discerned both uncommon piety and uncommon talents, saying, "Take that, my dear lad, and go to Mr. ——," (naming him), "you will be much the better of a quarter at the dancing."

Might not the churches learn from examples like these, as from their own observation and good sense, to supply what is lacking in the education of their ministers, and see that all of them learn, as Peter says, to "be courteous"? I have known ministers whose usefulness in the pulpit and out of it was very much impaired by their vulgarity. Even Paul may have owed some of his influence to the circumstance, which may be seen on the surface of his addresses, that he was not less a polite gentleman than a great orator. "Rough diamonds," as some are called, are better than Bristol stones, but polished ones better than either.

The Church of England has, strange to say, no pre-

scribed course of study for her clergy. The power of the bishop in that matter is or was absolute: and so, at the end of the long war after Waterloo, some officers, finding their vocation gone, doffed the red coat to put on the black, thereby surprising the world and descending as a curse on certain poor parishes. It was enough that they had friends among the patrons, and bishops on the bench to ordain them, irrespective altogether of their qualifications for the ministry, or of the souls committed to their charge.

The Church of Scotland, on the contrary—as she still does, and as, with slight modifications in some instances, all Presbyterians in Scotland do—requires her students to study literature and philosophy for four years and divinity for other four; and even after this, no young man is licensed to preach, nor any licentiate ordained to the ministry, till he has given proof of his fitness, by delivering a certain number of discourses before the Presbytery, and submitting to an examination by them also on all the subjects he has studied during his eight years at the university. No profession requires so long, and few so costly, an apprenticeship; which, I may remark, makes it all the more disgraceful that, with a preparation so great, ministers should usually receive a payment so small; *starvings* being a better name than *livings* for many of their charges. Some gentlemen pay their French cooks, and many merchants their clerks, a larger salary than he receives who has charge of their souls, and in whom they expect the piety of an apostle, the accomplishments of a scholar, and the manners of a gentleman.

Look at my own case: it occupied me eight years to run my regular curriculum. I attended the university, as I have mentioned, for two additional years before I became a licentiate, and other five years elapsed before I obtained a presentation to a vacant church, and became

minister of the parish of Arbirlot. Here were fifteen years of my life spent—the greater part of them at no small cost—qualifying myself for a profession which, for all that time, yielded me nothing for my maintenance.

The inadequate means of creditably supporting themselves and their families of which most ministers have to complain, is a very serious matter,—threatening, in an enterprising and commercial and wealthy country such as ours, to drain away talent from the pulpit, and, through the weakness of its ministry, bring contempt on religion; worse still, perhaps, to make good the sage remark of Matthew Henry—"a scandalous maintenance makes a scandalous ministry."

Part III.

FROM LICENCE TO ORDINATION.

1825—1830.

I WAS licensed * by the Presbytery of Brechin in 1825.†

In passing through my trials for licence, I had to deliver what is called the "Popular Discourse" in public. Ordinarily there is a small attendance on such occasions, the orator addressing himself to a "beggarly account of empty boxes." But, Brechin being my native place, when I ascended the pulpit of its old Cathedral Church, I found myself face to face with a large congregation—a greater trial that, than standing the Presbytery's examination in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Logic, Moral and Natural Philosophy, Church History, Hebrew, Exegesis, and Dogmatic Theology.

The practice common in the English Church of ministers preaching other people's discourses is, I may say, unknown with us in Scotland. He who is found out doing so is considered guilty of a disgraceful, if not a dishonest transaction,—of something far worse than smuggling, illicit distilling of whisky, or evading the Custom House duties by running tea and brandy ashore in the dead of night. Nowhere in Scotland would you

* Having finished his literary and theological training, a candidate for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church is, on attaining the age of twenty-one years, and after certain "trials," licensed by the Presbytery to preach. He is then called a "licentiate," "preacher," or "probationer." He is not ordained until he receives a "call" to a particular congregation; and he is eligible for such call immediately on receiving "licence."

† 2nd February, 1825.

find what I saw at Oxford—piles of manuscript sermons openly lying on the counter of a bookseller for sale at one shilling a piece, which were bought, the shopkeeper told me, by "young gentlemen entering holy orders." Nor would any mother in Scotland make such a speech as did a lady to me whom I met lately in London. She expressed much pleasure at renewing our acquaintance; but was specially glad at the opportunity of introducing me to her son, who was a clergyman. "He will be so glad to see you," she added, "for, dear Dr. Guthrie, he often preaches your sermons to his people!" Had a Scotch mother a son who went to the pulpit to preach other people's sermons, she would do anything rather than tell it. Not but that I think it were well for their congregations if some of our Scotch ministers, who are not specially gifted as preachers, though very good pastors, would, without being slavish copyists, draw to a large extent on the rich stores of the old divines, or foreign divines, or Puritan Fathers.

It is better in England now; but how great was the ignorance of some of the "young gentlemen in holy orders," and how lightly they took their duty, appears in a circumstance which I have heard a minister of the Independent Church relate as having occurred to him, when a young man, in England. In the house where he lodged was a young clergyman with whom he became acquainted. On one occasion, this young gentleman expressed unbounded astonishment when he found that the Dissenting preacher composed his own sermons; and, on the latter asking how he got his, he frankly confessed that he had purchased a stock before coming to that place to preach. He was a fine young fellow, honourable, and, up to the measure of his knowledge, faithful and conscientious in the discharge of what he considered his duty. But his ignorance of theological matters was almost incredible. He had studied the Thirty-nine Articles, and

was well versed in Paley's Evidences, but beyond that, he seemed to have learned absolutely nothing of theology. One day, the Socinians being mentioned, he asked, "What do they believe?" and on being told that it was rather for what they did not believe, than for what they did, that they were esteemed heterodox, and that especially they denied the Deity of Jesus Christ, he exclaimed with horror and indignation, "What! deny the Deity of our blessed Lord and Saviour! What a set of rascals they must be!"

But to return, after this digression, to my feelings when I rose in the pulpit to face for the first time in my life a public assembly. I felt for a moment as if my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth, pretty confident of this, however, that if it were once loosed and set a going, I could go on: and so it did—my apparent calmness and self-possession being such, that many declared that I spoke and had the bearing of one who had been preaching for years.

Though I read what on that occasion I preached, as was the practice of all on trials for licence, I had made up my mind that I would be no reader; considering then, as, if possible, I do so more now, that he who reads, instead of delivering his sermon looking his hearers fair in the face, throws away a great advantage. With this determination, on the Saturday afternoon thereafter, I took my way to Dun, a parish some four miles from Brechin—once the seat and estate of John Erskine, one of the leaders of the Reformation, and the friend both of Queen Mary and John Knox—having promised to preach my first sermon there. On the road I spent my time repeating, or trying rather to repeat over to myself the sermon I had prepared for the following day; and my memory so often failed me, that I remember well saying to myself, "I have mistaken my profession! I shall never succeed as a preacher!" It was more or less

under this depressing feeling I ascended the pulpit at Dun. To be secure against a complete break-down, I, turning over the leaves as I advanced, kept my MS. before me on the Bible; and, though at one time during the first prayer, for an instant, my mind became a perfect blank, I got through my work without halt or blunder, which was then the height of my ambition; and was so happy at that, that I think the hour after I left that pulpit was perhaps the brightest, happiest of all my life.

To get a charge was now my outlook and that of my friends. My father had enough of political influence to secure me a parish through patronage. That happened thus in days that preceded the Reform Bill by a good many years:—

The cluster of Burghs called the Montrose Burghs, which consisted of Aberdeen, Bervie, Montrose, Arbroath, and Brechin, then united to send a member to Parliament. The two first supported the Tory interest—Montrose and Arbroath the Whigs: they therefore neutralised each other, leaving Brechin, which was not very pronounced either way, to turn the scale. The real power of returning a member to Parliament lay in my native city—whoever won it, won the day: and, as my father was Provost of the City, and his was much the strongest party in the Council, it may be said that he had virtually the appointment of the member of Parliament.

However bad this state of matters might be for the country, it secured me an amount of political influence, that, altogether irrespective of my own merits, made me sure of a church: and before I had been licensed four months, I had one of the largest charges and best livings of Scotland in my hand—but on a condition, which, thanks to God, I could not stoop to. The Moderate party, as if they foresaw that their time was short, were driving things with a high hand, and Sir Robert Peel,

then Home Secretary, was aiding and abetting them. None was appointed to a church, where the Crown was patron, but such as bound himself to support the Moderate, or anti-popular, and in many instances anti-evangelical, party in the Church. So, notwithstanding my political influence, I found that they would not present me to the charge in question until I would go to Dr. Nicol, at St. Andrew's, the then leader of the Moderates, and there sell my liberty to him, "my birthright for a mess of pottage." Till then, I had taken little interest in Church politics, but lived on equally kindly terms with ministers of both parties. But I recoiled from the idea of this bondage. To persuade me, they said I would have but to pay my respects to Dr. Nicol, that he would ask no questions, nor attempt by any paction to bind me to his party. But, regarding the waiting on him as, though a silent, a distinct pledge that he and the Moderate party would have my vote in the Church Courts, I refused to go, saying that if I could not enter the Church without pledging myself to either party, I would turn to the pursuit of some other profession.

The loss of this church was a great disappointment to me—the way I lost it did not certainly recommend the Moderates to my favour : but it was a blessed Providence for me : their grasping, high-handed tyranny dictated conditions I was too proud (if nothing else) to agree to, and I was thus kept from entering on a charge, the weight of which, as I was then "in the gristle," would have probably dwarfed and stunted me for life.

Not requiring, like many others, to be a tutor for my maintenance, and having nothing special to do, I wearied staying at home : and so, to enlarge my knowledge, improve my mind, and pursue those studies in anatomy and the natural sciences, such as chemistry and natural history, on which I had spent two years at the Edinburgh

University after completing the eight years' curriculum there required by the laws of the Church, I made up my mind to spend the winter of 1826-27 in Paris, as a student at the Sorbonne.

What a difference between travelling then and now, in respect of speed, cost, and comfort! It must have been in the month of November, 1826, that I made the journey to London. I took an outside seat all the way from Edinburgh; and remember that when, after travelling from early morning, we reached Newcastle about midnight, I was so benumbed with cold that I hardly knew I had a leg, to say nothing of a pair. We called a halt for a little while there; and, beyond a brief stoppage for meals, I do not recollect of another all the way to London. On the second night, I exchanged the outside for the interior of the coach; taking for the journey, which we now accomplish in some ten hours, no less than three days and two nights. Wearied and worn with want of sleep, and by three days and two nights' constant, and by no means very comfortable, travelling, I was at last set down in London: and, amid its teeming millions—crowds rushing past who would have hardly stopped to lift me up if I had dropped down dead in the gutter—I felt as solitary as I would in an African desert. I had never felt so helpless and lonely all my life—I had never been in London till then.

Indeed, I had never crossed the Border before; and, being then more patriotic and less of a cosmopolite than I am now, I remember with what interest I looked on Berwick-on-Tweed, and the scenes of many a bloody fight between the Scotch and English. I remember nothing of my *compagnons de voyage*, but that a very polite matronly lady and a young woman going up to London on service, to whom the guard compassionately gave an inside seat, were my company that night I left the top of the coach; and that then I travelled a good

way with four poachers whom two constables had in charge, and who thought so little shame that, on passing a preserve where the pheasants were strutting about as thick and tame as barn-door fools, "Ah, Jack," exclaimed one of them to his fellows, "to be down there!"—an observation which set all a-laughing, poachers, passengers, and constables.

They, the very constables themselves, plainly looked on poaching as our Highlanders did on making whisky without a permit from the Excise, or the farmers and ploughmen, and fishermen of the sea-coast, on running contraband goods, so as to escape the oppressive duties laid on tea and tobacco, or gin and brandy.

Brechin being an inland town, I knew little about the coast smuggling, though I remember the principal farmer in my first parish charge, which lay on the sea-board, telling me how, when he went north from the Lothians, he often found his servants standing by their ploughs asleep at mid-day: nor knew the reason why, till he discovered that it was no uncommon thing for the ploughmen there to be up all night "running goods," as they called it—discharging boats laden with the contraband goods of a smuggler that had ventured in shore when the darkness concealed her from the cutters that were prowling about.

But, when a boy in Brechin, I was quite familiar with the appearance and on-goings of the Highland smugglers. They rode on Highland ponies, carrying on each side of their small, shaggy, but brave and hardy steeds, a small cask, or "keg," as it was called, of illicit whisky, manufactured amid the wilds of Aberdeenshire or the glens of the Grampians. They took up a position on some commanding eminence during the day, where they could, as from a watch-tower, descry the distant approach of the enemy, the exciseman or gauger: then, when night fell, every man to horse, descending the mountains only six

miles from Brechin, they scoured the plains, rattled into the villages and towns, disposing of their whisky to agents they had everywhere; and, now safe, returned at their leisure, or often in triumphal procession. They were often caught, no doubt, with the contraband whisky in their possession. Then they were subjected to heavy fines besides the loss of their goods. But—daring, stout, active fellows—they often broke through the nets, and were not slack, if it offered them a chance of escape, to break the heads of the gaugers. I have seen a troop of thirty of them riding in Indian file, and in broad day, through the streets of Brechin, after they had succeeded in disposing of their whisky, and, as they rode leisurely along, beating time with their formidable cudgels on the empty barrels to the great amusement of the public and mortification of the excisemen, who had nothing for it but to bite their nails and stand, as best they could, the raillery of the smugglers and the laughter of the people.

Few in the end throve on this trade. Smuggling was a bad thing, as a result in most instances demoralising such as engaged in it; but you could not convince the bulk, and but few of the best of the people, that it was a positively wrong thing. So everybody, with a few exceptions, drank what was in reality illicit whisky—far superior to that made under the eye of the Excise—lords and lairds, members of Parliament and ministers of the gospel, and everybody else; which shows how little wisdom there is, what positive evil there is, in making laws which are not suited to times and circumstances, and commend themselves neither to the reason nor the conscience of the masses—this, when there are great temptations to break it, makes the law be not honoured, but despised.

In London, where I spent two or three weeks, I lived in lodgings in Tabernacle Row, kept by a decent Scotch

widow woman. The last night I passed there I was put fairly *hors de combat* by the spectacle which met my eyes on striking a light after I had been sometime in bed; on looking up, there, on the white curtains, hung scores of bugs, ready to drop down and reinforce the enemy below. As some one said in similar circumstances, if they had only been unanimous, they might have turned me out of bed! I spent the rest of the night on two chairs, glad next day to avail myself of the offered hospitality of a kind but curious countryman.

His name was Allan, and his birthplace Arbroath. He had gone to London long years before as a baker lad, and thriving, had risen to be himself a master-baker, and, latterly, a corn-dealer. When I knew him he had retired from business and become a pretty old man. His time was spent in the study of metaphysics and theology; and his delight was to engage with others in passages-at-arms on these knotty subjects. First meeting him at a dinner party, I happened to sit opposite to him at table; knowing neither who he was, nor what he was, I was surprised, when, addressing me, he said, "What do you consider, sir, the most general of all ideas?" I learned afterwards that by their reply to this strange and startling question he gauged men's capacities. I could hardly have been more astonished though he had given me a blow on the nose; but, taking him for an odd character, and wishing to be courteous, I thought it best to humour him, and, after a moment's reflection, replied, "I would say, Eternity." This came so near what he thought the proper answer—Space namely—that I was instantly enthroned in his good graces; and thinking me "a foeman worthy of his steel," after a tilt on metaphysics, which showed that he had Watts' Logic at his finger ends, this old Scotch baker rushed into the theological arena, and put me to my mettle to defend Calvinism against the doctrines of Arminius, which he had embraced on leaving

the Presbyterian Church to become a Methodist. The result was that he made me an offer of his house, and would not let me go till I had promised to leave my lodgings and accept of his hospitality. He was very kind, a good and devout man, but very queer; an old bachelor, who followed his own ways. On going to his house with my bag and baggage, I found him sitting in his parlour in his shirt sleeves, smoking a long pipe, whose fumes filled the room, but did not seem to disturb a whole flock of canaries, linnets, and bullfinches that occupied the same apartment, and, flying about at their ease from the top of one piece of furniture to another, did everything but perch on the old man's bald head. It was a lone life his; and sometimes I fancied he himself thought the birds but a poor substitute for bairns.

But, to dismiss him for better-known men:—I breakfasted with Dr. Waugh, a minister of the Scotch Secession Church in London, who was celebrated for his eloquence as a preacher, and his singular love for and frequent use of the Scotch tongue. He was a heavenly old man, with the most brilliant pair of eyes, large and black and lustrous, I had ever seen. He was a genius, with much quaint humour; and I have heard that when he, and these two "originals," and remarkable men, Matthew Wilks and Rowland Hill, met (as they often did), their talk was a treat—a coruscation of meteors, *seria mixta cum jocis*, worth travelling miles to enjoy.

I was often with Mr. Joseph Hume, then member of Parliament for the group called the Montrose Burghs. At his house one day I met at dinner Sir John Sinclair, to whom the country owed—what excited the admiration of the first Napoleon—the "Statistical Account of Scotland," and Alderman Wood, the friend of Queen Caroline and father of the present Lord Hatherley. I remember with what interest and astonishment the Alderman listened to the account I was led, somehow or other, to

give the company of the way in which the Sabbath was observed generally in the households of Scotland: and also how Joseph Hume, when some looked almost incredulous, struck in, saying, that it was just so when he was a boy in Montrose, and how he remembered it well in his father's house.

Hume was a man of great practical wisdom; held whatever matter he fastened on with the tenacity of a bull-dog; possessed an unblemished character; and had more true, religious principle than the Tories and Churchmen, who hated and abused him, gave him credit for. He, certainly, was not a man of genius; and had no more appreciation of it than I have of music. I remember breakfasting with him in Edinburgh after he had attended and spoken along with Andrew Thomson at an Anti-Patronage Meeting on the preceding day. Thomson was then, as he always was, most effective; stepping forth as a grand debater—the prince of debaters—crushing the arguments employed by the friends of Patronage to powder, and, by some inimitably funny stories, covering them with ridicule. I expected to find Joseph charmed with Thomson. Not he! All he said was, "he seems rather a humorous man." Though broad and loose in some of his views, he was a better man, as I have said, than many took him for. His family, as I had opportunities of seeing, had a religious training; and he was a wise and true friend to many a young man whom his influence and patronage helped on to fortune.

I was much touched with a proof of a kindly heart which Mr. Hume gave me but a few months before his death. He and I had, in many respects, taken different courses; I had had no correspondence with him for twenty years. Yet, on passing through Edinburgh, he called at my house. I was from home, but he sought an interview with my wife; said he had heard from Sir George Sinclair, with whom he had been staying at

Thurso Castle, that I had a large number of sons; and that he came to say that he would be very happy to do what in him lay to help them on by his influence.

He was the only man of all the great ones of the earth I have known that ever made me such an offer. Not but that from some of them, I am sure, had I asked their patronage, I would have got it, and got it very cordially; but (as my wife, while most gratefully thanking him, explained to Mr. Hume) I wished to preserve my independence, and, so, made it a principle to ask no patronage for my children from men in place and power. I had fought my own battle, and they must fight theirs. People have often expressed their wonder to me why I did not get good, snug, lucrative berths for my sons in Government offices and in India. Well, I could have done that; but at the loss of my independence as a public man. Besides, how could I have solicited favours for my own family, and refused my good offices on behalf of others? I was so situated, I should have been made the medium of so many applications, that I would soon have been dubbed "The Solicitor-General," and become such a bore as to lose all influence for good with those who, under God, shaped the course and ruled the destinies of the country. I did occasionally intercede on behalf of others, but only where I had public grounds to stand on, where the educational, moral, or religious interests of the community were concerned—never otherwise.

At that my first visit to London, I saw His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex lay the foundation-stone of the London University. He was the only one of George III.'s family I ever saw; for, when George IV. came to Edinburgh, I did not move a step to see one of the worst men that ever disgraced a throne—a base fellow, who had all the bad, without any of the redeeming qualities of Charles II. I sought Rowland Hill's Chapel, being very anxious to hear a man who was possessed of

such remarkable abilities, and whom God had so highly honoured to stir up England and convert souls. I, however, stumbled in among Wesleyan Methodists, and was fortunate enough to find the pulpit occupied by the celebrated Adam Clarke. He was greater as a Commentator than a preacher.

I usually dined at an eating-house in the City in company with an old school-fellow, who was then a clerk in a mercantile house. We bought rump-steak at a butcher's stall, carried it away with us in our pockets wrapped in paper, got it cooked with potatoes, and had probably some beer or porter, and I remember the dinner cost in all but one shilling, and we had rare fun to make us relish it. The place was a favourite resort of English lads, clerks like my friend Allardice, and how we used to play on their ignorance and credulity! It was then I first saw the narrow limits and defects of the ordinary education of English schools. These lads were, I doubt not, thorough masters of their own particular departments of business; but, beyond the small hole they filled—like certain shell-fish in the sea-rocks—they were amazingly ignorant of everything outside.

I cannot remember whether it was at this time, or on my return from Paris,* that I saw a grand encounter in the House of Commons between Mr. Canning and the Whigs who supported him on his becoming Prime Minister, and the Tories, his old friends, and now deadly foes. I got an order from Mr. Hume, who warned me I should hear nothing but some discussions about the shipping interest, to be brought on by Mr. Huskisson. But, unexpectedly, Canning appeared for the first time that night as the head of the Government. This was the signal for battle; Dawson, Sir Thomas Lethbridge, and

* It was the latter. The debate (which took place on 3rd May, 1827) is alluded to in a contemporaneous letter, which will be found in the Memoir.

others leading the assault against the Government. I marked Brougham sitting with his hand resting on one of the iron pillars of the old House of Commons, immovable for an hour or so, with his eyes fixed like a basilisk's on the two assailants. When they had closed, up he rose to a task for which he could have made no preparation, and which was the most extraordinary display of reasoning, sarcasm, withering denunciation, and eloquence I ever heard. Canning stepped for a moment into the arena, but, leaving the fight to his troops, contented himself as he looked over on the Opposition benches, with exclaiming in trumpet tones, and his arm suiting the words, "I rejoice that the banner of opposition is unfurled!" Sir Thomas Lethbridge that night spoke the speech of a bitter Tory, Sir Francis Burdett that of an extreme Whig. I lived to see them change sides years thereafter—Lethbridge dying a Whig, and Burdett a Tory.

The journey from London to Paris, like that from Edinburgh to London, occupied three days and two nights. I remember of being much struck on landing at Calais at the sight of a lofty crucifix which stood by the pier, representing our Lord hanging in blood and agony on the accursed tree, and of looking with mingled awe and wonder and horror on that symbol of Popery, the first of the kind I had seen. I travelled with an Indian colonel whom I had met at dinner at Mr. Hume's, and whom I found very useful on the road, as he spoke French well, and the tongue of the natives was as little comprehended by me as Chinese would have been. Though I could read the language pretty well, I had never learned to speak it.

Determined, however, to do so, I asked the colonel, on our reaching Paris, to recommend me to an hotel where I would meet with none who could speak anything but French. This he did; and, on driving into the court,

I soon found into what a scrape my determination to plunge over head and ears into the French tongue and French society had brought me. There I stood beside my luggage, surrounded by a bevy of servants, men and women, who jabbered away at me in vain, while I, as much in vain, sought to reach their understandings. I now began to think I was a big fool, to have left my comfortable home for such a ridiculous and uncomfortable predicament. From this I was extricated by the sharpness of a demoiselle, who, making something out of my crude French, directed one of the porters to hoist my trunk on his back, and, with most gracious smiles beckoning me to follow, led the way into the house, and up three pairs of stairs to a bedroom. When the porter had deposited his load and retired, she poured forth on me a rapid volley of French, in which I could make nothing out but the word *l'eau*, or water. The lass wished to know whether I wanted warm water, for she saw my cheeks and chin with a crop of three days' growth. However, I had forgotten that *eau* was feminine, and could not for the life of me make out what she meant with her "*de l'eau chaude*," contenting myself with pointing her to the ewers that stood already filled. She laughed, and I laughed also, at our absurd position. At length, however, she lost all patience, and began to dance round me, screaming out at the pitch of her lungs; when, all of a sudden, a happy thought occurred to her. Some way or other she had caught hold of the English word that, with some help from the language of signs, was to solve the mystery. So, planting herself right in front of me, she laid her finger on her cheek, and, making it describe the sweep of a razor, she cried, "*Shaav, shaav, monsieur?*" They are a smart set, these French, men and women of them. It had been long till a Scotch or English lass had done anything so clever as that!

Next day I went to call on a Madame Pellerin, an

old school acquaintance, who had been married to a French gentleman who was in a bank in Paris; and, when I saw the face of my old friend, and heard my own tongue again with a slight touch of the Brechin Doric, was not I, in this city of a strange people and a strange language, very happy indeed! I used to dine at Pellerin's once a month or so, or oftener, and spent many a happy evening there, for they were very kind; and by-and-by Pellerin and I got on swimmingly in the way of conversation, he addressing me in French, which I came to follow quite easily, and I speaking to him in English, which he understood but could not speak readily. I would linger there till eleven o'clock at night, having afterwards half the breadth of Paris to traverse before I got to my lodgings; but, though they talked much of assassinations that winter, I never saw anything to alarm me, and in many a street met no one almost but the *gendarmes* keeping watch and ward with musket and fixed bayonet.

My friend Pellerin found me lodgings in a *pension* in Rue Cassette, with a Madame St. Marc, and I remember well how I stared with astonishment to see him, on a servant girl opening the *grande porte*, take his hat off his head, and bowing as to a duchess, address her as "mademoiselle." Such were French manners; and though they may occasionally present a caricature of courteousness, we in this country would do well to learn somewhat of their good breeding.

There were, as I found, on entering the *salle à manger*, some twenty or thirty boarders in this *pension*,—some half-dozen of whom, being English and Irish, clustered together near the foot of the table. Steady to my purpose of learning the French tongue, I eschewed the society of my compatriots; and requested Madame to place me among the French. I must have got on very lamely, however, judging from a blunder which, to the amuse-

ment of my neighbours, I committed the very first day. It was common in Brechin, on declining anything more at meals, to say, "I am finished;" so, when Madame St. Marc asked me whether I would have any more, in place of saying "*J'ai fini*," I replied "*Je suis fini;*" which, being equal to a declaration not that I had dined, but died, both amazed and amused our hostess and her guests! We had a Greek princess and her sister there—the first a woman of exquisite beauty. We had an old Irish spinster, who wrote French novels, and bothered me to read them; a clever woman she, as shown in the way she discovered and proved the nationality of an *up-setting* conceited fellow who, notwithstanding we suspected the contrary, asserted he was an Englishman and not an Irishman. His positive and indignant assertions had silenced, if not convinced us, when one day, all of a sudden, his countrywoman, the novelist, who went by the name of Mademoiselle Hiver—her true name being Miss Winter—looking down the table shook her long, skinny finger at him, saying, "I know you are an Irishman;" adding, to his blushing guilt and confusion and our great astonishment: "Sor, I know it by the way you peel your potato!"

It was from the boarders in this *pension*, as well as from the head of it—a most respectable boarding-house it was considered—that I got my first view of the rottenness of French morals and society. Not that Madame St. Marc was a professed sceptic, without any belief in God or fear of Him: this came out one day when the trumpet of a troop of cuirassiers sounded forth as they rode past the house, while I was taking breakfast beside her in the *salle à manger*. "What a fine sound!" I said. "I hate to hear it!" she replied; "because," she added, on my expressing my astonishment to hear her say so, "it reminds me of the Day of Judgment!" But how low the tone of the household over which she presided! Having, on going out, to hang the key of my bedroom in

the porter's lodge, and seek it there on my return, I had occasion to be often, and sometimes in the evening, there; and I used to be shocked, when I had to go to the lodge of an evening, at the foul conversation passing between the boarders and the servant girls, in which they seemed to think there was neither sin nor shame.

But perhaps the worst of all those I met there was a Count Robiano, an old grey-haired man, and in manners a perfect gentleman, who, as a refugee royalist, had spent many years in England, and was well acquainted with our tongue. Madame St. Marc, or some one else, had recommended him to me as a teacher of French; and, indeed, it was in this way, having lost all his property and almost his life in the terrible days of the Revolution, that he supported himself. This brought him in contact with many young men, no doubt to their ruin. He was a wretched, pitiable old man, haunted by the fear of death, with little pleasure in this world, and no good hope for the next; as came out when I was talking to him about the beautiful cemetery of Père la Chaise. He shook his grey head, saying, "I have not seen it for many years; it is a gloomy place, full of death that I flee the thought of; indeed, I dislike to pass a funeral, and, if I see one coming along the street, get out of its way by turning off into a side street, if I can." But teaching was not his only means of support. This hoary-headed sinner, whose profession brought him in contact with young men like me, and whose manners were most insinuating, was a panderer to licentious establishments and gambling-houses in Paris. He led the ox to the slaughter, and was no doubt paid for it. One day, when he thought he had won my confidence—though I was not long in suspecting that this Count was no better than he should be—he presented me with a blazoned and perfumed card, on which I read my name with a gracious invitation from a lady to a *soirée* in her house. I wrung enough out of him to

convince me that this was a regular trap, and was so indignant at any man—and especially an old man—lending himself to such an infamous employment, that I sternly refused his invitation, and soon dispensed with his services. They would need to be well confirmed in their moral and religious principles, who are exposed to the snares, temptations, and immoral influences of French society; and those parents are either very careless or very ignorant, who, for the sake of the Parisian accent, the French, German, or Italian tongues, send their children abroad to be educated.

Among the twenty or thirty boarders in this *pension,* there were some half-dozen of us compatriots. One of these, an Englishman called Everett, presented a curious but not uncommon case of idiosyncrasy. He had been intended for the medical profession, but was studying chemistry, having found out that, though a stout, hearty, healthy fellow, he could not overcome his tendency to grow sick at the sight of blood. One day I induced him to accompany me to the hospital to see a man get his leg amputated, persuading him that perhaps his nerves had grown stronger. Lisfranc, the surgeon, entered the operating theatre before the patient was carried in, and spreading out his knives and instruments on the table, filled up the time by addressing to us some remarks on these and the *modus operandi.* Everett sat beside me, and a slight motion of his made me look round at him. He was pale as death; so sickened by the sight of the knives only, that he staggered up, and was glad to escape.

Acting on the principle that he who would be respected must show that he respects himself, I was obliged to teach one of his (Everett's) countrymen a lesson in good manners. Presuming on the fact that he had been born on the English side of the Border, he began, before I had been two days in the *pension,* to show me some impertinence at table, to hold something I had said up to

ridicule: nor did I retaliate till he had repeated, and I judged it time to stop the offence. But then I paid him back in his own coin; never allowing him to open his mouth, unless to put a spoon into it, but I caught him up, to ridicule or refute him. He needed the lesson, and it was attended with very happy effects. After a few days of this regimen, Boots, for that was his name, came to me, and acknowledging his offence, most humbly begged I would let him alone; a request I was so prompt and happy to grant that Monsieur Bottes, as we called him, and I became henceforth very good friends.

Madame St. Marc, the lady of the *pension*, had a grown-up but unmarried daughter who used to dine at our table, but, tied fast to her mother's apron, marched in and marched out as a prisoner, was never allowed to exchange a word with any of us. Such are French manners. They have no faith in modesty or virtue. Young unmarried women are guarded almost as closely as the inmates of a zenana: and if all tales are true, or half true, when married—most of the marriages are more affairs of *convenance* than affection—they often turn their liberty into licentiousness.

This lady had also a son in the house—a medical student by profession—who was, I suspected, a *mauvais sujet*. He fawned for a short while on me; but assumed distant and surly airs on finding that I would not entertain his very modest proposal, that I should on leaving Paris take him with me to see Scotland, and travel and live at my charges. A man needs not only good principles, but to have his wits about him, in such a place as Paris. Our porter made some overtures of the same kind. But he was an honest fellow—a German, who had the misfortune to have married a Frenchwoman of a very bad type,—a fat, bold, brazen-faced, animal-looking woman. She was a bad one. He knew that; was very unhappy, and as they had no family, the poor

fellow thought it no wrong, if he had an opportunity, to divorce himself from her, and leave her to her own devices

With all their lacquer, and polite manners, and french polish, and taste in dressing, the French, as seen in the servant girls who were in that *pension*, are essentially not only an immoral, but a coarse people, destitute of all true delicacy. But I remember with pleasure one exception—Adèle, the young woman who waited on the suite of rooms where mine was. She was a modest, well-conditioned girl, whom I have seen shedding bitter tears over the misfortunes that had ruined her family, and reduced her to the condition of a servant. A country district in France was her native home. There her father, who united the business of a smith to that of a small proprietor, cultivating his own land, had been, if not in affluent, in most comfortable circumstances. The Prussian armies making for Paris, and burning to be avenged on the French, passed that way; and the tide of war rolling over this happy home left it a wreck—a family broken-up and impoverished, the provision for widow and children, the gains of years of honest labour, lost in a day. Such is war, man's deepest shame and God's heaviest scourge!

Another person was there, a Frenchman, for whom I cherished a genuine respect. His name was Fevrier. Originally intended for the Church, he had spent some years in a Jesuit college in Lyons. He was a devout and well-instructed young man, yet amazingly ignorant of the Bible. Many a tough battle, carried on in my room till midnight, had we on the respective merits of Popery and Protestantism. I used to help him, when he was fumbling over its leaves, to find out those passages of Scripture to which he would refer as favouring his cause, for he had never—as he acknowledged on my presenting him with a copy of the Old and New Testament in French—had the whole Bible in his hands before. I was

astonished to find a devout man like him defending (when I urged it as an argument against the Roman Catholic system of celibacy) the licentious and irregular life of many of the priests. I had met nothing so damnatory of Popery, no such proof of its corrupting influences, as this; for Fevrier was a pious man, nor shall I ever forget the awe and solemnity of manner with which, one day as we were walking in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, and in answer to my question why he had abandoned his studies for the Church, he uncovered his head and touching it said, "Ah, the shaven crown is a solemn thing!" After he left this *pension*—where, being a relation of hers, he was living in galling dependence on Madame St. Marc till he got a situation as a teacher—I visited him in his own lodgings, and found him teaching French to a shawled and turbaned Mussulman, one of those sent to Paris by Ibrahim Pacha; the said Mahometan drinking in learning and wine together, and laughing heartily when I adverted to the inconsistency between his faith and works. I never saw Fevrier more in this world, but hope to meet him in a better.

After passing some three months at Madame St. Marc's, I left for a lodging-house on Quai St. Michel, called "Hôtel de l'Etoile du Nord." Here I got breakfast in the *parloir* of the family, consisting of bread, butter, and coffee, for which I paid one franc. I dined at a restaurant, and for the same money had a bowl of soup, a plate of *marmelade de pommes*, bread and potatoes, and a small quantity of beer, enough in all to make a good dinner. Coffee in the evening I made in my room for myself, and any student who happened to visit me. Monsieur Petit, the master of this hotel or lodging-house, had a wife and three daughters, and a more decent, respectable family was not in Paris. He had interesting details to give of the French Revolution, its scenes of terror and blood—having been, as one of the National

Guard, in the palace when the Swiss bodyguard of the poor king were massacred. There were a number of other lodgers in the house—some of them breakfasting along with me; and all, with hardly an exception, were avowed infidels.

I remember of an unexpected meeting there with John Bunyan. The youngest girl attended a Sunday-school kept by a priest in one of the churches in the neighbourhood. One of these I was in the habit of looking in upon, during the interval between the Protestant service in the Oratoire and my dinner hour. The instruction on the whole was good; but I used to be amused rather at the sedulous care of the priest to uphold the Church—he never quoting God's Word in proof of any doctrine without saying, "as the Bible saith, and the Church teacheth!" Well, I learned from M. Petit's lassie that at her Sunday-school they distributed prizes; and on her telling me she had got one, I asked to see it. Fancy my pleasure and astonishment when she brought it out and placed in my hands "*Le Progrès d'un Pèlerin, par Jean Bunyan,*"—The Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan, one of the prizes of a Roman Catholic Sunday-school! Turning to the introduction by the Roman Catholic translator, I found him telling his readers that he had made no alterations in the book beyond a few; and, on turning to the book itself, I found him to be as good as his word; of course the scene, where giant Pope sits at the mouth of the cave biting his nails because he is no longer able to destroy and kill the pilgrims, was omitted.

Thirty years afterwards, I visited Paris, which by that time under Louis Napoleon had undergone great changes. As salmon return to their old rivers, and swallows to the nest and neighbourhood of their birth, I made for Quai St. Michel to see if I could recognise the place of my old hotel; and how was I surprised in

driving along to read on the front of a house, and of the same house, the old sign "Hôtel de l'Etoile du Nord." Curious to see inside, I jumped from the cabriolet and rang the bell. A servant appeared to ask whether I wanted lodgings. "No," I said, "but I lived here thirty years ago, and would be obliged by your allowing me to step into this room," pointing to the well-known door of the parlour. In I went; and in a moment recognised on the walls portraits of my old friends Monsieur and Madame Petit. Instantly I asked, "Who keeps this hotel now?"

"Mademoiselle Petit," she said.

Quite delighted to find that they were not all dead and gone, as I supposed likely, I requested her to send Mademoiselle to me. By-and-by the door opens, and a grave, rather elderly-like spinster appears, in whom I traced some likeness to the lassie of fourteen I had known thirty years before.

"Do you know me?" I asked.

"No, Monsieur."

"Are you sure you never saw me before?"

"Quite sure, Monsieur."

The next shot did not miss. The French being unable because of its *th* to sound my name of Guthrie aright, I went in this family by the sobriquet of "*le grand Monsieur*," on account of my height, my standing six feet two and a half inches without the shoes. So I next asked—

"Do you not remember '*le grand Monsieur*'?"

No sooner said, than she started, and, a flash of joy lighting up her countenance, rushed forward, seized me by the hand, and was so happy; indeed, I thought she was going to embrace me! It was a delightful rencontre, for I had a great respect for that worthy family, was sorry to part with them, on which occasion I had after the French fashion to kiss them all, the old woman not excepted in the round. The father and mother had been

long dead; her two sisters were very comfortably married to English merchants, and resided in London.

Opposite this hotel, across the Pont St. Michel, on the Isle de la Cité, between the Hôtel Dieu and Notre Dame, stood the Morgue, a building into which all dead bodies netted in the Seine or found lying in the streets were carried. I used to go there every three days to keep a reckoning of their number. There they lay—exposed on the table of a room that had a glass wall, to be recognised—their clothes being hung on pins above them. Most of the bodies had been taken from the Seine, and many were frightfully swollen. I did not see more than one or two cases of assassination. I have seen as many as a dozen or two laid out there at a time; and used to know before entering the building the state of matters. A frivolous set, and fond of any kind of excitement, if there was a goodly array of naked corpses, the French women would be coming out from the grim spectacle chattering like as many sparrows, talking, gesticulating, in a state of excitement. A large proportion of these cases were suicides—a practice to which the French, being unbelievers, are much given,—many the results of gambling and the despair that succeeds a long run of bad luck at play.

Soon after my arrival in Paris, I enrolled myself as a student at the Sorbonne, and this, which cost me but a mere trifle, opened to me all the classes, but the theological; these I would have occasionally attended, but found them shut against me, being a Protestant.

During the five months or so I spent in Paris, I attended the classes of three very distinguished men—the most distinguished men of their age in their own departments of science. First, Gay-Lussac, Professor of Natural Philosophy; he it was who made the celebrated ascent in a balloon which rose to the then unprecedented height of 23,000 feet above the sea-level;

second, Thénard, celebrated as the father of French chemistry; and third, St. Hilaire, who pursued strange and original speculations on the subject of monsters and monstrosities, and was at the head of all comparative anatomists. The two first had classes of 700 or 800 each or more, made up of all nationalities, and presenting—before the Professor appeared, and while the students were talking and shouting to each other from distant benches—a perfect Babel of tongues, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, English, and, occasionally and unmistakably, what fell like music on my ear, good broad Scotch.

This last, by the way, I have found very serviceable in railway carriages abroad; when, perhaps speaking about them, I wanted to make sure my foreign fellow-travellers should not understand what I was saying to some countryman or countrywoman. One is never quite sure of this if he speak English, as so many foreigners are acquainted with that tongue, to which, indeed, I have often caught them listening; in such cases I have found perfect safety in good broad Scotch, when I had anything to say of the company that were present.

In Gay-Lussac's class I had an opportunity of seeing how heartily the priests were hated by students, literary men, and such like. Some two or three dozen young men, preparing for the Church, and dressed in their peculiar garb, attended his class; and, no sooner did they, entering in a body, make their appearance, than it was the signal for universal uproar, and furious cries from all parts of "*A bas les prêtres! A bas les prêtres!*" nor were these riots, which grew worse day by day, quelled until the young priests marched in attended by a guard of *gendarmes.* I was sorry for these lads; and sympathised the less with those who assailed them, as the most of them were actuated more by antipathy to the Christian religion itself than to the caricature of it

which Popery presents; although to the latter I, at the same time, believed the infidelity and immorality of France were mainly due.

Besides attending these classes daily, I used to walk one or other of the celebrated hospitals of Paris. To do so, I had to be up in the dark and cold winter mornings by six o'clock or so; and—necessity being the mother of invention—it was then I learned to shave in the dark. In those days there were no lucifers to light a candle. The clinical visits of the surgeons were gone through before breakfast, to which I used to return at nine o'clock with my fingers benumbed, my whiskers as white as they are now, the extreme cold having frozen the moisture of my breath on them.

The frost that winter far exceeded any I ever felt at home. It stopped dissection in the anatomical rooms for six weeks. I remember of being in one with forty dead bodies lying on the tables, each not only as cold but as hard as marble; and among them the body of a woman, one of the most beautiful in form or in feature ever seen in living flesh, or sculptured in lifeless marble. She must have died or been put to death in full health, so to speak. Her features were not pinched nor her cheeks sunk, nor had her eyes, which remained open, lost all their lustre, while a perfect affluence of long, raven hair flowed over her breast and shoulders, falling down almost to the floor.

It was a pitiful and touching sight, awakening both solemn and painful reflections. In France, as will be found in every country where Popery or infidelity are rampant, they pay little respect either to the living or the dead. It is the Bible which presents the body for our reverence and respect as the "temple of the Holy Ghost." Only once did I see modesty in a female patient rebel against exposures before a crowd of students which would not be so much as proposed by any surgeon of a

public hospital in our country; and, on that occasion, the poor woman was laughed to scorn by the students, and as rudely abused as handled by the surgeon.

Yet there was no want of kindness in a way. I have seen Lisfranc—a great surgeon but a very rough bear—where the case was a very serious one, treat his patient as tenderly as a mother: nor shall I ever forget how sensitive he showed himself on one occasion under an ordinary apparent indifference to the feelings or even life of those under his knife. He was removing a cancerous breast from a woman, and, along with that, diseased glands from the arm-pit. While engaged in that, the last part of the operation, all of a sudden he stopped and turned pale as death, quickly turning round to fix a most anxious gaze on the face of his patient, stretched on the operating table. We saw there was something serious; the silence in the theatre, as we watched the knife, only broken before by the occasional low moans of the sufferer, became deeper than ever; all held their breath, till there burst from Lisfranc a sigh of relief heard over all the theatre. "Gentlemen," he said, "I thought I heard a sound indicating that, while I was removing these glands, air had got into a vein. That had been fatal; and I stopped in dread of seeing her die in my hands!"

This incident raised Lisfranc in my esteem; showing that he had the heart of a true surgeon, who regards as equally sacred the life of a poor woman and of a princess.

I watched for weeks and with great interest his manufacture of a living nose. His patient, an old soldier of the Empire, had lost that feature in Russia, in that terrible winter which cost France so many lives. The piece of skin and flesh which supplied the lost nose was cut and twisted down from the brow. Adhesion taking place more strongly on one side than the other, set the nose awry, and it had to be set even again. In spite of the lead with which he plugged them, now this and now

that nostril would fill up. Into what a storm of rage I have seen him work himself, as he told us how Dupuytren had said that he had only succeeded in making a nose like a *pomme de terre* or potato, and here he would appeal to us whether it was the least like a potato; an appeal I left the French students to respond to. The said nose having no bridge, I could not in good conscience say it was not like a *pomme de terre;* still it was an improvement on the former state of things.

One day I went to the Hôtel Dieu, and saw the celebrated Dupuytren perform some operations, one of them presenting a display of passive courage worthy of a Red Indian. The nails of the great toes had grown into the flesh of a workman, who limped up to Dupuytren. He pointed to a stool; and, on the man placing his foot there, he took a long angular pair of scissors and ran one blade under the nail up to the root, then, closing the blades, divided the nail; and finally, seizing the section which was growing into the flesh, he, with one jerk, tore it off, repeating the same process on the other foot. No torture practised by the Red Indians, or invented by the Inquisition, could have been more cruel than this; yet the man never paled, moved a muscle, or uttered a sound. This might be due to a strong will and great self-control, but it might be the apathy which is often mistaken for true courage; though no more that, than the indifference with which an officer rode up to a battery of cannon, and who, observing another officer at his side looking pale, turned in his saddle to accost him, saying, "You are afraid!" "True," replied his comrade, bringing out the nature of true courage; "and were you as much afraid as I am you would turn tail!"

I also went to the Hôpital des Invalides, where Baron Larry presided, and saw that distinguished surgeon, who was so great a favourite of the first Napoleon and was at his side in all his battles. La Place was buried that

winter I was in Paris, and Cuvier, though alive, had ceased to lecture. I was introduced to Say, the celebrated political economist, who received me in his house very graciously; and also to an eminent literateur and politician, then editor of the *Constitutionnel.** The latter made no concealment either of his immorality or infidelity; but owned, nevertheless, the necessity and advantages of a religion. I well remember the homage he paid to Protestantism and Presbytery, saying that the faith and Church government of Scotland—her Protestantism, and especially her Presbytery—were the only forms of religion favourable to, and, indeed, consistent with, a constitutional government and the enjoyment of civil liberty.

Having spent the whole winter session in hard study I gave the last two weeks of my residence there to its sights. Among others, I went one night to a celebrated gambling-house in the Palais Royal, where Blucher was said to have lost much money. We had to give up our sticks at the door. The *salles* were crowded, chiefly by the shopkeeping and working classes. Five-franc pieces and francs were the common stakes. Many a rough and despairing man was there: it was men from these, who having staked and lost their all went to throw themselves into the Seine, and fill the tables of the Morgue.

From this we went on to Frascati's. Others were required to have introductions here; but it was enough for any of our countrymen to show his passport. On our doing so, the door was thrown open, and we found ourselves in a splendid and ample hall, surrounded by lacqueys in gorgeous livery. The interior was like a palace. Different kinds of play were going on in different rooms, and piles of gold shifted hands to the throw of the rattling dice, or the wheel of *rouge et noir*. In one room forty or fifty engaged in the latter game were seated at a

* Jean-Alexandre Buchon.

long table, and among them magnificently dressed women, decked out in all manner of meretricious charms. They were there for other purposes than gambling, and amused themselves watching the changing fortunes of the players. There we could have ordered wine or whatever we liked, and, had we remained to the close, might have sat down to a luxurious supper, and all without charge. Such were the traps laid for the unwary. It was a hell of a place, ruining thousands, but from which, with other such places, the Government drew an immense revenue. Happily, the French Government, like some since then in Germany, has come to see that a revenue drawn from the vices and demoralisation of the people is dearly bought; and now the gambling-houses, like those in Germany, are closed.

With this ends my account of that winter in the French capital, which I left one morning in the middle of April, 1827, to make my way home through Belgium.

The journey between Paris and Brussels, which is now made by railway in eleven hours, occupied three days and nights. It was done by *diligence;* the horses, which were many, carrying postilions, dressed in the old French style, and wearing enormous boots. Out of a choice of routes, I chose that which passed through Noyon, that I might see the birthplace of John Calvin, the man who, next to the Apostle Paul, has left the deepest mark on the religious world, and whose intellect, in the judgment of such men and philosophers as Sir William Hamilton, was one of the greatest any man of any country or race ever possessed.

We passed through Noyon at dead of night. I saw but one light in a window of the street through which we drove, amidst unbroken silence. So, I thought, the young reformer's might have been shining three centuries before, when he was preparing, with Martin Luther, to lead the assault against the Church of Rome. But Rome

still held possession of his birthplace, if one might judge from the sight I saw on leaving it. A great crucifix stood up at the outskirts, and there, at that late hour and in that lone place, the moonlight showed a woman kneeling, with her arms thrown around the tree, and her head bent to the ground; and I could not but hope that she was a true penitent, in error, but still clinging with her heart to Christ as she clung with her arms to the cross; any way, at that midnight hour, in that lonely spot, a woman bowed by some secret grie to the earth, and seeking relief in prayer under the shadow of that lofty cross and its divine burden, was a solemn and touching sight.

In that journey I was also gratified at passing through Cambray, redolent with memories of the great and good Archbishop Fénélon; though some of these were melancholy,—such as his bowing, against the dictates both of his reason and his conscience, to the authority of the Pope; his case affording one of the most remarkable proofs of the mental and moral religious thraldom in which the Roman Catholic religion holds its votaries—making them slaves.

An incident occurred on our way through France which was very pleasing to my national vanity. At a *cabaret*, where the diligence changed horses, and we halted for refreshments, a Prussian officer got into a fierce dispute with some French people on how the battle of Waterloo was lost and won. He maintained that "*la grande nation*" was fairly and thoroughly beaten by the English army in that fight. What clamour of tongues, volleys of oaths, fierce gesticulations, this bold and mortifying assertion raised! The poor patriots could not get over the fact that they were beaten; but they stoutly denied that the English beat them, asserting that, but for the Scotch regiments, they would have routed *les Anglais*. Whereupon, when the war of words had come

to that, I, though till then taking no part in the dispute, could not help saying, "*Je suis Ecossais!*" "I am a Scotchman!" an avowal which gained me the kindly looks of the women and the good will of the men; one evidence, and there are many besides, that the kindly feelings which subsisted in the olden time between the French and Scotch, when there was much correspondence and many alliances between the two countries, still lingers in France.

I don't know but I was as much pleased to hear my native tongue, or something like it, spoken by the clerk in the coach-office at Brussels on our arrival there. I had taken an outside seat for the whole distance from Paris; but, with rain pouring on, and the sharp corner of a trunk among the luggage sticking into my back almost the whole first night, I resolved to go inside the second one, paying the difference when we reached our journey's end. For this purpose I gave the clerk at Brussels a gold coin; and, when he went to count me out the change in Belgian money, I was as much surprised as pleased to hear him, in what seemed pure Brechin Doric, run on somewhat thus—"*Saxteen, seeventeen, aughteen.*"

I saw as much of Brussels as to form a very low opinion of its morality—the door of the hotel where I passed some two or three days being beset by touters, or panderers to infamous houses with offer of their services; one of whom was so persevering that I only got rid of the infamous scoundrel by threats of a good thrashing. I have met with the same thing in Naples, where the flower-girls, as well as men, are not ashamed to engage in the same infamous service.

There is nothing like these things in this country, with all our faults. One doubts whether there remains any resurrection for nations so long dead and lying in such loathsome corruption. It seems as if these countries could not be purified but by the fires of Sodom. There is

one living race, however, that, so far as my observation goes, does exceed them in unblushing wickedness: sad to say, these are the descendants of God's ancient people: —such scenes as we saw in open day passing through the Ghetto at Rome, and the Jewish quarter at Frankfort, reminding me of the question, "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness?" and of our Lord's address to Capernaum, "And thou Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell."

As Waterloo still bulked largely in the public eye—it being about twelve years since that great and decisive battle was fought—I left Brussels to visit the field. The ditches were strewn in many places with the withering skulls and bones of the dead, the ploughshare each spring violating their shallow graves. I met a peasant there, who had been pressed into the service of the French army, his employment during the long protracted fight being to prepare refreshments for Napoleon's troops. How he managed that I don't know, for he seems on the occasion, no great wonder, to have lost his head; all the account he could give me of the battle being this, "It was just a perpetual roar of cannon, mingled with the hurras of the British and the *Vive l'Empereur* of the French."

From Brussels I passed on through Ghent and Bruges to Ostend, where, after a weary delay of two days, I embarked on board a steamer to London; and, after passing some weeks there, dropped down the Thames in a smack bound for Dundee. We passed the bodies of some pirates hanging in chains, and dropping in pieces on the banks of the river; and being more than once becalmed, spent a whole week in the voyage to Dundee. So slowly, compared with its speed in these days of railroads ashore, and steamers at sea, did the world then move on.

Next day I returned to my home and native town, through a kind providence, safe and sound. I thought myself "no small drink," as people say; for at that time —with the exception of one old soldier here and another there—a man who had crossed the Channel, still more one who had been in Paris, to say nothing of studies pursued at the celebrated Sorbonne, was a *rara avis in terris.*

INCHGRUNDLE, LOCHLEE: *June*, 1872.

I had good hopes of "obtaining a living," as they say, on my return home, through the influence of the Hon. William Maule, afterwards Lord Panmure, and father of the present Earl of Dalhousie.

One of Lord Wharncliffe's churches, that of Eassie, in my native county, had fallen vacant; and Mr. Maule had what he considered Lord Wharncliffe's promise that I should be presented to the charge. But, having by this time identified myself with the evangelical and popular party in the Church of Scotland, and become a "High Flyer," in the language of the day, the cup was again dashed from my lips. Some said my disappointment was due to Lord Wharncliffe confounding the High party in the Church of Scotland with those who held, in opposition to his views, High Church principles in the Church of England; but I believed nothing of the kind, and having no doubt that I was driven out to sea again through the influence of the Moderate leaders with Lord Wharncliffe, a sense of personal wrong intensified my antipathy to their tyrannical policy, and my resolution, on obtaining a charge, and, with that, a seat in the Church Courts, to do my utmost to hurl them from power.

And yet, in looking back on the way God led me in the wilderness, I see how much better He chose for me than I would have chosen for myself. In various ways, though at the time not joyous but grievous, these disap-

pointments wrought out good fruit; besides, while the first saved me from a sphere where I should have been probably dwarfed and stunted for life by overmuch work, the second kept me out of a Presbytery, where there was little spiritual life among the ministers, and much drinking and carelessness among the leading farmers of the district. It was not a safe atmosphere to breathe, and I was safer out of it, and have lived to see that I had no more ground than Jacob to say, "all these things are against me!"

But at the time, I felt keenly what Edward Irving, who had his own experience of it, called "the miserable estate of a preacher." I could only get into a charge by some of the ministers dying, whose successors Mr. Maule had, as patron, or through his influence with the patron, the power of appointing; and where, as in my case, these ministers were one's own friends, it became doubly painful to "wait for dead men's shoes." While matrons turned to the newspaper for the list of births, and spinsters to the list of marriages, it was the list of deaths the poor preacher first scanned on his outlook for vacant charges.

Not requiring to teach, either publicly or privately, for my bread, I had no fixed employment, and was about to escape from the tedium and ennui of my position by going abroad to Germany the following winter, as I had gone to Paris the former one, when an event occurred which, for the time being, though in a different sphere from that of the Church, called me into active life.

The Bank agency which, under the name of David Guthrie and Sons, has been in my family and in the town of Brechin for more now than sixty years, was at that time managed by my elder brother, Bailie John Guthrie, who, cut down in the prime of life by a sudden illness, left one son, David, then little beyond boyhood.

In a few years, could the bank be held on for that time, he would, with the counsel of his uncles, all engaged in businesses of their own, be old enough to succeed his father.

To accomplish this, an important object, it was proposed that I should abandon my plan of going to a German university and enter the bank, filling my dead brother's place till his son was ready to take the helm, or till I was presented to a church and the charge of a parish. This I did; * passing two busy, and not lost, years in that employment. That, in point of fact, was not the least valuable part of my training and education. I became in this way conversant both with mercantile and agricultural affairs; and those who, both in the country and the town, afterwards became my people, did not respect me the less when they found their minister was something else than "a fine bodie," who knew no more about the affairs, and hopes, and disappointments, and temptations, and trials of men engaged in the business of the world than any old wife, or the "man in the moon."

It is not desirable, certainly, that the people should find the preacher tripping as thus befell a clever man of my acquaintance. This Doctor of Divinity went to preach in Glenisla for Mr. Martin, who related the following incident to me. The Doctor thought that, Glenisla being a pastoral parish, the twenty-third Psalm would form a peculiarly suitable subject; and from that, as he was very capable of doing, he delivered an admirable discourse. But there was a "dead fly" in the apothecary's ointment that marred the sermon and lowered the man. Ignorant of the fact that sheep in our moist climate, and amid the dew-covered and green, succulent herbage, are independent of streams, and indeed seldom drink water but when sick, he expatiated, as he

* March, 1828.

spoke of "the still waters," on the importance of water to the flocks—a blunder and display of ignorance the stupidest discovered; and, as they lingered to light their pipes by the church-door, he had the mortification on retiring to hear himself and his sermon treated with contempt—one shepherd saying to another: "Puir bodie! Heard ye ever the like o' yon aboot the sheep drinkin'?"

In contrast to this, I remember how I rose visibly in the respect of some farmers and men of business whom I met the day after a large sale of cattle fed on distillery refuse had taken place. "What did they bring?" said one of them to me, expecting to trot out my ignorance, to his own amusement and that of the company. "Well," I said, "I don't know till I see a fair specimen of the stock, and know the number knocked down to the hammer." So, amused that I, a minister of a city charge, would venture even a guess on such a matter, they conducted me to a straw-yard, where two or three of the cattle, fair specimens of the herd, still remained. "Now," I said, after looking at the beasts, "give me the number sold;" and when, after some mental arithmetic, I gave £9,500 as the sum, which was within a few hundreds of the money actually realised, how they did stare with astonishment, carrying away with them more respect for clergymen than some of them had entertained before.

My people at Arbirlot, too, were all the better of the knowledge of business I had acquired in the bank, as I had not been long there when I established a savings-bank in that country parish, getting two or three of the principal farmers to be the trustees, along with myself. I was the entire manager; giving out money only on Saturday evening, the regular time for its transactions, and that only on a week or fortnight's notice—but receiving it in the shape of a shilling, the lowest deposit, at any time and any day, Sunday of course excepted. This bank, as I shall show when I come, in the course

of my story, to my ministry at Arbirlot, was a great success; training up the young to those habits of foresight, self-denial, and prudence, which are handmaids to virtue, and, though not religion, are nearly allied to it.

Some few weeks before I became a banker, as above related, I had agreed to preach as assistant to Mr. Hannah, the minister of Stracathro. This parish lay in the neighbourhood of Brechin; it was in its churchyard that Balliol did homage to Edward for the crown of Scotland. Mr. Hannah was evidently a dying man when I entered on this duty; nor shall I ever forget the scene at family worship on the evening of the last Sunday I preached, and the last day but one of his life. A very good man, but of peculiar and rather obstinate temper, he would not be persuaded to retire to bed, nor allow me to conduct the service. Wasted to a skeleton, and of a most cadaverous aspect—his skin never clear indeed, but now the colour of a corpse—he sat by the fire, propped up by cushions in his chair. His niece, who was his housekeeper, placed the book in his hands; they trembled like an aspen leaf as he turned the leaves; and when he had chosen the subject of an evening hymn, I have seldom been impressed with more awe and solemnity than when, pausing for breath almost between every word, in tremulous, broken tones, he gave out these appropriate, and, as they might in the circumstances be called, prophetic words—

> "You now must hear my voice no more;
> My Father calls me home."

I had supplied his pulpit for five Sabbaths before his death; and for this service, as he left neither widow nor children, never having been married, I made and received the usual charge of a guinea per Sunday; and until, some two years afterwards, I was settled in the parish of Arbirlot, these five guineas were all the remuneration I

ever earned, though, as a licentiate or preacher, I had been five years what might be called a journeyman, and as an apprentice, so to speak, had spent ten years at the university.

During the time I was in the bank, I preached three or four times a year, and by this, as was my wish, the public knew I had not abandoned my original profession; nor did I find any inconvenience in this, unless when, as sometimes happened, I saw a man sitting before me to whom I had but the day before, perhaps, refused to discount a bill—grant him "accommodation," as it was called. Then I felt I was not addressing an unprejudiced hearer, or one disposed to receive the truth from my lips.

The unsuitableness, let me here remark, of some of the old arrangements connected with the administration of the Lord's Supper in Scotland was one among many lessons I learned in the bank. At the sound of the bell on the Saturday afternoon, we had just time to lock up bills, notes, gold, and silver, and, turning the key in the door, rush away to church; and at the close of the service we had to hurry back, to plunge, at a leap, over head and ears into the whirlpool of such secular concerns; and on the Monday succeeding the Communion Sabbath, the same *hurry scurry* had to be gone through. If ministers were less shut up in their own shells, and had more common sense and knowledge of the world, they would cling less tenaciously to old forms, suitable enough to bygone but not to the present times. Who has not felt that we cannot dash with profit, all of a sudden, from secular to spiritual themes; and that our minds, like a musical instrument whose strings have been relaxed, require time and pains to be tuned for engaging with advantage in worship and other spiritual services?

I spent, on the whole, a happy time in the bank,

never feeling its responsibilities very heavy but once, when a circumstance occurred that shows into what mistakes we may fall, and how careful we should be not to rush rashly into unfavourable conclusions.

Detained in the office till midnight on one occasion, by press of business, I was making my way to the cottage where we spent the summer-time, some two miles out of town. It was an exceedingly dark night, but I was thinking of no danger, though I carried the bank keys with me, when I heard footsteps behind. Not seeking a companion in the circumstances, I put on steam to shoot ahead, and became a little anxious on finding, that as I quickened my pace, so did he who followed me. I tried another dodge to shake him off—crossing first to one side of the road, then to the other; so did the feet behind, and which were by this time almost on my heels. Seriously alarmed now—knowing what I carried, and dreading the blow of a bludgeon from behind—I opened my knife, having no other weapon of offence or defence, and suddenly wheeling round, to see dimly the figure of a man close on me, I faced him, demanding, in a loud resolute voice, "Who's there?" "Then it *is* you, Maister Guthrie!" was the answer; "I was sure it was your figure on the brae between me and the sky, an' I did my very best to mak' up to you. Ye see, I've forty pound on me, and it's no' chancy to be travelling alane at this hour wi' a' that siller!"

This mistake of mine reminds me of one equally great, if not greater, into which the zeal of an ardent Methodist once led an equally honest traveller. The worthy Methodist, burning with desire to do good and save souls, seeing a man on the road before him, hastened to make up to him, that he might deal with him about his soul. Ignorant of these good intentions, the other, taking him for a footpad, did all he could to throw him out, but

in vain. At last and at length the Methodist runs him down, confirming his worst fears—as they now stood face to face—with the startling question, "Are you prepared to die?" So the worthy Wesleyan was in the habit of dealing with people, going thus right and at once to the mark. But, at this awful question, down goes the poor man on his knees, to offer the other all his money if he will but spare his life, happy, as the supposed footpad raised him, to find out his mistake.

Part IV.

LIFE AT ARBIRLOT.

1830—1837.

In the autumn of 1829, the parish of Arbirlot became vacant by the death of Mr. Watson. Though the patronage of this and other church livings in the county of Forfar had been forfeited to the Crown when the then Earl of Panmure went out to support the cause of the Pretender, in the Rebellion of 1715, the Honourable William Maule, my patron, was sole heritor of the parish; and—as it had been for many years the practice of the Crown to appoint to any of their vacant churches the man recommended by the sole heritor or majority of heritors—I seemed to have reached land at last. Mr. Maule lost no time in sending off his recommendation, and I expected that I should have the pleasure in a few days of reading my name in the *Gazette*.

But days came, and weeks came, and even months came, but no answer from the Crown. Mr. Maule would not renew his application; nor, being politically opposed to the Tory Ministry, thereby seem to ask any favour at their hands.

The leaders of the Moderate party in the Church had much influence with the Government, and through it and private patrons were using all means, fair and foul, to check the tide which was rising in favour of the evangelical or popular party. Dr. Andrew Thomson, the Knox and Luther of his day, and by far the most

formidable of all their opponents, was already, in advance of his party, thundering with his battle-axe at the gate of patronage, while Chalmers lent to the Evangelical section of the Church all the influence of his splendid eloquence and illustrious name. The Moderates were astute enough to see their danger and the probability that the same cry for the rights of the people which, then rising from all parts of the land, issued in the Reform Bill, would be taken up within the Church, and be there the death-knell of Moderatism, as it was destined to be of Toryism in the State. The doom they could not finally avert, they might postpone by maintaining their majority in the Church Courts—an end they sought to accomplish by inducing patrons to appoint no Evangelical to a vacant charge.

In these circumstances, I had reason to dread the worst from the delay. Any way, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." I had gone through a more costly and complete preparation for the ministry than most men. I was not open to the charge of vanity in concluding that I was as well qualified as most, and better than many, who had got in while I was left out in the cold. I had waited by the pool for five long, weary years; and all this was so disheartening and mortifying, that, but for God's sustaining hand and good providence, I had abandoned the profession in disgust—resolved that, if I could not enter the Church without forfeiting my independence and sacrificing my principles for a living, I would seek to support myself and serve God in some secular pursuit.

After about five months of this painful suspense, a letter came from Brechin Castle, not containing my fate, however, but merely that Mr. Maule had got an answer from Government, and wished to see me. Very tantalising! Was the answer favourable or otherwise? that was the question. I had reached the turning point of my life; and I never, even yet, walk along the avenue of beech trees that leads to the Castle door without recalling

my feelings that February morning I went there, in blank uncertainty, to learn my fate. Hope, however, prevailed over fear. Mr. Maule was a man of great good sense, and I concluded that, being such, if the answer had been unfavourable, he would have given it by letter rather than by word of mouth.

And I was right. The answer was favourable—only there was an official blunder in it which he wished to explain, and which, saving me from many a joke, he lost no time in getting corrected before the appointment was gazetted. It bore that His Majesty had ordered a presentation to the parish of Arbirlot to be drawn out "in favour of the Rev. Richard Watson, in room of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, deceased!"

The long delay was due to what the Ministry wished to keep concealed—the illness of the King (George IV.) The warrant for issuing the presentation required to be signed by the King's own hand, and months had passed during which he had not been able to transact any business.

On leaving Mr. Maule I felt relieved of a great burden, not sure, as people say, whether my head or heels were uppermost. I was thankful to God; happy, not only for my own sake, but for the happiness I knew I was carrying to her to whom I had been engaged for some years, and to whom I was married five months after entering on my charge, as well as to my mother and family, waiting at home in anxiety for the result.

On the presentation in my favour by the Crown being laid before the Presbytery of Arbroath, I was taken on "trials" by them—these being, in all cases where the presentee was not suspected of ignorance or heterodoxy, very much of a form. I was also, after preaching before them, "called" by the people; this call—ever since the days when Moderatism began its reign—being very much of a sham too; as it continued to be till the "Veto

Act" was passed, which, putting new life into this old dead form, prevented any man being thrust on an unwilling people.

These preliminaries being gone through, I was ordained the minister, and inducted into the living of Arbirlot in May,* 1830, at an expense to myself of some sixty pounds. The fees to the Crown cost about thirty pounds, and the other thirty pounds or more went to defray the cost of a dinner which I gave that day in a hotel in Arbroath to the members of the Presbytery, some of my own private friends, and the farmers of the parish of Arbirlot.

Happily, now-a-days, these old convivial customs are, to a large extent, abandoned. They not unfrequently led to excesses unseemly at any time, and, on such solemn occasions as an ordination, not unseemly only, but revolting. On this occasion one or two of the farmers were rather uproarious, and one minister got drunk before leaving the table. Some years thereafter, he was tried by the Presbytery, and deposed by the General Assembly for drunkenness and other crimes.

Nor, I may here state, was that an easy matter in those days. The Moderate party raised every obstruction to Church discipline, using all legal quirks and quibbles and their unscrupulous majorities to shield the worst offenders. The person I refer to was notorious both for intemperance and lying: yet, not reckoning his expenses, it cost us, the ministers of the Presbytery, about £500, and two whole years, before we got him deposed.

Looking more with pity on the misery to which deposition reduces a minister's wife and children than to the interests of religion and the Church, in such cases people often prove slow and unwilling witnesses; and, though not prepared to swear to a lie, will so hedge and dodge about, that it is difficult to get at the truth.

* 13th May.

After we had drawn out of them proof in the case of this man that on such and such an occasion he talked arrant nonsense in the pulpit, or reeled in gait, and stuttered in speech—exhibited, in fact, all the marks of drunkenness—on being asked whether he was drunk, they slipped out of our fingers like an eel; their answer was this, "We'll no' say, far less swear, he was drunk; he might have been but sick, or something of that kind; wha kens?"

We were thus losing our case, till we fell on another way of getting at the truth. This was by asking them, not whether he was drunk, but whether, without saying for a fact that he was so, it was their impression at the time that he was drunk. Into this net most of them walked; but one, a strong partisan of the offending minister, was clever enough to see that, if he gave honestly the impression made on him by his minister's appearance and language in the pulpit on a particular Sunday evening, he would damage the cause he wished to defend.

Besides other proofs of drunkenness, having drawn this out of him, that the minister, on that occasion, as he lolled over the side of the pulpit—being, in fact, unable to stand upright—said that he loved his people so much that he would carry them all to heaven on his back, I asked him, "Now, John, when you heard him say so, what impression did so strange a speech make on you?"

Others, to the same question, as unwilling witnesses as John, had already said that, though they would not say he was drunk at the time, they certainly thought so.

But John showed himself equal to the occasion.

"Weel," he replied, "Maister Guthrie, I'll just tell you what I thought. There was a great fat wife, you see, sitting in the seat before me, and thinks I, 'My lad, if you set off to the kingdom of heaven with that wife on

your back, my certie, you'll no be back for the rest o' us in a hurry!"

The clever escape, the ludicrous picture presented of —— on his way through the sky with this enormous wife seated on his back, and the serious air with which John delivered himself of his reply, were irresistible. We were all convulsed with laughter, the culprit himself as much as any of us. So John left the field with flying colours.

But let us leave this to return to Arbirlot. Its shores washed by the German Ocean, it lies on the sea coast, reaching almost to the town of Arbroath. In front of it, some twelve miles out to sea, stands the Bell Rock Lighthouse; and to this position of my first parish, where for seven years I was familiar with the great ocean in all its ever-changing phases, is due, no doubt, the numerous allusions to it which occur in my sermons and speeches.

My predecessor in that parish was a good and able man. He used to boast of having challenged John Wesley, on his visit to Scotland, to a public passage-at-arms in the town of Arbroath, and tell, with no small pride, how Wesley refused the challenge; which, however, he might have had good reasons for doing, other than the fear of Richard Watson.

Like many other ministers of his time, my predecessor acquired penurious habits, and allowed them, I fear, to obtain too great a mastery over him. There was current a story of another parsimonious minister who evaded discovery by an uncommonly clever manœuvre. When working one day in his garden, or glebe, in his ordinary beggar-like attire, he was alarmed to see the carriage of his patron, the proprietor of the parish, whirling rapidly along the road to his manse. It was too late to attempt a retreat, and get himself put in decent order to receive "my lord." To retreat was impossible: to remain where

and as he was,—to be shamed and disgraced. With a promptitude seldom or never surpassed, he stuck his battered hat down on his shoulders, drew up his hands into the sleeves of his ragged coat, stuck out his arms at an acute angle, planted his legs far apart, and, throwing rigidity into all his form, stood there in the potato-ground, the very *beau ideal* of what in England is called a "scare-crow," in Scotland a "potato-bogle"—never suspected by the visitors as they drove up to the front entrance, while he made for the back-door to don his Sunday garb.

Another of whom I have heard, standing one evening on the bridge near his manse, was accosted by a mendicant, who, judging the minister by his dress to be one of the fraternity, and wishing for information (being himself a stranger in that part of the country), said, "And whaur are *ye* to put up the nicht, man ?"

A good deal may be said in palliation of the penurious habits of ministers—as much, at any rate, as should have made others more lenient to their faults. To get through eight long years of preparatory training, many of them, being poor men's sons, had to learn habits of stern economy; on getting a church they had to borrow money to furnish the manse after the plainest fashion; and these loans they had no means of paying like honest men without looking after every penny, and for years spending none they could save. So this vice in their case had its root in a virtue, in the honourable desire to "owe no man anything,"—a circumstance forgotten by those who would sneer at the penuriousness of a man who honourably paid all his debts, while, regardless of the losses of tradesmen and shop-keepers, they paid theirs, perhaps, with one shilling in the pound. To be too saving of one's own money is bad, but to waste other people's is worse.

And whatever may have been my predecessor's faults

in respect of parsimony, and however much these were to be regretted as impairing his usefulness, he was a sound and able preacher; and of this I enjoyed the benefit, finding in the people of Arbirlot a congregation of intelligent and most attentive hearers. The tree is known by its fruit—the preacher by his people; for whenever I have found it difficult to awaken and arrest the attention of an audience lolling at their ease, and wearing in their faces an air of dull indifference, I did not need any one to tell me that their usual Sabbaths were a weariness—their minister a poor, uninteresting preacher. And much have they to answer for, who, devoting too little time and labour to their sermons, indulge their taste, some for literature, and others for laziness, at the expense of their people's souls.

So soon as I was presented to the charge of Arbirlot, Mr. Maule, who was very kind, wished me to go and see the manse, offering to build me a new one. I found it in a very ricketty and dilapidated condition—nor much wonder; for, though the best in all the country-side when built, during the incumbency of a Sir Thomas Preston, a special friend and favourite of the then proprietor of Kelly Castle and the parish, it was at the time of my settlement close on a hundred years old. The floor of the small parlour formed an inclined plane, having sunk so much on one side, that when a ball was placed on the table it rolled off. The dining-room, which, unless when we had company, was only used as my study, was so open through many a cranny to the winds of heaven, that the carpet in stormy weather rose and fell and flapped like a ship's sail. Off it, was a sleeping closet—our best bedroom—where my father-in-law, Mr. Burns, one of the ministers of Brechin, and his wife, were wakened one morning by a shower-bath; and wondering, as well they might, looked up to see the top of the bed bellied out with the rain that had floated the garret, and found its

way through rotten roof and broken slates to them! The kitchen had no other ceiling but the floor of our bed-room that stood over it, which saved a bell, and, as the planks were thin with washing and age, permitted *viva voce* communication between us and the servants; and I well remember how, in the dark winter mornings, we used to hear the click of the flint and steel as the kitchen-maid struck the sparks into the tinder-box, and kindled thus a match dipped in sulphur, or *spunk*, as it was called —a primitive, and, then, the only method of producing fire, for the boxes of Bryant and May and all other match makers had no more existence in those days than locomotives, photographs, or telegraphs.

In this manse, which, by the way, was the only one in the kingdom that had the baronial privilege of a dovecot attached to it—a special favour granted to Sir Thomas Preston, and, whatever it might have been to him, of little use to me, the place being in my day a favourite hunting-ground of rats—in this old ricketty house I abode five years. The spiritual interests of the people were of more consequence than the material comforts of the minister. I was made for Arbirlot, not Arbirlot for me; and so, on finding that there was great need of a new church, on condition that it was built, I waived my right to a new manse, or rather, declined Mr. Maule's unsolicited offer of one.

The church was an old building, the resort of bats, as the pigeon-house was of rats. There was nothing but an earthen floor below, and no ceiling above, where, on beginning the services on a winter Sunday, I have often seen the snow, that had blown through the slating, lying white on the rafters, waiting to tumble down on the heads of the people, when loosened by their breath. As to stoves, they were never thought of—the pulpit had to keep the people warm. The church, besides, was found to be too small for the congregation; so we set about it,

and got up what was practically a new church, making a collection on the day of its opening for a parochial library; and—however little £15 be thought of now, when the Free Church alone raises every year, by the voluntary contributions of her people, nearly half a million of money—in those days, when people were accustomed to give nothing beyond a halfpenny, and the more generous part of them a whole penny, to the ladle, a collection of £15 was, if not a world's, at least a parish wonder. It was thought an extraordinary effort, and left the good people in a state of prostration, exhausted and astonished at their own liberality.

The rose has thorns; and it is not often in Providence but some ill is linked to good. So happened it here. This new church set me and a number of my farmers at loggerheads; and that fell out thus:—

The old church at first had been built, but not seated, by the proprietor. The tenants put in a number of the pews and *faulds*, as the square seats were called, at their own cost. The expense of this was paid by the incoming to the outgoing tenant. When I went to Arbirlot, I found the farmers who did not require them for their cottars and servants—as in time and under an improved system of husbandry the farms had become less populous—letting their seats to the inhabitants of the villages and hamlets that had sprung up in the parish and charging the poor people, in the shape of seat-rent, a most exorbitant interest—100 per cent. on their outlay. When the church was rebuilt, we invested some hundreds of pounds, the property of the Kirk Session, in erecting a part of the building, where the pews would yield a moderate fair interest of some 5 or 10 per cent. on our outlay. This, with the additional accommodation provided, brought down the value of the farmers' seats—there was an end to the oppression of the people, and their making a gain of godliness.

But what a storm got up, and blew for days and weeks round my devoted head! reminding me of the saying of a worthy old woman, who, on hearing a talk of my popularity when first I went to Arbirlot, delivered herself of these words: "You are a' speakin' of the fine young man you have just gotten for a minister; but if he is faithful to his Master, be sure he'll have a' the blackguards of the parish on his tap in three weeks!" This did happen afterwards, indeed; for some two or three of the greatest blackguards in the parish did their utmost—though they failed—to blast my happiness and usefulness.

These farmers were, as the world goes, respectable enough men; nor were they all implicated in this mean transaction. More than once the common people came to me under the cloud of night to express their hopes and anxious wishes that I would stand to my position and by them, which, unpleasant as it was, I did. The farmers threatened to give nothing to the poor's fund at the Sabbath-day collections, and some carried their threat into execution—one in particular, a rich man, who was accustomed to rule the roast, and was mightily indignant I would not take the law from his mouth. But, backed by the factor, and having my elders well in hand, we did not budge a foot, and the storm by-and-by subsided, and the result was a happy one. What threatened at first to destroy, in the end established my position and influence in the parish.

Physically, mentally, morally, religiously, my parishioners were, take them overhead, a remarkably well-conditioned people; and though the glebe was small, and the stipend by no means large, being on an average of years but £197, yet on the whole, and among such a people, I might thank God, and say that the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places. Including a portion of another parish practically attached to mine, the population amounted to about one thousand souls, and during

the whole seven years I spent there, none of them were ever, so far as I can recollect, charged with any criminal offence.

There was, indeed, a case of murder that filled us all with horror, but though committed on one who had been a native of Arbirlot—whose churchyard, in her case, had to give up its dead—it was neither committed in the parish nor by a parishioner. I relate it as an illustration of the words, "Be sure your sin will find you out:"—

Sitting one bright summer day in my manse, a criminal officer was introduced into my room. He presented an order from the sheriff of the county, requiring me, as guardian of the churchyard, to allow the authorities to exhume the body of a woman that had been buried there some six weeks before; her husband had been apprehended on suspicion of having murdered her, and was already lodged in the prison of Arbroath. Of course I had to obey; and on going to the churchyard, found some criminal officers who had come to exhume the body, and medical men who had come to examine it, standing by her grave. The news by this time had spread, gathering the villagers, who stood afar off, struck with horror at the crime; but also so shocked at this violation of a grave, and at the use to be made of their bowls and platters, that I could not get one of them to lend any for the service of the dissection. The manse had to furnish them; and it was after no small trouble that I got one of the villagers to give us the use of an old disused barn, where the corpse was carried for the *post-mortem* examination. "Wheresoever the carcase is," says the Bible, "there will the eagles be gathered together;" and I remember how I was reminded of these words when, the coffin being raised and laid on a flat tombstone, the lid was raised, displaying the body in its shroud, already stained with corruption. All of a sudden

a cloud of bluebottle flies buzzed over us, and settled down in black swarms on the body.

On its being carried into the barn, the doctors proceeded to their work, examining the various organs—the brain among others. To reach it they had to chisel off the skull-cap, and I think the most horrible sight I ever saw was then and there, when, as I stood at her feet, every blow of the chisel made the corpse appear as if nodding to me. On some of the viscera being opened, they showed the clearest traces of death brought about by arsenic—a dangerous poison to the murderer as well as to his victim, since (while many other poisons kill, and in a few days or even hours leave no evidence behind them to illustrate the saying, "Murder will out") this preserves for a long time the tissues it comes in contact with from decay and corruption, and, as in this case, rises as it were from the grave to appear in court, and to be a witness against the murderer. The doctors having bottled up evidence enough to hang the murderer, we gave the body back to the grave, and they took themselves off, to find, however, on reaching the town, that the ruffian, foreseeing that his sin would find him out, when he heard that they were off to raise and examine the body, had cheated the gallows. .Poor wretch! he had hanged himself in his cell.

In this population of a thousand parishioners—to return to them—there were three units that stood out in a marked way from the rest. There was one Dissenter, a very worthy man, a tailor, who travelled every Sunday, fair weather and foul, ten or twelve miles in order that he might worship with his own small sect of Old Light Seceders in Arbroath; there was one man who could not read, but he was an interloper, and not a native; and there was one man who did not attend church on the Lord's Day, and he was crazy. The first was much respected; the second was regarded as a curiosity,

people pointing him out as the man who could not read; and the third nobody heeded, far less followed his example.

On the other hand, we had two or three as bad, immoral fellows as were to be found in the whole country, yet they were never out of church.

I remember with no small satisfaction how I took the wind out of the sails of one of these, in an attempt he made to mortify me, at the very time I was showing him kind and Christian attentions. He had been very ill, and was prepared to express his gratitude for my attentions on a day when I went to visit him, and when he expected me to do so. At that time the Voluntary Controversy was raging throughout the country, and a fierce and scurrilous attack had been made on me by a low pamphleteer in Arbroath. With this, which I had not seen but had heard of, this "fellow of the baser sort" had furnished himself, that he might annoy and mortify his minister by getting me to take it home and read it. So, no sooner had I finished praying with him, and was on my feet to go, than he said, "Oh, Mr. Guthrie, here is a pamphlet about you!" I saw malignity gleaming in his eyes, and, suspecting the truth, turned round to ask, "Is it for or against me?" "Oh," he replied, "against you;" and never did a man look more mortified, more chopfallen than he, on my saying, with a merry laugh, "Ah, well, you may keep it; had it been for me, I would have read it. I never read anything that is against me!"

If I ever knew any who might be considered "reprobates," this man and his associates were so; to a large extent answering to the character of those Paul describes at the close of the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, "God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient: being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, cove-

tousness, maliciousness: full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity: whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents: without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful."

These, the black sheep of my flock, had no influence in my parish; so that, though they hated me with a perfect hatred—hating me, however, without a cause, save this, that they hated God and all in his service—their antagonism cost me no trouble.

It was otherwise with one of the principal farmers of the parish, on an occasion when I had to contend in defence of the Sabbath and the rights of his underlings. He was not a communicant, yet was never absent from church; and being a man of wealth, of gentlemanly bearing, of political and social influence, with large stores of knowledge and a cultivated mind, he stood in many respects the chief man in the parish. He was what I fancy would now-a-days be called very "Broad" in his views; but this advantage I derived from that, and his presence in church—I was made more careful than I might otherwise have been in my preparations for the pulpit, that I might win him over to the truth, and give him no reason for despising either it or its preachers.

Well, there came with the harvest season, a year or two before I left Arbirlot, the most unpropitious weather. It rained, and rained, and rained; till, in the fields where the stooks stood green atop, the farmers thought they saw ruin staring them in the face. There was yet no serious damage done; but when all were dreading another week of such weather to realise the worst apprehensions, the clouds began to break up on a Friday. With the barometer and the wind, the hopes of the farmers rose on Saturday; and on Sunday, during which the favourable change continued, our people came to church to thank

Him who holds the wind in His fist and makes the clouds His chariot. All prepared on Monday morning, and by the *skreigh o' day*, to be at work in the fields.

Monday came; and, ere the day was half over, the report had flown through the parish that the person I have referred to, on leaving church, had gathered his farm servants and cottars, and laid his orders on them to turn out to the fields, and spend the rest of the Lord's day in gathering in the harvest. Remonstrance was in vain. What were their consciences and religious scruples to him? It was at their peril they would refuse. Taken unawares, in the hands of a man who, otherwise kind enough, was an autocrat in his way, and had the power, as they knew, of turning them at the time out of house and holding, the poor people, though with great reluctance, and with hearts and consciences ill at ease, yielded.

He himself, not being a member of the church, was beyond our authority. Not so his cottars and servants, who, being communicants, were amenable to discipline. We summoned them before the Kirk Session, where they all appeared to express great regret; and, as we knew how they had been concussed, we recommended the Presbytery, to whom we had reported the case, to deal very leniently and tenderly with them.

But how this petty tyrant raged and fumed! talking tall, big words about the liberty of the subject, and ending personal attacks on me by a challenge to defend myself and my Sabbatarian views at a public meeting in the church. In reply, I offered him an opportunity of discussing the subject at a meeting in my manse; and, for his sake as well as that of religion, keeping my temper, in addition invited him to breakfast on the occasion. He declined the breakfast, but accepted the meeting. I never prepared for any encounter by so much prayer and pains, nor came off—as I believed—after some

two hours' discussion, with such success; so knocking the ground from below his feet, so demonstrating his gross ignorance of Scripture, and tearing to shreds and tatters the few miserable arguments he had to produce, that my heart relented, and I could not but feel sorry for the man. He made great efforts, after I left, to get the Presbytery to consent that all record of the case should be expunged from the books of the Kirk Session of Arbirlot, which they, approving as much of what I, as they disapproved of what he had done, refused to comply with.

To end this story of the battle for the Sabbath, I may add—first, no such breach of the Lord's day had ever been before committed by any farmer in Arbirlot but by this man's father; and secondly, that, even in a material point of view, he gained nothing, or worse than nothing, by it. Other farmers waited till Monday before they lifted stook or sheaf; and when they were stacking their crops in good condition, his barn-yard was smoking like a kiln. His grain had not been ready for carrying on the Sunday, and every stack built on that day *heated*, as they call it, and had to be taken down on Monday; so this oppression of his underlings and breach of the Sabbath-day cost him, besides loss of character, loss of labour, of time, and grain. The people, as well they might, were much struck with this: his sin had found him out, and his neighbours who feared God, respected His law, and trusted in the old promise of harvest as well as seed-time, saw in the sound condition of their stacks and stack-yards how, in the words of Scripture, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Most of the farms in my parish were of moderate size, and their tenants, in consequence, in the happy condition of having neither poverty nor riches. Numbers were what are called "life-rents," where the tenant held the farm for his life, and, being old *tacks*, or leases, paid a very low

rent, not half, or perhaps the third, of a fair charge per acre. In these cases the result was the opposite of what many might expect. Those who sat on such easy terms were in many instances the least easy in their circumstances; while those farmers flourished who paid a good, fair rent to the landlord. They who should have been rich became bankrupts—their fields worse cultivated, and their character, on the whole, less respectable than that of their apparently less fortunate neighbours. Nor was this difficult to explain. Their too easy circumstances bred idleness, and the idleness bred dissipation; and from these results I learned that he is the best landlord who exacts such rents as require his tenants to be "diligent in business," self-denying, industrious, and economical.

Though there were some black sheep among them—one a notorious libertine, and two or three who made occasionally a too free use of the bottle—the farmers on the whole were a highly respectable class of men. There were some curious studies of human nature among their number. One, a tall, powerful man, fit to stand for bodily bulk foremost in the rank of grenadiers, was shy to a disease. He always managed to be away at the time of my ministerial visitations, and I don't think I exchanged seven words with him during my seven years at Arbirlot, beyond a brief salutation when we happened, very much to his discomfort, to encounter each other on the road. Then I had a funny pleasure in making up to him, and compelling him, as he blushed to the ears, to speak. I have seen him, when he descried me approaching, go off at a tangent, clear dyke or ditch by help of his long legs, to cut across the fields; and when there was no escape, I never expected to my question, "How do you do, Mr. ——?" anything beyond this (discharged like a bolt from a crossbow, and no sooner discharged than he took to his heels, and was off like the bolt), "Brawlie, thank ye; hoo are ye yersel?"

Another was a very odd character, who might have formed a very fine one—with some oddities, no doubt—and instead of becoming bankrupt, might have become the wealthiest man in the parish had he never touched drink. I wish all men were abstainers; but they specially need to be so who, like my poor friend, are of a highly excitable temperament. His thermometer stood always at the boiling point; and as the least extra stimulant made him, so to speak, boil over, he said and did all manner of absurd and often outrageous things. Once he became so furious and insolent that I had to order him out of the manse; and yet he was a kind, generous creature, with a considerable dash of what was good. He died as he lived, a most curious mixture of benevolence and folly. The lawyer who was writing to his dictation, having written down legacies of five hundred pounds to this person, and a thousand pounds to that, and so on, at length laid down his pen, saying, "But, Mr. ——, I don't believe you have all that money to leave."

"Oh," was the reply, "I ken that as well as you, but I just want to show them my good will!"

Much is to be allowed for in such cases, nor are they to be judged of by the common standard we apply to others. Ignorant of those constitutional and physical peculiarities that have much to do in moulding the life and character, we often judge harshly and wrongously; and there is reason, as well as charity, in believing that many will have cause to say with David:—"Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord: for his mercies are great: but let me not fall into the hand of man." "For He knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust."

In respect of industry, sober habits, intelligence, moral conduct, the common people were not behind, if they were not before, those of any parish in Scotland. They were more favourably situated than most. When I succeeded

in getting an ale-house, which stood in the village by my manse, closed, there remained but one public-house in the whole parish to corrupt it; and as that, lying close on the town of Arbroath, was miles away from most of my people, its curse was little felt by us. A poor workman came one dark night reeling out of its door to mistake his road—he being a stranger in the place—and was found next morning lying dead at the foot of a lofty rock, over which he had tumbled in the darkness and his drunkenness. His body was carried into the church, where, on the following Sunday, I endeavoured to improve the event, preaching a sermon against drunkenness. I sought also to improve the event in another way, by attempting to get the public-house closed. But here I failed.

The intelligence of my people was as remarkable as their sobriety. While the latter was due in a good measure, no doubt, to the absence of temptation, the first was to be accounted for by the presence of an element not found in all country parishes. Many of them were weavers. Power-looms had not then, as they have now, drawn all weaving into the towns, and the click of the shuttle was heard on all sides in my parish, almost every farm having two or three cottages occupied by weavers besides those occupied by the ploughmen. The tenants of these were bound at certain seasons, such as haymaking and harvest time, to leave their ordinary occupation and to assist in the labours of the fields. Ordinarily, these cottars wrought at the loom; some of the daughters and sons of the family following the father's craft, and working under his own eye—a happy, I may say a holy thing for them—where they were safe from the temptations to which thoughtless and inexperienced youth is exposed in the large weaving-shops and crowded mills of our manufacturing towns. Their webs, when finished, they carried into Arbroath. where discussions with the co-

fraternity there on politics, religion, trade, and all public matters belonging both to the State and Church, enlarged their minds, and, as iron sharpeneth iron, put an edge on their intellects rarely to be found among a purely agricultural people; and thus, with some of its rural bloom on their cheeks, they combined the homely, kind, simple manners of the country with the sharpness and power of talk that distinguished the weavers of the town. Among this class there were not a few men as remarkable for their native talents as for their piety. They were great readers, devourers of books, and that to good purpose. One, for instance, though a hard-working man at the loom, finished an ordinarily sized volume every week; and how he read, how far he was from skipping over the pages, the following anecdote will illustrate:—

The parish library, which I instituted, was kept in the manse, books being given out every Saturday by myself, and by my wife. On my return from Edinburgh on one occasion, I brought with me for the library two volumes of Dr. Chalmers' sermons, where, as every one knows, words occasionally are found which are not in common use. Thinking these would be a famous prize for David Gibson, the weaver friend I allude to, I put the first volume into his hands, expecting him to return with it on the following Saturday. The day came, but not he. It was three weeks before he returned. This astonished me, but not so much as when, on my offering him the second volume, he declined to take it. On expressing my surprise, as I thought he of all men would most appreciate the power and eloquence of that mighty preacher, he said, "Minister, I have not time for him!"

"Time!" I replied; "David, what do you mean?"

"You see, sir," he answered, "I got on so slowly; I had to sit with the book in the tae hand and the Dic-

tionar' in the ither; and the warst of it was, I could na find his *lang-nebbed* words in the Dictionar'!"

This man was a noble specimen of our countrymen. Though in humble life, of a most independent spirit; of a courage that would have faced man or devil in a good cause; of deep and ardent piety; a diligent labourer in Sabbath-schools; of powerful intellect and warm affections; but, like our countrymen—of whom it is said that "a Scotchman never tells his wife that he loves her till he is dying"—not demonstrative. He was warmly attached to me; yet I remember when I left Arbirlot and bade him farewell, he never so much as said a word, even to bidding me goodbye; but there he stood, a powerful, broad-chested man, with the big tears rolling down his cheeks, and my hand in his with a grasp like a smith's vice.

I got a number of prayer meetings established, which, however, in every case did not work so well as I could wish.

I got a number of Sabbath-schools also set a-going in various districts of the parish, which, conducted by the elders and people themselves, were a great success.

Besides the parish library already alluded to, and which succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, I established a savings-bank, conducting it myself, and leaving in it some six hundred pounds, where the working classes, to whom almost the whole deposits belonged, might not otherwise have saved six hundred pence.

The success of the bank and library I attribute very much to this, that I myself managed them. They were of great service by bringing me into familiar and frequent and kindly contact with the people. They trusted me, where they would not others, with a knowledge of their money affairs. The lads and lasses liked that their minister should see that they were economical and self-denying, and thriving even in this world, and that they

should thus rise in his good opinion. They liked to have a *crack* with him about books, and that he should see they were making, over religious books and books of general knowledge, a good use of their evening hours.

To give the Saturday evenings to such work implied my commencing preparations for the Sabbath and the pulpit in good time, nor was it ever my wont to put these off to the fag-end of the week.

These and other extra labours which I undertook showed the people that I was seeking to live for them, not for myself—that I came not to lord it over God's heritage, not to be their *master*, but their *minister*, in the original sense of the word; and to the man who wants to establish himself in the hearts of his people, wean them from vice and the world, turn them to virtue and Christ, I may venture to say, let him "go and do likewise."

I had much enjoyment in the society of some of the common people, out of whom I could have picked half-a-dozen of such sterling piety and superior talent as made me often regret that they had been lost to the ministry; and I may add, that though they were no censorious critics, the knowledge that I had such hearers had a good effect in making me more careful than I might otherwise have been in preparing for the pulpit. No doubt, one should preach—as David Hume, the sceptic, said one of the Browns* seemed to do—as if they saw Jesus Christ by their side; yet the presence of superior, able, pious hearers, though furnishing a lower motive, is one to keep a man up to his work and to be thankful for.

Among other remarkable persons among the common people, was James Dundas, a weaver, who lived on the north-west boundary of the parish, on a lone moor, where, beyond his wife's, he had no society but that of

* John Brown of Haddington.

God and nature. James might have been a poet, though I don't know that he ever cultivated the Muse; a man he was of such an impassioned nature, lofty thoughts, and singularly vivid imagination.

Illusions of the eye are common enough; but the only instance of an illusion of the ear I ever heard of was one he related to me, and which occurred on the morning of a Communion Sabbath. He rose, bowed down by a sense of sin, in great distress of mind; he would go to church that day, but being a man of a very tender conscience, he hesitated about going to the Lord's table; deep was answering to deep at the noise of God's water-spouts, and all God's billows and waves were going over him; he was walking in darkness, and had no light. In this state of mind he proceeded to put himself in order for church, and while washing his hands, no one by, he heard a voice say, "Cannot I, in my blood, as easily wash your soul, as that water does your hands?" "Now, Minister," he said, in telling me this, "I do not say there was a real voice, yet I heard it as distinctly, word for word, as you now hear me. I felt a load taken off my mind, and went to the Table and sat under Christ's shadow with great delight."

Neither poet nor painter ever presented a more graphic and brilliant picture than this man in relating a dream he had, which greatly comforted him under the death of a daughter, his only child, who died in her maiden bloom, and who for her beauty and still better qualities was reckoned the flower of the parish. I remember but the barest outline of it. He thought he was standing with his daughter within the door of heaven. Two long lines of shining angels stretched from near where they stood, to a throne occupying the end of this glorious vista. Our Lord filled the throne. All of a sudden his daughter parted from him. He followed her form; he saw her walk away and down between the ranks of cherubim and sera-

phim; at length she approached the throne, where he saw her fall prostrate at the feet of Jesus; then he awoke, and behold it was a dream.

During this period my life was graciously preserved both *from* danger and *through* it.

In the year 1832, we were threatened by cholera, which raged like a fire around us, but never crossed the boundary of the parish; a circumstance due, under God, to the precautions we took, promptly establishing a *cordon sanitaire,* appointing a committee and constable to watch over the safety of the parish, nor allow any tramp or beggar to enter it. A medicine-chest was got and placed in the manse under my care, that the first appearance of the plague might be promptly met with the most approved remedies. The medicine-chest was never used. Our trust was in God and prevention. So one found, whom we promptly bundled out of the parish. This was the son of the "beadle" or church officer. He lived in Dundee, where his wife, if not some children also, had fallen victims to the cholera. I learned late on a Sunday night that he had arrived in our parish. By dawn of day on Monday morning my servant boy was on horseback, galloping to all the farms of the committee, summoning each to make haste to a meeting at the manse; and before the beadle's son was well out of his bed, we marched him off, out and beyond the bounds of the parish.

In 1834, typhus fever became epidemic in Arbirlot. Its mortality was dreadful. In one considerable hamlet there was not a house in which there was not, or had not been, a dead body; and the panic was such as to loosen the ordinary bonds of brotherhood and humanity. I remember of a cottage in that hamlet, where I found the father, mother, and two children, all laid low under the fever—one child convalescent, sitting by the fireside—and none to attend on them but a little girl, one of the daughters,

about ten years old. No neighbour would enter the house; not even the man's own brother, nor any member of his family, though they lived next door. I had myself to minister to their necessities. So terror-stricken were the people by the very infectious and deadly character of the disease, that they would not help either for love or money. One of the farmhouses was like the ward of an infirmary; the father and nine children were all at one time lying under the fever; a servant had died of it; the other servant had fled; and there was none to nurse all these, some of them to appearance at the gates of death, but the mother, and a *daft* woman who had not the sense to be afraid. Many a day I entered that house, expecting to find some of them dead, and yet, by a wonderful providence, they all "*warselled through*."

Trusting in God, and feeling that I was in the way of duty, I went everywhere, and never had any apprehensions for myself but once, when I found myself in the inner or *ben* end of a cottage—a small room without a fireplace, or any proper means of ventilation—which two beds, I may say, filled up, leaving an open space of some few feet only between. On the floor lay two boys, stricken down by the fever; while the beds were occupied, the one by the father, the other by the mother, both not only quite unconscious, but in the last stage of the disease, *in articulo mortis*. We laid them a few days afterwards in one grave. On leaving that poisonous atmosphere and appalling spectacle, I washed my hands and face and rinsed my mouth and nostrils in a burn that met the sea close by the door.

This brings to my remembrance, in my Edinburgh experience of typhus, what falsehoods and strange expedients the degraded and desperate characters of our large towns adopt to raise money. A woman came one day to ask me to visit a man who had been struck down by a horse. He lived in the west side of the Castle Wynd,

and though that was not in my parish, which took in only the east side of the Wynd, I agreed to go, on learning that my good friend Mr. Wilkie, their minister, was out of town. After climbing three or four foul stairs, I found myself in a room which, amid much wretchedness, retained in a fine chimney-piece and ornamental ceiling some vestiges of former glory. Here stood two very humble beds; in one lay a woman, in whose yellow skin and glazed eyes and sunken face I saw at once a very bad case of typhus fever. The man might be in the other bed, so I turned to it, and there lay another woman, still worse of the same deadly malady, for she was comatose, unconscious. On expressing my astonishment at this, I was told that the man I was brought to see as knocked down by a horse lay in a closet to which a woman pointed, and on passing in there I found a man knocked down indeed, not by a horse, but by the same fever. I found that a woman had been carried out of that room the previous day to the infirmary, and another the day before that to the grave.

With no small indignation at this trick, I administered a sharp rebuke to the persons who had brought me there by a lie, with the object of obtaining money they would soon turn into drink. I gave them no money but some solemn exhortations and prayer, and left to make for a confectioner's shop where I might wash my hands and rinse my mouth, and where, on my way, I was discovered from the other side of the street by an eminent minister belonging to our party. We were in the thick of the great church fight that issued in the Disruption. He crossed over to me, eagerly asking the news about our affairs. I had no right to expose him to danger, so I said at once, "My good sir, I am not very *canny* just now."

"How," he replied; "have you been seeing any case of typhus fever?"

"Never saw a worse," was my answer; at which, leaving the Church to her fate, and amusing me so as to forget all my own peril, he went off like the shot of a gun!

Some good and great men—and he was both—have a nervous dread of infection, which happily I had not; hence, in part at least, the impunity with which I have faced disease and death in the most deadly forms—this being one of the means whereby God preserves us from the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

At the same time, while I felt it my duty to expose my life, as much as a soldier, when I was called to do so, I always, wherever it was possible, made the door be left open, and stood between it and the bed, not between the bed and the fireplace.

A special danger to myself occurred in 1837. In that year influenza—"the influence," as the Italians originally called the disease—of a most virulent type, spread all of a sudden over the whole land, slaying its thousands and tens of thousands like a deadly plague. Men absurdly reject the Bible because of its mysteries; there is no mystery greater than the propagation of that disease. In the beginning of the week, my parish was in the enjoyment of its usual health, and before the week was closed, almost every house was smitten. Attacked myself on Friday, I passed the night in a state of delirium; but having recovered sense enough on Saturday morning to send my servant boy through the parish to intimate that there would be no service the following day, I learned to my surprise, on his return, that the disease had already swept over the whole parish, like fire over the prairie. There was not, indeed, as in Egypt, a dead body in every house; but in every house, or almost every house, there was one or more ill; and of the eleven parish churches in my Presbytery, the Presbytery of Arbroath, more than the half were shut that Sunday. I fancy the like never

happened before or since. My own illness was much aggravated in consequence of leaving my bed to go to the death-bed of Mr. Burns, my father-in-law, one of the parish ministers of Brechin, and one of the most pious and devoted ministers of the Church of Scotland. Laid up in Brechin, I was for three weeks in great jeopardy, and for three days, to use a common expression, swam for bare life. But in answer to prayers inspired only by the faith that God can save at the uttermost, I weathered the storm, and after some months resumed my duties at Arbirlot.

And here let me warn those who read these lines against putting off to a death-bed the things that concern their everlasting peace. Though I lived, I went at that time, I may say, through the process of dying. To the sufferer, dying is not at all the terrible thing onlookers often suppose. The feelings are akin to those of one who, weary and drowsy, is about to fall asleep. If there is not delirium, or actual *coma*, there is great apathy—a state of strange indifference to the concerns of the soul that is passing into eternity, of the body that is descending to the grave, of the parents, wife, and children, amid whose tears, and prayers, and lamentations, we are dying—but dying unaffected, the only one there with a dry eye. I remember an eminent saint, Lady Carnegie, saying, "Let no one delay to old age, seeking and making sure of an interest in Christ; for I have now seen eighty-five years, and yet don't feel old." And this, which is a great blessing if not abused, accords with my own experience. But if, for this and for many other reasons, old age or the approach of it is a bad season, a death-bed is every way a much worse one, for making our peace with God—a work requiring our utmost efforts and most earnest prayers, if these words have any meaning, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

An incident of this illness may be mentioned as an

example of shrewdness on the part of a sick-nurse. When death seemed at hand, and when my wife was engaged in prayer, along with my mother and sisters, for (as they thought) the passing spirit, this woman burst into the room to exclaim, "Na! he is to live yet! he has lifted his hand to scratch his brow!" A curious ground of confidence this, and yet there was philosophy in it; that simple act proving that vitality and sensibility were returning. And since the tide had turned, it gave ground to hope that the ship, after all, was moving and might float off the reef, and come safe to land.

Besides that physiological, there was a curious psychological phenomenon connected with this grave illness, of which I have a distinct recollection. One day when my eldest brother, David, who had succeeded my father, and was then Provost Guthrie, was in the room—only one person being allowed to be there at a time—I saw a strange but most lovely flower growing out of the mantelpiece. Before this I had seen, and also talked with, many persons—the unsubstantial visions of a disordered fancy—who had never been there. But, being acquaintances and friends of mine, they *might* have been there; and thus my reason was unable to control or correct my delirium. In the case in question, however, the judgment was more than a match for the disordered eye; and so here, contrary to the common proverb, "Seeing was *not* believing." One, on being told that a penurious person had given five pounds to a collection, and that, had he been present, he would have seen it, not believing such a thing possible, replied, "Had I seen it, I wouldn't have believed my own eyes!" And no more did I,—saying to my brother, "I see that flower as distinctly as I see you; yet I know that it is not there, that I must be delirious, because I know it to be impossible for a flower to grow out of that dry stone."

During my incumbency at Arbirlot I was the means

of saving two lives; the one by a special providence, the other by promptitude.

In the sweet and picturesque dell through which the Elliot runs to sweep by the rock on which the old Castle of Kelly stands, and lose itself in the sea, stood two or three cottages, one of which was inhabited by an old woman with limbs so paralysed that she could not move a foot, though the house were on fire around her. She had a daughter who, for her own and her mother's support, wrought in a flax-mill; a very dutiful daughter too, who, unlike many nowadays, would have worked her fingers to the bone before her mother should want or be degraded into a pauper. It was her practice before she went to her work in the mill to heap up the flax refuse or *pob* in the wide open fireplace, and having lighted it, to seat her mother down in a chair before this smouldering, slow-going fire. There, with the Bible or knitting-needles in her hands, she sat warm, snug, and comfortable till the meal hours brought her daughter home.

One day I set off to visit—as I often did—this worthy old lady; I felt a strange impulse to visit her that day, breaking through, for that purpose, my usual routine of visiting the sick. On my way down the lonely dell I met an acquaintance with whom I had something interesting to discuss; but in the midst of our talk broke off abruptly, under a strange and inexplicable feeling that I should go at once to make out my visit. I wondered at this; but ceased to do so when I opened the door of the cottage and stood for a moment rooted to the spot by the sight which met my eyes. The *biggin'* of pob had been undermined by the fire, and becoming top-heavy had fallen forward in a burning mass on the hearth-stone and all around the chair in which the old woman was seated. The flames had made their way to her feet; and there she was sitting, pale as a ghost, unable to move a limb, gazing on death creeping forward towards her in that appalling form! A

minute more and the fire had seized her clothes, and she had been burned to a cinder. One bound carried me to her side; and, removing her out of the fiery circle, we joined together in praising God for her marvellous preservation, believing more firmly than ever in a special providence; for how else was I to account for the strong impulse which I felt to break through my usual routine that day, and which moved me, strangely as I thought at the time, to break away from my acquaintance and hasten to the scene of what one minute more had turned into one of death and horrible disaster?

In the second case, a youth who had been driving a cart-load of coals to the schoolmaster's house in the village had received from him a glass of whisky—a bad way of rewarding any kindness, too common in those days. He had hardly drunk it and left the door, when he was seized with tetanus, or lock-jaw. A doctor had been found, who, finding himself unable to part the teeth and open the mouth for the administration of medicine by irons from the smithy and other appliances, ordered a hot bath. News of this was brought to me as I sat in my study. Without delay the fires were blazing in our chimneys, and with pots and pans of hot water from the manse, and other houses, we filled a barrel in the cottage into which he had been carried, and where he lay, teeth clenched, limbs and arms rigid as iron, and his spine bent up like a bow. The doctor prepared the medicine and committed the bathing of the poor fellow to me. We stripped him to the skin and I made a thermometer of my hand. I was glad to withdraw it, the water was so hot; knowing, however, that the hotter the better in such a case—and the case had come to be desperate—I resolved to risk it; so, giving the signal to three or four stout fellows who stood by, they plunged him in feet foremost up to the neck; he roared like a bull, and was taken out ere long red as a boiled lobster, but happily with the clenched

teeth and locked jaws parted wide enough to allow the doctor to administer the medicine and thereby save his life.

He never found fault with me for that parboiling, as did a worthy old bodie for the *ruse* by which I got her into the Montrose Asylum and thereby saved her reason. She had lost it. It was useless to argue with her; so, being a little vain, though a pious old bodie, I took her on her weak side and found her quite willing to agree to my proposal that she should have a drive in a carriage; all the more that I assured her—but without explaining how—that it would do her a great deal of good. Away she went, quite delighted with the honour of a carriage, which never halted, however, till it drove within the gates of the Montrose Lunatic Asylum. The event turned out as we hoped and wished. The case had been taken in time; and in less than a twelvemonth she was back to her cottage in her sound mind. Hearing of that, and glad of that, I went to see her, never dreaming that she would have any recollection of how she was *wheedled* away; I am amused even now on recollecting the way in which she taught me my mistake. She was sitting alone by the fireside on my opening the door; and before I had time to speak, she turned round, and shaking her finger at me, with more fun than anger in her face, said, "Eh, Minister, I didna think ye wud ha' telt a lee!"

1, Salisbury Road, Edinburgh: *November*, 1872.

There are two matters specially connected with Arbirlot which some who read these memoirs may turn to good use; my Sabbath services for the young, and my mode of preparing for the pulpit.

On entering that charge, I learned that my predecessors had had two diets for worship on the Lord's day, separated from each other by the interval of half an hour. This required the getting up of two distinct discourses

week by week, a serious task for any man, and an almost impossible task for a raw young man to do well.

Hugh Miller, a very competent and indeed first-rate authority on matters of composition, said to me that he wondered how a minister could come forth Sunday after Sunday with even *one* good and finished discourse. Robert Hall had no lower estimate of the difficulties and labours of the pulpit; as appears in his reply to the question of one who asked—"How many discourses do you think, Mr. Hall, may a minister get up each week?" "If he is a deep thinker and great condenser," was Hall's answer, "he may get up one; if he is an ordinary man, two; but if he is an ass, sir, he will produce half-a-dozen!"

While these two diets were to lay a burden on me heavy to bear, calculated to stunt my growth as a preacher, I found that they did not accomplish the end in view; not more than a third or fourth of the congregation remaining during the interval to attend the second service. So, instead of two services, extending in all over three hours, I introduced the practice of one service at noon, which lasted two hours; whereby my people in the mass not only got more preaching, but had their attention fixed on one subject. This was an advantage to them; for it is apt to happen with two discourses on two different subjects discharged close on each other, as with the two balls of boys' tow-guns, the one drives out the other; and, moreover, it was an advantage to me, since I had to prepare only one discourse, a little longer than ordinary—the attention of the congregation being relieved from the strain of a too long continued tension by a short prayer and the singing of a psalm in the middle of the discourse.

At six o'clock during the summer and autumn months, I held a service of a peculiar kind. It was an invention of my own, and its advantages were so many and great that I recommend it to all ministers wherever prac-

ticable. Indeed, I believe even in towns it would prove the best way of employing the Sabbath evenings—better, both for ministers and people, than the usual forenoon and afternoon services.

Having got three or four Sunday-schools set up in various districts of the parish for the children—boys and girls under fifteen years of age—which were conducted by elders and others, and which I was in the habit of visiting in the winter months, I formed a class for young men and women between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. These young persons, amounting to forty or fifty in number, I met with in the church on the Sunday evenings. We had psalm singing and prayer, much the same as at ordinary public worship. The subjects of examination were, first, one or two questions from the Larger Catechism, its subject matter being broken down to the most ordinary comprehension, and abundantly illustrated by examples and anecdotes; second, the sermon or lecture, delivered in the forenoon, was gone over head by head, introduction and peroration, the various topics being set forth by illustrations drawn from nature, the world, history, etc., of a kind that greatly interested the people, but such as would not always have suited the dignity and gravity of the pulpit.

It was astonishing how full an account of my discourse I got from the more intelligent of my class; and as none could be sure, when at church in the earlier part of the day, but that they might be called up for examination in the evening, there were thus formed in all of them habits of close attention. This exercise was open to all who chose to be present. It supplied the lack of an ordinary Sabbath service to those whose farm or household duties hindered them from getting to church in the morning; and very many returned in the evening, interested in the examination of the class (which contained members of their own or neighbours' families), saying that they liked

the discourse as gone over in the class even better than as delivered from the pulpit.

Many wondered how I got the modest and often shy country lads and lasses to show courage for this public trial; but that is easily explained. I never allowed any of them to put themselves to shame; shaping my questions to their age and intelligence, and whenever I saw any about to trip, interposing to prevent an exposure. They knew I would do so; and so, instead of hanging back, they were so eager to leave the ordinary Sunday-schools and join the "Minister's Class"—which embraced the sons and daughters of the chief farmers, as well as the families of their cottars and ploughmen—that I had a difficulty in keeping them back.

So much interest was felt in this class, that the area of the church was usually filled, and people walked out from the town of Arbroath, a distance of three miles, to be present. None of the services and ecclesiastical machinery at work did so much good, perhaps, as this class. It embraced the young at the most critical period of life, at what is called "the tynin' or the winnin' time." It fostered any piety that God's grace had implanted; it cultivated their minds, and formed bonds of the strongest attachment between them and me, much to my pleasure, and, I had reason to hope, to their profit.

The other matter I referred to as specially worthy of the consideration of preachers was my mode of preparing my discourses for the pulpit. I gave some account of this in a paper in the *Sunday Magazine*,* which was written at the request of certain theological students in America, and has since been translated into the French tongue, and put into circulation on the Continent.

Though I was popular enough as a licentiate, I entered on my charge at Arbirlot, knowing really very little of the art of preaching.

* May 1, 1871.

I had, when a student in divinity, paid more than ordinary attention to the art of elocution, knowing how much of the effect produced on the audience depended on the *manner* as well as the *matter;* that, in point of fact, the manner is to the matter as the powder is to the ball. I had attended elocution classes winter after winter, walking across half the city and more, after eight o'clock at night, fair night and foul, and not getting back to my lodgings till about half-past ten. There I learned to find out and correct many acquired and more or less awkward defects in gesture—to be, in fact, natural; to acquire a command over my voice so as to suit its force and emphasis to the sense, and to modulate it so as to express the feelings, whether of surprise, or grief, or indignation, or pity. I had heard very indifferent discourses made forcible by a vigorous, and able ones reduced to feebleness by a poor, pithless delivery. I had read of the extraordinary pains Demosthenes and Cicero took to cultivate their manner and become masters of the arts of elocution; and I knew how, by a masterly and natural use of these, Whitefield could sway the crowds that gathered to hear him at early morn on the commons of London, as a breeze does the standing corn, making men at his pleasure weep or laugh by the way he pronounced "Mesopotamia!" Many have supposed that I owe any power I have of modulating my voice, and giving effect thereby to what I am delivering, to a musical ear. On the contrary, I am, as they say in Scotland, "timmer tuned"—have not the vestige even of the musical faculty, never knowing when people go off the tune but when they stick!

This fact recalls to my recollection an incident that happened a short while after I left Arbirlot to be a minister in Edinburgh:—

I had undertaken to preach on a Sunday evening in St. George's Church for a benevolent society, and, as it was

my first public sermon, I went with some measure of anxiety to the church. It was full to the door. Whether the presence of such a large place and fashionable congregation was too much for the precentor, I know not; but he went quite out of the tune. He tried another, with no better success. With pale face and quavering voice, the poor fellow tried a third; but, if ever on, he was soon off the rails. He was now trembling all over. People in the pews were hanging down their heads, and I was left sitting in the pulpit in vexation and a pretty pother. If this was to go on, what was to come of my sermon and of the collection for the Destitute Old Women's Society? I rose, and, proceeding with the order of service as if nothing had occurred, said, "Let us pray"—relieving all from a most awkward predicament, and leaving the precentor time to gather up his scattered senses and conduct the rest of the psalmody very well. Never was any man more grateful—he could hardly have been more so, though I had plucked him out of the sea. When I was unrobing in the vestry, he came up to me, saying, "How much I was obliged to you for the way you saved me to-day, Mr. Guthrie!" "Ah! friend," I replied; "I fancy I did more for you than you could in such circumstances have done for me. Had I stuck in my sermon, would you have started up to relieve me by saying, 'Let us sing'?"

When I went to Arbirlot, I knew pretty well how to speak sermons, but very little about how to compose them; so I set myself vigorously to study how to illustrate the great truths of the gospel, and enforce them, so that there should be no sleepers in the church, no wandering eyes, but everywhere an eager attention. Savingly to convert my hearers was not within my power; but to command their attention, to awaken their interest, to touch their feelings, and instruct their minds was—and I determined to do it.

With this end, I used the simplest, plainest terms,

avoiding anything vulgar, but always, where possible, employing the Saxon tongue—the mother-tongue of my hearers. I studied the style of the addresses which the ancient and inspired prophets delivered to the people of Israel, and saw how, differing from dry disquisitions or a naked statement of truths, they abounded in metaphors, figures, and illustrations. I turned to the gospels, and found that He who knew what was in man, what could best illuminate a subject, win the attention, and move the heart, used parables or illustrations, stories, comparisons, drawn from the scenes of nature and familiar life, to a large extent in His teaching; in regard to which a woman—type of the masses—said, "The parts of the Bible I like best are the *likes*."

Taught by such models, and encouraged in my resolution by such authorities, I resolved to follow, though it should be at a vast distance, these ancient masters of the art of preaching; being all the more ready to do so, as it would be in harmony with the natural turn and bias of my own mind.

I was careful to observe by the faces of my hearers, and also by the account the more intelligent of my Sunday class gave of my discourses, the style and character of those parts which had made the deepest impression, that I might cultivate it.

After my discourse was written, I spent hours in correcting it; latterly always for that purpose keeping a blank page on my manuscript opposite a written one, cutting out dry bits, giving point to dull ones, making clear any obscurity, and narrative parts more graphic, throwing more pathos into appeals, and copying God in His works by adding the ornamental to the useful. The longer I have lived and composed, I have acted more and more according to the saying of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his "Lectures on Painting," that God does not give excellence to men but as the reward of labour.

To this, with my style of delivery, and self-possession, and command and flexibility of voice, and power of throwing myself into the characters I was depicting—thereby feeling their emotions, and expressing them in such language, and looks, and tones as they would themselves have done—I attribute the "popularity" which I early gained and maintained for well-nigh forty years of a public ministry.

These things I mention for the instruction and encouragement of others. Here, as in other spheres, "prayer and pains" will do anything.

Though but a dumb companion and friend, I must devote a few lines to the memory, and affection, and sense of my dog "Bob," who, lying often at the head of the pulpit stairs, occupied a place on Sundays nearly as conspicuous as myself. He was a magnificent Scotch dog of great size; brave as, or rather braver than, a lion. He expressed his respect for decent and well-conditioned visitors by rushing to the gate as if he were bent on devouring them, and gave them a welcome both with tail and tongue. Beggars, and all *orra characters,* he wasted no wind on; but, maintaining an ominous silence, stuck close to their heels, showing a beautiful set of teeth, and occasionally using them; only, however, to warn the *gangrels* to be on their good behaviour.

He had but one bad habit when I had him,—to see a cat was to fly at it. This ended in his worrying to death a favourite grimalkin belonging to a neighbour, and that catastrophe raised a formidable commotion I saw that I must part with Bob or impair my usefulness; so, with many regrets, I sent him to Brechin, fifteen miles off.

There, early on the following Sunday morning, Bob was observed with head and tail erect, and a resolute purpose in every look and movement, taking his way

from my brother's house. My brother's wife, struck with his air, said to one of her daughters, who laughed at the idea, "There is Bob, and I'll wager he is off to Arbirlot!" Whether he had kept the road, or gone by some mysterious path across country straight as the crow flies, I know not; but when I was leaving the church, about one o'clock, I was met by the beadle, with his old face lighted up with an unusual expression of glee, and exclaiming—for my dog and Johnny had been always fast friends—"You manna' put him awa', Minister, though he should worry a' the cats in the parish!"

On going to the manse, I found Bob outside the gate, as flat, prostrate, and motionless, as if he had been stone dead. It was plain he knew as well as I did that he had been banished, and had returned without leave, and was liable to be hanged, drowned, shot, or otherwise punished at my will. I went up to him, and stood over him for a while in ominous silence. No wagging of his tail, or movement in any limb; but there he lay as if he had been killed and flattened by a heavy roller, only that, with his large, beautiful eyes half-shut, he kept winking and looking up in my face with a most pitiful, and penitent, and pleading expression in his own.

Though I might not go the length of old Johnny Bowman in making him free of all the cats in the parish, there was no resisting the dumb but eloquent appeal. I gave way, and exclaimed in cheerful tones, "Is this you, Bob?" In an instant, knowing that he was forgiven and restored, he rose at one mighty bound into the air, circling round and round me, and ever and anon, in the power and fulness of his joy, nearly leaping over my head!

What his ideas of right and wrong were, I dare not say; but he certainly had a sense of shame, and apparently also of guilt. Once, for example, and the only occasion on which we ever knew him to steal, Mrs. Guthrie came

unexpectedly on Bob sneaking out of the kitchen with a sheep's-head between his teeth. His gaol-like and timorous look displayed conscious guilt, and still more, before she had time to speak a word, what he did. The moment he saw her, as if struck with paralysis, he drops the sheep's-head on the floor, and with his tail between his legs, makes off with all haste, not to escape a beating, for she never ventured on that, but to hide his shame.

1, Salisbury Road, Edinburgh: *January* 4, 1873.

It was while I held my charge at Arbirlot, that the great Voluntary controversy began to rage. It was fed, fostered, and greatly exasperated by the fear which the Dissenters naturally entertained for the attempts the Church of Scotland, under Dr. Chalmers, was making to raise a large number of additional churches to be endowed by the State. If this "Church Extension," as it was called, succeeded, it would cut out the ground below a large number of the dissenting churches of the country; since people, in the popular election of their ministers, would enjoy all the privileges of Dissent, without having to pay for them by maintaining ministers and ordinances at their own expense.

This was driving the Dissenting or Voluntary Churches into a corner. The bread of the ministers and their very existence were in danger, so they were driven desperate: ready, rather than be pulled down themselves, to pull down all Establishments.

In forcing the Dissenters into this desperate position, I thought the Church wrong in point both of principle and of policy. The Dissenters had preserved religion, and made up for her lack of service for many years in many parts of the country; and I would have had these services practically acknowledged by our asking the Government, when we sought the endowments for the purpose of extending the Church, to endow any and

every party who, though seceders from the Church of Scotland, adhered to her standards. But this, which at that early period would have taken off the edge of Dissenting opposition to the extension of the Church as contemplated by Dr. Chalmers, and would thus have been as consistent with policy as with principle, was not done.

In the Presbytery of Arbroath I took an active share in the work of Church Extension. I was too poor to keep a gig, and too wise to get into debt by keeping one; so I got a small cart, which, being fitted with two seats that hung by leathern straps, so far alleviated the jolting of rough roads. Often accompanied by some of my brethren, I careered along at night in this conveyance from distant parts of the Presbytery where we had been holding meetings; the people of the villages through which we passed as they went to bed, knowing, by the rattle of our Jehu-like course, that the minister of Arbirlot was passing.

This zeal of ours wakened up and alarmed the Voluntaries of Arbroath and its neighbourhood. They resolved to turn the battle from their gates; and so summoned my future acquaintance and friend Dr. John Ritchie of Potter Row, Edinburgh, the Goliath of Voluntaryism, to their help. They were led by a bold and clever man, then a minister of one of the Secession Churches in Arbroath, and afterwards known as Dr. Peter Davidson of Edinburgh, leader of the extreme Voluntaries of the United Presbyterian Church. He preached and published in Arbroath a sermon against Church Establishments and in favour of Voluntaryism; and this he and his party there followed up, by calling a public meeting of their friends, which was to be addressed, among others, by Dr. John Ritchie.

The meeting took place on a day when it so happened that we had a meeting of Presbytery in Arbroath.*

* 1st April, 1834.

After dinner, and when we were at our toddy—for so things were managed in these days—some one suggested that we should go and hear Dr. Ritchie's attack on Establishments. A Methodist minister named Kendall, a keen anti-Voluntary, dined with us that day, and accompanied us to the Secession Church where the meeting was being held. Besides him and myself, there were Stevenson, the second minister of the charge of Arbroath, and afterwards a Professor of Divinity in Edinburgh University; Robert Lee, the minister of Inver-Brothock Chapel of Ease, and afterwards well-known as minister of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, for his introduction of Ritualistic services into Presbyterian worship; Whitson, minister of the parish of Guthrie; and Kirk, of Barry, my successor at Arbirlot, who had been brought up a Moderate in his native town St. Andrews, but, a devout, resolute, conscientious man, had become an Evangelical. We got into a back seat unobserved, and might have got out equally so, but for a circumstance that resulted to more than one of us in important consequences.

Dr. Ritchie occupied the platform; he was coarse, no doubt, but very clever, and very comical in his various attacks on Establishments. It was impossible, though you were the party attacked, not to laugh, and laugh very heartily. "Potter Row John," as he was usually called, closed his oration a few minutes before twelve o'clock at night by challenging any one to reply—wishing it to be inferred, if no one at that hour attempted to answer his arguments, that they were unanswerable.

Fired with indignation at the absurdity and the injustice of this proposal, to our astonishment, and entirely of his own accord, our little *crouse* Methodist friend sent forth from the back benches where we were seated a vigorous protest against it. He was called to the platform. I was against his going; but, bold as a lion, he threw

himself into the crowd which thronged the passages, and reappeared, amid great uproar and confusion in the house, arguing the question on the platform with Peter Davidson and John Ritchie. Apparently ill-used between the two, our little champion's position awakened both our alarm and indignation.

Presently the contention on the platform waxed fiercer and fiercer, till at length I could stand it no longer; and, followed by Stevenson, Lee, Kirk, and Whitson, walked along the tops of the seats to reach the platform —along the passages was impossible, they were so packed; I still wonder how we did not tumble. What an uproar our appearance raised, as we made our way in this Indian file from the back of the church to the platform! The friends of Establishments, scattered here and there among the audience, shouted with joy at our pluck. The Voluntaries, who formed nine-tenths of the assembly, howled and yelled with rage—some of the women, I well remember, who sat in the front seat of the gallery, with arms bared almost to the shoulder, shaking their fists at us as we passed.

When silence was at length obtained, and the storm had somewhat roared itself out, I repeated our Methodist friend's protest; but while refusing, without the necessary documents and at that late hour of the night, to engage in any controversy with Dr. Ritchie, I undertook, with help of my brethren there, to hold another public meeting in Arbroath, where we should refute his arguments and show that the facts on which he rested his cause had no adequate foundation.

Thus publicly committed, we had to make the best of what we considered a bad job, into which we had been led by the over-zeal of our Methodist friend.

We managed well, dividing Dr. Davidson's sermon into four or five parts, assigning one to each speaker.

The part assigned to me concerned America and the

work of Voluntaryism there; Davidson, in his sermon, having maintained that Voluntaryism amply supplied the wants of America, and would ours too, if Establishments were abolished. It was my business to refute these statements of his; and for this purpose I corresponded with Dr. Lorimer of Glasgow, and got some important details from him, with which to go armed to the approaching public meeting. Still, not having them directly from American sources, I felt that their accuracy might be challenged.

On the afternoon of the day before the meeting, as I, rather cast down, was ruminating on this, and arranging my scanty material so as to make the best appearance, a farmer of a neighbouring parish, not a little to my annoyance, called at the manse with the evident intention of staying to tea. On mentioning to him how I was engaged that afternoon, and what I had undertaken to do the following evening, he said he wished he had known that before coming, because he had a few days previously received from a friend in America a Church Almanack, published in New York, which contained all the information on these matters that I wanted. In five minutes after hearing this, I had my agricultural friend's horse at the door, and himself on its back, to spare neither whip nor spur in riding home, that he might send back a messenger with the said Almanack without a moment's delay.

On getting hold of this precious treasure, I found it full of American statistics, showing that Voluntaryism was not, as Mr. Davidson alleged, in his printed sermon, "fully sufficient" for the wants of the country. This accidental call of the farmer was one of the most remarkable providences in my life. It furnished me with material for obtaining a triumph over Dr. Ritchie and his associates, and thereby indirectly caused my being brought to Edinburgh, with all that has followed thereupon.

On the night appointed,* the Abbey Church in Arbroath, where we called the meeting to hear our statement, was packed to the ceiling — some 2,000 persons being present. The Voluntaries, headed by Dr. Davidson, were dispersed in knots through the meeting; whereby, when they hissed, or shouted, or groaned, they appeared more formidable than they really were. Not a few of them sat in front seats of the gallery, and, with a stick in each hand, drummed away to drown the speakers they did not wish to hear. Before Mr. Stevenson, the first speaker, had finished his speech, a great shout arose, which was explained to us on turning our eyes in the direction of the door, where there was a manifest commotion among the crowd. Dr. Ritchie was entering the meeting! He had come all the way from Edinburgh on purpose, and his appearance was hailed by his friends with shouts of triumph. A hasty consultation on our part settled the course we were to pursue, while Dr. John was making his way to the platform, where he at length arrived, to be told by his armour-bearer that they would not be allowed to open their mouths. They had had their say, and now we were to have ours, and the public were to be allowed to judge between us. Dr. Ritchie strongly protested against this, appealed to our chairman, and next to the meeting, the latter a very useless procedure on his part; for, in order to carry our resolution into effect, so soon as Dr. John began to address the audience, I or some one else took speech in hand, and, side by side with this Goliath, addressed them too, and the result was "confusion worse confounded."

As we would not allow the champions of Voluntaryism to speak, its friends there determined that neither should we be heard. So, while Whitson, who preceded me, delivered himself of a good half-hour's excellent oration,

* 16th April, 1834.

nobody farther than six feet or so from the speaker could know he was speaking but by the motion of his lips and his gesticulations. Some of our friends were alarmed, and were for beating a retreat. That, however, was not to be thought of; so we who sat beside Whitson encouraged him to speak out all his speech.

At its close, straining my voice to its full pitch, I informed the meeting that it rested with it to hear us, or not to hear us, and that we should determine by a vote of the house whether we were to be heard or not. An overwhelming majority voted that we should be fairly and quietly heard.

The American Almanack was of signal service, and the meeting itself a great triumph, confirming the strong, settling the waverers, and carrying discomfiture and confusion into the enemies' camp.

Among many amusing instances connected with it, was its salutary effect on one of my own people, and one of the best of them, who was previously rather inclined to espouse the side of Voluntaryism. He heard a man behind him, on my coming forward to speak my speech, say, "There goes that black deevil Guthrie!" That sufficed to settle James Dundas's mind on the whole question!

An account of this meeting was published in a pamphlet form. It was the first time in Scotland that Dr. John Ritchie had been fairly bearded and beat; and as the echo of it sounded through the land, it turned the attention of the Edinburgh people to the plucky youths of our Presbytery. Shortly thereafter, I was asked to go up to Edinburgh, and deliver one of a series of lectures in favour of Church Extension and Church Establishments. I declined, not being at all sure of how I might succeed, neither wanting by my failure to injure the cause nor make a fool of myself; but I recommended Lee, who was not overburdened with modesty. He went, and delivered

himself of a smart, clever lecture, and the result, so far as he was concerned, was his appointment to the parish of Campsie; from that, in course of time, to Old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, and ultimately to a professor's chair in the University.

While the result of this meeting turned public attention on me, so, too, did another circumstance: I had not been long settled when I began, both in my parish and in the Courts of the Church, to make the following decided movements in a popular and evangelical direction:—

I restored the old practice of having the elders chosen by the votes of the members of the church.

Further, the right of Kirk Sessions to send one of their number as a representative to the Presbytery had long been in desuetude. To the horror of the Moderate, and the terror of some of my timid Evangelical brethren, I, along with the minister of Guthrie, restored the lay or popular element to the Presbytery—Mr. Whitson and I appearing there one day, accompanied by members and representatives of our Kirk Sessions.

Nor was it long after I was settled at Arbirlot till I began, both in the Church Courts and out of them, to agitate in favour of the abolition of patronage. Of this, I was told by prudent friends, Mr. Maule (afterwards Lord Panmure), the sole proprietor of the parish, and through whose influence I got the charge, complained. These kind friends warning me against the course I was pursuing, my answer was, that I knew Mr. Maule too well to believe that he would interfere with me in a matter which I considered my duty, and he knew me too well to believe that, in such a case, I would yield to any man's interference.

I held public meetings in various places for the abolition of patronage, and brought the matter repeatedly before the Presbytery. There the majority were Moderates;

but by good management on our part, and the votes of the elders (for most of the other parishes now followed the example of Arbirlot and Guthrie in sending an elder to the Presbytery), we carried the day in favour of the abolition of patronage.

The "Veto Act" had been passed. No man could any longer be intruded on a people against their declared will. This Act, which was mainly passed through the influence of Lord Moncrieff and Dr. Chalmers, for the purpose of preserving patronage, satisfied many. But, though we defended it, and supported it, it did not satisfy some of us. At its first appearance we were a very small and despised body of Anti-patronage men. But, eight years afterwards, and one year before the Disruption, the abolition of patronage was carried by a majority in the General Assembly. In 1834, when the subject for the first time* for many long years was pushed to a vote, out of a House of some two or three hundred we could not muster more than forty-two votes on our side. Our opponents called us, in derision, "the 42nd Highlanders," and I never was nearer winning the character of a prophet than when, in my confidence in the goodness of our cause, I ventured at a public meeting in Arbroath, on mentioning this jibe or sneer, to predict that next time we went to battle, we should be "the 92nd Highlanders." And, sure enough, when the year, the debate, and the vote came, we found ourselves but one or two short of that number, having doubled our strength in the interval.

These steps, and those I had taken on behalf of Church Extension, led friends in Edinburgh, and elsewhere, to think of removing me from my country parish to a larger sphere. Invitations came from this and that place to preach. These I declined, having a suspicion of their

* A slight inaccuracy. A similar motion was proposed in the previous year, when it obtained only thirty-three votes in its favour.

object, and no wish to leave Arbirlot; thus making void for some years what I learned the great Dr. McCrie, the historian of John Knox, had prophesied, when (brought to the manse of Arbirlot by the Rev. James Gray of Brechin, an Anti-Burgher like himself, and a much respected friend of mine) he spent a day with us, and on leaving said, in speaking to Mr. Gray of me and my charge, "He will not be long there." My second son, James, was then an infant in the nurse's arms, and I remember of the great and good man taking him in his own, and saying, as he held out the child to me, and in allusion to the martyrdom of James Guthrie, the Covenanter, "Would you be willing that *this* James Guthrie should suffer, as the other did, for the Church of Christ?"

In the year 1836, certain zealous Church Extensionists, with Alexander Dunlop* at their head, erected an additional church, namely, Greenside, in Edinburgh, the magistrates and Town Council agreeing thereupon to make it one of the city charges. With the exception of two or three of them, who had stolen secretly down to Arbirlot to hear me preach, none of them had ever heard me, I having always declined to preach in Edinburgh. Nevertheless, I was one of the three whom they recommended to the magistrates and Town Council for the charge. The other two were Mr. Charles J. Brown, then a minister in Glasgow, and Mr. Couper, minister at Burntisland. Being Evangelicals, we were fiercely opposed by the Moderates, and being Church Extensionists also, by most of the Voluntaries in the Town Council. The result was that none of us three were elected, but Mr. Glover, a country minister, not very *prononcé* on either side; a quiet, good, devout man, who should not have gone in to this Edinburgh charge under

* Afterwards Mr. Murray-Dunlop, M.P. for Greenock.

the patronage of Moderates and Voluntaries, and who should, perhaps, have gone out at the Disruption.

I remember of being much amused at the sketch of our characters done by the hand of ——, a wild *bodie.* Repeating our names, Brown, Guthrie, and Couper, he declared the *leet* given in to the Town Council was not for a moment to be thought of—pronouncing Brown a "bigot," Guthrie a "fanatic," and Couper a "boy." This affair excited no small commotion at Arbirlot, so far, however, preparing the people, as well as paving the way for my removal next year.

Between the one period and the other, I had been, as I have already told, brought down in the fatal winter of 1836 and 1837 to the gates of death by one of the severest cases of influenza. After being five months out of my pulpit, I had resumed my duties; when Dr. Anderson, one of the ministers of the Old Greyfriars Parish of Edinburgh, died, and the magistrates and Town Council agreed to appoint to the vacant charge one out of any eleven whom the congregation might name. Without any knowledge on my part, or any communication with me on the part of any one, I was named one of the eleven chosen by joint-committees of the Kirk Session and congregation. With the exception of Mr. Sym, the surviving moderator, the whole Kirk Session were Moderates, and a large number of the congregation were the same; but they were, for all that, anxious to have a man who would probably prove a popular minister.

As I learned afterwards, the way in which my name got in was curious enough. On the opposite side of the street from Mr. Dunlop lived Mr. Fleming, a Writer to the Signet, the son of a Moderate minister, and himself a Moderate, but who had great respect and regard for such men as Mr. Dunlop, differing widely though they did, as well in ecclesiastical as in civil politics.

On the morning of the day when they were to choose the eleven (as Mr. Fleming himself told me), he being to attend the meeting of committee of the Kirk Session, and having then nobody in his eye, said to himself, "Alexander Dunlop knows more about ministers than I do: I shall go over the way and ask him to name me some one I should recommend;" and, Dunlop having named me, I was thus through Mr. Fleming put on the leet of the eleven, very much to my own surprise. Each of the eleven was required to preach before the congregation. They all appeared but myself; I returned an answer to the communication of the committee something to this effect—that being happy and useful at Arbirlot, I had no wish to leave it.

This, instead of arresting, rather increased the efforts of those who called me to be one of the three selected by the congregation from the eleven, and out of whom the Town Council was to appoint the minister. Besides refusing to preach, I used every lawful means of getting my name dropped out of the list of candidates, writing to Mr. Dunlop and others also in Edinburgh, who took an interest in my appointment, to the effect that I insisted on my name being withdrawn. They kept the letters safe and silent in their pockets till the election was over.

I remember of being rather amused with an observation that McCosh* made in connection with this matter. A rumour had reached Arbirlot that a deputation of the Town Council were coming down to hear me; so I wrote to McCosh, asking him to exchange pulpits that I might cheat the deputation. He wrote back saying he would do nothing of the kind, but would look on my leaving Arbirlot that Sabbath to escape a call to Edinburgh, to be as bad as Jonah's flight, when ordered to go to that great city Nineveh!

* Then a minister of the Established Church in Arbroath, now President of Princeton College, United States.

My election was resolutely opposed by two parties in the Town Council—all the Moderates there, and some of the Voluntaries. The first opposed me because I belonged to the Evangelical party; the second, because I had taken a pretty prominent part in fighting the battle of Establishments.

To the honour of the Voluntaries be it recorded, that their opposition in some cases was turned into support. They wrote to their friends in the provinces to get material for opposing me with success; but got in return letters so much in my favour, notwithstanding that I was so and so, that this attempt to put me out did much to put me in.

Well, the result was that a majority of the Town Council voted for me, of which I received the earliest intimation. Many letters came from friends in Edinburgh, imploring me not to reject the appointment, but go to Edinburgh, and strengthen the hands of the Evangelical party there.

I have not forgotten a display of selfishness and impudence on the part of one of the eleven, connected with this business. Before the election had taken place he was very anxious to get to Edinburgh, and did not appear (though in the habit of affecting great generosity and high principle) very scrupulous as to how the object was to be accomplished. He came all the way from the town where he was a minister, for no other purpose than to ask me not to accept the charge, even though I were elected. This I refused to promise; seeing that, if appointed after all I had done to avoid the appointment, it would look like a providential call to go to Edinburgh.

It was a very serious step for me to take. I had never been heard by any one person of the congregation, so far as I knew. I had never preached in Edinburgh—never tested in that way my fitness for such a position. It was, so to speak, a matter of chance whether I should

succeed or be a failure; and having resolved that I would not, like some Edinburgh ministers, be an incubus on the Church there, I had made up my mind, if I should not succeed in filling an Edinburgh pulpit and an Edinburgh church, to take ship with my wife and family for America or some of our colonies. This was a formidable prospect, possibility at least.

Another difficulty in the way of my accepting this appointment lay in the spiritual interests of the people at Arbirlot. I felt myself bound not to leave them for any sphere, however much more honourable or wealthy, unless I was assured of being succeeded by an Evangelical minister, who should preach the gospel and feed the flock with pious care. My people, the best of them, were in a state of great anxiety about the successor. I knew enough of Lord Panmure's list to be certain that one of three ministers would be recommended by him to the Crown. When I resigned the charge of Arbirlot, the people were in dread that one for whom considerable influence would be used with Lord Panmure would, in consequence of that, be chosen as my successor. He was an Evangelical, no doubt; but, though he afterwards proved a very good minister, was not then popular, but the opposite. Not feeling in conscience that I would be justified in abandoning my flock in such circumstances, I had resolved to have that matter settled before writing to the Lord Provost to accept the presentation.

So, next morning by early dawn, I took horse, and was at the gates of Brechin Castle before mid-day. I sought an interview with his Lordship; and, on being ushered in the first instance into the drawing-room, found myself there face to face with the person whose influence with Lord Panmure was so strong in favour of the minister my people disliked. He had a shrewd guess of the object of my visit; was very testy, and sneered at my conscience and scruples, and had just begun to break out

into a violent passion, when the Baron himself came rolling into the room. The person in question left; and, to the great astonishment, but, I have no doubt, inward respect, of Lord Panmure, I proceeded, with the utmost politeness but firmness to lay the matter before him, telling him that it depended on his Lordship's answer whether I went away to write the Provost of Edinburgh accepting or refusing the presentation. Thanking him for all his great kindness to me while I had been at Arbirlot, and disavowing any wish to interfere with his patronage, I told him I could not leave my people without the assurance that a sound, godly, acceptable minister would be appointed in my place. This he promised to see to. But how amazed he looked, and what a storm began gathering on his brow, when I went further, and told him that, as the wisest of men might be mistaken, I had to say, delicate and disagreeable as it was to me to do so, that, unless the person referred to above were not appointed, then I declined the Edinburgh call. I had previously given no name, and he seemed greatly perplexed and confounded at my boldness. But I shall not forget the expression of relief, both in his voice and face, when, on mentioning the name, he promptly replied, "That gentleman, sir, is now where he should be, and shall be, for me."

And the upshot was, that I wrote immediately to the Lord Provost accepting the presentation, with all its dangers and responsibilities. I hoped that, as I had not sought the place, but the place, me—that as it had come to me in such a remarkable and providential way—He who seemed to call me to this high post would fit and strengthen me for it.

I left for Edinburgh a month or two afterwards :* and so ended the seven busy, happy, and—I have reason to know and bless God for it—not unprofitable years I had spent in a country charge.

* 16th September, 1837.

Part V.

EDINBURGH.

1837—1843.

On leaving Arbirlot we sent our furniture by a smack to Leith, and came ourselves by steamer to Newhaven. We had rather a rough passage; and it was dark and dreary enough when, at low water, we reached the chain-pier, with our two servants and four bairns.

The house I had taken in the Old Town of Edinburgh was 3, Argyll Square, which is now utterly demolished, having been cleared away for room to extend the Industrial Museum, and form what is to be called Chambers Street. When I was at college, Argyll Square, from its being situated so conveniently to the University, was occupied by a number of the professors. The house which I had taken, and fortunately found vacant between terms, had been that of the celebrated Dr. Blair; but the glory had since his day departed from Argyll Square.

It lingered still about Brown Square which stood close by (and to which I shifted in the course of two years) in the person of old Lord Glenlee, who still lived in that once aristocratic locality. It was he—then a very aged man, seldom appearing on the bench, but pursuing with unabated eagerness his classical and philosophical studies —who, on being persuaded at length to try the railway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, then newly opened, called a halt at Linlithgow, nor would move another

turn of the wheel. Buried at one point in the darkness of tunnels, shut up at another in the bottom of deep, bare, ungainly cuttings—so getting nothing but mere passing glimpses of the beautiful country which he used to enjoy in his carriage, and had time as well as taste to admire—the old judge insisted on being taken back; declaring that he had been "long enough and far enough in the bottom of a dry ditch!"

On going to Edinburgh, I resolved not to go into debt; and, in consequence of the Voluntary war, the Annuity Tax was at that time an uncertain source of supply. In some years it yielded £500; in others, and more frequently, not above £300; making it a very difficult thing to keep on your honest way, and all but impossible to store up a shilling for the future and its contingencies.

Most of the Edinburgh ministers lived in houses too good and costly for their incomes. I avoided this: my rent was only £38. On removing, two years afterwards, to 18, Brown Square, and becoming next door neighbour to Lord Glenlee, I, with a small rise in the world, paid only £39; and when I next moved out of these old-fashioned places to 2, Lauriston Lane, which was fast falling into the sere and yellow leaf, I only paid £40; a rent which rose to no more than £42, before I stepped, from being a tenant of that low-rented, old-fashioned, plain abode, to become owner and occupant of 1, Salisbury Road—whence I have a view of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, and the remarkable crystallized trap rock, called "Samson's Ribs;" of Duddingston Loch, with its wooded banks, swans, and picturesque church; and of the sea beyond, breaking on the shores of Aberlady Bay,—a scene of the most beautiful description, spread out before me in its glory of a fine summer morning without lifting my head from my pillow.

One important end they had in calling me to Edin-

burgh was for the purpose of working out the old parochial system; where a minister should have a parish manageable in point of population; where a church, with free sittings, should be open to the parishioners; and where the whole machinery of that system being set up, it should be vigorously wrought by a full staff of elders and deacons. The efforts of city missionaries, devoted and excellent men as these were, had never as yet produced a palpable change on any district; and it was plain that it was not by city missions, or any such machinery, that the sunken classes were to be elevated, and the thousands and tens of thousands in our large cities who had given up attending ordinances, and had gone astray like lost sheep, were to be brought back to the fold. The best friends of the Church, and I may add of the people, getting alarmed at the rapid increase of practical heathenism in our cities, and seeing that other means had failed, waited for an opportunity of restoring and trying the old parochial system, judging that what it had done for Scotland in other days it could do again.

They found this opportunity when Dr. Anderson, my predecessor, and the successor in Old Greyfriars of the celebrated Dr. John Erskine, died. I was appointed collegiate minister of that charge with Mr. Sym, the successor of Dr. John Inglis, a celebrated churchman who succeeded a yet much more celebrated man, Dr. Robertson, the great historian.

But, in accepting the presentation, I bound myself to leave the double charge and enter on a single one, so soon as arrangements could be made for working it in conformity with the old parochial system expounded by Dr. Chalmers, in his "Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns," as the only one that would succeed in evangelising the vast heathen districts, and in fact saving the country from ultimate and certain ruin.

Having this in view as my chief end and ultimate

object, I contemplated an early separation from the members of the Old Greyfriars congregation. So I left them to the care and culture of Mr. Sym, my colleague, who was to be their permanent pastor, and spent almost all my time and labour among the masses of the wretched people, who, when I had got a church to myself, were to form my parishioners.

Along with Mr. Sym, I preached regularly in the Old Greyfriars Church. He was an elegant and, but that he took to reading his discourses, would have been, as he was in Glasgow, a really popular preacher. He was one of the most loving and lovable of men. During our three years' intercourse as colleagues, we lived like affectionate brothers, and never had a word or even thought of difference. And never during all that time did he show the least sign of jealousy under trying circumstances—that the church, with a fair good attendance when he preached, had, when I preached, every passage choked full of people standing and all parts crowded to the door. This sometimes troubled me very much; but, to the honour of his good sense and grace, and Christian spirit, it never seemed to trouble him.

Besides preaching each in our turn in Old Greyfriars Church, we kept up public worship in the Magdalene Chapel, in the Cowgate, an old Roman Catholic religious-house, which was situated within our parish, and which is one of the most venerable of our many interesting Edinburgh antiquities.

It was there that John Craig, on his return from Italy at the time of the Reformation, preached for many months in the Latin tongue, in consequence of having lost the free use of his own by long years' residence abroad; it was there that the first meetings of the General Assembly of the Reformed Church of Scotland took place; it was there her infancy was cradled under the care and nursing of John Knox, and men of like

spirit; it was there also that the body of the Marquis of Argyll, who was followed next day to the scaffold by James Guthrie, was borne after he had been beheaded, and *waked* by noble and devout women in Edinburgh—many under the cloud of night, going, for the purpose of preserving it as a sacred relic, to dip a handkerchief in his blood.

This chapel contains the tombs of its founders, who bequeathed a certain sum of money to build it, and support the religious-house annexed to it with seven *bedesmen,* who were to pray daily for the souls of the citizen and his wife who established and endowed the institution. When I preached there on Sunday afternoons, the seats were free, in the first instance, only to the poor parishioners of the district. Till they were accommodated, others had to wait at the door. And a curious and interesting sight it was to see two lines of ladies and gentlemen stretching out into the street, as they waited their time, while "the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind" marched up between them to take precedence in the House of God. The gold ring and the goodly apparel were at a discount with us in the Cowgate, where the respectable stood in the passages, and the poorest of the poor occupied the pews.

While I was colleague to Mr. Sym—a period of about three years—I fortunately had only one discourse to prepare in the week, and I also had my Arbirlot sermons to draw upon.

In the view of going to Edinburgh, I had resolved to adhere to the same style of preaching which seemed to make me popular and acceptable at Arbirlot, concluding that, as God had fashioned all men's hearts alike, human nature was the same in the town as in the country—in ladies and gentlemen as in lads and lasses. There were not two gospels; and I knew from the example of our Saviour's discourses that the highest taste might be

gratified by one of whom it might be said, "the common people heard him gladly." I had read how ministers, who were popular in the country, lost all their attractions and failed when they were taken to Edinburgh. Fancying that they must adopt there a superior and more intellectual style of preaching, they abandoned their natural and efficient for a stiff and stilted manner. On this, which has proved to many a rock ahead, I resolved not to make shipwreck; while, at the same time, I resolved to spare no pains, nor toil, nor time in careful preparation, in making my descriptions graphic, my statements lucid, my appeals pathetic, in filling my discourses, in fact, with what would both *strike* and *stick*.

Living in the parish, on the very borders of its sin and misery, the hours of the day were exposed to constant interruption from my poor wretched parishioners when I was in the house. But most of the day was spent outside among them; and, by the evening, I was so tired and exhausted that I was fit for nothing but the newspaper, light reading, or the lessons and play of my children. Any way, I had resolved, on coming to Edinburgh, to give my evenings to my family; to spend them, not in my study, as many ministers did, but in the parlour among my children.

The sad fate of many Edinburgh ministers' families warned me to beware of their practice. Spending the whole day in the service of the public, they retired to spend the evening within their studies, away from their children, whose ill-habits and ill-doing in their future career showed how they had been sacrificed on the altar of public duty. This I thought no father warranted to do.

Thus the only time left me for preparation for the pulpit, composing my sermons, and so thoroughly committing them that they rose without an effort to my

memory (and therefore appeared as if they were born on the spur and stimulus of the moment) was to be found in the morning. For some years after coming to Edinburgh, I rose, summer and winter, at five o'clock. By six, I had got through my dressing and private devotions, had kindled my fire, had prepared and enjoyed a cup of coffee, and was set down at my desk; having, till nine o'clock when we breakfasted, three unbroken hours before me. This, being my daily practice, gave me as much as eighteen hours in each week, and—instead of a Friday or Saturday—the whole six days to ruminate on and digest and do the utmost justice in my power to my sermon. A practice this, I would recommend to all ministers whether in town or country. It secures ample time for pulpit preparation, brings a man fresh every day to his allotted portion of work, keeps his sermon *simmering* in his mind all the week through, till the subject takes entire possession of him, and, as the consequence, he comes on Sunday to the pulpit to preach with fulness, feeling, and power.

The first winter I was in Edinburgh, 1837-38, was one of extraordinary severity. For six weeks at least there was not a spade put into the ground. The working classes, most of them living from hand to mouth, contracted debts which weighed them down for years; while the poorest of the people, who had not character enough to procure them credit, were like to starve for lack of food and fuel. My door used to be besieged every day by crowds of half-naked creatures, men, women, and children, shivering with cold and hunger; and I visited many a house that winter, where there were starving mothers and starving children, and neither bed, bread nor Bible—till, with climbing stairs, my limbs were like to fail, and, with spectacles of misery, my heart was like to break.

To meet, to some extent, the destitution, we proposed

to start a soup-kitchen; and I remember an incident connected with that, which has often both amused and saddened me:—

There lived at that date in Edinburgh a lady who had succeeded to a prodigious fortune. We thought of applying to her in our extremity, though with no very sanguine hope of success, as she had the reputation of being a great miser. I had also heard how Dr. Begg, then Mr. Begg, of Liberton, had failed to screw a penny out of her, having given her mortal offence, when, finding her cowering over a piece of black coal on a bitter winter day, he seized the poker, set the flame ablazing, and her anger too, as she passionately exclaimed, "Mr. Begg, let my coals alone!"

So, resolving to avoid the rock on which he made shipwreck, I set out, accompanied by two of my elders, in accordance with previous intimation given, to pay this lady a visit.

On entering the house, everything seemed bare and naked. When ushered into the dining-room, we found this possessor of a million sterling at the least sitting, in a cold winter day, with her feet on the fender, and her skinny hands spread out to a great piece of black coal, smouldering in the grate. On our being announced by the man-servant, she turned round, and, showing her thin spare figure, and a face that looked as if it had been cut out of mahogany, grinned and said, "I am no' glad to see ye."

Having learned from experience that when people begin to joke with you, even though the joke be of the roughest, there is a chance of your getting money out of them, and no way daunted by this cold and repulsive reception, I sat down beside the old lady, whereupon she turned round to me and said, "What do you want? I suppose you are here seeking siller?"

"The very thing," I frankly said, "we have come for."

Her next remark saddened me. It demonstrated the vanity of all earthly riches; how little power they have of conferring happiness; and, with all her wealth and flatterers, what a poor, lonely, desolate, miserable creature this possessor of more than a million was. "Ah!" she said, "there is nobody comes to see me or seek me, but it's money, the money they are after."

Whereupon she began to tell us how liberal she had been, giving a hundred to this public object, five hundred to that, and, in one or two instances, still greater sums.

"And how do you think," she asked, "of coming to me? After giving so much away, how can I afford anything to you?"

"Ah, madam," I answered, "we knew a good deal of that before. Had we not known that you were liberal in other cases, we would not have troubled you."

The poor old body seemed pleased with this. My tale of Cowgate suffering and sorrow touched some chords of human sympathy not yet utterly dead within her, and the result was a subscription of £50. We had wrought ourselves so far into her good graces, that she insisted on our taking a glass of wine, promising us some so rare that she kept it for her favourites. She had got her hands on the arms of her chair, and was making a great effort to raise herself up, as we thought, to pull the bell, and get the butler to procure her keys, and bring the wine she wished. When we offered to assist her, she answered, "Do you think I would trust the butler with my keys? Na! na!" So she raised her old crazy form, and went tumbling and tottering to a press on the opposite side of the room,—in many respects as miserable an object, with all her wealth, as the poorest creature huddled up amid the dirt and rags of the Cowgate.

Those only who have been City missionaries can understand what I had to suffer daily in the course of

my parochial visitations. Typhus fever was raging like a plague; and as, taking due precautions against infection, I visited every case I was called to, nor fled from any I happened to meet, I had often to face that terrible disease, and, with one, two, or three lying ill of it in one room, to breathe a pestilential atmosphere.

The precautions I took were very simple; and, with God's blessing, they perhaps contributed materially to my protection. For, during the seven years that I laboured among the lapsed and lowest classes, where typhus and typhoid fevers are always slumbering, and often breaking out into fatal rage, I appeared to have a "charmed" life. While ministers and doctors were attacked with fever, to which not a few of them became victims, I never was infected—an immunity which I attributed to this simple precaution, that I insisted on the door being left open while I was in the room, and always took up a position between the open door and the patient, and not between the patient and the fireplace; thus the germs of the disease, thrown off in the breath and from the skin of the patient, never came in contact with me, but were borne away to the fireplace, and in the very opposite direction, by the current of air that came in at the door, and passed me before becoming charged with any noxious matter.

But it was not disease or death—it was the starvation, the drunkenness, the rags, the heartless, hopeless, miserable condition of the people—the debauched and drunken mothers, the sallow, yellow, emaciated children—the wants, both temporal and spiritual, which one felt themselves unable to relieve—that sometimes overwhelmed me; making me wonder why, for such scenes and sufferings, I had ever left my happy country parish, with its fragrance of hawthorn bush, the golden furze of the moor, and the bean and clover flowers of cultivated fields, with health blowing in every breeze, and blooming in the rosy

cheeks of infants laughing in their mothers' arms, and of boys and girls on their way to school.

I began my visitations in the Horse Wynd. This was originally the main entrance into Edinburgh from the south ; and it is not more than a century ago since it had inhabitants who kept their carriages, and maintained such state, that one lady is said to have driven from her own door to the house where she was to dine, the heads of her front horses being before her neighbour's door ere the carriage left her own.

All that had passed away ; and these old scenes of fashion and gaiety were, with a few exceptions, occupied by the lowest, poorest, and most degraded people. Of the first hundred and fifty I visited, going from door to door, there were not five who attended any house of God, either church or chapel. Most of the families were clothed in rags. Many of the houses were almost without chair or table; the bed was a quantity of straw, gathered in one corner, beneath some thin and ragged coverlets ; and, in almost every case, all this misery was due to drunkenness. The fathers or mothers drank, and the children were starved with cold and hunger, and so brutally used that the young looked old, and, with a fixed expression of sadness, seemed as if they had never smiled.

The parish had a very considerable number of Roman Catholics, Irish people. They were, in those days, neglected by the priests, and indeed often superciliously treated by them. They were poor. There was nothing more to be squeezed out of the orange, and so it was consigned to the gutter. Day by day, almost, for nearly seven years, I walked the Cowgate, Grassmarket, and Lawnmarket, with their closes, wynds, and courts, and scarce ever encountered a Roman Catholic priest. The poor Irish papists were, on the whole, very civil to me —I usually announcing myself in every house I entered

as the parish minister who had come to visit them; nor, on more than two or three occasions, was I exposed to insult from the bigotry of papists, or to danger from the ruffianism of parishioners.

On one occasion, when sitting quietly on a stool and inserting in my note-book the names of the family as I had got them from the lips of a civil, courteous, smart Irishwoman, suddenly a door banged open, and out sprang her husband with rage in his face, and ne'er a coat on his back, ordering me instantly out of his house. Calmly looking at him, I remarked that there was no hurry; knowing well—seeing that my presence was not, like Paul's, "contemptible"—that this Connemara "*boy*" could not and would not attempt to do what he had threatened—toss me out at the window. Moreover I resolved to beat him; so, closing and pocketing my book, I commenced a conversation on Ireland, its "praties," and its peasantry, till by degrees the clouds dispersed, and he and I parted on amicable terms.

Once I fell among thieves, and was not at all sorry to get out of their company with a whole skin and my watch in my pocket. The stool and last and tools of a shoemaker, which stood in the room where they were assembled, were manifestly a mere pretence. I shall never forget the appearance of one of these four ruffians. His brow was bandaged with a bloody cloth; his face was deeply scarred and seared with small-pox; an empty socket was all he had for one eye, while the other glared out from among the hair of a cap which he wore drawn down over his broken head. These four fellows looked very uncomfortable when I entered. I might be a captain of police, with half-a-dozen constables at my back. They looked at each other with expressions of relief when I announced myself as minister of the parish, and, deeming it best to appear frank and fearless, I sat down on a vacant chair, and began to talk with them.

But I soon saw the nature of my company, and was glad to escape, after a few minutes' conversation, without damage.

Most of the houses in these localities are divided by very thin partitions—four small rooms, each inhabited by a wretched family, being made out of what had originally been one large and spacious apartment. I had once an illustration of this when I had gone down on a Sabbath afternoon to baptize a child in the Cowgate. In the middle of the service, we were interrupted by a sudden and violent noise of strife and debate. From words the parties had proceeded to blows; then, having closed with each other, ensued a violent struggle; then a heavy fall which shook the floor, followed by cries of murder in a shrill female voice, which drowned mine and stopped the service. And all this we heard through the thin plaster walls that had turned what were once the mansions of nobles—still retaining, in marble chimney-piece or stuccoed roof, vestiges of their former glory—into the dwellings of the humbler classes, sometimes of the poorest of the poor.

In relation to this incident, I have sometimes been amused on recalling my combination of courage and caution on that occasion. I could not stand there and be deaf to these wild shrieks calling out for help, and allow a man to be murdered in the next room. Not to baptize, but to prevent murder, though at some risk, was present duty. So, stopping the service, I asked the father of the child I was to baptize to stand by me, while I forced my way into the room where this murder was going on. Strange and startling as they were to me, he, having lived long in such localities, had become familiar with such scenes, and, being quite alive to the danger of interference—that, as they say in Scotland, the "*redding straik is the warst straik*"—would not budge a foot. They might murder each other for him—he would

not risk his life in their quarrels. It was plain if I was to go I must go alone, which I did; but, with the caution of a canny Scot, reflecting that the long tails of my great-coat might give these ruffians a hold of me very undesirable in the *mêlée,* I tucked and buttoned them up before dashing myself against the door of the room, whence issued these choking, growling sounds, the curses of a man and the shrieks of a woman. The door was opened, but only opened a little, and my way of entrance barred by the woman, in dishevelled dress, who entreated me neither to enter the room nor call the police, as she was sure, notwithstanding her cries, that it would end in nothing worse than what was going on—a fight to-day, and friendship again to-morrow!

These people were Irish, and, though the Cowgate has become much more an Irish town since then, there were many Irish Roman Catholics there at that time; also a few Irish Protestants, who had lapsed from all attention to religion; but by much the larger number were Scotch people, Highland as well as Lowland, who had sunk into the depths of poverty—victims, in many instances, of the vice of drunkenness.

Such was the material I had to work upon. The experiment was an interesting one, this, namely;—whether, through means of Dr. Chalmers's territorial, or, in other words, the old parochial system, I would be able, with the aid of elders, deacons, and other agents, to "excavate the heathen," as Dr. Chalmers used to say; or, as an illiterate *bodie* who opposed me most keenly of all in the Town Council expressed it, "execute the heathen!"

Speaking of this councillor, we were amused with the judgment he pronounced on my first appearance in the Greyfriars. It so happened that on that day the magistrates and Town Council were present, being engaged in making their annual round of visitation to city churches.

Among others of them there was Mr. ——, who, on being asked at the close of the service what he thought of my preaching, replied, "Just as I said would happen; total failure, sir, a total failure!"

Our pulpit stairs were crowded, but not with the old wives of Dr. John Erskine's time. That devout man, who was one of my predecessors in the Old Greyfriars, belonged to an ancient Scottish family. He was eminent as a divine, and was leader of the Evangelical party in the Church Courts, as his colleague, Principal Robertson, was of the Moderate.

Dr. Erskine was remarkable for his simplicity of manner and gentle temper. He returned so often from the pulpit, minus his pocket-handkerchief, and could tell so little how or where it was lost, that Mrs. Erskine at last began to suspect that the handkerchiefs were stolen, as he ascended the pulpit stairs, by some of the old wives who lined it. So, both to baulk and detect the culprit, she sewed a corner of the handkerchief to one of the pockets of his coat tails. Half way up the stairs, the good doctor felt a tug, whereupon he turned round to the old woman, whose was the guilty hand, to say, with great gentleness and simplicity, "No' the day, honest woman, no' the day; Mrs. Erskine has sewed it in!"

In those days, as I have heard my mother tell, when she used to speak of the year or two she spent at school in Edinburgh—where she lived with a Miss Horsburgh, in the High Street, then inhabited by a very different class of people from its present denizens—the two ministers of the Greyfriars had two almost distinctly separate congregations; those who heard Dr. Erskine preach in the Greyfriars in the forenoon attending, not his colleague, Dr. Robertson, in the afternoon, but passing over to Walker, in St. Giles' or the High Church, who was of the same Evangelical school as Dr. Erskine. Those again who attended Dr. Robertson, heard the

celebrated Dr. Blair, the colleague of Dr. Walker, in St. Giles', in the other part of the day.

Blair, in whose house in Argyll Square we lived on first going to Edinburgh, was extremely fastidious. He had a highly fashionable congregation, and was not so easy about supplying his pulpit as Dr. Andrew Thomson. Some one, complaining to the latter of the poor substitutes he set up to preach in St. George's during his absence, said, "You put *every*body into your pulpit, Dr. Thomson." "No, no," replied the ready-witted Andrew, "though I believe I put *any*body!"

There goes a story of the torture which Blair had to suffer through yielding to the importunity of one of his old students—he, Blair, being not only one of the ministers of St. Giles', but also Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh:—

This old student was a Mr. Angus, from Aberdeenshire, who spoke with that strong Aberdonian tongue which people have carried across seas and continents to India, and, after passing forty years there, have brought back with them, perfect and entire as they took it away. Having waited on Dr. Blair, he offered him a sermon, which Blair, shocked at the idea of such tones being heard in the High Church, politely declined—saying, by way of excuse for declining a second offer, "It is my habit, sir, when I am at home, always to occupy my own pulpit." Mr. Angus saw through the excuse, nor could conceal how much he was hurt and offended by what he considered Blair's contemptuous treatment of him. He *fuffed up*, and rose to go, saying, "Doctor, I was ane of your alt poopils, and thocht ye waald be glaad o' a sermon."

Blair relented; and, it being arranged that his old student should preach for him, he went with fear and trembling to church on Sunday. Nor were his apprehensions groundless. The fashionable congregation who had assembled to hear Dr. Blair were amazed at the

uncouth being who had taken the place of the polished and elegant divine. These tones and that pronunciation jarred on their delicate ears; nor were they less astonished or Blair less tortured by the matter, than the manner. The preacher gave out a text, announcing that his object was to prove to them that day that man was a fallen creature, or, as he expressed it, that he was "*fa'en*"; and rushing at once *in medias res*, he undertook to prove this, first, from the "*schience of anawtomy.*" Having somehow or other got hold of the fact that while the feline tribe are carnivorous, and horses and cows graminivorous, the pig, like man, is omnivorous, using equally and thriving on both kinds of food—and that there are thus, as might be expected in these circumstances, some points of resemblance between the digestive organs of the pig and of the human race—he launched this out on the astonished heads of the polished aristocrats of Edinburgh, saying, "It is well known that a sou has a' the puddins o' a man axcept ane; and if *that* does na' preeve that man is fa'en, there's naething will!"

Dr. Anderson, my predecessor, who succeeded Dr. Erskine, was, in his own way, a very worthy and respectable man, but no preacher, and very pompous. When at college, I used to go occasionally to the Old Greyfriars Church, little dreaming then that I ever would be minister there. We went to hear Dr. John Inglis, who preceded my colleague, Mr. Sym. Though his voice was uncouth, approaching a howl, he was a very able preacher; and brought out, in reading the Scriptures, more of the sense and spirit than any man I almost ever heard. Before committing ourselves to the inside of the church, we were in the habit of asking the elder at the plate, whose turn it was to preach, and, being told that it was Dr. Anderson's, we always wheeled to the right-about for some other church,—a practice we pretty often observed till we discovered, to our shame and mortification, that the elder,

before whom we had so often faced about, was Dr. Anderson's own brother!

My worthy predecessor, who mouthed his words, and delivered commonplace things with the greatest pomposity, imagined himself an orator and an accomplished elocutionist; but, to be absolutely perfect in the latter art, he resolved to seize the opportunity of John Kemble (the great tragedian) having come down to Edinburgh, to see how he would read a certain passage of Scripture.

Well, one day when Kemble is reposing in his lodgings, the servant announces that a gentleman wishes to see him, and thereupon ushers into the room a grand and reverend-looking man, dressed in the garb of a minister, with a Bible in his hand. It at once struck Kemble that this was some divine who had come to condemn the theatre, and rebuke him for pursuing the business of a playactor. So he was not a little relieved when this figure, stepping up to him with great pomp and dignity, announced itself as the Rev. Dr. Anderson, who had embraced the opportunity of Mr. Kemble's visit to Edinburgh to hear how the great tragedian would read such and such a passage of Scripture.

John Kemble, to use a common expression, took in at a glance the measure of his visitor's foot, expressed himself happy to see Dr. Anderson, and how much pleasure he would have in giving him his advice. "At the same time," he said, ' the best way of going to work is not for me, but for you, Dr. Anderson, to read the passage first."

This, the worthy doctor, who had too high an opinion of his own powers to be daunted before John Kemble or any other man, proceeded to do, *ore rotundo.* Whereupon Kemble, not a little amused with the inflated style of his visitor, gave him this sage advice,—one it would be well for all aspirants at public oratory to remember,—"Sir, when you read the Sacred Scriptures, or any other book, never think *how* you read, but *what* you read."

Edinburgh, when I went there, presented a wonderful galaxy of talent in the Church. When a student, I had seen one equally remarkable at the bar of the Courts of Law; and I had spent many an hour listening with admiration to the forensic displays of John Clerk, Jeffrey, Moncrieff, Cranston, Cockburn, and other such men.

At the time of my settlement in Edinburgh, Dr. Gordon and Dr. Grey—who were, with Dr. Andrew Thomson, when I was a student in divinity, the popular preachers of the town—were still preaching, though on the wane. Dr. Candlish was in St. George's; Dr. James Buchanan was in North Leith; Dr. Cunningham was in Trinity Church; Dr. John Bruce was in St. Andrew's; Dr. Charles Brown was in the New North; and Dr. Begg was in Liberton, which, owing to its proximity to Edinburgh, was, as it were, a part of the town. Then, at the head of all, and towering high above all, was Dr. Chalmers, Professor of Divinity in the University; and associated with him in the Theological faculty was Dr. Welsh, Professor of Church History, an able and accomplished scholar.

These were all on the Evangelical side of the Church, and were all men of mark; each presenting, in his own way and in a remarkable degree, one or more of the features of genius and talent.

There was, at that time, no man of any special mark among the Moderate clergy of the Presbytery. With one exception—Dr. Muir, namely—they had no pretensions to the character of powerful or popular preachers. Dr. William Muir of St. Stephen's, despite an affected manner, was a good preacher, and in his parish a most diligent pastor.

Though by no means a great man—one who, in other circumstances than those he occupied, might have left no mark on the world—Dr. Muir has, in conjunction with John Hope, then Dean of Faculty, and afterwards Lord

Justice Clerk, left a deeply-indented one, which many centuries will roll over without obliterating. These two men were, as I believe, the main instruments of the Disruption. It is understood that Sir Robert Peel's Government, in refusing the Evangelical party all redress, and driving our matters to a desperate issue, acted under their advice. It was not the Moderates, with Dr. George Cook at their head, who had the ear of Sir James Graham, in whose hands, as Home Secretary, Sir Robert Peel was understood to have left the settlement of our question. Sir James Graham himself was, I believe, a devout man, who had no sympathy with the views generally of the Moderate party. He was thus thrown into the hands of Dr. Muir and his middlemen, and that body in the Church who, having broken off from the Evangelical section, carried their colours and arms over to Muir and his friends—thus encouraging the Government to believe that, if they were firm, we would all at length break down. These men numbered forty, and were known by the name of the "Forty Thieves"—a name borrowed, of course, from the story of Ali Baba in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

The eldership of the Church in Edinburgh and its immediate neighbourhood, who supported the Evangelical or Non-intrusion party, was not less remarkable at that time than the Evangelical party among the clergy. At their head, *facile princeps*, was Alexander Dunlop.* He was my most intimate friend. It was due to him, more than to any one else, that I was brought to Edinburgh. I loved him as a brother, and esteemed him almost above all men. He was so disinterested, so unselfish, so tender-hearted, a man of such delicate honour, so incapable by nature as well as grace of anything low or mean, and withal a devout, humble Christian! He had a grand head

* See note on page 142.

and a large heart, and wanted but a voice to have swayed popular assemblies at his will. He sacrificed his interests at the Bar, his prospects of a seat on the Bench, and many things else, to his attachment to the rights and liberties of the Church of Scotland.

There was also Graham Spiers, belonging, like Dunlop, to an ancient and honourable Scottish family, who was Sheriff of Midlothian, and held a high place in general society. He was a man of intrepid courage, a most perfect gentleman in his demeanour, firm, steady as a rock to his principles, and a clear, calm, pithy, and persuasive speaker. I remember how much Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) was struck by him, and attracted to him, on hearing Spiers speak at a small Ragged School meeting which we held when Lord Shaftesbury visited our school in Edinburgh; and how, at the close of the meeting, after he had been introduced to him, Shaftesbury expatiated to me on the importance of having such a man as Spiers in Parliament, and how we should take steps to send him there.

There was Earle Monteith, too, Sheriff of Fifeshire, a fluent and ready speaker, who won the favour of his audience by a countenance, manner, and matter full of *bonhomie;* and who, with a singularly happy and buoyant nature, was not less devout in spirit or staunch to his principles than Dunlop or Spiers.

Monteith was a man of singularly jocund temper. I remember into what immoderate fits of laughter he fell on one occasion, when a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present in our Ragged School on the day open to visitors. It was the practice to examine the classes on the meaning of the words that occurred in their lesson; and this brought out so many odd, original ideas, such revelations occasionally of the miserable state of poverty from which they had been rescued, that it was always interesting and oftentimes very amusing. A "down bed," for example, occurred

in the lesson, and on the question, "What sort of bed is a down bed?" being put, one of the boys, eager to show his knowledge, instantly thrust out his arm, the sign of being ready to answer the question, and exclaimed, in terms drawn from his own experience, "It's a bed on the floor, sir!" The word in the lesson, on the occasion referred to in connection with Mr. Monteith, was "miss;" the expression, "he will miss the mark," or some such thing as that. On asking the class what the word "miss" meant, they were silent, and looked a little confused. At length one fellow, sure that he had the proper answer, and confident thereby of getting to the top at one bound, took one step forward, and, impatient to reveal and profit by his discovery, shook his extended arm, waiting for my signal to come out with it. That given, with a look of triumph he shrieked out at the top of his voice, "Miss means a woman that hasna gotten a man!" It was an explosion of an answer so odd and unexpected that it was impossible to look grave, and amid so many ladies to appear not to have heard it. All the company gave way to a burst of laughter, and I remember how Monteith did not recover his gravity for an hour and more; but was ever and anon exploding into a fit of merriment as the circumstance recurred to his recollection.

James Hog of Newliston, and Maitland-Makgill-Crichton of Rankeillour, might be considered Edinburgh elders, from the interest they felt, and the large share they took, in the management of the Church's affairs. Very different from each other, they were both able men and earnest Christians.

Mr. Hog, with whom I have spent many a happy day at his seat of Newliston, near Edinburgh, was one of the most generous and amiable of men. He was attacked by paralysis, and died of that disease after a long and most painful illness, an event which occurred some fifteen

years after the Disruption. It began with a pain and numbness in one of his limbs, and at length extended itself over the whole body, making him, so far as moving lip or limb was concerned, perfectly helpless. The only way latterly that he could communicate with his family was by pointing with a little reed in his mouth to letters of a printed alphabet. On one occasion he made signs of wishing to indicate something. The reed was fixed between his teeth, and the alphabet held before his face. The words he spelt out were "last day"—"up"—casting at the same time a sweet glance heavenwards.

Maitland-Makgill-Crichton of Rankeillour was a hero in his way. He was a dauntless man, bringing to the cause of the Church, her extension and her freedom, an undivided devotion; able and ready to speak at all times, to fight, if needful, and, rather than abandon a hair's breadth of her principles, to die on her behalf. A man equally powerful in body as in mind, a great athlete, of immense endurance and inexhaustible energy, he would have cut a famous figure in the days of the Covenanters; going down on Claverhouse's dragoons with a psalm on his lips and a sword in his hand, or marching down the West Bow to die in the Grassmarket, on the scaffold, for Christ's Crown and Scotland's Covenant. I spent many happy days with him at Rankeillour, in Fife, where he bore himself in a way worthy of a Christian man, and also of his noble blood and ancestry.

One of these occasions was specially memorable. With myself and my eldest son, then a student of divinity, were assembled on Christmas Day Sir David Brewster, Hugh Miller, and one or two others. It was a great intellectual treat; and nothing entertained me more than the blank countenances which Makgill-Crichton and Miller turned on Sir David, when he made a remark that suddenly took the wind out of their sails:—Hugh Miller, with all his intellectual greatness, his fine taste, and his

admiration of what was noble in others, was, like Makgill-Crichton, a great admirer of physical properties. He and Crichton, in their turn, had been relating wonderful feats of strength they had done; Makgill-Crichton, I remember, telling us, how, having once undertaken to beat the mail-coach, he started alongside of it as it passed the gate at Rankeillour, and, with a run of some twenty miles before him, was the first at the Ferry; whereupon, Sir David, looking as if he intended it for a serious rather than a comical remark, said, "Well, a horse would do more than either of you!"

Besides these elders in and about Edinburgh, there was John Hamilton, an advocate, who, like Mr. Dunlop, threw away his chance at the Bar by giving himself wholly up to the battles and interests of the church. And, following these, who might be called leaders, there was among the elders of Edinburgh at that time a powerful body of able, active, self-denying adherents to evangelical principles and popular rights.

20, EVERSFIELD PLACE, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA: *1st February*, 1873.

A short while after I was settled in Edinburgh, and before, I think, I had ever been introduced to him, I was placed in very awkward circumstances in relation to Dr. Chalmers, and this, in connection with an application to be made to Government for State countenance and support of his Church Extension scheme.

A noble scheme, worthy of the great genius, philanthropy, and statesmanship of Chalmers, it was pushed on, as I thought, with undue and unreasonable haste, and not always prudently managed. After the Church herself had slumbered for nearly a century, doing nothing to meet the change of times and the wants of a growing population, it was unreasonable in her to expect the State or the country to awaken all of a sudden to its duty. Besides, owing to the weakness of their own, and the strength

of the Tory party, the Whig Government of the day could not afford to lose the support of the Dissenters in England and Scotland, by introducing or supporting any measure of extended endowments. To have done so would have been to have sacrificed place, pension, party, to the interests of the Church—a sacrifice politicians of any type would have been slow to make, and least of all the Premier of the day, Lord Melbourne. Instead of making allowances for the peculiar circumstances of the Ministry, and biding our time, Dr. Chalmers and the Church Extension leaders drove on the chariot like Jehu, regardless of many circumstances which a wise and prudent man takes into account, and turning a deaf ear to the warnings of Lord Moncrieff and others, who, while supporting the Whig Government, were at the same time among the staunchest adherents of the Church of Scotland.

Of that, the case which put me in a disagreeable position towards Dr. Chalmers furnishes a very good illustration. Backed by Dr. Buchanan, and others of what I might call his staff, and especially by the Tory party of the Church Extension Committee (who, of course, did not object to any measure which might embarrass and seem to insult Lord Melbourne's Government), Dr. Chalmers, it was reported, was to propose to send a deputation to head-quarters to demand of the Ministry a grant from the public funds for Church Extension—every member of his proposed deputation being a pronounced Tory.

This I regarded as an extraordinary piece of folly, since common sense would lead every man who has a favour or even justice to ask of another, to employ, not his foes, but his friends, in such a service. This had come to the ears of the Whig party in the Church Extension Committee; and, without my consent either being asked or given, they pitched on me to make a counter-motion, nominating a deputation which, consisting both of Whigs and Tories, would have a non-political and neutral

character. I was in a very awkward position; I had only lately come to Edinburgh; I was a stranger in this Committee; I was to be placed in a very offensive position towards Dr. Chalmers, and one as awkward towards everybody who did not know me, and who were ignorant of the reasons that made my friends urge me to take up this position. It could not fail to seem excessively forward on my part, and leave a bad impression where, at my first appearance, I should have liked to have made a good one.

But, in consequence of the personal quarrels and antipathies engendered by what was called the "Moderatorship Controversy," and which, though much calmed, had not yet subsided, Dr. Candlish, Dunlop, Spiers, and others felt that it might appear like a personal attack on Dr. Chalmers were they to propose a counter-motion to his. So, as one who had taken no part in that unhappy battle, they insisted on my undertaking this disagreeable duty. And, feeling it to be a duty, when the day came, and Dr. Chalmers had made his motion, I had to mount the breach. This opened the way for a keen and long-continued fight, which, so far as numbers were concerned, issued, as we knew it would when the vote was taken, in our defeat.

Dr. Chalmers had been on bad terms with the Whig party for a good while, in consequence of their coldness in the Church Extension cause. He had come to regard them with absolute and intense aversion. I remember the look which he cast on me at our first meeting, when I happened to say something in commendation of the present Earl of Dalhousie, then Mr. Fox Maule, Under-Secretary for Home Affairs; and who, while in that office, by using the Crown patronage in favour of evangelical men, did so much—more indeed than any other man—to give the Evangelicals a majority in the Church Courts. Notwithstanding this, because the Whig Government

would not support his Church Extension views regardless of all consequences to themselves, and to the other interests of the country, Dr. Chalmers had become for the time a furious Tory. And I have heard from the Duke of Argyll, who delighted to tell it (imitating the while Dr. Chalmers' broadest Fifeshire), how the Doctor had said, "I have a moral loathing of these *Whugs!*"

This being the state of matters and of his mind, Dr. Chalmers was very angry at my interposition in the row, and (even though the vote was in his favour) at its results —characterising me in pithy but not very flattering terms. Only they were amusing. Some one, having asked him, as he came out of the meeting irritable and irritated, how it had gone off, "It had gone well, sir," he replied, "but for a raw lad from the country!"

This "raw lad from the country," however, soon proved himself as zealous for Church Extension as Dr. Chalmers himself could be, and I was gratified to find that the Doctor soon afterwards changed his opinion of this "lad," saying to some one who happened to mention my opinion on a certain matter of policy, "Mr. Guthrie, sir, is a man of sound mind."

On behalf of Church Extension I visited a considerable portion of Forfarshire, to stir up to zeal in that cause both the ministers and people. It was then that Robert McCheyne met with an accident which began the illness that terminated in his death. He accompanied me on my tour to Errol, full of buoyant spirits and heavenly conversation. After breakfast we strolled into the garden, where there stood some gymnastic poles and apparatus set up for the use of Mr. Grierson's family. No ascetic, no stiff and formal man, but ready for any innocent and healthful amusement, these no sooner caught McCheyne's eye than, challenging me to do the like, he rushed at a horizontal pole resting on the forks of two upright ones, and went through a lot of athletic manœuvres. I was

buttoning up to succeed, and try if I could not outdo him, when, as he hung by his heels and hands some five or six feet above the ground, all of a sudden the pole snapped asunder, and he came down with his back on the ground with a tremendous *thud.* He sickened, was borne into the manse, lay there for days, and was never the same man again.

While a most pleasant and delightful companion, enjoying nature and all good and innocent things in this life, he had in a rare and singular degree his "conversation in heaven," and the influence for good he left in every place which he visited was quite extraordinary. I remember Dr. Anderson of Morpeth telling me how, when he was minister of St. Fergus, which he left at the Disruption, McCheyne had spent a day or two in his manse ; and not only while he was there, but for a week or two after he had left, it seemed a heavenlier place than ever before. Associated with McCheyne's person, appearance, and conversation, on the walls of the house and everything around seemed to be inscribed, "Holiness unto the Lord."

On that tour, I met in the manses I visited some curious specimens of humanity ; not the least remarkable among them being Mr. Wilson, the venerable clergyman of the parish of Abernyte, who had then for his assistant James Hamilton (afterwards the celebrated Dr. James Hamilton, of Regent Square, London). A unique man, a sort of fossil specimen of the theologians who opposed Galileo, and no believer in Sir Isaac Newton, the old gentleman stoutly denied the doctrine of gravitation, and, being a devout, good man, much interested in missions to the heathen, he bewailed the errors of Dr. Duff, our East Indian missionary. "He is taking, sir," he said to me, "quite a wrong course. He is endeavouring to subvert Hinduism by science falsely so called, a philosophy as erroneous as the doctrines of Brahminism. The fulcrum

by which he works is Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine of gravitation."

"But surely," I replied, surprised to find any man who had received a liberal education so far behind in his knowledge at that time of day as this venerable old gentleman, "surely, Mr. Wilson, you believe in the doctrine of gravitation?"

"Certainly not!" he replied, and to my great amusement went into a long explanation of its futility, and how hopeless Dr. Duff's enterprise would prove so long as he attacked Hinduism from such a false position. Looking perhaps as if I were half shaken by the old gentleman's arguments, I expressed a wish that he should solve a difficulty—this, namely, how it was that the inhabitants on the opposite side of the earth to ours stuck on, and did not fall with their heads downwards for ever and ever into boundless space?

"Well, sir," said the simple old gentleman, "that does appear a difficulty; but it is to be accounted for in some such way as a phenomenon we are familiar with at home—that they keep on just as the flies do, who, with their backs downwards and their feet upwards, as you see there, walk along the ceiling of the room!"

Church Extension, though rashly pushed, was a pious and patriotic scheme, worthy of Dr. Chalmers, and certainly not deserving the opposition which it received at the hands of many Voluntaries; for it is by the Territorial System that this country, plied and permeated in every corner by the Gospel, is to be saved. Regardless of this, looking only at their own things, and not at the things of others, and fancying in their own little souls that Dr. Chalmers and those who acted with him were animated more by desire to crush the Dissenters than evangelize the people, the Voluntaries threw every obstruction in the way of our cause, took up extreme positions, and, in the violence of controversy, laid down

principles that, pushed to their extreme extent, would have landed the country in practical atheism. They would have severed all connection and relationship between the State and religion.

We erred on the other hand, and perhaps erred as far and as much, in representing the Church of Christ as dependent almost for its very existence, certainly for its efficiency, on State countenance and support. And this, some of our leaders find to their cost; when the opponents of union between the Free Church and the United Presbyterian and other negotiating churches become (to use an expression of Dr. Chalmers) "resurrectionists of old pamphlets"—eager to find in their speeches violent and extreme expressions against the Voluntaries, and such representations of the Church's dependence for support on the State as would degrade the Bride of Christ into a public pauper.

A meeting which we held on behalf of Church Extension in the parish of —— will illustrate the violent and systematic opposition which the cause had to encounter. Our minister there was a great fool, and a coarse, vulgar man. He had been a ploughman in the parish of which he was then minister. Somehow or other he had pushed his way on from the plough to the pulpit; won that by means of patronage, but with it won so little respect that it was a common saying that, when he was ordained to the charge, the parish lost the best ploughman and got the worst minister it ever had.

If the parish minister was a fool, he who filled the pulpit of the Secession, Dissenting, or Opposition church, was not. He was a capital preacher, an able and vigorous minister, but not over-scrupulous in the way he used his long head to frustrate our ends and obtain his own.

Dr. Alexander Simpson, of Kirknewton, and Dr. John Paul, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, formed with me the

deputation appointed by the Church Extension Committee. On entering the parish church, where the meeting was to be held, we found it packed to the door by a crowd who, it was plain, from their look and gestures, the noises they made, and the general reception which hailed our appearance, were not honest, simple-minded, and kind-hearted rustics, but an assembly of ferocious Voluntaries. For once, the Voluntary Church there had emptied itself into the Established one, and the adherents of the first gathered in from the country round about; and these, kept well in hand by the Voluntary minister, who was present on the field of battle to command and direct his troops, were, it was plain, the overwhelming majority of the meeting. I remember of saying to Dr. Paul, as we pushed our way through the crowd, "We'll have music here to-night!" Nor had we long to wait for it. The prayer was barely finished, and the first speech begun, when the row commenced.

The opposition was manifestly led by the Voluntary minister, who, with a wave of his hand, ruled the assembly as he chose, calming or raising the storm, while all the time he himself appeared gentle and innocent as a "sucking dove." It was determined that we should not be heard, and heard we were not. We sat on the platform for four or five hours mute, under a shower of insults; Dr. Paul's bald head, which presented a shining object to the aim of fellows amusing themselves by pitching bits of lime at us from the galleries, suffering something worse than insult. They had got hold of the parish church bell, and kept it perpetually ringing over our heads—an amusement, however, they sometimes varied by calling for a song, which, though not always of the most delicate or appropriate kind, the house took up in full chorus, amid roars and fits of laughter, whistling, cheering, and beating time on the pews with their sticks.

We sat there for four or five mortal hours, never allowed even to open our mouths without being met by an uproar in which our voices were drowned. And we did so to prevent them, after we had fled, taking possession of the field, claiming a victory, and carrying the vote of the public meeting against Church Extension. Thus far we discomfited them; sitting out the storm till its violence had subsided, or rather till almost all our opponents, wearied with our determination and dogged perseverance, had left the church for their homes. The virulence of feeling was such, that we were cursed along the road as we passed through the village late in the night, and stones were hurled at us as well as curses.

The more respectable Voluntaries in the country—the religious part of them as distinguished from the merely political—were very much ashamed of such outrageous proceedings; a full account of which we took good care to publish, knowing well how much they were calculated to weaken the hands of our opponents, and to strengthen ours.

During all this time, another and greater controversy than that of Church Extension was cropping up. Ten or fifteen years before, Dr. Andrew Thomson had boldly unfurled the banner of "Anti-Patronage," claiming for the people—not all and sundry, not the whole of the parishioners, but such as were members and in full communion with the parish church—a right to choose their own minister. Of course he was opposed by the patrons, and by all the Moderate party in the Church also at that time, who constituted an overwhelming and well-managed majority. He was secretly opposed likewise, and regarded as a dangerous Radical reformer, by a large number of the Evangelicals of his own party, who had got quite familiar with patronage, and were reconciled to it, though they did not deny that it was liable to abuse, and

was abused. Thomson was supported only by a few bold and daring spirits among the laity. I remember, when a country minister, attending one of his meetings in Edinburgh, where he delivered himself of a very humorous and clever and convincing speech, but I cannot recall the presence of one minister on the platform but himself.

For my part—while, as a student and preacher, I looked to patronage for a church—I hated the system, believing it to be as unscriptural as it was unfair and impolitic. I raised money for Dr. Thomson's Anti-Patronage Society, and had not been long settled in Arbirlot when I began to move in the direction of reform. The rights of the people in the choice of their own ministers was the question that finally ended in the great Disruption of 1843; having led—on the settlement of one or two ministers against the principle of the Veto Act—to a collision between the Church and the Civil Courts.

The "Veto Act," as I think I have already explained, was proposed and carried by that preponderating section of the Evangelical party who were not opposed out-and-out to patronage, but, on the contrary, favourable to its continuance under certain restrictions. By this Act, they proposed to give a negative effect to the ancient "call," and prevent any minister being settled over a congregation against the wish and will of the majority of its members, who were to hear the presentee on two different Sundays, and, if not satisfied, give in, without any reason being asked of them, their dissent to his appointment. On this, the Church, or rather the Presbytery within whose bounds the vacant parish stood, was to declare the presentation void, and require the patron to present another, to be accepted or rejected by the members of the congregation.

Such an Act we thought the Church had power to

pass, independent of the State and her courts. So Lord Moncrieff and Lord Jeffrey maintained; so, too, did Lord Glenlee—the oldest man and by far the ablest judge on the bench—and other lawyers of great eminence besides.

The astute and long-headed Dr. McCrie, who was perhaps better acquainted than any of them with the constitutional law of the Church of Scotland, and was certainly not behind any of them or all of them in sagacity and penetrating genius, was of a different opinion. He took a deep and most kindly interest in our struggles, but thought that, without the consent of the State, the Church had no right to pass even the Veto Act.

Dr. Chalmers had his doubts upon this point, and advised that application should be made in the first instance to the State; but he went in with the vastly preponderating majority in passing the Veto Act. This Act did not satisfy us Anti-Patronage men within the Church. We desired the entire abolition of patronage. But, though growing larger year by year, we were still a comparatively small handful. We had no influence in the councils of the Church, were regarded as wild and extreme men, when, in point of fact, in our case "wisdom dwelt with prudence."

Had Dr. Andrew Thomson lived beyond 1831—lived to sway, as he would have done, the Church and the country—there would probably have been no Disruption,—an event which was due to the desire of Lord Moncrieff and Dr. Chalmers to preserve patronage more than to any other circumstance.

Neither had there been any Disruption had the whole Evangelical party, instead of regarding us Anti-Patronage men as impracticable fools, adopted Andrew Thomson's policy: certain (through the change the Reform Bill had brought into the country, transferring a vast amount of political power from the favoured few to the many) of

ultimate and not very remote success. We should have stirred the whole country from Cape Wrath to the Border —and that had not been ill to do—to go to a Reformed Parliament asking a reform in the Church as well as in the State; asking that patronage—which was restored by Queen Anne's Government, and had remained ever since, contrary to the will of the people—should be utterly abolished. And with a little patience, our efforts in that direction would certainly have been crowned with success, to the extent, at least, of giving legal effect to the Veto Law, if not of altogether abolishing patronage.

Had the course above indicated been followed, we should have been kept out of the Courts of Law as to our right to pass the Veto Act. In these Courts we had very little chance of justice, for two reasons:—

First (speaking of them *en masse*), lawyers—with the exception of the town-clerk of Ephesus (who, if municipal institutions in Greece resembled those at home, must have been a lawyer)—have always shown a strong bias to curtail the liberties of the Church of Christ, and, with legal bonds, to bind her neck and heel to the State.

Secondly, we had a bad chance of justice, because some of those who were to sit in judgment on our case carried to the Bench the most intense antipathy to our principles; and had themselves taken an active part as elders in the Church Courts in ecclesiastical affairs, and in opposing and defeating the measures of the Evangelical party. They were very good men, I believe, but they were *men*; and carried to the Bench the passions and prejudices, which had been naturally gendered by the keen and active part which some of them had previously taken in Church politics.

Nor did the malign influence of this stop with the Courts of Law. The Government of the country, both the ministers of the Crown and the members of the two

Houses of Parliament, are naturally inclined to support the Courts of Law, and for this are rather to be commended than condemned; but in our case this was attended with very unfair and unfavourable results. These high powers sitting away in London knew little or nothing of Presbyterianism; ignorant, and ignorant almost to an incredible degree as Episcopalians in England are, of the characters and constitutions of other churches than their own. In a quarrel between the Civil Courts, which were their creatures, and the Church of Christ, that claimed independence for herself—owning no other authority but that of Christ, and no statute book but the Word of God—naturally, the Houses of Parliament decided against us, and in favour of the Civil Courts: the contest being one whose merits they did not comprehend, and, familiar as they were with the slavish subjection of the Church of England to the State, did not seem able to comprehend.

This conflict between the Church of Scotland on the one hand and the Law Courts of the State on the other, which began in 1833 and ended, with ever-growing vehemence and resolution on both sides, in the great Disruption of 1843, assumed, after what might be called a year or two of skirmishing, a very serious character.

The Church contended that, for the temporal advantages of her connection as an Establishment with the State, she had given up none of her spiritual rights; that, even as an Establishment, she had an independent jurisdiction with which, in matters of doctrine and discipline, the civil power and its courts had nothing to do; that their sphere of action was confined entirely to the temporalities belonging to the Church; that the power which gave these temporalities might have withheld them, and, if displeased with the Church's proceedings, might withdraw them; but that, beyond this, the State could not go, having no power to hinder the Church from ordaining

men to or deposing them from the ministry, according to the principles which she regarded as agreeable to the Word of God.

However unjust the proceedings might be, and however injurious to the best interests of the country, we admitted the right and power of the State, through her courts or otherwise, to deal as she saw meet with the temporalities (the manses, glebes, and stipends of the Establishment); but we maintained that Christ had, in His Church, a kingdom in this world separate and distinct from all earthly ones, whether monarchies or republics; that it was by the Acts of the Apostles, and not by Acts of Parliament, that the Church was to guide herself in all strictly spiritual matters.

We held, therefore, that the State could not hinder us from restoring to the people their rights in the election of a minister; nor from depriving a minister of his status, when, in our judgment, he had committed an offence for which he ought to be deposed.

It had been wise in the patrons and landed proprietors to have accepted the situation in which we had placed them. With State endowments, popular representation, and in all her courts a large proportion of the lay element, the Church of Scotland would have presented an Establishment rooted in the affections of the people; one of the strongest buttresses and pillars of our constitution; a Church with a vigorous system of superintendence and discipline; whose creed was in harmony with the sentiments of the people and whose ministers were not thrust in by patrons (who might be Infidels, Turks, Jews, or the grossest debauchees and worst livers of all the country round), but chosen for the office by the free voice and votes of the members in full communion.

However, as if they were intended in providence to illustrate the old saying that "whom God designs to ruin he first makes mad" (with the honourable exceptions of

the Marquis of Breadalbane, Mr. Fox Maule, now Earl of Dalhousie, and a few more of that class), all the aristocracy, and along with them almost all the gentry, were dead set against us. They, as they were warned they would have to do, "paid dear for their whistle." The Disruption opened up a gulf between them and the mass of the people—who, while the others became Episcopalians, adhered to their own Presbyterian faith—a gulf which has been alienating them from each other, and widening ever since that day. Those country parishes where the lairds had been in the habit of ruling supreme, received, in the Free Church and her principles, an element of discord which put an end for ever to this harmony; the lairds and lords losing much of their political power with a people who have been all along more alive to the value of their spiritual than of their civil rights and liberties, and who, in that, present a marked contrast to the English.

Having no resource, therefore, in Parliament, nor in the gentry of the country, nor in the Civil Courts, we had to turn to the people, and do our best and utmost to enlighten and alarm them. We did not commit the mistake which the sound party in the Church of England is now making, of slurring over her gross errors and abuses; covering up her wounds, instead of, as we did, exposing them; shrinking from holding public meetings; making no appeal to the masses and the multitudes of her ordinary adherents, but contenting themselves with a battle in the Court of Arches, and before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, where the people do not regard themselves as actors, but simply as spectators. The Evangelical clergy of the Church of England do not seem to have heard, or, if they have heard, to appreciate the shrewdness and wit of Dr. John Ritchie's reply to one who disapproved of his going up and down the country and resorting to agitation. "Agitation!" said

John, "what good in the world was ever done without agitation? We cannot make butter even without it!"

Like John Knox and his compeers at the era of the Reformation, like our Covenanting forefathers during their struggles and sufferings in the seventeenth century, we appealed from these Lairds and Lords and Judges and Members of Parliament, and all other parties who, through prejudice and otherwise, were opposed to us, to the people of the country; to the members of our congregations, to all and sundry who accounted Christ's Crown-rights and the people's privileges as sacred. For this end,—while, at a heavy cost to us poor ministers, we were taxing ourselves to meet the expenses which, though our lawyers gave their services for nothing, had to be incurred in defending our cause before the Civil Courts,—we were, in all seasons, under all circumstances, and in every parish into which we could get admittance (meeting in a barn or a loft if the church was shut against us), holding public meetings, in addition to frequent and anxious councils in Edinburgh.

The latter fell practically and ordinarily into the hands of some dozen ministers and as many laymen; and upon them especially fell with heavy weight the expenses attendant on these contentions and this agitation. Nothing but strong principle, a sense of duty and ardent enthusiasm, would have met the pecuniary demands thus made on men, who, in the quietest and happiest times, had no small difficulty in making the "two ends meet."

For some good while before the Disruption, we met on the morning of a fixed day in each week to hold such consultation and take such action as the state of the Church required; and, for the same purpose, I remember well of some half-dozen or dozen of us going out one morning every week to Morningside to breakfast with Dr. Chalmers there; and how, on one occasion, meeting Lord Cockburn on his way from his country-

seat to the Court of Session, he stopped me to ask what I and some other ministers he had previously met were doing out there at that hour of the morning; and how, on its being explained to the witty and humorous lord, he said, "How I wish you would invite me to these breakfasts!"

Amid much that was very serious and the subject of earnest prayer to Him, to whose guidance, as Head of the Church, we looked, and for whose right to rule in His own House we were, like our forefathers, contending, ludicrous things occasionally occurred to relieve the gravity of our situation.

I remember, for example, what happened at a meeting of our council, which Dr. —— had been invited to attend. This worthy man and accomplished scholar, who had for many years been a faithful preacher of the Gospel, was not often called to these meetings, not being, as we thought, eminently fitted to guide the Church through the storm and tempest. As the oldest minister present on the occasion referred to, he was asked to open the proceedings by prayer, and out burst in his first sentence, and to our astonished ears, his jealousy of us younger men, and his dissatisfaction with the little store set upon his influence and counsel. "Thou, Lord, who knowest all things," he began, "knowest for what purpose *we* have been called here. We do not know, as Thou, Lord, knowest." Serious as affairs looked at that time, with status and stipend in peril, and the fate of the Establishment depending, perhaps, on the resolution we were that day to come to, it was such an odd introduction to prayer, and odd way of hitting us through an address to the Divine Being, that most of us felt it very difficult to maintain our gravity.

I remember another occasion, when a much greater man made as weak an appearance, calling forth from Dr. Chalmers, beside whom I was sitting, one of those

severe expressions to which he occasionally gave way. No man of those who left the Church at the time of the Disruption was more highly or more justly esteemed than the venerable minister of ——. Honoured and respected by all his brethren, he was one of the most prudent and sagacious of the Church's counsellors.

Yet, as the heathen said, "Jupiter sometimes nods." Through derangement of the digestive organs or otherwise, the Doctor came to one of these council meetings in an unhappy mood; taking much and manifest offence, because the majority had resolved to follow another course than he had advised. On a new and still more important case coming on for discussion, each person round the table was asked *seriatim* for his opinion. On its coming to Dr. ——'s turn to deliver his, which we were prepared to pay the greatest respect to, he—referring to his advice being rejected in the former matter—said, "It appears that it does not matter here what *my* opinion is; pass on." On this, Chalmers, turning round his broad, German, Martin Luther face, fixed his strange, mysterious, fishy-like eyes on me, to whisper in his own peculiar style of speech, and what he would only have said on the spur of the moment, "There's no breadth about that man, sir!"

Knowing that, under God, our only chance of success lay in an appeal to the people, and stirring up the ancient spirit of our country and Covenanting forefathers from long years of sleep under the drowsy, deadening reign of Moderatism, frequent public meetings were held in Edinburgh, to be published in all the newspapers, and thus carry our principles, motives, ends, and the danger of the Church and country, into the remotest nooks of the land. The same was done in the provincial towns; and so well arranged and vigorously carried out was the campaign, that the country was divided into districts,

and arrangements made for holding in each as many public meetings as possible.

For this end, while some sat in the inner councils of the Church, playing no active part in the open field, as not peculiarly fitted for that department of work, others, specially fitted to lead a charge—to interest, entertain, instruct, and move to their will public assemblies—went down to address the people in the provinces, and on public platforms fight the battle with any who might have the courage to come forward on the other side.

These were stirring times; rousing the dullest from their lethargy; carrying subjects of keen debate into every household; dividing households; and, in not a few instances, alienating old friends. But we had a grand object in view, and felt ourselves called by conscience, and by the Word of God, to submit, in order to gain it, to any hardships, sacrifice, trial, or suffering.

How we went to work in rousing the people, organizing and working that machinery which, outside the Courts of Law and walls of Parliament, won a battle which was lost inside of them, and established the Free Church on such a broad and popular and scriptural basis as to defy all attempts to put her down, or prevent her development, may be illustrated by this example :—

Mr. Elder of Edinburgh, now of Rothesay, Mr. Begg of Liberton, now of Edinburgh, and I, were deputed to hold public meetings in the principal towns of Ayrshire, Dumfriesshire, and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright—a large district, where the Covenanters took deep root, overspreading the land, and furnishing many a martyr, ready, on the battle-field or on the scaffold, to seal with his blood his testimony on behalf of Christ to rule in His own House, and His sole right so to do.

When the arrangements of the campaign had been all made by correspondence, Mr. Elder and I set off inside

the Dumfries mail, while Mr. Begg reached the ground some other way. It must have been before the dawn of a cold, bitter winter day—as I remember of seeing dimly, in the grey of the morning, the church and manse of Tweedsmuir, which stands near the watershed of the Peeblesshire hills some thirty or forty miles from Edinburgh. It had been arranged that we should hold a meeting in Moffat on the evening of that day in the parish church, with which we were accommodated in consequence of the minister—then an old paralytic man—and his assistant being favourable to our side of the question. On arriving there to breakfast, frozen but not *dozened*, we found the town all astir, the assistant in great terror, and our friends in considerable dread of the result.

The other party, it was said, were to appear in the church, and meet us in public debate; led on by some people connected with the Tories of the town and with the aristocracy of the neighbourhood, among others, by a captain of the Royal Navy and a lawyer of considerable consequence and standing. The last had many friends and supporters thereabouts, belonging as he did to one of the two great clans who held such possession of Dumfriesshire in the days of old, that nobody had a chance of being recognised for hospitality or civility unless they belonged to one or other family.

Which reminds me of a story told of a poor wandering woman, who had crossed the Border and travelled north into Scotland till she was belated and benighted; she knocked at the door of a house where a light came streaming out at the window, and cast herself on the charity of its tenants, asking a morsel of bread and a night's lodging. This, her touching and simple appeal, "Is there no good Christian here who will have pity on me and take me in?"

"Na, na," was the answer of a rough voice, as the

door, which had been opened to her knocking, was rudely shut in her face, "there are nae Christians here; we are a' Johnstones and Jardines!"

Well, when the evening and the hour of meeting came, we repaired to the church, to find it crammed to the door by friends and foes, the former, however, as soon appeared, being by much the majority. And there, on the platform, prepared to give Mr. Elder and me battle, were the captain, the lawyer, and a number of their partisans. We had some skirmishing before Elder turned his guns on the enemy's position, which he did with such effect that the man-of-war officer sheered out of the fight; and I was left to fight and pound the lawyer, if I could, as well as Mr. Elder had done the gallant captain.

Events at that time succeeded each other so rapidly, our minds were constantly kept in such a state of tension, our attention occupied with such a variety of objects, and our days spent in such a whirl of excitement, that I have but a dim and hazy recollection of many things that occurred then. Only this I remember about Moffat—we finished off late at night with a great triumph, carrying the people along with us.

END OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE IN BRECHIN.

1803—1814.

WE have heard Dr. Guthrie tell with a smile, that strangers to his early history sometimes asked him if he had never been a sailor. They had formed that impression from observing how familiar he was with nautical terms, and how many of his most graphic illustrations, in pulpit and on platform, he drew from the working of a vessel, the wonders of the great deep, the horrors of a shipwreck. It was with surprise they learned that the longest sea-voyage he ever made lasted but a few days, and that the place of his birth and early years was not within sound or even sight of the sea. A glance at his writings shows how keen, too, was his delight in rural scenery of every kind. His spirits, always elastic, became in the country buoyant as a child's; yet his earliest recollections were neither of green fields nor shady woods, but of a noisy street, with dull grey houses on either side, in an old-fashioned provincial town.

He never regretted this "accident of his birth," or regarded it as other than God's wise arrangement for his welfare. Cowper was one of his favourite poets, but he disliked the well-known line:—

> "God made the country, and man made the town."

"Give me the city," he said, "with Christian neighbours at my door, and daily intercourse with genial

and congenial spirits. If I fall, I have them there that will help me up; if I flag, I have them there that will help me on. Manifold as are their evils, their temptations, and their snares, it is only in cities that piety enjoys the full benefit of the truth, 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the face of a man his friend.'"

Some of Scotland's most distinguished sons in recent times have come forth from her burgh towns. Dr. Chalmers was born in Anstruther; Sir David Brewster in Jedburgh; Hugh Miller in Cromarty; Robert and William Chambers in Peebles; and it was in Brechin, another of these quiet old Scotch burghs, that, on July 12, 1803, Thomas Guthrie was born, and there chiefly that he spent the first twenty-seven years of his life.

His nature was one peculiarly susceptible of influence from early associations; and though the place of his birth had possessed neither romantic site nor venerable antiquity, Brechin would have had a charm to the subject of this memoir, as the spot round which his earliest memories gathered. Though Dr. Guthrie has not described his birthplace in his Autobiography, there are numerous allusions to it scattered through his writings, and it had a strong hold of his affections to the last. Every year he visited it several times. Those who accompanied him on these occasions remember how, when its three clustered towers came in sight, he would hail them with fresh admiration; and how, after his arrival beneath the old roof-tree, he enjoyed a leisurely stroll in the evening sunshine along the street, acknowledging the kindly welcome and salutations of every little group; his beaming face seeming to say here, as nowhere else, "I dwell among mine own people."

In the good old coaching days, the great high road from the south to Aberdeen passing through it, Brechin was, in a sense, better known than it is now. Lying

off the line of the East Coast Railway, and connected with it only by a branch, the ordinary traveller through Forfarshire catches but a momentary glimpse of Brechin, as he is carried past it some four miles to the east.

The population of Brechin, which is now eight thousand, in Dr. Guthrie's childhood little exceeded five. With a fair proportion of professional men and traders, the bulk of the inhabitants were in these days weavers of linen cloth. The steam factories of the modern town had no existence seventy years ago; and the humbler streets resounded to the cheerful click-clack of the hand-loom, visible through almost every open door. What improvement, too, in the condition of its working-classes in the interval! "I remember, when a boy in Brechin," said Dr. Guthrie in 1868, "if there was a funeral, those of the working men who attended appeared attired in clothes of as many colours as were in Joseph's coat. This man appeared in blue, another in grey, a third in white, and a fourth in black. At funerals of the working class of people which I have attended there since, I have seen them with as good black coats on their backs as I have; and I am happy to see it. When I was a boy in the town of Brechin, there was not a working man who had a watch. There were only two gold watches, and they were the wonder of the place; but now the working men have all their watches."

As an old Episcopal seat, Brechin is entitled by courtesy to the designation of a "city;" but, apart from its memorials of the past, the interior aspect of the place has little to distinguish it from any other Scotch burgh of its size. With Brechin as with more important places, it is distance that lends enchantment to the view. Seen from the neighbouring heights, owing to its remarkable situation, it is picturesquely distinctive, almost unique. A very steep, winding street, a mile in

length, conducts the visitor from the higher portion of the town to the river South Esk; and when he has crossed the bridge, and ascended some way the opposite bank, let him turn round, and he can scarce fail to be struck by the scene before him. The town seems to hang upon the sunny slope of a fertile, wooded valley; the river, widening above the bridge into a broad expanse of deep still water, reflects in its upper reaches the ancient trees which fringe the precipitous rock on which Brechin Castle* stands, fit home for a feudal baron; while immediately to the right of the castle, and on a still higher elevation, rise the grey spires of the Cathedral and the adjoining Round Tower. The middle distance is occupied by the town itself, descending, roof below roof, to the green meadow which borders the stream; and, for background, at a distance of some ten miles to the north, rises the long, blue range of the Grampians.

In the ecclesiastical annals of Scotland, more than in her secular history, Brechin holds a notable place. That "sair sanct for the croun" David I. erected it, as far back as 1150, into a bishopric, and endowed it with many a broad acre. But long before the Romish prelates ruled, Brechin had an ecclesiastical importance of the first class. This is evidenced by the famous Culdee Round Tower which Dr. Guthrie delighted to show to strangers, as at once the glory and enigma of his native place.

Referring to these interesting remains of antiquity, he writes:—"Close by the old cathedral stands the finest specimen extant of those round towers whose origin is lost amid the mists of an extreme antiquity.† England

* The seat of the Earl of Dalhousie, whose ancestor, Sir Thomas Maule, in 1303, defended Brechin Castle against Edward I., during a siege of twenty days.

† Hector Boethius, in his Latin History of Scotland, under the reign of Malcolm II. (1001-1031), represents the Danes as assailing and sacking "Brethenum vetus Pictorum oppidum." He adds: "Veteris vero fani præter turrim quandam rotundam mira arte constructam nullum ad nostra secula remanserit vestigium."

has none. They were once rather numerous in Ireland; and Scotland retains still the only two she ever had—one at Brechin; the other, a much less imposing structure, at Abernethy, on the banks of the Tay. Near by that tower in Brechin stood a principal station of the Culdees, those first and early missionaries who, coming originally from Ireland, and having their chief seat in Iona, converted the Scotch to the Christian faith. Their college—of which the name, attached to some gardens, still survives—stood under the shadow of that beautiful tower, the graceful monument of an older and purer faith than Popery; and it was probably from their hands that it received—in a figure of our Lord on the Cross, which stands above the doorway, flanked on either side by the mouldering form of a pilgrim—the Christian emblems it bears.

"In the old cathedral church of Brechin, before it was defaced and disfigured by modern so-called improvements, there was a fine old Gothic window, through whose open work of columns the setting sun poured its flood of light on pulpit and on preacher. The cathedral is now the parish church,* having been turned into a place of Protestant worship; though, like cathedrals everywhere, with its long lines of massive Gothic pillars, as little fitted as it was intended for the preaching of the Gospel.

"Thus, within a space more limited than is perhaps to be found anywhere else—as a geological map shows the various strata that constitute the crust of the earth,—this old city of Forfarshire shows us, in Culdee, in Popish, and in Protestant objects, monuments of the successive religious faiths and forms of the country."

The house in which Mr. Guthrie was born stands in the upper part of Brechin. The open space in front, where four

* Beyond the eastern wall of the parish church, a few ivied arches of the roofless choir remain, beneath which rests the dust of Dr. Guthrie's near kindred.

streets meet, is locally termed "The 'Prentice Neuk," and was in his boyhood, as it is still, a sort of rendezvous for half the apprentices and idlers of the town at meal-hours and in the evenings; while each Tuesday (the weekly market-day) saw it filled with a close-packed crowd of farmers and country people in their best attire—a noisy, animated, amusing throng. Along this upper street, too, rattled into town each day the once-famous four-horse "Defiance," frequently driven by Barclay of Ury or Ramsay of Barnton, two notable Scotch lairds, predecessors, in a sense, of the men who form the London "Coaching Clubs" of modern days. As the passengers stopped to bait in Brechin, the idlers of the place were brought into temporary contact with the great world outside their "little bourg," and sometimes got a glimpse of famous men. A sister of Dr. Guthrie used to tell how, sitting one afternoon by the window, long ago, she observed a youthful stranger who had emerged from the coach walk down the street, leaning on the arm of another gentleman. His appearance irresistibly awakened her curiosity. "What a handsome man!" she exclaimed, as she summoned the rest of the family group to the window, "but how sad that he is lame!" It was not till the coach had resumed its journey to Aberdeen she learned that the man thus admired and commiserated was Lord Byron.

The household of which Thomas Guthrie formed a part was a large and loving one. He was the twelfth child and the sixth son of David Guthrie and Clementina, his wife, whose maiden name was Cay. Thirteen children were born to them, of whom ten grew up. William, the eldest, went to sea, and is long dead. David succeeded his father in business, and died in 1854. John, who died in 1828, was a banker in Brechin. Alexander became a medical man, and practised in his native county for no less than sixty years. His professional reputation

throughout Forfarshire and the adjacent counties was very great. Dr. Alexander Guthrie died in Brechin, in 1869, after a life of eminent usefulness. Charles was a military officer in the East India Company's service, and died in India, in 1844. Patrick, the youngest, became a paper manufacturer in Brechin, and died there in 1871. Three daughters, Helen, Jane, and Clementina, grew up to womanhood: none of them ever married, and the eldest is now the sole survivor of the family.

The father of this family was a notable man in his way. Sprung from a race of hardy yeomen, who for two centuries had been farmers on the "braes of Angus," and chiefly in Menmuir, a neighbouring parish,* David Guthrie came to Brechin a very young man, with no relatives in trade there, nor special advantages of any kind. Yet such were his aptitude for business, his integrity, his kindliness of manner, that almost at once he drew to himself the good-will of the townspeople; and we find his name in the records of the burgh for 1783 as a member of Council, when he was but twenty-two years of age. In 1803, when his son Thomas was born, he was one of the Bailies, and, from 1815, presided for several years over the old city as Provost or chief magistrate.† In that position, for reasons which his son has explained in the Autobiography, he possessed an amount even of political influence which might seem disproportionate

* In describing Menmuir churchyard, the author of the "Lands of the Lindsays" notices an old monument there, marking "the burial-place of a family surnamed Guthrie, one or other of the members of which have borne an active part in the municipal affairs of the city of Brechin for the past seventy years. As a family, they are still the most considerable traders of that city, and the present Provost (1853) and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Guthrie, famous as the advocate of ragged schools, are sons of the late chief magistrate. The principal farms of Menmuir were once tenanted wholly by Guthries, and the small estate of Burnside was owned by one of them."

† Curiously enough, the provostship has continued almost uninterruptedly in his family ever since; two sons—David and Alexander, already named—and two grandsons, Colonel Guthrie and Dr. John Guthrie (the present Provost) having held the office in succession.

both to the size of Brechin, and to his own personal importance. A curious illustration of this occurred in 1820. In that year a Tory, Mr. Mitchell, contested the Montrose Burghs with the famous Radical, Joseph Hume. The common people of Brechin, were, almost to a man, in favour of Hume. But the Provost, Dr. Guthrie's father, was a Tory, and his influence was greatly dreaded by the mob. On that memorable occasion they burned his effigy in the street before his own door, paraded the yellow colours of the party, and shouted under his windows —every pane of glass in which they smashed—

"Hume for ever, Mitchell never!"

Nor was the riot quelled and order restored till the arrival of three companies of infantry from Perth and Aberdeen.

But Provost Guthrie was more and better than an influential citizen and successful man of business. From a very early period of life he was known to be a man who "feared God above many." His life-long consistency and signal honour in commercial transactions were sustained by a constant regard to a Heavenly Father's eye. Never did he allow the cares of the world outside to make him neglect either his own highest welfare or that of his children. In the best and truest sense, as well as in the more literal one, he was careful to provide for "those of his own house."

It is evident, from the language he employs in his Autobiography,* that Dr. Guthrie had originally intended to tell us more than he has done of both his parents. This want, however, in regard to his father at least, is partly made up for by an instructive picture which he gives of a Sabbath-day in the house at Brechin, where the sire was both priest and king.

Referring, in his "Sundays Abroad," to the sneers

* Page 14.

in which ignorant and irreligious men have indulged on the matter of Scottish Sabbath observance, he says—

"The best answer I can, perhaps, furnish to these libels affecting Scotland is to draw an honest and candid picture of the manner in which the Lord's-day was observed in the home of my youth. Conversation about the ordinary business of life was not engaged in, nor allowed. No letters were taken from the post-office, nor any but religious books read. Nor were the newspapers looked at, although in these days our armies were in the battle-field fighting the French. No walk was taken but in the garden, and to the church, which we attended regularly, both forenoon and afternoon. In the evening, my father, who had the catechism—the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines—at his fingers' ends, as they say, used to put us through our drill in its questions and theology; and I think I see him still, in his knee-breeches, white woollen stockings, and white cravat —his costume both on Sunday and Saturday—tall, erect, his dark crisp hair dashed with grey, walking up and down the floor of the dining-room, as was his wont, with nine children and three women servants ranged up by the walls, each in turn having a question to answer. Besides this, the younkers had to repeat portions of the Psalms which they had committed to memory, and also the texts of the day, while an elder brother, who had a powerful intellect and gigantic memory, gave a summary of the sermons. The Sabbath passed away like a flood that fertilizes the land it overflows, leaving a blessing behind it."

In his external appearance, however, as well as mental constitution, Thomas Guthrie was more his mother's than his father's son; adding another to the many instances on record of eminent men about whom this has been true, explain it how we may.

Some members of the family, his soldier brother Charles (so often mentioned in the Autobiography) in particular, inherited the father's blue eye, fresh, fair skin, curling hair, and comparatively slight figure; while others, of whom Thomas was one, derived from their mother a precisely opposite physique—a tall, broad frame, dark complexion, lank hair, lint-white in his childhood, though

black in mature years, deep-set grey eyes, long, prominent nose, and thin, mobile lips.

Without her husband's *bonhomie* (for her manner was reserved) Mrs. Guthrie possessed a more marked individuality. While both were godly and walked as "heirs together of the grace of life," her singular decision of character came out in a resolution to abandon the parish church, after many years of attendance there along with her husband.

Provost Guthrie remained in the Establishment; and while he, escorted by the town officers in quaint costume, and carrying halberts, proceeded on the Sabbath morning to his place in the "Magistrates' Loft" of the State Church, his worthy partner, along with her eldest son and daughter, who had joined their mother, wended her way to the humble meeting-house in "Maisondieu Vennel,"* where she worshipped with a small flock of plain but pious people.

Not that this excellent woman had adopted views adverse to the Church of Scotland as an Establishment. She was born within its pale, and till middle life had no thought of quitting it; but she felt that the welfare of her own soul, the importance of getting spiritual food on the Lord's day, must overrule all other considerations; and so she sought the teaching of Mr. Blackadder, and joined herself to the communion of the Seceders. Speaking in the General Assembly of the Free Church in 1863, when supporting a proposal for a union between his own Church and the United Presbyterian (the modern representative of the Seceders of his early days), Dr. Guthrie said:—"One of my parents—a sainted mother—became a Seceder, while other two members of my family felt themselves constrained, by the thrusting in of an un-

* The Seceder meeting-house, which Mrs. Guthrie attended, stood opposite the ruins of an old Roman Catholic chapel, founded in the thirteenth century, called Maisondieu (God's House), which gives its name to the lane, or "vennel," where it stood.

popular minister into the collegiate charge of Brechin, to leave the parish church; and (in consequence of the accommodation in the parish church being deficient) when we were young we were sent to the Secession church. Indeed, until I became a 'preacher,' I generally worshipped on the Sabbath evenings in the Burgher church of Brechin, and I do not think I lost anything by that."

It would be impossible to exaggerate the influence of his mother on her son's future career. He never spoke of her but with the profoundest reverence; and to her prayers, her piety, and precepts, he undoubtedly owed more than to any other human influence. To use the quaint expression employed by an old retainer in the family, when speaking of his earliest days, "He drank in the Gospel with his mother's milk."

Here is his own testimony:—"It was at my mother's knees that I first learned to pray; that I learned to form a reverence for the Bible as the inspired word of God; that I learned to hold the sanctity of the Sabbath; that I learned the peculiarities of the Scottish religion; that I learned my regard to the principles of civil and religious liberty, which have made me hate oppression, and, whether it be a pope, or a prelate, or a patron, or an ecclesiastical demagogue, resist the oppressor."

Very few persons are now alive who could tell anything of the early childhood of a man who was born seventy years ago. His sister, who still survives, though his senior by many years, remembers that one day, when three or four years of age, Thomas had strayed by himself into the streets. Getting bewildered, he began to cry in great bitterness, but was able to give no account of himself to the passers-by save only, "I'm Tammy, I'm Tammy!" and it was some time before the little fellow with the long, very fair hair and bright eyes was recognised and led home.

A very aged woman, Bell Rait, is still alive in Perthshire who was a servant in the house of Dr. Guthrie's father when Thomas was born, and remained in the family till his eighth year, about which time she had a very dangerous illness. On being asked recently what had been her impression of Thomas at that early age, she characterized him as a "real ready-witted, sympatheesin' kind o' a laddie!"

In his Autobiography, Dr. Guthrie mentions that his youngest brother was able to read the New Testament when but three years old. He himself did not share this precocity. In truth, neither at school nor college did he attain any special distinction. It has been remarked that some duxes at school and prizemen at the university have run too soon to seed, and in after-years been heard of no more; while on the contrary—comforting fact for the parents of dull boys—not a few who have become distinguished men made no figure at all in their educational career. Anyhow, while Thomas Guthrie as a boy was occasionally dux, and therefore no dunce, yet neither was he a prodigy. He inherited an excellent constitution and a flow of animal spirits that found vent in many a stand-up fight, in swimming, and other athletic exercises; at that period the brain-power had not made its superiority apparent, nor are there any evidences that as yet his imagination was specially developed. All this was to come by-and-by.

In one of his sermons he has recorded an interesting reminiscence of the earliest period of his intellectual life in the following description of his first humble preceptor, Jamie Stewart:—

"Of all men, he cannot fail to enjoy the most exquisite pleasure in the beauties of nature who carries a pious spirit to her fields, and sees his Father mirrored in them all; who hears his praise sung in the voices of groves, or pealed forth in the roar of thunder. Such was the spirit of a venerable

old man, who shed on a lowly station the lustre of heaven-born graces. When the storm cleared the busy street, and sent others in haste to their homes, he was wont to leave his loom and shuttle, and step fearless into the war of elements. With his grey head uncovered, and his eye devoutly raised to heaven, he would watch the flash, and listen to the burst of the roaring thunder—replying to those who expressed their wonder at his aspect and attitude, 'It's my Father's voice, and I like well to hear it.' What a fine example of the perfect love that casteth out fear! Happy is that people that is in such a case, yea happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

The special domestic circumstances in which Providence cast the early lot of Dr. Guthrie are not to be overlooked in enumerating the elements which combined to develop that faculty of observation which stood him in such good stead all his life long. Living in a town, his mind was early called into activity; his father having an intimate connection not only with the whole community of the burgh, but with a large country district around, his son, even in boyhood, was brought into contact with varied classes of people; and, being an eager listener, he was ever picking up information about Church matters, politics, trade, and agriculture. All this time, his intense delight in nature and in the lower creatures was fostered by repeated visits to his rural kinsfolk in Angus and the Mearns.

In his boyhood, his paternal grandfather* was alive at the farmhouse of Knowhead, in Menmuir; while no fewer than five of his father's brothers occupied farms within a moderate distance from Brechin,—after the names of which (in the fashion of the time) they were styled respectively "Findourie," "Balfour," "Cookston," "Pitmudie," and "Maisondieu."

The last named of these farmhouses had very nearly been the scene of a sad tragedy. It seems that Thomas was in the habit of going, along with his brother Charles,

* See p. 9 of the Autobiography.

to his uncle's farm at Maisondieu, a mile from Brechin. One Saturday the two boys happened to find their uncle's gun. Little thinking it was loaded, they amused themselves by snapping its flint-lock, pointing the fowling-piece at each other. While so engaged, the gun, to their horror, went off, and the charge lodged deep in the opposite wall, where it long continued to be shown. We have heard Dr. Guthrie describe this event, and gratefully acknowledge the providence of God in the very room where it occurred.

His parents had from his childhood desired that this son should be a minister, and, subject to God's will, had destined him for the sacred office in the Church of Scotland. In so doing, it cannot be doubted that one element which influenced them was the prospect of securing him an appointment to a parish through the patronage his father could secure. But it would be a grievous mistake, and injustice to them, to suppose that they had no higher or purer aims than his temporal provision. In common with godly Scottish parents of the richer as well as poorer class, they cherished the honourable ambition of rearing one son at least for the Lord's service in the ministry. As illustrative of this feeling, Dr. Guthrie tells an anecdote in which he humorously introduces another Brechin citizen, alive in his youthful days:—

"An honest countryman came one day to Mr. Linton (head master of the grammar school) with a *halflin'*, a long, empty chap, who had taken it into his head that he would have some little learning. Said the father, 'Mr. Linton, ye see, my laddie's fond o' lear', and I'm thinking o' makin' a scholar o' him.' 'But,' said Mr. Linton, looking at the youth, and not seeing any sign that there was much in him, 'What are you to make of him?' 'You see, Mr. Linton,' rejoined the father—and it showed how sound the old Scotchman was—'if he gets

grace, we'll make a minister o' him!' 'Oh, but,' says Mr. Linton, 'if he does not get grace, what will you make of him then?' 'Weel, in that case,' said the parent, 'if he disna get grace, we'll just mak' a *dominie* o' him!'"

Many a student did Dr. Guthrie in after years welcome to his house in Edinburgh, and none with such special pleasure as ministers' sons, who, born in Scottish manses, and having chosen their fathers' profession, had come up to study for the Church. But Dr. Guthrie was not himself a "child of the manse." He did not even belong, as some of God's most honoured servants in the Scottish Church have done, to a "Levitical family." Dr. Chalmers, for example, born like Dr. Guthrie in a country town where his father was in trade, had close ties to the Church by descent. Many of his relatives, both on the father's and mother's side, had been ministers in the Church of Scotland. But for well-nigh two centuries, so far as we can now trace, there had not been a single minister in Dr. Guthrie's family or among his connections.

His parents, however, had a special liking for ministers and their work. The sainted Robert Coutts had lived at their desire, for the first six months of his ministry in Brechin, under their roof. To all the clergy of the town, Churchmen and Dissenters alike, the Provost's house had an ever-open door, and at his table would invariably be met one or more of the country brethren on the weekly market-day.

In this well-ordered home, growing up amid many pleasant and profitable influences, young Thomas Guthrie's early youth passed away. The time came at length when the boy of twelve years left home for that Scottish capital, which he had never yet seen, and little thought he was one day to know so well. There can be no doubt he was speaking from his own personal recollection, when in the following passage he describes

"that eventful morning when [we] first left a father's house; and, as the gates of that happy sanctuary slowly opened for our departure, amid tears and many a kind farewell, watched by a father's anxious eye and followed by a mother's prayers, we pushed out our bark on the swell of life's treacherous sea. That day—the turning-time of many a young man's history, the crisis of his destiny—may have exerted an influence as permanent on our fate as its impression remains indelible on our memory."*

It was at what we should now consider the preposterously early age of twelve years, that Thomas Guthrie was sent to the University of Edinburgh.

He left Brechin for the capital in November, 1815. Five or six generations had passed away since another youth, bearing the name of Guthrie, had gone forth from Brechin to study for the ministry of the Scottish Church. It was about 1634 that William Guthrie,† cousin to the martyr, left his father's house, close to Brechin, for the University of St. Andrew's.

The accounts which have come down to us of William Guthrie's appearance, eloquence, and character read almost as if they were a description of the subject of this memoir. The following portrait of that Guthrie of the seventeenth century, drawn by his contemporaries, is one for which (by a strange coincidence) the Guthrie of the nineteenth might have sat:—

"His person was tall and slender, his countenance of a fine cast between the grave and cheerful. His liveliness of imagination made his conversation very varied and interesting; and he could with equal ease throw a gleam of cheerfulness over the countenances of his friends, and sink them in deepest thought, by the alternate facetiousness and gravity of his remarks."

"His gifts were great—strong natural parts, a clear head, and a sound heart. His voice was of the best sort, loud, and

* Gospel in Ezekiel, p. 28. † See Autobiography, p. 6.

yet managed with charming cadences and elevations; his oratory singular, and by it he was master of the passions of his hearers. His action in preaching was more than ordinary, yet it was all decent and taking in him. But the peculiar charm in his sermons was the glow of evangelical feeling and sentiment which pervaded the whole. . . . . The pointedness and adaptation of his illustrations sent home to the plainest understandings the truths which he expounded. From the treasures of God's word he brought forth things new and old, and his invention and power seemed as inexhaustible as the materials he had to work upon. No wonder then that his popularity as a preacher was great."

"No difference in church opinions could destroy that love he had for all men. During his last sickness, he was visited by the Bishop of Brechin, and several episcopal ministers. He was gathered to his fathers upon Wednesday forenoon, October 10th, 1665, and was buried in the church of Brechin, under Pitforthy's desk."

Although this "Scots Worthy," therefore, died in Brechin well-nigh a hundred and forty years ere Thomas Guthrie was born, we might almost believe that the Covenanting preacher had reappeared in the person of him who has so lately gone from us, sprung from the same locality, bearing the same surname, and manifesting through life the spirit of the same family motto—"*Sto pro Veritate.*" *

* I stand for the truth.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE TO ORDINATION.

1815—1830.

Few of Dr. Guthrie's college associates now survive. One of the few, the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, of Dalkeith, a valued friend in after years, thus writes :—

"I remember well your father at college. He was accompanied by John Whyte,* in part as tutor, chiefly as companion and friend. Whyte belonged to the same part of the country, was a sedate, persevering man, had made considerable advances in scholarship, and was in many respects suitable for the place he held. When Mr. Guthrie came to Edinburgh, young as he then was, he was as tall, or nearly so, as when he reached full maturity. Thin, of course, and large-boned, he gave promise physically of becoming the man he afterwards was. He gave evidence, too, of the existence in germ of all the best

* For Mr. Whyte, Dr. Guthrie continued to cherish a real regard. He "stayed in" at the Disruption ; and, after having reached a very mature age as a "preacher," got, shortly after 1843, the vacant parish of Lethnot near Brechin, where he died in 1854. The first time Mr. Whyte encountered Dr. Guthrie after the Disruption was on the streets of Brechin. He was not sure (as he told a friend immediately thereafter) whether his old pupil, the now famous Free Church minister, would "cut" him or not, and he was much gratified by the kindly greeting, just as of old. (For, we may here remark, Dr. Guthrie was careful to distinguish between those ministers who, like Mr. Whyte, remained in the Church consistently with their principles, and those who remained in by abandoning them.) "Mr. Whyte, I am delighted to see you. Man, how fat and comfortable-looking you are grown ! Lethnot Manse seems to agree with you," was Dr. Guthrie's salutation. And when Mr. Whyte meekly expressed his regret that he could not return the compliment, "Ah, friend," said Dr. Guthrie, laughing heartily, "if you had been as long on the Sustentation Fund as me, you would have been as thin as I am !" Along with Dr. Guthrie, we visited Mr. Whyte in the Manse of Lethnot, in 1850, when the two friends spent a long summer day reviving the memories of student life in Edinburgh.

qualities which were developed in his future life. In the capacious trunk he brought with him from the country there was an ample supply of butter, cheese, eggs, oatcakes, ham, home-made bread, and, in short, all kinds of dairy or farm produce; and these good things he shared with a generous heart and a liberal hand with his young college friends, who were not unwilling to respond to his kindness. I believe, indeed, that John Whyte's interference sometimes became necessary to check or restrain the profusion. When, in the course of the session, a substantial box, replenished with such attractive contents to boys or young collegians—with sometimes scanty fare in their own lodgings, and keen appetites—from time to time arrived, Thomas Guthrie was wont to give a breakfast party, which, seasoned with his good humour, was always acceptable to his guests.

"He was a great favourite. His exceeding naturalness, his social and overflowing kindness, his laughing eye, his ready wit, even when he was comparatively a boy, gave distinct augury to the intelligent observer of the kind of man he would become in after years."

Akin to these recollections of Dr. Macfarlane's are some others, furnished by one in whose mother's house, No. 15, Buccleuch Street, Mr. Guthrie and his youngest brother Patrick lodged during part of their student days in Edinburgh. Though but a girl at the time, our informant retains the most vivid remembrance of the tall, dark student, whose genial nature filled the house with sunshine. She remembers the arrival, at regular intervals, of the box from Brechin, its stores arranged by a mother's careful hand. She recalls his fondness for physical experiments; and tells of an "electrical wheel" which their lodger possessed, under whose influence he insisted, in the hope of effecting a cure, on daily bringing the old rheumatic milkman who came to their house. But chiefly she remembers how her mother was impressed by the family worship which the brothers maintained in their parlour, to the door of which she would steal in the evenings to listen. Come in at what hour they might, this exercise was never omitted; the younger brother generally reading tho chapter, while the elder

prayed. Accustomed to have students as lodgers, this practice struck Mrs. Stewart from its being so rare with the young men who frequented her house,—among "medicals" hardly to be thought of, nor among students even of the graver profession by any means universal.

It was from her house, towards the end of the session 1823-24, that the brothers were hastily summoned to their father's deathbed in Brechin. Years passed by, and Mrs. Stewart often wondered what had become of her favourite lodger; when, one day in 1837, her daughter read aloud from the newspaper that a "Rev. Thomas Guthrie" was presented by the Edinburgh Town Council to the Church of Old Greyfriars. Could it be the divinity student from Brechin? Mrs. Stewart was a Seceder, but took care to be in Old Greyfriars the first Sunday when the "presentee" should preach. There was no mistaking him; she returned home delighted at the recognition, astonished by the sermon, and with quite an increased sense of her own importance.

On that Sabbath morning, Mr. Guthrie was so completely a stranger to his new congregation that he passed the very elders at the church "plate" without their knowing who he was. His old landlady was thus one of the very few among the audience who recognised him. Besides her, however, there was another, in whose case the recognition arose out of the following ludicrous incident of Mr. Guthrie's college days. In his Autobiography he tells of occasionally attending the Old Greyfriars Church, to hear Dr. Inglis. It appears that some fellow-students and he used to avail themselves on those occasions of the "Elders' Pew"—a raised platform in front of the pulpit—which was comparatively empty. This presumption gave great offence; and, on their arrival one particular Sunday, they found all access to it barred by a strong lock on the door. For a

moment, they were nonplussed, routed apparently; the main body was commencing a retreat down the aisle, when, to the amazement, if not amusement, of the congregation, a youth, much taller than the rest, and whose features were strongly marked, with one spring vaulted over the locked door, and was speedily followed in the same unceremonious fashion by his companions. Thomas Guthrie was the ringleader on that occasion. Little did the worthy elders, who had locked their pew against him, dream that he was to take possession of the pulpit itself by-and-by! Our informant never forgot that student's appearance; and when, many years thereafter, Mr. Guthrie entered the pulpit for the first time, great was Mr. Paton's astonishment, as he whispered to his mother, "That's the same long student who jumped into the elders' seat!"

During one of his later sessions at Edinburgh, Mr. Guthrie and his younger brother were joined in their lodgings by a third student from Brechin, who was to Mr. Guthrie even as a brother. This was James Martin, minister first of the rural parish of Glenisla, in Forfarshire, and afterwards (as successor to Dr. Andrew Thomson) of St. George's Church, Edinburgh. He is mentioned incidentally in the Autobiography; but, knowing how strong was the attachment between them, we name him here as one who exercised a salutary influence on the early life of Mr. Guthrie, to whom he was senior by three years. The families to which they respectively belonged were very intimate, while the destination of both these young men being the ministry added a hallowed bond to that of natural affection.

Martin died in his early prime at Leghorn, whither he had gone in search of health, in 1834; and the following letter, written to his only sister by Dr. Guthrie, when visiting Italy thirty-one years thereafter, forms a touching testimony to the depth and permanence of this early friendship:—

"*Leghorn*, 29*th March*, 1865.

"MY DEAR MRS. OGILVIE,—I had this day the melancholy pleasure of visiting the beautiful spot where your brother, my oldest and beloved friend, sleeps in Jesus, waiting a glorious resurrection. What sacred and tender memories did it revive! Our boyhood; our college days; my pleasant and happy visits to Glenisla; his warm affection for me, and mine to him; your father, and mother, and John; and—what I have often thought of—what two brothers we had been, had it pleased God that he had been spared to be a brother minister with me in Edinburgh. As I told them here, when they wondered at my great anxiety to visit Mr. Martin's tomb, I don't remember the time when I did not know and love him. It is a grand and blessed prospect, to look forward to a meeting which knows no parting. 'He is not dead, but sleepeth.'

"I saw violets, and many beautiful and to us strange flowers, growing in the cemetery. But I thought (although they will be, what his memory will never be, withered before this reaches you) you would be best pleased with these two or three daisies that David and I plucked from his very grave. Besides that,—they are flowers not common in Italy, but peculiarly belonging to the dens and braes where we played many a happy day. I plucked also a branch from the cypress that flings its shadow on his tomb.

"Yours very affectionately

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

From 1815 to 1824 Mr. Guthrie came up regularly to the University of Edinburgh, and after receiving licence returned again for the session 1825-26. His college training was thus unusually complete, extending over ten years. But the result was more the acquisition of general culture than of "scholarship," in the academic sense of the word. For theology itself, as a *science*, he had no special talent or taste. It is true that the professors who at that period filled the chairs in the Divinity Hall were not men likely to fire their students with enthusiasm; but neither had he in after life any relish for critical works in Biblical exegesis or folios of systematic theology. To classical scholarship he made no pretension; mental philosophy he positively shunned. The one subject for which he had a special aptitude was

undoubtedly physical science; but he does not seem to have devoted himself to any one department of study with that undivided application which is requisite to the obtaining of academic honours. Nevertheless, though he could not be termed, in the strict sense of the word, a "student," it was not because he was not studious, far less that he was indolent. His note-books of professors' lectures, carefully and laboriously kept, remain to prove his diligence; and all through his college career, even when carrying on his studies during the holidays, he rose before six o'clock.

During his whole college life, his reading in general literature was of an unusually varied kind;* and doubtless the extent and variety of the knowledge acquired in these ten years proved to him of greater value than the possession of "scholarship," strictly so called, however accurate or extensive. But he was far from undervaluing erudition when he met it in other men. In his own words, "I do not depreciate classical learning. I know little of it; but that is not my boast, but my regret; and, had I time, I would even yet begin my classes anew."

It was during his last session in Edinburgh before "taking licence" that Mr. Guthrie's father died. The very first letter of his which has been preserved is of date 1823, and is addressed to his father; in it he inquires anxiously about his failing health. But it was

* He used to tell of his breakfasting in college days at Dr. Buchanan's, in Reid's Court, off the Canongate. The old minister made a point of inquiring at each student severally what books he had been perusing during the recess. In reply to the question, Mr. Guthrie was ready with quite a long and varied list. More fortunate he, than a somewhat aged and uncultured aspirant to the ministry from the north, whom he met there one morning, and of whom he used to tell the following:— "Well, Mr. ———," kindly asked the venerable Doctor, "and what have *you* been reading?" "Sermons, Sir." "Very good, very good," replied Dr. Buchanan, "most suitable for a student of theology. But, my dear sir, you have probably extended your reading in other directions. Pray, what have you been doing in general literature—poetry or philosophy, for example?" The poor fellow was quite at sea. He stared wildly; but at last, recollecting Hervey's famous "Meditations," gasped out, "'Amang the Tomes'!"

with all the shock of a sudden surprise to the two brothers in Edinburgh, as their landlady's daughter remembers, that a letter reached them one day in March, 1824, to say that, if they wished to see their father in life, they must leave Edinburgh at once. The mail was gone, and they had to post all the way north to Brechin—eighty miles. The dying man lived a week after their arrival. When Dr. Guthrie was lying on his own death-bed at St. Leonards, in February of this year (1873), (as if the circumstances—a dying father surrounded by his family, some of whom had arrived from a distance—recalled the scene at Brechin fifty years before) he spoke a great deal of his father's last days, even of the minutest details:—"I remember," he said, "after they told my father of our arrival, hearing him remark through the open door of the room where he lay, 'I'm glad the lads have come. I do not wish greatness for my sons, but that they may fear the Lord.' My father's state of mind was very blessed, though his bodily distress was so great that his laboured breathing could be heard through the whole house. That sound," Dr. Guthrie continued, "haunted me for weeks after he was gone. When lying awake at night in the silent house, I seemed distinctly to hear it. My father's death was a terrible blow to me. At first, and for a time, I had no more heart for anything. I was most anxious to please him by success in my studies; and, when he died, I felt as if one great motive to exertion were gone."

This event, Mr. Guthrie's first great sorrow, seems to have made a deep and lasting impression on him. Eternity brought near, and the power of faith in a Saviour to sustain in nature's extremity, had a quickening effect on his own spirit. He was at this time on the eve of being licensed to preach the Gospel. His heart was awed and made tender by affliction, just when his hand was on the pulpit door.

To some readers of his Autobiography it may be matter of surprise, and to others of regret, that Dr. Guthrie has given no account there of the origin of his spiritual life, nor indicated the feelings with which he contemplated the holy ministry. The peculiar circumstances in which the Autobiography was written —making it necessarily fragmentary and incomplete —must be kept in view; but in so far as it is destitute of subjective matter, this was entirely characteristic of the writer. His faith was so buoyant, his whole mental tone so healthful, that he seemed to be freed from many of those doubts and despondencies which make up a large part of some men's religious experience. In consequence of this, he was not given to mental or spiritual analysis; nor, indeed, till his last illness, did he ever speak much of his own spiritual history. It is true, the conversation of few men was more thoroughly seasoned with religion than his; every subject he touched upon was looked at from a religious point of view; yet he seldom originated what is ordinarily called religious conversation, and still less was he given to "open his mind" to others—to tell of the ebbs and flows of his inner life. At no period, so far as is known, did he keep any record of his spiritual experience; his journal while a student in Paris—the only journal he ever kept—contains, as will be seen when we come to quote from it, a record of his external life—no more.

Of the history of his inner life, we thus know but little. There do not appear to have been either singular or startling circumstances attending his conversion, nor did he ever indicate what special instrumentality the Spirit of God employed in leading him to a choice for Christ. His own case, however, may not improbably have been in his mind when penning the latter portion of the following passage :—

"On these subjects, the experience of saints is widely different. Some can fix the time—giving day and date, the hour, the providence, the place, the text, the preacher, and all the memorable and ever-interesting circumstances associated with their conversion. Able to trace the successive steps, and relate the whole progress of their conversion, they can say with David, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.' It is not so, however, with all, or perhaps with most. Unconscious of the change when it began, they knew not when or how it happened. And thus, with many, the dawn of grace resembles, in more respects than one, the dawn of day. It is with the spiritual dawn of many, with the breaking of their eternal day, with their first emotions of desire and of alarm, as with that faint and feeble streak which brightened, and widened, and spread, till it blazed into a brilliant sky." *

Neither is it possible, destined as he was from his birth to the office of the ministry, to indicate any particular time at which he made choice of that profession. So soon as he was able to determine for himself, he felt the desire of his parents that he should serve God in the Gospel to be altogether coincident with his own inclination; and, as we shall see, he adhered to this resolution amid many discouragements and the attractions of other professions. The view of the sacred ministry which he held in early, as in later life, is best expressed in his own words:—"As an ambassador for Christ, I regard a preacher of the Gospel as filling the most responsible office any mortal can occupy. His pulpit is, in my eyes, loftier than a throne; and of all professions, learned or unlearned, his, though usually in point of wealth the poorest, I esteem the most honourable. That office is one angels themselves might covet."

It was on 2nd February, 1825, that Mr. Guthrie was "licensed to preach the Gospel" by the Presbytery of Brechin.

The "Trial Discourses" prescribed to him are still in

* Gospel in Ezekiel, p. 287.

existence. It is with no little curiosity and interest one examines these yellow, faded manuscripts to see whether any distinct indications of his future power can be discerned in them. But even a partial eye detects little or nothing characteristic either in their substance or their style. They are clear, cast in a more logical mould than his more recent writings, and thoroughly evangelical; but one observes with surprise an almost total absence of figurative language. It might have been expected that the youthful compositions of a man who, even in old age, scarcely wrote a sentence which had not a pictorial allusion, would have betrayed evidence of an over-exuberant fancy; but the language is absolutely unadorned, stiff, and even formal. At this period of his life, his capacity for graphic writing was of no mean order, as will be apparent from his Paris journal, and his racy and characteristic letters of the same date; but the Presbytery sermons and lectures were doubtless composed under restraint. He feared, in presence of his ecclesiastical superiors, to transgress the rules which regulated the accepted style of pulpit address.

His first sermon as a licentiate was preached a few days thereafter, as he tells us, at Dun near Brechin, where he occupied the very pulpit from which John Knox had repeatedly thundered. Judging from the MS. of that sermon, he seems to have felt himself at greater liberty when in presence of an ordinary congregation; and he then adopted a style more congenial to himself.

It may encourage timid beginners to know that one who became so famous a pulpit orator, did not at first realise his own gifts. When asked, not long ago, whether, in these early years, he had felt any consciousness of preaching power, Dr. Guthrie replied, "No. I always felt greatly dissatisfied with my own performances; though, at the same time, when I heard some

others preach, 'Well,' thought I to myself, 'I could do better than that.'" And in a letter which he wrote to a young minister in later years, speaking of his own first sermon, he says, "I remember, when I broke ground at Dun, leaving the church happy that I had not stuck. I thought that was a great step, a great achievement, and that now, having got a beginning made, I would by-and-by get on with the rest. I remember being troubled in a way you don't seem to have felt. I did not know exactly what to do with my hands, and would have felt it to be a great relief if I could, consistently with decorum, have put them in my pockets! As to my eyes, I don't know how I managed with them."

Nor were his qualifications for a pulpit orator at the outset specially apparent to others. The Rev. J. C. Burns, of Kirkliston, has furnished us with his recollections of his brother-in-law's early pulpit appearances:—

"In an old Register of Texts which I kept, and which goes back as far as the year 1825, I find the following record, under date September 25th, of that year:—

"'Brechin Church, forenoon.—Mr. Burns [my father] preached on Malachi iii. 16, 17: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another," &c.

"'Afternoon.—Mr. Thomas Guthrie, preacher of the Gospel, preached from Matthew xxi. 42: "Jesus saith unto them, Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes?"'

"It was his first appearance as a preacher in the pulpit of his native town; and I well remember the interest which it awakened. High expectations had been formed by his friends and acquaintances of his success, and there was a general curiosity among the people to see if he would turn out as good at preaching as he was reputed to be at everything else.

"He acquitted himself, on the whole, creditably and well. He delivered himself with ease and entire self-possession; his voice filled the old cathedral before, and even behind the pulpit, without an effort. * His sermon was lucid, scriptural, sensible, and

* Referring to a period shortly before this, Dr. Guthrie says in one of

sound; and last, not least, he had no 'paper'—he did not read a word. More than that, besides standing the ordeal of the Old Church congregation and its critics in the 'Guildry Loft,'* he was fortunate enough to win the good opinion of a worthy Old Light Antiburgher elder, an *attaché* of the family,† whose strict adherence to his vow against 'promiscuous hearing' prevented his going to judge for himself, but who, on credible and concurrent testimony, came to the satisfactory conclusion that 'Maister Tammas was braw'n systematic.'

"His second sermon in the same place was preached shortly after, from the text 2 Chronicles xvi. 9: 'The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him.' This sermon fully sustained his reputation, if it did not increase it. But in neither of them, so far as I remember, nor in any other of those which he preached from time to time as a licentiate, did he discover the peculiar talent which afterwards made him famous. There was no genius, no poetry—very little pathos even; and the *graces*, whether of style, pronunciation, or action, were considerably neglected, if not despised. Strong, clear, pithy statement, pointed, direct appeal, and solid, evangelical doctrine, enlivened frequently by Old Testament allusions and illustrations—these were the distinguishing qualities of his preaching, which were quite sufficient to make him acceptable everywhere, but which nowhere excited anything like a *furore* in connection with him, or drew a crowd after him."

Being now eligible for a church, it might have been expected that Mr. Guthrie would not have had long to wait. Little did the strangers from all parts of the world, who left his church in Edinburgh electrified by his eloquence, and with a new idea of what a power the pulpit is, think that the preacher to whom they had been listening, was for five whole years without obtaining any settled charge. From 1825 to 1830 this was literally his case. He has himself in his Autobiography explained how this

his recent letters:—"An old lady whom I met at Mr. Walter Burns' house in Edinburgh, when on my way to study at Paris, being asked, 'What think ye of Mr. Guthrie?' replied, 'He is a hard-favoured lad, wi' a voice like thunder!'"

* Trades' Gallery.

† John Mill, see Autobiography, page 24.

came about; lay patronage, as then exercised in Scotland, giving to a certain ecclesiastical party power to blast the prospects of such aspirants to the ministry as had independence enough to oppose their policy.

The letters he wrote home at intervals of absence during these five years of delay and disappointment indicate how keenly he felt the position in which he was placed; and had he not, through grace, been enabled to adhere to his resolution to serve God in the work of the ministry, he might, long ere these five years had run, have entered permanently on some other career.

"I have been seriously advised," he writes to his brother from London in 1827, "by a person here, connected with the law, to become an English barrister, who will ensure my success. I intend, however, to figure away before the Moderator in place of the Chancellor!"

Again, writing from Paris that same year to his sister, in reply to a letter in which she mentioned the prospect of his receiving an appointment to a church in Forfarshire (to which, however, another was presented), he says:—"You may be sure I was very well pleased with the contents of your letter, on many accounts. I know not whether to place first its relieving my anxieties as to my circumstances and prospects, or the bright hope it holds out that the power of Moderation would one day be crushed into ruins. I owe the faction some thanks on my own account; but, if ever I get a church, I will give proof, by an unceasing day and night opposition to their plans and projects, that I owe them more on the part of the public. I never was a Moderate, but they will now find me far less so. Since I left home, and mixed in the world, my aversion to every kind either of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny has fixed down into a deep and fierce principle of hatred. I see every day in France the foul effects of absolute power, and I have learned to hate even the very semblance of it. . . . . . I should be very well

pleased doubtless to get a place in the Church, both that I might be of some service to the glorious and sacred cause in which I am engaged, and also for my own personal comfort. I would hail my success with no little gratitude to God. If you can consequently give me any satisfaction on the subject in your next letter, I shall be very well, if not, I shall not be too ill, pleased. Matty Paton's idea is the best I have heard for a long time, perfectly brilliant. Conceive me an itinerant preacher!"

These five years of hope deferred, however, afforded Mr. Guthrie a profitable though peculiar training for the eminent place he was afterwards to fill. His scientific studies in Edinburgh, his residence abroad, his experience of business in his father's banking-house, the leisure he enjoyed for enlarging his stores of general information, had all their influence in making him the many-sided man he became. They gave him a breadth of view and an acquaintance with the world which few ministers possess; and so, God overruled what, at the time, was a sore trial to His servant's faith and patience for His own wise ends. Writing from Arbirlot ten years thereafter to a young preacher who had been disappointed in a case of popular election, and looking back on the way by which he had himself been led, he says:—

"*Manse of Arbirlot*, 13*th August*, 1834.

"I am better here than I would have been had any of my disappointments in regard to other places turned out appointments. I had all along the best of interest, and yet had to lie five years by the pool, and when you have waited as long, I shall hand you over for comfort to ———, who waited twelve, I think; and, by-the-bye, the very way another man has got in before you, holds out a good prospect of ultimate success. It shows how strong and able to bear up a fellow the popular wave has become, and were I a preacher, I would trust more to that nowadays than to being at the head of Lord Panmure's list.

"*There* is a motive for exertion which may keep a man busy, busy day and night improving himself,—instead of laying, as I did for five years, like a log on a dead-calm sea, wearying

for a breeze that would blow me into harbour. You can now ply your oars and row yourself in; and to that, my man, you, like all other preachers who have sense and sound, must set yourself with might and main. There is no saying what popular preachers some of us settled lads might have been, had we lived as preachers in these days!

"——— has tried to get into ——— by popular support, but has been nearly drowned in the surf. Though he is a pious lad, and though he was supported by the two or three farmers who have almost the whole parish in lease, yet, much to the credit of the people, it was 'no go.' He is not a popular preacher, and they would neither be cajoled nor dragooned, I suppose, into the concern."

Mr. Guthrie's temperament was not one that would allow him to remain inactive at home. Having lost, a few months after license, a presentation to one of the best livings in Scotland in the characteristic manner described in the Autobiography, and there being no immediate prospect of another, he returned to college in Edinburgh for the session of 1825-26. In that session he attended the classes of chemistry and natural history in the University, as well as that of Dr. Knox,* an "extramural" lecturer on anatomy and surgery, afterwards notorious in connection with the Burke and Hare murders.

This was an unusual step for a licentiate of the Scottish Church; but much more that which he took the following winter, when he entered himself as a student at the Sorbonne in Paris.

We have seen it stated in biographical notices of Dr. Guthrie, that his main if not exclusive object in attending medical classes in Edinburgh and Paris was with a view to his future usefulness as a country minister. This is a misapprehension. When the cause of medical missions was broached, he warmly espoused it, because he regarded medical acquirements in a foreign missionary

* So attractive was Knox as a lecturer that, in Session 1827-28, there sat on the benches beside the medical students three young men, all eminent in after years, the late Marquis of Breadalbane (then Lord Glenorchy), Principal Cunningham, and Sir George Sinclair.

as an invaluable adjunct in countries where medical skill is unknown, or of the rudest kind; but he had no notion of ministers at home usurping the doctor's functions, save in rare and exceptional instances. When at Arbirlot, indeed, he frequently prescribed for his parishioners in trifling cases; but, when his knowledge of disease convinced him that the symptoms were grave, his prescription was, "Send to Arbroath for Dr. Arrot." His main aim, therefore, in the study of medicine, was to gratify his own thirst for information, and strong natural taste for the subject. All his life long he had a liking for doctors, enjoying a talk with them in the line of their profession; and he read with avidity during his holidays in the North the current medical journals picked up in his brother's consulting-room. In fact, he knew, if possible, too much about such matters. Suffering as he did from long-standing disease of the heart, it might have been better had he understood less of the varying symptoms of his malady; and sometimes his physicians were amused, when, by the use in his presence of technical terms, they sought to communicate with one another about his case, to discover that he was quite cognizant of the matter discussed, by his occasionally interposing a remark which made that abundantly plain.

It was on his way to Paris in the autumn of 1826 that Mr. Guthrie first visited London, and got his first glimpse into the social life of the metropolis.

Writing thence to his sister Clementina in Brechin, he tells of dining one day at Mr. Joseph Hume's,* where he speaks of meeting—

"The celebrated Alderman Wood, and Canon Riego, a Spanish refugee, and brother to the celebrated Riego, whose whole history, I have no doubt, David's † political knowledge can give you. Besides these two, there were Wood's son, an agreeable young fellow, and a Colonel from India, whose

* M.P. for the Montrose Burghs. † His eldest brother.

brains had been evaporated by its burning sun, which had also turned all the fluids of his body into bile. He had been at Paris and Cheltenham, looking for health; but, not finding it, returned with a countenance as sour-like as a winter apple. I did not know what sentiments he entertained, as he only now and then uttered a doubtful grumph, which, however, I thought sounded like a Radical growl! But with the others, as you know, I was in the very centre of Whiggism; and, considering that I still have some strong leanings to the Tory side of the question, played, as I thought, my part extremely well. . . . .

"Mr. Hume has been very attentive. He gets me into the India House, Royal Society, House of Commons, &c. He has got four letters from Bowring for me, introducing me to the 'Libérales,' or Radicals, of France; one of them is the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, another the editor of the *Encyclopédie*, &c.

"Hume proposed that I should call upon Mr. Maule.* Very well, I called with Mr. H. He received me very kindly, and asked me to dinner. When H. told him I was going to France, he jocularly warned me against the priests. When we came out Mr. H. told me that, on the day I was to dine with 'His Highness,' there was to be a grand party—which made me lament over the five or six shillings I would have to pay to coachmen. Alas! they are gone, I shall never see them more; and gone to the rudest and roughest men, but boldest and ablest charioteers, I ever saw.

"However, in silk stockings and dress shoes, I set off for the west end of the town on the top of the Paddington coach—it being the cheapest mode of conveyance. . . . . I was no sooner in, and busily engaged talking with Mr. Maule, than rap, rap, rap goes the knocker, and the names of Sir John Ogilvy and Mr. Kinloch are announced. Then comes a naval officer and Provost Jameson from Montrose; and who comes next, think you? No less a personage than the Marquis of Queensberry. Mrs. Maule had before this come in, so down we sat to dinner, and passed into the dining-room through a range of powdered lacqueys. Mr. Maule was very attentive to me. The Marquis was very complaisant, for he and I had some little conversation, which he himself began; and as to the naval officer, he was a frank, open-hearted fellow, without a spark of affectation. Tell the Doctor, who is so nice as to what is fashionable, that some of the gentlemen, both at Hume's and Maule's, came into the drawing-room with their hats in their

* Hon. William Maule, M.P., afterwards Lord Panmure.

hands, and gave them to the lacqueys as they entered the dining-room.

"I have been at Dr. Waugh's.* He is one of the finest, kindest, most primitive old men I ever saw. I have got a letter from him to Wilks,† and another to a Mr. Cowie, a most religious man; so my mother, I hope, will keep herself at ease. I have seen no religion here; they sell and buy openly upon the streets on Sunday. I was shocked the first Sabbath upon leaving my lodgings, when a fellow in the street asked me if I would buy an umbrella. When I went a little further I was asked to buy fruit.

"I shall have an immense deal to tell you when I come home. I have heard Irving,‡ and some Church of England clergymen. . . . . I was glad to hear of Wolf § being well."

As already stated, the only journal which Mr. Guthrie ever kept was penned by him in Paris during the winter of 1826 and the spring of 1827. He refers to it in one of his letters from the French capital as follows:—

"*Paris, 2nd March*, 1827.

". . . . You ask about my Journal. It has now swelled out to about thirty close-written sheets, containing a great deal of nonsense and a great deal of sense, a great deal of what may be trifling, and a great deal of what is important—in which everything is put down, good, bad, and indifferent, for my own amusement and instruction afterwards, but principally for yours at home."

This Journal Dr. Guthrie himself supposed to have been lost, and more than once, in writing his Autobiography, expressed regret that it no longer existed to refresh his memory. Hidden among a mass of valueless papers in Brechin, it only came to light the other day. It was written without the remotest thought of its ever being

* Minister of the Scotch Secession Church in London. See Autobiography, page 59.

† Rev. Mark Wilks, minister of the English Independent Church in Paris.

‡ Rev. Edward Irving.

§ A favourite dog.

printed, and bears scarce any evidence of correction; but it must have been composed, as our readers will see for themselves, with studied care; and it is not unlikely that its production may have been used by Mr. Guthrie as a means of practising composition and improving his style. As one of the comparatively few productions of his early manhood which we now possess, and as containing much, not only interesting in itself, but characteristic of its author, we give longer extracts from it than we should in other circumstances have done :—

On Wednesday, 6th December, 1826, I planted my foot for the first time on the soil of France, and I could not forget (who that loves the privileges that Great Britain enjoys, or reveres the memory of the brave and good men who fell fighting in their defence, could forget ?) that the soil on which I now stood had witnessed, more than any other, the triumphant force of British arms.

* * * * *

In a small town, on our way to Paris, I met a priest who was, without exception, the most reverend-looking figure I ever saw. He was feeble and bent with the weight of years, and, when he walked, tottered slightly. He was attired all in white, excepting a black tippet on his shoulders, over which fell and curled, from beneath his black skull-cap, in rich profusion, locks of snowy whiteness. The old man had a noble brow, and there was much benevolence expressed in the look which he lifted up his bowed head to cast upon us as we passed. He was preceded by a boy, carrying a large, richly-chased silver cross, elevated on a long pole; and, as it was the first living exhibition of Roman Catholicism I had seen here, I looked on the scene with no little interest.

* * * * *

Paris—30, *Rue Cassette*. 1826. 16*th December*.— . . . I went on Sunday, through streets where almost every shop was open, to another church, called St. Etienne. I had no sooner entered its vestibule, than I heard a voice which made every arch and aisle of the mighty building sound back its tones of sorrow and of earnest pleading. Passing in, I found myself in the midst of a large assembly, who were listening with the most profound attention to a monk, who, attired in his wide black robes, with his cowl thrown back off his head, addressed the people from a pulpit placed in front of one of the pillars.

His gesticulation partook of extreme violence ; at one time, he spread forth his hands to the multitudes, as if appealing to them ; at another, he lifted them up to heaven, as if appealing to God ; while the clenched fist and sparkling eye showed now and then that from the throne of St. Peter still thundered forth the anathemas of the Church of Rome.

In returning home I passed one of the oldest Roman Catholic churches in Paris. I entered, and it was a scene of magnificent splendour. . . . . It was impossible not to admire it as a piece of show ; but, as the worship of the true God, it was impossible not to abhor it.

Its effects were strikingly and appallingly illustrated on my return home. Almost close by the door of the church sat a juggler, around whom an immense crowd was collected. The streets were crowded with people amusing themselves ; the shops were brilliantly lighted up ; the doors of the theatre were already thrown open ; the noise of business and mirth was heard in every quarter ; the servants when I returned were gaily singing songs. All Paris was in arms against its God.*

27*th December*.—In walking through the streets I have been astonished by the enormous size of the dogs in Paris. The largest dogs are a species of mastiff, and, absolutely, many of them are almost the height of calves. They are much used for drawing small vans, and I have seen many of them pulling a prodigious weight. You see also dogs of the smallest size. I saw one in the Luxembourg one day—and an old, cankered-looking wretch, too, it was—at least one-half less than the smallest I ever saw in Britain ; a common-sized rat would have drubbed it in a jiffey ! We used to speculate at Keithock upon my bringing home a dog ; and, had I been returning some weeks ago, I believe I should have bought one on the Pont Neuf. There are vast numbers of them in cages on the Pont Neuf; and those which struck my fancy were four little puppies that were suckled by a cat. I used often to stand and observe them ;

* In a letter written to Brechin on 17th January, 1827, Mr. Guthrie says :—" It is on the Sabbath more than any other day that I think of you all at home : the awful scenes which obtrude themselves upon my view suggest by contrast the very different circumstances in which you all are placed. When I see the tricks of the jugglers and hear the music of the musicians, and observe the busy traffic of the merchants, and the reckless levity of the people on the Sabbath day, I think of the quiet streets of Brechin ; and the stillness of our house is brought sadly to my remembrance, when I hear, in this one, the light song instead of the sacred hymn, and see, instead of the Bible, the cards and dominoes upon the table, and the people, instead of repairing to the church, driving off every Sunday night to the playhouse. I confess to you that frequently I am heartily disgusted with Paris, and wish that I were home."

the little rascals were sometimes disposed to be troublesome to their more than natural mother, by sporting with her tail and biting her ears. Puss bore this patiently when she was not oppressed with sleep; but frequently, a proper blow on the side of the head with her paw made some of the little rascals whine for daring to disturb her slumbers. They seemed, however, to be very fond of each other; and, considering the character of their wet-nurse, I should have liked one of them very much.

1827. 1*st January*.—Yesterday I set off from Rue Cassette for the Church of Ste. Geneviève, to witness the splendid ceremonies of the day of the saint. The church, splendid of itself, was this day magnificently decorated. . . . . Every sense was gratified by the exhibition. Banners from whose golden tops large white ostrich feathers floated, crosses of prodigious value, dresses of amazing richness, the multitude of priests, the Archbishop with his lofty bearing, the rich tapestry, the profusion of light, and the noble building, afforded to the eye ten thousand gratifications. The silver censers diffused their aromatic fragrance ; while the music now rolled like thunder, now fell upon the ear sweet and soft as an angel's song.

These gratified the senses; but, alas! there was nothing to satisfy the longings of a famished soul, or to save it from destruction. In place of bread, it was a painted stone ; in place of fish, it was a poisoned serpent. Cruel fathers, and traitorous shepherds, and guilty deceivers that these priests are! Pity for the people made me burn with indignation against them;—and when I turned my eyes from a woman who knelt upon the cold stone, heaved audible and heavy sighs, shed tears in profusion from her eyes, that were mournfully fixed upon the figure of our Saviour, and who finished her prayers and the telling of her beads by kissing the marble that was wet with the tokens of her sorrow,—when I looked from this deluded but interesting victim, to the proud Archbishop, bearing himself as high, dispensing pardon as freely, and receiving honours as great as if he were a god, I almost felt that I could, like another Melville, seize the trappings of Popery and curse them before his eyes; or, like more than another Melville, hurl the mitre from his head and trample it beneath my feet.

4*th January*.—Close by my boarding-house is a large building, with a beautiful garden attached to it, belonging to the Carmelite nuns, and night and day are they ringing to prayers, to my great disturbance. Farther on, you reach the gate, near which the gallant Ney was shot for treachery, of which almost every man in France was guilty. He was brought

out from the Chamber of Peers, and, almost secretly, led to this spot. No monument marks the place where the brave soldier fell, but there is not a Frenchman in Paris but knows it well. He stood on one side of the road, with his back to the wall of the Luxembourg garden, while the soldiers pointed from its other side their murderous guns at his undaunted breast. The French, for long after, wrote upon the wall at the dead of night epitaphs to his memory, and then deep curses against the Bourbon family. These, every morning, were carefully erased; and now, all that points out this spot, consecrated in every Frenchman's eyes, is a long black line drawn upon the wall.

* * * * *

My teacher, old Count Robiano,* was here to-day, bowing and scraping as usual. He began by asking me if I was to go to Mademoiselle Lafond's *soirée*? I soon satisfied him upon that subject; and began another with him, which he loved much less,—questioning him regarding difficulties in the French language. And I did torment the old rascal with amusing satisfaction! I abhor the old wretch on account of his vicious character; and he abhors me on account of my questioning one. Of this he has complained to one of my acquaintances, telling him that I was a terrible fellow. He is, I suppose, near seventy; a little man, with the long, sharp, half-Roman nose of a Frenchman; with grey hairs, feeble and bent body—acquired partly by his dissipated habits, partly by old age, and partly by the length of time he has practised the bowing and bending manners of a Frenchman.

8*th January.*—The other night we had tea in Heddle's room. . . . . Heddle† told an anecdote so creditable to the Duke of Kent that I resolved to record it. There can be no doubt of its truth, as he is acquainted with the person concerned, and also with his friends.

There lived in Orkney a minister who had two sons; and to procure a church for one of them was the utmost he could do. The other thought of entering the army; but then he had not one friend in the world to procure him a commission. The case was desperate, and it forced him to a desperate remedy. He formed the bold and original resolution of addressing himself to the Duke of Kent. He penned a letter to the Duke, which must, from the happy result of it, have no doubt been ably written. It was posted silently and secretly; and in a

* See Autobiography, page 67.

† A Scotch medical student, who boarded in the same pension with Mr. Guthrie.

short time the postman brought a letter to him written by the Duke's secretary, saying that he was commanded by the Duke to desire him immediately to come up to him. In doing so he lost no time; and at last found himself in the room where the Duke's secretary was sitting. He had sent in his card to the Duke; and, when commanded to appear before him, he passed the secretary, who said to him, "If the Duke ask you what regiment you would prefer, say that you would prefer his own." The young Orcadian at last stood in the presence of Kent, who took him by the hand and received him in that kind, frank, and protecting manner which he says he will never forget. The Duke then asked him in what regiment he would like to be. Like a *canny* Scotchman, he took care to profit by the hint of the secretary; and in a few days received an appointment in the Duke's Own.

Peace, peace to the manes of Kent! an act like this of secret, private feeling, and honourable generosity, does more honour to his memory, than though the names of a thousand victorious fields were inscribed upon his tomb.

12*th January*.—Morning and evening I work. Instead of sitting up late at night, I now labour in the morning, as less injurious to health—so, at least, people say. But I have another and a stronger reason,—it saves wood. I go to bed about twelve; and by means of a *fumade* (for which I paid ten sous, and should only have paid eight), I light my candle, and read and write in my bed, until I can do so by the daylight. I thus save two hours of fire; for I determine not to sleep above six hours—in fact, I frequently have not above five.

As to French, I find myself making considerable progress; but in understanding the professors, I am still far behind. Of many whole sentences I can only form a very imperfect idea; while it is only now and then (and by such attention as a company assembled after a funeral to hear the will read, give to the lawyer when he unfolds its interesting details) that I can follow them.

I sometimes almost despair; and am like a shipwrecked sailor who is buffeting the roaring waves, and would cease to struggle with the danger did he look only at the distance he is still from the blessed shore, and did he not turn his head to mark, with gladsome heart and brighter hopes, the progress already made from the wreck of the fated vessel.

15*th January*.—The weather very changeable—slight frosts frequently in the morning, a fine clear forenoon, and slight rain at night.

I yesterday expected, and to my great pleasure received, when at breakfast, a letter from Clementina.*

When I had finished reading it I departed for the French Protestant Church, where I met Everett.† . . . .

After the precentor or clerk, who by-the-bye wears bands, had read two chapters and sung as many psalms (a custom which, I think, was at one time common in the Church of Scotland), the minister appeared. He was an old, dark-complexioned, sour-looking man, with a white powdered wig upon his head. The worship was conducted in a way very similar to ours. I had heard him once before, and I was sorry to find that I had no reason to change the opinion which I then formed of him. His prayers were grievously dry, and being so, agreeably short. As to his sermon, it was quite in the style of Blair and the Church of England orations,—an attack upon the riches and honours of the world; while the old man, at the same time, took the best of all care, in the arrangement of his gown, to show to me and others that he was decorated with the Cross of St. Louis. This little inconsistency I could, however, have passed over if the sermon had been evangelical; but it was not. The way of redemption was hardly noticed; the name of Jesus Christ he did not mention throughout his discourse. Still, a few traits of the piety and purity of the original Church were to be seen; they stood like the ruins of a once noble building—a few melancholy pillars which had survived the general wreck, monuments of the dead. I allude, among other things, to the admirable, and profitable, and serious-like custom of reading and singing while the congregation are collecting, and to the preface which both precentor and minister employed before beginning the different parts of their work:—"Give your devout and religious attention," &c. . . . .

The French are fond of acting or spouting their sermons,—shutting their eyes, turning them up to heaven, and cutting such capers with their hands, and throwing such tones into their voice as an actor does on the stage. I have now heard two Protestant French ministers, but none of them can, in point of touching fervour, and real unfeigned, enthusiasm, compare with the cowled monk I heard in St. Etienne.

* * * * *

Everett is the only one among the young fellows here who seems to have any religious principle; and he appears, from his conversation, to have read and pondered seriously many religious books. I intend to cultivate his acquaintance, for it is a great

* His sister.

† See Autobiography, page 68.

but a rare pleasure here to meet a person who wears even the semblance of religious principle.

Most of the English leave all their profession of religion behind them; and the great body of the French are avowed infidels—believing in no God except some Being of their own fancy's creation, for whom, at any rate, they have neither love nor fear. They feel no shame, but glory to declare this; and when asked what religion they profess, they will say "Oh, we are Roman Catholics to appearance. If, however, we saw any necessity for changing (which we do not, as it is all the same to us), we would become Protestants."

They never live for to-morrow, and think that a day spent without amusement is a day lost. Those of them who have been in London complain that it is insufferably dull. Almost every evening, Madame St. Marc* and the ladies, along with even the French fellows who profess to be students, spend either at the card-table or theatre. They would soon measure the depth of the Seine if doomed to the intolerable fate of spending the forenight [evening] in quietly and tranquilly reading a book in their own rooms.

I was once disposed to think the French an honest people; but since they have played some of their swindling tricks upon myself, I have widely changed my opinion. . . . . I could relate a multitude of such cases, but it would be a useless waste of paper to insert them; and so I shall conclude this subject by remarking, that I neither like French weather nor French ways, French men nor French manners.

The interesting episode of Mr. Guthrie's acquaintance with a Jesuit seminarist is alluded to in the Autobiography.† He mentions him for the first time in a letter to his sister Clementina, dated 17th January, 1827, where he says:—

"But I hasten to introduce to your notice Monsieur Fevrier. He is my principal companion, and generally spends the whole forenight in my room. You are doubtless anxious to know what he is—well, I will tell you. My chief companion is neither more nor less than a Jesuit! Tell John Mill‡ that, and his eyes will start out of his head; and Meggy Stewart will take another pinch of the brown snuff, and say, she does not

* See Autobiography, page 65.

† Page 70.

‡ An elder of the Anti-Burgher Church in Brechin. See page 24 of Autobiography.

believe it! It is, however, true. He is not exactly a priest, though he was educated amongst them, and tells me that he has preached; and I assure you he does not disgrace the Jesuits. He is a very clever, and, what is better, a very good man. If you knew Fevrier, Jesuit as he is, you would esteem him highly, and see in him ten thousand points of admiration. He is a lad of most rigid principle, and condemns loudly the vices of the French—and that, everywhere, without fear. Roman Catholic as he is, would to God that all Protestants were like him.

"He has come from Lyons, for the purpose of obtaining a situation as Latin teacher—a language which he speaks with ease. He is very poor, I fear; and his wasted hands, and the flushing of his pale countenance look as if he were fast sinking into consumption. I feel sorry to think that Fevrier should be a Catholic, and have repeatedly attempted to bring him to a conversation upon the merits of his Church; and almost as repeatedly he has eluded me. He seems to be quite restless when I direct the conversation in that channel; looks at me sometimes when I am drawing to the point with a countenance in which suspicion is strongly marked; his dark face expresses extreme anxiety, and I see fear evidently lurking in the sidelong looks with which he casts his black eyes upon me. I am thus obliged to act with extreme caution; otherwise, I doubt not, Fevrier would at once dissolve acquaintanceship. The difficulty is, to get the subject introduced apparently without intention."

Such an opportunity occurred three days later; for we find Mr. Guthrie thus writing in the Journal, which we now resume:—

1827. 21*st January.*—Last night, about half-past nine, Fevrier entered my room and took his usual seat close by the stove, with a foot on each side of it and his body inclining above, while his hands were placed upon its top. He began to tell me of some conversation which had been carried on in the lodge, which somehow or other led me to remark that Theophilus did not seem to hold confession in much respect. This led me to ask how often it was necessary to make confession; until the conversation at last gave me an opportunity of denying the necessity or propriety of Roman Catholic confession, which was answered on Fevrier's part by a scowl of horror, an expression of surprise at my ignorance, and a loud and violent asseveration of its pre-eminent necessity. I told him calmly that his asseveration

(any more than the asseverations of his priests) was not sufficient, and that he must prove it. He then began some rigmarole story about Mother Church, to which I replied that I did not give a fig for the opinions of Mother Church, nor of any other body of fallible men, and that my only authority was "that book" (giving a slap on the boards of the French Bible which I had taken up from the table). Holding out the Bible to him, "Prove," said I, "the doctrine from the words of Divine Revelation, and I will believe it." I maintained that I was as well able as the priests to declare, that, if he believed in Christ, his sins would be forgiven; and that the priests, in this respect, were on a level with myself—fallible, as he could not deny that they were, and sinners, as he could not deny that they were. I dared him to prove that they were, in any one respect, more warranted to make such a declaration than myself.

At this, Fevrier's passion (which had been awakened shortly after the commencement, and increased as the discussion proceeded) became perfectly ungovernable. Every limb of his body shook with rage; he foamed at the mouth, and, with eyes full of fury, he clenched his fist, and, extending his arm, thrust it almost into my face, while he forced out from his choking throat and set teeth something about me (by comparing myself with the priests) having committed an act of high and impious presumption.

It was now half-past twelve, and the whole house was buried in sleep; while I sat alone in a room, the object of a Roman Catholic's and a Jesuit's fury, who glared upon me as if he could have thrust a dagger in my heart. The idea of danger rushed upon my mind; for, more than once, Fevrier looked as if ready to deal out to me something harder than his arguments. But, secure in the consciousness of my own personal strength, I knew I could easily master him; and, wrapped in my cloak, I lay back in my chair, coolly watching his motions, and calmly eyeing him during this violent burst of rage.

When he seemed to have exhausted himself, and sat frowning like a demon upon me, I, with a calmness and self-possession which astonished myself, sat up erect on my seat, and, taking the Bible in my hand, held it up, while I fixed my eye steadily upon him, and said, "Behold, Monsieur, the only authority which I acknowledge, the only authority which, independent of the whole Roman Catholic Church, you ought to acknowledge. That book claims a divine origin; and I defy all the priests on earth to prove that, to use its own language, it is not all 'profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'"

He, in a few minutes, again renewed the combat, by quoting a Latin passage, and calling upon me to reply to it. I said I should willingly do so when he showed me the impression in the sacred writings; and, putting the Bible in his hands, "Show me it," said I, "Monsieur." He sat at least a quarter of an hour silently looking for it, during which I sat looking him in the face; and observing his strongly-marked chagrin upon not finding it, I at last said to him, "You need look no longer, it is not there; and though it were, depend upon it you give a false meaning to it, because we never read of a single case where the Apostles took upon them to say that they forgave sins. And besides," said I, "Monsieur, I dare you to show me one single, one solitary passage from this end" (striking the one side of the Bible) "of the word of God, to that" (giving the other side a sounding blow), "where confession to priests, penance, or anything of the kind, is inculcated, or in the slightest degree acknowledged;" and putting the Bible in his hands again, I said, "One passage, Monsieur, one solitary passage, I defy you to produce."

In a short time he gave a loud and scornful laugh of triumph, and I wondered what upon earth the fellow could have stumbled upon. With an air of as much joy and pride as if he had just returned to this earth, and brought with him from heaven a charter constituting the Pope and his councils the true representatives of God upon earth, he pointed to a chapter in Matthew, and read aloud a verse where Christ promises to give to his disciples the power of casting out devils. I could not resist asking, with a stare in which irony and astonishment were blended, "What of that? It is true; but what has that do with the matter?" . . . . Having the Bible in his hand, he began again to fumble in it for his priest-born quotation; and after another quarter, with as little success as formerly, I told him again that it was not there, and that he must seek for it somewhere else; and that, moreover, as it was now well on to two in the morning, he must defer his search to another opportunity.

Shortly after this we bade each other *bon soir*; and I went to my bed, hoping that the discussion might, through God's blessing, prove of some benefit to him, well pleased that I had maintained throughout such command of my feelings (never having, for four or five hours' close debate, lost temper but once, and that only for a moment), and grateful to Dr. Chalmers for having aided me effectually in finding apt quotations by his book of references.

22*nd January.*—Yesterday morning I was engaged with

my coffee in the *salle à manger*, when Fevrier entered. He bowed rather coldly to me, and the cloud was on his brow. I was pleased to see that he felt chagrined at the result of last night's discussion; and in proof that his belief in the infallibility of the Roman Catholic dogmas was rather shaken, he had no sooner entered than he told Madame of the debate (she, by-the-bye, cares no more for the differences between Roman Catholic and Protestant, than she does about those which doubtless subsist amongst the inhabitants of the moon), and, apparently not confirmed in the belief of his own opinions, asked her if she thought he was right. . . . .

I then set off for Mark Wilks' service, which is held in a part of the Oratoire. The preacher was a Mr. Hodge,* an American professor, who had come to Europe for the purpose of studying the Oriental languages. He intended to do so in Germany, but was at present studying French in Paris, as a medium of communication with the Germans. He was a young-like, intelligent, fair, good-looking, thin, and rather little man; and gave us a capital sermon from the 19th verse of the fifth chapter of 1 John. The singing was very beautiful. The English sounded most sweetly and pleasantly to my ear. It brought vividly before my mind's eye memories of my native land; while the smallness of the numbers, the upper room in which we were met, the irreligious and idolatrous country in which we were maintaining the pious worship of God, reminded me of the infant state of the Christian Church.

On returning to Rue Cassette, and entering the porter's lodge, I was well pleased to see Fevrier sitting with a New Testament in his hand, searching for his mighty passage; it showed that he doubted. After dinner, I went for my candle, when Fevrier came in; we had no opportunity of speaking since the debate. I asked him some question. He came up, took me affectionately by the hand, and clapping me on the shoulder, called me "*bon enfant*" (an expression of kindness among the French). I asked him to come up at night, which he did. He never spoke of Saturday night's discussion, neither did I, intending to wait a day or two for precaution's sake. He is off to-day to visit his friend, the head of the La Charité nuns; and I am expecting that he will come with her explanation of the difficulty. WELL, LET THEM ALL COME ON!

24*th January*.—Some days ago we had the "Jour des Rois"—the day of the kings. Who these kings were I could

* The Rev. Charles Hodge, D.D., now Professor of Theology in the Princeton Theological Seminary, United States.

not possibly divine; until told by Fevrier (with astonishment on his part at my ignorance, and amazement on mine at his credulity) that these kings were the Magi, who came from the East to worship our God. "Kings!" I could not help saying, "kings, Monsieur! Who made them kings? I am pretty sure that, in the only book which gives us any account of them, we hear nothing of their Royal Majesties." Monsieur Fevrier had nothing to say; and so the subject dropped. I do believe that if the Council of Trent had declared that the Apostle Peter was Khan of Tartary or Dey of Algiers, the people would have swallowed the camel-sized, the mountainous falsehood without a single strain. It would have slid down their throats as smoothly as an oyster!

But I forgot to mention the custom prevalent through all France, which alone induced me to notice this day of Roman Catholic kings. At dinner, in the middle of the table, there was placed a large cake or *gateau*, as they call it. Inside this is placed a nut or kernel. The cake is cut into as many pieces as there are people at table. Every person must take a piece; and he in whose piece the nut is found is constituted king of the company. He must choose from the ladies a queen, and present the company with a repast. I was informed of all this before the cake was sent round; so I resolved to be out of the scrape, and accordingly arranged with Heddle that, if the stone fell to the share of either of us, we would swallow it! Heddle and I having calmed our anxieties with this magnanimous resolution, we began to speculate upon the fun we would enjoy if it fell to the lot of Boots; * and, strange to say (to our loud laughter and unbounded joy), it did! I could hardly regain my gravity, and, as the laughter grew louder, Boots appeared, from his looks, to be in a perfect perplexity whether to laugh, to get angry, or to become abashed. He at last decided for the second, and childishly angry he became, and his nose, ay, to its very point, grew furiously red—like some strange and portentous meteor in the heavens, that bodes ill to man. Fierce grew his face, and bright was the fire of his dark rolling *ee*, when I said that had I had the happiness to have been

* A young Englishman, who resided in the pension with Mr. Guthrie, and of whom he says in another part of his Journal:—"Boots would wade through fire and water for a full dinner. There is nothing on earth would persuade him to march up to the cannon's mouth, but roast beef and plum pudding. But, place inside the breach a full, smoking dish, sufficiently visible through the fire and dust and smoke of the deadly conflict, and Boots would fearlessly dash on, sword in hand, for the reeking prize!" See also Autobiography, page 69.

elected king, I would have done what I would advise him now to do—to choose no other than Mademoiselle Hiver* herself,—ay, none else than the lantern-jawed, gaunt, and bony (not bonny) Mademoiselle Hiver—aged, I suppose, about fifty! Boots would not choose: though we got him at last convinced that he must give a supper, and he growled like a bear over the anticipated loss of his forty francs.

31*st January.*—I have seen and conversed with a number of old soldiers, and, in fact, every man almost in France seems to have been a soldier; and it is really laughable to a person who knows anything about the history of the last twenty years, to hear them still ranting about their invincible prowess, and their glorious immortality. One would believe, from their conversation, that the King of France was sole emperor of the earth, not even excepting the dominions of the late Pomare of Otaheite; and that the honour of France, instead of having been torn to tatters by the Lion of Britain, ay, on every soil, had waved triumphant over us, the "proud islanders," as we are called.

A friend of Adolphe St. Marc's and I had a regular set-to for at least an hour and a half upon these subjects.

I stood stoutly up for my country against them both; though I did not go so far as Richie Moniplies, in thinking that a lie, though bad enough in other cases, redounded much to one's credit when told in praise of one's native land. Still, I do not wonder much that Richie, blessed with no very acute moral sensibilities, should have held and acted upon this maxim. I never felt more national pride, or more mental gratification, than when I have stood amongst a band of Frenchmen, and, in reply to their weak attacks upon my country, bade them look to our character, to our riches, to the extent of our dominions, to our navy riding triumphant on the waves of every sea, to our ensigns planted in every quarter of the globe, to the history of the last twenty-six years, filled with a series of our own past successful battles, terminated on the land by Waterloo, and on the sea by Trafalgar.

Adèle † has left this house from an unfortunate quarrel with Madame St. Marc, who is a heartless sinner, and was horribly harsh to her. Adèle came in the other morning and said, "Ah! Monsieur Thomas, I have come to bid you adieu. I am only sorry to leave you, and Monsieur Heddle and Monsieur Fevrier. I do esteem you very highly. My countrymen are bad, very bad, using bad words and committing bad actions; but your

* See Autobiography, page 63.

† See Autobiography, page 70.

conversation has always been good, and your conduct has been always well principled ; though a stranger and a foreigner, you have been always very kind to me. When you return to your native land, you will sometimes remember Adèle." And with the tears streaming from her eyes, she went out of the room, and before she shut the door, again looked in and said, "Adieu, Monsieur Thomas, adieu." I have not felt so sorry this long, long time. It is no common pleasure to find one virtuous person with whom one can converse. We think little of virtue and principle in Britain, but here, where it is rarely to be found, one accounts it a brighter gem.

2nd February.—Paris is the best place in the world for pursuing any science, saving those of morality and religion. As to everything else, Paris possesses prodigious advantages. You have lectures on every subject, and that gratis—excepting in a few cases, when you have to pay a trifle of "Inscription," or matriculation, which I think you have to do at the *Ecole de Médecine.* It amounts to about twenty shillings, or something of that kind.

While there are lectures on every subject, these are delivered by the first men. Their mode of election in Paris is admirable. The professors meet in a hall open to the public ; and instead of examining the different candidates for a chair, they, the candidates, examine each other, and in Latin too, I think. The candidates will consequently take care, if they are blessed with the shadow of common sense, that such a thing as formal and superficial examinations shall be unknown in France (unless when the sounds of our Northern doings happen to come so far south), and the law of the land takes care that there shall be no such thing as closet or back-stairs' transactions. Hereditary chairs are, consequently, unknown, unless the son can prove by the trial of a public examination, carried on by the merciless heads and hearts of his opponents, that he inherits his father's pre-eminent abilities. Such an animal as —— would astonish the French ; and my friend Geoffroi St. Hilaire would, I suspect, find some difficulty in assigning him his proper place amongst human monsters !

* * * * *

9th February. Hôtel de l'Etoile du Nord. Quai St. Michel. — On Wednesday evening I dined for the last time in 30, Rue Cassette. Heddle and I rather mournfully shared our last bottle of wine ; for, though I cared not a fig for the people, yet I had formed something like an attachment to the walls of my little room, to the humble stove which had so often warmed me with its heat, and once nearly killed me with

its carbonic acid; and to the plain little oaken table, beside which I had passed many a happy, many a melancholy, and many a studious hour. There was also the sad idea of parting with Heddle, who was very kind to me when I arrived, a total stranger, in Paris; to whom Scotland was as dear as it was to me, and with whom I had often indulged in sweet reminiscences of the virtue and the valour, the honesty and uprightness of my native land. And to Boots, also, I had to bid farewell, who had afforded us such a fund of amusement, and who, with his many boyish faults, was yet a downright and good-hearted fellow. . . .

I bade farewell to a house to which Bonaparte, at one time, had daily gone, and where many of the scenes of the Revolution were planned; to a street celebrated last autumn for the assassinations which were perpetrated within its bounds; and to the bell of the Carmelite convent which had so often, and so early, rung me to my books and studies, as it had the nuns, my next neighbours (whom, however, I had never the pleasure of seeing), to their penances and prayers.

I am now in the Hôtel de l'Etoile du Nord, which is neither more nor less than a large lodging-house. In this one there are about thirty rooms, almost all full. Everett, a Frenchman, and I breakfast with the people of the house. The Frenchman is a very intelligent fellow, who, like all the Frenchmen I have seen, has read Walter Scott's novels in French, and has, moreover, read many English books in the English language. He writes for the periodicals, and is, according to Everett, an atheist; so that I expect before leaving Paris to have some tough battles with him. There is in the house a grandmother (to begin, like an Irishman, at the beginning); a father, who is an industrious old boy, that by his own economy and labour has built the hôtel; a mother, who, like the father, is a very pleasant sort of person; then there comes a family of daughters, without one son, none of whom have any great claims, whatever their pretensions may be, to beauty. From what I have seen of them, and from Everett's report, they are very pleasant, modest, polite, well-behaved girls, who are, in fact, less Frenchified than any of the inhabitants of Paris I have yet seen. The *salle*, where we breakfast, is on the ground floor, and there I sit and converse ordinarily an hour every morning. At night again, before lighting my fire, I spend another hour there. The girls are sewing; the mother, her oldest daughter (who is married), and old granny, are seated round the stove; papa, with his cap on his head, is pacing about the room; while, in one corner, two or three Italians are pouring forth the smooth and oily streams of

their native tongue; in another, two or three Frenchmen are debating upon the probability of a Revolution, and I am generally among these politicians; in another, a club of Englishmen are slurring over the *r*'s; while, above these motley sounds, rises the strong and musical voice of a Welshman, who had studied in Edinburgh, and who is making the room ring to the tune and words of "Will ye go, lassie, go to the braes o' Balquidder?"

11th February.—This morning, about eleven, I left my lodgings for the Champs Elysées to hear Way, an English preacher, of whom Boots had spoken in high terms,—though, if I had been to judge from the effects it had upon Boots, I would have been led to form but a poor opinion of his talents; for Boots acknowledged that, after the worship was concluded, he treated himself with a sight of the bear and dog-baiting at the Place des Combats. . . .

Having procured a seat with difficulty, I sat down beside my old friend Boots, who recognised me with a smile and a nod, and had hardly got myself arranged when I was struck with the preacher's loud defiance to all atheists, infidels, Socinians, and scoffers at the Gospel, to prove the contrary of what he maintained.

I thought I had fallen on my feet now, and so set myself for profound attention, which was immediately fixed by the preacher declaring,—in the tones of a man who is maintaining the truth,—the object he had always had in view in what he had preached, wrought, and written. Then, striking on the Bible which lay before him (for he had no paper), "I find these doctrines there;" and then, beating his breast, "I have felt them in my own heart!"

Having, in proof of some position or another, referred to the case of Philip and the eunuch, he said, "Ay, it would be well that we followed the example of this eunuch—that, when travelling from one city to another, we employed ourselves in reading the Scriptures."

I was so well pleased with this touch, that I took out my box for a snuff, and made such a horrid noise (the people paying such profound attention) that I had three or four real British faces instantly fixed in wonderment on me. I, however, no ways abashed, took my pinch, quite delighted with my situation; and in a little time heard him declare that the end of all things was near at hand; that at present, as in the time of righteous Noah, the world was lying in wickedness, and particularly the cities of continental Europe; that, as the antediluvian inhabitants asked where were the waters that were to

float the mighty bark which was built on the dry and solid earth, so the scoffers and practical infidels of our day now ask, "Where is the promise of His coming?" Then, raising himself up, and, prophet-like, stretching out his arm, he declared, "He shall come like a thief in the night. The very waters which once rolled their mighty tide over this earth shall be decomposed, and shall then roll over you, scoffers and worldly men and unbelievers, their flood of devouring fire!"

Way's sermon was most decidedly orthodox, and ably conceived and executed. He is rather eccentric in his manner of expressing himself, and too much given to fanciful speculations upon the prophecies of the Apocalypse. He seems to be infected with the same disease as Edward Irving—a mania of prophecy-interpreting, from which I cannot see the probability of any good results. In spite of these minor faults, Lewis Way occupies, with great glory to God and great honour to himself, this most important ground. To send such men as —— here, is worse than an error. We must have such men as Chalmers, or Thomson, or Gordon—men not only sound in principle, but giants in intellect; none of your milk-and-water, commonplace, old-wife, drivelling fellows, who were fitted by nature to weave no web but an Osnaburg, to figure on no board but a tailor's; but men who, animated with divine enthusiasm, can grapple, by their talents, with the champions of infidelity, and rouse, by their stirring eloquence, the latent passions of the soul.

16*th February.*—I entered one day the large and old church of St. Eustache; and there I saw for the first time the relics which the prêtres pretend to hold, and the ignorant multitude do regard with much superstitious reverence.

Had they been anywhere but where they were, I might have regarded them with hallowed reverence,—as having formed a part and portion of the men who shed the light of religion on earth, and have for ages, with the crown of martyrdom on their heads, shone on high as the stars in the firmament of heaven. But I knew that no dependence could be placed on these Roman Catholic legends; and that, moreover, these relics (though they had been collected from the ashes of the martyr at the foot of the stake) were now rendered by the priests subservient only to maintain the human mind in a state of brutal ignorance, and thus to counteract the very object for which Eustache and his companions had gone joyfully to the death. And I knew that the martyrs, were they to rest for a moment on this earth, in passing on some message of heaven from one bright world to another, would be the first to cast their relics

in the fire, and disperse the dust on the wings of the winds of heaven.

* * * * *

The cat-like manner in which they bury the poor here, beats anything I ever saw.

One day, when walking in the Boulevard, I followed the strange-looking hearse in which they are carried, not to their grave, but trench. It has a black-painted top, with black boards along the sides hardly high enough to keep the coffin in. On the dickey sits an old, wasted skeleton of a little figure, with a prodigious cocked hat upon his head, while his clothes, which had in ages past been black, have been bleached by the united efforts of many a sun and many a shower, into the less mourning colour of dirty grey. He, with the body and the hearse, are drawn by two miserable black nags,—the one probably blind in one eye, a defect, however, balanced, on the part of the other, by its being lamed in one leg. I followed this machine, immediately behind five or six women and two men who seemed to be mourners.

We at last arrived at the churchyard, about the middle of which the vehicle stopped, and two men coming up, out with the coffin upon their shoulders. Setting off at a round trot, they almost distanced me, who was looking for a moment at the spirit the old charioteer and his horses had plucked up ; for no sooner had he got free of his load, than crack went the whip, and off went the horses through the churchyard in a style that bore some resemblance to a gallop.

I got up to the people with the coffin, just as they had arrived at the place where it was to be laid. This place was no other than a long trench or ditch of sufficient breadth to permit two coffins to lie across it. No sooner was the coffin laid in its place, than a new and affecting and more human-like scene presented itself. On the earth thrown out of the trench, on which I and the women stood, they all fell at once on their knees, and with eyes from some of which the big tears rolled, now directed down upon the poor and lowly coffin, now to the bright blue sky overhead, they remained for three or four minutes in prayer—offered in especial, doubtless, for the soul of the deceased. One by one they rose ; and after one of them in particular had taken a long, last, sad, lingering look down into the trench, they slowly departed in a body.

19*th February*.—The other Thursday, after many previous attempts to find Monsieur Jean-Baptiste Say, the great political-economist, I at last succeeded in seeing him. My letter of introduction was from Joseph Hume. . . . I went

cheerily along, with the expectation of finding Monsieur Say in his study; and, as I knew he could speak English, jawing to him with ease in my native tongue.

It will not be easy, then, to conceive my disappointment and my unmeasured amazement when the servant girl, opening the door, ushered me into a room, where Monsieur Say, Madame, and the two demoiselles were at breakfast. During the time I occupied in making a most polite bow to the company,—who had half-started from their chairs at my towering appearance, and were gazing upon me in mute astonishment,—said I to myself, "This is a real ugly job: I have got into a pretty scrape." I had never attempted to murder the language of His Most Christian Majesty's dominions but in the easy presence of students, the vulgar presence of servants, and the ugly presence of Madame St. Marc. "But what now, Tom, art thou to do," thought I (as I sat down in the chair to which Monsieur Say pointed), "before these showy, polished, fine-looking demoiselles? To sit mute I must not, to speak good French I cannot. I am between the horns of a dilemma, and upon the one or the other I must gore myself!"

While I sat, now surveying the lining of my hat, now giving it a rotatory motion upon my leg (as if employed in the process of hat-dressing), now regarding Monsieur Say reading the letter, now stealing a glance at the demoiselles—whom my eye sometimes caught stealing a glance at me—and ruminating, amid the solemn silence, upon my most awkward situation, a ray of hope shot across the darkness. Thought I, "I'll make Monsieur Say speak English by doing so to him; and as to Madame, why, she may count her fingers; while, as to the young ladies, they and I will express our mutual friendship and admiration by the language of signs!"

So, seizing the moment when Monsieur had finished his perusal, I out with a good English sentence, in the shape of an apology for not delivering my letter sooner. The conversation had proceeded a little; and, though I saw Monsieur Say labouring under considerable difficulty in expressing himself, I had no pity for him, and had just begun to congratulate myself on my circumstances, when I was at once, and without any warning, obliged to shift for myself the best way I could, by Madame putting down her cup of tea, and, in French, asking me if I knew much of the language!

The cunning of Ulysses could not have helped him here; and so, resigning myself to my fate, I answered her in French. This produced another question on her part, and necessarily

another answer on mine. Monsieur Say then joined the conversation, and Mademoiselle Say (for the other did not speak any) then used her pretty pipe; and, somehow or another, cheered and encouraged by her smiles, I succeeded in conversing with the fine-looking demoiselle with a comparative facility at which I myself was immeasurably astonished.

Monsieur then went out of the room to write a letter of introduction for me to the Librarian of the "Institute," that I might be permitted to "assist" at its sittings,—not going there merely as a stranger, but to mix with its members. This, Brutin tells me, is a great and honourable advantage.

I was holding forth in an unabashed, amazingly good, but still blundering style, when Monsieur returned; and after being asked to attend the *soirées* (at which tea is given, and which are held every Wednesday night), I made my politest bows and withdrew; thanking Monsieur for his kindness, pleased with Madame, delighted with the demoiselle, and marvellously astonished at myself!

21*st February*.—Having been accustomed to give in Edinburgh so much to the beggars, I resolved, when I came here, to resist, though much against my heart, every application of the kind; and have never broken my resolve, except in three cases:—

The first sou I threw in the cup of a blind man, which a dog, holding it in its teeth, presented to me. The dog stood holding the cup so patiently, and looked up to me with such meek entreaty in his honest face, that my hand dived into my pocket, and the sou rattled in the cup before I was aware that I had transgressed my law. . . . .

The third sou was fairly charmed out of my pocket by the necromantic smiles of a Savoyard girl. The little elf might be about nine years of age. After I had passed, with a heart of stone, two or three of her mates who had arranged themselves along the street, it came to her turn to assail me. Instead of beginning the attack, as ours at home do, by a doleful groan and piteous face, she, as the boys and girls do here, said with a smile, which my weakness proved to be far more witching, "*Ah, Monsieur, bon Monsieur, donnez-moi quelque chose!*" As I am irresistibly disposed to smile in return (the dangerous effects of which this case taught me), I now always make my heels my friend, and get out of the way of temptation as fast as possible. However, then, I unfortunately happened to smile in return. Seeing this, and judging that I was not altogether adamantine, she redoubled her battery; and smiling and laughing, she ran backwards before

me along the street, until I at last gave in, giving her the sou, and laughing at my own folly.

* * * * *

26th February.—Heard to-day another proof of the absolute and tyrannical character of the French Government. Improbable as it may appear to a freeman of Great Britain, not more than twenty men, except when there are females also, dare to meet together to sit down to dinner!

At present the Bourbons may well tremble on the throne, unless they introduce a speedy and a radical change into their system of government. The people are as anxious for a revolution as the priests are opposed to it, and by their present measures paving the way for it. This bold attempt* against the liberty of the subject, in the ministerial, or rather the priestly attacks upon the liberty of the press, has alienated almost every man from the present reigning family; and knowing, as the people do, that the priesthood is at the bottom of all these conspiracies against their privileges, they hate them from the heart; and do not hesitate to say (though they have no religion themselves, but in the knowledge that a religion will always subsist), "Ah, Britain is happy in having a Protestant religion; we wish we had the same."

Fevrier abhors the Bourbon Government, and dwells sweetly and sadly upon the memory, as they call him, of Napoleon the Great. I was walking with him to-day in the Luxembourg Gardens, and began, in too plain French, and in too loud a voice, such a hearty invective against the wretched Bourbons, that I forgot altogether where I was, until Fevrier, pointing to the soldiers who stood almost close by us, whispered in my ear something about "*espions!*" (spies.) I took the hint, and we immediately shifted ground.

25th March.—A very melancholy circumstance lately occurred, which threw a gloom for some days over my acquaintances. . . . . Hay was not a personal acquaintance of mine; but I have frequently heard Heddle, Armstrong, and Taylor † (almost his only friends here) speak of him. He had a considerable property in Scotland; and, being of a peculiar disposition, had wandered almost alone for years upon the Continent, attended only by a Swiss servant.

* The allusion is to the fatal efforts of Charles X. to establish a censorship of the press. These proved successful in November, 1827; but the disbanding of the National Guard in April of the same year, was the first of a series of events which terminated, in 1830, in the banishment of the King, and the offer of the Crown to the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe.)

† Scotch medical students.

Heddle, Armstrong, and Taylor called upon him on Sunday night; they found him in bed, complaining of his throat and a slight general illness.

Though they counted it as nothing, still, as they knew that he was very careless of himself, two of them resolved to go and see him on Monday. Taylor and Armstrong called accordingly, were ushered into his room, and there lay poor Hay, —whom they had seen in almost perfect health the night before, and whom they expected to find completely recovered—stretched upon his bed speechless and motionless, and fast sinking into dissolution. The unexpected and appalling spectacle rivetted them for a moment on the threshold of the door, when Armstrong exclaimed, "Good God, Hay is gone!" and rushed forward to the bed where he lay. Hay turned his eyes upon them, and his look spoke more than a thousand tongues. He made an attempt to address them; but his lips refused their office, while the big tears chased each other down his pallid and sunken cheek, until the pillow below his head was soaked. Amid the ruins of his body his soul still evidently retained its throne, and when every other avenue of communication with this world was shut up, it threw an expression into his weeping eyes, which would have melted a heart of stone. He was evidently loth to leave this world; and I fear, from what I had heard of him, he had too much reason to be so. His situation was truly pitiable; and what was more so, it was past relief; his riches could not relieve it, the remembrance of the past could not, the friends who stood by him were ill-fitted to do so; and even though they had, he was out of hearing in the valley of death. Nature rapidly retreated; and on Monday night, by six o'clock, Death was left alone with his prey.

Heddle, much affected, told me all this; and he and Armstrong came to me the night before the funeral to beg of me to attend it. . . .

Heddle, Armstrong, and I set off in a carriage, on the day of the funeral, to Hay's house.

There were no bustling servants, no gaping crowd, no weeping relatives; the stillness of death was in the house; none were there but Taylor and the Swiss; and there was no living creature broke the silence of the dead man's dwelling, but a pretty little dog, of which Hay was very fond, and which, all unconscious of its loss, came amid its gambols to lick my hand and seek some attention.

When the English clergyman came, we entered the *salle à manger*, from which there was a door opened into the room

where Hay lay. The light of day was almost excluded from the chamber; a dim and solitary lamp burned upon the chimneypiece, and its sepulchral light was reflected back from the gold border of the white satin mortcloth that covered the coffin, upon which was placed a crown and wreath of artificial flowers of the same colour.

After two or three more of Hay's acquaintances and countrymen had entered, there was one—who had come with a letter of introduction to him two days before, and had found to his astonishment that he was dead—who asked Taylor if the "tomb" was screwed down. He was told it was. "Because," said he, with a broad Scotch accent, "it is a custom with us, you know, to take a last look of the deceased before the corpse is lifted." I was highly pleased with this specimen of nationality. His request was immediately granted. We entered the room, the mortcloth was removed, which displayed a coarse, unpainted, uncovered coffin. There was a lock upon it, which Taylor opened; the screws were taken out by the servant, and the whole top taken off. The body was only wrapped up in a long winding-sheet; this was tied at the head and feet, so that the face could not be seen until the knot was undone. The countenance was at last exposed; it was mild, like an infant's asleep; and, unless in the case of a fine-looking woman's, which I saw in the dissecting-room, I never saw features less marred by death. We looked for a few minutes on the shrouded body, and still and placid face of our countryman. If there was no tear shed, there was no word spoken. Absorbed in his own thoughts, each seemed to forget that he had any other there but the dead man before him.

Taylor at last stepped forward, and tied again the knot that was never to be untied. The master of the ceremonies, dressed in a black cloak, with a cocked hat and mourning sword, now came in to say that all was ready. . . . .

In about two hours we reached Père La Chaise. At the gate we came out of the mourning carriages, and, headed by the English clergyman, and like him, uncovered, we wended our way amid the tall and mournful cypresses, the tombs of marble where lie the mighty dead of France, the crosses and Virgins beneath whose protection the devotees repose, and the flowers and groves of laurel, up the mount at whose base Paris lay stretched out in the bright, unclouded sun. At the moment appointed in the service, the body was let down by the sextons, and, far from the place where his forefathers sleep, the earth of a strange land closed over our poor countryman.

29th March.—. . . . Moore and I set off for Monsieur

Jean-Alexandre Buchon, the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, the first journal in point of talent in France.

We found Buchon sitting with a moustached Frenchman in his study. He was attired in a jacket, and a pair of worsted pantaloons that answered for stockings too. (*Mem.*—To have, if possible, a pair of them.) He is a most acute and intellectual-looking fellow, with immense vivacity in his manner, and more of vigour than is usual among the French; such twisting of the body, such shrugging of the shoulders, such turning up of the eyebrows, such constant use of the hands, the staid inhabitants of Britain can form no idea of, far less practise.

The principal subject of conversation was politics. Buchon appeared to me well entitled to that very first-rate estimation universally awarded to him. Many of his views, however, appeared without foundation; and I could observe in him, as in many others, a petty jealousy of the British nation, and a secret desire to detract from Mr. Canning's well-merited fame. . . . .

31*st March*.— . . . . . Went the other day to call upon Monsieur Coquérel,* the editor of the *Protestant Review*, a very pleasant young man, and intelligent also. He speaks English almost as well as he does French.

We spoke of Presbyterianism, when he told me that the Protestants on the Continent were all with us in that respect—more even than their forms would indicate.

I had just introduced the subject of the Apocrypha, when our conversation was interrupted by a gentleman coming in, who was introduced to me as a Protestant clergyman near Paris, and to whom I was introduced as one "du Kirk,"—the distinguishing title under which the Church of Scotland is recognised here. . . . .

He then asked me some questions about Chalmers, and told me that he was the only minister whose works were celebrated upon the Continent. I mentioned Robert Hall, but he had never heard of him.

Next day I went with the only remaining letter of Bowring's writing, more anxious to find the person to whom this was directed, than in the other cases.

This arose from what Moore told me. Said he, "Have you any more letters?" "Yes," I replied; "I have one to a Monsieur Marc-Antoine Jullien." "The villain," he replied;

* Father of M. Athanase Josué Coquérel, who was suspended by the Consistory of Paris in 1864.

"I won't go near him; but go you, by all means." At this I was a little astonished, and asked for an explanation, when he told me a part of Jullien's history that makes me most anxious to see this human monster. I have called twice, but always failed; however, I yet hope to find him. He was no other than the secretary of Robespierre during the bloody times of the Revolution; travelled in this capacity about France, with a portable guillotine, and, in the execution of his most honourable and merciful office, is said to have been the means of chopping off the heads of at least twenty thousand individuals. I am determined to see and speak to this vampire.

. . . . I have spent many an hour in Notre Dame at these Conférences,* with no small entertainment; and then repaired to the Chapel of the Virgin, to hear the last mass sung for the night.

But I oftener withdrew to some dark, retired arch of the vast and magnificent pile, and enjoyed the solemn and sublime feelings which the scene before me was calculated to excite. The few candles that yet burned at some shrines sufficed barely to show long vistas of lofty pillars, amid which you could dimly descry a kneeling devotee, or the dark figure of a cowled monk moving with slow and silent steps amongst them. The light from the eternal lamp shone faintly upon the golden crucifix and crosses and candlesticks that adorned the altar. The moonbeam was struggling through the lofty and richly-painted windows, to fall on the sad scene of our Saviour's or some martyr's death, represented by a master's hand; while the effect of all this was heightened, even to a feeling of awe, by the music that came softly swelling and rolling amid the mighty arches from the hidden shrine where the mass was sung. Sometimes the whole body of worshippers sang, and then the sound, though softened and blended by distance, was still strong and powerful. In a moment all was still as death, save the sounds that still faintly vibrated amid the lofty arches. Amid the oppressive and solemn silence the voices of the attendant boys rose shrill and clear, and during every pause they made, the choristers of heaven seemed answering to their song in the clear echo that prolonged the notes.

16*th April*.—Quitted Paris for Brussels on Tuesday the 10th. Fevrier was in great distress about my leaving. On Monday afternoon found him waiting at the Hôtel de l'Etoile in

* Disputations of the priests described in an intermediate part of the Journal.

great tribulation ; the Count, poor body, had also called repeatedly. Went with Fevrier to buy a present ; he took a very cheap one, with which I was not pleased. He went off more sorry to leave me than I ever saw any, not a relation.

Set off next day for the Mont Royal with Heddle, Everett, and Geddes ; embraced all the dames and demoiselles in the house, agreeably to French fashion. There was such a lot, I had a difficulty in finding if I had not missed any—a deadly offence. Wandered about for an hour. We all shook hands with real and mutual sorrow—mounted the banquette ; turned about as I entered Montmartre to take a last view of them ; took off my hat, and waved a signal of friendship ; they were engaged in answering when the coach turned to hide me from them, and, as I thought at the time, it might be for ever.

On his return journey from France to Scotland Mr. Guthrie passed several weeks in London. Of this visit we have some interesting details in a letter written tc his brother Patrick :—

"*London, 4th May,* 1827.

" . . . . In two days I leave this by a Dundee smack. The idea of again incurring the enormous expense of land-travelling is perfectly out of the question ; and as to the dangers, they are ten times greater in the one case than the other.

" Last night I was at the House of Commons, and a glorious and spirit-stirring scene it was.* I could have wished myself down in the arena of strife to take a part, and lend a hand in the glorious fray ; or, at least, to have taken or been allowed to take as active a part there as I did in the discussion of the Bible Society, where I had the honour of setting the example to a no small number of men who objected to the Apocrypha, to support with our voices, our hands, and our feet, Irving in the bold stand he made on that occasion for the Bible. You never saw such a row and riot! —— (for whom I did, and do still, entertain no small respect) acted towards Irving in a manner the most unfair and ungentlemanly I ever saw, and, by his unpointed reasoning, betrayed the notorious weakness of his cause. As hissing was not sufficiently audible amid the thunders of applause, we resorted to another and a better expedient, and by cries of '*shame!*' '*not true!*' and '*to the question!*' arrested Mr. —— more than once in the current of his

* See Autobiography, page 62.

vituperation. I, at one time, hoped to have an opportunity of speaking; having, more than once, been particularly scowled on and remarked by a host of fellows in black coats. I returned their scowl and stare with five per cent. interest, and would have heartily thanked them to point me out. . . . .

"I might stay weeks in London upon invitations; everybody is so kind."

While in the metropolis he was passing one day along a crowded thoroughfare, and there chanced to meet Dr. Alexander Will, an old Brechin friend of boyish days, who had just returned from India. The two got at once into animated conversation; Mr. Guthrie, with his back at the wall, recounting his Parisian experiences, and having many questions to ask about India. But, to the passers-by, the tall form, stentorian tones, hearty laughter, broad Scotch accent, and vehement gestures were a source of wonder; and Dr. Will used to tell how, in a very few minutes, they found themselves surrounded by a considerable crowd, and were glad to move on!

On his return to Brechin in May, 1827, the prospect of obtaining a parish seemed as uncertain as ever. For nearly a year thereafter he remained under his mother's roof, and occasionally officiated for neighbouring ministers.

Another sphere, in which afterwards he was destined pre-eminently to shine, was opening to him at this period of his life,—the platform.* Before this time public meetings had been rare events in his native town. But the controversy relative to the circulation of the Apocrypha was now beginning to agitate the public mind, and nowhere did the battle rage more fiercely than in Brechin, dividing households, Provost Guthrie's among the rest. Many meetings were held to discuss

* As appears by the *Montrose Review*, of 28th October, 1825, the first speech he ever made in public was delivered in the Cathedral Church of Brechin, at a meeting of the Brechin Branch of the "Society for Missions, Schools, and Tracts."

the subject; and, ere long, Mr. Guthrie's gifts as a ready, telling speaker, made him the chief spokesman among the advocates of pure Bible circulation.

On the platform, he seems to have sooner felt his power than in the pulpit. Witness his keen desire to have had his tongue unloosed in London, and the remark he made to a friend, when resigning into his hands the treasurership of the Brechin Branch of the London Missionary Society: "You will be the treasurer, Mr. Don, and I'll take the speaking after this."

In March, 1828, a sudden death in his family called him to a totally unlooked-for occupation: he had to assume for a time his brother's place in the Bank. There was then but one bank in Brechin, where now there are seven. Consequently the branch of the "Dundee Union Banking Company," which his father and brother had managed, did a very considerable business. Mr. Don, the then managing clerk of the Guthries' Bank, and now agent for the City of Glasgow Bank in Brechin, has kindly furnished us with some reminiscences of this episode in Mr. Guthrie's career—when, a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, he discounted bills or refused "accommodation" to the farmers and shopkeepers of the district.

A man whose previous training had been with a view to the ministry would scarcely be regarded with favour by bank directors, should he seek to enter their service; and it is a striking proof of Mr. Guthrie's capacity, vigorous common sense, and power of determined application, that he was able, on an emergency, to play the banker not only respectably, but with credit. Mr. Don informs us that, to his astonishment, in a month or two Mr. Guthrie had made himself familiar with all the details of his new occupation; and at the end of the two years during which he was virtually agent of the Brechin Branch Bank, the manager in the head-office at

Dundee said, "If you only preach, sir, as well as you have banked, you will be sure to succeed."

The arrangements of the day in the Brechin Bank five-and-forty years ago were curious by contrast with our times. Instead of closing early in the afternoon, business was briskest throughout the evening; but, by way of compensation, the bank door was regularly locked twice a day, an hour each time, to enable the agent and his clerks to enjoy dinner and tea in peace!

Mr. Don well remembers that, in front of the desk at which the clerico-banker sat, were invariably to be found an open volume, and a capacious snuff-box whose contents rapidly diminished; for he had early begun the practice of snuff-taking—his mother was, all her life, a snuffer—a practice which, in after years, he advised none to acquire, but which he continued to the last to enjoy.*

Besides the book, however, which lay near the ledger, and which he perused with avidity during the lulls of bank business, Mr. Guthrie was carrying on study of another kind. From behind that counter he was, during these two years, studying human nature in its many aspects, the knowledge of which proved of use to him in dealing with men and women in another sphere. Through life, this faculty of a keen observation

* An English correspondent sends us the following:—"Something like thirty years ago I formed one of a party on a fishing expedition to Innerleithen. We travelled by stage-coach, and occupied the front seat. Very soon after starting, we all took to smoking, and, as a matter of course, the passenger at the back got the full benefit of our 'clouds.' This was not a very enviable position for our fellow-traveller; and so one of us asked him if our smoking was disagreeable, receiving the following characteristic reply: 'I cannot say it is altogether agreeable, but, nevertheless, I won't ask you to stop; for, let me tell ye, that though I don't smoke, I am very fond of a pinch of snuff, and as I would not give up snuffing for any of you, I cannot well ask you on my account to give up your smoking!' The gentleman my friend had addressed turned out to be no less a personage than Mr. Guthrie (he was not a D.D. then) who was on his way to do sacramental duty in some parish near to Peebles. 'Doing unto others as you would be done by,' was, I believe, uppermost in his breast till the end of his useful life."

was a marked feature of his character, and ceaselessly at work. He combined with it an equally constant habit of putting questions to all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, by means of which he was ever adding to his stores of information.

Twelve years thereafter he wrote to his youngest brother, asking his aid to collect some money in Brechin for the building of a school in his destitute Edinburgh parish, and thus humorously referred to these old banking days:—"Give my compliments to all my old acquaintances who used to do business with me in the Bank, bearing that, as I often gave them out money on their order, I hope they'll give me a little on my petition!"

His occupation at this period, though in itself a secular one, did not secularise him. He gladly availed himself of opportunities to preach, and thus—having locked up the world's money on the Saturday night,—of offering next day the unsearchable riches of Christ; nor that only from the pulpit—for on several occasions it is remembered that he addressed large audiences in the open air, in the neighbourhood of Brechin.

CHAPTER III.

ARBIRLOT LIFE.

ARBIRLOT, the scene of Mr. Guthrie's early ministry, is a rural parish in Forfarshire, close to Arbroath, on the eastern sea-board of Scotland, and lies nearly sixty miles north of Edinburgh. "Arbirlot" is a contracted form of *Aber-Elliot, i.e.,* "at the mouth of the Elliot"—a rocky streamlet which traverses the parish; just as in "Arbroath," we have the contracted form of the ancient name, *Aber-Brothock*—the Brothock there entering the German Ocean, beside an abbey magnificent even in ruins.

The only distinctive features in the landscape of Mr. Guthrie's country parish are to be found along the gentle valley of the Elliot. The stream runs near the village, underneath a steep and wooded bank, on whose edge stands the grey tower of Kelly Castle, within which Mr. Guthrie preached for many months, while the church was being enlarged. His first manse stood in the village. It was replaced by another (almost, if not altogether the best manse in Scotland) on the height across the stream—a spot which Mr. Guthrie selected as commanding a view of the sea. The village itself lies in a secluded hollow beside the stream, where, with the cottages nestling in their greenery, the bridge, the mill, and foaming water, the scene is more than ordinarily picturesque. It has almost an English air—an impression

strengthened by observing a luxuriant vine on one of the cottage fronts, which, as the villagers used to tell, produced, in the hot summer of 1826, a crop of ripened grapes.

It is somewhat remarkable, and proves how the surname of Guthrie, unusual in Scotland as a whole, is frequent in Forfarshire, that three of Mr. Guthrie's predecessors in his rural parish were Guthries: viz., John, translated to Perth in 1610, and appointed Bishop of Moray in 1623; James (not the martyr), minister of Arbirlot in 1625; and a second John, about 1660. The only predecessor of Mr. Guthrie in Arbirlot, however, whose memory survives in history, was George Gladstanes, afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrew's. His name is associated with that of Archbishop Spottiswoode, in the often renewed attempts of James I. and Charles I. to undermine the Presbyterian system, and introduce Episcopacy into Scotland.*

When ordained on 13th May, 1830, Mr. Guthrie was in his twenty-seventh year. Some years previously he had been betrothed to Anne, the eldest daughter of the Rev. James Burns, of Brechin,† their engagement having taken place when he was twenty-three and she just sixteen years old. They were married by the bride's father on 6th October, 1830, five months after his ordination to his new

* Gladstanes was succeeded at Arbirlot by David Black, one of the most eminent and godly ministers of his time, who died of an apoplectic stroke when in the act of administering the communion to his congregation there. His friend and former colleague, the illustrious Andrew Melville, in a Latin poem on his death, names and describes Arbirlot (Delitiae Poetarum Scotorum, tom. ii. p. 81).

† If Mr. Guthrie's was not a "Levitical" family, Mrs. Guthrie's certainly is. Her father was the eldest of four brothers, all of whom simultaneously held parochial charges in the Established Church of Scotland, viz., James Burns, minister of the parish of Brechin; William H. Burns, D.D., Kilsyth (father of the late William C. Burns, Missionary to China, and of the late Professor Islay Burns, D.D., of the Free Church College, Glasgow); Robert Burns, D.D., formerly of St. George's Parish, Paisley, and afterwards minister of Knox's Church and Professor in Knox's College, Toronto (whose son is Robert

charge. Many long and pleasant journeyings did they share in after years, visiting together most parts of Britain and many portions of the Continent; but their marriage trip was limited to the fifteen miles which separated the manse of Brechin from the manse of Arbirlot—the journey being made in a postchaise, which contained not only the bride and bridegroom, but (a strange custom we should now think it) a sister and niece of Mr. Guthrie's.

In addition to the happiness he found at his own fireside (increased as time went on by the prattle of children's voices), Mr. Guthrie had, while at Arbirlot, his widowed mother as a near neighbour; for she, with her daughters, spent five months every season there, to be near her son and to cheer him in his Master's service.

His life in his country parish was in many ways an enviable one. His calling the highest and holiest; his parishioners manageable in point of numbers, and all with scarce an exception members of his flock, he soon got to know every man, woman, and child among them. The ideal of a loving father in the midst of his family, of a trusted shepherd among his sheep, was in a rare degree realised. Several of his parishioners might be richer men; but as neither landowner nor professional man was resident, the minister was frankly conceded the highest status in the district, while yet the humblest cottar felt that in him he could claim a friend. No doubt the picture had its other side. Faithful in rebuking sin, he did not underlie the woe pronounced on those of whom "all men shall speak well." But, take it all in all, the life of

F. Burns, D.D., Montreal); and George Burns, D.D., formerly of St. John's, New Brunswick, and latterly of Tweedsmuir and Corstorphine, now the sole survivor. The surviving members of the Rev. James Burns' family are, besides Mrs. Guthrie, the Rev. J. C. Burns of Kirkliston, two daughters, and a son resident in Brechin. By her mother's side, Mrs. Guthrie is cousin-german to Professor David Brown, D.D., Aberdeen; Charles J. Brown, D.D., Edinburgh; and Professor William Chalmers, D.D., London.

a Scottish minister at that period in a rural parish like Arbirlot contained the elements of as pure happiness as may reasonably be expected in this world. "There," to quote his own words, "I learned to love the country, and form a high estimate of the kindness and sobriety, of the virtue and piety, of a well-ordered rural population. The lines had fallen to me in pleasant places. The moral aspects were much in harmony with the physical, of a scene where the fields yielded abundant harvest, and the air, loaded with the fragrant perfume of flowers, rang to the song of larks and woodland birds, and long lines of breakers gleamed and boomed upon the shore, and ships with white sails flecked the blue ocean, and the Bell Rock tower stood up on its rim, to shoot cheerful beams athwart the gloom of night—a type of that Church which, our guide to the desired haven, is founded on a rock, fearless of the rage of storms."*

He succeeded a very old man, who, dying at the age of eighty-seven, persisted in preaching till within a fortnight of his death. Though Mr. Watson was popular in his day, and always evangelical, one does not wonder that, in his closing years, there was lethargy in the pews. The very first sermon of the new minister sounded like a trumpet-call: the repose of the sleepers was effectually broken.

Mr. Guthrie determined that his every hearer should understand him; carrying out in a higher sphere Lord Cockburn's rule while at the bar (an anecdote Mr. Guthrie delighted to tell as an illustration of the witty judge's sagacity)—"When I was addressing a jury, I invariably picked out the stupidest-looking fellow of the lot, and addressed myself specially to him—for this good reason: I knew that if I convinced *him,* I would be sure to carry all the rest!"

Though from the first his preaching was remarkable, it is apparent from the manuscripts of his sermons at

* "Studies of Character" (first series), p. 278.

Arbirlot that there was a steady development of that peculiar style which he made at length so entirely his own. What is told in his Autobiography regarding the pains he took in preparing his sermons, and his adoption increasingly of a pictorial style, is borne out by the statements of those who heard him preach between 1830 and 1837.

His brother-in-law, the Rev. J. C. Burns, writes of the earlier part of his ministry as follows:—

"When Mr. Guthrie was settled as minister of Arbirlot he became much more of a Bible-student than he had been before, and his discourses, which he prepared with great care (using almost exclusively as his help 'Cruden's Concordance' and Dr. Chalmers' 'Scripture References'), became correspondingly instructive and interesting. Though he had possessed himself, immediately on seeing his name gazetted as presentee, of 'Poli Synopsis Criticorum,' and the Commentaries of Thomas Scott and Matthew Henry (I got a commission next morning in Edinburgh to go and purchase them), he made comparatively little use of any of them. He preferred Cruden and *himself* to them all—*i.e.* his own first and fresh impressions of the meaning of the passage he was expounding; and these he set himself to convey in the plainest and most familiar language, and in the most vivid and telling form; so that, while his exegesis might sometimes be at fault, and was always defective, he never failed both to get and keep the attention of his hearers, and to put them in possession of what he wished them to know.

"In this way he expounded (I think on each alternate Sabbath) the Gospel of Mark, and I have a distinct recollection of admiring the *vivaciousness* which he imparted to the sacred narrative, and the novelty which old familiar themes seemed to acquire from the way in which he handled them. I remember well, too, how eagerly attentive a congregation he had to preach to; every eye and ear seemed open, wideawake; there was attention even where there was not approval.

"But during the earlier part of his ministry at Arbirlot—where alone I had the opportunity of hearing him—he did not discover much of that pictorial power in which he afterwards excelled; still less of that artistic finish with which (without seeming to be artistic, or, at any rate, without seeming to be

artificial) he was wont afterwards to use that power. Homeliness, if not uncouthness at times, was characteristic of his style, rather than classic elegance or beauty. There, however, amid its quiet scenes of rural loveliness, he learned the art of illustration; and I suppose it was in part his experience in his Sabbath-afternoon Bible-class which led him to study it, and which served also to develop his own rare and unrivalled capacity for its use."

The congregation at Arbirlot contained no persons of higher social standing than well-to-do farmers and their families. In the Autobiography there is allusion to one farmer of exceptional cultivation; but Mr. Guthrie had not the additional stimulus which a country minister might feel, whose audience comprises the family and guests from the neighbouring manor-house. Had he not been careful always to give his people the best he had to give, he might have sometimes fallen into the plight which a worthy connection of his own had occasion to regret when, on a certain wet and stormy Sunday at Dun, he resolved (concluding that his auditory would be of the scantiest) to reserve his carefully-prepared discourse for a more favourable occasion, and make a "few simple remarks;" but what was his horror as he entered the pulpit minus his MS., to see the famous Dugald Stewart, then visiting the Erskine family at Dun House, seated in the family pew!*

More than a generation has passed away since Mr. Guthrie began his ministry at Arbirlot. But it were easy, after an interval of even forty years, to present testimony to his faithfulness and assiduity. One of his co-presbyters was Mr. McCosh, then of Arbroath, afterwards Professor in Queen's College, Belfast, and now President of Princeton College, United States. Dr. McCosh's relations with Mr. Guthrie, always most intimate, were strengthened by his marrying a daughter of Dr. Alexander Guthrie, of Brechin. He has kindly

* "Pastor of Kilsyth," by Islay Burns, D.D., p. 100.

furnished us with some reminiscences of Mr. Guthrie's later Arbirlot life, of which we gratefully avail ourselves :—

"His preaching," writes Dr. McCosh, "had already (1835) the characteristics which afterwards made him so marked a man, and made him what I was accustomed to call him, 'the pictorial preacher of the age.' On the Sabbath afternoons he held an exercise for the young, and there he began to let out, at first timidly, his peculiar gifts. . . . . The dull eye of the cow-boy and of the servant-girl, who had been toiling all the week among the horses and cows, immediately brightened up as he spoke in this way, and they were sure to go back next Sabbath and take others with them. It should be added that his unsurpassed power of illustration was always employed to set forth the grand old cardinal truths of the Gospel.

"His preparation for the pulpit was conscientiously careful. Possessed of a ready power of speech, he could have extemporised a sermon at any time, and thus saved himself much labour. But during all the seven years he was in Arbirlot, I believe he never entered the pulpit without having his discourse written and committed. Had he acted in any other way, he might have been left in Arbirlot all his life, greatly esteemed, no doubt, in the district, but without ever occupying the wide sphere which God opened to him. Even in writing, he kept an audience before his mind's eye, and he prepared not an abstract essay, but an address to be spoken to men and women, to young men and maidens. I often found him on the Saturday night amending and correcting what he had written, and filling his mind with the subject. His illustrative style made his discourse more easily remembered by himself, as it was more easily remembered by his audience.

"He was already the most popular minister by far in the district, though as yet scarcely known beyond it. In all the surrounding country parishes, when he preached at the weekday services in connection with the dispensation of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the whole people rushed to hear him ; and, in Arbroath, where he often preached on the Sabbath evenings after officiating at home during the day, the churches were crowded to excess. Some hard men thought that his discourses were not very logical ; some finical men and women regarded his Forfarshire pronunciation as very broad and his illustrations rather vivid ; but they all went to hear him, because they got their hearts warmed.

"And here I am tempted to remark that those critics have committed a great mistake who represent him as having had no other quality than that of being able to move the feelings. Deeper down than even his power of exciting emotion by his pictures, was a foundation of sound common sense with a profound knowledge of human nature, and his pathos was an efflorescence from this root. Some years after this, Sir William Hamilton one day said to me quietly, 'Your friend Dr. Guthrie is the best preacher I ever heard.' I answered I did not wonder at the opinion, but I was surprised to hear it expressed by so great a logician of one not specially possessed of large logical power. He replied with great emphasis, '*Sir, he has the best of all logic; there is but one step between his premise and conclusion.*' I am not sure that the great Edinburgh metaphysician ever uttered a profounder saying than this.

"Mr. Guthrie's genius always seemed to me to resemble in some measure that of Robert Burns. In both, there was the same basis of masculine sense and knowledge of human character. Young Walter Scott marked in Burns' conversation a singular mixture of pathos and humour. There was the same union in Guthrie's conversation and speeches. The question has often been put, How are those two dissimilar qualities so often combined? I believe the answer is this;—both qualities imply a sympathy with human nature.

"What was said of Burke might have been said of Thomas Guthrie—that a man could not have passed five minutes with him in a shed to which they had been driven by the rain without asking who this man is. This arose from his sympathy with man as man. It was by observation and by conversation with the persons he met that he acquired the greater part of his extensive knowledge. No doubt he was a reader with very marked tastes. He liked picture-books and Shakspeare, and history and travels, and biography and medical works;—he certainly did not like metaphysical disquisitions. But he was on the alert to get information from the people he met with, and he must have been a very stupid or a very stiff man from whom he could not extract something. He left on every man the impression, that, of all things, he was most interested in that man's favourite pursuit, and he encouraged him to speak of his craft, whether he was a farmer, a shepherd, a sailor, a soldier, or a tradesman.

"I have a vivid recollection of his taking me up on one occasion to a place some half-dozen miles off, to the funeral of a co-presbyter. We travelled in a cart, which he liked to do; it reminded him of his boyish days, when he and other children

went out to the country. We talked of the departed minister, who was a staunch Moderate ; but Mr. Guthrie maintained that he was a sincerely pious man, though brought up in a bad school. The cart was driven by his servant-boy, Sandy Hovells, a *halflin'*—that is, half between man and boy. He talked with Sandy about the things Sandy knew—the farms, and the crops, and the farmers, and the servants ; ever and anon giving, without seeming to do so, a good moral or religious reflection. By the time we reached Carmylie I believe he had drawn out of Sandy everything he knew.

"He soon became a popular idol ; and the country people had all sorts of stories about him, illustrating his kindness of heart. He had a favourite dog, 'Bob,' black, rough, and ungainly, much attached to his master, but no way amiable to other men and dogs. This animal at times insisted in going into church while his master was preaching, and the minister, in the midst of his sermon, would open the pulpit door and let him in, evidently to keep him quiet.*

"He kept his own congregational library, and had it opened every Saturday evening in the manse to give out books. One night I was present, and greatly interested in the scene. He had a pleasant word to everybody. The parish patriarchs came in, not only to return their book, but to have a talk with him. He asked especially for the man's wife, always giving her a name, 'How is Betty ?' and got the whole details of the man's family and farm. The shy boy and the blushing maiden approached him with considerable awe, but felt assured when he named them and asked about their parents, and they went away with the ineradicable conviction that their minister loved them. He had too shrewd a knowledge of human nature to think of examining them on the books they took out ; but he encouraged them to talk of the contents of the volume, and he noticed what books and parts of books they liked best, and turned the whole to their good and his own good, as helping him to learn how to preach.† . . . .

* Another informant remembers seeing this actually occur. "Bob" lay quietly at his master's feet till the close of the service ; when, the blessing having been pronounced, the people were vastly amused to see his fore-paws laid on the book-board, the great black head appearing above it, as he gravely surveyed the departing congregation.

† Dr. Guthrie used to tell that frequent inquiries were made for "Adam's Private Thoughts," a devotional book written by an English clergyman of that name in the last century. One Saturday evening Mr. Guthrie thought he would find out from a decent man what made him so anxious to have that particular volume. "Ou, sir," said he, "I just wondered how they could mak' oot what the first man's private thoughts would be aboot!"

"His generosity was not of the sentimental but of the genuine character; he had not only a heart, but his heart was in the right place. At his house the afflicted were welcomed and the poor relieved, and every parishioner went away happy, and with a prepossession in behalf of religion which had been so recommended, and likely to come to the church to hear him preach next Sabbath.

"Arbirlot lay two or three miles from Arbroath, into which he came very frequently. My home became his house of call when he or Mrs. Guthrie came into town. And here let me remark that he had, in his wife, one in every way a 'help-meet' for him. She attended most carefully and judiciously to every domestic duty, and he had thus no household care lying upon him. She was ever kind to his people, and greatly increased his usefulness in his parish. Full of equanimity, when he was excited she was calm, and while she appreciated his genius and evidently enjoyed his jokes, she never attempted to copy or rival him in his personal peculiarities.

"Whenever I had an idle half-day I walked out to his place, where he always received me with a roar of welcome. In the summer season we went out and rolled on the grass. The cattle in the field would gather round and sniff at us; then he would spring up and delight to see them startled and scampering off. 'What a lovely eye! so soft and expressive,' he would say, 'the ox has. People think the simile vulgar, but old Homer must have had a fine sense of beauty when he described a goddess as "the ox-eyed."' As the lark flew up singing;—'That bird rebukes you and me' (we had been talking on some anxious subject); 'it has no cares, and it sings. The farmers are apt to look on the birds as pests; but the birds keep down the grubs, and the grubs may limit certain plants, and these plants have their use, though they may require to be restrained: and so, if you were to destroy that bird, you would throw the economy of nature into confusion.' (That saying of his was brought vividly to my mind when I found them bringing sparrows from Britain to keep down the insects in New York and Philadelphia.) Or we would go down a mile to the shore of the German Ocean, and watch for hours the sea anemones in the rocky pools; and as he described to me their habits, which he had carefully noted, he would drop a little stone into their cavity, and make me mark how they rejected it, while they clasped and digested their appropriate food. He was sure there was a good and intelligent Being guiding that creature, he could not tell how. And then he would tell me a funny story of some Brechin character. 'One of the vainest men I ever knew was

Willy ——. On one occasion he paid a visit to Edinburgh, dressed in high boots with yellow tops. He came back in the same steamboat with the hangman, who was about to execute a woman in Montrose. Several hundred people had gathered on the quay at Arbroath to give the hangman a warm reception. The hangman, seeing them, got on shore early, and addressing one of the leaders of the mob, pointed to Willy as the hangman, and then walked quietly on. Willy had his vanity considerably wounded when he found men, women, and boys bespattering him with mud, tearing his clothes, and threatening to tear his body in pieces!' Then we talked seriously about the wisest way of helping on the cause of the reformation of the Church of Scotland."

Mr. Dick, now resident in Edinburgh, a parishioner of Mr. Guthrie's during his whole Arbirlot ministry, thus writes:—

"Mr. Guthrie's future popularity as a preacher was indicated at the very outset. I recollect the first text he preached from at Arbirlot—1 Thess. v. 23: 'And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.' I was too young to recollect much of the sermon, but I remember this—the name of Christ seemed, as it were, ringing in my ears. It was the golden thread that bound all the sermon together.

"The text of his first 'Action Sermon,' before dispensing the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, was Matt. x. 32, 33; and in connection with this, I feel called upon to give my humble testimony to the faithfulness which was manifested by my pastor in admitting me, a few years afterwards, to the Table of the Lord. I remember how, after repeated examination of all the young communicants together, we were taken aside, one by one, at the last interview, and very seriously and faithfully addressed upon the important step about to be taken, before giving us our 'tokens' of admission to that sealing ordinance."

The Records of the Kirk-Session, too, indicate not only Mr. Guthrie's unceasing diligence in working the parish, but also how thoroughly he carried out the Presbyterian ideal,—making his elders fellow-labourers with himself in household visitations, prayer-meetings, and general superintendence of the flock. Most of these elders were

older men than himself, and, of the eleven, one alone survives. To this venerable man let us now introduce the reader.

David Key's cottage was a favourite resort of Mr. Guthrie; and often did the elder's noisy loom come to a standstill as the minister was seen lifting the door-latch to have a friendly chat, the invariable preliminary to which was a leisurely exchange of snuff-boxes. After his settlement in Edinburgh, Mr. Guthrie continued to correspond with this humble friend; and we are tempted to give an extract here from one of David's letters to his old pastor, not only because it indicates the hold Mr. Guthrie had of his people's affections, but because the writer (a hand-loom weaver till age disabled him) is himself a sample of the kind of men who compose the best of the Scottish peasantry. Our English readers would be astonished did they know how keenly interested these people have always been in ecclesiastical questions, how much they think and speak about them. The common people understood the principles at stake in the conflict that terminated in 1843. The Disruption was essentially a popular movement; had it been merely fostered and urged on by ecclesiastics for their own ends (as has been sometimes alleged) the Free Church of Scotland never could have assumed its present proportions, or become the power in the land it is:—

"*Arbirlot, January 15th*, 1840.

"I have just sat down, after a long interval, to write a few lines to my never-to-be-forgotten friend and pastor. . . . Ah! dear sir, you little know the rememrance of our 'Dear Thomas,' as you are famillarly called among your warm-hearted friends in Arbirlot; and this brings a striking remark across my mind, which I cannot forget. It happened on a Sabbath in the fall of the year. I had been at a funeral that day, and I was sitting on a gravestone in the churchyard, waiting for the time of going into church; and our friend David Gibson * came and conversed with me about the Sabbath-

* See Autobiography, page 112.

schools going again; and he was as usual making remarks about the conducting of the schools, and refferring to former practice, and how we did when you was advocating the cause of education. He very earnestly exclaimed, 'Ah, David, Maister Guthrie was taken away from us by Providence, to Let us see ourselves, for we did not see his Great Master above him;' meaning, our attachment to the creature too much made us Lose sight of our duty.

"But I was forgetting to inquire at you, what you are thinking about the state of matters in our Church, anent the Strathbogie ministers, and the Court of Session and Commission of the General Assembly. The people of Montrose have done their duty against the country lairds and the Moderats on Wednesday last.

"You should get the people of Edinburgh to petition the Legislature for the abolition of patronage altogether, and see if the other Large towns would follow, and parishes throughout Scotland. I have spoken twice about a meeting, but Mr. Kirk says there is plenty of time yet before Parliament meet for general Busness, as the Royal Marrage will be over before anything of publick business be brought forward; but I think the sooner people petitions the better, as they will see the people are alive to their spiritual priviledges. . . . .

"Dear sir, I hope you will write me soon what you think will be the issue of the struggles."

The writer of this letter is still alive in Arbirlot, at the advanced age of 86. He was visited the other day by his minister, the Rev. Richmond S. Thomson, of the Free Church, Arbirlot, along with a friend, who kindly took down the following dialogue, the language of which, besides being pure Angusshire Doric, is so racy and quaint that we have thought it best, while abridging it to some extent, to retain it in its original form:—

Mr. Thomson. How old are you, David?

David Key. Eighty-six, sir, and my wife there, she's eighty-three.

Q. Do you remember anything about Mr. Guthrie's first sermon in Arbirlot?

A. Aye, weel, Minister. There was a terrible mote* o' folk the

* Number.

first Sabbath, anxious to see if he would be like Maister Watson that was afore him. Maister Watson preached withoot a paper till he was eighty, and then he read seven year', till he was eighty-seven, and then he deed, ye see. But, as I was tellin' ye, he used the paper for seven year', and was gettin' unco * dry; so we was watchin' if oor new minister wad be ony brisker-like. Maister Guthrie, he gi'es oot the text frae the Reader's Bible,† and syne he shut-to the book. At that, auld William Airth (William was the smith, ye ken) stood up in his seat the way sometimes we was allowed in thae days, if ye'd been sittin' ower lang. He was reckoned a terrible critic upon men. Up he started till his feet, and I tell ye, he stood like a brod ‡ the whole time, and forgot to sit doon! So, when the kirk cam' oot, a'body was gatherin' at the end o' the brig, and the foremost cries to auld William Airth, the smith, "Weel, William, what do *you* think the day, you that's heard sae mony preachers—what do ye think o' him?" Says William, pressin' past them, and speakin' to himsel' like, "THAT's the preacher, lads, THAT's the preacher!" I mind o'd weel: he just did wonderfu' at the very first.

Q. As you were an elder after that, you would get to know the minister well?

A. Ye see, when Maister Guthrie cam', there was just three elders in the parish; and I was ane o' aught § that was added on, and that made eleven; and, as I have heard, we was the first elective || session in Forfarshire. Mr. Guthrie was seven year' and a half here, and he tried 'most a'thing, and he made a great stir in his new ways. He keepit prayer-meetings ance a week in the elders' hooses. The man o' the hoose read a chapter and gave a prayer, and syne the minister himsel' read and explained. And, forbye, he sent heaps o' tracts aboot amang the folk, and was constantly at something or ither in the improvin' way.

Q. And how were these movements liked?

A. They caused a heap o' speakin'. One day, John ——— says to me (him and me was great freends, tho' he didna belong

* Very.

† The Sabbath duties of the "Reader" (who was usually the schoolmaster), originally more extensive, became gradually narrowed to reading the Scriptures during the assembling of the people. This practice was at one time common in Scotland, but is now abandoned. The Reader's desk was commonly called the "lateran" (lectern).

‡ As stiff as a board.

§ One of eight.

|| That is, the elders ordained on this occasion were elected by the male communicants, the minister and existing elders having the right of veto.

to oor parish), "I met your new minister gaein' to Arbroath. He's a strange man that, ye've gotten; he's surely no' a practical man, that; they tell me he just gathers up his preachin' by the road." So I says to him, says I, "Is na' he practical? Come ye across to me i' the evenin', and see him wi' an axe whackin' awa' at his trees, and see if he's no practical!" Ye see, he had begun to tak' in the braes at that time; the axe fitted him fine i' thae days, and he soon had forty acres under crap. It was wonderfu' how he tried a' thing.

Q. Then did he not start a savings bank?

A. Aye did he. Ye see, he kent about bankin'; but I never had muckle ado wi' him in that direction. And he begun the parochial library, and had an annual sermon and a collection to buy new books, and get the auld mendit.

Q. Then wasn't he strong against drinking in those days?

A. He was that. There used to be twa "publics" at the Elliot, and he got them putten doon; and there is never a public-hoose in the village since syne. And when the drunk man gaed ower the heugh,* and was found down in the burn drooned, he gied the drinkers a terrible redd-up; † in fac', he never seemed to forget it after, but was aye turnin' the deed body up.‡

* A cliff.

† Exhortation or rebuke.

‡ On the Sabbath thereafter, Mr. Guthrie preached from the text "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, ye drinkers of wine," Joel i. 5. At the end of his MS. he has written "Arbirlot. December, 1833. Man killed in parish in state of intoxication—fell over rocks at Kelly." From this sermon we make the following extract:—"A Roman is represented when he wished to excite the public indignation against the assassins of his friend, as having conveyed the pale, bloody and bleeding body to the public streets, and (lifting up the mantle that was thrown over it and pointing to the wounds that covered it) as having then and there called for vengeance on the heads of the pitiless assassins. And if anything could have made the drunkard hate his crime or the sober shun it, it might be the dead body that in this church preached better against the crime of drunkenness than a hundred sermons. If there be such a sinner here to-day, I would rather have had him here some days ago. I can now only *tell* him what drunkenness will do, but I would then have *shown* him. He has often had the warning of the living; he would then have had the warning of the dead. Though warned in vain against drunkenness at a Communion Table; though the vow taken over the body of Christ has been given to the winds of heaven, yet, perhaps, by divine grace, this horrid spectacle might have sobered him for ever; and though the entreaties of his parents, of his wife, of his children, of his friends, and of his minister have failed, he might have heard with effect the dead body saying to him, 'Awake, ye drunkard, and weep and howl.' The body is now consigned to the grave, the soul to the judgment of Him who made it; but I cannot let such an event

Q. What about Sabbath schools?

A. Lang syne they had Sabbath schools, in Maister Watson's time, but they were droppit. So, when Maister Guthrie cam', he was for the Sabbath schools gotten up again, and called on me, as ane o' the auld teachers; and we started afresh, and had three schools in different parts of the parish.

Q. Then, did many more people begin to come to the church after the new minister settled here?

A. Aye, a terrible difference. She was thin planted in the auld time; but after Maister Guthrie cam', the kirk was filled haigh up and laigh doon.* The folk would come miles and miles to hear him. Lots o' Arbroath folk cam' regular, ye see; and frae Boysack Muir.

Q. How far is Boysack Muir?

A. It's four mile' frae here; but you would have seen the road from Boysack just black wi' folk. And they cam' frae Panbride, that's five mile. There was twa auld women frae Panbride in red cloaks, and as there was no seats for them, they sat ever at the foot-step o' the pulpit stair; and they brought their bit piece—thae wives wi' their red cloaks—and wad hae stayed, if there was afternoon or evening service. And by-and-by the kirk was untenable, and the parish appealed to the laird to build a new kirk, and mak' it bigger; and so an extra aisle was added, and the middle loft † put in. He never went awa' on Sundays i' thae days, and at Sacrament-times we had a terrible traffic o' folk, and six tables commonly, and six hours o' services to begin wi', and then an hour o' an interval, and syne in again for the evenin'. Thae was grand times, sir, grand times!

Q. Not six tables surely, David?

A. Aye, six at the very least; for the Hunder-an'-Third Psalm was aye weel dune by the last table; and, ye see, we could only gie them aught lines for ilka ane ‡ o' the services, and she was aye terriblys throw § by the hinder end o' the tables. I mind ane o' thae days there was an auld decent-like

pass without endeavouring to improve it by setting before you some views of this crime which may, by the Divine blessing, shake off the fatal slumber." . . . .

Mr. Guthrie prevailed upon the Factor to make it a condition of obtaining a lease in Arbirlot that no house should be used for the sale of drink. Nor did he neglect the living sufferers; for when, a few days after the terrible occurrence, the widow of the poor wretch came to the village in search of her husband, Mr. Guthrie took a great interest in her case, and raised above £20 for her relief.

* High up and low down. † Gallery.

‡ Each one. § Very nearly finished.

man cam' in late, and there was not a single fit o' room for him to sit doon. So Maister Guthrie stops in his preachin', and says loud oot, "I don't like to see an honest old man stand while younger men sit." But that had no effec'; so he goes on louder, "I just as well like to see a poor man sitting as a rich." Syne they made room for the auld man.

Q. Then had you never more than one sermon?

A. Aye, we had a Sabbath class every Sabbath afternoon, and even in the afternoon ye would na hae gotten a seat i' the body o' the kirk, she was that fu'; and he used to make grown-up folk recite questions and hymns, and then he would ha' ta'en up the subject, and lectured for a quarter of an hour just even on; and eh! sirs, he made it sae interestin' and attractive.

Q. Then he had always been fond of illustrating, had he?

A. Illustratin', sir, what's that?

Q. Oh, using illustrations and figures from the sea, and so on.

A. Pointedly! Lots o' illustrations frae the sea, and the earth, and the air, and onything that cam' handy. Illustrations extraordinar'! He was a ready-wittit man; and then, when he lookit in to see a body, he was just as hame-ower* as a neeghbour. In fact, I would say, he didna ken onything about pride. He was aye real couthy,† ye see. He beat a' thing for that; and sae humoursome and fond o' a joke. He would begin, "That puts me in mind," and so on; and ye boot ‡ to laugh, ye couldna' help it. *They* kent that, the Arbroath folk, at their Voluntary Controversy meetin's they had, when there was an uproar, and they rose in the gallery, he would ha' cried out, half-laughing, "Oh, that just minds me o' sic' and sic' a thing," and the folk a' burst oot a-laughin', so they couldna' riot after that.

Q. He had always plenty to say, had he?

A. THOOSANDS! He never had to rummage long for a word. A ready-wittit man, I wull say that.

Q. Did he use a set of formal prayers, as many old ministers did in church?

A. Form o' prayers, sir? Eh, na! His prayers was aye altered. Ye see, he had a great flow.

Q. Did he not get a call soon after he came, before the time he left you?

A. Aye, to Greenside, in Edinburgh. The village was in a terrible steer aboot it. He wouldna gang at that time. But I

* Homely. † Frank. ‡ Behoved.

never saw a greater rearin' i' the parish aboot onything than there was when the word got oot about the Greensides wantin' him.

Q. Were the parishioners not very ill-pleased then, David, when he did go away?

A. Ill-pleased, ca' ye it? Ill-pleased! I tell ye they were greetin', they were a' greetin'!

It is a special advantage of the Presbyterian Church, that by her organization each individual minister realises a personal interest in the movements of the whole body. He is no isolated unit, who feels himself helpless to check tendencies at work within the Church of which he honestly disapproves, and who strives to forget the dangers that are rife, in the praiseworthy diligence with which he cultivates his own little corner of the vineyard. The Presbyterian system gives every minister a permanent seat and vote in her Church Courts; thus the humblest country pastor exerts a certain influence on the Church's action, and, should he possess taste and talents for it, is free to take his share in the deliberations which affect her destiny and well-being in the Presbytery, the Synod, and the General Assembly.*

In later life, Mr. Guthrie took comparatively little part in Church Courts; but, during his Arbirlot ministry, he was scarce ever absent from the Presbytery meetings, and looked forward with zest to his monthly visit to Arbroath on these occasions. In the general business of

* It may be well to explain, for the benefit of our non-presbyterian readers, that the governing bodies under the Presbyterian system are KIRK-SESSIONS, PRESBYTERIES, SYNODS, and GENERAL ASSEMBLIES. Each congregation has a KIRK-SESSION, consisting of the minister, who is "Moderator," and of lay "elders," chosen by the communicants. The Presbytery consists of all the ministers and a lay representative from each Kirk-Session, within "the bounds." The Synod consists of certain contiguous Presbyteries united together. The General Assembly is the Supreme Court of the Church, possessed of the highest executive authority, and the source of legislation. It consists of clerical and lay deputies from all the Presbyteries of the Church. The above statement holds true of the various sections of the Presbyterian Church, with slight modifications in particular instances.

the Presbytery he took, indeed, a leading part; and in 1836 he was elected Presbytery clerk—an appointment which shows the opinion entertained by his brethren of his business capacity. In the less frequent meetings of the Synod of Angus and Mearns he took his share; and came up to Edinburgh for the General Assemblies of 1833, 1834, and 1835.

At the time of his settlement in Arbirlot, the question of Lay Patronage in the Church of Scotland was beginning to be keenly discussed. Simultaneously with the revival of spiritual life within the Church, and the consequent growth of the Evangelical party, a desire for freedom in the choice of their pastors took possession of the people of Scotland.

The existence of Lay Patronage was the indirect cause of the Secessions from the Scottish Church in the last century, and of the Disruption in the present. In the course of our narrative, it will be seen how the Church's action in connection with Patronage brought her into collision with the Civil Courts; how, in that collision, the great principle of her spiritual independence was infringed and even denied; and how, the Legislature having refused to interfere, the Disruption of 1843 became a necessity. But the first decision of the Civil Courts, by which the Church considered her rights interfered with, was not pronounced until after Mr. Guthrie had left Arbirlot for Edinburgh; we have at this stage, therefore, to deal with the question of Patronage alone.

Lay Patronage in the Church of Scotland, which had been abolished after the "Second Reformation" in 1649, was restored by Queen Anne in 1712. From that time onwards it had proved a root of bitterness within the Church's vineyard, and the efforts of the Evangelical party, under the leadership of Dr. John Erskine, Sir Henry Moncrieff, and Dr. Andrew Thomson, had been uniformly directed towards its extirpation. Along with this Anti-Patronage

movement, but quite distinguishable from it, was the assertion of "Non-Intrusion,"—the principle, that is to say, "That no person be intruded in any of the offices of the Church contrary to the will of the congregation to which they are appointed." Down to the time of Dr. Andrew Thomson's death in 1831, it may be said generally that the Evangelical party contended equally for both these principles. Thereafter, while the Anti-Patronage agitation continued to be pursued by individual members of the party, the efforts of the Evangelicals as a body were directed chiefly towards obtaining such *modification* of the law of Patronage as, while conserving the right of the patron to nominate candidates for a vacant living, reserved to the congregation the acceptance or rejection of any candidate so nominated. In pursuance of this policy, the Evangelical party in the General Assembly of 1834, constituting for the first time a majority of the house, passed the "Veto Act," the object of which was to give to the "male communicants, heads of families" in any congregation, the right, after hearing him preach, of rejecting the patron's presentee.

To this preference of a temporising policy, as he regarded it, over an out-and-out Anti-Patronage one, it will be observed in the Autobiography* Dr. Guthrie attributes the Disruption catastrophe. His belief was that, if the whole Evangelical party had concentrated its force on an agitation for the abolition of Patronage, root and branch, such an agitation would have proved successful, and the collision with the Civil Courts (which, by bringing the question of the spiritual independence of the Church into dispute, produced the Disruption) would have been avoided. Whether he was right or wrong in this belief, it is at all events certain that the views on Patronage which Mr. Guthrie from the very first sup-

* Page 181.

ported, came ultimately to be regarded as sound by the whole Evangelical party. In 1833, when their cause was "the forlorn hope of a feeble and despised minority," Mr. Guthrie voted for the total abolition of Patronage, as much convinced of the soundness of that position then as years thereafter, when in 1842 it became the watchword of the whole party.*

The Presbytery of Arbroath witnessed many a conflict on this question during the period of Mr. Guthrie's incumbency at Arbirlot. The following letter to his eldest brother gives us a curious glimpse into that reverend Court, and discovers the part which Mr. Guthrie took in mooting this question of Patronage there at a very early stage :—

"*Manse of Arbirlot, 7th December,* 1833.

"DEAR DAVID,—I believe I promised to write you what had occurred at the Presbytery. . . . I learned from Cooper that Mr. Gleig had been inquiring at him whether the minister of Arbirlot, or any other 'maker of mischief,' was to disturb the meeting on Wednesday about the question of Patronage. . . .

"Well, Wednesday came ; and with it, in came Dr. Trail, and out came Mr. Gleig, who would, had the vote come on, [have] been overwhelmed by no less than five elders, who came up from Arbirlot, Barrie, Kirkden, Guthrie, and Arbroath, stout and strong for the battle. Mr. Gleig was amazed at their number —the like had never been seen before since Arbroath was a presbytery; and I heard him say with amazement, as one stour and stout-like foeman appeared at the table with his commission after another, 'How many's o' them ? It's Patronage that's brought them here !'

"I was anxious, if possible, to disjoin Muir from the Moderate men : so after submitting a draft of the petition to Provost Andson,† I waylaid Mr. M. before going into the Presbytery, and reading it, asked him, 'Will you support that ? I intend to move its adoption to-day,'—when he said, 'If

* It is not a little remarkable to find the Established Church of Scotland adopting at the present hour a policy which amounts to a practical admission that the Anti-Patronage views of the men of forty years ago were just.

† Chief Magistrate of Arbroath, one of the lay members of the Presbytery.

you will take out the first sentence' (which contained some declaration of no great importance), 'and put it off to next meeting, which I think you ought to do in fairness to our opponents, I will support you,'—terms which both Provost Andson and I readily agreed to. He'll be forth with some uproarious philippic against us at next meeting; but then he'll give us his vote, and we should like to have as large a majority as possible.

"The motion is the same as the Glasgow one and Edinburgh Anti-Patronage one,—to abolish the Act of Queen Anne, and leave it to the Church to lay down a plan for the election of a minister. This is not only the constitutional way of settling the matter, but it will, I see, go to remove the opposition of some; and though the General Assembly may not at once put the system on a sufficiently broad basis, yet as the Assembly improves new and more complete arrangements will be introduced.

"After we had met, I rose and gave notice of my motion. I gave them the proportion of Dissenting meeting-houses in proportion to the churches of the Establishment; I gave the increase of voluntary societies and principles; I gave them the news of burgh councils throwing the election into the hands of the people; I gave them the immense number of petitions sent up to last Parliament for abolition; I endeavoured to frighten them with a Radical revolution, and finished by reading my motion. I saw [that] the clause, not calling upon Parliament to say it shall belong to the people to elect, but to leave it to the General Assembly to say who shall be the electors, had had its effect. Our friend Barclay of Lunan * came over and said with a hotch and laugh, 'That's a wise-like motion, man, that a' body can support, and nane o' the Radical touches ye had afore!'" . . .

Of this Arbroath Presbytery and Mr. Guthrie's part in the Anti-Patronage agitation, the President of Princeton thus writes:—

* Rev. Robert Barclay, a pursy old bachelor and a great oddity; who, notwithstanding his peculiarities, and partly, perhaps, because of them, was much liked by Mr. Guthrie. The minister of Arbirlot had many stories about his friend; among others, that so wholesome a dread had the minister of Lunan of demoniacal agency, that it was his invariable custom, after extinguishing his candle at night, to leap into bed "close-footie," as Barclay termed it, that is, with the feet placed close together,—the only infallible guarantee, in his belief, against the hinder one being seized by some invisible hand!

"At the close of the year 1835 I was ordained minister of the Abbey Chapel, Arbroath.

"On surveying the co-presbyters among whom my lot was cast, I found some old men of the Moderate type bent on keeping things as they were, and some young men who afterwards rose to eminence, eager to reform the Church of Scotland, and make her thoroughly evangelical and popular. I soon discovered that the most remarkable man among the brethren, indeed, the most notable man in the district, was Thomas Guthrie, then thirty-two years of age, of a tall form, lank and bony, with very marked features and a lively manner, and, I may add, wearing strong, clumsy boots.* The minister of Arbirlot was palpably the master-spirit in the Presbytery, and in the social gatherings of the clergy. He made every one he addressed feel that he sympathised with him. There was commanding good sense in all he said when he was serious; there was such expression of genuine feeling when anything moved him, and irrepressible laughter when he told his humorous stories; and even in his most boisterous moments such a profound reverence for all that is good and sacred.

"Without our being fully aware of it, we were passing through a great era in the history of the Church of Scotland.

"The son of an Established Church father and of a Seceder mother, and of a Covenanting stock, Thomas Guthrie was bent on maintaining the Church of Scotland, but bent at the same

* The Rev. J. W. Taylor, of Flisk, sends us the following, which, as a curious corroboration of Dr. McCosh's reminiscence, we insert here:—"Dr. John Ritchie, the great Voluntary leader, had charged the ministers of the Established Church with living the lives of Sybarites, faring sumptuously every day, and clothing themselves in soft raiment. At the Arbroath meeting, Mr. Guthrie had to reply to this. He was standing on the front of the platform; his boots were strong, iron-clad, country boots, and his trousers all bespattered with mud—for he had walked in from Arbirlot. Looking round the audience, and holding out his foot, he pointed to it and said, 'My friends, Dr. Ritchie declares that we are a set of dandies; do you call *that* the foot of a dandy?' The appeal was irresistible, and was responded to with great laughter on the part of the audience, and with cheers which were redoubled as Mr. Guthrie stood holding out his foot and looking about him with the quietest and most comical smile."

The sequel of the story is equally good:—"Dr. Ritchie was struck with the effectiveness of the reply. At a subsequent meeting, he had to answer the charge that his party were 'showing the cloven foot.' The Doctor was attired, as was his wont, punctiliously,—knee breeches, silk stockings, and dress shoes. So, extending his shapely limb, he asked with an air of triumph, 'Do you call that a cloven foot?' Whereupon a mechanic in the gallery shouted out in a gruff voice, 'Tak' aff the shoe, sir, and we'll see!'"

time on restoring her to her primitive purity, on abolishing patronage, and securing that the Gospel should be preached purely and fervently. He and the Rev. Robert Lee, at that time a minister in Arbroath,* had gained great reputation in the district for the way in which they had repelled Dr. Ritchie, of Potter Row, when he came to Arbroath to spread Voluntaryism. And now, just because he had defended the Church, he felt he was the more bound to reform it, without which reformation he could not continue to defend it. He felt as if this Voluntary had come upon them as Sanballat came upon the Jews, when they were rebuilding their walls ; and he was resolved, while he built with the one hand, to bear his sword in the other. He was favourable to the Veto Law passed in 1834, as affording a partial remedy ; but he demanded that patronage should be destroyed root and branch, and the full rights of the people restored. He was sure that was the best course, and most likely to succeed, as drawing towards it all who felt an interest in the old principles and history of the Church of Scotland, and having in its favour that popular political tide which, a few years before, had carried the Reform Bill. He regretted that so many of the Evangelical ministers and elders, alarmed by the few excesses which, as might have been expected, followed the passing of the Reform Bill, threw themselves openly into the Tory side of politics, and thus lost the popular current, without gaining the aristocracy, who were fast abandoning the Presbyterian Church. In pursuing this course, he was constantly proposing measures in the Presbytery fitted to manifest our principles, to warm the people in our behalf, and generally to meet the emergencies of the times; and he took pains to have our proceedings in the local papers. Though not specially, like Cunningham and Candlish, an ecclesiastical lawyer, he was well acquainted with the history and principles of the Church ; and the resolutions he tabled at the Presbytery were always distinguished by much practical sagacity, and advocated without bitterness. The very Moderates whose power he was condemning continued to have a warm affection for the man. He put his reforming proposals in such a shape that, while they could not sanction them, they had little heart in denouncing them. We younger men made him our leader ; and he led us very pleasantly, always professing to consult us, even when the scheme was already fully formed in his own mind, and willing to give us the credit which belonged to himself. Following this policy, a very important Anti-Patronage meeting was called

* Afterwards of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh.

in my church; the attendance was large, and he made a speech characterised by the qualities which afterwards earned him such reputation in Edinburgh and over Great Britain and Ireland.

"It will be acknowledged that in that eastern coast of Mid-Scotland he was the first to raise that popular wave which carried us on to the Disruption, and through it."

The Records of the Presbytery of Arbroath contain various motions proposed by Mr. Guthrie on the subject of Patronage; here is one, of date 3rd February, 1836, which he carried by a majority:—"Whereas patronage is inconsistent with the constitutional privileges of the Church of Scotland; and whereas the Act of 1712 was passed in direct violation of the principles of the Union; and whereas the Church has not only never legally recognised patronage, but has, from the earliest periods down to 1784, remonstrated and protested against lay patronage as a grievance: May it therefore please the Venerable the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to petition both Houses of Parliament to abolish the right of lay patronage, and to remit to and authorise the General Assembly to make such rules for the calling of ministers to vacant parishes as to its wisdom may seem meet."

All the speeches which he delivered in the Church Courts at this time were carefully written out beforehand, and many of these MSS. have been preserved. It may be interesting to our readers to make short quotations from two of them, as illustrative both of the kind of arguments employed in the controversy, and of that telling style of which Mr. Guthrie afterwards became so great a master. The speech, from which we give the following extract, was delivered at a meeting of the Synod of Angus and Mearns held in the Old Church of Brechin, about the year 1835:—

"It is said that patronage is 'a good working system.' If that be so, if patronage has wrought favourably for the interests

of the Church, then it is a very odd circumstance that her enemies have always resorted to patronage to do her injury. If patronage strengthened her in the days of James VI., it is very strange that Charles II. should have resorted to patronage when he intended to weaken her. If patronage, instead of a burden, was a benefit to her—instead of a breach, was a bulwark to her—in the days of Charles II., it is marvellously strange that Queen Anne's Tory ministers should have resorted to patronage as an instrument to crush the Church. Why, sir, unless these men were downright drivelling idiots, the fact of their uniformly resorting to patronage when their object was to injure the Church, would satisfy me, though I knew nothing more, that it was not a bulwark to defend us, but a breach to let in the enemy.

"But, Moderator, I require no such inference to make out my case. An inefficient eldership; in many parishes no eldership at all; churches through which you might drive a cart-load of whin, and never prick up one of the few sleepers that snore among empty boxes; our peasantry (who are not given to change, and who have an hereditary attachment to the church where their fathers worshipped, and round which their fathers sleep) compelled—I say *compelled*—in many cases to travel five or six miles to a dissenting meeting-house; the lower class of the people arrayed in many cases against the Church in defence of which the forefathers of these very people suffered, and bled, and died; six, seven, or eight hundred dissenting meeting-houses, a large proportion of which owe their existence solely and entirely to unpopular appointments;—these are some of the fruits of that system which we are told is 'a good working system.'

"They tell us that if you have not patronage you have heats and divisions. And have not you heats and divisions in every state? These are inseparable from liberty: but is despotism for that reason better than freedom? Has patronage been the cause of no heats and divisions? Were there no heats in Gillespie's* congregation when, on his deposition, man, woman, and child, elders and members, all left it, but four individuals to whom his successor was left to preach? Have not many other parishes been in almost the same circumstances? Has patronage produced no divisions? Why, sir, in the two parties of Moderates and Populars,† it has produced division within the Church itself.

* Rev. Thomas Gillespie, Minister of Carnock, was deposed in 1752, for having refused to intrude a minister on an unwilling people.

† Another name for "Evangelicals."

"Heats and divisions!—Sir, I have no objection to a little heat! Some places would be better of some more of it; an iceberg of a minister having been floated in amongst them, they have been cooled down to something below zero. Give me the noise of life rather than the silence of death."

On another occasion, alluding in the Presbytery of Arbroath to the danger caused to the Church of Scotland by the working of patronage, he said:—

"I am not more sure that I am standing in this place than I am sure the Establishment shall fall, if patronage be not removed.

"The day that sees the Dissenters anything like a majority in the country is the last of the Church of Scotland. When we are the minority, where shall we look for defence? To the will of Parliament, that by an Act established us? Why, it is that very Act that will ruin us; our artillery will then be turned against ourselves; with that very Act will they batter our bulwarks into pieces. It will then afford them the strongest and the most successful position they can occupy. Because, sir, the very statute by which we are made an Established Church, bears that the Church of Scotland is made the Established Church, because, and only because, it is agreeable to the minds of the majority of the people. The day, therefore, sir—and that day is not far distant if you allow patronage to remain—that the people desert us, the Parliament will desert us too, and we virtually (and very soon it would be seen we actually) cease to be the Established Church."

Nor was it only in Church Courts that Mr. Guthrie assisted his party at this time. He addressed many public meetings throughout Forfarshire, and it was when face to face with a popular audience that he was chiefly in his element.

"The first time I heard him speak" (we again quote from Dr. McCosh's MS.) "was at his friend Mr. Kirk's church at Barry. He was addressing a plain, sober, old-fashioned, but intelligent country congregation. It was at the time when the Voluntary Controversy was at the fiercest, and Mr. Guthrie and myself (I am sorry to say) were pleading the necessity of a separation of the combined missionary society of the parish into two. He defended his position

on the ground that, when two parties could not agree, it was better for them to separate; and he referred to the cases of Abraham and Lot, of Paul and Barnabas. In the way of pleading the cause of missions, he told story upon story, which brought tears from the eyes of the hard-faced men in the meeting. He then gave a most graphic description of the Voluntary Controversy being started among a company of shearers (reapers) cutting down the grain in his glebe, of his being afraid of them turning their hooks against each other, and of his ending the discussion by placing the Established Church people at one end of the field and the Voluntaries at the other. As he spoke he had his audience in tears one minute and convulsed with laughter the next. When he had continued some time in this way, an old man, with the tears undried on his cheeks, and holding both his sides, rose and said, 'Please, Maister Guthrie, stop! We can stand this nae langer.' I have never seen such an effect produced by speaking before nor since. I clearly saw from that date what a moving power that man would become."

The same power of organization and tact which afterwards proved so useful to him in his Ragged School and other enterprises in Edinburgh is discernible in his management of the many meetings he convened about this time in his own parish. The *Montrose Review* of the period records a variety of these meetings at Arbirlot; and it is amusing to notice how, while Mr. Guthrie avoids taking the chair on such occasions, and gets the resolutions moved and seconded by others, he is yet the manager and mainspring of the whole.

Of one of these meetings Dr. McCosh says:—"He called an Anti-Patronage meeting in his own church, and I remarked with what adroitness he carried his people with him, and kept two hare-brained farmers who were opposed to him from breaking up the assemblage." In a characteristic letter Mr. Guthrie describes this very meeting:—

"*Manse of Arbirlot, 6th March*, 1836.

". . . . In spite of the coarse day, Wednesday, we had a large meeting in the church at night for instituting a missionary

society, &c., and proposing an Anti-Patronage petition. Whitson, Lee, and McCosh were here. P—— was like to give us some annoyance; of his intentions to do which I knew nothing till about to enter the church. I then learned that he had got brass branches made for his gallery, and provided them with wax candles. He found, it seems, a most worthy and respectable coadjutor in N——, whom I saw on entering stuck up in the front of the gallery; and they had manifestly laid their heads together.

"Well, after Whitson, standing upon the stair, had spoken, and Lee was ascending, P—— got up in the front of the gallery and proposed that Lee should go into the pulpit. I desired Lee to ascend the highest part of the stair, so that all the people in the galleries might see and hear. This Lee did, which was enough, and more than enough. However, P—— still insisted that Lee should enter the pulpit. I bade Lee go on, when P—— got up and cried, 'Well, sirs, they canna do without us; what say ye, N—— ? Let's go and leave them, sirs.' Up got the two, expecting the people to move along with them; but, to their grievous mortification, not a man, woman, or child stirred from their seats, and the business of the meeting went quietly on.

"Foiled in this attempt, they, however, in a little returned to the church, and when it came to my turn to speak, I explained, in a humorous, soothing way, to P—— why the pulpit was not, and was never, used on such occasions: and I thought, and so did everybody else, that we had got him quieted. However, I suspect, he had acted up to the resolution he had been publishing some days beforehand, that he would take a good glass to prepare himself for speaking; for, when I had read the regulations of the society, and was about to read the Anti-Patronage petition, he rose up and interrupted me, and desired to know whether he would be now allowed to speak. I replied that the meeting being called for a special purpose, I wanted to know whether his speech was connected with the business before us. That, he would not say; but always replied we would know when we heard it.

"It then occurred to me that the plan we took with Dr. John Ritchie would be the only way of managing him; and I accordingly said to him, that before we could enter upon the question of his speaking, he must allow us to finish the business for which I had called the meeting; and this, upon an appeal from him to Bank, our chairman, being reiterated by Bank, he sat down. When I was through, I then called up Lee to dissolve the meeting by the blessing; and P——, now rising and

appealing to the meeting to be heard, and his motion to be heard being seconded by N——, who cried, 'You'll get the people to stay and hear you, P——,' I said he would allow me to say a few words before I left. I then addressed the people, told them that I had the right to the church, though this I would not insist upon in the way of forcibly emptying the house and locking the door; that I intended now to leave the house, and that if they regarded their own character—if they wished well to the religious objects for which we had met, and if they did not desire that the peace and harmony of religious meetings should be disturbed—they would leave the house with me; when, greatly to the credit of the people, and much to my gratification, and as much, I have no doubt, to the mortification of P——, N——, and some low characters they had with them, the whole congregation rose and ran out *en masse;* everybody apparently trying who would get out first, many only whirling round as they were going out at the door, with a laugh upon their face, to see how P—— and his coadjutors were taking their utter defeat.

"He and his friends saw it would not do, and they marched with the rest; and since Arbirlot was a church I am sure it has not been so soon cleared. P—— went away in a cart, raging like a dragoon. Three panes of glass broken in the new manse finished the proceedings, which, as you may suppose, is laid to his door and his friends."

This letter was written to Provost Guthrie in Brechin. Quantities of letters from Arbirlot Manse, on all manner of topics, addressed to him, now lie before us. Mr. Guthrie has described that brother (his senior by sixteen years), as a man of "powerful intellect and gigantic memory," and has alluded to his joining the Seceders along with his mother and sister. Few men ever lived a more godly and guileless life. For him his brother had a special affection, and such was his estimate of his sagacity, that he consulted him on all matters of importance, and placed great weight on his opinion. In the letters that passed between the brothers in these Arbirlot days, while exchanging their views on many matters both in Church and State, there are constant allusions to the working of the manse glebe, on which the minister writes with almost

a farmer's zest; indeed, but for the opening or closing paragraphs, which are generally on more important subjects, one would conclude they were written by one enthusiastic agriculturist to another. Provost Guthrie, though not himself a professional farmer, knew a great deal about country matters, and was in the habit of visiting the manse of Arbirlot regularly every few weeks all the year round. A man of six feet high and twenty-two stones in weight, he performed the journey of fifteen miles on foot by choice: arriving at the manse on a Friday, he remained till the Monday following, and then walked back again to the old Burgh, over whose affairs he presided for eighteen successive years, and where, amid the regret of the entire community, he died in 1854.

In addition to his glebe, Mr. Guthrie farmed forty acres of land, which he rented from Lord Panmure. He refers in his Autobiography to his acquaintance with crops, stock-rearing and feeding, &c. We have heard him tell of his amusement, if not annoyance, at a visit paid to him one evening in the manse by a decent countrywoman, who was ushered into his study, and who had, he at first supposed, come to consult him as her pastor on some subject relating to her highest welfare. "They tell me, sir," Mrs. —— commenced to say, "that ye bring up grand calves, the best in a' the pairish; and I've just come ower to hear what's your plan!"

The manse garden bore witness to his taste and toil. "When I was at Arbirlot," he said in 1853, "I used to spend a pleasant portion of time in my lovely garden, and I can speak from experience of the sweet and soothing influence of garden exercise. Such a hold had that garden taken of me, that I was years in Edinburgh before I could forget it." He planted a thousand young trees around his new manse, and, in after visits to Arbirlot, he noted their progress with the greatest interest. For the animal as well as the vegetable world he had a singular liking, and

his enjoyment in studying the humblest of God's creatures was intense. We have seen him in after years so intent on watching, under the shade of a fir-wood, the busy population of a dissected ant-hillock, that he was insensible to the fact of a whole hour's having thus passed away. He kept a careful note of weather changes, and not many shepherds or sailors could better discern the face of the sky than he. In short, had he felt at liberty to devote his time while a country minister to the pursuits of a naturalist, he might have penned a book well-nigh as interesting as the "Natural History of Selborne." He rode on horseback occasionally while at Arbirlot, but exercise on foot he chiefly enjoyed. He had the physique of a thorough pedestrian; and to this day the older parishioners tell of the tall lithe figure which they remember stalking along the highways and byways of the parish, reading almost always as he went—a big crooked stick tucked under the left arm—while his dog "Bob" trotted at his heels. So intent was he at times on his book, that he has been seen to stumble into a ditch by the roadside; and yet, if any of his people happened to be working in the field near by which he passed, he never neglected to hail them with a hearty word and smile, and wave of his long right arm.

The circumstances which brought Mr. Guthrie forth from his comparatively narrow sphere at Arbirlot, illustrate how an event, seemingly trivial at the moment, may have important though improbable issues. These circumstances were brought vividly back to his mind a few years ago in London, when he happened, along with a friend* from whom we have the anecdote, to be lunching at Lawrence's chop-house, in the Strand. Mr. Bunting crossed the room to speak to a Wesleyan provincial

* Thomas Percival Bunting, Esq., of Manchester.

minister of his acquaintance. "Who is your friend?" Dr. Guthrie inquired from Mr. Bunting on his return to his side. "I have surely seen that face before." "A Mr. Kendal," was the reply. "Was he ever in Arbroath?" "He was." "Why, sir," said Dr. Guthrie, rising to cross the room, "*that is the man who made me!*" The explanation of this seemingly strange announcement is given in the Autobiography:—Mr. Guthrie had come to the rescue of Mr. Kendal when threatened to be worsted by Dr. Ritchie at Arbroath in 1834; this again led to the meeting in reply to the Voluntary champion a few days thereafter; the morning after that meeting Mr. Guthrie woke to find himself famous; a deputation from the metropolis came to hear him, and the end of all was his translation to the church of Old Greyfriars in Edinburgh.

But while it is true that his encounter with the champion of Voluntaryism on that memorable night in Arbroath was the first thing to draw towards him the attention of persons at a distance, his local reputation as a preacher before that date was such that it could not much longer have been confined to Forfarshire. Although he had never opened his mouth on a platform, and been destitute (as some other great preachers have been) of the humour and fancy which made his speeches so effective, he must ere long have had to contemplate leaving the church of Arbirlot.

"I have a vivid remembrance," writes Dr. Macfarlane, his college friend, "of hearing your father preach at Carnoustie on the Monday after the Sacrament there. He was then recently settled at Arbirlot, and was little known as a preacher. The effect produced on my mind was never to be effaced. His graphic power—the distinctness with which he pictured the scenes he described—was such as to transport his hearers to the times and the places he brought before them. When he quoted and illustrated the passage, 'then all the disciples forsook him and fled,' you would suppose that you saw each of them with the varying

expression of anxiety or terror or irresolution that betokened their character, making their escape by every accessible avenue, and leaving their Master unbefriended in the hands ot His enemies. I was at that time myself a very young minister; had never heard anything like this from the pulpit; felt how hopeless it was to attempt such a line of things. But I was sure that such a preacher would soon be carried off to a higher sphere."

The "higher sphere" was ere long opened to Mr. Guthrie. But it was none of his seeking. "I feel no ambition,"—he wrote some time after this, in reply to a letter from Edinburgh desiring permission to place his name on the list of candidates for a city charge,—"I feel no ambition to be an Edinburgh minister; and, were ambition my ruling principle, I would rather be first in my own village than second in Rome."

The gentleman to whom these words were written was the chief instrument in bringing Mr. Guthrie away from Arbirlot. Mr. Dunlop, then practising at the Bar in Edinburgh, afterwards Member of Parliament for Greenock, and distinguished in the Councils of the Free Church as her "Legal Adviser," formed so early as 1833 an intimate acquaintanceship with Mr. Guthrie, and was possessed by the determination to see him somehow removed to Edinburgh. Many letters, singularly cordial and affectionate, were addressed by Mr. Dunlop to the manse of Arbirlot in 1836 and 1837. In the former of these years, he went north to hear Mr. Guthrie preach, with a view to the new Church Extension parish of Greenside, Edinburgh, in the erection of which he had taken a chief interest. He pressed Mr. Guthrie to stand as a candidate, but found him resolute against leaving his country parish.

Writing in 1837 with regard to another Edinburgh church, Mr. Dunlop had to combat the same reluctance on Mr. Guthrie's part to be drawn forth from his retirement:—

"*Edinburgh, June 15th,* 1837.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Understanding you merely to have said that you would not so certainly at least refuse a *Cowgate* church, I ventured, even in the face of your former positive rejection of Greenside, to mention your name to some of those interested in the Old Greyfriars, one of the charges in which is now vacant, and your name has been placed upon the list. . . . . You must consider that we are getting up a new church here, in order to uncollegiate the present double charge, and try the parochial system in good style in the regions of the Cowgate, and you must be satisfied that you are peculiarly adapted for conducting such an experiment. Therefore do think seriously before you refuse. . . . .

"Forgive me for continuing to bother you on this subject, even though I will not promise to desist till I absolutely 'howk' you out of your 'earth!'

"Believe me, with much affection, yours very truly,

"ALEX. DUNLOP."

The humorous allusion with which Mr. Dunlop closes this letter reminds one of a figure somewhat similar applied to the position of the famous author of the "Analogy," while yet a country rector:—Queen Caroline, consort of George II., in conversation one day with Archbishop Blackburn, asked him if Mr. Butler was dead. "No, madam," was the reply, "Mr. Butler is not dead, but he is buried!"—alluding to his close retirement in the country parish of Stanhope.

At the very time when Mr. Guthrie's way in Providence seemed opening out from a sphere of like obscurity to one of reputation and influence,—when attention had been directed to his qualifications for one of the high places of the field—God was pleased to lay him aside for a season under a malady so grave that he was brought within near view of another world. The light which had been comparatively hidden under a bushel had recently attracted friendly eyes, and just while friendly hands were outstretched to set it on a candlestick, the light itself was all but extinguished. His illness in 1837 made a profound impression on him, and he often spoke of it in after years as a

memorable era in his history. In addition to his own reminiscences of that illness in his Autobiography, a cousin who watched by his bedside in Brechin tells, that he repeatedly expressed his conviction that he would never rise from his sickbed. He spoke much and often of his children (four in number at that time, and one a mere infant). Clasping his hands one night, he exclaimed, "Oh, what would I do without a Saviour now!" For a whole month he was very low, and for three days and nights his life was literally despaired of. His brother, Dr. Alexander Guthrie, attended him unremittingly, and at length thought it right to summon three other medical men.

The Lord afflicted His servant sore, but did not give him over to death. There were added to the thirty-four years of his life fully as many more, in which the Master had important work for him to do. Our informant remembers what is very characteristic—that when Mr. Guthrie was fairly on the highway to recovery, his humour and buoyancy of spirits were surprising. His brother wanted him to keep very quiet; but as soon as the doctor's back was turned, he would talk as much as ever. So amusing and racy was his conversation to those about him, that people passing the opened window or door were amazed at the peals of laughter that issued from the sick chamber; and even through the night he would discourse to the solitary watcher with as much vivacity as if he were entertaining a large company!

Mr. Guthrie had returned but a few months to his country parish and his pastoral work when renewed invitations were addressed to him from Edinburgh.

His way was at length shut up; and on the 29th June, 1837, he thus wrote to Mr. Dunlop :—

"Without enlarging on my doubts and difficulties and fears, and prayers that I might hear a voice saying "This is the way,

walk ye in it,' let me just tell you that if I should be elected by the Council to Old Greyfriars, I have almost come to the resolution to accept the appointment, and to consider it as a call which I am not warranted to reject in deference to my fears and feelings.

"But now with one church and another (for I have been offered two churches, and solicited to stand as candidate for a third, in this part of the country) my parish has been kept, almost ever since I came to it, in a constant state of doubt as to my remaining here, the effects of which are injurious both to my comfort and my usefulness; and I feel this so much that, though you may think it an unreasonable request, yet I must beseech you to ascertain how the Council stands, and to withdraw my name if you are not morally certain I will be chosen. Had I sought the place, had I taken a single step to procure it, such a request would have been very absurd; but for various reasons with which I will not now trouble you, I cannot otherwise consent to my name remaining on the list. . . . . "*

In the interval of suspense Mr. Guthrie received from Mr. (now Dr.) Begg the following letter, which doubtless tended to confirm his resolution to go, if elected, to Edinburgh:—

"*Liberton Manse, July 1st,* 1837.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am truly happy to learn that there is a great chance of your being appointed one of the ministers of Edinburgh on Tuesday. And I have been requested to write you as I now do, requesting that in that event you will not refuse the situation. Of course, I know the comforts and advantages of a quiet country parish, and the many reasons which may induce you to remain where you are. But it is of vast importance, not merely to Edinburgh, but Scotland—not for the present generation only, but for ages—that we should have men of energy and popular talent in Edinburgh. Never was there a finer opening. The new church in the Cowgate may be entirely *free from seat-rents*, except as much as shall pay the precentor, &c., if the minister is a determined person—

* It was on the following day he wrote to Mr. Dunlop the letter to which he refers in the Autobiography, and in which he insisted on his name being withdrawn, stating, "I have learned that it is likely a Moderate man will be elected." This letter, as he mentions, Mr. Dunlop "kept safe and silent till the election was over."

and what a glorious example to Scotland! What an exposition of the advantage of an Established Church! . . . .

"Believe me ever, dear sir, yours very affectionately,

"JAMES BEGG.

"P.S.—I know no man in Scotland so well fitted for the situation as yourself.—J. B."

The announcement of his appointment reached him by express in a letter written by Robert Johnstone, Esq., W.S., then a member of the Town Council:—

"2 *Scotland Street, 4th July,* 1837.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken the deepest interest in the proceedings relative to the appointment of a successor to Dr. Anderson, and as one who has taken this interest for the sake of the Church of Christ in this quarter, I sincerely rejoice in your appointment this day by a majority of seventeen to thirteen of the Town Council. May the Great Head of the Church bless and strengthen you for your great and arduous work! Under your guidance and countenance, I have no doubt that the new church proposed for the Greyfriars will be speedily begun, and accommodated to the peculiar situation of the district. You have a glorious experiment entrusted to your care, in the progress of which many will wait for your halting; but many, and I trust I shall be of the number, will offer up to a Throne of Grace earnest prayers for its complete success. You will have your own session, and the free formation of all the other parts of the parochial machinery; and that you will find to be of an immense advantage to you. . ."

After the interview with Lord Panmure, of which Mr. Guthrie speaks in the Autobiography, he wrote to Mr. Dunlop from Brechin on 7th July, 1837:—"Though I foresee that in leaving Arbirlot I am to lacerate my feelings, yet I am now satisfied that it is my duty to accept the appointment to Edinburgh, and in doing so, to take up my cross and follow Him to whose service I desire entirely to devote myself. I count on your prayers that I may be strengthened for the great work; I count on your indulgence towards my imperfections and infirmities; and I count on what has more than anything else contributed to bring me to the resolution of accepting—

your countenance, advice, and co-operation; and although I have fears, yet with the help of the Lord I will do my utmost to save you from the pain of being ashamed of me."

The parting, when it did at length come, was a sore wrench to Mr. Guthrie, and one can well credit the account of the scene in church at the farewell sermon,—"They were a' greetin'."

One worthy parishioner, however, made no secret of his disapproval of the step his minister had reluctantly taken; of which his widow, in extreme old age, reminded Dr. Guthrie in the following amusing way many years thereafter. Dr. Guthrie, along with Mr. Thomson, after an interval of more than thirty years, called on "Babby" (Barbara) Dundas in her cottage at Arbirlot. Babby was then (1871), in her ninety-seventh year, sitting up in a "press-bed."

Mr. Thomson went in before the Doctor to prepare the old dame for the visit:—

Mr. Thomson (loquitur). "You'll not guess who has come to see you to-day, Babby?"

Babby. "No, sir; I hae nae a notion."

Mr. Thomson. "Your old minister has come to call on you."

Babby (calmly). "Maister Guthrie, is 't? Bid him to come in."

Dr. Guthrie, entering, says in a kindly tone, "And how are you, Babby?"

Babby (with spirit). "Ou, thank ye, Maister Guthrie, I'm just in my ordinar'. You're lookin' gey caller* yersel'."

Dr. Guthrie (solemnly). "Your husband† was a good man, Babby."

Babby (leaning forward to the front of her press-bed, responds rapidly). "Aye; but he ne'er forgi'ed you for

* Pretty fresh. † See Autobiography, p. 114.

breakin' the pastoral tie!" (and then, shaking her head), "he didna approve o'd, I assure ye; and he wudna gang to hear yer farewell sermon either!"

But, however unwilling his own flock were to let him go, Mr. Guthrie's friends elsewhere hailed the news of his translation to a sphere more worthy of him with delight: and from the many letters of congratulation he received, we select one from the late Rev. Thomas Doig, for whom Dr. Guthrie had a very special liking and regard. Mr. Doig's father (a minister in Aberdeen) was a friend of Mr. Guthrie's parents, and the acquaintance between Mr. Doig and himself was almost lifelong. Mr. Doig had been a minister in Arbroath, from which he was translated to Torryburn, in Fife, where he died in 1866.

On hearing of the appointment to Old Greyfriars, Mr. Doig wrote from Torryburn, 16th July, 1837:—

"I cannot refrain from expressing my joy on the occasion of your appointment to the Old Greyfriars, a place which I consider exactly suited to you, and where, I have no doubt, you will be the means of doing much good. You are aware (although you have better views than to make it a matter of boasting) of the influence which you have happily been enabled to exercise in the neighbourhood of Arbroath; and it is with no little pleasure that I look forward, if spared to see it, to your exercising a corresponding influence in a far wider and more extended sphere of usefulness.

". . . . . The feeling of deep interest with which, in my mind, your appointment is associated, is not a little increased when I think of the particular pulpit which, in the meantime at least, you are called to fill. The Old Greyfriars I regard as a sacred place; within its walls the first signatures were appended to the Covenant; and I doubt not many on that day felt that the Lord was there. The ground that encircles it is sacred, and the man must be dead to all feeling whose soul is not stirred within him, when everything that meets his view reminds him that he is 'compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses,' and brings him into contact with 'the noble army of martyrs.' May you ever exhibit the spirit of a Guthrie, and may the Lord be with you! . . . ."

It was matter of profound satisfaction to Mr. Guthrie

to know that his place in Arbirlot was to be filled by one who would "take heed to the ministry, and fulfil it." His successor was his intimate friend and co-presbyter, the Rev. John Kirk, of Barry, who joined the Free Church at the Disruption of 1843, and died at Arbirlot in 1858.*

In connection with Mr. Guthrie's appointment to Edinburgh, Dr. McCosh writes:—

"My co-presbyters said, 'We like Thomas Guthrie; but he is not the man for Edinburgh, where they need a scholarly and refined man.' I expressed my conviction that, as human nature was much the same everywhere, one who could draw men's hearts in Arbroath would draw them in Edinburgh; and closed the discussion by saying that time would soon show who was right.

"Before he went to Edinburgh, I had many anxious conversations with him. 'Many people,' said he, 'have been recommending me to change my style, and make it more elegant. But I am to preach in Edinburgh as I have preached in Forfarshire. If they do not care for me, I will leave them, and look out for a quiet country place.' He read me the sermon which he meant to preach the first Sabbath he was in Edinburgh. It was one of his Arbirlot sermons slightly amended.

"So he had to part with his beloved country congregation. I was with him and his family the day they sailed from Arbroath; and I remarked that, though he had passed through what he had felt to be a heavy trial, his spirits were as exuberant as ever. I have seen him in all sorts of situations, and I never saw his soul flat or depressed. In this respect, I never knew any one to be compared with him."

"Well do I remember," said Dr. Guthrie in a speech nearly thirty years thereafter, "when the shore and wooded heights of Arbirlot went down beneath the wave—faded from my sight—of walking the deck of the steamer, wondering at the boldness of those who gave me the presentation to Edinburgh, and at my own boldness in accepting it. Yet, as the venture was not of my own seeking, I hoped in God, took courage, and went forward."

* One of Mr. Kirk's sons is the well-known Dr. John Kirk, Her Majesty's Consul-General at Zanzibar.

CHAPTER IV.

SETTLEMENT IN EDINBURGH.—CONDITION OF HIS PARISH.

EDINBURGH was Dr. Guthrie's home for the latter half of his life. Living there, he could adopt Paul's words and say, "I am a citizen of no mean city." To him, her craggy heights and classic beauty were a source of daily enjoyment; and when visitors from other lands were his guests, he delighted to point out to them the unique features of the "gray metropolis of the North." "Ere the heat of day," to use his own words, "has cast a misty veil upon the scene, I take a stranger, and conducting his steps to yonder rocky rampart, I bid him look. Gothic towers and Grecian temples, palace, spires, domes, monuments, and verdant gardens, picturesquely mingled, are spread out beneath his eye; wherever he turns, he finds a point of view to claim his admiration. What rare variety of hill and hollow! What happy combination of ancient and modern architecture! Two distant ages gaze at each other across the intervening valley." Standing thus on the Castle rock, Dr. Guthrie would quote, with all Sir Walter's enthusiasm, the famous lines from *Marmion* :—

> "Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
> Where the huge castle holds its state,
> And all the steep slope down,
> Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
> Piled deep and massy, close and high,
> Mine own romantic town!"

But the older parts of Edinburgh possessed, in Dr.

Guthrie's eyes, one special feature of interest with which the great novelist had less sympathy,—their association with the Covenanters and the sufferings of two hundred years ago for civil and religious liberty:—

"How much of undying interest," to quote his own words, "does our city owe to the localities with which this cause is associated! There rose the gallows on which the best and worthiest of our land were hung like caitiffs; yonder, half-way between that castle and the palace was the gate above which their heads stood in ghastly rows, bleaching in the wind and rain and sun; and here, the neighbourhood of this very church is sacred ground. This winding street, these low-browed windows, and the old quaint tenements that see us quietly gathering for Sabbath worship were crowded, two hundred years ago, with the spectators of a different,—if not a holier,—certainly a more stirring scene. 'They come!' runs through the crowd, and turns all eyes on the advancing procession. And there, with slow but firm step, comes hoar old age, and noble manhood, and—most wept for by mothers and maidens, fair gentle youth—a band of candidates for martyrdom; witnesses for Christ's royal rights; heroes who held it noble for such a cause to die.

"In truth our fathers set a higher value on Christ's Headship than on their own heads; and for it alone no less than eighteen thousand were faithful unto death."

These words were spoken from the pulpit of St. John's Free Church, on the Castle-hill. Just below, lies the Grassmarket, where so many of the Covenanters, James Guthrie among the number, were executed; and on the southern slope beyond, is the ancient burial-place, where their hallowed dust awaits the resurrection morn. This sacred spot is "The Greyfriars Churchyard," in the centre of which stands the church of the same name to which Mr. Guthrie was translated from Arbirlot.

The very name of that church savours of antiquity; and suggests a time when, on the streets of Edinburgh, as still on those of Rome, might be encountered sandalled friars, black, white, and grey. The church in which Mr. Guthrie preached, though not built till fifty years after the Reformation, retained the name of its site;—a large monastery of grey friars having stood there. At the Reformation the monastery was broken up, and the Town Council of Edinburgh set apart its hanging gardens as a new burying-place in 1562. In 1837, the Greyfriars Church was a long, heavy edifice, its exterior unsightly even; divided within by a partition into two places of worship, the eastern of which was called "Old Greyfriars," to distinguish it from the western and more recent building, called the "New."

The historical interest of this church and its graveyard is very great. Here on 25th February, 1638, the National Covenant was signed by numbers within the church itself, the old Earl of Sutherland setting the example: thereafter, the parchment was carried out to the open air, and, laid on a raised horizontal gravestone, was surrounded by a moved and mighty multitude. "They were not content to sign it with ink. Ah! there were *men* in those days; they were seen to open a vein in their arms and fill their pens with their blood, to mark how they would shed that blood when the battle-day came; and nobly did they redeem their pledges."—(*Speech in* 1839.)

In 1679, a detached portion of the churchyard was employed as a prison for six hundred Covenanters, taken after the defeat at Bothwell Bridge; here, for four weary months, they were exposed day and night to the open sky, and barely kept alive by provisions supplied to them through the iron gates. All around, on the mouldering gravestones, the eye falls on many names of renowned Scotchmen:—George Buchanan, George Heriot,

Alexander Henderson, Colin Maclaurin, President Forbes of Culloden, Allan Ramsay, Principal Robertson, Dr. Erskine, Thomas McCrie, and many more lie here. The "Martyrs' Monument" alone draws visitors from many lands to this burial-place. "However deep," says Hugh Miller, "the snow may lie in Greyfriars' Churchyard, there is one path where the snow is always beaten down, and that leads to the monument of the Covenanters."

Mr. Guthrie was keenly alive to the power of all these associations with the past. But he was much more affected by the thought that just outside the walls of that churchyard, with its martyred saints and names of renown, were multitudes of living dead—men and women in the wretched dwellings of his parish, dead to God, to hope, and to heaven.

He came up by himself from Arbirlot to preach his "trial" sermons on two successive Sundays in the Old Greyfriars, and returned thereafter to Forfarshire for Mrs. Guthrie and his children. Writing to his eldest brother from Edinburgh in August, 1837, he says:—"The people were uncommonly still and attentive, and I have reason to believe I preached to their acceptance. Had this not been the case, I learn from a Mr. Dymock,* a keen partizan of mine, that the Moderates of the Kirk-Session were so angry at my appointment that they would

* Mr. James R. Dymock, afterwards one of Mr. Guthrie's elders, to whom we are indebted for many of the particulars in this chapter. In a letter to Mr. Dymock from London, in 1864, Dr. Guthrie thus referred to their long-continued friendship:—"Yours was the first face that caught my attention on the first day I appeared in the Old Greyfriars pulpit. I was in a rather delicate and certainly to me a new and strange position; and I well remember the satisfaction and thankfulness I felt when I saw by a gleam on your face before I had reached my third sentence that I had reached you, at least. And how has a friendship, which I always date from that moment, gone on like a river, without a break or cataract, deepening, widening, and strengthening as it advances; advances toward that better world, I trust, where we shall ever be with each other and all with our blessed and beloved Lord!"

have tried the Veto. I don't believe they would have had the pluck.

"I take the house in Argyll Square to-night, and leave Edinburgh to-morrow, wonderfully thankful that we have made such a good beginning, and that I have neither disgraced myself, my friends, nor the men who supported me here."

On September 21st, he was inducted as colleague to the Rev. John Sym. When, in after years, Dr. Guthrie heard of other ministers experiencing difficulties in intercourse and work with their colleagues, he used to speak of God's goodness in sparing himself any such trial, and of his happiness while associated with the late Mr. Sym in Greyfriars, and then with Dr. Hanna in St. John's. Mr. Sym was a man whom one might have associated in idea with the beloved Apostle John; and in brotherly fellowship with such a minister, and in the joint care of a large and important flock, Mr. Guthrie might have spent many happy years, and found his energies fully employed. But it was on the express understanding that he should, ere long, be released from the pulpit of Old Greyfriars, and have a field cut out for himself from that too large parish, that he consented to come to Edinburgh at all. This district was to form one of the new Church Extension parishes, whose history is associated with the name and exertions of Dr. Chalmers.

The position he occupied in his first Edinburgh parish he soon felt to be anomalous; for while from his pulpit each Sunday he looked on an overflowing congregation, drawn from all quarters of the city, and composed chiefly of the middle and upper classes, he saw scarce any representatives, alas! of his real parishioners from the mean and crowded district hard by.

To do justice to his ordinary congregation, and to his parish likewise, he felt to be simply impossible. He was speaking from his own experience when he thus addressed

the Rev. J. Julius Wood,* at whose induction to the adjoining church of New Greyfriars he presided on 5th June, 1839 :—

"If in your former charge you felt the need of much pains and much prayer, you will now, more than ever, feel that they have here laid on your back a burden far heavier, without Divine assistance, than you can bear. In a town or country parish of more moderate size, one can sometimes enjoy rest from labour without feeling that the rest they take and the rest they need is stolen from some deathbed where they should have been praying, from some duties they should have been discharging. In such a sphere one gets a breathing-time ; here we are set to labour in a field far surpassing the powers of any man. The weeds grow faster than you can cut them down, demands come far thicker than you can answer them ; and let any man try to do here all that should be done, he might have a bright course of it, but he would have a short one—he would soon rest in the grave from all his labours. Within the walls of this church there will assemble a congregation greater than you can cultivate to your own satisfaction or to their profit ; but over and above all this, matters are so miserably ill-arranged that they lay upon you the charge of some thousands of souls in your parish, more than sufficient themselves to occupy your undivided care and energies. Happier times may come, and happier arrangements may be made : but, in the meantime, I feel assured that though you cannot do your whole work, you will give your whole self to the ministry."

No doubt, Mr. Guthrie's pulpit gifts were very advantageous to the Town Council in drawing large seat-rents, every penny of which the Municipality appropriated. But, meanwhile, his parishioners, being poor, were unable to pay these high seat-rents; many of them so extremely poor, as to be unable to pay any seat-rent at all. This state of things, while it lasted, became increasingly irksome to him. As he put it in many of his speeches at this period, the very popularity of a minister was a misfortune to his parish :—

"I know to my sad experience, that while the inhabitants of my parish have been told that they have a church within it, to

* Now the Rev. J. J. Wood, D.D., of Dumfries.

them, at least, that church is not accessible. In passing up and down the Cowgate, I have observed a public well, where all comers, old and young, the richer and the poorer, draw water without distinction, without money and without price,—they bring their pitcher without their penny; and as I have seen that stream often flowing as free and full to the poor as to the rich, just as it should be (seeing that the one need it as much as the other), how often have I wished that the parish church was more like the parish well, a well of salvation where all might draw water and drink. I go away to visit my parish, I enter a house—and many such have I entered—where, unless the God that hears the young ravens cry help them, the parents know not where they are to get food to fill the mouths of four or five hungry children. For years, they have never crossed the threshold of a church door. The bell has rung over them every Sabbath day, and they have never known a Sabbath. I've seen them with tears in their eyes acknowledge their sin, and when they were brought to confess and lament it, where then do I stand? Some one says, 'Bid them come to the church.' Bid a man go to the City Chamberlain and pay six shillings for a seat, who would bless you for six pennies that he might buy meal for his children! 'Send him to the pauper seats;' and what right have you to make any man a pauper in God's House, especially under an Establishment to all the benefits of which the poor man has as good a right as the rich? No man likes to be branded before his fellows as a pauper, as was expressed to me some time ago by a person who had not been attending church, who gave his poverty as a reason, and to whom I said he would soon be without that excuse, telling him that we would get a church with seven hundred free sittings. 'Ah! sir,' said he (falling into the mistake that ours were to be pauper sittings), 'I'll wait till I can make up five shillings, for I have no notion of being set among these pauper bodies!'"
—(*Speech in* 1838.)

The more Mr. Guthrie got acquainted with the real condition of this population, the more he grew impatient for the time when he could throw himself entirely into the working of the strictly parochial system. This implied a church at the very doors of the poor, the entire area of which should be free to all residents in the parish without distinction; properly-equipped schools; elders, deacons, and district visitors to aid him in his

work; such an organization, in short, as should secure the literal carrying out of the blessed truth, "To the poor the gospel is preached." But all this needed time; arrangements had to be made with the Town Council as the municipal authorities, and with the Presbytery as the ecclesiastical authorities; a site had to be secured, and a large sum of money raised ere such an experiment in the parish of Old Greyfriars could be fairly set a-going.

Meanwhile, he delighted to take his turn in the service for the poor, which Mr. Sym had, some years before, commenced in the old Magdalene Chapel in the Cowgate:—"With my excellent and able colleague, I have a parish where there are two congregations. We have in the Greyfriars Church a congregation of ladies and gentlemen, and in the Magdalene Chapel we have a not less interesting—to me, in some respects, a more interesting—congregation, in so far as it contains some who, like the lost sheep of the wilderness, have been brought back by the parochial system graciously and rejoicingly to the fold they had left. Very lately the Lord's Supper was dispensed in our church, when both these congregations mingled together. It delighted me to see a street beggar, to whom I, as well as others, had often given charity, decently attired, and sitting side by side with the wealthy at the table of our common Lord."—(*Speech in* 1839.)

For the first two or three years of his Edinburgh ministry, the localities with which Mr. Guthrie was chiefly familiar were its dark places. He might have been met almost every day in the week visiting from cellar to garret the crowded homes of his neglected parishioners. He could not be satisfied to leave the care of his poor parishioners to a paid missionary, however valuable his aid might be; much less quiet his conscience after the fashion of an old Edinburgh minister in the

last century whose parish embraced a population as degraded as Mr. Guthrie's: — the story goes, that once a year he approached the mouth of each several "close" in his district—down whose dark vista of sin and misery, however, he never penetrated—and there, uncovering his head with due solemnity, and lifting his gloved right hand, he besought the Divine blessing to rest on "all the inhabitants, young and old, of this close." The annual "visitation" thus ended, he went on his way!

Writing from Arbirlot, some months before his translation to Edinburgh, to Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Guthrie said:—

"I would have delighted in the Cowgate, had I felt myself bodily and mentally fit for such a charge. . . . . Can't you carry a bill through the Edinburgh Presbytery against non-residence? I am satisfied that is the root of much evil and inefficiency among your city clergy. I heard three fellows [here] one day swearing boldly. I was no sooner seen than I heard 'Whish't man, there's the minister!' Now, I should like a clergyman never to step out of his own door but he steps in among his people. I would have him planted in the very centre of his population. He would not only by this means be able to do a great deal more work, and spend little odds and ends of time among his flock that would be lost to them if he were living a mile or half a mile away, but the very knowledge that the minister lived among them, that he could not look out of his windows nor step out of his own door without seeing them, that he was their next-door neighbour, and by that circumstance well acquainted with their character and conduct, would, I am confident, exert a reforming influence, especially on a Cowgate population. I have discovered from my own experience that the farther the people are removed from the manse, the less influence has the minister over them: and if a man won't live among the scum of the Cowgate, I would at once say to him 'You can't be its minister.'"

When he came to Edinburgh, he virtually carried this theory into practice; having selected his first dwelling-house in Argyll Square, and the next in Brown Square (both of them in his parish), from either of which, two or

three minutes' walk brought him into the most densely populated part of the district. Some of the houses there almost realise a quaint description given of the lofty tenements, ten or twelve storeys high, in the neighbouring Canongate—"perpendicular streets." A single house, No. 8, Cowgatehead, contained one hundred and fifty souls; so that, as Mr. Guthrie described it, it was literally a "small parish of itself."

Few men were better able than he to appreciate the many picturesque "bits" of the old town, in the artist's and antiquary's sense of the word; but for a time, all other aspects of Edinburgh were forgotten amid the startling moral degradation to which his daily rounds introduced him. "It is all very well," he wrote to a friend at that time, "for men who see nothing but our noble castle, our spires and towers and palaces, to expatiate on the beauties of Edinburgh. They see but the whitewashing and ornaments of the sepulchre; if they would come with me to the Cowgate, or the College Wynd, or the Bow, I would let them see as much of the rottenness within as would break the charm."—(*Letter to Dr. Burns, of Tweedsmuir.*)

On coming home to dinner at his own house, we have heard him tell, "After the scenes of misery I had witnessed all day long, I would almost sicken at the sight of the comforts on my own table."

"3, *Argyll Square*, 19*th February*, 1838.

". . . . The frost was last week most intense, the thermometer was one morning at 15° at my window; but I had no time to think of cold, for of all the broken, busy weeks of my life here, it beat all—just listening, inquiring into, and, as far as possible, relieving cases of want in this severe weather. We are always on the verge of poverty, and you may conceive what [it] must be now, when the labourers and workmen of the Cowgate, for the

last six weeks, have hardly earned one farthing. We have been holding a levée every morning and forenoon, and my wife has done nothing for some days last week but attend to such cases, and distribute old clothes and flannel, &c. Miss W. and she have just left on an expedition to the Cowgate to inquire into this morning's applications." *—(*To his brother, Provost Guthrie.*)

The Cowgate of Edinburgh, part of which was included in the parish of Old Greyfriars, lies along a shallow ravine, and its site often brought to Dr. Guthrie's mind the valley of the Prophet's Vision. The hand of the Lord had set him down, like Ezekiel, in the midst of the dry bones, and "caused him to pass by them round about," till the old question rang in his ears, "Can these dry bones live?" The Edinburgh Valley where he laboured is spanned at one point by George IV. Bridge. Looking there through the open work of the railings, the stranger sees with surprise not flowing water, but a living stream of humanity in motion beneath his feet:—

"It was there," writes Dr. Guthrie, "where one looks down on the street below, and on the foul, crowded closes that stretch, like ribs, down into the Cowgate, I stood on a gloomy day in the fall of the year '37. The streets were a puddle; the heavy air, loaded with smoke, was thick and murky; right below lay the narrow street of dingy tenements, whose toppling chimneys and patched and battered roofs were fit emblems of the fortunes of most of their tenants. Of these, some were lying over the sills of windows innocent of glass, or stuffed with old hats and dirty rags; others, coarse-looking women, with squalid children in their arms or at their feet, stood in groups at the close-mouths—here with empty laughter, chaffing any passing

* When in St. John's Church, Mr. Guthrie established a Clothing Society to enable the more destitute parishioners to attend worship in decent attire. A gentleman, who, till he was attracted by Mr. Guthrie's preaching, was seldom to be seen in any church, gave largely from his own wardrobe. Recognising, as he looked down from the gallery on the audience in the area, here some coats, and there some vests that once were his own, he used jocularly to remark that he was glad to see himself so largely represented,—and thus, his own absence in days gone by made up for in a certain sense!

acquaintance, there screaming each other down in a drunken brawl, or standing sullen and silent, with hunger and ill-usage in their saddened looks. A brewer's cart, threatening to crush beneath its ponderous wheels the ragged urchins who had no other playground, rumbled over the causeway, drowning the quavering voice of one whose drooping head and scanty dress were ill in harmony with song, but not drowning the shrill pipe of an Irish girl, who thumped the back of an unlucky donkey, and cried her herrings at 'three a penny.' So looked the parish I had come to cultivate; and while contrasting the scene below with pleasant recollections of the parish I had just left—its singing larks, daisied pastures, decent peasants, and the grand blue sea rolling its lines of snowy breakers on the shore, my rather sad and sombre ruminations were suddenly checked. A hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned round to find Dr. Chalmers at my elbow.

"This great and good man knew that I had accepted an Edinburgh charge mainly for the purpose of trying what the parochial or territorial system, fairly wrought, could do toward christianizing the heathendom beneath our feet, and restoring the denizens of the Cowgate and its closes to sober, decent, and church-going habits. Contemplating the scene for a little in silence, all at once, with his broad, Luther-like face glowing with enthusiasm, he waved his arm to exclaim, 'A beautiful field, sir; a very fine field of operation!'" — ("Out of Harness," p. 126.)

"I'll go down into the pit, if you will hold the rope," exclaimed the devoted missionary Carey, when parting with Christian friends for the shores of India in 1793. Mr. Guthrie used a figure somewhat similar when describing the sharp contrast between his present work and that of his Arbirlot charge:—"I can compare it to nothing else than the change from the green fields and woods and the light of nature to venturing into the darkness and blackness of a coal-pit!"

Yet, how true the lines of Cowper, when, with reference to John Howard's resigning the amenities of country life, he sings:—

"To quit the bliss that rural scenes bestow,
To seek a nobler amid scenes of woe,
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
The boldest patriots might be proud to feel."

Mr. Guthrie's public appeals and private letters at this period were all aglow with the earnestness of one who had emerged from some doleful pit in whose depths he had beheld fellow-creatures perishing, body and soul, and for whom he entreated help. Those who never saw Dr. Guthrie, who never heard him speak, can scarcely realise the thrill of emotion sent through his audience as, with kindling eye and quivering lip, he thus addressed a vast meeting on Church Extension in the Edinburgh Assembly Rooms on 27th April, 1838 :—

"I can never forget, nothing can ever efface the impression made on my mind, when I first lifted up the veil from the hideous scene of starvation and sin that lay before me. The scenes that I was called on to witness the first three or four days of my parochial visitations almost drove sleep from my pillow. They haunted me like very spectres, and, after visiting till my heart was sick, I have come up the College Wynd with the idea that I might as well have gone to be a missionary among the Hindoos on the banks of the Ganges.

"It appears from the report of the Government Commission, that in this city there are between forty and fifty thousand who habitually absent themselves from the house of God. It is astonishing how we can sit and listen so calmly to such a fact as that! Were a man to rush into this assembly and cry that on the other side of the street a house was on fire, and that some forty or fifty human beings were thronging its upper windows, and stretching out their hands for help, that news would go like an electric shock through this assembly. We would rise in a mass, and, trying who should be foremost, rush to their rescue. The feeble would give their prayers and their tears, and, were it needed, their money too; and where is the man that would not plant his ladder against the smoking wall and peril his own life in the attempt to save others? There is this difference, my Lord, between that case and this, that here we have not forty or fifty, but, multiplying a thousandfold, we have forty or fifty thousand; ay, and there is another difference—suppose we left them to perish—this fire will burn out, the shriek, like that of the widow of Hindostan, will rise on the air for a moment, and then all is over. But, if the Bible be true, there are nearly fifty thousand men and women in this city passing on to a punishment that shall never be over!"

On another occasion, when dealing with the fact that, by reason of their utter destitution, multitudes in his district not only wanted the will but the means of attending the parish church, he described the following case as an example :—

"I go away to visit my parish, and I find a widow left by the hand of Providence with a family of children hanging on her for support. There they are, shivering on a wintry day round a handful of embers raked up from the dust and rubbish of the streets. The infant in her arms looks as if it had never smiled, and reflects from its own pale, sickly face the settled sadness of its mother's. She tells you she was once a member of a Christian church, and the tears run down her cheeks as your questions bring back the recollection of other and happier days. But her husband sickened and died of a lingering illness ; her Sabbath dress went to buy comforts for his dying bed, and then, when she closed his eyes, she was without friend on earth but neighbours, who were kind, but as poor as herself; and, to feed her hungry little ones, she parted with every comfort, till at length they were reduced to the rags they shiver in, and their home has not an article of furniture but a bed of straw, or, it may be, a broken chair. While she is telling this story, and you can hardly help weeping along with her, and you have begun to tell her of a Redeemer's love, the infant in her arms was crying (for I am now describing a reality), 'Give me a bit of bread ;' and, constantly interrupted by its wail, I bade the mother give it some bread to keep it quiet, to still its cry. She burst into a flood of tears ; and casting a look of agony on her famished child, she told me that she had not in her house a morsel of bread nor wherewithal to buy it. There were five living beings in that house, without either a loaf or a handful of meal! Giving one of the children sixpence, I sent it out to fetch some bread. I have seen the wild beasts in a menagerie fed, but never saw those hungry animals fall with more keenness on their food than did these skeleton children."

It may not have been this same widow for whom he appealed in a sermon preached about this time; but we quote the following, from a letter to Brechin dated 30th November, 1839, as showing how early he discovered

his power to open the hands as well as move the hearts of his hearers:—

"On Thursday I was preaching for the Ladies' Deaf and Dumb Society, and though the day was very unfavourable, we got £56, and in the evening there was other £5 sent to us anonymously. . . . . I happened to mention the case of a poor widow, who had attended, with her boy, the Magdalene Chapel regularly since I came here, but had been under the dire necessity of selling or pawning her Sabbath dress to get their bread, thereby shutting herself out of the house of God. Well, the circumstance came to my recollection as I was pleading for the deaf and dumb; it served me to illustrate some point; I threw it out, and the idea just flashed across my mind, 'the mentioning of this may get something to Widow A.,' and it was a capital cast of the net. Before I left the church a lady put into my hand two shillings for her. I dined with Sir Andrew Agnew, heard Cunningham's lecture, and then came home, where I found about £1 for the widow. Next morning the post brought me a letter with a guinea for her; then in came, in the course of an hour, five shillings more; in the course of the day, other ten shillings; in the evening came another pound; to-day in came other five shillings, and a little ago in came other five shillings. As to gowns, no less than half-a-dozen, made and unmade, floated in; liveried servants and fine cards (notes), all anonymous, have been pouring in about poor Mrs. A., who was here to-night, and has got her articles relieved, but has no earthly notion how rich she is, or what a stir her case has made in the aristocratic circles of this aristocratic city. We have left her ignorant both of her riches and her fame, lest it should turn her head."

One of the well-worn little note-books he carried about with him in his visitations at that time now lies before us. It is touching to turn over its leaves, and to observe the minute care with which he noted down the details of the wretched households he visited. Here are the jottings from one page; the case seems to have been that of a poor widow with two daughters:—"Taylor's Land—Mother, 48—very delicate, sober; often not able to work—splitting wood. Anne 10—Mary 8—shake-down; pawned gown to help rent; also shift, petticoat

of mother's, two frocks of girls', bonnet of her own; cut-down bedstead to sell; all to buy food; children would not want it." But, with all his kindness of heart, he took special care in selecting the objects of charity; knowing from unpleasant experience how much deception is practised by the denizens of such localities. He used to relate the following:—"I asked one old woman, who did not know who I was, where she went to church. 'Oh!' said she, 'I gang to the Greyfriars.' 'Which one? The Old or the New?' 'The Auld Greyfriars,' she replied. 'Ah! you go there, do you? What is the minister's name?' 'The minister, sir? It's Dr. Inglis, honest man, I was hearin' him the last Sabbath.' And this was said to me three or four years after Dr. Inglis was in his grave!"

It was during these early years of his ministry, and while visiting a district filled with the city's sins and sorrows, that, under the guidance of God's Spirit, Mr. Guthrie was trained for that career of Christian philanthropy which made him so beloved through life, and for which, perhaps more than for all his other distinctions, his memory will continue to be fragrant. To a sensitive nature, it was a sharp training at the time,—literally, a sowing in tears; but the seed, on varied fields of benevolence, he afterwards reaped in joy. His experience during these years among the vicious and criminal class convinced him that effort must chiefly be directed to save the young. It was then and there he learned the motto of his whole ragged school work—"Prevention better than cure." Speaking at Birmingham of that period and his Cowgate experiences, he said in 1861, "I had not laboured three months in that parish, when I became perfectly satisfied of this—that it was impossible to raise the lower classes in towns, unless through the means of the rising generation. In labouring in that district I became also convinced of this—that the only way of reaching the rising

generation of the lapsed masses of the community was by such ragged schools as have brought together this assembly."

He soon found, too, how the demon of intemperance confronted him, thwarting effort and disappointing hope; and we may doubtless trace to this same period the germ of those convictions which developed in later years into his adoption and advocacy of the total abstinence cause. "Seven years of my ministry," to quote his own words, "were spent in one of the lowest localities of Edinburgh; and it almost broke my heart, day by day, to see, as I wandered from house to house, and from room to room, misery, wretchedness, and crime; the detestable vice of drunkenness, the cause of all, meeting me at every turn, and marring all my efforts. Nothing ever struck me more, in visiting those wretched localities, than to find that more than a half of these families were in the churchyard. The murder of innocent infants in this city by drunkenness 'out-Herods Herod.' I believe we will in vain plant churches and schools, though they be as thick as trees in the forest, until this evil is stopped."

Among the many claims which the illustrious Chalmers has to lasting gratitude, one of the strongest is that he was the first thoroughly to rouse the Christian community of Scotland to concern for the godless poor. He led the van in what Dr. Cooke of Belfast well called a "glorious enterprise of Christian aggression upon the regions of popular ignorance."

The revived spiritual life in the Church of Scotland forty years ago, was abundantly evidenced by the vigorous efforts which, in response to Chalmers' appeals, her people put forth to meet the spiritual wants of a rapidly increasing population. True, there may have been adherents of the National Church who advocated the Church Extension scheme chiefly as a means of strength-

ening and extending the Church of Scotland; but in the view of Dr. Chalmers and the true-hearted men who were associated with him, its grand object was to extend the Church of Christ,—to save those who, in the large towns especially, because of the previous lethargy of the Establishment, had sunk into practical heathenism. Within the course of six years (from 1835 to 1841) upwards of £300,000 was voluntarily subscribed for the carrying out of this great scheme, and 222 churches were erected.

The noble enterprise of Dr. Chalmers powerfully impressed Mr. Guthrie while yet a country minister. In his own county, he addressed meeting after meeting on its behalf, and aided in the erection of several Extension charges there. Still it was not till he became the minister of a large and destitute city parish, that his spirit was thoroughly stirred within him; the result of a practical acquaintance with the depth of the physical and spiritual destitution that appalled him on every hand.

Dr. Chalmers, then Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, rejoiced in the prospect of his favourite experiment being tried in a destitute district of the metropolis, and under the auspices of a man like Mr. Guthrie. It was transporting to Edinburgh the principles which he had himself worked so successfully in his parish of St. John's in Glasgow, and whose adaptation to all the large towns he never ceased to urge. At a second Church Extension meeting in Edinburgh, on 14th November, 1838, Dr. Chalmers spoke immediately after Mr. Guthrie, and in the following sanguine terms:—

"I look forward with high anticipation—it is by far the most interesting experiment within the present range of church extension—to the erection that is now going on in the Cowgate; it is a most interesting subject of contemplation. I know that my friend Mr. Guthrie is a house-going minister, and I also know that this is the patent way to create a church-going people. I have a confident hope that by the blessing of God I shall yet live to see the day when, at the sound of its

own parish bell, every house in the Cowgate and its collateral closes shall pour forth their families to attend that place of worship. . . . . I trust that when this arrangement shall be exemplified in the Cowgate, and multiplied over Edinburgh, it will be found that—what no adjustment of political or civil wisdom has been able to effect—the harmonization of all classes of society shall be at last effected through the medium of Gospel ministrations, and by the omnipotence of Gospel charity."

In these days, it was the decided conviction of Dr. Chalmers and his coadjutors that, in order to deal successfully with the spiritual destitution of the great towns, the only competent agency was an extension of the parochial system in connection with the State Church. With her revived spiritual life, her powers of self-government and internal reform developing each year, the Church of Scotland was doubtless at that period in circumstances singularly favourable for prosecuting the great experiment of Chalmers, and for extending the parochial system until it should overtake the whole of the godless out-field. What might have been the result of Dr. Chalmers' great scheme, had there been no disruption in 1843—had the undivided Church of Scotland been suffered calmly to prosecute the work she had so hopefully commenced—no man can now tell. However much we may regret it, the opportunity of thus fairly trying the experiment was not vouchsafed. God ordered it otherwise; and a vast addition was made to church accommodation over all Scotland in a way that, at one time, men dreamt not of. But it was a sore trial and a grievous disappointment to Dr. Chalmers and many of his brethren, that when their Church seemed prepared to bend her whole energies to the blessed work of christianizing the home heathen, those energies had to be diverted into a field of conflict; for, while there were exceptions, the very same men who were the foremost in zeal for the cause of church extension, and whose hearts were the most alive

to the condition of the home heathen, were the foremost also in contending for the Church's freedom from State control.

In these days Mr. Guthrie fully shared in Dr. Chalmers' conviction, that, apart from a national endowment, no Church could hope to stem the rising tide of vice and irreligion whose progress had become so formidable:—"I have read," he said in a speech in 1838, "of a cave from which the most thoughtless came out sobered, the most talkative came out silent; and I have often fancied that if I could get some Voluntary to accompany me on my parochial visitations for a single day, the College Wynd and the Cowgate would rival that cave in the wondrous change they would work on him. He might go in a Voluntary, but he would come out for an Establishment. A single day of my work would metamorphose him, and he would come forth with the conviction that Voluntaryism was not the lever which would move and lift up these people, and that there was no means of doing so but that thorough parochial system, and that pastoral superintendence which is inseparable from an Establishment, never has existed with Voluntaryism, and, what is more, never can." On another occasion:—"Divide me the large towns into small manageable parishes, provide me with a free church, add to it an endowed school, and with a staff of zealous and active and Christian elders, I don't despair, with God's blessing, of restoring the waste places, making the wilderness rejoice and the desert glad; but that you can't get without an endowment. I say, therefore, petition for endowments."

Endowments were petitioned for; but the Government of the day was immovable. To quote the words of Dr. Chalmers when he spoke at the Bicentenary of the Westminster Assembly in July 1843—two months after the Disruption:—"Some years ago we tried what Government would do in the way of an endowment for

the religious instruction of the people, and after many a weary and fruitless negotiation, got nothing for our pains." But what was Dr. Chalmers able to add? "We have now" (speaking in the name of the newly formed Free Church) "made our appeal to the Christian public, and in as few months, as we spent of years with the Government, we have obtained at the hands of the people the promise of towards £300,000."

Thirty years have passed away since these words were uttered; and who that is acquainted with the success of the Free Church in the Home Mission field during that period, can wonder that Mr. Guthrie lived to modify in large measure the views he had formerly entertained of the exclusive efficiency of an Established Church to deal with the spiritual destitution of the land? The Free Church of Scotland, though she does not receive one shilling of state money, has planted church after church on the strictly territorial principle, in the densely peopled parts of the large towns, as well as in the mining districts of the country. She has gathered into them congregations from the non-churchgoers; by means of her central or "Sustentation" fund, she has supported there regularly trained pastors, who are effectively helped by a staff of elders, deacons, Sunday and day school teachers, and district visitors. Take that very valley in which Mr. Guthrie's own parish of St. John's lay; when he came to Edinburgh, scarce any genuine parochial work was attempted by the Established Church in the locality; and yet Dr. Guthrie lived to see no fewer than five Free churches—from the West Port Free Church at the one extremity, to Holyrood Free Church at the other—erected for the poor, and worked on the territorial principle.*

* In Glasgow, the work done by the Free Church in the purely Home Mission field is still more remarkable. The following statement, which is dated 22nd September, 1873, has been forwarded to us by the Rev. R. Howie, who is intimately conversant with the facts. The Mission Church of which he tells has proved a Gospel hive indeed. Did

He felt more and more that the great work of bringing the Gospel to bear on the masses in the godless outfield must be accomplished on the voluntary principle, *whether within or without an Established Church.** And while the course of events weakened the confidence he once placed in national resources for the existence and efficiency of a Christian church, need we wonder if they greatly strengthened his faith in the zeal and generosity of a devoted Christian people?

This, however, it is important to observe:—while the final answer of Government to the Church's claim of spiritual independence made it impossible for Dr. Chalmers or Mr. Guthrie to remain any longer within the Establishment, they never altered their opinion as to the value and efficiency of the parochial or territorial system as the grand means of overtaking the spiritual destitution of the land. Thus, it was on the strictly territorial system that Dr. Chalmers, during the last years of his life, prosecuted his noble work in the West Port of Edinburgh; and in the course of our narrative we shall find that Dr. Guthrie, with his colleague Dr. Hanna, applied to the destitute district which they selected after leaving the National Church, the very principle they had advocated while within its pale.

other congregations throw off swarms in any like proportions, it were a blessed omen for the future of our great cities:—

"In 1854 the Wynd Church was planted in a district selected because it returned more police cases than any other in Glasgow. There have emanated from this *one Home Mission centre,* seven regularly sanctioned charges. The number received into the fellowship of these churches has been 9,526, of whom there have been 4,860 who either were never members of the Christian Church before, or had wholly lapsed from ordinances. There have been formed in addition, at least three churches in the country districts, which owe their origin to this same "Wynd Mission." Besides the large sums spent annually in maintaining these various agencies, the money expended on buildings alone has been upwards of £60,000."

* The justness of this conclusion is practically admitted by the Established Churches of the present day. The work now prosecuted by them amid the spiritual destitution of London and other great cities in England and Scotland, is the result, not of additional aid from the State, but of voluntary gifts.

What he longed, in later years, to see, was the adoption of some such scheme as he thus pictured in 1867 :—"Let the ministers or representatives of the different denominations within the city—Episcopalian, Baptist, and Independent, United Presbyterian, Free Church, and Established Church—meet, and form themselves into a real working Evangelical Alliance. Agreeing to regard all old divisions of parishes with an ecclesiastical right over their inhabitants as nowadays a nullity—and, so far as these are preventing Christian co-operation, and the salvation of the people, as worse than a nullity—let them map out the dark and destitute districts of the city, assigning a district to each congregation. Let every congregation then go to work upon their own part of the field, and giving each some five hundred souls to care for, you would thus cover 'the nakedness of the land.'"

Meanwhile—to resume our narrative—it was with the liveliest interest Mr. Guthrie watched the masons at work on his new church in the Nether Bow, now called Victoria Street. The building was commenced in 1838; and, on the completion of the school or basement storey, the Lord Provost laid the memorial-stone on the 17th April, 1839. The building was named St. John's, and was completed in 1840. "The honour," says the *Witness* of 21st November, 1840, "has been reserved for Mr. Guthrie, of course eminently qualified for the task, of making a distinct attempt to restore the old parochial system in the very centre of Edinburgh. His new church was opened on Thursday, and the event formed an important era in the history of the Church of Scotland."

The struggle for the spiritual independence of the Scottish Church, on which the Courts of Law threatened to encroach, was now thickening fast; and when at

length, on the 19th November, 1840, Mr. Guthrie entered his new pulpit for the first time, it was not without apprehension that the time was approaching when, notwithstanding all his anxiety and effort for the erection of this new place of worship, he might have to quit it, a parish minister no longer. From that date until the Disruption in 1843, public calls on him increased in variety and number. So active a life did he lead, that, notwithstanding constant pastoral work and the share he took in the ecclesiastical agitation then in progress, the newspapers of that date contain speeches of his on all sorts of subjects — Sabbath Observance and Sunday Trains, Anti-Slavery, Gaelic Schools, Jewish Missions, &c., &c. At a public meeting, he was regarded as a host in himself; and, even at this early period, it was found that to reserve him (much to his own annoyance) as the last speaker was the surest way of retaining an audience to the close.

Thus, of necessity, a share of his time and energies was withdrawn from the important experiment which was now fairly launched in St. John's parish. Neither, however, apprehensions for the future, nor the exigencies of the present, diminished his zeal in organizing and setting in motion the necessary machinery there. The gallery of the new church was let to applicants from all parts of the city; but six hundred and fifty sittings—the whole area of the church in fact—were reserved as absolutely free seats for residents in the parish, poor or rich, who applied for them.

"One ground of preference," he writes to his brother, "for the free sittings was, that parties had been regular sitters in the Greyfriars, and in reference to this, one family stated that they had not *sat* in the Greyfriars, but they had *stood* there for the last twelve months. We were unanimous in voting them sittings, thinking it was time for them now to sit! They will raise, from the 350 sittings in the gallery, £280. . . . . You know, I think, that the gallery is all let, and that we are obliged to refuse

many applications. I intend to have about fifteen elders, to begin with, ordained in the course of a fortnight. We must by-and-by have the number [of elders] up to thirty; and then, besides them, we must have some fifteen deacons. We are abundantly filled with people, and you would be delighted to see the masses of common people who cram every corner and nook of the area.* The scheme takes grand with the parish people, and, with the blessing, I have no doubt of its success."

His elders—some of them professional men, and others in trade—had districts of the new parish allotted to them, in which they sought out the non-churchgoers, procured sittings for them, induced them to attend the house of God, and send their children to school. Each elder had a particular portion of the church likewise attached to his district, and could thus note the absentees, and hunt them up during the week.

In a speech in the Edinburgh Presbytery, 27th October, 1841, telling how the funds for St. John's were raised, Mr. Guthrie said:—"We had a church, but we wanted a school, and accordingly we commenced card-playing of a very lawful kind; and now we have got £500, which is all we require." This "card-playing" he explains in the following letter to his brother Patrick:—

"*Edinburgh*, 1*st July*, 1841.

"You will see by the newspapers what resolute efforts we are making to complete the sum required for our schools, and how marvellously well we have prospered. I announced from the pulpit a public meeting of my congregation on Tuesday, showing we would raise two or three hundred pounds without any further tax on ourselves. Curiosity was awakened: in *that*, I so far gained the object in view, to secure thereby a good attendance.

* Not only were the passages in St. John's crowded, but Mr. Dymock informs us that around the ventilating apertures in the roof were seated, Sunday by Sunday, a goodly number of persons—out of sight, but within hearing—who were content to sit amid the foul air on pieces of planking laid across the rafters.

"On Tuesday I made a speech and produced my budget, showing that if we could get some hundred people or more to take each one of the enclosed cards, and undertake to fill it up with sixpence, one shilling, half-a-crown, and five shillings, from their neighbours and acquaintances, we would soon and easily raise the money. I explained to them how the sea is made up of rivers, and rivers of streams, and streams of rills, and rills of showers, and showers of drops, and that, by following nature, the Methodists thus raised a large part of the £90,000 they show yearly for missions. . . . . We had a nice meeting of the folks, embracing all classes, from the aristocrats at the top, to the mobocrats of the Grassmarket at the bottom of society. . . . . I have been really delighted with the zeal of some of the poor people. Currie's Close is one of the lowest and worst districts in the parish; and there was not a mortal man but would have exclaimed, 'Can any good come out of *it?*' Well, there lives a humble widow there, a good woman, and six hours had not elapsed after my speech, till in Currie's Close,—from scavengers, and night police, and basket wives, and spunk (match) sellers, and beings who live no mortal man can tell how,—she had collected not less than twelve shillings. At the close of my address, there was another widow, who lives aloft in the Cowgate, and may be seen in fair weather and foul sitting with a basket of eggs before her, below the Tron church, who came forward and gave me five shillings. Mackenzie and Ross* were conversing with me at the time. When I showed Mackenzie what she had given and what she was, the tears started into his eyes; he is the very living realisation of his father's 'Man of Feeling.' There lives in No. 8, Cowgate Head a poor family of the name of Bryce. They have a daughter deaf and dumb. Some two years ago I took some trouble to get that unfortunate creature employment, and succeeded. The mother came up to me last night and said, 'Ye'll no' mind me, sir, but we havena' forgot what you did for our poor lassie; and if you would give me a card, my man works at Sunbury distillery, and he thinks he would get some siller there on Saturday, when the wages are paid.'

"Hoping that you will lay a hand on the oars, in haste, &c."

A few weeks previous to the date of the above letter,

* The late James Mackenzie, Esq., W.S., and the late Alexander Ross, Esq., senior member of the Supreme Council of Bengal, both special friends of Mr. Guthrie, and members of his congregation.

the venerable mother of Mr. Guthrie died at Brechin. On leaving Arbirlot, he made her a promise (most faithfully kept), that he would never allow more than three months to pass without going north to see her. Aged and frail, and thus unable for the journey to visit him in Edinburgh, it is pleasant to think that she was yet spared to learn of her son's ever increasing usefulness and influence. She was confined to bed for nearly two years before her death; but no one followed with more lively and prayerful interest than she the course of events in the Church from 1838 onwards, in which her son took so decided a part.

In his letters to her, Mr. Guthrie entered into many details both personal and public, which he knew would interest her in the seclusion of her chamber.

" *Edinburgh, 6th September*, 1839.

"My dear Mother,—I was glad to see by Clementina's letter that you were keeping about your *ordinar'*. For this we have all reason to be thankful. At your age you cannot expect robust health. It is a great matter that you are not racked with violent pain, and that your bodily distress is not such as to discompose seriously your mind, and render it unfit for spiritual occupations, or to be a serious alloy in spiritual enjoyments, as sometimes happens. The celebrated Hall suffered such excruciating agony as rendered him often incapable of thinking, and obliged him to take great doses of laudanum. Our earthly tabernacle must sooner or later break up; and if the tent is taken down without violence, gently and quietly, it is a great mercy; though, indeed, the Christian may not be very careful how it is taken down, when it is to be exchanged for a building of God, a house not made with hands, and eternal in the heavens. We seem sometimes to forget, when we cower down before the tempest, and look before us with a fearful eye on the mighty billows that are rolling on—we seem to forget what the sailor-boy said, 'My father's at the helm.' We should be careful for nothing, but by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make our wants known unto God. What a substantial reason for that—what a strong ground and foundation for unbounded confidence in this—'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how

shall he not with him also freely give us all things?' I hope you are enjoying the comfort of such views and assurances. Put much trust in God. Let us pray, 'Lord, increase our faith'—that we may have great faith, and that then it may be said unto us, 'According to your faith be it unto you.' His own people have nothing to fear. It is very true, none of us can understand his errors; but no more can we understand, or measure, the mercy and love of God and Jesus Christ. . . . .

"You will be wondering how we got on at Torryburn. I played myself all the week, and preached once each of the two Sabbaths I was there. I got a boat occasionally, and rowed the children about in the harbour; and to show my improvement in naval tactics, I must tell you that with Doig on board, and two men to row against a strong back-going stream tide, I steered the boat, in a dark night, across the Forth from Borrowstoness, the river being there about four miles broad. I got a light for my mark to steer to, and put in the boat most fairly into the harbour; so perhaps the folks will have more cause than ever to say that I am an old man-of-war's man! . . . .

"We have had, since I returned, a meeting about our newspaper. Miller,* I may say, is engaged, and will be here, I expect, in the course of two or three weeks. His salary is to begin with £200, and mount with the profits of the paper. I think this too little, but I have no doubt to see it double that sum in a year or two. Johnstone to be the publisher, we advancing £1,000, and he will need other two. I am down with Brown, Candlish, and Cunningham for £25 each. A few individuals only have as yet been applied to, and already £600 of the £1,000 has been subscribed. . . . .

"Mrs. Coutts,† and I may say almost every right-thinking person, is greatly interested in the work of revivals going on at Kilsyth, Dundee, and elsewhere. Some of us ministers are to have a meeting upon the subject on Monday, when we are to consider what steps should be taken in the matter. I have heard accounts from such a variety of quarters, as leave no room to doubt that there is a great work of the Spirit going on, and going on most orderly and Scripturally. We have much need of them [revivals] everywhere. I have a valley of dry bones down in

* Hugh Miller, the well-known geologist, and editor of the *Witness* newspaper, which was started shortly after this time in the interests of the Non-Intrusion party within the Church.

† See "Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Coutts," by Rev. W. M. Hetherington, D.D., LL.D.

that Cowgate, where it were well that there were a shaking. Though the outward demonstrations are not to be wondered at, I am glad that they have been restrained, so that the enemies of good may have no occasion to make a mock of what is good, nor Satan, as Dr. Chalmers expresses it, 'get a fool's cap put on the Lord's work.' "

In reference to the latter part of this letter, it will interest not a few of our readers (though we must interrupt the narrative for the purpose) if we here quote some extracts from a note-book of Dr. Guthrie's, in which he jotted down at the time his own impressions, when, shortly after thus writing to Brechin, he visited Kilsyth, that he might see for himself something of the work of God then in progress. The venerable minister of that parish (Rev. William Burns, afterwards Dr. Burns), who was honoured, along with his apostolic son, in connection with the awakening there, was an uncle of Mrs. Guthrie.*

" . . . . Met plain man in boat [the canal-boat]. Soon the Revival became topic of conversation. All listened with solemnity and interest. More religious conversation in these boats for last six weeks than for six years before. Felt a disposition I never felt so strongly before to make religious and searching remark. The man, a plain, shrewd man, no enthusiast. He said many in the parish were like himself, did not know what to think of it; but said there was, beyond doubt, a great change and reformation. He knew cases. Kilsyth used to be full of discord and rudeness, it was now the reverse; mentioned case of farmer in neighbourhood who used always to get his turnip-fields destroyed and pillaged; nothing of the kind this year,—religion had guarded them better than an armed force; and many young greatly changed. He did not approve of meetings kept late. A gentleman mentioned that on one occasion some speaker was exhorting the people to go away, else they could not serve their masters; when a master stood up, and said they had never wrought so well as they were doing now. . . . .

" We met last night at eight. After service, which closed

* Our readers will find a full account of the Kilsyth Revival in two volumes by the late Professor Islay Burns—" The Pastor of Kilsyth," and " Life of Rev. William C. Burns, missionary to China."

about eleven o'clock, two girls under deep and serious impressions, along with some others, were waiting. I was much struck with this, that none appeared ashamed of religion. The danger, indeed, I would take to be the other way: fostered, it may be, by the indiscreet attention paid to young converts. I preached last night. The people very much exhausted, as there had been services all Sunday and Monday nights. In expressing afterwards some fear lest these *whole* night services might prejudice people's minds against the work as pushed into extreme and extravagant lengths, I said that there were good people who might not be able to approve of these meetings, and might thereby be indisposed towards a work which they would otherwise rejoice in and favour. The singing was remarkably loud and cordial, and an air of devoutness among the people. . . . . Ninety young communicants * within two months, from the ages of seventy to twelve. A boy of twelve. They were constrained to admit him, even the ministers who were prepossessed against such early admissions. Of the ninety, almost the whole were under the most solemn and serious impressions. This morning we met at a quarter past nine, when I was to address the young communicants. I was impressed with the youth of many of them.

"I was vexed to hear from Mrs. Coutts of —— calling on the unconverted to come forward and sit in certain conspicuous seats. The manse people have not mentioned this; so I hope it does not meet with their approbation. Martin, I understand, was much distressed with it. . . . .

"We now left for the church, and were rapidly passed by an old woman in the dress and darkness of an underground population,† who threw, as she hurried by, a most hungry-like, expressive look in Mr. Burns' face, as she exclaimed, 'John's no changed yet, but ah! Mr. Burns, I am a changed woman.' She shot past without another word; and I was glad to find that the minister, who exercises great caution, had good hopes of her. . . . .

"As we were descending the hill to the village, admiring the beauty of the vale, from which the mists of a cloudy morning were then rising and rolling up the hill-sides, we were met by two females, whose countenances betrayed their errand. 'My sister is in great distress,' said the elder of the two, pointing to a younger one beside her, apparently about the age of

* The expression "young communicants" is manifestly here employed, not with reference to age, but to describe persons who seek admission to the Lord's Table for the first time.

† Women at that period were employed in coal-pits.

twenty-five. She did not need to say so; her hanging head, red eyes—red with weeping—and bowed-down frame, told her tale. She wept and sobbed on the way to the manse, where we returned with them. Mr. Burns left me to deal with the parties. I found that the eldest sister had been brought under serious impressions many years ago; had been herself for long months under most profound and distressing views of sin; so that, though she sought her God and Saviour many a dark night by herself, alone in the fields and by the dyke-sides, she never received comfort till one night, when out alone praying, she was so impressed with the truth, that it seemed as if she heard Christ saying to her, 'Did I not pay out the ransom, the full ransom, for thy sins on Calvary?'

"The sister was a most interesting-looking young woman. (I could not but remark how a woman never forgets her personal appearance. She looked like an only daughter who had lost her mother; like a sister who had lost an only brother. Deep thought and sorrow were lined on her face; and yet, though hers had been sleepless nights, and she literally went mourning all the day long, I remarked how neatly her hair was braided, and how gracefully both cap and shawl were assorted upon her head.) She had been all along a very passable Christian, was much respected, and, I learned from Mrs. Burns, had been for some time employed as a distributor of tracts. By her own account she had been contented with a fair profession; but she had never seen her sins and the corruption of her heart as she saw them now. She trembled all over, and cried most bitterly; while the constant answer to the 'Why are you so much distressed?' was, 'Oh, the deep, deep corruption of my heart!'"

* * * * *

The true nature of the Revival movement was keenly canvassed. On his return to Edinburgh Mr. Guthrie, whose visit to Kilsyth convinced him that a genuine work of God's Spirit was in progress there, thought it his duty to bear some public testimony on the point. With this view, as he stated to his people, he preached on two successive Sabbaths, in Old Greyfriars, from the text Matthew vii. 16—"Ye shall know them by their fruits." These sermons made a profound impression at the time; and we have met persons who, after the lapse of thirty-four years, remember both their subject and

their substance. We quote some passages from Mr. Guthrie's MSS. :—

"The spies went into the land of Canaan and returned with a bunch of grapes as proof of its fertility. I have visited the parish of Kilsyth; and while things have been both said and done there which I cannot approve, while impressions have been made on some that will vanish away like the morning mist from their own hills (for God never sowed wheat but the devil sowed tares), yet I am satisfied that a wonderful work has been done there. I cannot tell you all; but in facts which came under my own observation I can show, as it were, a bunch of the grapes of Eschol."

* * * * *

"A friend of mine, whilst I was in that quarter, was walking alongst a field skirted by a wood. She heard the sound of singing. It was not the song of the herdboy to beguile his weary time. It was the music that broke the silence of Philippi's gaol, when Paul and Silas chanted in chains their midnight hymn. No church, no house was near that lonely glen; drawn by curiosity, she quietly approached the place from whence, mingled with the song of birds and nature's melody, the sound of a nobler melody was coming. As she neared the spot the Psalm died away; but then a shrill tender voice rose in accents of solemn prayer; and what was her delight—as under cover of the trees she looked upon that little church—to see (when they thought no eye saw them, no ear heard them but God's), a little band of boys who had retired there to pray. Call you that delusion? I say, happy 'delusion!' 'Suffer little children,' says Christ, 'to come unto me.' Happy had it been for many a parent—it had saved many a mother a broken heart, had the son who has been a curse to her been under such a 'delusion!'"

* * * * *

"The difficulty at Kilsyth is not, as here, how to get people to the church, but the difficulty has almost been to get them away from it, so that the common business of life might not be neglected. It was a marvellous sight to me, at their meal hours, to see men and women in their every-day and working attire, instead of loitering in groups on the streets discussing the news or talking scandal, assembled in the house of God. It was what I had never seen before.

"Not that this will continue; because the means of permanently maintaining it are not in any minister's power. But am

I to be told that, were it possible, it would be fanaticism to keep an open church every night? What is it to keep an open theatre? What is it to keep open public-houses? The place which has proved to many a poor soul the way to hell is to be kept open; but it is 'fanaticism,' is it, to keep open the way to heaven? The play-house and the public-house are to open wide their portals every night; but the house of God is to be nailed up. Oh, what an outcry is raised if people linger in God's house hearing of the love of Christ till midnight has rung from the tower; but let the theatre discharge its votaries at the very same hour, and not one of all these voices would be lifted up against it. In the words of the prophet, 'There was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped.'

"Men speak with the tongue of the country they come from; the scorner speaks the tongue of the country he goes to." . . .

Returning now to our narrative,—it is pleasant to know that Mr. Guthrie was not without encouragement in his own Edinburgh parish:—

"*Edinburgh*, 16*th April*, 1841.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . . My elders are doing much good; and I have seen much of it of late, in reference to the approaching communion. For example, there was Mrs. R. here as a young communicant. Neither she nor her husband, who has also come, had ever communicated. They had not been, indeed, in the habit of going to any church at all, till St. John's was opened. They were visited by Messrs. Elder and Allardice. They were offered seats; they come to church, are never out of it; they have the worship of God morning and evening in their house. Both seem under very serious impressions, and deeply affected; and they are now prepared, in solemnity and deep humility, to go to the Lord's Table. Many other no less pleasing instances I could mention. This day I was in the house of a man of the name of Stewart, who is a tinsmith, carries on a good business, and is a sober, decent, and respectable man in the eyes of the world. He has a wife and family; they had fallen out of the habit of frequenting a house of God. They were joined to no church, and, I believe, seldom went to any. Since St. John's was opened, they have not been absent at a diet.

"I was very sorry to hear that you had been so poorly. May the Lord accompany these repeated trials with His blessing. You have many comforts to be thankful for; much there is to sweeten the cup, compared with many whom I have

occasion to see here, whose misery is specially pitiable, because they not only have few comforts in this life, but eternity is dark to them. They live without comfort in this world, and without any hope for the next."

This was the last letter Mrs. Guthrie received from her son. The repeated illnesses to which he alludes gradually broke up the frail "tabernacle," and the last occurred while Mr. Guthrie was in Brechin seeking to recruit his own health, in May, 1841. On the 18th of that month his mother passed peacefully away, in her 78th year. The same day he penned the following letter to his worthy elder, David Key, the Arbirlot weaver :—

"My dear Friend,—Your letter to my mother had hardly reached this, when she was in glory.

"I am now much better ; I may say, well again. I am much gratified by your kind inquiries. I had overwrought myself in Ireland, speaking every day for a fortnight, travelling over a great extent of the country, with meals at irregular hours, constant shifting of beds, and little sleep—not above four hours on an average per night for more than a fortnight, was too much for me. I was ill for some ten days in Edinburgh after my return ; and, wearied out with the Sacrament,* came down here much exhausted, and so was taken ill again. But now I have cause to be thankful that I am so much better.

"I have been detained here for some days past on account of my mother's illness. I found her so poorly that we did not expect, when I reached Brechin, that she would have survived so long. For these three last days she had revived considerably, and we were flattering ourselves that she might be spared to us for some time longer yet. The Lord has ordered it otherwise. We have lost one of the best of mothers, and Jesus has got another trophy of His love and grace in heaven. She has been most gently and mercifully dealt with, having in a sense hardly tasted of death. This morning, when I went to make worship in her house, I found her in a low state, and was alarmed to find that she had almost no pulse at the wrist. I sent for my brother the doctor, and after I had spoken some words to her, and reminded her of promises to the comfort of which she had a gracious right, her mouth was

* In Scotland there are various services preparatory to and connected with the dispensation of the Lord's Supper.

twisted for a moment, her eyes turned back in her head, and while I was praying, in one or two minutes she breathed her last, and ascended to glory. While we mourn the loss of a precious mother, we have comfort unspeakable. I may say she was a mother in Israel.

"As to the Church below, our poor suffering Church, I have great hopes of a resolute Assembly. . . .

"With my prayers for your welfare, and kindest wishes to you and all friends,

"Believe me, my dear David, yours most truly,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

These quiet weeks in Brechin, with the hallowed memories awakened by a mother's departure, formed a welcome breathing time, and Mr. Guthrie returned to Edinburgh, strengthened in body and quickened in spirit. From that time forth, heaven possessed to him a new attraction; and when he realised in October last (1872) that the congestion of the lungs which then attacked him in a most threatening form must either be checked at once, or would, as seemed more likely, rapidly and fatally increase: "How strange," he exclaimed, "to think that within twenty-four hours, I may see my mother and my Saviour!"

Dr. Guthrie's reputation as a preacher, established the first Sunday he stood in the pulpit of Old Greyfriars, continued year by year to advance. He was beset by ceaseless requests from all quarters to preach public sermons of all kinds. In his Autobiography Dr. Guthrie mentions one of these. It is to the same occasion that Mr. J. R. Dymock refers as follows:—"On his first appearance in St. George's (October 28, 1838) to plead the cause of the Senior Female Society, the crowd, before the doors were opened, extended halfway across the square. In one aspect this proved disappointing, as the richer portion of the would-be hearers found their way to an adjoining chapel, which on that occasion enjoyed the benefit of Mr. Guthrie's popularity in a larger col-

lection than fell to the Society for which he pleaded; St. George's having been at once taken possession of by broad shoulders, who, though they did little to promote the interests of the Society, could stand the terrific crush, amid which some individuals were trampled on and others fainted." Though his own church of St. John's was built for the poor, and in a locality repulsive to riches and rank, yet its pulpit ere long drew all manner of persons down the steep tortuous street where it stands, named of old the Nether Bow. On December 16, 1840, he wrote thus to his brother :—

"All the sittings in the area of my church are claimed, and no small proportion of the parties asking for these sittings belong to the Dissenters. We will see, by-and-by, I expect, but three parties in the country—Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Independents; and the sooner it comes to that the better. I had Fox Maule and his lady in St. John's on Sabbath. . . . . I was introduced to Stewart, of the Haddington Burghs, a Sabbath or two ago, when he was in church. And since I am begun with the great folks who pay us a visit, it may entertain my mother to mention, moreover, that some six weeks ago we had the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. And one day I was not a little tickled to find,—after employing the stand the British made at Waterloo, in consequence of their expectation of assistance, as an illustration of some part or other in the discourse,—I was not a little tickled to find that the Marquis of Douro had been sitting in the elders' seat, under my nose. Of course, I neither mentioned Waterloo nor Wellington, and perhaps the lad never discovered the thing!"

He had scarcely been two years in Edinburgh till a representation was made to him from influential quarters as to the importance of his being transferred to Regent Square Church in London, then vacant. In reference to this he says, in a letter to his mother at the time—"I consider it perhaps the most important place in connection with our Church." Again, in February of that same year he writes:—"I had Duff* and some others

* Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D., whom Dr. Guthrie was accustomed to designate "the prince of missionaries."

dining with me the other day. Duff was keen for me to go out to India. Dunlop declared that Lord Medwyn would take out a prize warrant, seeing that he is risking some five or six hundred pounds in the new church (St. John's) on the understanding that I was to be minister thereof."

Mr. Dunlop's humorous reference here is explained in a letter Mr. Guthrie wrote, about the same date, to Lord Medwyn himself. Referring to a suggestion which had reached his lordship's ear, that he (Mr. Guthrie) might throw up his new parish for another, and what to many would be a more attractive sphere, he says:—

"No man can foretell what he may do, or what it may be his duty to do, but I can tell what are my present feelings on that subject. I came to Edinburgh with the view of being the poor man's minister, and it was only, my lord, by being told that my congregation would consist mainly of plain, unlettered, humble people, that I was prevailed on to leave my country charge. I did not think that I was qualified to [influence] the other class; and were I placed as minister of this church, unfettered and unshackled, then I would not leave it for the noblest congregation in Edinburgh, even though I could persuade myself that for such a congregation I was a suitable minister."

The following narrative of his early intercourse with Lord Medwyn forms one of the Sketches which Dr. Guthrie wrote within a few weeks of his death, with the view, had he been spared, of incorporating them with his Autobiography. It will be read with no common interest, now that the Episcopalian judge and the Presbyterian minister have both, as we fondly believe, met again in that better country where denominations and distinctions find no place:—

"I may mention a judge, with whom, although in

many respects we had no sympathy with each other, I was brought into intimate relations. This was Lord Medwyn. He was the son of Forbes, the great banker, a benevolent and patriotic man, and had long years before, associated with some others of the same spirit as himself, set up and fostered a savings bank in Edinburgh. In fact, in opposition to Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell, he claimed to be the originator and author of savings banks, esteeming, and justly esteeming, *that* to be a greater honour than his seat on the bench—than having become what the people call a 'paper lord.'

"On learning that we were about to try to build a church, and revive the old parochial system, so soon as we got the necessary funds, Lord Medwyn kindly proposed to those who had been managers with him of the savings bank, which had been by this time supplanted by the National Savings Bank, that some £1,600 or £1,700 of their unclaimed residue of moneys lying in the bank when its affairs were wound up, and which had belonged to parties that had disappeared, or been long dead, should be given to us.

"This was all the more generous and noble in Lord Medwyn in respect of this, that he was an extremely bigoted Episcopalian—a thoroughly good and devout man, who, nevertheless, cherished an antipathy to the Covenanters, and, had he lived in their days, would no doubt have persecuted them with a good conscience.

"This came out on two early occasions of my intercourse with his lordship; although at the time, he being a comparative stranger to me, I did not understand the reason why, and therefore blurted out what must have been more plain than pleasant to one who regarded the Covenanters with a sort of holy horror. On the first occasion, he called on me in Argyll Square in connection with the generous proposal made of appropriating nearly £2,000 to our help out of the savings bank residue. He

looked round the few modest prints that adorned the walls of my dining-room, making no remark till he came to one of James Guthrie, the martyr, a leading spirit of his day, who was the second man—the martyr Argyll being the first—to die for the cause of the Covenant at the restoration of that incarnate scoundrel, Charles the Second. So soon as his eyes fell on this picture, Lord Medwyn, to my surprise, started as if he had seen a serpent, and turning sharply round on me, said, 'I hope, Mr. Guthrie, you have nothing to do with that man?' Had I known at the time how intense a Scotch Episcopalian Lord Medwyn was, my esteem and respect for so good a man would have made me more careful to avoid wounding his feelings. It was well, perhaps, I did not know, but came bluntly and frankly out with this—'Yes, my lord, we think that man did more honour to the name than any that ever bore it!'

"As time wore on, and the battle thickened, and the Church got deeper into collision with the courts of law, and I went forth, with other ministers, to preach in the parishes of the deposed ministers of Strathbogie,—trampling publicly on the interdict of the Court of Session, which forbade me to preach anywhere in their parishes,—and openly assailed the judges (probably in no very measured terms) for their outrageous attempt to stifle the voice of truth and infringe on the blood-bought liberties of the Scottish people, Lord Medwyn's wrath boiled over. He wrote me a long letter; accusing me, among other offences, of having deceived him—seeing that, had he known what I was, and how I would go up and down the country attacking the judges and bringing the courts of law into contempt, he would never have agreed that any money of the old savings bank should have been applied to build a church for me.

"After giving myself four-and-twenty hours to cool down, I returned a very tight answer to his lordship;

and in proof of my assertion that I had not deceived him, but that he had deceived himself, I referred him to the newspapers of the day, where he would find that at my election by the Town Council to the Old Greyfriars parish, I was keenly opposed by two parties—the one composed of Voluntaries, who were for pulling down all Established Churches, the other of Moderates, who were for keeping down the Christian people and upholding patrons and patronage at all hazards. I made what I considered a triumphant defence of myself, and got, as I expected, no answer."

Dr. Guthrie was not aware that he had retained a copy of the letter to which he here refers. It has been found since his death along with Lord Medwyn's letter to which it was a reply. An extract may interest our readers:—

18, *Brown Square*, 31*st March*, 1841.

"MY LORD,—

* * * * *

"I regret the circumstances which called me in duty to take steps whereby I have forfeited the good opinion of one for whom I ever entertained, and do still entertain, the sincerest respect.

"I will not enter here into a defence of the part that I have acted; not because I am afraid of doing so, or shrink from any of its consequences. I have counted the cost, and one of the many sacrifices which I anticipated was just the forfeiture of the friendship of some whose esteem I highly value. All I will say, my lord, is, that if you were deceived in respect of me, if you fancied I was a man who had no decided views on Church matters, or would take no decided and active part in expressing them—whoever may have deceived your lordship, I was no party to the deception. On the public matters that now agitate the Church, as far as they were evolved, I always entertained a decided opinion, and on every fitting occasion was in the habit of fearlessly expressing it. When a 'preacher,' I had, on two different occasions, the offer of a church on condition of modifying my views; and I was enabled, through the grace of God, to sacrifice my temporal interests at the shrine of principle. I was, in 1834, one of the forty-two who voted for entire abolition of patronage,

when the principles I advocated were less popular than they are now; and at public meetings and in church courts, on many occasions, I plainly and openly avowed my sentiments; and indeed, my lord, so well known were these that when, against my wishes, I was chosen a minister of Edinburgh, my election was cordially opposed by all the Moderates and Voluntaries in the Town Council. In justice to myself, I have felt it necessary to say this much, and have only farther to add, it is my sincere prayer that the Lord may amply reward you for what you have done in His cause, and that I am not without hope that the church which your lordship was so instrumental in raising may, even through my unworthy instrumentality, be the means of promoting what we have both at heart, the glory of God, and the good of souls.

"With sincere respect, I have the honour to be, &c.,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

To continue the sketch:—

"A few days afterwards I passed him in York Place, and, lifting my hat, got no acknowledgment of my courtesy. It was the first time in my life that I had been fairly cut; and it was not a pleasant sensation. However, respecting his sterling worth, and grateful for the interest he had taken in my poor parishioners, I resolved, if occasion offered, to repeat the experiment a second and even a third time, though it should be attended with no better success. Nor was it; I mentally saying as I passed him and submitting to cut the third, 'Three times is fair play. You will get no more hats from me, my lord!'

"Yet it turned out that we had not parted for ever in this world, and how that fell out I think it due to Lord Medwyn to relate:—

"There was an extraordinary demand for sittings in Old St. John's; and, with the exception of a few pews appropriated to the office-bearers and their families, the whole area of the church was kept sacred to parishioners, and open only to them till the first psalm was sung. Then, on the doors being flung open to the general public, the throng came rushing in like a tide to fill every vacant corner of pew and passage.

"In this state of matters, a respectable-looking woman was one day ushered into my study, who came with a most earnest request that she might get a sitting in the gallery of our church—the only part of it allotted to outsiders or extra-parishioners. She would grudge no money for it. I advised her to seek a sitting elsewhere, as there were hundreds before her making similar application. She looked so much mortified and distressed that I was induced, as she opened the door to leave, to ask her who and what she was. 'The housekeeper of Lord Medwyn,' she said. At once I called her back, told her what her master had done to serve us, and that, thinking that she had on that account a better right to a sitting than almost any other body in the church, I would find accommodation for her in my own family pew until a vacancy in the gallery occurred.

"Well, I resumed my work, the work which she had interrupted; and next morning was thinking no more of Lord Medwyn or the matter when, on hearing my study door open, and turning round to see who the intruder was, what was my astonishment, after the letter he had written me, and the cool determined way in which he had three times cut me in the street, to see Lord Medwyn himself! Before I had recovered my astonishment he stepped up to me, and said, with a noble generosity of temper, sense of justice, and true Christian humility, 'Mr. Guthrie, before I ask how you are, let me say how sorry I am that I ever wrote you that letter. I have heard from my housekeeper the manner in which you received her and spoke of me, and I have hastened over here to acknowledge my error and tender this apology.'

"I mention this to the honour of his memory, and that we may learn charity, and how much more of the grace of God there may be in those from whom we differ than in ourselves."

CHAPTER V.

THE DISRUPTION.

"The 'Battle of the Banner,' which preceded the Disruption of the Scottish Church, was not fought so much on the floor of courts, either civil or ecclesiastical, as outside these; through the columns of the press, and from the platforms of public meetings."

Thus, in a fragment written at St. Leonard's within a few weeks of his death, and designed for incorporation with his Autobiography, Dr. Guthrie begins a sketch of Hugh Miller.*

"Had the ten years, from 1833 to 1843," he continues, "been spent only in the discussion of keen, subtle, and constitutional questions, and of previous legal proceedings and precedents, the Free Church of Scotland—if it ever had existed at all—would have been but a small affair. The battle of Christ's rights, as Head of the Church, and of the people's rights, as members of the body of which He is the head, was fought and won in every town, and in a large number of the parishes of Scotland, mainly by Hugh Miller, through the columns of the *Witness* newspaper, and by men who, gifted with the power of interesting, moving, and moulding public audiences, addressed them at public meetings regularly organized, and held up and down all the country. It was thus, to use Mr. Disraeli's phrase, we were *educated* for the Disruption, which had otherwise been a great failures

* The portion of this sketch omitted here, will be found in Chapter ix.

"This is not sufficiently indicated in the 'Ten Years' Conflict,' an otherwise fair, full, and able book. In fact, the ignoring of Hugh Miller, and the influence of the *Witness* newspaper there, reminds one of the announcement of the play of *Hamlet* without the part of the 'Prince of Denmark.' This is to be regretted; because other churches, taking that history as their guide, may, in their battle for liberty, neglect to seize on, and occupy, the most influential of all positions—that, namely, of carrying, through the press and public meetings, the heads and hearts of the masses of the people.

"I feel this the more, that Hugh Miller was a member, and indeed an office-bearer, in my congregation—one of my intimate and most trusted friends. With his extraordinary powers as a writer the public are well acquainted, and to such an extent also with the details of his history, as given both by himself and others, that I need not dwell on them. He was a man raised up in Divine Providence for the time and the age. His business was to fight,—and, like the war-horse that saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and smelleth the battle afar off, fighting was Miller's delight. On the eve of what was to prove a desperate conflict, I have seen him in such a high and happy state of eagerness and excitement, that he seemed to me like some Indian *brave*, painted, plumed, leaping into the arena with a shout of defiance, flashing a tomahawk in his hand, and wearing at his girdle a very fringe of scalps, plucked from the heads of enemies that had fallen beneath his stroke. He was a scientific as well as an ardent controversialist; not bringing forward, far less throwing away, his whole force on the first assault, but keeping up the interest of the controversy, and continuing to pound and crush his opponents by fresh matter in every succeeding paper. When I used

to discuss subjects with him, under the impression, perhaps, that he had said all he had got to say very powerful and very pertinent to the question, nothing was more common than his remarking, in nautical phrase, 'Oh, I have got some shot in the locker yet —ready for use if it is needed!'

* * * * * *

"Dr. Hanna and I walked foremost in the vast funeral procession which accompanied his body to the grave; and many is the day since then, that we have missed that mightiest champion of the truth, who did more to serve its cause than any dozen ecclesiastical leaders, and was beyond all doubt or controversy, with the exception of Dr. Chalmers, by much the greatest man of all who took part in the 'Ten Years' Conflict.'"

That conflict issued in the Disruption of 1843. Thirty-one years have come and gone since then, and the ranks of the combatants are thinning fast. "A few more years," in Dr. Guthrie's pathetic words, "and they shall all be gone—dead and gone, all but some grey old man who, with slow steps, bending on his staff, will come into the General Assembly and will look around him to see the face of a fellow-soldier, and he will not see one. And men, moved by the sight, shall point with reverence to that hoary head and say, 'There goes the last of the Romans! That old man bore a part in the great Disruption.'" But the subject has lost none of its importance with the lapse of time; and various considerations claim for it the special attention at the present hour of all who seek a right solution of a confessedly difficult problem —the due relation between the spiritual and civil powers in a country.

With the rise and progress of the Free Church of Scotland, Dr. Guthrie's name, like Hugh Miller's, is intimately bound up. He was in his prime during the

stirring period which preceded the Disruption, and threw himself with all the enthusiasm of an ardent nature, into the work that fell to his share. If, in later years, he took a less prominent part in the domestic questions of the Free Church, time only deepened his conviction of the truth of her principles, and to the close of life he was thankful to have lived in the Disruption era, and felt honoured to have fought on such a field. "Nothing," he declared in 1859, "nothing has happened in providence to shake my conviction that God led the host that day which saw many leave the walls they had fondly loved and resolutely defended; resigning, with families dependent on them, that status and those stipends which no sensible man among us affected to despise."

His ultimate position, as a minister in the Free Church, was a logical carrying out of his early-formed convictions of the true nature and polity of the Church of Christ, whether in connection with the State or existing apart from it. The Church he held to be a spiritual society, whose alone Head is the Lord Jesus Christ, whose office-bearers hold their authority directly from Him, and whose only statute-book is the Word of God. He believed—otherwise he never would have entered her ministry—that the Church of Scotland, in obtaining recognition and endowment three hundred years ago from the State, had surrendered none of her independence. He looked upon her as, while an Established Church, yet a self-acting and self-regulating body; free to modify her constitution as increased knowledge or altered circumstances rendered it advisable; and free also, when she thought fit, to dissolve the alliance, which, after seven years of separate existence, she had formed with the State in 1567. That serious evils and abuses in connection with patronage had crept into the Church of Scotland,

during the long period when, from 1688 to 1833, the "Moderate" party were in the ascendant, he knew and keenly felt; and, from the time he had a seat and a voice in Church courts, he protested against these. But his conviction was—nor till 1843 was he forced to abandon it—that while these abuses were excrescences which had gathered on his Church's constitution, they were no part of its essence.

The causes which led to the "Ten Years' Conflict," as well as the principles which it involved, have been stated at some length by Dr. Guthrie in his Autobiography (pp. 223—229), and we shall therefore only touch on them incidentally here. As the Autobiography, however, unhappily terminates just where the history of the struggle commences, it will be necessary briefly to narrate the course of events. We confine ourselves to those incidents in which Mr. Guthrie was himself concerned; for to do more would lead us far beyond our limits. Nor is it needful: since the whole subject has been treated with equal knowledge and ability in Dr. Buchanan's "Ten Years' Conflict" and in Dr. Hanna's Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers.*

In his Autobiography (page 224), Dr. Guthrie has explained how, in 1834, the Church, led by those who were desirous at once to preserve patronage and yet give the people a voice in the election of their pastors, passed the Veto Law; and, further, how the working of that law brought the Church into collision with the Civil Courts. The circumstances which brought about that collision were these:—

In August, 1834, Auchterarder, a parish in Perthshire, became vacant. Lord Kinnoul, the patron, thereupon presented Mr. Young, a "probationer," to the vacant

* In a shorter form, the question, particularly in its bearing on present circumstances, is lucidly stated by the Rev. N. L. Walker in "Our Church Heritage," 1874. For the legal aspects of the question, we refer the reader to Mr. Taylor Innes's "Law of Creeds."

living. Having preached before the congregation, Mr. Young was almost unanimously rejected; 287 male heads of families voting against him, and only three in his favour. In these circumstances the Presbytery declined to take any steps with a view to his ordination, and that conduct was approved on appeal by the Synod and General Assembly. On this, Lord Kinnoul and Mr. Young sought the interference of the Civil Court.

This procedure in itself did not seriously alarm the Church. She knew and admitted that the filling up of a vacancy was a matter involving both civil and spiritual interests. The latter—the ordination to the cure of souls—she claimed as hers alone; but the civil interest—the disposal of the benefice—she left to the determination of the Civil Court; at the same time maintaining that, by certain perfectly definite statutes, the disposal of the benefice had been made to depend upon the decision of the Church in the matter of ordination. If, however, the Civil Courts did not so construe these statutes, she would not dispute their right to disjoin the benefice from the cure of souls.

But now, be it observed, the question brought by Mr. Young before the Civil Courts was not merely as to his right to the stipend, the manse, and the glebe. Disregarding all distinction whatever between things spiritual and temporal, he asked to have it found not only that he was entitled to the benefice, but also that the Presbytery was bound to *ordain* him, regardless of the opposition of the people, provided only they were satisfied with his moral and intellectual qualifications.

The case in the Court of Session was deemed so important, that it was argued before the entire bench of thirteen judges. Eight declared in favour of Mr. Young, and five, Lords Glenlee, Moncrieff, Jeffrey, Fullerton, and Cockburn, in favour of the Church. In connection with Lord Glenlee's decision, Dr. Guthrie wrote at

St. Leonards, in a fragment designed for incorporation with his Autobiography—

"I shall not soon forget the scene which the Court of Session presented that day, when Lord Glenlee came forth from his long retirement to deliver his judgment on this great question.

"My next-door neighbour in Brown Square, we had opportunity of seeing how frail he was. He was seldom able to undertake even a drive, and was carried in and out of his carriage as helpless as a child. But age had nowise blunted or impaired his mental faculties. He still engaged in and enjoyed the pursuits of literature, both ancient and modern; and the little old man, with his withered face, might be found crumpled up in an arm-chair, absorbed in the profoundest mathematical speculations. In point of intellect, accomplishments, knowledge of law, and legal acumen he was *facile princeps,*—admitted by all to be the foremost of the judges. He had no bias in our favour arising from his religious views; for I fancy, from what I have heard, that he made little or no profession of religion, but was imbued with the views of Hume, Gibbon, and other literati of his early days.

"It was weeks after the other judges had given their decision in our case, which was supported by the intellectual, though not by the numerical, majority of the judges, that old Glenlee was bundled out to deliver his judgment on the matter. This was looked forward to with the greatest interest. As he had no particular bias in our favour, and had never mingled in any of the controversies that were so naturally calculated to influence some of the other judges either for or against us, no man knew which side he was to espouse, although some said that Forbes (Lord Medwyn) did.

"The court was crowded to excess. The bench was full, and everybody on the tip-toe of expectation in

the hope that Glenlee would be found on their side. This hope it was plain the judges opposed to us fondly cherished; for when, as we were all waiting in impatient silence, a side door opened, and the old man—his withered form swaddled in the robes of office, and his face bloodless and pale with age—came tottering in, they rose from their seats and offered him warm congratulations and shaking of hands.

"The stir occasioned by his appearance having at length subsided, a profound silence filled the court. Seated in front of the gallery, beside Dr. Candlish and Dr. Cunningham, and others of our friends, with a hand up at each ear, it was but now and then that I could catch what he said, or rather faintly mumbled. For a while I could not even guess at its drift; but, like a great ship sailing into view out of the fog, we ere long discovered, to our inexpressible joy and triumph, that Glenlee was with us. I caught him telling how, in the first ages of Christianity, even the bishops were chosen by the acclamations of the people. I saw a visible elongation of the faces of those judges who had already given their voices on the other side; and, though it was slightly and slyly done, I saw Andrew Rutherfurd (the Solicitor-general, and our leading counsel) turn to the bench and look to Lord Moncrieff, with the smallest possible wink of his eye—small, yet marked enough to say, 'Is not that capital?'

"We could hardly conceal our joy, nor the judges opposed to us their mortification, at this turn of affairs; for though they had all, as an expression of their respect and reverence, risen to their feet when Lord Glenlee came in, and shaken him by the hand as if this were the happiest day of their lives, they allowed the old man to rise from the bench and totter away out, so soon as he had delivered his judgment, without taking any notice of his departure."

The decision of the majority of the Court, pronounced on the 8th of March, 1838, was to the effect that the Church had forfeited the benefice of Auchterarder for the time being, and that the Presbytery was bound to take Mr. Young "on trials" with a view to ordination. The first part of this judgment, involving, as it did, only the disposal of the benefice, the Church was prepared to acquiesce in and obey. The point at issue was not contained there, but in the control claimed by the Civil Court over the purely spiritual matter of ordination. The Church claimed that *in no case whatever* could she be coerced in the discharge of her spiritual duties. The Civil Courts asserted their right of coercion *in certain circumstances*, and they maintained that these circumstances had now occurred.

The grounds on which this judgment was rested—involving undisguised Erastianism—were of the most alarming nature. But the judgment itself was not one that could produce a direct collision. It declared, indeed, that the Presbytery was bound to take Mr. Young "on trials;" but it did not *order* them to do so, and thus did not interfere with their free action. A case, however, soon arose in which this farther step—the logical consequence of the other—was unhesitatingly taken.

The details are unimportant for our purpose. Suffice it to say that when the Presbytery of Dunkeld was about to ordain a licentiate to a vacant charge, the Court of Session granted an "interdict" against their proceeding with this purely spiritual act. What was the Presbytery to do? As is explained in the Autobiography, the Church of Scotland claimed that, by the constitution of the country, ecclesiastical jurisdiction belonged exclusively to her Church Courts. But here was the Court of Session manifestly assuming this very species of jurisdiction. Had not the precise circumstances occurred which Lord Jeffrey contemplated when, speaking in the

Auchterarder case, he alluded to the possibility of invasion by one supreme court of the province of another —"When they trespass on the province of other courts, the remedy is for these courts totally to *disregard* the usurpation, and to proceed with their own business as if no such intrusion had occurred." The Presbytery accordingly, in violation of the interdict, proceeded with the ordination, and for this conduct they were summoned to the bar of the Court of Session on the 14th of June, 1839. "I was present," wrote Mr. Guthrie, "with Dr. Cunningham and Dr. Candlish; and I heard the Lord President of the Court of Session say that, on the next occasion when the ministers of the Church of Scotland broke an interdict, they would be visited with all the penalties of the law—the penalty of the law being the Calton jail."

The point at issue had now become one perfectly defined. As Mr. Guthrie put it in later years, "There was no mistake about the matter. This controversy was neither new to us nor new to Scotland. For one long and weary century, from the days of Popish Mary down to the blessed Revolution, our stout fathers had fought the very same battle. The whole blood of the Covenant had been shed on this field. We had nought else to do but to pluck the old weapons from the dead men's hands; and when the State came down on us in its pride and power, man once more the moss-grown ramparts where our fathers had bled and died. The rust was rubbed from the old swords; the selfsame arguments which James Guthrie used two hundred years ago at the bar, when on trial for his life, were pled over again; nor was there a bit of ground on all the field but was dyed with our fathers' blood, and indented with their footmarks." *

* "A Plea for the Ante-Disruption Ministers," by Thomas Guthrie, D.D., 1859, p. 18.

The spirit of the Covenanters still lived in their sons, and once again the old banner was shaken out of its folds, on which the ancient motto was legible as ever —"For Christ's Crown and Covenant." The matter was one in regard to which there could be no compromise. The Church might have to forego the State's alliance and support, but she could never submit to the State's interference with her own special work. "I trust the right-hearted men," wrote Mr. Guthrie to Dr. Burns of Tweedsmuir, on 26th June, 1840, "will get grace to stand together; and, if we are not to live to see happier days, we can neither fight nor fall in so good a cause. The call for a solemn league is increasing every day. Steps are taking to that effect, and it is delightful to see men's resolution rising with the danger. If things do not take some unexpected turn by-and-by, we will shake the land. The Church of Christ cannot perish; and the men who have to dread the temporary abolition of the Establishment are our opponents."

Meanwhile, fresh complications arose. The Evangelical majority in the Church had a double conflict to maintain; they were not only defied by the law courts outside, but harassed by the "Moderate" party of the Church from within. This party comprised within its number many shades of opinion, from views approximating to those of the Evangelicals down to the most undisguised Erastianism. As a whole, however, they admitted the right of the Civil Courts to be the exclusive interpreters of the Church's constitution. Consequently, when the Court of Session pronounced the Veto Act "illegal," they held that the law itself was thereby at an end. Denying, by implication, the separate existence of the Church as a spiritual society, they refused to allow that any one of her laws could be ecclesiastically valid while civilly invalid. As a

necessary consequence, we find them, all through the struggle, siding with the Civil Courts against the majority of the Church.

The first case in which the attitude thus assumed by the Moderates seriously embarrassed the situation was that of Marnoch, a parish in the Presbytery of Strathbogie, in Banffshire. As Mr. Guthrie's figure here appears on the scene, we must again enter into some brief detail.

The population of Marnoch numbered 3,000 souls; but so entirely unacceptable was Lord Fife's presentee, that only a single man—the keeper of a public-house—could be induced to sign his call. In the Presbytery of Strathbogie, however, unlike that of Dunkeld, the Moderates were in the majority; and, although they at first obeyed the law of the Church, and declined to take Mr. Edwards "on trials," yet, on his appealing to the Court of Session, and securing a judgment that the Presbytery was bound to take steps with a view to his ordination, the majority, seven in number, declared their intention to obey. They thus intimated, in the plainest terms, that, in regard to a purely spiritual matter, they chose rather to take their orders from the courts of law than from the courts of the Church.

This conduct of the majority of the Presbytery, amounting to a breach of their ordination vow, the Commission of Assembly, on the 11th of December, 1839—by a majority of 121 to 14—visited by a sentence of "*suspension:*" *i.e.*, these seven ministers were temporarily prohibited from exercising any spiritual function. Meanwhile, the Commission of Assembly deputed some of the best and ablest ministers of the Church—the saintly Robert McCheyne among the number—to proceed to Strathbogie, and there to preach, and administer ordinances, to the congregations of those ministers who were now under ecclesiastical discipline, till such time as the

sentence of suspension should be removed. Mr. Guthrie was one of these delegates.

To checkmate this action on the part of the Church courts, the suspended ministers applied to the Court of Session for an order to cancel the sentence of suspension which their ecclesiastical superiors had pronounced on them. They asked, not merely that the Civil Court should continue them in the possession of the temporal emoluments of their office, but in the exercise of their office itself. Nay, more; they demanded that no other ministers of the Church of Scotland should be permitted to preach or dispense ordinances anywhere within their parishes. This application the Court granted, but to the extent, at first, only of interdicting the delegated ministers from using the churches or schools.

Mr. Guthrie went down to Strathbogie in February, 1840. He was in the district when matters proceeded to a previously unheard-of extremity. On a renewed application by the seven ministers, the Court of Session—by a majority—granted an "*extended interdict*," forbidding Mr. Guthrie, or any other of the Church's delegates, to preach or dispense ordinances in any building whatever within that district, nay, even on the high road or open moor. Here, beyond all question, was a clear issue. As Lord Fullerton put it, when opposing the demand which the other judges granted, "Disguise the matter as their lordships might, they could not come to a decision upon the Note of Suspension without taking into consideration matters which were purely ecclesiastical, and beyond the jurisdiction of a civil court. . . . Unless the whole distinction between the civil and the ecclesiastical law was at once overthrown, their lordships could not pass a Note of Suspension of this kind." Nevertheless, their lordships did pass it; and Lord Cockburn, noting the circumstance

in his Journal (I. 286), remarked, "Those who rail at the audacity of the Assembly had as well reflect on the comparative audacity of the Civil Court, by which, in effect, not seven ministers, but the whole Church was suspended."

This extraordinary decision was regarded with all but universal astonishment. Men asked, "Are the days of Charles II. come back on us?" Mr. Robertson of Ellon, one of the leading members of the Moderate party, expressed his emphatic disapproval of it; but while, in the words of his biographer,* he considered it as "but the fragment of a great controversy," it appeared to Mr. Guthrie and his brethren of the Evangelical party only the logical issue of those Erastian principles which the Court of Session had enunciated in the Auchterarder case. "We saw the mischief at its commencement," said Dr. Chalmers; "we saw it in what may be termed its seminal principle, and, as it were, through its rudimental or embryo wrapping, from the first deliverance of the Civil Courts in the case of Auchterarder. The public did not comprehend, and, at the time, did not sympathize with us. The celebrated interdict against preaching has at length opened their eyes."

The interdict was served on Mr. Guthrie while at Keith. "In going to preach at Strathbogie," we use his own words in a recent speech, "I was met by an interdict from the Court of Session,—an interdict to which, as regards civil matters, I gave implicit obedience. On the Lord's Day, when I was preparing for divine service, in came a servant of the law, and handed me an interdict. I told him he had done his duty, and I would do mine. The interdict forbade me, under penalty of the Calton-hill jail, to preach the Gospel in the parish churches of Strathbogie. I said, the parish churches are stone and lime, and belong

* Professor Charteris, "Life of Dr. Robertson," p. 160.

to the State; I will not intrude there. It forbade me to preach the Gospel in the school-houses. I said, the school-houses are stone and lime, and belong to the State; I will not intrude there. It forbade me to preach in the churchyard, and I said, the dust of the dead is the State's, and I will not intrude there. But when these Lords of Session forbade me to preach my Master's blessed Gospel, and offer salvation to sinners anywhere in that district under the arch of heaven, I put the interdict under my feet and I preached the Gospel."*

"DRUMBLADE, 20*th February*, 1840.

"I heard of the interdict on Saturday. . . . When our chaise rolled away for Huntly, Keith was in a state of high excitement. The news of the interdict had spread like wildfire. Every man, woman, and child were at their doors. The enemy said that we were fleeing; our friends that we were apprehended; and one of the suspended ministers who was in Keith when we went off, went home rejoicing, it was said, that we were whirled away to jail.

"I told you of the congregations I had in Keith. On Monday morning the interdict was served, which was no sooner done than, like Daniel of old, I proceeded, without loss of time, to break it, driving off to Botriphnie, where, according to previous notice, I preached, and preached to a barn full; and, at the close of the service, I opened fire upon the men who craved and the lords who granted the interdict. The women were in tears; the men looked most ferocious.

"After three hours of it, I set off at nine o'clock at night for Mortlach; and next day addressed and preached to a mighty multitude in a distillery loft used as a church. They calculated there were about one thousand people there. Service closed, I again opened on the interdict, displaying it before them. The expressions of indignation were both loud and deep. It was another thing from an Edinburgh display of feeling. They were almost all on their feet, and the light of

* Mr. Guthrie was asked to preach in London in 1850. In expressing his inability to do so, he wrote to Mr. Fox Maule on the 9th of July, "The truth is I am not able for it. I am not so strong as people take me to be. My doctor has issued a positive interdict against my undertaking this work, and I am not free to do with that as I did with the Strathbogie one. They are both, indeed, directed against my preaching; but they rest on very different grounds, and I feel the *medical* Interdict rests on as good grounds as the *legal* one did on bad."

the candles, hung by wires from the rafters, fell on the faces of weeping women and scowling, resolute, fiery-looking men. After I had finished, Major Stewart* moved a series of strong, stringent resolutions, and a petition, which were unanimously adopted.

"I forgot to say that, on the forenoon of the same day, plaided and mounted on rough, shaggy, Highland nags, Bell † and I galloped away over the moors and mountains, like two interdicted men of the old Covenant time, to hold a conventicle at Glass; and there, at midday, we had a large barn filled to the throat. The fellows' legs were dangling over our heads; we had one congregation below, and another above, seated on the planks and rafters. The right blood of the people is up; and there, as everywhere else, the affair is working like barm.

"On Wednesday forenoon, in as bitter a wind as ever blew, to the great danger of my nose, I came over the hills to Cairnie, to hold another conventicle there; and, as at Glass, I found the place of meeting by marking the centre point where the different streams of worshippers met. It was a pretty sight to see the red tartan plaids emerging from the gorges of the hills; and in such a country which had long been cursed with Moderatism, it was a wonderful sight to see men and women, at high noonday, leaving their hill and household and farm-work, and thronging by hundreds to hear the Gospel.‡

* "At the close of the services, I remember," writes the Rev. Hugh A. Stewart, of the Free Church, Penicuick, son of Major Stewart, "Dr. Guthrie detailed some of the circumstances which had led to the suspension of the majority of the Presbytery of Strathbogie. He spoke with great fervour, and the feelings of the people were wrought to such a pitch that I believe he could have persuaded them to do almost anything, even to march up the valley, and pull down the old church and manse. Holding up the interdict he had received from the sheriff officer, his voice (somewhat peculiar to the Banffshire folks) thundered out the words, 'Sooner would I rot in the darkest dungeon of all broad Scotland, than I would have been Mr. Cruickshank to have gone to the Court of Session, and demanded such a document as that against a brother-minister!' So saying, he flung it on the table before them."

† The late Rev. T. B. Bell, afterwards of the Free Church, Leswalt.

‡ Mr. Guthrie met with a cheering proof long afterwards that the word he preached at Strathbogie had not returned void. "I have just received," he wrote from London, "a letter from a worthy Independent minister in Morayshire, who sends with it one he has received from his brother in South America. The good man begins his letter to me by saying that he is sure I will rejoice with him over the good news of his brother's letter. He goes on to tell me that that brother, still dearly beloved, has been the grief of his life and the subject of years of earnest daily prayer. After becoming thoroughly depraved, he had at length left the country, no longer to remain at home to disgrace his friends, but still to be followed by their prayers. Now, he adds, we are rejoicing over

After sermon, I made an address, and they resolved to petition —to cry aloud against this act of new and most unrighteous oppression. Some of the men were clear for *rising* in the old Covenanting way!

"What madmen these ministers were to crave and serve this interdict! It is the best pocket-pistol I ever carried. I hope they will complain. I have no avidity for a prison (and it were wrong to court the personal glory of such suffering), but no man can tell the good such violence on their part would do our cause. The only thing I would be afraid of would be a violent explosion of public feeling. Major Stewart, a justice of the peace, an influential man in this quarter, and a strong friend of ours, has written to Lord John Russell, telling him that, as an old field-officer who had often charged on a battle-field at the head of the grenadiers, he has no fear for himself; but warning the Government that, unless they restrain these courts, and take immediate steps to protect the liberties and ministers of the Church, he anticipates here nothing but some fierce explosion."* (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

Mr. Guthrie returned from Strathbogie in the end of February, 1840, and on the 20th March we find him

him, and in the letter of his which I send, you will find abundant reason to sow the good seed of the Word beside all waters, in season and out of season.

"On turning to the letter which, 'like a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul,' had brought him 'good news from a far country,' I found his once-prodigal brother relating to him, with overflowing joy and praise to God, how he had been plucked as a brand from the burning, and how—and of this he wished his brother to inform me for my encouragement—it was a sentence of one of the sermons I preached, many years before, in Strathbogie, which had been blessed to be the means of his conversion. The seed had dropped into his dormant soul, he had carried it through as it were the very fires of hell, and (more wonderful than the grains of corn which Macgregor found in a mummy-case, where they had lain dormant for 3,000 years, and which yet grew and bore fruit when sown in the gardens of the Temple here in London, as I saw with my own eyes) the seed of the saving Word had retained its vitality, and, when none was looking for it, and all hope seemed gone, sprung up to eternal life."

* Towards the close of the year, the presentee to Marnoch raised an action in the Court of Session, asking that the majority of the Presbytery of Strathbogie should be ordered to ORDAIN HIM TO THE HOLY OFFICE OF THE MINISTRY. This, as the logical issue of their previous judgment ordering the Presbytery to take him on trials, the Court of Session granted. The majority of the Presbytery, though suspended from all exercise of their office by the Supreme Court of the Church, nevertheless went through the form of ordination amid circumstances so painful and humiliating that their memory will long remain in Scotland.

thus explaining the situation:—"The Church cannot stand where she is. The courts of law have declared the Veto Act illegal. We think that they are wrong—that they have gone beyond their jurisdiction—that they have left their own province and trenched upon ours; and that we might justly address those judges in the words of the priests to Uzziah the king, 'Get ye out of the temple.' But while, on the one hand, we are satisfied that the courts of law have committed a violent aggression on the province of the Church; and are, on the other hand, determined to maintain our present position till a better settlement can be obtained; still it is plain that neither the Established Church nor any other Church can remain in permanent collision with the Civil Courts of the country. In the end, the struggle, if it is protracted, may be destructive, not to one only, but to both."*

Negotiations were, accordingly, entered into, first with the Whig government under Lord Melbourne, and, after 1841, with the Tory government under Sir Robert Peel. In a letter, dated 26th February, 1841, referring to one of these, Mr. Guthrie writes:—"Cunningham has not yet returned (from London), but Candlish was telling us the other day that he had had a letter from him which was as gloomy as could be. He had written home—for cold comfort to his wife—that he had found the Conservatives so ferocious and dead-set against the Church, that he did not consider his stipend worth two years' purchase. Chalmers, as I mentioned before, has given up all hopes of enlightening their eyes. Both are, I take it, too gloomy; though it is not easy to say how things may turn up. Both, of course, remain unshaken by their fears. . . . Chalmers has a kind of desperate joy in the prospect of an

* Lecture on "The Present Duty and Prospects of the Church of Scotland," by the Rev. Thomas Guthrie—No. VIII. of "Edinburgh Lectures on Non-Intrusion." John Johnstone. 1840.

overthrow, in the idea that some four or five hundred churches would be built for us ousted ministers; and that we would hardly have them built when, to preserve themselves from ruin, our opponents would give way, and be glad to take us back again; and that, in this way, both his objects would be accomplished, of Church extension, and Church independence and reform!"

Mr. Guthrie had, personally, no share in any of these dealings with statesmen; and it may be well at this point to indicate the precise place he filled, and the special work he performed during these eventful years.

No feature of the period is more remarkable than that group of ministers, seven or eight in number, who were raised up to take the conspicuous part in the Disruption conflict: but, as King David had among his captains "three mighties," so, among the prominent ministers on the Evangelical side, this distinction was awarded by common consent to the three, whose names, by a curious coincidence, began with the same initial letter,—Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish. All three were pre-eminently Church leaders; Mr. Guthrie was not.

He took comparatively little share in the deliberations and debates of Church courts. "I remember his once remarking to me" (writes Dr. Elder, now of Rothesay, at that time a co-Presbyter of his), "when I was sitting beside him during one of the fights, 'My folks in the north country sometimes ask me why I don't make speeches in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, as I used to do in the Arbroath Presbytery; and I tell them that in the Edinburgh Presbytery we speak by *counsel;* for when Cunningham and Candlish speak on a subject there's no need for any other man to say a word.'" Or, as he himself put it in later years, "I have never taken any

active part in the management of our Church; I never belonged to what might be called the council of its leaders, but all along, like 'Harry of the Wynd,' I fought for my own hand. No man can be more thankful than I am that God has, in His kind providence, furnished our Church with so many men who have not only the talent but the taste for Church courts. I am content to remain in the cabin, and allow other folk to walk the quarter-deck." He contributed almost nothing to the abundant polemical literature of the time, writing only one short tract.*

Nevertheless, the place he did fill was one which no man could have occupied but himself. To quote the testimony of Dr. Candlish †:—" Guthrie was a power, unique in himself, and rising in his uniqueness above other powers. He did not, indeed, venture much on the uncongenial domain, to him, of ecclesiastical polemics, or the wear and tear of ordinary Church administration; leaving that to others whose superiority in their department he was always the first to acknowledge. But in his own sphere, and in his own way, he was, to us and to the principles on which we acted, a tower of strength. His eloquence alone—so expressive of himself, so thoroughly inspired by his personal idiosyncrasy, so full always of genial humour, so apt to flash into darts of wit, and yet withal so profoundly emotional and ready for passionate and affectionate appeals—that gift or endowment alone made him an invaluable boon to our Church in the times of her ten years' conflict and afterwards." His place in the vessel, from whose mast-head the old blue flag of the Covenant again floated, was defined in his own characteristic words, " Before the Disruption I oftener found myself at the guns than at the wheel."

* No. 6 of a Series of Tracts on "The Intrusion of Ministers on Reclaiming Congregations."

† In the sermon preached after Dr. Guthrie's funeral.

As indicated towards the close of the Autobiography, Dr. Elder was associated with him on one occasion in the work of rousing the country.

"We were sent out together" (we quote again from Dr. Elder's MS.) "on the first Non-Intrusion raid in 1839, after the final decision in the first Auchterarder case. Our object at that time was to make the people understand the real position of the Church under the decision of the Civil Courts, so as if possible to influence the Legislature, with a view to obtain some legal enactment which would conserve the principle of non-intrusion and protect the spiritual independence of the Church.

"He has told in his Autobiography of a triumphant meeting we had at Moffat; I may say something about another at Dumfries, of which I have no doubt he would have gone on to tell. The meeting there, like the Moffat one, was crowded; and the minister of the congregation occupied the chair, opening the proceedings with prayer. By this time Dr. Begg had joined us; and it was arranged that I should speak first, Dr. Begg second, and Dr. Guthrie last. But it immediately appeared that a body of Chartists had come to the meeting under the leadership of a Dumfries writer, with the obvious intention of stopping our whole proceedings by uproar. After many ineffectual attempts to restore order, Dr. Guthrie at last proposed to them that, if they would hear us out, they might speak after us, and reply to our statements; which was agreed to.

"So I began in the midst of great noise and confusion; Dr. Guthrie charging me to speak on whether they listened or not, assuring me that after a while they would grow wearied and the noise would cease. This turned out true; for, after a time, they did listen pretty well—occasionally throwing out coarse remarks. There was more interruption during Dr. Begg's speech, some of his hits being very pungent and telling; but the uproar sometimes rose to a great height while Dr. Guthrie spoke; the friendly part of the audience being meanwhile quite carried away with his eloquence.

"Immediately on his sitting down, the Chartist leader rose in the midst of noise and confusion; and, claiming his right now to speak, proceeded to address the meeting in a very offensive way, bordering on profanity. Dr. Guthrie whispered to us, 'We are in a scrape with this fellow, and we must watch our opportunity to get out of it.' So, after a few minutes, the man came out with a sort of profane and obscene allusion to

Scripture, when Dr. Guthrie, starting from his seat, and raising himself to his full height, lifted his long arm above his head, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder, 'Shocking! shocking! I call on all Christian men and women to leave this meeting'; and, suiting the action to the word, he strode out of the church, followed by the chairman and almost the whole audience!

"The Chartists, being left alone, proceeded to choose a chairman in the person of a letter-carrier not of high repute, when an old woman of the right stamp, who had lingered behind the rest, rushed to the precentor's desk, where he was taking his seat, and dragged him by force from his elevation. The uproar then became so great, that the managers of the church ordered the gas to be extinguished, and so the scene suddenly ended in darkness."

It is impossible to convey any just conception of the excitement which in these days pervaded every county of Scotland. "Scotland is in a flame about the Church question," wrote Lord Palmerston to his brother, Sir W. Temple, in the Disruption year. But the words may be equally applied to the preceding period, of which we write; and, no doubt, in the excitement, when men's feelings were at a white heat, many things were said and done on both sides which are to be regretted, and ought now to be forgotten. Probably no other country could have presented such a spectacle. To the ears of an English visitor the keen air of the North seemed filled with strange and uncouth words—*Auchterarder, Strathbogie, Culsalmond, Anti-patronage, Non-intrusion, Liberum Arbitrium.* Families were divided, nay, the very boys at school ranged themselves into hostile camps of Moderates and Non-Intrusionists. The polemical literature of the time was almost incredible in quantity. Think of seven hundred and eighty-two distinct pamphlets on this one subject, printed during these years, circulated by thousands, and falling like snow-flakes all over the land. The newspapers teemed with advertisements and reports of "Non-intrusion Meetings," "Church Defence Meetings," "Spiritual Independence Meetings," in

towns, in villages, in hamlets even; nor was it the idle, excitable mob who were stirred by this question, but the quiet, steady, God-fearing men and women of the land. To them the principles of Spiritual Independence and Non-intrusion were matters that had a direct bearing on their own and their children's highest interests; and it is very significant to note how numerous were the intimations in the newspapers of the time calling meetings for special prayer.

When Voltaire visited Great Britain in 1727, he exclaimed, "What an extraordinary country! Here I find fifty religions, and but one sauce!" No one will pretend that it is to our country's credit to present so many denominational divisions; but it is the glory of any land to possess a people who can think for themselves on a religious question, who are willing to struggle and to sacrifice for conscience' sake and their Church's liberties. Scotland may claim a special distinction in this respect. It is no Scotchman whom Tennyson has described in the "Northern Farmer;" for hear how the old man speaks of his pastor:—

> "An' I hallus comed to's choorch afore moy Sally wur deäd,
> An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower my yeäd,
> An' I niver knaw'd whot a meänd, but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
> An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' I comed awaäy."

An easy-going parishioner like this would be utterly indifferent to his rights in the election of a minister, and still more to the inherent rights of his Church. The grossest form of patronage, the most abject Erastianism, would be no grievance to him; and had the members of the Scottish Church been of such a type, they could never have been roused to an intelligent interest in the questions which resulted in the Disruption.

As the conflict thickened, the interest extended far

beyond Scotland. Other Churches, both in England and Ireland, watched the struggle with the keenest interest. The Irish Presbyterian Church especially, herself a daughter of the Church of Scotland, and holding her standards, had espoused the cause of the Evangelical party from the very first, and continued all through the conflict to give that party the most generous sympathy and support. She invited a deputation to cross the Channel; and, along with the Rev. Charles J. Brown and Mr. Bridges, Writer to the Signet, Mr. Guthrie was appointed. He announces the proposed expedition in a letter to his mother:—"*17th February*, 1841. I am by-and-by to set off for Ireland. There came a demand for a deputation from our Church to visit their principal towns, and I was singled out in the request as one whose style of speaking was peculiarly suited for an Irish auditory! This afforded us all no small amusement; but it became serious work when the Committee insisted that I should go. Though, if I had not the *brogue* I might have the *blarney* for the '*boys*,' it was to be a most inconvenient thing for me, having so many schemes yet to set a-going, and some of them in the very act of uprearing, connected with my new church. I fought the whole Committee for a good half-hour on the subject, till Dunlop and Candlish got angry, and they all declared that it would be flying in the face of duty to refuse; and so, at last, I was fairly forced off my feet, and gave a very slow consent. . . . We all felt that the Irish people must be kept and roused."

"COLERAINE, *12th March*, 1841.

"The Belfast affair went off in a very large and magnificent church, in a house crowded to the door and ceiling, and in the grandest and most enthusiastic style you ever saw. I never, I think, spoke under the inspiration of such enthusiasm; they saluted me, when I rose, with what they call 'Kentish fire,' and repeatedly discharged volleys of it during my address. . . . Our progress has been more like a triumph than anything

else. We cannot but be delighted and deeply affected with the cordiality and sympathy both of ministers and people. I never saw anything like it, and will remember Ireland as long as I live, nor ever allow a man, or woman either, to say a word against our friends here. They have Scotch faces, Scotch names, Scotch affections, and far more than Scotch kindness.

"At Londonderry I had the pleasure of sitting on the cannon they call 'Roaring Meg,' who spoke much to the purpose in the memorable siege. Above their court-house there, I saw a figure of Justice which reminded me of our Court of Session: *the wind had blown away the scales, and left only the sword.*

"Things look well for next Assembly. What with Gray and Candlish, and Cunningham and Chalmers, there will be a superabundance of talent on our side. I hope the Moderates will send up their choicest warriors to call it forth." (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

"ARMAGH, *March*, 1841.

"On our way from Omagh to Cookstown we passed over a high and very wild country, crossing bogs not less than twenty miles long. We were overtaken by a tremendous shower, and, being in an open car, were glad to take shelter in a sort of half-way house. They were regular cut-throat-looking characters that kept it, and in such a lone place I would not have cared for spending a night. They spoke Erse to each other. One of the men was ill with inflammation in the chest. He had picked up from Bridges that I knew something of medicine, and made application to me for the benefit of my skill. I saw his tongue, and felt his pulse, and ordered him to bed, and played the doctor to a T!

"This town of Armagh is an old antique-looking place, and is the seat of the primates of the Episcopalian and Popish churches. We went to see the Cathedral—you know how well pleased I am with my own—partly induced by the strong desire of Brown and Bridges to hear the chanting. I accompanied them, and we heard the chanting, to be sure, by a parcel of young scamps in white surplices, who behaved themselves most irreverently; but we heard more than the chanting, for to our dismay (being in a hurry to be off) the chanting was closed by a High Church sermon, which, fortunately for us, was very short. We saw Beresford, the primate: he is a lordly-looking fellow.

"But I must reserve a great deal (if we are spared) for the leisure of the Manse of Tweedsmuir. When I left Edinburgh the bairns had the months, the weeks, the days counted—I

am not sure but they were trying the hours—till the beginning of the holidays.*

"All well—sometimes very tired; little sleep and great excitement. Fell asleep last night upon the platform."

"EDINBURGH, *5th April*, 1841.

"It is satisfactory to hear from many letters and papers I have received that our Irish expedition has done much good. Since my return I have lain in bed a whole week almost, during which I have read more newspapers than I have done at other times. A queer mixture they were; some of them extravagantly laudatory, and others as extravagantly abusive. It is, to a man accustomed to both, not a little amusing to turn in a moment from the bepraising to the bespattering. And what lies they do tell! If it were not for the sin of it, it were perfectly entertaining." (*To Mrs. Burns, Tweedsmuir.*)

Of this Irish tour, Dr. C. J. Brown supplies us with a characteristic reminiscence:—

"At the Belfast meeting it had been arranged that I was to speak first, Mr. Bridges next, and that Dr. Guthrie should wind up with a full and earnest appeal to our brethren for aid in the shape of petitions to Parliament. The second speech—that of Mr. Bridges—was full of spirit, and interspersed with strokes of humour. After he had spoken at some length, he told, with great effect, a story of the earlier days of Sir George Sinclair. The audience was convulsed with laughter; and Dr. Guthrie, who sat close behind him, sagaciously perceiving that the time had come for the speech to end with advantage, ventured, quietly but very decidedly, to give the speaker's coat-tails a pull, whispering to him as he did so, '*Down*, man!' The hint was taken, and the speech closed with such marked effect that Mr. Bridges, thanking Dr. Guthrie warmly, declared his full purpose to follow his counsels during the rest of the tour.

* Mrs. Guthrie's uncle, the Rev. George Burns, D.D., now of the Free Church, Corstorphine, was at that time minister of Tweedsmuir. He has many recollections of the visit to which this letter alludes. When Mr. Guthrie preached, the people came from great distances—some from twelve and fourteen miles—to hear him. His chief outdoor amusements were *stilting* across the Tweed and fishing in it. At the latter sport his success was small. He had not then acquired the skill which his subsequent experience at Lochlee gave him; and, in Dr. Burns's words, "the country people jocularly assigned another cause, namely, that his tall figure cast such a shadow as scared away the finny tribes!"

"When we arrived at Dublin (where the concluding meeting was held) we were waited on by a deputation of the ministers, to assure us that the people of that city were of a class to be moved only by calm, grave, and thoroughly logical statements of our case. As I had dealt in no pleasantries, I had nothing to change. Mr. Bridges, on the contrary, considered it expedient to make his speech as grave and lawyer-like as possible; and so, omitting all his anecdotes ('Sir George' among the rest), he was tamer and less effective than usual. Dr. Guthrie perceived this; and, having wisely come to the conclusion that the Dublin Presbyterians were very much like their neighbours, threw himself at once on them with his usual fulness of illustration and humorous incident, and made quite as telling and powerful a speech as on former occasions. It was amusing to us when our friend, alive to the contrast with his own somewhat marred speech, said to Dr. Guthrie at the close, 'Really it was too bad; you gave all your jokes, and I had not one of mine!'

"I need hardly add that Dr. Guthrie was the life of all our somewhat fatiguing journeyings and labours by his unvarying cheerfulness, his fine eye for the beauties of the country, and his ever-recurring sallies of humour and mirth."

The object of the Irish visit, as Dr. Brown has stated, had been to secure the assistance of the Presbyterians of Ireland in the attempt the Church of Scotland was making to obtain legislative protection against the encroachments of the Civil Courts. In the course of the month after Mr. Guthrie's return to Edinburgh, the Duke of Argyll introduced a Bill into the House of Lords for the settlement of the question. That measure, which was ultimately withdrawn, did not propose to decide whether the Civil Courts or the Church were right in their respective contentions; but, by legalising the Church's Veto Law, it aimed at removing the cause of difference between them.

The Evangelical party were unanimous in their approval of the Duke of Argyll's Bill. A large and growing section, however, would have preferred a more radical remedy, viz., the total abolition of patronage. Among these, it need scarcely be said, Mr. Guthrie was

numbered. As in Arbirlot days, many were the Anti-Patronage meetings at which he thundered against an abuse which he pronounced "contrary to Scripture and contrary to reason." Take, as a specimen of his speeches on these occasions, some sentences from one delivered in Edinburgh, on 31st January, 1842:—

"Though I am no musician, my Lord, yet if I could form any idea of what music is, the motion which I have to propose ends with words, to my ears, extremely musical—the abolition of patronage. Short of that consummation, I see no resting-place for the Church of Scotland; and, short of that, I frankly tell you, I wish none. I don't say but that I would rejoice in a breathing-time; I would welcome even a pause in the storm: but let men talk of difficulties, dangers, distresses as they may; for myself, I rejoice in the very tempest that is compelling our Church to change her course.

"I remember reading in history that King William left Holland with the intention of landing on a particular part of the coast of England; and had he landed there, he had landed in the lions' den. But as his fleet neared the English shore, Heaven seemed to fight against the enterprise; the wind shifted round upon the compass, and blew from the very quarter where he sought a landing. The gale rose into a hurricane; and contrary to the King's wish, contrary to his plans, and in the face of all his seamen, his fleet, with the flag of freedom at its masthead, was drifted by the tempest onwards to a point of which he had never thought, but which was for him the best place of all. May such be the issue with the Church of Scotland! I weary for the next General Assembly; we will weather the gale till then, and then we shall hear its venerable Moderator give the word ''bout ship;' and then we shall see the noble vessel, leaving 'Calls' and 'Vetos' and half-measures all astern, amid the cheers of the crew, bear down on Anti-patronage.

"I know that there has been a difference of opinion about the essential evil of patronage among Non-intrusionists. I know more—I know that our opponents have been flattering themselves with the hope that this difference of opinion would lead to difference of action. But, my Lord, there was an event that happened in the history of our country, from which we have learned a lesson never, I trust, to be forgotten. I allude to the battle of Bothwell Brig. When the

troops of Monmouth were sweeping the bridge, and Claverhouse, with his dragoons, was swimming the Clyde, the Covenanters, instead of closing their ranks against their common foe, were wrangling about points of doctrine and differences of opinion. In consequence, they were scattered by enemies whom, if united, they might have withstood and conquered.

"But though the *battle* of Bothwell Brig was lost, the *lesson* of Bothwell Brig is not. We will sacrifice no principle; but it is common sense which tells us that, rather than break our ranks and rush forward to what we believe to be a right position, leaving many of our friends behind, we should advance in one solid column, and with united ranks. Now this, my Lord, is just what we have done. We have raised two colours, and shall soon, I hope, raise a third, united as before. We have one on which is blazoned the words, 'No Surrender.' We have another, on which is blazoned the words. 'No Division.' And I trust that next Assembly will shake a third from its folds, on which shall be blazoned forth the words, 'No Patronage.'"

Let it be clearly understood, however, that Mr. Guthrie did not regard the abolition of patronage as *the main question* about which the Ten Years' Conflict was fought. He felt that a higher issue was involved. "It happened in our controversy," he said in recent years, "much as I heard an old soldier say it happened at Waterloo, on whose bloody field, facing the iron hail of France, he had stood with his gallant comrades, 'from morn till dewy eve.' Placed on the left of our position, where plumes and tartans waved, he said, speaking of the right wing, 'The battle, sir, began at Hougomont, but the firing came steadily on.' Even so here; the battle began with the rights of the people, but it 'came steadily on;' till, extending itself, it embraced, within the din and dust of the fight, that grand, central, and most sacred of all positions—the right of Jesus Christ as king to reign within His own Church." The distinction is clearly brought out by Cockburn in his Life of Lord Jeffrey. "The contest at first," he says, "was merely about patronage, but

this point was soon . . . . absorbed in the far more vital question whether the Church had any spiritual jurisdiction independent of the control of the civil power. This became the question on which the longer coherence of the elements of the Church depended. The judicial determination was, in effect, that no such jurisdiction existed. This was not the adjudication of any abstract political or ecclesiastical nicety ; it was the declaration, and, as those who protested against it held, the introduction of a principle which affected the whole practical being and management of the Establishment."

To DAVID KEY.*

"EDINBURGH, 12*th May*, 1842.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have often intended to write you in answer to a kind letter I received from you some good long while ago. But if you knew how many letters I am obliged to write every day on matters that will not put off, I am sure that you would excuse me. I calculate that I get some two or three thousand letters of one kind or another in the year. . . .

"I will be very happy again to have a *crack* with you about many things, and especially the affairs of our Church. These occupy much of my thoughts, care, and time. We have two stated meetings about them each week,† besides occasional meetings. All are looking forward, both friends and foes, with much interest to the Assembly ; and all who feel a right interest in the welfare of our Zion should be earnestly engaged in prayer at this most critical season. The popular election of Elders is safe. We will carry a motion for the abolition of

* The Arbirlot weaver, one of Mr. Guthrie's elders in his country charge, whose reminiscences are given at p. 328, vol. i.

† On these occasions, a friend tells us, Mr. Guthrie was wonderfully animated. The tone of the meeting was one day somewhat gloomy. The near prospect of having to go forth on the world penniless was a serious one, even though all felt the cause worthy of the sacrifice. "Well," said Mr. Guthrie, in his hearty way, "Cunningham there [who had a rich library] can sell his books; they will keep him for a good while. But, as for me, I have no books to sell; and I see nothing for it but to publish a volume of stories!" The idea thus thrown out as a joke was realised in a curious way long years thereafter, when, in 1863, Messrs. Houlston and Wright, of London, without Dr. Guthrie's knowledge, published a shilling book, entitled "Anecdotes and Stories of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie;" now in its twentieth thousand.

patronage. We are to propose an overture anent grievances, which will also be carried. We are to make a number of decided thrusts at the vitals of Moderation, and I hope the Head of our Church will guide and strengthen us. Our enemies in high quarters are shaking, and when their ranks are wavering, now, under God, is our time to strike home and make our highest demands. If our men stand firm and resolute, ready to suffer all things rather than yield an inch of principle, our enemies will give way. The words of the Apostle are emphatically applicable to the Church in the present juncture of affairs,—'Having done all, stand!'

"Amid the bustle and driving and whirling of this place I often think of you all; and at this season of the year, when the country is so fascinating, I am especially led to think of Arbirlot, and how beautiful and sweet the grounds and garden of my former manse must be. At the term, I am to shift my habitation; and as the house I am going to has a garden, I hope to have some enjoyment in my old relaxation of cultivating flowers. But I must close; I have not time for a line more. With kindest regards to your wife and all my old friends; and my prayers for your best welfare,

"Yours, my dear David, with unfeigned regard,

"Most sincerely,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

The motion for the abolition of patronage, to which Mr. Guthrie alludes in this letter, was carried triumphantly in the Assembly of 1842.

Following on this resolution, the next step, in ordinary circumstances, would have been for the Church to have gone to the Legislature, and sought the repeal of the Act of Queen Anne. But more vital work was on hand. It had become evident that all attempts at compromise, such as that contained in the Duke of Argyll's Bill, were destined, if not to failure, at least to create indefinite delay. Meanwhile, the Civil Courts, as case after case came before them, were encroaching on one after another of the most sacred prerogatives of the Church. The Church must, therefore, know, and that at once, whether the acts of the Civil Courts were to be homologated by the State.

"EDINBURGH, 17*th May*, 1842.

". . . . You would be gratified to see in our synod's proceedings that we had struck such a good key-note for the Assembly. There was not a man broke down of whose rottenness we were not previously aware. There seems to be no ground to doubt that we will have a very firm Assembly.

"You would see from Grant's speech some indications, at its close, that the Government had not backed, nor were very likely to back, the Moderates as they expected. I have no doubt that both Peel and Graham are most anxious to settle our question. It meets them in their members, and meets the members in their electors, very inconveniently. So, if we present a bold and resolute front, we have a chance of something like a measure of justice—of more than a measure, at least, under which we could barely remain in the Establishment." (*To his brother, Provost Guthrie.*)

The resolute attitude desiderated in this letter was promptly taken by the General Assembly of 1842. A "Claim of Rights," as it was commonly called, drawn up by Mr. Dunlop,* was adopted by the Assembly, and forwarded to the Crown. After setting forth the grievances of the Church, it declared that "they cannot—in accordance with the Word of God, the authorised and ratified standards of this Church, and the dictates of their consciences—intrude ministers on reclaiming congregations, or carry on the government of Christ's Church subject to the coercion attempted by the Court of Session; and that at the risk and hazard of suffering the loss of the secular benefits conferred by the State, and the public advantages of an Establishment, they must, as by God's grace they will, refuse so to do; for, highly as they estimate these, they cannot put them in competition with the inalienable liberties of a Church of Christ, which, alike by their duty and allegiance to their Head and King, and by their ordination vows, they are bound to maintain 'notwithstanding of whatsoever trouble or persecution may arise.'"†

* See vol. i., p. 176.

† The only speech which Mr. Guthrie delivered in any General Assembly before 1843, was spoken in this Assembly of 1842.

The end was now drawing near. On 9th August, 1842, the House of Lords pronounced judgment in what is termed the Second Auchterarder Case. By their decision, the vitally important principle was conclusively settled that, *in certain circumstances, the Courts of the Church were liable to be coerced by the penalties of law in the performance of their spiritual duties.* Immediate and united action was felt by the Evangelical party to be more than ever necessary; but it had first to be ascertained how far they were at one as to the course to be adopted. That there was no little difference of opinion as to this among the party at that date is evident from the following letter which Mr. Guthrie wrote to the Rev. Jas. McCosh, then a minister in Brechin:—

"21*st October*, 1842.

"We had a long meeting to-day, and saw more daylight on the subject than I had yet seen. There is no difference among us here as to principles—as to our resolute determination, at all hazards and risks, to maintain our ground, set at nought and treat as waste paper the hostile invasions and decisions of the Civil Courts. But there has been, and is, considerable difference of opinion what, besides that, it is the duty of the Church to do, since the late Auchterarder decision.

The subject was one fitted to interest his catholic mind. During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the Moderate party were in the height of their power. In the General Assembly of 1796, for example, missionary societies were condemned; Dr. Hill, the leader of the Moderate party, calling them "highly dangerous in their tendency to the good order of society at large"! It was not wonderful, therefore, that when Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, Rowland Hill, and James Haldane "went everywhere" through Scotland "preaching the Word," the General Assembly resolved that none of these "vagrant teachers," as they were contemptuously called, should be heard in the pulpits of the Established Church. In 1799 an Act was passed to this effect, and thus the Church of Scotland practically cut itself off from all the other churches of Christendom.

In 1842, this Act was repealed by the Evangelical majority, on which occasion we find Mr. Guthrie saying, "I look upon this Act 1799 as one of the blackest Acts the Church of Scotland ever passed, and I rejoice with all my heart that this motion has been made. I hold it was passed, not to exclude heresy from our pulpits, but to exclude truth." The fact is not without significance, that on the Disruption taking place, the old law was at once re-enacted by those who remained in the Establishment. (See "Lives of the Haldanes," 1871, p. 236.)

"Some of us entertain very decided opinions about the unlawfulness of the Church continuing in connection with a State which insists on Erastian conditions, and draws the sword of persecution against the reclaiming Church. Our idea of the Church's duty is this:—that on many accounts she should not rashly proceed to dissolve the connection, but should go to the government of the land, explain how the terms on which she was united to the State have been altered to all practical purposes by the late decisions, how the compact has been therein violated, and how she cannot continue to administer the affairs of the Establishment unless she is to be freed from invasion and protected against persecution; that therefore, unless the Government and Legislature shall, within a given and specified time, redress the wrongs we complain of, we shall dissolve the union, and leave all the sins and consequences at the door of an Erastian and oppressive State. There is some hope that in this way, were such a determination signed and sealed by some hundreds of ministers, the Government would be compelled to interfere and grant redress, rather than run all the risks to the civil and religious institutions of the country which a refusal might bring with it.

"There are others, such as Brown, Elder, and Begg, who are not prepared to take this step; their idea is to remain in the Establishment till driven out, doing all the duties that belong to them. Well, our manifest duty, under the idea of remaining, is to purify the Church of Erastianism, and preserve it from it. So they agree that at this convocation the ministers should resolve to admit no Erastian into the Church, to license no Erastian student, to translate no Erastian, and to thrust out of the Church without any mercy every man and mother's son that avails himself of these Erastian decisions, acknowledges them as binding the Church, or would in any way apply them in the face of our own laws.

"We, who would dissolve after due warning, can have no conscientious objection to continue for a time doing this work of excision. At the Convocation we may agree on that ground; but we still think our plan the best of the two. It may secure a free and pure Establishment; the latter plan must inevitably and certainly, though slowly, lead to the casting out of our party; it can in no case gain the object we may gain—a pure Establishment. We must cast out of the Church by the second proposal all that preach for, or in any way by overt acts countenance, the deposed of Strathbogie.* We must

* The seven ministers, having continued to defy the authority of the Church Courts, had been deposed by the General Assembly of 1841.

cast out of the Church the Moderate majority of the late Synod of Aberdeen, and in less than two years we have all the Moderates declared to be no longer ministers of the Church of Scotland. They constitute themselves into *law* presbyteries, depose our clergy within their bounds, declare their parishes vacant, ordain ministers of their own on the presentation of patrons, and then claim the stipends, and they are given them; and so without the glance of a bayonet or ring of a musket—the appearance even of a law functionary—we are most quietly dispossessed and put down. This plan—and if we are to remain in the Church for any time we are bound to take it—this, you see, cuts us down in detail, disposes of us most quietly and peaceably for our opponents; and then we produce no effect on the land, on the Government, on Christendom, or on an ungodly world, by bearing the noblest testimony ever borne for the truth. I believe the bold course would save the Church—under God, I mean; and if it did not, men could not say we died struggling for a stipend. If it did not, the history of it would fill the brightest page in Church history. It would do more to recommend religion as a vital, eternal principle than all the sermons we will ever preach.

"I pray you turn over the subject in your mind, and talk of it with your friends, and let us pray that the Lord would bring us all to one opinion."

This letter alludes to a "Convocation" then in view. The bearing of that remarkable gathering on the Disruption, and all that has followed it, cannot be over-estimated. We have repeatedly heard Dr. Guthrie, in conversation with Evangelical clergymen of the Church of England, express his conviction that, without it, the combined action taken at the Disruption had not been possible, and his regret that in their case such a conference for mutual counsel as to the path of duty did not seem to be considered possible.

But, until the Convocation met, Mr. Guthrie was not without considerable anxiety as to the result. Writing to his brother, Provost Guthrie, he first indicated the points on which there was general unanimity, and then proceeds—

Immediately after the Disruption they were reinstated in their charges, and two of them still (1875) survive as ministers of the Established Church.

"Supposing we have come to one mind on these branches of the subject, then comes the rub. In the event of the State refusing within reasonable time to redress our wrongs, and apply the remedy we judge to be indispensable, what is the duty of the Church in these circumstances? Unless God is remarkably gracious to us, and shall make our assembly something like another Pentecost, I look for nothing but a fatal division.

"Some of our brethren say the State has no right to change the terms of the union, that they are entitled to their stipends on the old terms, and can never, however the State may alter its mind, be compelled to give them up. There, I think, they are utterly wrong. We hold the Church to be supreme and sovereign in spirituals, the State to be so in temporals. It may be sinful, yet it is competent for the Church to change in spirituals: if we got what we fancied to be more light on any point of doctrine, the Church is free to change the Confession of Faith to-morrow, and, of course, in doing so, she would run the risk of losing her connection with the State and all its advantages. And what is free to the Church is free to the State: it can change its terms to-morrow, of course running the risk of losing its connection with the Church and all its advantages; and when, on a representation from the Church, the State refuses to interpose between its servants and us, it homologates their acts and principles, and, of course, at present the principle of the Auchterarder decision, which all our party hold to be pure Erastianism.

"Some of our country brethren say that we would not be justified in giving up endowments, consecrated by our pious forefathers to the support of the truth. That is sheer nonsense. They were left by our blinded fathers to the support of error, to pray their souls out of Purgatory.

"They say we cannot be justified in leaving our people. They never find any difficulty, most of them, in doing that, if translation offers a better stipend, or what is commonly called 'a larger sphere of usefulness.' Besides, they are not called on to leave their *people*, but only their *pay;* since they can have a cottage at £3 a year, and betaking themselves, if there is no other way of it, to tent-making, they may remain with their people to their dying day: at any rate, if they are persecuted in one city, they have liberty from Christ to flee to another.

"I admit their temptations to be very great. It is a serious and painful, a very serious and painful, prospect for men with wives and families to leave their certain emoluments and com-

fortable homes and go they know not where; but it is a very easy thing for men in these circumstances to delude and deceive themselves: and that, I am afraid they are doing, and are about more publicly to do.

"Whatever resolution such men may come to—*and we are determined to force the Convocation to a resolution on the subject*—we have made up our minds what to do. Unless the brethren can be brought to see it to be their duty to take up this position, we must take it up by ourselves and those who will adhere to us. How many these may be, remains to be seen. Chalmers, Gordon, Bruce, Candlish, Brown, Sym, Tweedie, Buchanan, Cunningham, and myself among the City ministers, and a number of the Chapel men, with Dr. Clason, are those of us here who have made up their minds that, unless our wrongs are speedily redressed, we must give the State to know that we consider the connection sinful, and cannot, in common honour and honesty, receive the pay of the State on conditions we cannot fulfil.

"What grieves me and distresses me is to think of the triumph of the ungodly, how they will tell it in Gath, when many remain in, after a considerable section—and these not the meanest men in the Church—have left. The damage this will do to the cause of religion no tongue can tell; and the men who remain from really pure motives, who cannot see that in conscience they are free to leave, will be much to be pitied. The world will give them no credit for any conscience in the matter. They will live with impaired usefulness, and go down to the grave with a damaged, at least suspected character.

"I will urge no man to go. Unless he in deliberate judgment, and with a clear conscience, sees it his duty to go, we don't want him. For the sake of religion I trust they may be brought to see this to be their duty. But for *that*, the fewer that go the better for us; we have no temporal interest in getting many to go.

"Dunlop, Hamilton, Candlish, Gordon, and others do not entertain the most remote expectation of the State listening to any, even the most reasonable demands we may make. They look on the fate of our party as sealed. Would three or four hundred men stand true to their principles, and show themselves ready to march, I would not despair; but of any such number I confess I despair. Lord Cockburn said yesterday to Hamilton that the Church *must* go down, and that he has been satisfied of that for two years past.

"Chalmers told me the other day that he knew one gentleman who was to give £200 per year to us, if we were obliged

to go, and of three or four men who had resolved to give up their carriages, &c. He is in high feather, go or stay.

"May the Lord listen to the prayers of His people!"

Predictions that the Convocation would prove a failure were widespread. Thus Mr. Guthrie writes:—"Maitland* has been saying to Craufurd* that it will be a complete failure. 'What,' said Craufurd, 'would you call it a failure if two hundred were to attend? Would you call *that* a failure?' 'No,' says Maitland, 'but catch two hundred of them coming up for such a purpose!'" The actual result was all the more remarkable. Not two hundred, but four hundred and sixty-five ministers, and these out of every county from Caithness to Wigton, appeared in Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh, in the gloomy month of November. It was the largest number of ministers (elders were on this occasion excluded) that had ever met in council in Scotland. "The numbers, however," says Lord Cockburn in his Journal (I. 337), "are infinitely less material than the public character of the men. This band contains the whole chivalry of the Church."

In order to give to the deliberations a practical character and a definite aim, two great questions were singled out for discussion. First, What is our grievance and the remedy for it? Second, What, if that remedy be refused, is it the duty of the Church to do? The proceedings were strictly private, and no detailed record of them has ever been published. From Mr. Guthrie's very full letters to Brechin we select some passages:—

"EDINBURGH, 19*th November*, 1842.

"The first point was the full bearing of the Auchterarder decision, &c., and the element or elements indispensable to a remedy, without which we would submit to no Bill. This pointed to a complete security of all interference of the Civil Courts in our Courts Ecclesiastical,† complete independence of

* Afterwards Judges of the Court of Session, under the titles of Lord Dundrennan and Lord Ardmillan.

† That is to say, in so far as these Courts confine themselves to

jurisdiction. We were all agreed on the bearing of the decision, and the multifarious invasions of the Civil Courts.

"Dr. McFarlane opened the subject in a statement of some half-hour long, to a convocation of some 460 men. I calculated right. I calculated 100 of our party who *could* not come, another 100 who *would* not come. After him Carment and some of the grey-heads spoke. Then came the tug of war. Paul of the West Church tabled a *Liberum Arbitrium* motion as the remedy. Smith of Lochwinnoch seconded it, and in doing so denied that our constitution was injured, or could be so, and for that gave four reasons, enlarging on them. Then came Begg, who was acting for Wilson of Carmyllie, &c., and some extreme men like himself, men not prepared to take their stand on this ground—that they would cut the connection unless speedily relieved from these invasions and shackles of the civil tyranny,—and he tabled an anti-patronage motion.

"Now what we wanted to settle was not only what was the *best* settlement of the question, but what was that without which, unless speedily granted, we would renounce our connection with the State. At this point I struck in, clearing the ground of Smith and his four points, and then taking up Begg and his party. The result was that to-day, after a good deal of speaking, and a most admirable speech from Chalmers, and some verbal alterations, both Paul and Begg withdrew their motions, and, amid much thankfulness, the House came to a unanimous conclusion in favour of the resolutions, only six men declining to vote.

"Chalmers, who has great practical wisdom, but sometimes pushes things too far, and who was dead-set on the Convocation attending only in the meantime to the point of the encroachments (though he avowed anti-patronage sentiments, and would rejoice to support them in proper time and place), made a most ingenious and earnest speech, to the effect that we should record nothing in our minutes about anti-patronage ; Paul saying that he would not agree that anything should be recorded. I spoke again, to the effect that I could not comply with

spiritual matters. The Church never denied that her courts might go wrong just as she averred the Civil Courts had done; she admitted that they might trench on things civil just as the Court of Session had done on things spiritual. But, contrary to the Popish view, she frankly conceded to the Civil Courts what she claimed for herself—their right to refuse civil effects to such encroachments as she refused spiritual. In addition, it must be observed that in Scotland (whatever may have been the case in other countries) there has never been found any practical difficulty in distinguishing between the civil and spiritual provinces. There was no such difficulty before the Disruption : the judges themselves admitted that the acts they interfered with were spiritual in their nature.

Chalmers's request, giving my reasons for it, and as to Mr. Paul I gave notice that if he persevered in his opposition, I would also on Monday night divide the house, and insist that the relative numbers should be sent up to Government. Dr. McFarlane declared if this were done he would leave the Convocation. I was backed by Candlish, &c., and so it was agreed to, and then, amid much joy and thankfulness among all, we joined in singing and prayer, and so closed this day about three o'clock.

"The resolutions are abundantly stringent, and we bind ourselves not to submit to any measure which does not thoroughly and effectually guard the Church against all pains and penalties, encroachments, &c., claiming all our independence, adhering to our fundamental principle, and condemning the Act of Patronage as unjustifiable. The fact is, that we claim a jurisdiction so independent, that the State will never grant it from anything but the fear of a total disruption, and I think we have well prepared for Monday, because, unless our party will now resolve between this and the Assembly at farthest to declare that, unless this is granted, they will dissolve the connection, there is not a shadow of a chance of our getting what we ask." (*To his brother Patrick.*)

"EDINBURGH, 21*st November*, 1842.

"I wrote Patrick on Saturday, and you would see our proceedings down to that day.

"The resolution then adopted has, in my opinion, settled our course. We have demanded our full jurisdiction—the most offensive demand we could make. I believe we would have fewer difficulties to overcome in seeking the total abolition of patronage. Our deputations all said that there was nothing so offensive to the mere politicians as our demand for full security from the review or interference of the Civil Courts. Lord Cottenham, the only friend we have among the chancellors, was full of urbanity and kindness till the jurisdiction was touched on, and then he bristled up like a hedgehog, and quite lost his temper.

"Some of our friends are now convinced of this, and are thereby more inclined for the high step of declaring that we *cut* unless our grievances are speedily and thoroughly redressed. Unless they do this in such numbers as to tell on the country and legislature, we have not a shadow of a chance of getting what we demand; and I am happy to say that the hand of God is seen in a great change in the minds of many since they came here.

"I don't think I will speak again, unless very needful.

I was thankful that I had rendered some effective service by my speech on Friday; and, unless very much needed, don't think it proper again to speak when there are so many other men in prominent places who have not yet opened their mouths." (*To Provost Guthrie.*)

The necessity which Mr. Guthrie did not anticipate actually arose on the following day. His letter referring to it has not been preserved; but we find an abstract of his speech in a private record of the Convocation proceedings to which we have obtained access.

The question of the Church's grievances and its appropriate remedy having been disposed of, the more difficult point remained for consideration,—what, if the State refuses the remedy which we consider essential to our efficiency as a Christian Church, is it our duty to do? A set of resolutions (concurred in by 354 ministers) was passed, setting forth "that it is the duty of the faithful ministers of the Church not to retain their endowments or to persist in their present conflict with the civil power, after the State, by refusing to redress the existing grievances, shall have virtually made it a condition of enjoying the temporal benefits of the Establishment that they shall be subject to civil control in matters spiritual, and bound against their consciences to intrude ministers upon reclaiming congregations." In support of these resolutions, Mr. Guthrie said—

"Mr. ——— spoke as if we intended to drive men to a conclusion now. So far from that, I beseech no one to go out with me without a clear judgment and a true conscience, just because I could not expect the blessing of God on that man's conduct. My friend seems to think it a mere matter of *expediency* whether we shall go out just now or not. Sir, it is much more than that. I hold that, as an honest man, I cannot take the State's pay without doing her bidding; and, therefore, our opinion is, that the State should just have a reasonable

time to decide what she is to insist on our doing; and after that reasonable time, if she refuse redress, I must cut my connection with her altogether. Some people would say this would be no declaration of hostility on the part of the State. I wonder what they would call a declaration of hostility? When I go to the State complaining of its servants, and the State not only refuses to protect me, but takes the very sword with which it swore to protect me and points it to my breast, if this be not a declaration of hostility, I ask what is?

"Now in regard to the question of expediency, how does the case stand? What are we to do with all who decline the Church's authority? Are we to allow the reins of discipline to lie in the dust? I have heard men say we ought to suspend these sixty rebels of the Synod of Aberdeen from their judicial functions! Suspend them from their judicial functions! Why, sir, suppose a British subject had done some wrong, and that he were to call in a body of French soldiers to his assistance, and these French soldiers were to interrupt the officers of justice and resist them in their attempts to punish the criminal—what would the authorities do to them? Suspend them from their judicial functions? Aye, sir, they would suspend them, but it would be *by the neck!* (Laughter.) Let any man who would be for going on with the discipline of the Church consider where he would be driving us to. Let Mr. Elder consider what state religion would be placed in in this town if he had to go to St. Stephen's to depose Dr. Muir, and then Dr. Muir would come to St. Paul's to depose him; or if I had to depose Mr. Hunter, and then Mr. Hunter should depose me. Why, this is a deed that my hand will never do.

"What Mr. Begg said about lawsuits was really amusing. He said we should be done with them. I would be done with them with all my heart; but the rub

is, they won't have done with me, and that's enough to settle the point.

"Sir, it has been my dream by night and my thought by day (and intensely have I thought upon it), that there is just one thing my Reverend Fathers and Brethren should take into account,—not what is their duty to the Established Church, but what is their duty to the Church of Christ. Let us not take thought for the temporalities. I am indifferent to them, and I don't care a straw for ———'s speech last night. I have a higher speech from the Master I serve, who said: 'There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time and in the world to come life everlasting.'"

"EDINBURGH, 26*th November*, 1842.

"I am sure that you would all be greatly delighted and refreshed with the proceedings of our Convocation. Its result is the most remarkable event that ever came within my experience, and can be accounted for only on the belief that God has remarkably answered the prayers of his people in a remarkable effusion of His grace and spirit.

"There were many very natural and exciting reasons why the brethren should have come to another decision, or, at least, why they should not have come to this with such remarkable unanimity. There was a pretty strong jealousy among them (encouraged by their fears and fanned eagerly by our enemies) of the Edinburgh clergy, or 'clique,' as it has been called. Many of them came to town with the secret purpose of committing themselves to nothing. Most of them came up most averse, if not doggedly and resolutely opposed, to our plans; and even after they came here they had not scrupled to oppose, nay, even in some measure to speak of them with scorn. Their regard (a false regard, no doubt) to consistency, their prejudices, and, above all, their very natural fears of future support—these all stood in the way of them agreeing to our bold and determined plans, and all these were overcome. This we are all taking as a token for good; and though I long stood alone in entertaining any hope at all of a favourable issue, hope in the hearts of many is now beginning again to stir, and give an expression of itself. Many of the enemy are

confounded, and are covered with shame. May their shame be followed by repentance!

"Maitland thinks that Peel will weigh well the matter before he treats such a declaration as a piece of waste paper. We are now, in a sense, in the situation in which they required us to be before they would entertain our demands—admitting, as they called it, 'the claims of the law.' There were two ways of doing this. One, to stay in and obey—*that* we could not do; the other, since we could not obey, to go out as soon as it is ascertained that the deeds and principles of the servants are approved of and homologated by their masters.

"We had usually three prayers at every diet; and I never heard such and so many remarkable prayers. When comparing our Convocation with the Assembly, and looking round on a body of men all holding the same principles, and more or less animated with the same spirit, we all felt that it would more than counterbalance many of the privations we might have to suffer, to be rid of the Moderates, of whom, indeed, we should, if possible, have been rid long ago.

"———, poor fellow, I was very sorry for. Though he would not acknowledge it, he had his fears for his family to contend with. He was clean careworn and cast down; but since he has done the deed, crossed the Rubicon, he is now better in spirits, but very keen to cling to hopes that Sir Robert Peel will be compelled to set things to rights. He has the courage of a man who would die bravely enough amid the excitement of a battle-field, but whose firmness fails him amid the still and solemn quietness of an execution. It was an act doubtless of great grace and courage with many; and I am happy to say that it was done by almost all with no hope of our grievances being redressed. This was not held out to them: the whole drift and bearing of the addresses were to prepare men's minds for expulsion."

Following on the proceedings at the Convocation it was resolved that the people, over the length and breadth of Scotland, should be made thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the crisis, and the resolutions taken by the ministers of the Church.

"EDINBURGH, 15*th December*, 1842.

"We, the clergy, have apportioned out the whole land, from Maiden Kirk to Cape Wrath, to different bodies of men. Every parish, whether it be in the possession of friend or foe, is to be visited; and men must lay their account with being some

two or three weeks away from their pulpits and people. I picked out the Presbyteries of Haddington and Dunbar. The first is a very sound one, so far as the clergy are concerned; but the lords and lairds are very fierce, and most of the big farmers are against us.

"The people here (not excepting the folks of the Bow and Grassmarket) are in a very lively and resolute state. For example, Lord Medwyn's servant, whom I accommodated, you may remember, in my seat, came over to me last week with £2, for the service of the Church. I proposed that, instead of giving it away at present, I would, with her leave, put it in the bank; when she told me that I might do so if I chose; 'But,' she added, 'I am laying by money at present in the Savings Bank for that very purpose.' Yesterday a Highland woman (a namesake of our own, from the braes of Lochaber), a member of my Church and a servant in town, came with eight shillings for the service of the Church also; though I learned by cross-examination that she had her father in the Highlands to support. My parishioners have fixed on the site of two old houses for the new church, and I hear of tradesmen who are resolute to give their £1 per year for a sitting. I have no doubt, from the way that public feeling is rising and running, that our opponents will be astonished by-and-by. Dr. Aiton was breakfasting with me this morning. He is clean frightened, and anticipates nothing but sheer ruin to his own —the Moderate party—if we go out. . . .

"Few men agree with me, yet I don't altogether despair of a settlement. Peel will, I am persuaded, bring in a Bill which, if it won't please us, will be made so as if possible to entrap us." (*To his sister Clementina.*)

"PRESTONKIRK, 27*th January*, 1843.

"Last night I set off to Stenton, and addressed about one thousand people in a magnificent barn. I kept them up for two hours and a half, and five hundred of them were on their feet for three hours and a half, and this after working all day, and many of them travelling some four or five miles. It was a noble meeting. To-night I address the folks here, and a larger audience is expected. I never stood an expedition half so well as this. Before facing the night air, and after sweating like a horse, I always drink a great dose of very hot water qualified with a little milk, which keeps me in a glow till I get home. I have never spoken less than two hours. I am beginning to think that I will, after the trial of this nightly work, be a capital itinerary preacher, and will match Whitefield himself! The real secret is, eat plenty, lie eight or nine hours

in bed; and, above all, *drink nothing stronger than cold water*. . . .

"——, in view of my meeting last night, made some statements to his people on Sabbath which have fairly finished him. He had the downright idiotism to tell them that with his large family it was no easy matter to say that he would go out. Poor man! as if God could not fill ten mouths as well as two!" (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

"The last act of this eventful drama," says Dr. Buchanan, the historian of the "Ten Years' Conflict," "was now at hand. When the curtain closed on the Convocation, it had become evident to thinking men that the next time it was raised it would reveal a still more striking scene. Already, behind the screen of that temporary obscurity into which the actors retired when they disappeared from Roxburgh Church and withdrew into the privacy of their own parishes and homes, there might be heard the busy preparation and the hurrying tread of those whose next movement was destined to consummate the Disruption of the Church of Scotland."

One thing alone remained to be done: the decision of the Crown and the Legislature must be obtained. The Crown had been appealed to in the Church's "Claim of Rights," forwarded to Her Majesty in May, 1842, but, up to the end of the year, no answer was received. Little hope, however, was entertained that the reply would be favourable. It had become evident, in the course of the many negotiations with both Whig and Tory governments, that Ministers were unable to comprehend, not to say sympathize with, the position of the Church of Scotland. Nor did they know the kind of men they had to deal with. They seemed unable to estimate the depth of conviction among the Evangelical clergy; and believed, on the testimony of some persons in Scotland who should have known better, that, by determined resistance to the Church's claims, the vast

body, when the testing time came, would yield, and remain where they were.*

What Mr. Guthrie felt most keenly of all was the suspicion thereby cast on the honour of his brethren. At a meeting in 1842, he said—

"Some say—Oh, there's no fear of any mischief—the danger is all imaginary. How so, pray? 'Oh,' said Mr. So-and-so (a person of some influence and power), the other day, to an acquaintance of mine, 'the fact is, there's Candlish, and Cunningham, and Brown, and Guthrie, and some five or six more firebrands,—we have only to quench them, and all will be peace.' Now, my lord, I do think that if the Ministers of the Crown believe this, they stand on the very brink of destruction to the country; and if I had a voice that would go to London, I would tell them of their miserable infatuation,—I would tell them not to think of thrusting out merely some five or six of us. In my heart I wish they were told that, if there is to be any thrusting out at all, if men are honest, it must be an out-thrusting of five or six hundred." †

At another meeting, held a month before the Disruption, he referred to the same calumny:—

"Our opponents went the length of saying that we were anxious for the glory of martyrdom. Sir, there are some men who cannot comprehend the feeling of the ancient Roman, who spurred his horse into the gulf, that Rome might be saved. As to martyrdom, I believe it is no better than it is called! Sir, I have been in the Calton jail—not as a prisoner, however,

* History often repeats itself. It was the same in 1662 when Charles II.—not contented with the despotic maxim of his royal contemporary Louis XIV., "*L'état c'est moi,*" but adding to it this other significant sentence, "*L'église c'est moi*"—restored Prelacy and the Royal Supremacy in matters spiritual. Bishop Fairfoul, when urging on the act, assured Commissioner Middleton that there would not be ten in his diocese who would not prefer sacrificing their principles to losing their stipends. Commissioner Middleton believed him; and the result was that, on the first Sabbath of the winter of 1662, there were 200 parish churches shut up in Scotland, while 376 ministers in all vacated their livings.

† Shortly after the Disruption, Mr. Guthrie thus expressed himself:—"Down to the day of the Disruption the Government and the leading men in Scotland did not believe that above thirty or forty ministers would leave the Church. Had they only imagined that there would be a secession of 500, I believe we should not have been here." He adds, "I don't regret, however, being here. Far from it. I am a happier man than ever I was. I always coveted the condition of the Voluntaries at the very time I was combating their principles."

although I once expected to be there as a prisoner—* but I am certainly one of the men, who, according to the old saying, 'would rather hear the laverock [lark] sing, than the mouse cheep,' any day.

"One thing, however, I may observe, and it is this, that the low secular calculations made, regarding the number of the clergy who are to go out, reconciles me, more than ever, more than anything else, to the thought of making the sacrifice. Alas! the ministerial character is sunk low indeed when men could believe that five hundred ministers—notwithstanding their sacred office, notwithstanding their most solemn vows, notwithstanding their written, repeated, published pledges—would give up their principles, to keep their pay. I say, if we had done so, we would have set an example of public profligacy such as has seldom been paralleled even among the mere politicians of the world, and such as in infamy never would have been surpassed—no, Sir, not even in the House of Commons in the days of Walpole—and a blow would have been inflicted on the very vitals of evangelical religion such as it never sustained before.

"Talk of fines and imprisonments, there is something worse —and we suffer what is worse when foul suspicions are entertained, that, notwithstanding all we have said and done, when what Wodrow calls 'the choke' comes, we will after all give way. Now, Sir, we are waiting for the General Assembly, and I am thankful that the day is not far distant when these suspicions shall be rolled away, and when the world, if they would not believe it before, will believe it when they see it; and when, Sir, if they do not confess, they at least will feel, that they have done me and my brethren cruel and gross injustice."

At last, on 4th January, 1843, a reply was received from the Crown to the Church's Claim of Rights. It was signed by Sir James Graham, and was evidently designed to be conclusive. Pronouncing the Church's claim to be "unreasonable," it intimated that the Government "could not advise Her Majesty to acquiesce in these demands." Nothing now remained but to obtain a judgment from Parliament itself as to whether the Civil Courts or the Church Courts were constitutionally right in their respective contentions. Should

* Mr. Guthrie, in breaking the Strathbogie interdict, had rendered himself liable to imprisonment.

the hostile voice of the Crown, uttered through the executive Government, be supported by a similar utterance from either of the two Houses of Parliament, the Church must then hold that the question was decided, and that her share in this protracted and painful warfare was at length at an end.

The subject was brought before the House of Commons on 7th March, 1843, by the Hon. Fox Maule. "Grave as the question was, and momentous as were the interests which it involved," we read in an account of the scene, "it did not succeed in collecting as many as half the members of the Lower House of Parliament to hear it debated. A railway bill has often proved a more potent spell with which to conjure members from the clubs and dinner-parties of the metropolis than a cause on which there hung the integrity and stability of a great national religious institution, and the worldly fortunes of hundreds of ministers of Christ." Very differently was it viewed in Scotland. "Eventful night this in the British Parliament!" wrote Robert McCheyne to a friend, within a few days of his own death—"Once more King Jesus stands at an earthly tribunal, and they know Him not!"

That night found Mr. Guthrie speaking in the City Hall, Glasgow, to an audience of four thousand persons:—

"Would to God," he said, "that He would this night take into His hand the hearts of our senators, and open their eyes before it be too late! 'The knell,' Lord Dalhousie said a few years ago in the General Assembly, when it vindicated anew the principle of the Veto Act, 'the knell of the Church of Scotland is now rung.' It was not rung then, but I believe it is ringing this night in London. The eleventh hour has struck. The last battle is now, at this moment, fighting on the floors of Parliament. The voices of Maule, and Rutherfurd, and Stewart—and I can hardly mention, in that House of five hundred men, more than these three that will stand up for our rights—they are pleading our cause; and did I not know that God rules on earth as well as in heaven, you might write 'Ichabod' already

on the brow of Scotland. I confess I have no hope. My motion says it is our duty to use every lawful effort to avert this calamity. Now we *have* used every lawful effort. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have negotiated. . . . We have resolved never to give up our principles. We shall leave the Church. We shall give them their stipends, their manses, their glebes, and their churches. These are theirs, and let them 'make a kirk or a mill' of them. But we cannot give them up the crown rights of Christ, and we cannot give them up our people's privileges.

"I stand here, and make the confession that I have made in many assemblies. I now doubt whether, in the present ungodly state of this world, a union betwixt Church and State is an expedient thing. I say here, our fathers have all along been compelled to contend for their religious liberties. John Knox fought for them, when he cradled our Church of Scotland. The history of the Church of Scotland has been a history of aggression on the part of the State, of suffering and resistance on the part of the Church; and if this night, in Parliament, they refuse to hear our claims—if they turn a deaf ear to our remonstrances—if this night, in Parliament, they say you must sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, then I say I am done for my lifetime with the Establishment."

Mr. Maule's motion for a Committee of Inquiry was lost upon a division by 211 to 76; but it is noticeable that, of the 37 Scotch members present at the division, 25 voted with Mr. Maule.

"What then remained for us?" said Mr. Guthrie. "We could not continue the painful and unseemly spectacle of remaining in the Establishment, and resisting the orders of the State. Much as we loved the walls of our old Church, unwilling as we were to leave them, we felt compelled to go. And, as the Pilgrim Fathers, the old Puritans of England, the founders of the great American Republic, crossed the seas, and sought, in the untrodden forests of the New World, the liberty they were denied at home, we went forth under the old banner to enjoy that freedom without the Establishment which we were denied within its pale."

The General Assembly, on which such important issues hung, was convened on the 18th of May, 1843. On the morning of that day, as, with a friend, he was quitting the door of his house in Lauriston Lane, Mr. Guthrie turned round for a moment to his wife, and said in resolute yet cheerful tones—"Well, Anne, this is the last time I go out at this door a minister of an Established Church!" Looking back through the vista of nearly twenty years, he thus spoke in 1862:—

"There is something more eloquent than speech. I am bold to say that Hall, Foster, or Chalmers never preached a sermon so impressive or sublime as the humblest minister of our Church did on the 18th day of May, 1843, when he gave up his living to retain his principles, and joined the crowd that, bursting from the doors of St. Andrew's Church, with Chalmers at its head, marched out file by file in steady ranks—giving God's people, who anxiously thronged the streets, occasion to weep tears, not of grief, but of joy, as they cried, 'They come! They come! Thank God, they come.' . . . We did not come out a small and scattered band; but, on the day of the Disruption, burst out of St. Andrew's Church as a river bursts from a glacier—a river at its birth. In numbers, in position, in wealth, as well as in piety, our Church, I may say, was full grown on the day it was born. Above all, and next to the prayers which sanctified our cause, we were followed by a host of countrymen, whose enthusiasm had been kindled at the ashes of martyrs, and who saw in our movement but another phase of the grand old days that won Scotland her fame, and made her a name and a praise in the whole earth."

In times more recent, we have seen the clergy of another Church compelled to forego the advantages of State connection; but in Scotland, thirty years ago, the spectacle presented was that of nearly five hundred

ministers *disestablishing and disendowing themselves;*—laying on the altar of conscience a revenue of more than one hundred thousand pounds a year,—a sum which, if capitalized, amounts to fully two millions sterling. "These men are mad, and the pity is, there is no lunatic asylum big enough to hold them!" said one of their bitterest opponents. It was a poor joke. How different the tone of the Premier of Great Britain, when, on the floor of the House of Commons in 1870, he described the Free Church of Scotland in its exodus as "a body to whose moral attitude scarcely any word weaker or lower than that of majesty is, according to the spirit of historical criticism, justly applicable."

The number of ministers—four hundred and seventy-four—who quitted the Establishment for conscience sake was great. But the quality of the men was even more noteworthy than their number. Within their ranks was contained beyond controversy a very large proportion of the talent and piety of the Scottish ministry.* It has been sometimes alleged that the step these men took was the result more of excitement and popular clamour than deliberate conviction. Had that been so, the ministers in the great cities might have gone forth; but their brethren in the remoter parts of the kingdom should have remained undisturbed. What was the fact? In the distant highlands of Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness—districts where the tone of religion and morality is exceptionally high—three-fourths of the whole ministers quitted church, manse, and stipend at the Disruption, and were followed by their people almost to a man.

A fact still more significant remains. Were one asked to single out from among the ministry of a church the men of

* "Mr. Norman McLeod complains (in the Established Church Assembly) that we have kindled a fire in the old house and left them to put it out. It is my opinion that we have taken away well-nigh all the fire along with us. And I will just say that, if there is any fire remaining, we have left plenty of cold-water engines to put it out!" Speech of Mr. Guthrie in the Free Church Assembly, 24th May, 1843.

special consecration to Christ's cause, and who from their very circumstances were removed from all influence of party excitement, he would name the labourers in the foreign field: the decision of the missionaries of the Church of Scotland was, therefore, naturally looked forward to with special interest by both parties in the Church. Speaking on the 24th of May, 1843, and before the course they were to pursue could be ascertained, Mr. Guthrie said:—"The missionaries have not yet opened their mouths on this question. They must, within a period of three months, raise their voice, and I venture to say—I will stake the whole cause on it—that not the voice of one single missionary will be lifted up for those we have left but for us." It was a bold and, some thought, a rash prediction; yet the result fully verified it. With Dr. Duff at their head, every foreign missionary of the Church of Scotland in 1843 sent home his adherence to the out-going party.

The attitude of sympathy assumed by the Evangelical Dissenters was peculiarly gratifying; for, as Mr. Guthrie said, "their pecuniary interest was that we should stay in. And how? I'll tell you how. If we had stayed in, many of our people would have gone out. Yes, sir, if we had broken down in Edinburgh, there would not have been a vacant sitting in any Evangelical Dissenting Meeting-house; every one of them would have been filled to the very door." On the first Sunday after the Disruption, Mr. Guthrie found shelter with his congregation in the Methodist chapel in Nicolson Square, and there he preached till his new church on the Castle Hill was erected. Out of a kirk-session of twenty-four members, only two were left behind, and the proportion of the congregation who remained was equally small.

The crash of the Disruption resounded over the whole kingdom. The Nonconformists in England—Independents,

Wesleyans, and Baptists—and the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales hastened to offer their sympathy and admiration, and poured many thousands of pounds into the treasury of the Free Church. The Irish Presbyterian Church sent its deputation, as of old, to address the General Assembly in 1843. When they reached Edinburgh they had to choose between remaining with the Established Church or following the Seceders to Canonmills. Their resolution was taken without hesitation. In Mr. Guthrie's own words, spoken towards the end of that Disruption year, "When they came, as one of them said, they had to go in search of the Church of Scotland; and where did they find her? Up yonder, sir? Up yonder they found the dragoons, and they found the Commissioner, and they found the boys, sir, with powdered heads and little swords! But, whatever the Irish Deputation found, they did not find the Church of Scotland up there." Christians in other lands joined in the tribute. "The Scottish Church Question," by the Rev. Adolphus Sydow, Chaplain to the King of Prussia, is a very powerful argument, and one peculiarly valuable from the impartiality of its author. Mrs. Gordon, in her "Home Life of Sir David Brewster," tells how her illustrious father—himself an enthusiastic Free Churchman—on hearing that a friend had taken the opposite side in the controversy, remarked, "It CAN only be because he has not studied the subject; he must read Sydow."

In June, 1843, Mr. Guthrie formed one of a deputation which visited the chief towns of England to expound the principles of the Free Church:—"The people of England," he said, in a speech on his return, "did not help us out of pity, but on principle. We made no lachrymose stories to them. In fact, it was suggested to us by one of our best friends—I mean Mr. Bunting, son of the celebrated Dr. Jabez Bunting—that we were not the right sort of deputation at all; that we were far too

merry-looking men; that the deputation ought to have been composed of rueful, lachrymose-looking fellows—men more like martyrs than we were, who would have had a much greater effect upon the people of England. Why, my lord, a clear conscience makes a sunny face, and it is not easy for a man to look unhappy who feels himself far better with a hole in his coat than a hole in his character any day!"

"EDINBURGH, 16*th July*, 1843.

"Our reception in England exceeded expectation. We were received by Methodists, Congregationalists, &c., with the warmest-hearted kindness. Our cause and question promises to form a bond of union, or an occasion of it, among Evangelical Dissenters throughout the kingdom.

"The impression is spreading and deepening in the minds of all men that the doom of Establishments in this country has been sealed in the issue of our Church question; and that, with the state of matters in Scotland, with Puseyism in England, with Dan O'Connell in Ireland, their fate and fall are not very far distant.*

"We finished with a magnificent meeting in Liverpool. I should fancy that there were four thousand people in the theatre. I never saw such a splendid company. Cunningham and I, with the others, were upon the stage; Anne was in the manager's box; the lights were all there, and so were the scenes; and of all the places I ever spoke from, commend me to the stage!

"I was introduced to a number of members of Parliament, and had a crack with Lord Campbell."† (*To Provost Guthrie.*)

* When the struggle in Scotland was thickening, the Duke of Wellington is said to have remarked:—"The battle of religious Establishments is about to be fought, and Scotland is the battle-ground;"—when that struggle was over, Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, who enjoyed the confidence of Sir Robert Peel, thus wrote on 20th May, 1843, to the Premier: "I am a Presbyterian by conviction; yet for my friends' and brethren's sakes, I am as anxious to prevent the overthrow of the Established Churches of England and Ireland, as I was to prevent the Disruption of the Established Church of Scotland. . . . But that the Disruption of the Church of Scotland, which is held to be the fault of the Government, will be followed by the overthrow of the others, I entertain no more doubt than I do of my own existence. The evil will begin in Ireland, it matters little where it will end." "How remarkable!" we remember Dr. Guthrie exclaiming one morning in 1871 at his breakfast table, as he called us to listen to this letter, which he had just come upon in Porter's 'Life of Cooke.' "One would think that man must have had the gift of prophecy!"

† Mr. Guthrie preached while in London in Regent Square Church.

The progress of the Free Church since its rise in 1843 is matter of history. No wonder that, after an experience of twenty years, Dr. Guthrie thus spoke from the Moderator's chair of the Free Church Assembly in 1862—

"Fathers and Brethren,—When we take into account the energy that characterized the Established Church previous to 1843, the career of glory and of good that lay before her, how near she was to the rare position of possessing a State endowment with a popular constitution, and how probable it seemed that, after recent wounds were healed, many, very many, who had been driven by patrons and patronage from her pale, would return to her bosom—the Disruption had, in my eye, many of the features of a mysterious event. It seemed to bode ill for Scotland; and not the least strange feature of it was the way that it fell out—in men, themselves men of honour, doubting ours; in instruments, themselves weak, being armed with formidable powers of mischief; and in astute and long-headed statesmen committing such a blunder as the Frenchman would have pronounced worse than a crime.* It is not for us, Fathers and Brethren, to scan

Among the audience was Lord Campbell, who had given his decision in the House of Lords very strongly against the Church. The *Fife Sentinel* of the day reports that at the conclusion of the sermon he said to a reverend doctor sitting beside him, "If this be a fair specimen of the ministers of the Free Church, it has nothing to fear." In a recent letter Dr. Guthrie refers to the same occasion: "Campbell heard me the first time I preached in London, immediately after the Disruption. His love for the old country made him uphold a Scotchman, notwithstanding he was a Disruptionist. I remember dining with him at Hastie's. He was most agreeable and courteous. It was there Lord Charles Russell and he stood so long bowing to each other at the drawing-room door; and I learned to my astonishment—on Lord Charles, though called so only by courtesy, at length taking precedence of a baron and the Lord Chief Justice of England—that the son of a Duke takes rank before an ordinary peer."

* Two of these statesmen, Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham, lived to lament their error. "Be it remembered to their praise, and to the honour of their memory," said Dr. Guthrie in 1862, "that the two great statesmen, who were made the tools of a miserable party on this side the border, the one publicly on the floor of the House of Commons, and the other, to my knowledge, privately, did confess that the one act of their lives which they looked back on with the deepest regret was the part they had been then led to play." The late Mr. Murray Dunlop, M.P., speak-

the ways of Providence. Nevertheless, may we not find the solution of the mystery in an idea which was fondly and strongly dwelt on, in my hearing, by the Chevalier Bunsen, in an interview I had with that distinguished man in his beautiful villa on the banks of the Neckar, where he had retired from public life to spend the evening of his days in literature and theological pursuits.

"No one in this Assembly will suspect me of having any sympathy with the errors of Bunsen; but I think it only justice to the memory of that distinguished man to say that I never met one of a purer or nobler spirit, or left the company of any man more impressed with the feeling that I had been in the presence of one who held communion with the skies, and walked closely with his God. . . . . . Our conversation naturally turned on the Free Church: and you can fancy how pleasant it was to me, far from Scotland, and amid the vine-clad hills of Germany, to hear such a man as Bunsen expatiate with rapture on us and on our cause; and, with the tear glistening in his eye, and emotion beaming in his countenance, tell with what interest he had watched our progress, and with what fervour he had prayed for our success. The idea that had seized his mind, and on which he dwelt so eloquently, was this—that God had, in His providence, raised us up in this country, and placed us in circumstances favourable for its solution, to try the problem, whether a Church, without aid or countenance from the State, could, by the resources of its own members and nothing else, fulfil the two grand objects of every living being—sustain and extend itself."

ing at Carlisle on the 26th September, 1862, and alluding to Dr. Guthrie's statement, said, "I think it right to confirm that statement by stating what Sir James Graham said to myself about a year or two before his death. He said, in a very earnest tone and manner, 'I have never ceased to deplore the part I took in your Scotch Church affairs.'" This testimony is fully borne out in the "Life of Sir James Graham," by Mr. McCullagh Torrens, M.P., vol. ii., p. 232.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MANSE FUND.

"WAIT five years, at longest, and this Free Kirk excitement will have spent its force," was the prophecy, thirty years ago, of some in whose case the wish was father to the thought. Long ere that period had expired, however, the rashness of the prediction was abundantly apparent.

Never did the warmth of spring break up the frost of a northern winter more wonderfully than the glow of Christian sympathy and zeal unsealed the fountains of liberality in Scotland. When it was announced that the sum of £363,871 had been raised by the Free Church during the first year of her existence, even her friends feared that a revenue like this could not long be maintained. Thirty-one years have come and gone; in the interval, her adherents have raised close on eleven millions sterling; yet her income was larger last year (1873-4) than in any previous twelve months since the Disruption. It is a significant fact that the sum of £511,000, raised last year by the Free Church, is nearly double the whole State revenue of the Scottish Establishment. "The youngest of these free religious associations, —the Free Church of Scotland," writes Baron Bunsen—"which has grown under our eyes in the most recent changes, has, alongside of a very respectable but somewhat ossified National Church, put forth an amount of

moral activity which pales the glory of all the State churches in the world."

When one contemplates the present position of the Free Church; her organization at home, and her influence abroad; her nine hundred churches, her eight hundred manses, her Divinity Halls at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; her income of half a million sterling; it is scarcely possible to realise the exigencies and the trials of the period which immediately succeeded the Disruption.

To men in Mr. Guthrie's position, indeed, the leaving of the State Church involved no serious sacrifice, either in status or circumstances:—"I know that on my country brethren," were his own words, "has lain the burden and heat of the day. It fell comparatively little on us in the towns.* We saw the wave of the Disruption coming; it broke over us, and we were little the worse. But it was different in country parishes. The wave of the Disruption came; the ministers saw it plainly and faced it boldly, but it broke over them, and left many amid the wreck of their worldly all."

The extent of the sacrifices made by the country ministers will never be fully known; they were not the kind of men to parade their trials. But, now that thirty years have passed away, and a deeper silence has sealed the lips of all but a few survivors, it is well that Mr. Guthrie has preserved for us some record of these days; the more,—as has been justly remarked of these reminiscences of his—that "there is not so much heroism among us that we can afford to lose from the annals of this easy-going modern time so startling a narrative."† Here are two cases with which he met shortly before the Disruption took place:—

* The difference even in his own case was, however, quite appreciable. Before the Disruption Mr. Guthrie's professional income had averaged £500. For several years after 1843 it was little above £400; and at no period of his life did it exceed £550.

† "British Quarterly Review," CVIII., p. 336.

"A minister in a certain district of country said to me, 'You think there is no chance of a settlement?' 'No,' said I, 'we are as certain of being out as that the sun shall rise to-morrow.' I was struck by something like a groan, which came from the very heart of the mother of the family. They had had many trials: there had been cradles and coffins in that home. There was not a flower, or a shrub, or a tree, but was dear to them: some of them were planted by the hands of those who were in their graves. That woman's heart was like to break.

"In another locality there was a venerable mother who had gone to the place when it was a wilderness, but who, with her husband, had turned it into an Eden. Her husband had died there. Her son was now the minister. This venerable woman was above eighty years of age. Yes, and I never felt more disposed to give up my work than in that house. I could contemplate the children being driven from their home; but when I looked on that venerable widow and mother with the snows and sorrows of eighty years upon her head, and saw her anxiety about two things—namely, that Lord Aberdeen should bring in a bill to settle the question; but her anxiety, at the same time, that if Lord Aberdeen did not bring in a satisfactory measure, her son should do his duty, I could not but feel that it was something like a cruel work to tear out such a venerable tree—to tear her away from the house that was dearest to her on earth."

But Mr. Guthrie never doubted that the country ministers would be upheld and strengthened. "Talk of pity! The few men who have deserted us need it—degraded in the world's eye, and, what is worse, degraded in their own; but, sir, there needs no pity for the man who, six weeks after this, shall, with his wife and children, go forth from the manse to the humble cottage. A clear conscience will shed an everlasting sunshine upon that family, giving zest to the plainest fare and to the humblest board." "I have had occasion to enter many of the cottages where our ministers are now living," was his testimony after the day of trial had come and gone, "and I say, as an honest man, that there never was a greater calumny than to allege that any of these men regret the step they have taken; but, let me tell you,

that, contented and quiet, and happy as they are in their privations, there are many of them subsisting, with their families, on *one-third of their former incomes.*"

The situation of these men, thus difficult enough in itself, was soon complicated in the case of not a few by opposition from without. The Free Church was hardly launched and afloat in the open sea, when it became plain her course was neither to be a smooth nor an uninterrupted one. Nor did this take Mr. Guthrie by surprise: "I see," he said at a meeting, held several weeks before the Disruption—"I see great difficulties are before us—especially during the next two years—years of suffering and privation, and persecution within our land, such as have not been seen in Scotland for a century gone by; and, with such a sea running ahead of us, we want no man on board but will be able, at least willing, to pull an oar; we want no pig-iron to sink us."

It was one of the sorest hardships to which the Puritans were subjected in the reign of Charles II., that the Nonconforming ministers were forbidden to come within five miles of their former congregations. In Scotland, in this nineteenth century, a policy of much the same kind was attempted in certain districts towards the Free Church. Endeavours were made by certain land-owners in these localities to stamp out what they regarded as an obnoxious sect. Attempting to make the rights of property overbear the rights of conscience, all offers to purchase sites at their market price, for either churches or manses, were, on certain estates, peremptorily refused. "I have heard," said Mr. Guthrie, "of its being said on the morning of battle, 'Pick out, and bring down the officers.' The very same policy has been attempted here—bring down the minister; 'Smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered.' The object is to crush the minister; not for the sake of injuring him—God forbid that I should say that—but to compel him to leave the

district, that thus the flock of the Free Church may be scattered."

This was tantamount to making the existence of Free Church congregations impossible on the lands of these proprietors ; and when it is remembered that, as in the case of some of them, their estates embraced a whole county, or a large portion of a county, the real extent of the grievance becomes manifest. No wonder that this roused Mr. Guthrie's indignation. No man denounced such conduct in more unmeasured terms, nor was any name more obnoxious, consequently, in certain high quarters than his.

The harsh deeds done on the one side, and the indignant words called forth from the other, are an old story now, which one would desire rather to bury than recall. Nevertheless, they are matters of history, and formed the subject of a Parliamentary investigation, in which Mr. Guthrie appeared as an important witness. We have a special reason, moreover, for referring to the refusal of sites for Free churches and manses in the present chapter : the zeal which Mr. Guthrie brought to his Manse Fund Mission was in no small degree inspired by the combined grief and indignation which the sufferings of his brethren excited in his breast.

One case of special hardship was that of Canobie, a parish in Dumfriesshire, where the Free Church congregation numbered about five hundred persons. The noble owner of the entire parish refusing to permit the erection of any place of worship, the people had no resource but to meet on the Lord's day in the open air. Accordingly, by permission of a tenant farmer, they erected a movable tent for the minister on a moorland spot where gipsies were in the habit unmolested of fixing their camp. The landlord thereupon checkmated this evasion of his will by procuring an interdict from the Court of Session, and the congregation had nothing for it but to worship God *on the high road* throughout the winter of 1843-44.

The General Assembly of the Free Church felt keenly for these people in their trying circumstances; and, to encourage them amid their hardships, sent down some of the most eminent ministers to preach to them, for at the time they had no ordained pastor. Mr. Guthrie was one of these deputies; and here is what he saw—

"LANGHOLM, *4th February*, 1844.

"Well wrapped up, I drove out yesterday morning to Canobie—the hills white with snow—the roads covered, ankle-deep in many places, with slush—the wind high and cold—thick rain lashing on, and the Esk, by our side all the way, roaring in the snow flood between bank and brae. We passed Johnnie Armstrong's Tower, yet strong even in its ruins; and, after a drive of four miles, a turn of the road brought me in view of a sight which was overpowering, and would have brought the salt tears into the eyes of any man of common humanity. There, under the naked branches of some spreading oak-trees, at a point where a country road joined the turnpike, stood a tent, around or rather in front of which were gathered a large group of muffled men and women, with some little children—a few sitting, most of them standing—and some venerable widows cowering under the scanty shelter of an umbrella. On all sides, each road was adding a stream of plaided men and muffled women to the group, till the congregation had increased to between five and six hundred, gathered on the very road, and waiting my forthcoming from a mean inn where I found shelter till the hour of worship had come.

"During the psalm-singing and first prayer, I was in the tent; but, finding that I would be uncomfortably confined, I took up my position on a chair in front, having my hat on my head, my Codrington close-buttoned up to my throat, and a pair of bands, which were wet enough with rain ere the service was over. The rain lashed on heavily during the latter part of the sermon, but none budged; and when my hat was off, during the last prayer, some man kindly extended an umbrella over my head. I was so interested, and so were the people, that our forenoon service continued for about two hours. At the close, I felt so much for the people—it was such a sad sight to see old men and women, some children, and one or two people, pale and sickly, and apparently near the grave, all wet and benumbed with the keen wind and cold rain—that I proposed to have no afternoon service; but this met with

universal dissent, and one and all declared that if I would hold on they would stay on the road to midnight. So we met again at three o'clock, and it poured on, almost without intermission, during the whole service; and that over, shaken cordially by many a hand, I got into the gig, and drove here in time for an evening service, followed, through rain in heaven and the wet snow on the roads, by a number of the people. I hope that the Lord will bless the word, and, with spiritual grace, make up to the people for their bodily sufferings." (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

The Rev. Peter Hope* had charge of the congregation at Canobie at the time of Mr. Guthrie's visit. He has favoured us with the following narrative:—

"When Mr. Guthrie arrived, some hundreds of people had already assembled, and were standing in the drenching rain, while others were seen approaching by the three roads which converged at that point. We went into the little wayside inn which stood near, and waited a few minutes till the hour for beginning the services. The window commanded a full view of the scene, and I tried in vain to get Mr. Guthrie to sit quietly to warm himself at the fire. He was constantly starting up, gazing eagerly at the gathering crowd on the wet and miry road, striding up and down the room, and uttering exclamations of pity and horror.

"When the service began, he went at first into the preaching tent, but finding himself cramped and hampered by being so shut in, and also, as he afterwards confessed, feeling a strong desire to be nearer the people, and to share their discomforts, he speedily stepped down, and stood beside them on the road, exposed like themselves to all the inclemency of that day. I need not speak of the sermon. It was a simple exhibition and powerful enforcement of Gospel truth, but without the slightest reference to the treatment which the congregation were receiving from the lord of the soil. While many were eager to press his hand, his eye was attracted by various individuals—an aged widow, young children dripping wet—and a pale, sickly-looking man, of whom he remarked to me, 'This is enough to bring that man to the grave.'

"Returning to Langholm, Mr. Guthrie preached a third sermon to a crowded congregation in the Secession Church. In the evening we had much interesting conversation. But I

* Now Secretary to the Colonial and Continental Committees of the Free Church.

noticed that at one stage he was unusually silent for a few minutes with his elbow on the table, and his brow on his hand. Suddenly he lifted his head and exclaimed, '*I must see that moss*,' —and added after a moment's pause—'*to complete the picture*.' He had been painting a mental picture, and there was lacking the barren bit of moorland from which the Canobie congregation had been driven by interdict. I said that I would drive him down next day, to which he at once assented.

"On Monday the weather had greatly improved, and he was in high enjoyment. I remember well that when we left the road by the river-side, and made our way towards the higher and more open ground, he said, 'I wonder we don't hear the lark.' Then a moment after, and with great animation, 'There it is—happy creature, no care, no pain, no sorrow, no sin; happy creature, Sir!' But his mood speedily changed when we came to the piece of bare worthless moor, an open and barren spot where wandering tinkers and gipsies encamped at pleasure, from which the canvas tent in which the Free Church congregation had worshipped for a few sabbaths was driven by the Duke's interdict. Mr. Guthrie gazed at the spot with strong emotion, strode over it again and again, and turning to have another look as we left it, and pointing with his finger, exclaimed, 'That, Sir, is the dearest bit of land on all the Buccleuch property.'"

The persecutions then endured at Canobie, and elsewhere in similar circumstances, were not suffered in vain. "Such persecution," said Mr. Guthrie, "blows the affections of the people into a brighter flame. It is with persecution (if it be not strong enough to succeed) as it is with a bitter wind. When you have good officers, a good crew, and a good ship, it helps you on your course. It has been so with us. Our enemies intended it for evil; God has turned it into good."

On the 10th of July, 1845, the subject was first brought before Parliament by the Marquis of Breadalbane. That nobleman, the only member of the House of Lords who at that time belonged to the Free Church, presented a petition from the General Assembly craving legislative action. This suggestion (approved of on that occasion by Lord Campbell, a consistent opponent of the Free

Church) was carried into effect when, on May 19th, 1846, the Right Honourable Fox Maule introduced a bill into the House of Commons to compel proprietors to grant sites to the members of any "Christian denomination." In the course of his temperate and powerful speech, Mr. Maule quoted the following opinion of Merle d'Aubigné, the Historian of the Reformation:—"The refusal of sites for the Free Church is perhaps the only painful impression that I shall carry away with me from Scotland. In it I see that which I could not observe in the most despotic country of the Continent. It does not accord with the national character of Scotland. To a stranger, it is an inconsistency which I cannot reconcile, and in the whole matter I consider the honour of Scotland to be involved." The bill was supported by five hundred petitions, signed by sixty thousand people, but was ultimately withdrawn. The discussion it elicited was not without its effect, however; its mover announcing, when he withdrew it, that two noble proprietors had given way while the bill was before the House.

In 1847 the subject was again brought up, but in a different form. By this time several of the other site-refusers had yielded. In thirty-five localities, however, sites were still refused to congregations numbering in all about sixteen thousand people. The Honourable E. P. Bouverie moved for a Select Committee to "inquire whether, and in what parts of Scotland, and under what circumstances, large numbers of her Majesty's subjects have been deprived of the means of religious worship by the refusal of certain proprietors to grant them sites for the erection of churches." This motion, supported by the Whig government (which, under Lord John Russell, had come into office since the subject was last before the House), was carried on a division. Mr. Guthrie gave evidence before the Committee at great length, his chief

interrogator being Sir James Graham, who, though strongly condemning the conduct of the site-refusers, had opposed the motion for inquiry.

"LONDON, *30th March*, 1847.

"I cannot tell you all about our examination before the Committee. We were all the better of Speirs, and Hope, and Makellar, and Crawford having gone before us: we were thereby prepared for the navigation. Nobody could believe Graham to be else than an Old Bailey counsel, whose object is to browbeat and entrap. He puts words in your mouth you never used, and assumes that you have granted what you deny. He is a gentlemanly fellow withal—a handsome fellow; smiles on you most fascinatingly, even when he intends to take you in; and when he would browbeat you, looks daggers with his great black eyes. I have not enjoyed anything so much for a long time as I did the sparring with Sir James. It was by all the world as I have felt when playing a game at draughts with a well-matched opponent. No doubt I was very well pleased, after two hours of it, to come off, for I felt conscious I marched off the field with flying colours. Maitland, who was present, though not a member of the Committee, said, on coming out, that Graham had found me an *ugly customer.* I was not a little anxious that I might give the enemy no advantage, and have to give God the glory, that, so far as we see, they got none.*

"I forgot to mention that, on Saturday, I met with Lord Ashley and the Hon. Mr. Cowper, and, with Mr. Maule, accompanied them to visit a school in Westminster." (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

Sir James Graham, in his examination, seems to have had two objects in view; first, to make it appear that Mr. Guthrie on his visit to Canobie had employed his well-known power of exciting feeling to rouse the people against the nobleman who had conceived it his duty to refuse a site; and second, to bring out that the power which Mr. Guthrie claimed for the Free Church he would deny to other sects. Whether Sir James succeeded

* In a letter to Miss G. Hay, dated 29th July, 1847, Mr. Guthrie says, in reference to Dr. Chalmers's evidence before this Committee, "Hugh Miller tells me that he considers it the finest specimen of evidence on record, equalled by none but that of Benjamin Franklin given before the House of Commons previous to the American Revolution."

in either of these endeavours, may be judged from the following queries and answers:—

1146. *Sir James Graham.*—"May I ask whether your own feeling was not that some oppression had been exercised towards these people?

Rev. Thomas Guthrie.—"Certainly, I felt that the people were in most grievous circumstances, being necessitated to meet on the turnpike-road; and not only I, but I may mention in addition that the person who drove me in the gig from Langholm to Canobie, when we came in sight of that congregation standing in the open air upon such a day, and in such a place, burst into tears, and asked me, 'Was there ever sight seen like that?'

1147. "You have mentioned that oppression makes a wise man mad: the feelings of the driver might be one thing; but you, a minister of the Gospel, would be very considerably excited by seeing what you have described, you thinking it an act of oppression upon the people?

"Deep feeling would be excited. If you mean by 'excitement' that I was ready to break forth into unsuitable expressions, I say certainly not. I felt, when I saw it, as if I could not preach—I was so overpowered by the sight. To see my fellow-creatures—honest, respectable, religious people—worshipping the God of their fathers upon the turnpike-road was enough to melt any man's heart.

1150. "Did you control your feelings altogether, even in the sacred ordinances which you administered on that occasion?

"I can say, with as full sincerity as ever I spoke a word in all my life, that most entirely I controlled them on that occasion; and, since you ask me what were my feelings, I will add that I felt the deepest regret that a nobleman so kind and generous as the Duke of Buccleuch should have been led to put himself in a position, as I thought, injurious to his own standing in the country. I cannot say it was anger, but sorrow and regret more than any other feeling.

1151. "Did you restrain all expression of that feeling, directly or indirectly, in the sacred ordinances which you dispensed?

"Yes, most certainly.

1152. "Did you not at all allude to the circumstances under which that congregation was assembled, and which were so peculiar?

"To the best of my recollection, I made no peculiar allusion to the circumstances of the congregation. I may have prayed

for people under trials; but to the best of my recollection I made no particular allusion; for I resolved that if I could ever restrain myself, I was to do it then.

1153. "Do you recollect what the subject of your discourse was?

"No, I really do not. Allow me to say that I am unfortunate enough to have a short memory for texts, and often forget the subjects of my discourses in a short time after.

1154. "That was a memorable occasion, as described in your letter;* so memorable as not to have been forgotten easily. Do you still say that you have no recollection of the subject-matter of your discourse to that congregation under circumstances so peculiar and not to be forgotten?

"Most entirely, and for this reason,—I went there resolved to preach the Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel. I went there with the feeling that if I had a discourse that might have appeared to refer to the Duke of Buccleuch, or to the circumstances of those people, I would have rejected it on that very account.

1155. "Without reference to the Duke of Buccleuch, was it not quite possible, and even natural, to have referred to people, without any fault of their own, labouring under oppression and wrong?

"I would not have done it, because I might have been misrepresented or misunderstood.

1156. "You say you have forgotten what your sermon was?

"Most entirely. I have not the most remote recollection of it.

1157. "In your preachings you make a more lively impression upon those who hear you; and it is possible that those who heard you may recollect more distinctly what the subject of that discourse was?

"Very likely. I may explain, as you seem to be surprised, so forgetful am I of that, that I have twice in one twelvemonth preached from the same text, and never known it till I was told it by the people.

* * * * *

1259. "You claiming sites for the Free Church upon the great and general principle of toleration, are you of opinion that that toleration ought to extend, and would extend, if pushed to its legitimate consequences, to the granting of sites for Roman Catholic chapels?

* Mr. Guthrie had read to the Committee the letter of 4th February, 1844, which we have quoted.

"I would grant a site to a Mahomedan—to any man who desired to worship God according to his conscience.

1263. "Jew or Mahomedan?

"Yes.

1264. *Mr. G. W. Hope.*—"Or idolater?

"Yes; I have no right to stand between a man and his God, whatever that God may be.

1266. *Mr. Fox Maule.*—"It would not at all deter them from doing their best, and taking every means in their power to convert the Jew, Mahomedan, or Idolater?

"Certainly not. I think it would be one way of preventing that conversion to refuse them."

The Committee reported on the 5th of July, 1847. The report, which was unanimous, concludes with these words:—"The compulsion to worship in the open air without a church is a grievous hardship inflicted on innocent parties; and while your Committee abstain from judging the motives which have led either to the Secession, or the refusal of sites, they hope that every just ground of complaint may be speedily removed by the voluntary act of those whose property gives them the means of redressing a grievance, and of thereby conciliating the goodwill of a large body of their countrymen."

For a considerable time, however, the grievance in various places remained unredressed. In the following year, for example, while Mr. Guthrie was at Ballater in Aberdeenshire, laid aside from work, the Free Church congregation there, to whom a site was still denied, had to meet at a distance from the village in a low thatched shed on a bare hillside. "We are still worshipping in the sheep-cot here," he wrote from Ballater on 22nd July, 1848. "I am sure the Continent and Ireland might teach these site-refusers that there are worse subjects of controversy than the Free Kirk, and worse people to deal with than us. It would do them a world of good if they had for some four-and-twenty hours only a tasting of the cup which God is giving other nations to drink."

The site-refusing proprietors, one after another, gave way, and some of them had the magnanimity, in doing so, to confess their mistake. When it became evident that time alone was wanted to bring the others round, Mr. Guthrie resolutely opposed any further appeal to the Legislature.

"CORSTORPHINE, *17th January*, 1849.

". . . . I went into town on Tuesday to a meeting of the Site Committee, at Mr. Hog's special request. The point was—Shall we go to Parliament and agitate the country this session on the question? There was a pretty long and keen discussion. Begg is always for keeping the pot boiling. We divided:—For continuing agitation, Candlish and Begg, 2; Against, and for a pause to leave the site-refusers time to come quietly round, Hog, Earle Monteith, Dunlop, Brown Douglas, Dr. Cunningham, and myself, 6. I am to go to no more such meetings; but it was a strong and needful case. I will not appear in Church Courts; but I told Cunningham to tell them that the time is now come when, if some of our ministers are made of such *dour* metal that their swords will not beat into ploughshares, their swords must be sheathed. We have fought long enough: let us spend the rest of our days ploughing and sowing." (*To his sister Jane.*)

At length, in 1862, Dr. Guthrie was able to say, from the Moderator's chair of the General Assembly, "We have outlived persecution. Our conduct has proved that we are not the agitators, and demagogues, and disturbers of the peace, that some people were weak enough to think, and some who knew better were wicked enough to say, we would be. We have lived down these calumnies. . . . These persecutions were not very agreeable, certainly,—not very consonant to Scripture—but I am very happy to say now that they are almost all past. No doubt, I did read the other day a copy of a letter from a landed proprietor to a tenant who had given house-room to one of our evangelists, which contained this remarkable postscript, 'Honour the king, and hate the Free Kirk,'—but I rejoice to think that these things are at an end. The exception proves the rule; and by-and-by

such parties will be numbered with those monstrous creatures, of which, happily for us, our earth contains nothing but the bones!"

The cases were, no doubt, exceptional, where the outgoing ministers were denied a spot of ground on which to build churches for their flocks, or manses for their families. The larger number of them were, within the first year, provided with churches of a more or less substantial kind (no fewer than five hundred having been run up before May, 1844); but, for country ministers, domestic privations were inevitable in the case of almost all.

"I have been a country minister myself," said Mr. Guthrie, when the day of trial was close at hand, "and I know well what country ministers will have to suffer. They have families for whom it was difficult enough to provide before, but for whom it will be ten times more difficult to provide now. They will be compelled to leave comforts to which many of them have been accustomed from their earliest years, and homes dear because of nature's beauties—for there is many a lovely manse in Scotland—but far dearer because of many a tender association." It was when the country minister returned to his distant parish from the stir of the metropolis—the excitement of a great event, in which he had been an actor, now over—that he had to face the stern realities of his position. That "Quitting the Manse," to which Mr. Guthrie alluded, forms the subject of a historical picture by Sir George Harvey, in the National Gallery at Edinburgh. The minister, sad but resolute, leads forth from the door of his manse an aged mother, her tottering form leaning heavily on his arm, as she descends the familiar steps. His wife, immediately behind, turns the key for the last time in the door; and by her side stands the eldest child, a girl, into whose eyes the tears have started

as she sees the flowers around the porch, and thinks she will train them no more. The younger children carry their little household pets—toys and caged bird—and, when they see the grey-haired elders and saddened parishioners who cluster round the doorsteps, wonder what it all means. The cart which conveys the furniture of the manse is seen passing the old church in the distance, while a humble vehicle awaits the family at the gate. A westering sun and far-off moorland complete a picture which will tell to future generations a touching tale, and go home to many a Scottish heart.

A fancy picture, no doubt, but one founded on stern fact. "I remember," said Mr. Guthrie, "passing a manse on a moonlight night, with a minister who had left it for the cause of truth. No light shone from the house, and no smoke arose. Pointing to it in the moonlight, I said, 'Oh, my friend, it was a noble thing to leave that manse.' 'Ah! yes,' he replied, 'but for all that, it was a bitter thing. I shall never forget the night I left that house till I am laid in the grave. When I saw my wife and children go forth in the gloaming, when I saw them for the last time leave our own door, and when in the dark I was left alone, with none but my God; and when I had to take water to quench the fire on my own hearth, and put out the candle in my own house, and turn the key against myself and my wife and my little ones, I bless God for the grace which was given me, but may He in His mercy grant that such a night I may never again see.'"

Their manses thus abandoned, many country ministers had no resource but to huddle their families into some vacant dwelling in the neighbourhood, or, transporting them to the nearest town, incur expenses they were little able to bear, as well as serious difficulty and fatigue in their discharge of pastoral duty. The whole circumstances of the case therefore, seemed to

necessitate an immediate effort to provide manses as well as churches; and it deserves to be recorded to the honour of the Disruption ministers that, though a committee was formed for inaugurating a manse fund so early as May, 1844, these men themselves unselfishly laid an arrest upon it, resolving that, until the Church's necessary machinery was all in working order, they would not allow their personal comfort to be consulted.

That year, 1844-45 (the second of the Church's existence), was signalised by the School Building Fund scheme, for which £50,000 was raised through the exertions of the Rev. Robert Macdonald (now Dr. Macdonald), and by the College Building Fund, which realized £20,000 more. The five great missionary schemes of the Church were by this time in vigorous operation; and the Sustentation Fund, which in 1843-44 amounted to £61,000, had increased in 1844-45 to £76,000. Ere the second year of the Free Church's existence closed, her adherents had raised £697,000; one great effort more, and the external framework of the Free Church would be complete. "By building manses," said Mr. Guthrie, "you will complete our ecclesiastical machinery, and give the Free Church a permanence in the country which it would not otherwise possess. Some one, a foe to our Church, said to a friend of mine in Glasgow, 'Well, we had some hope you would all go to pieces, and be driven out to sea after the Disruption. When we saw you build churches, we had less hope; when we saw you build schools, we had less still; but when you have built your manses you will have dropped your anchor, and there will be no driving you out.'"

Accordingly, in May, 1845, it was resolved to raise a central fund for this purpose. Fifty thousand pounds at once, and one hundred thousand pounds ultimately, was the lowest sum that could be deemed adequate. To ask all this from a community whose liberality had, during

the two previous years, been taxed as it had never been before, was a bold resolve, and one of which Mr. Guthrie himself almost dreaded the result. "I fear," he said, "that Mr. Macdonald has left the field something like that which two Irishmen came upon one day. 'Saw ye ever a field like this?' asked Pat. 'nothing but a stalk here and a stalk there!' 'Sure,' said the other, 'I've seen one far worse; I've seen a field with a stalk here and no stalk there at all!'" But the men who presided over the finances of the Free Church had struck a rich and apparently inexhaustible vein of generosity, and they knew that the people who loved their ministers, and honoured them for the sacrifices they had made, would respond to this fresh appeal.

The one essential requisite for the success of the Manse Fund Scheme was a man who could work it; who, with a large and tender heart, could plead the cause with the people in such a way as to rouse their enthusiasm, and, by a winning manner in private, draw forth their generosity. That man was found in Mr. Guthrie. The choice was due to the sagacity of Dr. Chalmers. "It was no office I sought myself," he said at Glasgow, when addressing the first public meeting on the scheme, "I would much rather have stayed at home with my own flock and my own family: I have had enough of speaking, and travelling, and fighting, and I am tired of it; and were it not that I have reason to believe that I am the last 'big beggar-man'* you will ever see, and were it not that the cause has all my sympathy and deepest interest, I would not have undertaken this work. I would have been happy had the Church chosen one better fitted for it than myself; but I am sure that in one

* This expression suggested the idea of a clever caricature of Mr. Guthrie by the late Rev. Wallace Duncan, of Peebles. The stalwart "beggar-man" is represented, staff in hand, carrying the manses of the Free Church on his back.

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respect no man could be better fitted, for if I have not a head, I have at least a heart for the work."

Apart, however, from his natural qualifications, there were circumstances which gave him a special preparation for this service. Not only, as we have already explained, had he witnessed something of the hardships which site-refusing entailed, but he had come into contact in various other ways with the privations his country brethren and their families were enduring. It was with pain to himself he had seen these; but, as the event proved, with no small advantage to his clients. A fire was kindled within him which would not let him rest, and it glowed in the earnest appeals he delivered all over the land.

"Some of you," he said, in the General Assembly of 1845, "may have read in the *Witness* an account of the death of Mr. Baird, the minister of Cockburnspath; a man of piety, a man of science, a man of amiable disposition, and of the kindest heart; a man dealt most unkindly by; though he would not have done a cruel or unjust thing to the meanest of God's creatures. I was asked to go and preach for a collection in aid of his manse last winter. He left one of the loveliest manses in Scotland. He might have lived in comfort in Dunbar, seven or eight miles away, but what was to become of his people? 'No,' said Mr. Baird, 'be the consequences what they may, I shall stand by my own people.'

"I went out last winter and found him in a mean cottage, consisting of two rooms, a 'but and a ben,' with a cellar-like closet below, and a garret above. Night came, and I asked where I was to sleep. He showed me a closet; the walls were damp, no fire could be put in it. I looked horrified at the place, but there was no better. 'Now,' said I to Mr. Baird, 'where are you to sleep?' 'Come,' said he, 'and I will show you.' So he climbed a sort of trap stair and got up to the garret, and there was the minister's study, with a chair, a table and a flock bed. A few inches above were the slates of the roof, without any covering, and as white with hoar frost within as they were white with snow without. When he came down the next morning after a sleepless night, I asked him how he had been, and he told me he had never closed an eye from

the cold. His very breath on the blankets was frozen as hard as the ice outside. I say that man lies in a martyr's grave."

After Mr. Guthrie had agreed to undertake the Manse Fund Mission, he resolved to visit the north of Scotland. "I was not in Sutherland," he said, "collecting money, but I was in Sutherland collecting that which made money; having gathered in that county some striking as well as some painful illustrations of the necessity that there was for such a scheme." He had for his companion on this occasion the late Rev. D. Carment, of Rosskeen.

"LAIRG, *25th June*, 1845.

"I went last evening to see the tent where our people worship, and have worshipped since the Disruption. It is situated in a beautiful hollow in the mountain above the village.

"Yesterday we got to Bonar Bridge, which crosses a narrow point of the Dornoch Firth, about one o'clock. We had sent word the day before that we would preach; so we went with the Free Church minister, Gustavus Aird, off to the church. Mr. Carment first discoursed about an hour in Gaelic, and then I another hour, in English. I am making nothing of the Gaelic, and was quite ashamed the other day in Invergordon to observe that the very cows understand it, and I don't! Carment is amused with my patience in sitting for hours and hearing Gaelic—I sat at the 'Men's' meeting for four hours, and heard nothing else. I just sit and study the faces of the people, and from Carment's use now and then of a proper name, and their faces, I sometimes make a pretty shrewd guess of what he is about.

"Close by the Free Church at Criech I saw an interesting place,—the rock under whose shadow, and the lake by whose side, the people worshipped God for more than two years, summer and winter, no less than thirty years ago. A Moderate was intruded: the people took up their bibles and left the church empty. The Seceders had not penetrated these Highland fastnesses, nor was there any Free Church then to help them; so they met under this rock, and the 'Men' conducted their services for two years there under the open sky. Afterwards they had to meet in different parts of the parishes; but now, after thirty years of separation, the Disruption—as they call it, the *Blessed Disruption*—has brought them together again in the Free Church." (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

"TONGUE INN, 26*th June*, 1845.

"I intended to have entertained you with another despatch to-morrow, not supposing that I would find time to write one to-day, or rather this morning—for it is morning still, and Mr. Carment, honest man (who is standing out well and in great good spirits, and is the best of company, full of pious, pungent, and witty observations), is still in bed.

"When we came in sight of this place, Ben Loyal was singularly beautiful. I wished Miss Fanny Stoddart * to have seen it, if she would have ventured to touch it. Spots of sunshine, breaking through the windows of the clouds, chased each other up the mountain as they hurried on to the skies. Here, a flood of golden light streamed down on the calm waters, while yonder, the sunbeams, making their way through the mist, poured a silver glory on rock and headland. I never all my days saw anything so beautiful;—it passed painting.

"I had intended to have breakfasted with the aged minister here, who, on my sending him notice of our arrival, came last night to see us. He lives with his son, who is his assistant and successor, in a bedroom in the parish schoolmaster's house. He is seventy-five years old—very asthmatic. His son is ill of a bilious fever, and he himself has suffered so from the exposure of last night, that a boy has just come, riding through a hurricane of wind and rain, to say that Mr. McKenzie will not be able to receive me to breakfast. His family live forty miles away, about Thurso. He pays for their accommodation there £35 per year. His manse (former one, I mean) is just at hand—the finest, save Arbirlot, I have almost seen—and now the old man rents a bedroom and bed-closet in his parish at four shillings a week. His family have had possession of the manse for nearly a century, and he himself has spent several hundred pounds in improving it. The people here are all Free Church, save a few big farmers. . . . .

"P.S.—I have just returned from seeing Mr. McKenzie. The way to his home is along the arm of the sea, out to the Northern Ocean. The day was fierce, with wind and rain beating hard in my face. After passing the beautiful manse which he had left, a mile or two further on I found the old man's shelter, in a mean cottage school-house under the lee of a heather hill. Before the filthy doorway there stood a broken cart and a black peat-stack, not a flower adorning it. There is a 'but and a ben,' with a small bed-closet off it. In the end with the closet the minister is sheltered.

* A gifted member of a family with whom Dr. Guthrie was intimately acquainted.

"I had just time to learn that the livelong night he had been very ill, when I stepped into a mean apartment, which is dining-room, library, bedroom, and all; and there, beyond the bed, sat the old man, half dressed, in a high-backed black chair, over which his grey locks were falling, he himself deep-buried in the sleep of exhausted nature. I stepped up to him, but he stirred not. I stood for a while, and looked on the touching picture, thinking, oh! if I had any of the men here who are persecuting our poor Free Church, surely they would be moved by such a sight as this; then, stealing across the floor, I pushed open the closet-door, and found his son stretched on his sick-bed, all the worse from hearing through the long night, while unable to relieve them, his father's sufferings. I stayed for a minute or two with the son, who was, amid it all, thankful that he did not lie on that fever-bed a renegade,—that his conscience and his father's were at peace.

"Every daisy on the road had its cup closed; and surely, thought I, if God in this storm so protects these little flowers, He'll not desert these two faithful servants—the venerable old man and a son worthy of his sire. I confess when, on my return, I again passed the manse, and looked on its smooth lawn, and chimneys, and neat, trim walks, I felt my corruption rising." (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

Both the McKenzies of Tongue died shortly thereafter. When the announcement was made in the General Assembly, Mr. Guthrie said, "I wish to bear my humble testimony to the worth of these men—I should rather say to the worth of these martyrs for those great principles for which we abandoned our earthly all. I fancy most of the members of this House are aware that I had the pain—the exquisite pain—and I must at the same time say the very high privilege—of seeing that noble father, and his no less noble son, witnessing under the most affecting circumstances a good and blessed confession. I shall never forget to my dying day the scene which I witnessed at Tongue."

Mr. Guthrie returned from this visit to the north full of ardour for the prosecution of his Manse Fund scheme. Meanwhile, the whole financial arrangements, under the unflagging energy of Mr. Robert Paul, the convener,

and Mr. Meldrum, the vice-convener of the scheme, had been made. Seven hundred manses were needed; the original sum aimed at for the Central Fund being £50,000 to meet present necessities and £100,000 ultimately. This Central Fund was not to supersede but to stimulate and supplement congregational effort. Each congregation was to receive from it a grant of £200; the cost of their manses over and above that sum to be raised by local exertion. Subject to exceptions in cases of particular hardship, the ministers of Highland parishes were to be the first participators; next those in the Lowland country parishes; then those in the small towns; and, lastly, those who, like Mr. Guthrie himself, lived in the large towns.

The Central Fund was to be raised from the middle and upper classes alone. "Five pounds is our lowest subscription," said Mr. Guthrie, "but don't run away with the idea that you are only to give £5. Dr. Chalmers said that if every household gave one penny a week to the Free Church of Scotland, we should have funds sufficient for all our purposes; and a great many people ran away with the idea of the one penny, and never gave more! My minimum, then, is £5; and if any man asks me what is my maximum, my answer is, 'Try me, and I'll tell you!'"

Subscribers were to have the option of paying by instalments, extending over five years. Mr. Guthrie attached great importance to this provision, and felt no delicacy in illustrating its advantages by his own case. He had (we may explain), in common with many of his brethren in Edinburgh and Glasgow, subscribed £100 to the Manse Fund. "It's no secret," he said in Glasgow, "that I am not rich, save in children; and, therefore, if any man had asked me, 'Mr. Guthrie, will you give £100, which you must pay down to-night?' he might as well have asked, 'Mr. Guthrie, will you fly?' But it

was quite another thing if a man came to me and said, 'Mr. Guthrie, will you subscribe £100, and I will give you five years to pay it in?' That altered the case altogether. After I had put down my name for the £100, I would just have to go home and consult with my wife how the money was to be paid—what luxury must be cut off. I would just advise you to get into this excellent scrape, and you will find a way to get out of it."

He broke ground on 9th July, 1845, in Glasgow. "I think," he said, "I showed no little common sense in going to Glasgow first; I understand very little of music, but I understand enough to know that if you begin to sing in a low key you cannot easily get up to a higher one; and it is with money as with music, if you begin on a low key, you cannot get up without great difficulty." So encouraging was the reception he met with in the capital of the West, that he was easily persuaded by several leading Free Churchmen there (among whom we find Mr. Guthrie specially mentioned Professor Rainy, M.D.), to aim at £100,000 instead of £50,000, as originally proposed. The sum of £10,000, subscribed in the first three days, seemed amply to warrant this resolution. As he told the audience at the meeting in the City Hall, "I have spent three of the happiest days I ever spent in my life, in this city. I have gone from house to house, and from counting-room to counting-room, and I have found no cold looks, but genuine kindness. I have been often told, 'Oh, Mr. Guthrie, there is no use for making a speech. We are quite prepared for you, sir; where's your book?' On Monday evening I wrote to Edinburgh, and next day I had a letter in which it was stated that they were all guessing at the sum I had got on Monday, and what amount do you think they guessed I had got? Why, they made it £1,500. Now the whole sum collected on Monday, during one half-hour's work, was not £1,500, but the first single

sum obtained was £1,500. I venture to say you know from whom that came—William Campbell of Tilliechewan."

Between the 9th day of July, 1845, when, in Glasgow, he addressed the first public meeting, and the first day of June, 1846, when he announced the result to the General Assembly, at Edinburgh, he must have travelled many thousands of miles. He visited thirteen synods, fifty-eight presbyteries, and several hundreds of separate congregations; in many cases preaching the gospel, always making a fervent appeal of an hour or more for his manse scheme. In the more important places he spent the following day in making personal visits, subscription-book in hand, to parties judged likely to subscribe.

"I commend Mr. Guthrie to you," said Mr. Fox Maule, at a Manse Fund meeting, "as one who, having left his family for long seasons together, has wandered over the greater part of Scotland, and talked as much as would have killed any ordinary man. He has, perhaps, subscribed more to this scheme than all of us put together." When one considers how this work was continued by him day after day, week after week, and month after month, it may be imagined how severe the strain on his nervous system it involved—a strain seriously increased during three months of that period by the knowledge that scarlet fever had invaded his home, prostrating seven children, one after another. That year's effort left effects on his frame which he carried to his grave.

The speeches which Mr. Guthrie delivered during these twelve months would, of themselves, fill a volume; and although the main burden of them all was necessarily similar, one is struck in reading them by his versatility, in adapting his remarks, pathetic or humorous, to the locality, the time, and the class he addressed.

After his success in Glasgow, Mr. Guthrie proceeded to the surrounding towns and country districts. He reported progress on 26th August, 1845, to a second meeting of the General Assembly held that year at Inverness.

Just before going there, he had received a letter from a member of his congregation, who sought his counsel in the following circumstances. She was the only member of her family (which occupied an influential position in a southern county) who belonged to the Free Church. While living in her own house in Edinburgh, this lady could act an independent part; but being now on a lengthened visit in the country to her nearest relatives, with no Free Church within a distance of convenient access, she was in difficulty how to act on the Lord's day. Would she compromise her principles by appearing in the family pew at the parish church?

To estimate aright Mr. Guthrie's reply, the reader must bear in mind that at that date (two years after the Disruption) party-feeling still ran very high in Scotland.

"EDINBURGH, 13*th August*, 1845.

"I very sincerely sympathize with you in your present delicate position. You know well that I am no bigot, and in these times we should do all we can to heal the wounds of controversy, and draw all sound-hearted men of all Evangelical denominations together; for, unless I mistake entirely the signs of the times, we are driving on one of two positions—the endowment of all (error as well as Divine truth), or the endowment of none; and most fervently do I hope and pray that the Lord's people in the Established Churches both of England and Scotland may get grace to say we will take no share in a system, lend no countenance whatever to a system, which, in effect, puts Antichrist on the same level with our Divine Lord Jesus Christ.

"I would do all I could with a clear conscience, therefore, to pour oil on the troubled waters of strife among good people; to prove that I did not deny other men's Christianity, because they in all things walked not with me; nay, even while I think that the Scottish Establishment has greatly failed in her duty to the Head of the Church, greatly sinned in the matter of the past controversy, and that it is the duty of Christ's people who

are within her to come out of her—still, I don't on that account deny to her the title of a Church of Christ; and I would not, therefore, refuse in ordinary circumstances to join in worship with her. We must, however, take care that our good is not evil spoken of. In present circumstances, *my* appearance within her walls would be made a bad use of; it would be turned against that cause for which we risked and left so much, and occasion would be taken to say (as is much tried) that there was never occasion for our going forth, and that, in fact, there is no difference between us.

"It does not, however, follow that others, in other circumstances, are bound down by the same difficulties. What I would advise only is, that in case you go to worship with the Established Church, you should let it be distinctly known to both parties, in any way you judge best, that you go, not because you are not a decided adherent of the Free Church, but on grounds of Christian Catholicism. May the Lord direct you in this and all other matters, and give you daily supplies of peace and grace, so that others seeing your light may be led to glorify God, and you yourself may be built up in every Christian grace.

"I am just about to set off for the north, else I had filled two sheets; and would have enjoyed to hold on thus talking to you. The Lord, in the matter of the manses, is blessing us amazingly. I have been working four weeks or so in the west; save in Dunoon and Rothesay, my labours have been confined to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, and from that Synod alone I will report at least £35,000 to the Inverness Assembly. I send you a copy of a speech. May the Lord, my dear friend, most richly bless you and all dear to you. With very great affection and esteem, I commend you to Him."

From the spirit of this letter, it is manifest that while Mr. Guthrie, by his exertions to raise the Manse Fund, was then doing his very best to build up his own Church and strengthen her position in the land, he had no sympathy with the attitude assumed by some of his brethren towards the Church which they and he had alike quitted. His sentiments on this point come out still more unmistakably in another letter written a few months after the date of the above, whilst still in the thick of his Manse Fund work, and breathing, as may

be supposed, a purely Free Church atmosphere. The proposal to form an Evangelical Alliance having been started, its programme was taken exception to by certain ministers of the Free Church because it was proposed to include ministers of the Scottish Establishment; and a small but pugnacious minority of Mr. Guthrie's brethren attempted to put the Free Church into the odious position of standing aloof from the proposed Alliance on this ground.

"EDINBURGH, 26*th February*, 1846.

"I am taken up with our present awkward position as to Evangelical union with other churches. Next week we are to have a conference on this subject, and for the first time since I have begun my Manse scheme I have called a halt, that I might attend that conference and protest against the dangerous, fatal, and, in my opinion, as impolitic as unchristian position into which some of our fierce and narrow-minded men would drive us. I had a talk with Chalmers about it at Kirkliston, and with Candlish to-day.

"First: I protest against having my Christian liberty interfered with by ———, and such like, or by any Church Court whatever in this matter. Secondly: I protest *in toto* against the uncatholic sentiments of these men, even as to the Residuaries.* Thirdly: I protest against the rule that I must withdraw myself from Christian Communion with all Christendom (save the ministers and members of my own Church) because I cannot get all Christendom to adopt my views of the Residuaries. The question is not, will you *invite* the Residuaries? but, will you withdraw from holding brotherly communion with all Christendom because they will not agree at your request to *exclude* the Residuaries?

"I have been warning my friends against committing themselves to a false and uncatholic position. The circumstances of the first Seceders I have held up to them as an awful warning. These good men rashly declared that the Established Church was little better than 'a synagogue of Satan.' They refused to admit Whitefield into their pulpits because he refused to agree to their demand that he should not enter the pulpit of an Established Church. Well, the revivals of Kilsyth, &c., took place. They were driven to choose one of these two alterna-

* The ministers of the Established Church.

tives: either admit they were wrong in denouncing the Establishment as a synagogue of Satan, or declare these revivals not to be manifestations of the Spirit, but delusions of the devil. Pride, and prejudice, and passion prevailed. They chose the latter, and grievously sinned. Some of our men are about to run the same course.

"If these principles are to be adopted, then we shall shrivel into our own shell, and become a mere narrow-minded, despicable sect, having flung away advantages of no common kind, and abandoned, I would say, the leadership of Evangelism in this and other lands. It is curious that it is the men in general who have sacrificed nothing for the Free Church, as well as those who hesitated about coming out, who are the loudest in their outcry."

When Mr. Guthrie reached Inverness, he announced to the General Assembly which met there in August, 1845, that from the western districts of Scotland alone he had obtained subscriptions for the Manse Fund to the amount of £37,650. During the following months of September, October, November, and December, he visited the Synods of Moray, Ross, Aberdeen, Perth, and Angus. Reaching Edinburgh at length, he addressed, on 11th December, 1845, an enthusiastic audience of 4,000 people in the vast low-roofed hall at Canonmills, where the first Free Church Assembly had met:—

"I have no fear for the ultimate result of our movement," he said. "I saw three hundred ministers within these walls sign away their earthly all, and even then I did not believe that God would desert His own servants. I felt then, as I do now, that, beg who may, under God, the hand that signed that Deed of Demission never will be held out for the world's cold charity, and that to the sons and daughters of these men God will be a Father.

"I call upon the people of Edinburgh to do their duty to these noble men and to this noble cause. I have been blamed for being too urgent in this matter. It may be; but let those who say this, remember where I have stood; let them remember what I have seen; I would not envy the man who, having had the same opportunities of being acquainted with the facts, would not be as urgent and as importunate. Had they entered, as I have done, the Highland hut—had they stood on its

clay floor, and under its black rafters, and seen the man of God living in a mere hovel—had they heard the trembling voice of the father tell that the last time he had seen his children they did not know him, he had been so long away from them—had they seen the father who told me his last work overnight was to stop up the openings through which the wild winds blew upon the couch of his dying child—had they seen those things, they would not have blamed me for being too importunate.

"Sir, I could stand the beating of the tempest of oppression, did it beat only on my own head; but to see the hectic flush on a child's cheek—to see the withering of a sore consumption—to carry to the grave the mother of a man's own children—to come back from the churchyard to hush the wail of a motherless infant, crying for a mother who was no longer on earth—these are trying afflictions, and that is what some of our homeless and houseless ministers have had to bear. May that right hand wither when I desert my brethren!"

At the close of the meeting, Mr. Guthrie intimated that nearly £80,000 of the £100,000 aimed at had been subscribed. No wonder that such a result, in so short a time, excited much surprise and much thanksgiving.

"On the Sunday immediately preceding the great Manse Meeting at Canonmills," writes Hugh Miller, in the *Witness* of 24th December, 1845, "there sat in Mr. Guthrie's church in Edinburgh, in the forefront of the gallery, immediately opposite the pulpit, a pale, spare little man, marked chiefly by a quick, watchful eye, who seemed very attentive to the discourse, and who, judging from appearances, must have been particularly struck by at least one of the announcements made by the preacher. He had been leaning slightly backwards, until nearly the close of the service, in the easy attitude of a person accustomed to listen with small effort; but only a few minutes ere the congregation broke up, the preacher succeeded, it was evident, in making a great impression on the little man. He sat bolt upright, looked sharply and suddenly forward, with something as like a stare as eyes so very watchful, and lips so compressed and so acutely defined, could be at all expected to express, and then dropping slowly into his former position, he seemed to be pondering over in his own mind the statement which had so roused him. It was simply to the effect that the preacher had already succeeded in procuring, in various parts of Scotland, subscriptions to his Manse scheme to the amount

of nearly eighty thousand pounds; and that, though not sure what his own congregation would do for it, he was yet inclined to hope the best, partly from the circumstance that he had found time to call on just seven of them, and that the joint contributions of the seven amounted to thirteen hundred pounds.

"The little spare man had detected in the statement a startling and a yet most solid theology, which, it was obvious, he could perfectly understand. He had met, too, in the course of the day, with several other things of a kind suited to impress him. In the morning he had attended service in the High Church—the *bonâ fide* High Church, for Dr. Gordon had brought only the congregation with him and not the building—and he had found it very cold and very empty; whereas, in forcing his way into Free St. John's, he had been almost squeezed flat in the lobby by a besieging crowd of brawny Scotchmen, and he had found every passage and corner densely occupied within. The little spare man was Lord John Russell, the leader of the Whigs."

Through the months of winter and early spring, Mr. Guthrie continued his "begging tour," visiting the Synods of Fife, Lothian, Merse and Teviotdale, Dumfries, and Galloway. If Madame de Staël's definition of happiness—"the active prosecution of an enterprise in which one finds himself making constant progress"—be well founded, Mr. Guthrie had very much to make him happy; while the anxiety and fatigue of that exciting year were alleviated by the friendships he formed in every class of society, and in every corner of his native land; for he found a welcome alike in the cottages which gave a temporary shelter to his country brethren, and under the gilded ceilings of Taymouth.

His work, too, was greatly lightened by the readiness with which the contributions—alike the maximum of £5,000 from Lord Breadalbane and the minimum of £5 from a working-man—were universally given. We remember him telling, among many other incidents of his tour, how often his fears were disappointed and his hopes exceeded in regard to subscribers. Dining

one evening at Monboddo House, in Kincardineshire, with the late excellent Captain Burnett, previous to his addressing the Free Church congregation of which his gallant host was an elder, Mr. Guthrie was somewhat disconcerted by the evident flurry and annoyance into which Captain Burnett was thrown by the disappearance of a pair of spectacles. "Too bad! Too bad!" he exclaimed more than once, "those glasses cost me fourteen shillings last year in London, and now the money's gone!" "This don't look well for my subscription-book to-night, was my mental reflection," added Mr. Guthrie in telling the story;—"if the loss of a pair of spectacles be counted so serious, how am I to look for £50? But what was my surprise and delight when Captain Burnett headed the list, after my speech, with a subscription of £200 to the Manse Fund!"

In public, Mr. Guthrie bore testimony to the readiness with which subscriptions were given:—"I could bring forward instances," he said, "in which I have actually restrained people from subscribing. In fact, wherever I went, I found I was no beggar at all. Ours were the generous grapes, and not the husks to which it is necessary to apply the *screw.* So far from pressing, I have often been struck with the way in which many a one put down his subscription. When my heart was full and I was ready to express my thanks, many and many a time have I been answered, 'You have not to thank us, Mr. Guthrie; but we have to thank you for giving us the opportunity to subscribe.'"

At length his work was done; and when the General Assembly met at Edinburgh, he had the high satisfaction, on 1st June, 1846, of announcing as the result of his year's labour that ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY POUNDS had been subscribed.*

* The total number of subscribers being 6,610, the average subscription

"The amount is larger than I ever expected," said Mr. Guthrie. "When I undertook this scheme last year, it was with no small fear and trembling that I went forth. I did not say it then, because I knew I would do my cause no service by a state of terror or alarm. But I say it now. Last year at this time, with the exception of a small sum of money, we had no Manse Fund at all. When I went first to Glasgow, Dr. Buchanan will remember he met me at the railway-station, and saw me with nothing but a flower in my buttonhole! But I knew I had a good cause,—I knew I had good clients, —and I knew that, having a good cause, God would bless me in this enterprise. I felt confident that if I could only get the ears of the people, I should not fail of success. I was much disposed to say with the poet Pope, when on one occasion he said he would address a field of corn. The people wondered what he would say; when Mr. Pope, taking off his hat, and bowing to the nodding corn, said, 'Gentlemen, give us your ears, and we shall never want bread.' In like manner, I was satisfied, if I could but get the ears of the Free Church people of Scotland, we should not want manses any more than bread.

"Were I not most thankful, I would be the most unthankful of men. I have personal cause of thankfulness, for I have gone out and come in in safety from all my journeyings. I have also domestic cause for thankfulness. A sword was brandished over my house for months; and many a time when I went away, it was with the fear that I would have another house to come to on my return. But God, in His great and undeserved mercy, put away that sword, and delivered mine from a disease that has ravaged many a dwelling.

"An artilleryman at Waterloo was asked what he had seen. He replied that he saw nothing but smoke. I have seen, however, a great deal more than smoke. The artilleryman was next asked what he had been doing. He replied, that he had 'just blazed away at his own gun.' Now I have been like the artilleryman, blazing away at my own gun; and if I have failed to attend to many matters brought before me during the last ten months, and neglected many letters sent me by my brethren, I hope for their pardon.

"I once thought—seeing that I have made a fortune of £116,000 in twelve months—of getting a ticket posted, with the words 'Retired from Business' printed on it in large black

was thus £19; "which," as he himself said, "brings out very satisfactorily the fact that the Free Church, while she rejoices in having a host of the humbler classes in her communion, also counts among her devoted adherents a large portion of the middle classes of the people."

letters! I have now only one request to make of the Church, and that is, that they would let me alone!"

The raising of the Manse Fund was Mr. Guthrie's greatest service to the Free Church, and many a sweet dwelling by seashore and in highland glen will long remain his monument. In the course of his journeyings in after-years, even in the Ultima Thule of Shetland, he had the unique satisfaction of seeing substantial dwellings he had helped to rear, surrounded by their gardens and greenery, and occupied by men of God and their families whose comfort he had been honoured to promote; and we can testify to the loving welcome he received from the peaceful groups at these manse firesides. The following extract from a letter of a highland minister gone to his rest presents a sample of many similar effusions of grateful hearts:—

"Free Church Manse,
"Bonar Bridge, Sutherlandshire, *3rd December*, 1846.

"Dear Mr. Guthrie,— . . . . You certainly ought to be amongst the first, *if not the very first*, to hear from a new Free Church manse the moment it is occupied by a living, speaking, grateful, mortal man. It is now some days since I came here from my endeared wee thatched house on the banks of the Sutherland Kyle. Though the change was to a comfortable mansion in a very pretty situation on the wooded banks of the river, I left the tiniest manse in the Free Church not without regret. There I was a free man, breathing the free air, amid a free and attached people, pitying the tenant of my former beautiful manse and garden,—scenes of much happiness and deep sorrow to me.

"Your portrait, presented to me by a friend in Edinburgh, has already its niche in this house. We don't mean to make you a tutelary divinity—a domestic 'lar'—but sure I am your name ought to be, and will be, familiar at our firesides as a household word. To how many scattered and spoiled groups you have been the honoured, favoured instrument of giving a comfortable and permanent resting-place!

"With affectionate respect,
"Yours very faithfully,
"H. Allan."

The gratitude of Mr. Guthrie's brethren ere long took a practical shape. They knew that the man who had raised so many manses for others, had not, as a town minister, any manse of his own; and when, in 1848, his health gave way, a movement was set on foot to provide him with a dwelling-house, to be raised by the contributions of ministers of the Free Church. Before the matter had gone very far, it came to Mr. Guthrie's ears; whereupon he wrote the following letter to the Rev. J. R. Glass, of Musselburgh, the convener of the Committee:—

"EDINBURGH, 23*rd November*, 1848.

"MY DEAR MR. GLASS,—A bird of the air carried to me the unexpected news that there was a movement to provide with a manse the 'Big Beggar Man' of the Manse Fund. . . . .

"Such a testimony of the kindness of brethren, you will believe me when I say it, I never looked for, and that when I undertook that mission I acted from no motive but a sense of duty to our Divine Head, and of affection for my esteemed and suffering brethren, and for no end personal save that of the satisfaction of seeing our Church strengthened, and those who had borne such noble testimony to the truth with good warm walls around them and a wind and water-tight roof over their heads.

"Though my tongue has been tied, and my hands shackled for months gone by, yet my eyes have not been closed, nor my heart, I hope, dead and frozen. Now, I have, within these few weeks or days past, been grieved to see that our India Mission and other schemes, and even the Manse Fund itself, have such difficulties to contend with in these difficult times;* and I feel it to be wrong that I should allow anything personal to me to stand as the smallest obstruction in the way of doing our full duty to the cause of our Master, our brethren at home, and the perishing heathen abroad.

"And so, my dear Sir, with my most cordial and unfeigned thanks to you, and those other kind friends who have interested themselves in this cause, I have to request that you will call your Committee together, lay this communication before them, and then (as Dr. Chalmers used to say was the office of

* Trade was still paralyzed by the effects of the railway crisis in the previous year.

Committees) consign this affair to a quiet and decent grave. I take the will for the deed, and pray you, with affectionate regards, &c."

Ultimately, Mr. Guthrie's objections to receive some token of his brethren's gratitude were removed; and, for the last seventeen years of his life, he occupied a villa in a suburb of Edinburgh, one of whose attractions in his eyes was, that part of the purchase-money was a thank-offering to him from his country brethren.

CHAPTER VII.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

It has been remarked with truth that it was the same element of his nature—*compassion*—which enlisted Dr. Guthrie * in the enterprise of providing homes for the children of *outed* country ministers, and of rescuing from starvation and ignorance the outcast children of the city streets. A connecting link may thus be traced between his Manse Fund Mission, which terminated so successfully in 1846, and the Ragged School enterprise, on which he entered in the following year.

The *rationale* of the latter movement is now well known, and widely appreciated. One aspect of it has been forcibly presented by Charles Dickens. In an eloquent letter, addressed in 1846 to the *Daily News*, Dickens described the Ragged Schools then begun in London as "an effort to introduce among the most miserable and neglected outcasts some knowledge of the commonest principles of morality and religion; to commence their recognition as immortal human creatures, before the gaol chaplain becomes their only schoolmaster; to suggest to society that its duty to this wretched throng, foredoomed to crime and punishment, rightfully begins at some distance from the police-office; and that the careless maintenance from year to year in

* Mr. Guthrie did not receive the degree of D.D. till 1849; but, for the sake of convenience, we speak of him throughout this chapter under his more familiar designation.

this capital city of the world of a vast hopeless nursery of ignorance, misery, and vice, a breeding-place for the hulks and gaols, is horrible to contemplate."

The scheme is one of the latest developments of Christian philanthropy. Prison discipline has, since the days of John Howard, undergone a thorough reform; yet, while the condition of our prisons was ameliorated, until a comparatively recent date, strange as it may seem, little or nothing was attempted to diminish the future supply of prisoners. Year after year, a fresh crop of miserable young creatures was suffered to grow up, for whom no man seemed to care. Passing through the various stages of juvenile delinquency, they developed ere long into hardened criminals, and so, continuously, the process went on; nor was it until the children of the streets had committed crime, and found themselves within the grim walls of a cell, that the country thought of providing them with clothing, or food either for mind or body. To arrest a main stream of sin and sorrow at its very fountain head—to lay hold of those who are "ready to perish" ere they have got hopelessly beyond our reach—is an endeavour as wise and patriotic as it is Christian; and few men nowadays will dispute the need or the value of Ragged Schools.

Let it be understood that a Ragged School—in the sense of the term used by Dr. Guthrie—implies a school where, along with education both sacred and secular, food, clothing, and industrial training are gratuitously supplied. The honour of having devised those admirable institutions belongs to Sheriff Watson,* who in 1841 opened in Aberdeen the first Ragged (or, to use his term,) Industrial Feeding School. The progress of the movement has been marvellous since that date; and although Dr. Guthrie—as he willingly acknowledged

*** Dr. Guthrie's third son, Patrick, married in 1860 a niece of Sheriff Watson—Mary, daughter of Laurence Anderson.**

—only followed in the footsteps of his friend, he did more than any other man to popularise the scheme, and by his pen and voice to draw towards it the attention of the whole country. It is not without justice that Mr. Smiles, in "Self-Help," has denominated him "the Apostle of the Ragged School movement," for he raised such a tide of sympathy in their favour, that now there is scarcely a town of any importance in Britain which has not such a Bethesda for the little waifs of the street, while at ten of our seaports are stationed training-ships, which are neither more nor less than Ragged Schools afloat.

The condition of the children for whose rescue these schools have been opened painfully impressed Dr. Guthrie at an early period of his ministry. "Five-and-thirty years ago," he wrote, in 1872, "on first coming to this city, I had not spent a month in my daily walks in our Cowgate and Grass-market without seeing that, with worthless, drunken, and abandoned parents for their only guardians, there were thousands of poor innocent children, whose only chance of being saved from a life of ignorance and crime lay in a system of compulsory education." But he saw as clearly, that even were such a system obtained (of which the prospect then seemed far distant), the attempt to teach children who were starving and in rags would prove hopeless. A humble man in England had dealt with this difficulty on a small scale; and Dr. Guthrie has related how, indirectly, that attempt stimulated himself to deal with it on a much greater:—

"My first interest in the cause of Ragged Schools was awakened by a picture which I saw in Anstruther, on the shores of the Firth of Forth. It represented a cobbler's room; he was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees; that massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character; and from beneath his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor

children, some sitting, some standing, but all busy at their lessons around him. Interested by this scene, we turned from the picture to the inscription below; and with growing wonder read how this man, by name 'John Pounds,' by trade a cobbler, in Portsmouth, had taken pity on the ragged children, whom ministers and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were leaving to run wild, and go to ruin on their streets; how, like a good shepherd, he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts, how he had trained them up in virtue and knowledge, and how, looking for no fame, no recompense from man, he, single-handed, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin and saved to society no fewer than five hundred children.

"I confess that I felt humbled. I felt ashamed of myself. I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment, and in my calmer and cooler hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it, 'That man is an honour to humanity. He has deserved the tallest monument ever raised on British shores!' Nor was John Pounds only a benevolent man. He was a genius in his way; at any rate, he was ingenious; and, if he could not catch a poor boy in any other way, like Paul, he would win him by guile. He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged urchin on the quays of Portsmouth, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but a potato! He knew the love of an Irishman for a potato, and might be seen running alongside an unwilling boy with one held under his nose, with a temper as hot and a coat as ragged as his own."

That visit to Anstruther occurred in 1841, two years before the Disruption. The excitement of the Church question, and the share he had to take thereafter in consolidating the Free Church, diverted for a time his energies and thoughts into other channels. Still, the condition of these city waifs recurred often to his thoughts.

"One night I went with one of my elders to the police office. In a room hung with bunches of skeleton keys, dark lanterns, and other implements of housebreaking, sat the lieutenant of the watch, who, seeing me handed in at the midnight hour by a police commissioner, looked surprise itself. Having satisfied him that there was no misdemeanour, we proceeded to visit the wards, and, among other sad and miserable objects, saw a

number of children, houseless and homeless, who found there a shelter for the night. Cast out in the morning, and subsisting as they best could during the day, this wreck of society, like the *wrack* of the sea-shore, came drifting in again at evening-tide.

"After visiting a number of cells, I remember looking down from a gallery upon an open space, where five or six human beings were stretched on the stone pavement buried in slumber; and right before the stove, its ruddy light shining full on his face, lay a poor child, who attracted my especial attention. He was miserably clad; he seemed about eight years old; he had the sweetest face I ever saw; his bed was the pavement, his pillow a brick, and as he lay calm in sleep, forgetful of all his sorrows, he might have served for a picture of injured innocence. His story was sad, not singular. He knew neither father nor mother, brothers nor friends, in the wide world; his only friends were the police, his only home their office. How he lived they did not know; but there he was at night; the stone by the stove was a better bed than the steps of a cold stair. I could not get that boy out of my head or heart for days and nights together. I have often regretted that some effort was not made to save him. Before now, launched on the sea of human passions and exposed to a thousand temptations, he has, too probably, become a melancholy wreck; left by a society, more criminal than he, to become a criminal, and then punished for his fate, not his fault."

It was with delight and the deepest interest Dr. Guthrie heard of Sheriff Watson's work at Aberdeen, as well as of a school established on the same principle in the following year at Dundee. In Edinburgh, meanwhile, Mr. Smith, the excellent governor of Edinburgh prison for the last thirty-five years, had in 1842 laid before the Inspectors of Prisons a proposal to establish a school of industry for juvenile delinquents in Edinburgh; in 1845 he printed a circular letter calling the attention of the Edinburgh ministers and magistrates to the lamentable fact that seven hundred and forty children under fourteen years of age (and of that number, two hundred and forty-five under ten years old) had been committed to prison during the three previous years.

In Edinburgh itself, therefore, the Ragged School movement had a pioneer in Governor Smith, but it was left to Dr. Guthrie to rouse the community at large to its duty.

It had been ascertained that at least one thousand boys and girls were growing up in that city ignorant in the midst of knowledge, savages in the midst of civilisation, heathens in the midst of Christianity; many of them orphans, some of them—worse off than orphans—with drunken and cruel parents. They lived in dark, squalid rooms, or were driven to the streets to sleep in some stair or empty cellar. These were the children whom afterwards he named "city Arabs," a designation which has found a place in our vocabulary.

The power of food as a magnet, which Pounds the cobbler had employed in Portsmouth to attract destitute children to school, had been confirmed by the experience of Aberdeen and Dundee; and Dr. Guthrie has narrated a dialogue on this very point with two subjects of the class he sought to save:—

"Strolling one day" (probably in 1845 or 1846) "with a friend among the romantic scenery of the crags and green valleys around Arthur Seat, we came at length to St. Anthony's well, and sat down on the great black stone beside it, to have a talk with the ragged boys who pursue their calling there. Their 'tinnies' were ready with a draught of the clear cold water in hope of a halfpenny. We thought it would be a kindness to them, and certainly not out of character in us, to tell them of the living water that springeth up to life eternal, and of Him who sat on the stone of Jacob's well, and who stood in the Temple, and cried, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' By way of introduction, we began to question them about schools. As to the boys themselves, one was fatherless, the son of a poor widow; the father of the other was alive, but a man of low habits and bad character. Both were poorly clothed. The one had never been at school; the other had sometimes attended a Sabbath school.

"Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honour to lead the enterprise, the idea of a Ragged School was

then floating in my brain ; and so, with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said, 'Would you go to school if —besides your learning—you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there ?' It would have done any man's heart good, to have seen the flash of joy that broke from the eyes of one of them, the flush of pleasure on his cheek, as—hearing of three sure meals a day—the boy leapt to his feet, and exclaimed, 'Ay, will I, sir, and bring the haill land,* too ;' and then, as if afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and munificent an offer, he exclaimed, 'I'll come for but my dinner, sir !' "

During the larger portion of 1845-46, as explained in the preceding chapter, Dr. Guthrie was absent from Edinburgh; but he had not long returned from his Manse Fund tour till he embarked on this new mission of mercy. It was in 1847 he first became known to the world as a philanthropist, by the publication, in the beginning of that year, of his (first) "Plea for Ragged Schools." The circumstances which led to his writing it are thus related by himself :—

"My congregation of Free St. John's, after building their church, found themselves in possession of a large room in its underground story. We had to consider to what good purpose this under building could be turned. The neighbourhood swarmed with hundreds of ragged children, who, obliged to steal or beg their food, or starve—neither went nor could go to any common school ; and, with the view of saving a few of these, I proposed that the congregation should set up and maintain a ragged feeding industrial school for some twenty or thirty waifs. The proposal was agreed to, and orders given for the necessary apparatus of soup-boiler and porridge-pot. Some of our office-bearers, however, became alarmed, not very unnaturally, at the responsibilities we were about to incur : and in consequence the attempt was abandoned.

"I was cast down at this. Indeed I never was so much cast down in all my life : I felt the vexation and grief of a man who, having launched a good sturdy boat, sees her before she has taken ten strokes from the shore seized by a mighty billow, flung back, and dashed to pieces on the strand. But it was not a time to sit and wring my hands. These poor, wretched,

* All the children in the same "land" or tenement of building.

ignorant, neglected children were perishing around me, and something must be done. I could appeal to the public, so that instead of having a small cock-boat with the flag of Free St. John's hoisted at its peak, I could build a frigate with a Union Jack flying from its mast-head: I accordingly wrote my first appeal, and made my first appearance in print."

"I published my Plea" (he wrote to Mr. Carment, a year and a half thereafter) "with fear and trembling, and but that I was, with yourself, a very vehement advocate of Ragged Schools, I would never have ventured on such a walk. If a man's fire is kindled and passion up, he'll *run* along the narrow ledge of a precipice, where, in his cooler, calmer moments, he would not venture to creep." And we have heard him mention more recently, in illustration of how little a man sees before him, his own experience in connection with that *brochure.* He was at the time almost without experience as a writer, and extremely diffident of success. "I remember," he said, "of returning home after committing the manuscript to the printer, and thinking, Well, what a fool I have made of myself!"

How was he mistaken! Every post brought in, from all kinds of persons, letters of thanks and laudation, and (what he valued much more) substantial proofs that his appeal had gone home to the writers' consciences and hearts. "I was astonished at the result of my first Plea for Ragged Schools. It fell like a spark among combustibles; it was like a shot fired from the Castle, and it brought me more volunteers to man my boat than she could well carry."

When Dr. McCrie published his great work, the Life of Knox, he was surprised one day, on the opening of his study door, to see Dugald Stewart enter, and after that famous metaphysician had explained the object of his visit, and pronounced a high encomium on the book he had just finished reading, McCrie rose, bowed modestly, and

said—"Jucundum est laudari a laudato."* With feelings somewhat similar, Dr. Guthrie received the following letter from the greatest of British critics:—

"24, Moray Place, *Sunday, March 14th*, 1847.

"Rev. and dear Sir,—You must have had too many thanks and compliments from mere strangers, on your late thrilling appeal on behalf of our destitute schools, to feel any surprise at finding among the bearers of such offerings one whose name probably is not unknown to you, and of whom you may even have heard as one of the humblest and least efficient promoters of the great and good work to which you have rendered such memorable service.

"I have long considered you and Dr. Chalmers as the two great benefactors of your age and country, and admired and envied you beyond all your contemporaries, though far less for your extraordinary genius and eloquence, than for the noble uses to which you have devoted these gifts, and the good you have done by this use of them. In all these respects, this last effort of yours is perhaps the most remarkable and important; and among the many thousand hearts that have swelled and melted over these awakening pages, I think I may say that none has been more deeply touched than my own. If I were young enough to have the chance of tracing his passage to manhood, I believe I should have taken a boy on your recommendation; but, as it is, I can only desire you to take one for me, and to find him a better superintendent; and for this purpose I enclose a draft for £50, which I request you to apply in the way you think best for the advancement of your great experiment.

"I trust that the object I have in view will be sufficient apology for the trouble I may be giving, and beg that you will believe me, Reverend and dear Sir, with all good wishes,

"Very respectfully and faithfully yours,

"F. Jeffrey."

Almost every newspaper gave extracts from the Plea, while (an honour which seldom falls to the lot of a sixpenny pamphlet) it formed the subject of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. Subscriptions to the extent of £700 were in a few weeks in Dr. Guthrie's hands; an

* "It is pleasant to be praised by one who is himself the object of praise."

interim committee was formed; and a room hired in a house on the Castle Hill.* To himself, one of the most delightful features of the way in which his Appeal had been met, was the sympathy with the object in view shown by persons of every Evangelical denomination in the city. Forgetful of all distinctions in the greatness of the emergency, they combined in offering him ready aid.

"Some people at first suspected it was to be a Free Church job. A distinguished man called upon a friend of mine, when I took it upon myself to summon the community of Edinburgh on behalf of those poor children, and said to him, 'I've got a summons from Guthrie to attend a meeting; I don't think I'll go.' 'Oh,' said my friend, 'I think you should go, the object is good.' 'But,' he replied, 'I'm afraid it's a Free Church job'!"

At the preliminary meeting of which he here speaks, and which was held on 22nd March, 1847, he said—

"I and my friends who originally moved in this matter are desirous to be lost sight of, and to be merged in a general committee containing a full and fair representation of all classes in the community. I am anxious to retire altogether from further public management of this matter. If anything I have done can be the means of promoting such a blessed scheme, I shall count it one of the happiest circumstances of my life; and it will be some amends for the hours of misery, and almost of agony, which I have endured in this city, in being compelled to look on temporal and spiritual misery which I found myself altogether unable to relieve."

At that meeting, a general committee was accordingly nominated by the Lord Provost, Mr. Adam Black.

* About the same time, a feeding-school for the poorest class of children was established by the Rev. Dr. Robertson in the New Greyfriars parish. "It matters little," were Dr. Robertson's generous words after Dr. Guthrie's death, "who it was that established the first Ragged School in Edinburgh or in Scotland. It is not the single school which Thomas Guthrie established under the shadow of our ancient fortress which is his real monument, but the hundreds of Ragged Schools which the powerful pleading of his eloquent tongue and pen has planted in half the cities of the British empire."

That committee, which contained men of all shades of opinion, political and ecclesiastical, forthwith prepared a constitution and rules for the new Association. These were as follows—(and we quote them here, that the reader may understand the unhappy controversy to which their interpretation afterwards gave rise):—

"It is the object of this Association to reclaim the neglected or profligate children of Edinburgh, by affording them the benefits of a good, common, and Christian education, and by training them to habits of regular industry, so as to enable them to earn an honest livelihood, and fit them for the duties of life. The general plan upon which the schools shall be conducted, shall be as follows, viz.:—

"To give the children an allowance of food for their daily support.

"To instruct them in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

"To train them in habits of industry, by instructing and employing them daily in such sorts of work as are suited to their years.

"To teach them the truths of the Gospel, making the Holy Scriptures the groundwork of instruction."

On 8th April, 1847, at a public meeting held in the Music Hall, this constitution was unanimously approved. "For some short while, matters went smoothly enough. There was confidence within our committee and no cloud without, and the happy, I will say the holy, spectacle was seen of men, who had been at war, now cultivating the arts of peace, forgetting differences in a common object, and meeting with swords turned into ploughshares, to break up the ground which had long been fallow. We began with a small number, but were gradually filling up, when symptoms of that controversy began to appear which ended in an open rupture."

The circumstances which led to that rupture were these:—In the school, when first commenced, about one-half of the children were of Irish and so, presumably, Roman Catholic parentage. Ere long, it was asserted

by an anonymous writer in a newspaper that Catholics were excluded from the school. This being easily disproved, it was next asserted, that the constitution of the Society was violated, and the school so conducted as virtually to exclude Roman Catholic children.

Whatever Dr. Guthrie may have suspected regarding their influence, the priesthood in Edinburgh were not the ostensible movers in the matter, as they had been in Dundee, and as Cardinal Wiseman was at a later date in London, when in a sermon he denounced the Ragged Schools there. Had Roman Catholics come boldly forward in Edinburgh, Dr. Guthrie would not have been seriously disconcerted; but what he felt was the delicate position in which this misunderstanding placed him towards parties who had shown a real interest in his enterprise, and whose talents and social position gave them weight in the community. He was most unwilling to contemplate a separation (if it could possibly be avoided) from these gentlemen, in respect to a matter where he and they had much in common; but he felt the question was one of conscience, and he determined to maintain, at all hazards, the ground he had taken up from the first.

To THE RIGHT HON. FOX MAULE, M.P.

"*June* 24*th*, 1847.

"It is a very sad thing that one cannot attempt the salvation of these poor outcasts without interference from parties who were leaving them quietly to perish. People who will do nothing themselves for the education and amelioration of these unhappy children, however slow at giving money, are swift at finding fault. Our schools are on a footing truly Catholic; but because we will not permit them to be made a Popish machinery, the priests oppose them, and because we will not part with God's Word and banish the Bible from these schools, the falsely so-called Liberal Educationalists throw cold water on the holy fire we seek to kindle. These schools are intended for the children who are the outcasts and offscourings of our lowest streets, and we consider ourselves as much in the place of parents to them as if, in place of sending them to these

schools, we opened our doors to them and received them into our families. The priests are at the bottom of this movement, and using others as their tools.

"I hope the day will never come when, in this free and Christian land, we shall be deprived of the liberty of feeding and training up in the fear of God a poor outcast with our money without consent of a dominant priest. You will see from a copy of rules which I have ordered to be sent how really Catholic we are. We cannot consent to be Roman Catholic—while we leave them full liberty to pursue their own plans. The truth is, it is an utter abuse of terms to call these children either Protestant or Catholic. They are steeped in all the darkness of heathenism, and more than all its vices. In the event of any child of a *poor*, *decent Catholic* being admitted into our schools, we are perfectly willing to intrust that child to its parent on the Sabbath day to take to chapel."

"The Acting Committee," wrote Dr. Guthrie, "in their own defence, and in answer to the charge of introducing a system of religious tests into the schools, and of excluding in Roman Catholic children the largest portion of those children for whom the schools were designed, published a statement. Though the efforts of the Committee were successful in satisfying a large portion of the public, there still remained some of our original subscribers, between whom and the Committee there was an important and, as it proved to be, an irreconcilable difference. These gentlemen requested the Lord Provost to call a meeting 'for the purpose of having it clearly ascertained, whether the schools will be conducted on a system which must necessarily exclude children of the Roman Catholic or any faith which differs from that of Protestant teachers?' It was now feared, though not openly proclaimed, that an attempt would be made to exclude the Word of God from the Ragged School, and limit the education to secular instruction, leaving the Protestant and Roman Catholic parties to manage the religious interests of the children as they best might. The battle, which had begun in Aberdeen and Dundee, had now extended to the capital, and the public

meeting which had been called by the Lord Provost was, more than any meeting which had been for a long time held in Edinburgh, looked forward to with the liveliest interest by the warmest friends of Bible truth, and the wisest friends of these unhappy children."

The day of the public meeting, July 2nd, 1847, arrived, and those who were present will not soon forget the scene. It had all the excitement of a pitched battle. The Hall was filled to the ceiling long ere the speakers appeared. On either hand of the Lord Provost were ranged the opposing parties; Lord Murray, Professor Gregory, and Mr. Simpson, advocate,—representing the "Liberal Protestants,"—on the one side; and Dr. Guthrie, Sheriff Speirs, and Dr. Lindsay Alexander on the other.

"These Ragged Schools," said Dr. Guthrie, in the speech he made on that occasion, "are peculiar schools. They are not intended for the children of ordinary decent parents. Their very existence, the crying necessity for them, arises from the existence of a class in our cities who are in fact nothing at all. It is an utter abuse of words to call these children Roman Catholics or to call them Protestants. They are outcasts, regardless of all religion—without even the profession of any; and it is in that light and character I must look at them here.

"Mark how I stand. I say that the responsibility of the religious upbringing of the child lies upon the parent; and if there be no parent, or none to act a parent's part (if the parent, for instance, be a worthless, profligate mother), on whom does the responsibility next lie? I join issue with the Catholic here. He says that it lies with the priest. I say it lies with the good Samaritan who acts the parent's part. I say that it neither lies with the priest nor the Levite who passed by upon the other side; it lies with the man who resolves, by the strength of his own exertions, to save the poor outcast child. I shall never forgive myself in this world that once I did not save a child from ruin. Had I attempted it (there being then no Ragged School), what should I have done? I would have brought it, a homeless, helpless outcast, to my own home, and before God and man would have felt myself bound to give it

the Bible I give to my own children. What is a Ragged School but a gatherer of such miserable outcasts? They are cast upon my care to share in the blessings of my humanity and Christianity.

"What difference is it to me whether I save a poor child from the wreck of society or from the wreck of the sea? Let me put a case. A ship has stranded on the stormy shore. I strip, and plunging headlong into the billows, buffet them with this strong arm till I reach the wreck. From the rigging, where he hangs, I seize and save a boy. I bear him to the shore, and through the crowd, who watched my rising and falling head, and blessed me with their prayers, I take him home. What happens now? Forth steps a Roman Catholic priest, and, forsooth, because yon ship contained its Irish emigrants, claims the child, the prey of my humanity, the half-drowned boy that clings to his preserver's side; he would spoil me of my orphan, and rear him up in what I deem dangerous error. I have two answers to this demand. My first is, I saved the boy; the hand that plucked him from the wreck is the hand which shall lead him in the way to heaven. My second is, to point him to the wreck and the roaring sea; I bid him strip and plunge like me, and save those that still perish there.

* * * * * *

"I rejoice that the cloud which hung over the Ragged Schools is now dispelled. There were some who doubted before whether they would have a decidedly religious school of a decidedly Bible character. Thanks be to God for this storm; it has cleared the atmosphere. Above the door of these Ragged Schools men shall henceforth see an open Bible, this glorious text upon its page, 'Search the Scriptures.' No man feels a more lively interest in these schools than I do. I have thought and pondered over them. I have prayed over them, and I am not ashamed to say that I have wept over them; but, dear as they are to my heart, I say, perish the Ragged Schools, if they are only to be kept up by parting with the Bible. I would rather that we were found like the body of the sailor boy which lay on the lone sea-shore. A handkerchief was tied around it, and when the spoiler came, he thought it was gold; he tore it open and found the Bible which his mother gave him with a mother's blessing. And now, if other men won't do it, these hands of mine shall do it; I shall bind the Bible to the Ragged Schools, and committing this cause to the care of Providence, there I take my stand."

After the speakers on both sides had been heard, the

Lord Provost put the question to the meeting, and in support of the views thus expressed quite a forest of hands was held up in every part of the building. "With the exception," writes Dr. Guthrie, "of a very small portion of the audience, that immense and influential assembly, embracing Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents, expressed its entire and hearty approval of the step which the committee had taken, in resolving that the Word of God should be taught *during the ordinary school hours.* Edinburgh never uttered its voice more distinctly or more decidedly on any question or on any occasion. It was a blessed sight to see Protestants of all Evangelical denominations, and those of them who but a few years before had been arrayed against each other in the Voluntary and Non-Intrusion controversies, now fighting side by side, rallying around the Bible with the kindness of brethren and the keenness of men in earnest."

To Provost Guthrie.

"Edinburgh, *July 7th*, 1847.

"The fight came off gloriously last Friday. I was in a delicate position, very much annoyed about the matter. Well, I never went to a meeting so anxious, and never left one so thankful. All men think it is the most important and the most successful meeting which has been held here for days and years. The lords, I take it, won't come back in a hurry to have their coats dusted before an audience in the Music Hall. We had unspeakable cause to bless the Lord. 'The men of might' (on the other side) 'have not found their hands.' My known liberality gave a force to my blow, which no talent would have given to the arm of a bigot or narrow-minded man. As I told Tweedie and Candlish, by way half joke half earnest, people would say, 'Well, if Guthrie won't swallow this proposed dose of Dunfermline and Murray, it must be very bad indeed.'"

The reference in the latter sentence will be understood when it is explained that Dr. Guthrie was considered by certain persons to take somewhat low ground as to the value and results of the religious instruction communi-

cated in ordinary day-schools. He did not certainly rate these so highly as some of his brethren; because in the case of children whose parents were church-going and well conducted, he trusted much more to home and pastoral training than to the ordinary day-school teacher for instilling divine truth. And if he were asked, Why refuse, for these Ragged Schools, arrangements with which you are satisfied elsewhere? this was his reply, "Considering the condition of the children, and the character of the parents who are living without the fear either of God or man, and do not even make a profession of religion, the principles which might rule a national system of education are not applicable here."

It was on this very account that he felt great anxiety to secure qualifications of a special kind in the Ragged School teachers and officials. "What I desiderate in all our officials," he wrote in a letter to Miss Louisa Hope, "is sincere piety; a warm Christian affection for the souls of these poor children; a mind which will not be content with a perfunctory discharge of duty, not even with remarkable success in the way of improving their intellects and reforming their outward habits; but a mind and soul which burns with love to Christ, and will be satisfied with nothing short of seeing these children converted and saved."*

The result of the discussion was, that those gentlemen of the committee who disapproved the principles of Dr.

* "We observe," wrote the Rev. William Arnot after Dr. Guthrie's death, "that the organs of the more secular sections of the community admire the talents and character of Dr. Guthrie and pay a hearty tribute of respect to his memory. Some of them, at the same time, through a mental perversity allied to colour-blindness, refuse to recognise the fountain where the stream of his charities sprang. They own the greatness of his benevolent work, but knowingly intimate that, in order to perform these blessed services to the community, he came out of his theological circle, and left his Calvinism behind him. This is precisely the contrary of the truth. The stream of his benevolence flowed from the well-spring of his faith. It was the love of Christ that constrained him to visit the widows and orphans in their affliction."

Guthrie and his friends instituted another school, which they named the United Industrial, on the principle of joint secular and separate religious instruction. The general funds of that school are devoted to secular instruction alone; while at a certain hour the children are separated, the Protestants to receive religious instruction from a Protestant teacher, the Roman Catholics from a Catholic.

To the close of life, Dr. Guthrie remained unshaken as to the soundness of the principle on which he had taken his stand in refusing to allow the Roman Catholic faith to be taught within his school—viz., that he and others had virtually assumed the position of parents to the hapless children there. In 1857 he put the case thus:—"If a vicious, drunken, dissipated, and unnatural parent shall cast his offspring on the public—shall do what a brute beast won't do, refuse to maintain his own child—the most monstrous thing I ever heard of is, that that parent shall not only throw on me the burden of maintaining his child, but shall attempt to lay on my conscience the far heavier burden of teaching that child what is not, according to my conscience, the Word of God." In the very last speech he made on behalf of these schools, in December, 1871, he illustrated his position by an incident from his own experience:—

"I spent," he said, "some weeks, seven years ago, in Brittany, in France. I went out one evening to look at a Foundling Hospital, one of those institutions which, however creditable to the humanity of the founders, are found to be detrimental to morality. By the gate was an opening in the wall; in that opening stood a box that turned on a pivot, beside which hung a bellrope. A woman waiting for the cloud of night, stealing under the shadow of the wall, approaches the door with noiseless steps, and taking her infant from under her shawl, she places it in the box and pulls the bell. At that signal, round goes the box bearing her child inside. There she parts with it for ever, and then, with some natural tears, withdraws. Assuming that woman to be a Protestant—and there are a few

Protestants in that very Roman Catholic country—and that, although she had fallen from the paths of virtue, she had not forgotten the lessons learned at her mother's knee, and that she, along with the child, puts in a paper requesting the nuns and priests and sisters of charity within this Foundling Home to bring up her child in the Protestant faith, would they do it? I should like uncommonly well to see the nun, priest, or sister of charity who would comply with such a request. They would be *Sisters of Charity* indeed! What would their answer be? (I respect them for it, for it were one according to their conscience; and I respect everybody, be he Pagan, Papist, or Protestant, who acts according to conscience.) Their answer would be what ours in such circumstances is:—'You have cast your child on us; we feed it, we house it, we clothe it, we teach it, we are in the room of parents to it, and in consequence we cannot do otherwise than train up the child as if it were our own, according to what we believe to be the true faith.'

"That was our position in the beginning, and some people thought we were rather *dour* and obstinate in maintaining it. I did not sympathize with those who thought so. Some of us foresaw, in the attempt then made to drive us from our position, the introduction of the thin end of that wedge which Popery but waited time and opportunity to drive home, removing the Bible from the schools, and the children altogether away from every liberal and Protestant influence. In Ireland they are at that now. They were too astute here, twenty years ago, to show their hand at once. They kept themselves in the background. We heard beautiful speeches about what a pretty thing it was to see Protestant children sitting cheek-by-joul on the same bench with Roman Catholics, learning the same lessons. *Was it not brethren dwelling together in unity?* Now, if we look to Ireland, what see we there? The time has come when Cardinal Cullen and the Roman Catholic hierarchy think they can let the cat out of the bag! It is out, and what have we? Cardinal Cullen and the priesthood demanding of the British Government that, while the schools are maintained out of the public purse, there shall be no mixing of Protestants and Catholics in school; that these schools shall be entirely Popish. A demand this, which I hope the Government of this country will resist."

"I may have been right," he wrote to Mr. W. Chambers of Glenormiston, who took the opposite view from himself, "or I may have been wrong. The day will

declare it. But I look back to no struggle in which I was ever called to engage with a clearer conscience than to the one in question." He rejoiced, nevertheless, to know that multitudes of children were, by means of the United Industrial School, rescued from a career of crime and wretchedness, and he never viewed that Charity as, in any other than an honourable sense, a rival to his own.

"I do not find fault," were his words after the heat of the collision had passed away, "with others who differ from us in their principles and plans. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, and let all men try who shall do most and best for those that are ready to perish. I am thoroughly convinced of the soundness of our views; I adhere to them strongly; I hold them to be of high importance. But I will make no attempt to throw odium on those who are honestly following out their own convictions. In pity for human wretchedness, in the desire to promote the welfare of the unhappy—to pluck these children from circumstances of most affecting misery and a life of certain wretchedness and crime—we are brethren, and let there be no strife between us. I say to them, as Abraham did to Lot, 'Is not the whole land before thee? If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.'"

The discussion in Edinburgh made itself felt over the whole country, and, so far as we know, there is not one of the hundreds of Ragged Schools in England and Scotland but has adopted the principles of Dr. Guthrie as regards the unrestricted use of the Holy Scriptures; (in his own words), "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible; the Bible without note or comment—without the authoritative interpretation of priest or presbyter—as the foundation of all its religious teaching, and of its religious teaching to all."

"LONDON, *February* 11*th*, 1856.

"Our Reformatory Meeting was held on Friday; I fancy one hundred present. Among other public men, Marquis of Salis-

bury, Lord —— Cecil, Monckton Milnes, Sir John Pakington, Adderley, &c. It was the old fight, save that it assumed a less determinate shape.

"The resolutions were drawn up by Macgregor. Milnes, Pakington, and Adderley maintained that the introduction of the words 'Holy Scriptures' would operate to the exclusion of Papists. This, Lord Shaftesbury (a mistake on his part) denied. I agreed with the former, and differed with Shaftesbury, giving them the history of our Edinburgh business in proof of it; and argued for retaining these words just because we could not co-operate with Roman Catholics in this matter. An attempt was made, in order not to appear so exclusive, to alter some of the practical parts of the resolutions. We resisted it, decided and kept the scheme intact by a great majority. They are now on the right rail, and I have no doubt will go on triumphantly."

By the end of 1847, three schools had been established in Edinburgh under Dr. Guthrie's auspices—one for boys, another for girls, and a third for children of both sexes under ten years of age, with a total attendance of two hundred and sixty-five children, who received food, education, and industrial training.

While glad to know of some hundreds of Ragged Schools in London, Dr. Guthrie desiderated a much more complete carrying out of the system than many of these are able to adopt.

"In regard to London, six-sevenths of the Ragged Schools are not feeding-schools at all; the children are taken in two or three hours in the evening, and the attendance is most irregular. A Lord Mayor's Day to a considerable extent clears out the schools. I venture to say, that there is not such regular attendance anywhere as in our Ragged Schools, because the children know that they get no porridge unless they come there. I remember, on going down the High Street early one morning, of seeing a number of our children coming up. One of them was borne on the shoulders of another, and, on my asking the reason, he said that the little fellow had burned his foot the night before and he was carrying him to school. That would not have happened in any other school in Edinburgh."

(*Evidence before the Royal Commission on Scotch Education*, December 5th, 1864.)

Few things delighted Dr. Guthrie more than to act as cicerone, and accompany visitors to his schools; for, with a natural partiality, he maintained that of all the sights in Edinburgh, there was none so worthy of a visit as the schools on the Castle Hill. To him the eyes of these poor children shone brighter than the jewels of the old Scottish Crown in the neighbouring castle; and certainly no thoughtful man who remembers their past history can look without emotion at these rows of boys and girls, cheerful, tidy, and intelligent, when at dinner-hour they stand up to thank God for their plain but wholesome fare.

Among those most intimately associated with him in the earlier stages of his Ragged School work, and who shared in his own enthusiasm, were the late Sheriff Jameson; Mr. Smith, the Governor of Edinburgh prison; Dr. George Bell; and, in a more private but not less efficient capacity, the late Miss M. Eliott Lockhart,* of whom he wrote—"She has been my 'right hand' in benevolent work for years."

In his first "Plea for Ragged Schools," Dr. Guthrie had urged it as a powerful argument in favour of his scheme, that it harmonized the diverse theories of two very eminent philanthropists as to the proper mode of dealing with a degraded population. "Our scheme," he wrote, "furnishes a common walk for both. They meet in our school-room. Dr. Alison comes in with his bread —Dr. Chalmers with his Bible: here is food for the body —there for the soul." When he wrote thus, in February, 1847, the friends of Dr. Chalmers looked forward to some

* It was to her that Dr. Guthrie thus dedicated his "Seedtime and Harvest of Ragged Schools:"—"To M. E. L., who has her name graven at full length on the grateful hearts of many children saved by means of that Original Ragged School which has owed so much of its success to her generous, zealous, and untiring labours."

years longer of honour and usefulness in store for him; and had he been spared to witness the controversy to which the religious constitution of the Original Ragged Schools gave rise, few can doubt which side he would have espoused. Within four months of the publication of his friend's "Plea," all Edinburgh was saddened as, on the morning of the 31st of May, the news passed from lip to lip, "Chalmers was found dead in his bed this morning." Dr. Guthrie was deeply moved. For his great "chief" he had a profound admiration. "Ah," said he, "men of his calibre are like mighty forest trees. We don't know their size *till they are down.*"

"I intended" (he wrote on the 14th of June, to Mr. Fox Maule) "to have written you immediately after the death, and entered into the detail of such particulars as had come to my knowledge; but the truth is, I was utterly prostrated by the blow, and felt an aversion to do anything but ruminate on the past, measure the vastness of the loss, and speculate on the future.

"We will now need to be more cautious, foreseeing, and circumspect than ever. Chalmers, for the last three years, has not been so much, indeed, a moving power; but he has been a great balance-wheel. His very presence among us had a most combining, harmonizing, happy influence.

"Dr. Candlish is likely to be put into a college chair. Gordon resolutely refused, and a man may as soon move Arthur's Seat as move him. I think it likely that Cunningham will be made Principal."

On the day of the meeting in the Music Hall which decided the constitution of the Ragged School, no layman rendered Dr. Guthrie's side such effective service as Mr. Graham Speirs, Sheriff of Midlothian. (See Autobiography, p. 208.) Before that year (1847) had run out, he too, a man in life's prime, had followed Dr. Chalmers to join the Church above.

"*December* 28*th*, 1847.

"I cannot say how deeply I have felt Mr. Speirs's death. He was such a friend: I don't know whether I esteemed or loved

him most. And then in the Church, what an ornament to religion, what a pillar of the temple! May the Lord give you and others in your place all the more grace now, since a great standard-bearer and champion has been borne off the field. It melts my heart, and opens afresh the fountain of my tears, to think that we shall see his face no more. It were a great mercy and blessing if a man of a kindred spirit can be appointed to his place. The Whig party lost nothing, but gained much, by having in him a man who, to their views in politics, brought the advantage of a decided and high religious character." (*To Mr. Fox Maule.*)

In the year following the first establishment of Ragged Schools in Edinburgh, Dr. Guthrie was laid aside from the active duties of his ministry by a serious illness; and for many months the schools with which his name had become associated were deprived of his fostering care. But his pen was not idle. On the 10th of January, 1849, he issued a "Second Plea for Ragged Schools," in which he explained the working of the system, demonstrated how inadequate the existing Ragged Schools in Edinburgh were to overtake the destitution, and besought increased support. In that Plea he appealed to indubitable statistics in proof of the success which had attended the scheme. Each successive year, that success became more apparent. The fifth report (for 1851) tells of two hundred and sixteen children sent out into the world from the Original Ragged Schools, and known to be earning their livelihood by honest industry.

In direct proportion as the various Ragged Schools filled, the portion of the jail appropriated to juvenile delinquents emptied. The following facts and figures speak for themselves:—In 1847 (the year in which Ragged Schools were founded in Edinburgh) more than five per cent. of the whole number of prisoners in Edinburgh jail were under fourteen years of age,—315 out of 5,734; in 1851, the proportion had fallen to less than *one per cent.*, that is to say, while there were

5,869 prisoners, only fifty-six of these were under fourteen years of age. "From careful observation of the operation of the Ragged Industrial Schools," wrote the Governor on 25th December, 1850, "I can have no doubt that they have been the principal instruments in effecting so desirable a change." "I do not know," was Dr. Guthrie's characteristic comment on this, "I do not know whether, if matters go on at this rate, my good friend Mr. Smith won't find some difficulty in deciding what to make of that department of the jail. By-and-by we may see (what I once saw in an old burgh in the kingdom of Fife) a jail in a most happy condition. The door was wide open, the hinges were rusting on the stones. Not only that, but the measured sound of little feet and the cheerful noise of a fiddle announced that the prison had been turned into a dancing-school!"

The public are not generally visitors of the prison; they could not, therefore, so readily appreciate the evidence which empty cells afforded as to the working of Ragged Schools; but there was another way in which their advantages became patent to every one who walked through the city:—

"Before these schools were established, the streets swarmed with boys and girls whose trade was begging, and whose end was the jail. They rose every morning from the lower districts like a cloud of mosquitoes from a marsh, to disperse themselves over the city and its suburbs; and some of them had become most expert at their trade. I one day witnessed an instance of this at a time when typhus fever was raging in Edinburgh:—

"I was in Hanover Street when a vinegar-looking old lady was toddling along, with a huge umbrella in her hand. A little urchin came up who had no cap on his head, but plenty of brains within; no shoes on his feet, but a great deal of understanding, for all that. Very well, I saw him fix upon that venerable old lady to be operated on, and Dr. Bell never, I will venture to say, performed an operation with half the dexterity with which that ragged boy 'skinned' the old lady. He approached her with a most pitiful look and whine. Her

response was a snarl and poke of her umbrella. He saw there was no chance of getting at her purse through her philanthropy, so he thought to get at it through her selfishness. In an instant he rolled up the sleeve of a tattered jacket to the elbow of his yellow skinny arm, and running up displayed it, crying out to her, 'Just out o' the Infirmary, ma'am, with typhus!' It was a *ruse* got up for the occasion; but the acting was perfect—the effect sudden, electric. The poor old body started as if she had received a shock. Diving her hand to the very bottom of her pocket, she took out a shilling, thrust it into his palm, and hobbled away, glad to get the little rogue out between the wind and her nobility!

"All manner of ways did they try to fleece and bleed the public. At last, forth came police-bills warning the public not to encourage street begging. But the magistrates of Edinburgh might as well have attempted to roll back the tide at the pier of Leith, as to prevent me from giving money to a poor, starving, wretched child. That was not the way to meet the evil. I was told about the evils of mendicancy; they were in the distance, whilst close at hand the evils of starvation were looking out of those hollow eyes. But how did *we* put down street begging? We set up our Ragged Schools. Some urchin now comes to me, and asks me for money. 'Not a sixpence, sir — not a half-penny. You go to the Ragged School and say Dr. Guthrie sent you.' That put down street begging, and nothing else could."

In his Second Plea, Dr. Guthrie had shown that, after deducting the pupils of all the Ragged Schools of the city, there were still in Edinburgh at least fifteen hundred children "growing up to disturb and disgrace society, and destined to entail, in their future career of crime, an enormous expense on the country." And if this were true of Edinburgh, the same condition of things existed in proportion all over the kingdom. Much, therefore, as private benevolence had effected, it was apparent that the necessities of the case would never be met in this way alone. So long as the success of Ragged Schools was problematical, their friends were contented to depend for their support on the Christian public (and from that source about £2,000 had been subscribed annually for the Original

Ragged Schools); but when, at the end of some years, the advantage of such institutions was no longer matter of experiment, but of experience, their advocates felt justified in claiming for them the favour and the fostering aid of the country. The State had, in bygone years, spent millions in punishing criminals, and the success of prisons as reforming agencies had been grievously small. "You will in vain endeavour," said the Lord Advocate of Scotland, when presiding at the meeting of Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School in 1852—"you will in vain endeavour, by prison discipline, mild or severe, by all your courts of justice, and by all your penal settlements, to diminish by one hair's breadth the amount of crime that prevails in the country." It seemed high time that some aid should be given by the State to arrest the process by which criminals are made. That Ragged Schools were operating successfully in that direction was now admitted by the most competent judges; the directors of the Edinburgh Original Ragged School accordingly resolved, along with other friends of the cause, to appeal to Government in their favour.

"*January 2nd*, 1850.

"You all know the object of my proposed visit to London. Dr. Bell, our Secretary, and Mr. Smith, governor of the jail, accompany me. I expect Sheriff Watson will join us from Aberdeen; and that in London we will be joined by Hastie, M.P. for Glasgow. We go up to Government, specially to the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is President of the Privy Council, in order to get a clause into the Minutes of Council on Education, embracing our Ragged Schools, for the purpose [of] giving us aid out of the public funds.

"We hold our public meeting here, on Monday the 14th, and we will have a most satisfactory report of our Ragged Schools this year. Since our schools were instituted there has been a regular and steady decrease of the number of juvenile criminals. In 1847, the proportion of these to the whole commitments was five per cent.; in 1848, four per cent.; in 1849, only three per cent." (*To his brother Patrick.*)

Of his visit to London, Dr. Guthrie tells—

"We met together in the morning, to consult as to the course I should adopt in bringing our case before Lord Lansdowne. I said, I shall tell him that every child left to become a criminal costs the country £300. 'Now,' says Mr. Smith (with all the caution of a canny Scot), 'take care! If you cannot prove it, it is better not to state it.' . . . . Lord Lansdowne sat with his back to a window, so that I could not see his face; but as I had to sit with my face towards it, he could see mine. One of my friends told me afterwards, that I was sitting on a chair three times the breadth of this table away from him, when I began to address him; but that as I got on, I edged nearer and nearer, till at last I was clapping him on the knee! I gave it to his Lordship in a speech of nearly an hour long, at which he seemed lost in astonishment.

"'Look, my Lord,' I said to him, 'at the expense of rearing up a number of criminals in the country. Forget altogether that these poor children have souls; forget altogether that they have hearts that can be trodden and trampled on, and crushed as our own; forget that they are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; forget their misery and wretchedness. I beg your Lordship to look at the money question alone. We take one of these children off the street, which is the open way to the jail, and place him in our school. We clothe and feed, and train and educate him, we hand him back to society a useful and valuable member of the community, and the whole expense of doing this is £25. But leave him alone, let him run his course—and instead of costing only £25 to make him a useful member of society, you do not close and finish with that boy, either by hanging or by penal settlement, without paying £300.' I had become warm with my subject, and out bolted the £300 before I was aware of it!

"I was afraid I had done wrong; but on the following night I was reassured by a conversation I had with Mr. Pierce, the gentleman at the head of the Bow Street police. He said, 'It is a waste of money and means to try and save the country otherwise than through the children, by giving them a sound education.' 'But how are you to get hold of the children and give them the education you speak of?' After some reflection he said, 'Well, I do not see any way in which they can get that, unless you feed them.' It was worth going to London to hear, from a person so well qualified to judge, such an opinion in favour of the system pursued in our Ragged School. 'But,'

said I, 'what do you think of punishment?' 'Punishment!' he replied; 'I never see a boy placed at the bar of the police court but I say to myself, Well, my lad, you will cost the country £300 before we are done with you!'—echoing the very thing I had said in Whitehall the day before.

"That same night we explored St. Giles's along with Mr. Pierce and two of his officers. The accounts they gave me of the state of London were perfectly frightful. I felt as if this city were sleeping over a volcano. After shouldering our way amid the rough and horrible strollers on the streets, we reached a shop. Mr. Pierce, without any other introduction than his own appearance, which is pretty respectable (standing, like myself, somewhere about six feet two without the shoes), entered at once, and said, 'Well, Missis, how many lodgers have you got to-night?' She informed him, and Mr. Pierce having got a candle, we first went along a dark passage, and then we got to the top of a corkscrew stair which led down to the bowels of the earth. As we were going down we heard laughter and the sound of uproar and riot coming up. I do not know what my friends felt, but I believe they were rather nervous like myself. The walls of the apartment we entered at the bottom of the stair were as black as a chimney, and beside the fire sat a colossal negro—one of the greatest ruffians in London. Kneeling on the ground near him were a number of men, to whom he was dealing out a pack of cards as black as his own paws. The room was filled with the worst of women, and with the most degraded-looking ruffians I ever saw. Some of those present had a guilty look, and shrank into a corner, while others, knowing that they were clean and clear of the police book, had a face and front of brass.

"Mr. Pierce asked, 'Have you got a girl here with green ribbons on her bonnet?' (We were not in search of any girl, with either green or black ribbons; but that was said as Mr. Pierce's excuse for going in.) Their bonnets were produced, to show that they were not of the fatal colour. Then my attention was turned to some children whom we found there. It was their only home. Some were orphans, some had been deserted by their parents; and into that horrible place they were floated every night, paying for their lodgings with the proceeds of their beggary and theft, flung out again on the bosom of society, and flung back again perfect wrecks as night fell."

At the close of his interview with the President of the Privy Council, Dr. Guthrie was requested by Lord

Lansdowne to embody his statements in writing. He did so, and the result was a Memorial, which was printed and forwarded to head-quarters in 1851. In this carefully prepared statement, Dr. Guthrie rests the claim of Ragged Industrial Schools for Government support on two grounds: first, the success of the scheme; second, the verdict of the public in its favour.

In 1852, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the condition of "criminal and destitute juveniles in this country, and what changes are desirable in their present treatment in order to supply industrial training, and to combine reformation with the due correction of juvenile crime." Dr. Guthrie gave evidence before this Committee in February, 1853.

"22, Bury Street, St. James's, London, *February* 19*th*, 1853.

"I was at least two hours and a half before the Committee yesterday, and, unless I had been a man of no small presence of mind, I would have got into a pretty mess of confusion, for when I was going on to enter upon the particulars of our own *Ramsay Lane School*, the one bundle of my papers that belonged to that was amissing. It had, in some most unaccountable way, slipt from the parcel of papers I carried down in my hand, or I had been the victim of *juvenile delinquency!* . . . So we went on and got into the wide ocean; sometimes I agreed with the Member questioning, and sometimes I did not. I had a difficulty with one of my examiners, in making him understand that we had no set form of prayers *read* in school. We did not actually go over the ground of Lord Murray's battle, but were on the borders of it sometimes. I told them how the Roman Catholic parents hardly objected at all; that children, when withdrawn, we had reason to believe were removed through the influence of the priests; that the parents, whether Protestant or Papist by name, were, in point of fact, heathen savages, or not much better. I mentioned my plan of having a church, and also a catechism; then we had a great deal of questioning about the kind of it. I expounded my *catholic* sentiments and views. One member of the Committee asked me whether it would be such as Roman Catholics would agree to. I must have put my answer in a sort of ludicrous light, for the Duke of Argyll, who was behind me, got out with a *guffaw;* I forget the exact expressions—but my reply was to the effect

that the Roman Catholics would agree to it, for it would contain all the truth that they had, and that they would not, for it would contain none of their superadded errors. Another asked whether it would be such as Jews or Unitarians would agree to. I said, certainly not. Then I gave them a brief *epitome* of the grand doctrines of the Gospel, showing them that it would be a *Christian* catechism, to which, of course, those parties could not agree. Sir John Pakington, Sidney Herbert, Monckton Milnes (the *littérateur*), with the chairman, were my principal catechisers.

"Signor Nicolini called here, and walked as far as Stafford House with me. I forgot, ere I left him, the name of this street, so asked him; he told me, and laughed much at my oblivion. I was afraid I would forget it again; and so it happened; for, on leaving, I began to think, Where did I live? I knew it was a street close by St. James's Street, but I could not recall it; tried and tried it. What was I to do? Thought of going back, explaining my dilemma, and taking refuge in Stafford House all night! At length applied to a policeman, told him how I was nonplussed. He answered most discreetly, seeing I was as sober as a teetotaler; named a number of streets. No, these were not the thing. At length out came Bury Street. 'Ah!' said I, 'that's it,' thanked him, and bade good night." (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

In his evidence, Dr. Guthrie not only entered into a full explanation of the working of the Original Ragged School, but indicated clearly both the kind of pecuniary help which he desiderated from Government, and what legislative assistance was needed to secure the attendance at such schools of the children who needed them most. We subjoin a portion of his evidence:—

379. *Mr. Monckton Milnes.* You do not think that your scheme or any other scheme which would give a refuge to destitute children, gives any direct encouragement to parents to leave their children destitute?

Rev. Dr. Guthrie. I am thoroughly convinced it does not It is said that there are some savages who cannot count more than ten, the number of their fingers;—I believe the mass of these people never look ten hours before them; they have neither forethought nor reflection.

398. *Sir John Pakington.* What is your system of religious teaching in the school; is it according to the Presbyterian form of worship?

No; I am happy to say that it is based on broad Catholic principles; we have Episcopalians, Established Church, Free Church, United Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists on the committee of management. In fact, I have had a good deal to do with it myself, and I took special care that all the different religious denominations should be represented on the committee of management; and so anxious are we to avoid anything like sectarianism in the management of our school, that we do not even teach the Catechism that is in use in all the parish schools in Scotland—in ninety-nine out of one hundred of the other schools.

399. Suppose the case of a child who had left your school after eight years' teaching in it, he would be unable to answer what section of Christians he belonged to?

Perfectly so; he would be able just to say that he was a Christian.

400. If he could not say what denomination of Christians in the country he belonged to, would he be able to say whether he was a Protestant or a Roman Catholic?

That would depend upon himself: we teach the Bible without ever touching upon that subject.

402. *Mr. M. Milnes.* Would it be probable that if the children to whom you are alluding had remained in the stat in which they were, and had not gone to your school, they would, when they came to a mature age, have been able to te what Christian denomination they belonged to?

They would most certainly have been able to say, as I believe the celebrated Grimaldi put on his door on one occasion, "No religion at all."

412. *Sir J. Pakington.* What is your religious teaching now?

Our religious teaching is based on the Word of God.

413. What does it consist of?

They read through the Bible regularly. To begin at the beginning, they are taught to say grace at meat, and to return thanks after meat; then they receive oral instruction from the Bible in the main doctrines of Christianity, man's fallen state, the doctrine of the Trinity, the atonement, sanctification by the Spirit of God, justification through the righteousness of Christ,—in point of fact the contents of a Catechism, without the formal appearance of a Catechism; then they read so many chapters in the Bible every day, they are examined upon

these, and they commit passages of Scripture to memory and repeat them ; so many passages every day.

414. By whom is that instruction given, and those examinations made?

By the teachers.

415. Not by ministers of religion?

No ; we are so careful to avoid sectarian differences, that we have no minister of religion on the acting committee, with the exception of myself: I am a sort of *ex-officio* member, without the name.

The case being mentioned of children who had fallen into criminal habits :—

461. *Sir J. Pakington.* In fact they will not stay with you?

They will not; and for that very reason, we want, by law, to have the power of compelling the attendance of those children at school.

498. *Chairman* (Mr. Baines). You are of opinion that there is a great want of further provision of this kind in Edinburgh?

Very great want; even in Edinburgh, which is one of the best supplied, there are not above a third of the children provided for.

499. And the case is *à fortiori* as to other towns?

Yes.

500. What is the practical suggestion which you would make upon this head?

The practical suggestion that I would make is, not that the Government should come forward and supersede our local efforts ; I should look upon that as a great calamity ; I think that parties in the locality manage such schools as these better than they could be managed through a central Board here in London, and through Government agency. I think, too, that it is better for the children ; because we get ladies and gentlemen connected with the management of these schools to take a special interest in the children themselves, and to take them by the hand. For instance, by way of illustration, there are a number of families of the higher and wealthier classes in Scotland who pay so much a year for keeping so many children in the school, and they take an interest in their future welfare. Independently of that, I think it is a great benefit to us in the locality to have this good work to do ; therefore I should look upon it as a very injurious system to put the Ragged Schools under the sole management of the Government. I do not wish the Government to supersede our efforts ; what I wish the State to do is, to supplement them.

512. *Chairman.* You want to have the burden divided, so that the State should bear a part, and that the other part should be borne by voluntary zeal ?

Yes ; and that the State should not supersede us, but supplement us.

513. *Mr. Sidney Herbert.* You retaining the control of the schools ?

Under Government inspection ; so that the Government shall have the power to withdraw the grant whenever they choose, if they are not satisfied.

557. Do you intend to make a separation between children committed for offences, and the rest of the children in the school ?

We do not find at all any necessity for a separate establishment for children committed for offences, if it is the first offence ; and it so happens that the children do not look down upon any child who is sent to the school by a magistrate for the first offence. But I should think it necessary that a child who had been convicted of two or three offences should be in a separate establishment from the others in the Ragged School ; for we have found the influence of what we call a thorough juvenile offender very pernicious, and we are very unwilling to receive them.

558. Then do you contemplate having two establishments ?

What I contemplate is, first, a Ragged School, for the purpose of catching children before they reach prison ; and then a Reformatory School, for the purpose of telling upon the children who have already become criminals. If any State institution is established, I think that there should be two such schools.

570. In fact, you would have a Ragged School in order to anticipate and prevent crime, and you would have another school that would be a reformed and improved sort of prison for children ?

Just so ; one preventive and the other reformatory. I think the first the most important—the preventive.

577. Would you proceed against the parent to recover the cost of the maintenance of the child equally in both schools ?

I would hold that the State is bound in its own defence to take measures to secure that no child should grow up a nuisance to society ; and the party that ought to bear the responsibility should be the parent.

578. *Mr. Tufnell.* Are there many parents who pay for the support of their children in your schools ?

There are a few in Dundee. In Edinburgh there are very few.

579. *Mr. S. Herbert.* Are there many that ought to pay?

There are a number, but not very many; most of them are utterly dissipated. I believe if there was a white slave-market in Edinburgh they would sell their children for drink.

591. *Mr. Adderley.* Do you suppose that a great number of those children are led into crime by actual destitution?

There is no doubt about it—that poverty being often brought on by the dissipated habits of the parents. One of the greatest curses which we have in our country, and which, as long as it exists, will increase exceedingly the need of Ragged Schools, is the quantity of dram-shops that we have in the large towns in Scotland, and the great extent of drinking.

The Committee reported on the 28th of June, first, that Reformatories, to be instituted and supported entirely at the public expense, ought to be established; and, second, that the existing Ragged Industrial (or preventive) Schools ought not any longer to be excluded from the aid of the National Grant, under the distribution of the Committee of Council for Education. Encouraged by this Report, the supporters of Ragged Schools continued to press their claims upon Government. Many causes seemed to warrant the hope of a favourable reply. Thus the Duke of Argyll writes:—

"CLEVEDEN, *August 1st*, 1853.

"MY DEAR DR. GUTHRIE,— . . . . There is no danger of the great social question NOW escaping attention. Transportation is virtually at an end, and the public attention, from motives of self-preservation, is now being earnestly directed to the safest mode of dealing with our criminals at home. Out of evil, at least out of circumstances of great difficulty and embarrassment, is coming this great good. I doubt whether, without this urgent necessity, the reformation of juvenile delinquents would not have been a postponed and disputed question for some years longer. But now it is a sheer necessity, and that, you know, is the mother of invention. This ought to be a Government subject."

In little more than a year after the date of this letter, two Acts were passed dealing with the whole subject. The one, commonly called "Lord Palmerston's Act," applied to the case of *criminal* children, and was

applicable both to England and Scotland; the other, introduced by Dr. Guthrie's early friend (see Autobiography, page 208), was named "Dunlop's Act," and dealt with *vagrant* children. This latter measure applied to Scotland alone.

Hitherto, if a magistrate followed the strict letter of the law, he had no alternative but to commit the youngest child, if convicted of the most petty theft, to jail. Now, by Lord Palmerston's Act, power was given to the magistrates to send that child, if under the age of sixteen, to a Reformatory School. By Mr. Dunlop's Act, again, without any necessity for previous imprisonment, powers were conferred upon magistrates to commit to a certified Industrial School, and to detain there for five years, "any young person, apparently under the age of fourteen years, *found begging, or not having any home or settled place of abode or proper guardianship, and having no visible means of subsistence found wandering,* though not charged with any actual offence." Under both Acts, powers were given to enforce partial payment from the parents of "committed" children.

These measures were keenly canvassed in their passage through Parliament. Mr. Dunlop's Bill, especially, encountered the strenuous opposition of the Irish Roman Catholic members; Mr. Lucas, the member for Meath, going so far as to say that, "It was because he believed that the moral nature of the children sent to such institutions as that presided over by Dr. Guthrie would be more perverted than it would be if they were left on the streets, that he opposed the bill."* That their opposition proved fruitless was due, in large measure, to the extraordinary success which the already existing Ragged Schools had achieved.

"We owe many thanks to Mr. Dunlop," said the Duke of Argyll at the annual meeting of Dr. Guthrie's School, in

* Hansard, vol. cxxxiv., page 1481.

Edinburgh, in 1857, "for his exertions in this cause; but I believe the great merit of that Act is due to those who established these schools on the voluntary principle, and who have conducted them with such great success. I will venture, without hesitation, to affirm that if the duty of Mr. Dunlop had been, not merely to go to Parliament, saying, 'Here are schools already existing, the effect of which has been abundantly proved in past years;' but if it had been his duty to go to Parliament to devise schools for educating the vagrant and criminal children, he would have been utterly unable to get any law on the subject passed. He would have been met with all the difficulties which have attended every proposal for a general scheme of education. He would have been asked, What is the religious principle on which you intend to educate these children? What are the rules which you intend to lay down in the schools to which you are to send children by force of law? But Mr. Dunlop was able to go to the House of Commons and say, 'You have nothing to do with founding schools; they are founded for you, and all that I ask is, that when children have been found in a vagrant condition, and likely to perpetrate crime, it shall be in the power of the magistrate, instead of sending them, as formerly, to prison, to send them to these schools.'"

While the requisite legislation had thus been obtained, the pecuniary aid for which Dr. Guthrie had asked was also in fair measure afforded. By Minute of the Privy Council of 2nd June, 1856, a capitation grant of 50*s.* a year was allowed for every child in the certified Industrial Schools, whether committed by magistrates or not.

The publication of that Minute of Privy Council gave a great impetus to the Ragged School movement throughout Great Britain. The year 1856, indeed, might almost be called its new starting point. Schools already in existence proceeded to enlarge their sphere of operations, and schools were started in new centres of population, so that the cause seemed to have received a permanent impulse. It was, therefore, with surprise and alarm that the announcement of the recall of that Minute was received; and when, on 31st December,

1857, the Privy Council issued a new Minute, the worst fears of the friends of Ragged Schools were found to be realised.

"I do not wish to speak evil of dignities," were Dr. Guthrie's words, "but there are some things in respect of which it is difficult to keep one's temper, and this is one of them. We have leaned on a broken reed. For a brief period, in answer to importunity like the widow's, we got fifty shillings a year for every child of the abandoned classes trained within our school—only one-third of the cost. But now, and all in a day, these fifty shillings have been reduced to five. Five shillings in the year comes to about half a farthing in the day; and one half-farthing per day is the encouragement and help we get toward saving a hapless, helpless creature from crime, the prison, the hangman! Munificent donation!

"Incredible mockery as this seems, such is the fact. I am not aware that there is anything to match it in any other department of public affairs. Its injustice and folly are still more plainly brought out by the contrast between the liberality shown to those institutions which attempt to reform the child who has committed crime, and the niggardliness dealt out to such institutions as ours, that, reckoning prevention better than cure, seek to destroy crime in the very bud. To the man who, like a fool, postpones education till the child falls into crime, and is brought out of the gaol to school, the Government gives *one shilling* per day; and to the far wiser man who, catching the child, so to speak, on its way to the prison, by education destroys crime in the egg and germ, the Government grants but *one half-farthing* per day. What a monstrous state of matters!

"One reason the Government give for withdrawing the grant is that they want to check an abuse of the public money. No one can be more clear than I am for having a check to prevent an abuse of the public money, but it is marvellous to me that the Government don't see that they have a sufficient check under the former Act. Why, Government liberality to our Ragged School is little more than £600, and the expense of the school over and above that amounts in all to £2,262. Has not the Government, then, a very good check, when, for every pound that they give, the supporters of the school must pay two?

"But another reason for what the Government has done is, I believe, because they have got alarmed at the amount of money voted, year by year, by the House of Commons for the

interests of education in this country. A number of years ago it only amounted to £60,000, but now it has increased to about £500,000. That is a large sum; but what a much larger sum is spent in the punishment of crime! And why, if there must be a retrenchment, begin with the Ragged School?"

As might be expected, steps were at once taken, both by individual Ragged School Committees and by combined action, to prevail on the Privy Council to reconsider the matter, and restore the former grant. Dr. Guthrie accompanied one of the deputations sent to London for this end, and thus describes an interview with the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, Vice-President of the Committee of Privy Council on Education.

"MANCHESTER, *March 18th*, 1859.

"We met in a hotel close by Downing Street an hour before the time fixed with Adderley. Lord Grosvenor * came up and claimed acquaintance with me, and I was introduced to a lot of English members whom I did not know. Besides Ragged School directors, from various towns in England as well as Scotland, we mustered some twenty-one members of Parliament. At the preliminary meeting they moved me into the chair. The plan of battle was then arranged, and the matters that we were to press on the Government discussed. They appointed me to take the lead and lay the subject before Adderley, and they would supplement. Mr. Black was fixed on to introduce the deputation.

"Well, away we set, up the street like a column of soldiers, and entered the Treasury buildings. The room in which we were received was crowded to the door. I stood at the table beside Mr. Adderley. I had prepared nothing beyond marking down and arranging points to speak to. I believe I got quite animated, and, instead of addressing Adderley, found myself repeatedly addressing the deputation! I was carried into this by their general cries of 'hear, hear,' which gave it something of the air and aspect of an oration in the Music Hall. I judge from what others of them said, in afterwards pressing the matter on Adderley, that they are not accustomed to such orations on such occasions. Mr. Black, too, got quite animated in pressing our claims, and so was the member for Newcastle. It had a good deal of the character of what in America they call an *Indignation Meeting*.

* Now Duke of Westminster.

"Notwithstanding our fever and vehemence, Adderley fought very shy; and I should not wonder though we have to bring the wrong for redress before Parliament. I had a long talk afterwards, when we returned to the House after dinner, with A. Kinnaird and Cowper* (the latter, Palmerston's stepson). The deed was done when he was Vice-President of the Committee of Privy Council. I think I convinced him (Mr. Kinnaird was convinced before) that the thing must be undone; and they left me to talk with Adderley *anent* the matter, and try to get the Government to yield." (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

It was shortly after this that Dr. Guthrie issued his third Plea for Ragged Schools. This third Plea was bound up with the two former, and the volume entitled, "Seed Time and Harvest of Ragged Schools." It was reviewed in the *Times* of 28th September, 1860, from whose notice we transfer one or two sentences:—

"Dr. Guthrie is the greatest of our pulpit orators, and those who have never heard him will probably obtain a better idea of his wonderful eloquence from his work on Ragged Schools than from his published sermons. Several years ago he issued two pamphlets, which he has now followed up by a third, on behalf of these institutions. They are the most finished of his compositions, and are well worthy of his fame. It is impossible to read them unmoved. The writer is himself under the influence of a mastering passion, and he carries his readers along with him, by the help of a strong, clear style and a boundless store of illustrations. . . . We are inclined almost to rank him as the greatest living master of the pathetic."

In the end of 1860, "Dunlop's Act" was repealed, and Government introduced what was known as the "Industrial Schools Act," which became law on 7th August, 1861. By the operation of this Act, the reduced capitation grant of five shillings per annum was altogether withdrawn, and those children in Ragged Industrial Schools, *who had not been committed by a magistrate,* ceased to receive any assistance whatever. On the other hand, the allowance for "*committed*" *children* was mate-

* Now Mr. Cowper-Temple.

rially increased; but, then, from their number (in proportion to the whole number of children in attendance) being comparatively small, Dr. Guthrie's school, and others in like proportion, were serious losers. By the Privy Council Report for 1861, it appeared that of the 6,172 children in the Ragged Schools of the country, only 242 had been committed by magistrates, either as criminal or vagrant, leaving 5,930 who now wholly ceased to receive any support or assistance from the State.

An opportunity for an influential protest soon occurred. In 1860 the Social Science Association held their annual meeting in Glasgow, at which both Sheriff Watson, the founder of Ragged Schools in Scotland, and Dr. Guthrie, their chief advocate, were present. The proceedings were opened by the President, Lord Brougham (then eighty-two years of age), in the course of whose address a pointed reference was made to the subject which had specially induced Dr. Guthrie's attendance at the Association.

"The refusal," said Lord Brougham, "to assist in preventing pauperism and crime, by diligently educating and training the class of children from whom vagrants and criminals are bred, is, perhaps, one of the greatest economical, let us rather say social, mistakes ever committed. It is an abdication of the most imperative duties of a State—that of helping those who cannot help themselves—as well as the self-destructive economy, the gross impolicy of withholding a little outlay, in schooling, from those on whom it must afterwards spend largely in the way of gaols and workhouses."

Dr. Guthrie spoke in the "Punishment and Reformation Section." He denounced what he regarded as the unjust treatment his poor young clients were receiving at the hands of those who held the State's purse-strings; but, in the midst of all his earnestness, his humour breaks out as usual:—"Mr. Lowe, who had declined to give another farthing from the Privy Council, proposes to throw us on the Home Office, and with that proposi-

tion I find no fault—seeing that we may say with the Irishman, who, on being asked by the Commissioners sitting on the state of Ireland, why he and his countrymen, when so poor as they represented themselves to be, married so early, said, 'Sor, we think we may be better, and are sure we cannot be worse!'"

"*September 29th,* 1860.

"We have had a very interesting time of it. I was asked one morning to a breakfast given by a Glasgow club to Sir John Lawrence.* We had much interesting conversation. He is a great and earnestly good man, one who, all say, should be made Governor-General of India. He agrees with me entirely in my views as to the army, and he and Arthur Kinnaird urged me to publish on the subject.

"We had a grand discussion on National Education. Sir J. K. Shuttleworth very kindly introduced himself to me, and asked me to speak. He delivered a most noble address, and it was very interesting to see Lord Brougham—to whom Kinnaird introduced me—sitting in such company, and presiding, while Shuttleworth and Kinnaird opened three days with thoroughly religious addresses.

"On the day I read my paper on Ragged School claims for Government aid, I had a great audience; and, though the paper was only some quarter of an hour long, I made it, with interlarding, three-quarters. It was very funny (though I did not know it till I was done), that while I was laying my *taws* on the back of the Government, one of the ministers was at my side, in the Hon. Mr. Cowper."

"EDINBURGH, *October 1st,* 1860.

"MY DEAR MR. LOGAN,†—. . . I hope those meetings which have been held in Glasgow will result in much good; they are full of promise. It was a wonderful thing to see yon old man, Brougham; and it was pleasant to see how, in his old age, he was breathing a purer atmosphere than in the days of his youth. It was fine to see him sitting under the address of Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, while the latter was delivering himself of so many Christian sentiments, and pronouncing the body 'the temple of the Holy Ghost.' I hope Brougham will get good

* Now Lord Lawrence.

† Author of the "Moral Statistics of Glasgow."

to himself. How marvellous to see that his sun, so far down the sky, is brilliant and clear as ever !

"With best thanks and great esteem,

"Yours sincerely,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

A public meeting was convened in Edinburgh in November, 1860, to consider what steps should be taken to meet the serious deficit of £700 in the funds for the year, of the Original Ragged School, caused by the withdrawal of the Government grant for non-committed children. On that occasion, Dr. Norman MacLeod felicitously exposed the mistaken policy of giving aid largely to Reformatories which received children only after they had become criminals, while withholding it from Ragged Schools, whose aim was to save them from being criminals at all:—"It is monstrous that Government, who would not give sixpence to save a man's leg, would quite willingly give twenty pounds for a wooden one after the leg was taken off!" *

"What I wish the public to understand," said Dr. Guthrie in concluding his appeal, "is this,—you must either help us in our present extremity, or we must cast seventy of these poor children overboard. Now, who is to select these victims? I will not do it. I sympathize with Hagar, when, after doing her utmost to sustain her son, she withdrew, not choosing to see him die. It will be a black day for Edinburgh when these children are cast into the streets. God says, 'Room in heaven for the guilty;' here they cry, 'Room in the prison for the innocent;' and when these poor creatures have gone their horrid march from our blessed school to yon dreary cells, let them put upon the door of the prison, 'Under the patronage of the Privy Council.'

* * * * *

"I have been three times at Downing Street, and it is a shocking cold place. I have seen a bunch of grapes put into a

* Dr. Guthrie had invited Dr. MacLeod to dinner after that meeting on behalf of the "City Arabs." In reply, Dr. MacLeod wrote, "I thank you for your kind invitation to a place in your tent. I would rejoice to eat salt with the Arab Chiefs you mention, or with one only, my old and esteemed friend Dr. Hanna"

well, and, when you took it out, instead of a bunch of grapes it was a bunch of stones. There are such things as petrifying wells, and I have seen a kind good-hearted man go into office in Downing Street, and the next time I saw him he was as hard as a stone.

* * * * *

"I will blush for my country and for Protestantism if these poor children are not fully cared for. I will be ashamed to look in the face of a poor Papist Irishman whom I saw in a house in the Cowgate some years ago. When I asked if one of the children, a fair-haired lassie, was his, he said, 'Oh, no, plaze your riv'rence, she's nothing of the kind; but her father and mother died next door, and she had not a creature in the wide world to care for her; so, though I had plinty childer of my own, I said to Mary, we'll take her in,—and, plaze your riv'rence, we've never missed the lassie's bit o' food.' Now, I say to you, you'll never miss the 'bit of food' of these children. The alternative is, for these boys, vice or virtue; for these girls, purity or prostitution."

At the subsequent annual meeting of the Charity he thankfully related the result of that appeal:—"We asked £700, and, to the everlasting honour of the people of Edinburgh, we got £2,200." Two items in this amount particularly gratified Dr. Guthrie. One, a sum of £157, was raised entirely by domestic servants in Edinburgh; the history of the other he thus detailed—

To THE EDITOR OF *The Witness.*

"EDINBURGH, *April 5th,* 1862.

"On being invited last year to Biggar Fair, to help those who sought (by substituting tea for toddy, and the attractions of a public meeting for those of the public-house) to prevent the evils incident to such great gatherings, I went,—deeming nothing beneath the dignity of a servant of Christ which was calculated to keep men and women from the ways of sin. The scheme was a great success. This year, as an additional attraction, our Ragged School musical band was taken out, and fifes, drums, and bugles entered Biggar, on a fine spring morning, playing the march of new and better times. It was a gala day to our poor boys; their shining faces were radiant with delight. It was a sight worth seeing, and would have made a capital picture:—our dozen or fourteen little fellows standing in front of the Corn Exchange, converted for that

day into a temperance hotel; around, a great and eager throng formed in circles—the first, of children about the height of our band; the second, of 'haflins,' boys and girls in their *braws* for the market; the third, of stout lads and blooming lasses; and behind these, fathers and mothers, and patriarchs of the hills, men and women with heads as grey as their own mountain mists.

"When the sorrows of these children are told in Music and City Halls, I often see pity glistening in the eyes of women, who go home and send me money in letters, sealed, some with coronets, some with thimbles; but I never saw anything more beautiful than the kindness which beamed in the countenances of these honest country people, as they gazed over each other's heads on the group of little fellows whom, with God's blessing, we had rescued from hunger and cruelty, and crime and death. A kind heart is a jewel, and you expect to see it in woman; but hands there, that might have felled an ox, were lifted to brush off the tear that silently rolled down the cheeks of stout and stalwart men.

"The awakening of such gentle feelings in these people was good for them, and it also proved good for us; for the overflowing of kindness, like that of the waters of the Nile, always leaves a blessing behind it. I had no doubt it would make their hearts softer and better; still, I had no expectation of reaping such an early and abundant harvest as I write this letter gratefully to acknowledge. In my address at the public meeting on the 'fair' day, I said to the crowds that thronged the church and left the public-houses all but empty, that if they felt inclined to send us any aid, I would gratefully accept it;* adding, half jocosely, half seriously, in the common style of beggars, that the smallest donation would be thankfully received. How great my astonishment to receive, and my pleasure to report, the following sums . . . . making £77 19*s*. 8*d*. May this example lead others to go and do

* Few letters he ever received gratified him more than the following, which he read at one of the annual meetings of the Ragged School:—

"————, *January 2nd*, 1860.

"Sir,—I feel a good deal ashamed in writing you theis few lines as I am in the humbeler spear of life and you are so high. but I have been reading your Boock of late, the City its Sins and its Sorrows, and I was so much struck, that I have sent you theis 10 shillings for the Ragged Schools.

"I am a poor farm servent and it is all that I can spare at present as I have a widow mother to support and I am the one son. I do not want my name down in any of the records.—Your sincere well wisher for your scheams, "——— ———."

likewise! The Christian kindness which prompted this gift will ever impart a beauty in my eyes to the hills and dales of that neighbourhood more splendid than when they are bathed in the glories of a golden sunset"

On the 23rd of January, 1861, a Conference of the friends of Ragged Schools was summoned to meet at Birmingham, under the presidency of Sir John Pakington,* who had all along headed the party in the House of Commons which desired to see these schools receive an increase of State aid. On that occasion Dr. Guthrie moved the second resolution, to the effect "That neglected and destitute children constitute a very large class of the community, yet that no educational aid is given for their education, from the Parliamentary grant, comparable to that which is given to such classes of schools as already receive Government assistance."

For five years longer, however, the state of matters remained unchanged. At length, in 1866, a new "Industrial Schools Act" was passed, whereby these institutions were placed upon their present footing. By means of this Act, increased facilities are given to magistrates for committing children accused of petty thefts, as well as *vagrant children* not accused of any actual crime; and thus, through the increased number of "committed" children, Ragged Schools receive a proportionally larger annual allowance from Government than they ever formerly enjoyed.†

Dr. Guthrie was naturally thankful for this; but there still existed a mass of ignorant, uncared for, destitute children, whom none of all these legislative enactments reached. Accordingly he wrote, in the same year which saw the passing of the Industrial Schools Act, to the late Dean Ramsay—

* Now Lord Hampton.

† For example, in 1873, out of 241 children in the Edinburgh Original Ragged Schools, 111 had been "committed" by magistrates, and for these £1,420 was paid by Government to the funds of the school.

"MOSSFENNAN, RACHAN MILL, *December* 15*th*, 1866.

"MY DEAR MR. DEAN,—. . . . The most important view which I take of our position and action is that we are the pioneers of a great movement; that we are and have been carrying on a series of experiments for the purpose of meeting our social evils, which, if successful, will force the principles and plans we advocate into universal favour and application. Let our schools be amply supplied with funds and wrought with the highest vigour, and ere long we will compel the country to apply on the broadest scale, and in a great measure at the public expense, what has proved the best and kindest and cheapest and most Christian code for its misery and crime."

The true solution of the problem Dr. Guthrie looked for in a National Education measure, containing a compulsory clause:—

"There is no prospect in the distant horizon," he said in 1866, "that I rejoice in more than in this, that in the course of less perhaps than another quarter of a century this country will declare by the voice of Parliament that no child within the shores of Britain shall be allowed to grow up without a good, useful education. But here we are in the meantime; we have hundreds of children in this town for whom, at the present moment, no provision is made, and, as you know, the object of the Ragged Schools is to meet the case at present, until society takes it up on a large and proper scale."

Two years thereafter, it had become plain that the legislation he desiderated was nearer at hand than he had ventured to believe. "We are on the eve of a great change in this country," were his words in 1868. "We have been driving over a dark, rough sea; we have been battling with tempest and difficulties. Although I am no prophet, or prophet's son, I see, within a very short time, a system of education established throughout the whole of this country, that will not shut up the Ragged Schools, but will open up many a Ragged School, and embrace the whole children of the country."

At length, by the passing of the Scotch Education Act of 1872, the "great change" to which Dr. Guthrie thus alluded was at least inaugurated. Under that Act, School

Boards are empowered to establish Industrial Schools for "committed" children; but, for the large class, equally necessitous, whom magistrates cannot commit, no provision is made. As yet (1875) School Boards have not chosen to exercise even the limited powers thus conferred upon them; and the existing Ragged School organization is, therefore, as necessary now as before. It was in view of the uncertain future of his own school that Dr. Guthrie wrote on 31st December, 1872 :—

"Will the friends of those that are 'ready to perish'—of poor, ragged, starved, emaciated, ignorant, and neglected children—allow me from my sick-bed to close the year with what will probably be my closing plea on behalf of the Edinburgh Original Ragged School?

* * * * *

"This Education Act, whereby the Local Boards are obliged to look after and provide for the education of every child within their bounds, will place our Ragged Schools in a new position, but not render them or their Christian machinery less necessary than before. Local Boards, however well constituted, and the ordinary teachers of schools can never supply the place of those Christian men and women who, as directors, visitors, managers, and teachers in our Ragged Schools, are *in loco parentis*—in room of kind Christian parents—to those children,—orphans, or worse than orphans.

"I hope some arrangement will be come to between the Local Boards and our Ragged Schools, whereby, while the State shall sweep all neglected children into these schools and compel parents to pay for them—in any case, laying the burden of maintaining them more equally on the shoulders of the public—they may continue to be managed under those same moral and religious influences in which they had their origin, and to which they have chiefly owed their remarkable success."

From 1847 onwards, Dr. Guthrie's name became widely associated with Ragged Schools and all kindred institutions. He visited many chief towns both of England and his native country, to plead a cause which lay very near his heart. On 6th February, 1855, he lectured on this subject for the London Young Men's Christian Association to an audience which filled

every corner of Exeter Hall. His address on that occasion has been called "the high-water mark of his powerful and pathetic oratory."

"BIRKENHEAD, 4, ST. AIDAN'S TERRACE, *June 11th*, 1859.

"Yesterday we visited the *Akbar*, under the wing and guidance of Mr. Brougham, who is at the head of the Bankruptcy Court here, and who takes a great interest in the work carried on in that ship.* She is an old man-of-war, and was given by the Government as a sort of floating Ragged School—or rather Reformatory School—boys convicted of offences under Lord Palmerston's Act being sent there to be trained for seamen. They get 7*s.* a week for each of these youths, so that, with a little additional aid, they are able to meet all expenses.

"Our party set off in a river steamer to Rock Ferry, where we expected to find boats from the *Akbar*, and were not disappointed. Two eight-oared barges were manned by ten boys each, all dressed alike, with sailor's cap, white trousers, blue dress trimmed with white, and on the breast, wrought in white, the word *Akbar*. They received us with 'tossed oars,' as they are called, and, so soon as we were seated, dropped on their benches, and at the word of command given by the *steersboy*, crack, all in time, went the oars, and away we went. We had not got half way across the water when the great ship that lay asleep on the river changed all of a moment,—an honour, as well as the *tossed oars*, they paid to me, corresponding to that they pay in the navy when an admiral comes on board. On the shrouds of each of the three masts you saw a hundred and fifty blue jackets and white trousers running up like cats or mice; some on reaching the first yards streamed along them; others held on and up to the second yards, and so many streamed along them; the rest held up and on still higher, till they had climbed to the higher yards, ranging themselves along these. So soon as we got on deck the boatswain piped the word of command, and down they came rattling at a rate which it frightened one to look at. I thought some of them would topple over into the water, or be squeezed to a pancake on the deck!

"We spent some two hours on board, and were deeply interested. The boys looked very healthy and happy; though not

* At a later date, Dr. Guthrie visited another of these "floating Ragged Schools," the *Mars*, when lying in the Tay, and on 10th January, 1870, spake at a great meeting in the City Hall, Glasgow, held in connection with the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society and the Clyde training ship, *Cumberland*, in whose juvenile crew his friend Mr. Burns of Castle Wemyss takes a peculiar interest.

a few of them had the features of a sunken and degraded class, the effect produced by two or three generations of a low and brutal condition. I found below decks some two or three dozen with the teacher engaged in reading the Bible, and gave them a brief address, to which they were exceedingly attentive. The Chaplain is a jewel of a man, so affectionate and sensible, and vigorous and enthusiastic. He is an ordained clergyman of the Church of England.

"We saw the boys put through a number of their manœuvres. They set sails and furled them, and it was amazing to see, after the signal was given, how rapidly they climbed up, and up, and still up, till they were on the highest yard, lying over it and unloosening the rolled-up sail. Nor was I least entertained or interested to see the worthy grey-haired commander, Captain Wake, renew the feats and vigour of his youth. He is, meanwhile, a volunteer substitute for Captain Fenwick, their regular commander, and is a delightful specimen of a naval officer as well as a Christian philanthropist. He mentioned a gratifying fact,—that it was my 'Plea' which first led him to take an interest in the cause of these outcasts." (*To his son Patrick.*)

"LONDON, *April 4th*, 1861.

"Yesterday I had, in the shape of a bit of paper, a million sterling in my hand, and was in a room where I stood among forty millions of money. I came forth from these treasuries of the Bank of England to see two boys at its gates with arms and legs bare, and just some rags round their foul and emaciated bodies. Wealth and Want, Repletion and Starvation, side by side! 'There is something rotten,' said Hamlet, 'in the state of Denmark.' But I say there is much rotten in the state of England, and I shall tell them so at Hanbury's meeting on Tuesday." (*To Miss M. E. Lockhart.*)

During the following week he made a special pilgrimage, for old John Pounds' sake, to Portsmouth.

"*April 13th*, 1861.

"We went through the *Victory* and saw the cockpit, three stories below the quarter-deck, where Nelson expired. This was interesting, but to me it was more interesting still, when we left scenes associated with Nelson and his battles, to go away to an old-fashioned humble street, and in a small shop, in a two-storied house, built of wood, not above seven feet broad and some fifteen long, to stand on the scene of John Pounds' labours. He would have, sometimes,

thirty or forty boys there; the place so crowded with children (whom he was saving from ruin without fee or reward, and, indeed, long without the notice or praise of any man), that they occasionally sat outside on the street. It was the humble birthplace of a great scheme. Next to what was his shop, now lives his nephew, who was brought up by John. He is Pounds also by name, and also by trade a cobbler or shoemaker. We went and had a long talk with him, and I made your mother buy a pair of shoes. He told us some interesting things about the old man. . . . He had often said to his nephew that, if it pleased God, he hoped '*to drop like a bird from its perch.*' And so it happened; for he died all in a moment." (*To his daughter Clementina.*)

"10, Upper Grosvenor Street, London, *April* 17*th*, 1861.

"Last night we drove off to Willis's Rooms—a grand scene. In the lower room the various Ragged Schools and Refuges were represented by one or two inmates from each, engaged in their different works. Up-stairs was a brilliant hall, round the walls of half of it stalls with ladies—the middle and upper part crowded with a brilliant assembly of ladies and gentlemen in full dress—a divan at the upper end occupied by the Bishop of London, Earl Grey, Vice-Chancellor Napier, and myself. Burgess of Chelsea opened by prayer, and all at once the Bishop threw me in. I expected others to begin, but had to commence, and no one else spoke. I intended to be short, but gave them a full dose of it. Lord Shaftesbury was with us about the middle of my address. I saw also Sir John Lawrence and some others whom I knew.

"This morning I went to call on the great and good Dr. Lushington, who wished to see me, and who was most gracious and kind. He was the coadjutor of Wilberforce. He became a member of the House of Commons in 1806—three years after I was born; sat then with a Mr. Hussey, who had been a member of the House in the reign of George II. He spoke much of the change for the better in our country since his early days.

"Mr. Gladstone and our morning party had much interesting talk about politics, divinity, colleges, Ragged Schools, &c., &c. He was vexed he had not seen me before we went to Salisbury, as he would have given me a letter to the Bishop. I have secured his influence with Sir George Lewis not to oppose Northcote's motion in the House of Commons for a Committee on the working of Ragged Schools." (*To his daughter Clementina.*)

"INCHGRUNDLE, LOCHLEE, *June* 19*th,* 1861.

"I may have to go to London to be examined by Sir Stafford Northcote's committee. The ministry, or, rather, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, was to oppose his motion for a committee of inquiry as to Industrial Feeding Schools. I spoke both to the Chancellor (Gladstone) and to the Duke of Argyll on the subject. They saw no reason for opposing it. Mr. Black put forth all his activities to raise a force sufficient to out-vote Lewis. He got me to write a letter on the subject, printed a part of it, and circulated it among the M.P.'s." (*To Miss M. E. Lockhart.*)

In August of the same year, 1861, Dr. Guthrie was in Geneva at the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance; and there, before an audience of many nationalities, enlarged on his favourite department of Christian philanthropy. "Many thanks," wrote the Rev. Dr. Macduff of Glasgow, who was present on that occasion, "for your Geneva speech; it stirred a chord in many hearts. I wish that old John Calvin had heard it. Ragged Schools would have had a chapter in the 'Institutes!'" Various other visits to the Continent he turned to a similar account. He spent a long day in the spring of 1864 at the famous French Reformatory of Mettray, near Tours, of which he had frequently heard and read; and when in Amsterdam, in 1867, he once more addressed a General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance on the reclamation of destitute and criminal children.

Ever and anon he found that the arguments and appeals of his "Plea" were bearing fruit in unexpected quarters, sometimes far beyond the limits of Great Britain. We find among his letters correspondence about a Ragged School in Jamaica; and the following letter from Mr. Smith, Governor of Edinburgh prison, presents an illustration still more striking of how far good seed may be wafted, or, as in this case, floated:—

"*January* 9*th*, 1865.

"MY DEAR DR. GUTHRIE,—I heard something the other day which I may not longer delay telling you, as I know that it will gladden your heart.

"In 1848 a gentleman, a merchant in Barbadoes, visited Scotland in the way of his business. He took out with him about £2,000 of goods, was wrecked on one of the West Indian Islands, and escaped only with his life. The only thing recovered was your 'Plea for Ragged Schools.' It was washed ashore, and his name and address being written on it, it was forwarded to him. It was handed about, and was the cause of a Ragged School movement in that far-off isle of the sea. All comment to you on this is, of course, needless. 'Verily *His* judgments *are* a great deep.'"

"One needs sometimes no common measure of grace," wrote Dr. Guthrie to Miss Mill in 1866, "not to be weary in well doing. Yet it is not '*successful*,' but '*good and faithful* servant,' that are the words of our Lord." The blessing of success was in his own case, however, largely superadded to the grace of faithfulness. For four-and-twenty years he was spared to see the fruit of his labour, as well as to enjoy the blessing of those who were ready to perish, and the affection of a grateful community:—

"On Tuesday last," he told the Annual Meeting of his Schools in 1858, "I was in the West-end of the town when there came on one of the fiercest storms which has blown all this winter. My clothes were thoroughly soaked, and as I came round the south side of the Castle, I don't think I ever faced such a blast. When I got to Nicolson Street, I saw, standing on the flooded gutter, a little child, seven years of age, his thin, miserable clothes glazed with rain, and, while the storm pelted on his young head, raising his miserable song in the midst of the tempest. I felt indignant at the sight; my indignation burned against the monster of a father or mother who could send out an infant on such a day, and as I had no doubt for such a purpose—to get money (as I ascertained was the fact) to go and spend it in vice, instead of spending it on that poor infant. I stopped and gave him a little charity. I could not resist doing *that*, though contrary to my rule. I shall not forget his red emaciated hand when he opened it; it was

trembling, and I found he had a halfpenny in it, poor thing. 'Go home, my boy,' I said to him, 'go home immediately;' upon which I heard a voice say, 'That's richt, sir, send him to Dr. Guthrie's Ragged Schule.' Whereupon I turned, and saw the speaker standing beside me. Buttoned close up to the throat, with a cap pulled over his brows, he had the appearance of a sober, well-conditioned mechanic. I could not resist saying to this man, whose whole heart was in the matter as much as mine, 'Friend, I am Dr. Guthrie.' You should have seen how luminous, though begrimed with smoke, the man's face became, and how he thrust out his horny hand and grasped mine—a compliment I accepted as from a duchess. All honour to the moral worth and honest kindliness that glowed in the man's look, and that were felt in a grip like the squeeze of his own vice!"

As life advanced, he continued, as chairman of the Committee by whom the Original Ragged Schools were managed, to watch their progress with an interest that no one else could fully share. It was with thankfulness he read in 1872 the following Report from Mr. Smith, Governor of the prison:—"Contrasted with the state of matters in 1847, when the Original Ragged School was started, there is now just *one* juvenile committed to prison for *six* at that time."

Since the day when Ragged Schools were first opened in Edinburgh, how many hundreds of children who were on the road to ruin have passed out of their doors with a knowledge of God's word, and fitted to lead creditable and happy lives! In the year 1867, careful inquiries were made with regard to the fate of sixty boys who had passed through the school, and with what result? Four of the sixty had fallen back—of whom one was in prison, and three were in reformatories—four others remained unaccounted for; but of the remaining fifty-six, two were in the army, two in the navy, while forty-eight were in Edinburgh as apprentices, their united earnings amounting to £700 a year. "That fact, alone," said Dr. Guthrie, "is a recommendation for Ragged Schools

greater than any speech that could be made by the most eloquent orator." *

The pecuniary saving effected to the country by these Schools can be shown in a manner equally striking. Since their establishment at least one thousand children have been sent out into respectable positions in the world. Suppose (and the number is probably far below what the actual result would have been) that but one-half of these children had become criminals: what then?

> " Since the expense of each criminal," to quote Dr. Guthrie's words, " on an average amounts to £300, the saving of five hundred children will eventually save the country the enormous sum of £150,000, after deducting all the expenses which the public, through our society, has incurred on their behalf! † Nor is this the whole pecuniary advantage which society has derived from our schools alone. These five hundred children, turned into useful, productive citizens, are a positive gain and profit to the country. Say that the net value of the labour of each is but £20 a year, and suppose that they live on an average as productive members of society not more than twenty years, what is the result? The result is this, that not only does the country save £150,000, but it gains by the life and industry of the whole number the enormous sum of £200,000."

When, in Switzerland, he visited the late Dr. Guggenhuhl's institution for the cure of *cretin* (fatuous) children, he was struck by the ingenious mode that benevolent man had adopted for showing at a glance the benefits of the institution. A series of duplicate photographs hung on the walls of his room, each pair presenting the same child at two different stages: the first, as the boy or

* The Report of the Government Inspector (Rev. S. Turner), given in on December 31st, 1873, shows that in the Original Ragged School of Edinburgh, the proportion of children who have turned out well has been between 80 and 90 per cent. (*Scotsman*, Aug. 25th, 1874.)

† The Lord Advocate of Scotland stated at the Annual Meeting in 1852, when the Original Ragged School had been but five years in existence, that supposing the children, who had been rescued up to that date by the agency of the school, to have run an ordinary course of crime, they would have cost the country £64,800.

girl was on entering the institution—the lineaments of humanity scarce recognisable; the second, after years of care and tuition, tidy in person, the countenance exhibiting a fair share of intelligence, a child fitted to go forth in quest of a livelihood. Dr. Guthrie delighted, after a somewhat similar fashion, to set forth in word-pictures the blessed change which came over many of his protégés, from the time of their being lifted "out of the gutter," till at the end of their school training they were sent forth to fight their own way in the world. Here is such a duplicate:—

"I was up lately (at the Ramsay Lane School) and saw a child brought in from the police-office, a lean, withered creature of a girl, who had been picked up for some petty offence, and had been sent, not to prison, but to the Ragged Schools. She was dressed in an old tattered gown made for somebody a great deal bigger than herself, and it was curious to see her little withered face away deep in the hollow of a great black bonnet. Poor soul! it was plain she had never been in such a place before; she sat perfectly amazed, confounded, dumbfoundered, immovable, as if she had been cut out of stone; the only thing about her that seemed to have life was her eyes, and they went continually rolling round and round in blank amaze. In fact, she had all the look of a new-caught hare! Yet in three weeks you could not have recognised that child, such a marvellous change do the allied powers of patience and porridge work."

It may not have been this same girl, but just such another, whom, after some years of kindly Christian training in these schools, he found in the house of his elder, Mr. George Duncan, and of whom he thus tells—

"O with what *goût* did I eat my dinner when I learned that that neat modest girl serving us had passed through our Ragged School! and that my friend had not only opened his heart and hand to our cause, but had opened his house to this poor child, where she had found a comfortable and Christian home. I say let others go and do likewise."

Nor did he offer an advice which he was not prepared to practise:—

"INCHGRUNDLE, LOCHLEE, 1866.

"I have brought a Ragged School boy with me this year. I thought some five weeks here would be a great enjoyment for him, and that he would be helpful in the house, at an oar, and by the waterside in carrying the basket. He has been a great pleasure to us, and is quite a favourite with the people here. A smarter, more courteous, every way finer boy I have not seen anywhere for many a long year and day. He is very docile, of quick memory, a capital reader, of a bright buoyant temperament, can swim like a trout, and already handles the oars like a Shetlander or a Polynesian. He is in great ecstasies when a trout of any respectability is caught—pronouncing it to be 'a salmon!'" (*To Miss M. E. Lockhart.*)

Above all, it gladdened Dr. Guthrie's heart to receive from time to time testimonies to the influence of his schools in the highest sense:—"We believe that we can trace the salvation of the souls of some of those children to the Ragged Schools; some of them have shown evidence of a decided change, not of outward conduct only, but of heart." Letters now lie before us, written from Australia by girls who had been in the Edinburgh Ragged School, one too from a young soldier in Shorncliffe camp, that bear true and touching evidence to the influence of these schools on the eternal welfare of some of the scholars.

The more immediate advantages which others have reaped from them came constantly under the notice of their founder. The following illustration is no doubt an exceptional one, but none the less noteworthy:—

"I was present, at a graduation ceremonial in the University of Edinburgh, when there came forward to be 'capped,'* by the Chancellor, ministers as doctors of divinity, lawyers and *littérateurs* as doctors of law, others still as doctors of medicine, and lastly a number of fine-looking young men as masters of arts. Who was there, think you? I never was so affected all my days. It took me by surprise, and, I am

* The degree is conferred by touching the head of each graduate with an antique flat bonnet of black velvet.

not ashamed to confess it, it brought the tears to my eyes, for I saw among those 'capped' that day, as master of arts, *a youth who had been one of my Ragged School boys.*"

One of the happiest evenings of an unusually happy life was spent by him in December, 1856:—

"When constituents were giving banquets to their members, and joyous cities were feasting the heroes of the Russian war, we resolved to pay some honour to those who, in their own field, had had as hard a battle to fight and as difficult a part to play. Cards of invitation were accordingly issued to such of our old scholars as we could find in town. We did the thing handsomely. Our largest room in the school was brilliantly lighted; ivy, branches of laurel, and holly with its coral berries, festooned the walls; while long tables groaned under ample stores of coffee, tea, cookies, buns, and cakes of all sorts. It fell to me, as a kind of head of the house, to do the honours.

"The hour of reception arrived. The tread and shuffling of many feet rose on the stairs. The living stream set in, in a constant succession of sober, well-to-do-like young men and women. Wives, once Ragged School girls, were there with blushes and honest pride, introducing their husbands to me, and husbands, once Ragged School boys, their wives. There they were, all well dressed, some even genteelly; without a rag on their backs or trace of wretchedness in their bright and happy faces, self-supporting, upright; earning, by honest industry, wages that in some cases reached the thirty or forty shillings a week of the skilled workman, shopman, or clerk.

"It was a marvellous sight! I was ready to ask, Are these my Ragged School children? The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad. They were a hundred and fifty in all. What happy faces theirs were! How joyous to meet again within these walls! With no stronger stimulants than tea and coffee, their spirits rose to the highest pitch, and what a merry ring was in their laugh; what heartiness in their fun, and also in their feeding! How they did enjoy themselves! One of my daughters, who presided at a table, told me of a boy who drank an ocean of tea—ten cups at the least! The evening flew away on lightsome wings: songs were sung, good counsels given; prayers were offered, and blessings asked. We lingered over the scene. Nor could I look on that gathering of young men and women, so respectably clad, and wearing such an air of decency, and think what, but for the Ragged School, they would have been—

without tears of joy, gratitude to God welling up to the eyes. It was a sight worth living for. It was our Harvest Home. Our joy was according to the joy of harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil. Such are Ragged Schools! Trees of life; let them be planted in every city: their leaves are for the healing of the people."

Nor are the benefits of such schools confined to this country. Numbers of the children—girls especially—have been assisted to emigrate, and some of the most blessed results which the school has yielded are to be gathered from the subsequent history of those young persons, delivered from associations of a dangerous kind, and separated from ill-doing relatives in the old country.

The Rev. James Wells, of Barony Free Church, Glasgow, who went out in 1867 as a deputy to the Presbyterian Churches of the United States, writes to us:—

"At the close of a service which I conducted in the Scotch Church, New York, a very respectable-looking man, with his wife and two or three children, came to speak to me. He inquired particularly about Dr. Guthrie, and expressed his great regret that he had not been able to make out his visit to America. He then used, as nearly as I can recollect, the following words:—'I was a friendless orphan on the streets of Edinburgh, and my prospects were as dark as they could be. I was one of the first boys that Dr. Guthrie took into his Industrial School; and all I have for time and eternity I owe to that school. It has been one of the great desires of my life to shake hands with Dr. Guthrie, and thank him before I die.' He had prospered in business, was a member of the Scotch Church, and I remember that he had his pew Bible in his hand as he spoke to me, and he used it with an energetic gesture."

So ample indeed was the testimony to the general well-doing of those who had left the Ragged School for the colonies, that Dr. Guthrie was indignant at the unkind suggestion sometimes thrown out, that these boys and girls, for the sake of the colonies, had better remain "at home." The following passage-at-arms on the subject, as described by himself, is characteristic:—

"WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL, LONDON, *July* 19*th*, 1871.

"I have just come from a meeting where I have had a pretty row with the late Attorney-General of Australia.

"The meeting was that of a colonial society, and took place in the large hall of this hotel. In seconding a vote of thanks to Jenkins (author of 'Ginx's Baby'), I made some remarks touching the colonies as a field for our Ragged School children, which were greatly cheered. After me came said Attorney-General, who opposed the idea of sending out, as he chose to characterize my proposition, 'the *scum* of the country' to the colonies. This set up my *birse.* I waited till he was done, then craved and gave him an answer. My finisher, the *coup de grace*, was furnished by a sheet of paper lying on the table before the Chairman (the Duke of Manchester). Seizing it, I held it out before the meeting, by that time pretty well wrought up in sympathy with myself, saying, 'this was once the "scum" which the gentleman charged me with wishing to introduce into the colonies—once foul, dirty, wretched rags. In it—now white as the snows of heaven—this gentleman (who spoke, I believe, in sheer ignorance of the subject) may see an emblem of the material we would send to the colonies, of the work our Ragged Schools have achieved.' So, tossing down the paper, and bowing to the Duke amid the cheers of the audience, taken by surprise, and manifestly pleased with this illustration, I left, thankful to God that I was ready-witted enough for the occasion: the last words I heard as I left the room to scribble off this letter being, 'Well done, Guthrie!'" (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

For twenty-four successive years, the Annual Meetings of the Original Ragged School were looked forward to with eagerness by the Christian public in Edinburgh, and invariably secured a bumper house in the Music Hall. "The movement which began in a loft, in a mean street in Aberdeen, has now attained such proportions, that nobles feel it an honour to preside at our public meetings." These were "red-letter days" in Dr. Guthrie's year. At an earlier period, anti-patronage, non-intrusion, and Free Church platforms had been familiar with his stalwart form; in later years, he felt most in his element at the Annual Meeting of his Ragged School. Seated with beaming face on the chair-

man's left hand, he was surrounded by a compact phalanx of ministers and laymen of every evangelical denomination in the city. On the orchestra behind him, stood row above row the three hundred boys and girls of the school, and when their clear voices rang out in the opening hymn, few could look on the spectacle without emotion and thankfulness.

At these gatherings, Dr. Guthrie's was naturally looked for as the speech of the day. His own manifest feeling and fervour carried the audience irresistibly along with him; and the effect of his appeal was sometimes evidenced before the meeting ended in the most practical of all ways. After sitting down exhausted, it refreshed both his body and spirit to receive, as we have seen him do, a scrap of paper from a gentleman in the audience, with these words pencilled on it, "My dear Doctor, please put me down this year for £100."

"I never engaged in a cause," was his testimony at the Birmingham Conference, "as a man and a Christian minister that I believe on my death-bed I will look back on with more pleasure or gratitude to God, than that He led me to work for Ragged Schools. I have the satisfaction, when I lay my head upon my pillow, of always finding one soft part of it: and that is, that God has made me an instrument in His hand of saving many a poor creature from a life of misery and crime."

May we not fitly add the lines which he quoted in so many of his speeches, and termed "My favourite Motto"?—

"I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming to;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MINISTRY.

"I AM glad to get rid of controversy. I wish to devote my days to preaching, and to the pastoral superintendence of my people." It was thus Dr. Guthrie expressed himself in the first Assembly of the Free Church, immediately after the Disruption had brought to a close the "Ten Years' Conflict." He found indeed, as time went on, that he had to take his share of controversy on other fields; still his wish was largely granted; and for the succeeding twenty-one years, from 1843 to 1864, the larger part of his time and toil in Edinburgh was devoted to pastoral and pulpit work.

To the outside world Dr. Guthrie was chiefly known as a preacher; none the less was he a devoted pastor. The members of his flock saw him at their firesides in hours of grief and hours of gladness, and their love for the tender, faithful minister equalled, if it did not surpass, their admiration for the pulpit orator. Often did he express his regret that, from the size of his congregation in Edinburgh, he could not acquire the same intimate acquaintance with individuals as he did with the flock in his country parish. We have heard him tell of being stopped in the street by some one on whose face the blush of hesitation was followed by a look of surprise and disappointment when Dr. Guthrie said, "But who *are* you, my good friend?" and it distressed

him to to hear the reply, "Sir, I thought you would have known me. I am a member of your congregation!"

Nevertheless, he tried to overtake the stated visitation of his people; persevering in it, when little able to climb the "weary stairs," as he called them, of Edinburgh houses. His congregation was scattered over the whole city, and many a day, especially from 1850 onwards, he returned to his house prostrated by this work. One Sunday afternoon, in 1849, when leaving his church-door after public worship (which at that time he was unable himself to conduct), he found a private carriage waiting to convey him to the death-bed of an aged officer. An agent of the Scottish Sabbath Alliance, having observed him enter this carriage on his return to his own house, addressed to him next day by post a serious remonstrance. Dr. Guthrie preserved a copy of the reply he sent to the worthy man:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, and would at once relieve your mind from any fear that I would take offence at your doing what you consider your duty. I admire zeal in a good cause, even when I think that it may, through mistake and misapprehension, have taken a wrong direction.

"I am not a member of the Sabbath Alliance for what I consider good and substantial reasons, and though it is not necessary I should explain them now, I may just say that they are not in any degree of a Secularist character, and that I feel sure there is not a member or agent of that Alliance who holds the Sabbath in more value than I do. It is just to prevent a prejudice being created against that sacred cause, that I would warn you with the utmost kindness against drawing hasty and harsh conclusions.

"I have been for nearly a twelvemonth and a half an invalid, laid aside from all pulpit duties. You saw me come out of a house in Queen Street and enter a carriage on the Lord's day. Now allow me to say that if you had looked at the plate on the door, you would have found that the house was not mine, and if you had looked at the bell you would have seen a paper hanging at it with the '*Ring gently,*' which is the sign of danger and disease within the dwelling, and from these two

things common sense and common charity should have drawn the conclusion that I had been there on a visit of mercy. All this would have saved you the trouble of sending me a letter with an '*Address against using Carriages for attending Public Worship.*' When you saw me, I was entering the carriage of the dying man to return to my own home ; and without the use of that carriage I could not have gone on that visit of mercy. I am not uncharitable enough to believe that any member of the Sabbath Alliance would save horse-flesh at the expense of men's souls, or preserve an outward form to the loss of the spirit and love of the Gospel.

"I wish men would recollect more than they do, that the same Bible which inculcates the observance of the Fourth Commandment, enjoins that charity which hopeth all things, and believeth all things."

The emotional, sympathetic nature with which he was endowed made his visits to homes of sorrow and the bedsides of the sick greatly prized. There are very many in whose memory will ever live not only his faithful words, but the tender tones, the tearful eye, the hand laid so kindly on the shoulder as he spoke.

"*October* 23*rd*, 1847.

"I have had and still have a more than usual number of my people labouring under serious and formidable maladies. . . . This morning has cut off one of these from my list and the land of the living. . . . Typhus fever showed itself distinctly in her about a week ago. I saw her repeatedly. Two days ago, I thought she would get safe across the bar—the crisis. God ordered it otherwise; the disease suddenly took a fatal turn, and she entered eternity this morning. I have been seeing the family who are plunged into grief, but not mourning as those who have no hope. The parents were remarking the mercy of God in the midst of their judgment. One of their family had exhibited more softness of heart, and seriousness, and attention to divine things than any of the rest, and that one was she whom they have no more here. The tree was shaken, and the ripest fell.

"May we be growing in ripeness for eternity and glory day by day. What a happy meeting and blessed welcome waits the wanderer at his Father's house! When one has been long and far away from an earthly home, what a happy sight to see brothers and sisters all crowding to the door to bring us in.

What is that but a dim image of what will be seen at the gates of glory?" (*To Miss G. Hay; now Madame de la Harpe.*)

Sometimes afflicted members of his flock, when absent from Edinburgh, expressed a longing desire to see him; and he would allow no inconvenience to stand in the way of his complying with such an intimation. The following was written to the bereaved father of one whose death-bed he had visited several times, travelling far into England on this special errand:—"You are very kind to write to me in the midst of your grief. In your case I can both weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice—weep with the living and rejoice with the dead. I am so glad to hear that —— died in the full enjoyment of a felt peace in Christ. When I left her, she was lying at His feet—a safe posture and position; still it was well to see her reposing on His bosom. I am very grateful to God for any good or comfort I was made the means of communicating to her."

When himself absent from his flock, he sent frequent letters or messages of sympathy to those of them whose cases lay near his heart at the time. The following reference is to one who had been recently afflicted with the loss of sight:—

"I was so delighted to read in yours of my good friend Miss Ross. Your note about her was like cold water to a thirsty soul. Give her my most affectionate regards. She and her brother have been kind friends to me. With you and them and others, I have been blessed with friendships beyond most men. I pray the Lord to give Miss Ross patience under her prolonged trial, and that though the sun has ceased to shine to her, He who is the Sun of Righteousness may shine on her with His face. To this world and that sun soon will all our eyes be dark. Blindness is but a short anticipation of what awaits us all. How blessed if we can hope that, when our eyes are shut on earth, we shall open them on glory! May such hopes sustain my dear friend, and cheer her on in her darkened path!" (*To Miss M. E. Lockhart.*)

Every faithful pastor could probably recall, in the course of a lengthened ministry, so many scenes of varied interest, and illustrations so striking of man's sin and God's grace, that the least eventful of such lives would afford material for an instructive narrative. But it is not every minister who could write Büchsel's "Ministerial Experiences" or Spencer's "Pastor's Sketches." Scattered through Dr. Guthrie's writings there are numerous passages which indicate how remarkable a volume he might have compiled, had he set himself to give his experiences as a pastor to the world.* Here is one, which he describes as "a scene which I have not forgotten, nor can forget:"—

"Alone in the garret of a dilapidated house, within a wretched room, stretched on a pallet of straw, covered only by some scanty, filthy rags, with no fire in the empty chimney, and the winter wind blowing in cold and fitful gusts through the broken, battered window, an old woman lay, feeble, wasted, grey. She had passed the eleventh hour; the hand was creeping on to the twelfth. Had she been called? It was important to turn to the best account the few remaining sands of life; so I spoke to her of her soul, told her of a Saviour—urging her to prepare for that other world on whose awful border her spirit was hovering. She stared; and raising herself on her elbow, with chattering teeth and ravenous look, muttered, 'I am cold and hungry.' Promising help, I at the same time warned her that there was something worse than cold and hunger. Whereupon, stretching out a naked and skinny arm, with an answer which if it did not satisfy the reason touched the feelings, she said, 'If you were as cold and as hungry as I am, you could think of nothing else.' The cares of the world were choking the word." †

* In his "Out of Harness" (1867), under the title of "Unforgiving and Unforgiven," he says:—"In all my experiences as a minister, I never stood by a death-bed so appalling. I had seen people dying in many different frames of mind—some in callous indifference, others in eager anxiety, crying, 'What shall I do to be saved?' not a few with their heads pillowed on Jesus' bosom, enjoying a calm and blissful peace; one or two in an ecstasy, in celestial transports, rejoicing in the Lord. But this woman was dying in the blackness of darkness; hers, the only deathbed I have seen, during a ministry of six-and-thirty years, of blank despair."

† "The Parables," page 307. (Strahan and Co., London. 1866.)

Or take this other incident:—

"With reluctant steps I have approached the house of a young wife to communicate tidings of her husband's death. There is not a cloud in that summer sky; nor, as she thinks, in hers. The air rings with songs of happy birds, and the garden amid which her home stands is full of smiling beauty; and fair as the flowers and happy as a singing bird comes that bride forth, rushing out to bid me welcome to her sunny home. With such tidings, I felt like an executioner. I thought of victims going with garlands to the sacrifice. With Jephthah, when his child came forth with dances and delight to meet him, I was ready to cry, 'Alas! my daughter;' and when the truth was told, the knife plunged into her heart, and she, springing to her feet, with one wild long piercing shriek, dropped on the floor at mine a senseless form, I felt it hard to have such offices to do. I could not give her back her dead, nor at her wild entreaties unsay the dreadful truth, or admit, poor soul! that I was but playing with her fears." *

The readers of Dr. Guthrie's Autobiography may remember the account he gives of his Bible-class in his country parish (p. 155). It was to be expected that a department of pastoral diligence to which he attached such value there, would be diligently cared for in Edinburgh. The account which one of its members (now the Rev. T. Cochrane, of Pleasance Free Church) gives, indicates that it was conducted very much on the Arbirlot model. The note-books used by Dr. Guthrie in connection with his examination of young communicants now lie before us. In these he recorded his impressions of the spiritual condition, as well as doctrinal knowledge, of each, with a minuteness which indicates the care and pains he took, during his Edinburgh ministry, in this solemn part of a pastor's work.

In St. John's Free Church, he was surrounded by a willing band of elders, deacons, and Sunday-school teachers. But he would have liked, had that been possible, to have seen every individual whose name stood on

* "Speaking to the Heart," page 13. (Strahan and Co., London. 1862.)

the communion roll included in his congregational staff of assistants. His motto was, "to every man his work;" —to every woman hers. Looking down from his pulpit on the crowded pews, he said:—"A thought that presses on me when I cast my eyes over some such great assembly, and see all these human faces, is this—What power is here! what an immense moral power! We talk of the power latent in steam—latent till Watt evoked its spirit from the waters, and set the giant to turn the iron arms of machinery. It is impossible to over-estimate, or rather to estimate, the power that lies latent in our churches. And why latent? Because men and women neither appreciate their individual influence, nor estimate aright their individual responsibilities."

It cheered him to find increasing numbers, year after year, not only of the office-bearers but the private members of his flock, engaging in some form of Christian work. When on Sunday afternoons the benediction had been pronounced, and the crowds slowly melted away, and the church doors were closed, the work of the day at St. John's was by no means over. Mr. Guthrie was himself indeed so exhausted, that complete rest was a necessity for him on the evening of the Lord's day, and he spent it generally among his younger children by the fireside; but he felt the liveliest interest in the labours of those who returned to his church at night to work for the Master.*

* Besides a congregational Sunday-school held in the morning, there was another of 300 children, gathered from the poor and squalid neighbourhood around, and conducted in the evening under the superintendence of D. Duncan, Esq. Two senior classes were likewise held beneath the church: one, containing 100 young women of the humbler class, was taught for years by Miss Greville (now Mrs. Hogarth), a member of the Church of England; the other, a class of from 70 to 90 working-lads, who had otherwise been lounging on the street, was collected and conducted by one of the elders, Maurice Lothian, Esq., then Procurator-Fiscal for the county. While these were being taught down-stairs, the church itself was occupied by Bible-classes for young men of the congregation, taught by three young lawyers attached to Mr. Guthrie's ministry, viz., W. G. Dickson, Esq., now Sheriff of Lanarkshire, Thomas Ivory, Esq., Advocate, and John Carment, Esq., S.S.C.

Other congregations of the Free Church in Edinburgh were wealthier than Dr. Guthrie's. With a fair share of persons of means, it contained a number of plain people;* and among the crowds drawn from all parts of the city who filled the pews, he continued to regard with special interest those poorer members of his flock whom he had gathered in originally from the locality around, and who had followed him up the stairs of the Lawnmarket to "Free St. John's." But the nature of his pastoral work was materially changed after 1843. "I laboured for six or seven years," he said, "as a home missionary, and, in so far as by the Disruption I was driven out of that position, it is the only thing I regret."

In 1850, under the guidance of his colleague, Dr. Hanna, the congregation resolved to select a destitute district in the Old Town, and to work there on the territorial system, carrying out as far as possible the plans which Mr. Guthrie himself pursued when he laboured among the poor and ignorant as a parish minister in Old Greyfriars and St. John's. "I advise my own elders," were his words, "instead of attending at two diets of worship on Sundays at Free St. John's, to devote a part of the day to visiting such districts as the Pleasance,† and to try what good they can do. I advise every man and woman to do that; and I should be happy to see my church partly empty, if I thought the people were so engaged."

In a letter written thirteen years after that home-

* Considering its mixed character, therefore, it is remarkable that from 1843 to 1864 his congregation should have raised not less than £58,000.

† The Rev. T. Cochrane, of Pleasance Free Church, who regarded Dr. Guthrie as God's instrument in leading him to dedicate his life to the Gospel ministry, has published a narrative of the encouraging result of twenty-one years' work in that Mission district, entitled "Home Mission Work." There have been admitted to church membership 2,108 persons; 1,500 of whom had either never been members of any Church before, or had wholly lapsed from ordinances.

mission work had been commenced, we find Dr. Guthrie narrating its results in circumstances of interest:—

"MALVERN, *5th May*, 1863.

"On Thursday I breakfasted in London with the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone), in Carlton House Terrace. Breakfast was after a curious fashion. In a very spacious room, instead of one table, there were set out in different parts of the room three tables. By this arrangement, every table, including but seven or eight guests, formed one talking-party. Lord Lyttleton presided at one table. Mr. Gladstone made me sit at another where he and Mrs. Gladstone were, and where we had Lord Stanley (Derby's son), Sir David Brewster, the Dean of Westminster (Trench), and a young lady who has a great deal to do with the Biblewomen, and efforts to evangelize some districts of London.

"We had a deal of interesting talk anent the scheme inaugurated by the Bishop of London at a great meeting the day before that of our breakfast, for raising one million of money for the evangelization of London. I was able, from our Pleasance and Edinburgh experience generally, to throw some important light, and open up to them new views, on the subject. These met so much the ideas of the Dean of Westminster, that, apologizing for giving a busy man more work, he asked me to communicate to him by letter my views and experience in the matter, which I promised to do. The aspect of the case I pressed on them was the importance of tacking on a poor locality to a good and rather wealthy congregation, such as was done when The Pleasance was taken up and wrought in the first instance by St. John's people. . . . One of those present started a difficulty as to how they would do with the West-end congregations in London, when I stated that we worked on a poor district with a wealthy congregation, and made the abundance of the one supply the want of the other, and the piety of the one meet the impiety of the other. 'Ah!' said he, 'how could we get a West-end congregation to deal with St. George's-in-the-East?' on which Mr. Gladstone, with ready ingenuity, said, 'That is settled by the Underground Railway.'" (*To his son Thomas.*)

"Christ sent me," wrote St. Paul, "not to baptize, but to preach the gospel." However much he would have shrunk from naming himself with the great Apostle, Dr. Guthrie felt that preaching was the vocation to which he too had been specially called.

"No readier speaker ever stepped upon a platform," writes his colleague, the Rev. Dr. Hanna; "but such was his deep sense of the sacredness of the pulpit, and the importance of weighing well every word that should proceed from it, that he never trusted to a passing impulse to mould even a single phrase. Yet, in the manuscript, there were often phrases, sentences, illustrations, that one on hearing them could scarcely believe to have been other than the suggestion of the moment, linking themselves as apparently they did with something that was then immediately before the speaker's eye. The explanation of this lay in the power (possessed in any considerable degree by but few, possessed by him in perfect measure) of writing as if a large audience were around him; writing as if speaking, realising the presence of a crowd before him, and having that presence as a continual stimulus to thought and constant moulder of expression. The difference in fact that there almost invariably is between a written and spoken address, was by his vivid imagination and quick sympathies reduced to a minimum, if not wholly obliterated. Herein lay one secret of his great power as a preacher."

He was not long in Edinburgh till he learned in a curious way how much the character and variety of his illustrations served to gain the attention and awaken the interest of all sorts of hearers:—

"*September* 11*th*, 1838.

"I was preaching in St. Andrew's Church on Sunday night, and have been greatly amused at two observations which were told me to-day,—the one by Catherine Burns, who was in the back seat of the gallery and heard a man (in allusion to my nautical figures) say to his neighbour before her, 'He is an old sailor; at least he was a while at sea!' And Miss Gilfillan heard one say to another as he came down the stair, 'If he *stick* the Minister trade, yon man would make his bread as a surgeon!'" *

We remember his visiting the studio of an artist on whose easel lay an unfinished historical picture. He suggested some change, and ventured somewhat freely to criticize some object or attitude on the canvas, when the artist, with just a little warmth, in-

* The accuracy of his medical and scientific illustrations has been frequently remarked. "In his logic you might often detect a flaw," it has been said; "in his illustrations, never."

terposed—"Dr. Guthrie, remember you are a preacher and not a painter." "Beg your pardon, my good friend—I *am* a painter; only I paint in words, while you use brush and colours." Writing of the importance, when rightly used, of the pictorial faculty in a preacher, he remarked:—"While this faculty is not to be allowed to run away with a man—to be over indulged—(in which I have no doubt I have often sinned), it is a telling one, and valuable for the highest ends."

"Observe either to draw your pen entirely through, or to alter any passage which you find it very difficult to commit. A thing is easily remembered which is striking, and retained which is sticking; and what does not impress your own mind in these ways, and therefore is committed with difficulty, you may be sure won't tell on the minds of your hearers. An illustration or an example drawn from nature, a Bible story or any history, will, like a nail, often hang up a thing which otherwise would fall to the ground. Put such into your passage and you will certainly mend it.

"Deal in pure, pithy Saxon. Never use a word with Greek, or Latin, or French root if you can find one with the same meaning in your mother tongue. Use as few adjectives as possible; they load and cumber the truth.

"Mind 'the three P's.' In every discourse the preacher should aim at PROVING, PAINTING, and PERSUADING; in other words, addressing the Reason, the Fancy, and the Heart.

"The more easy your manner, without losing the character of seriousness and solemnity, so much the better. Vigour and *birr*, without roaring and bellowing, are ever to be aimed at." (*To the Rev. J. W. Lawrie, Tulliallan.*)

During his studying days of the week he used to retire to the vestry of his church, after breakfast, to secure freedom from interruption. "At St. John's vestry," he mentions in a letter of 1847, "I have often had one unbroken *spell* of nine hours' work." But sometimes he composed at home; and then, all the while, we could hear his voice resounding from within his study. The explanation of this he gives in the same letter from which we have already quoted:—

"Don't commit by repeating your discourse aloud. I *write aloud;* but I *commit* in silence. If you do otherwise, the matter will become too familiar to your own ear, and it won't rouse you during the delivery; and, if it don't rouse you, it won't rouse the people. The advantage of writing aloud is, that it teaches to write a spoken style—a great point that."

Not being himself a "reader" in the pulpit, he had no patience with the habit in others. Thus, to a young minister who had preached for him on one occasion, he wrote on the following day—

"One thing you must shake off,—and that is your *chain.* I mean 'the paper.' I wished all the time that you had swept it down into the Elders' pew. Perhaps you don't read commonly,—so far well; but you should read *never.* You will find one among a thousand who can read so well that it does not mar the effect of the matter—not more. To talk of the popular objection to 'the paper' as being a groundless prejudice is all stuff; it is founded deep in the feelings of our nature. It, I may say, universally produces more or less of monotony,—so much of it, as to act like mesmerism on the audience. To keep an audience wide awake, their attention active and on the stretch (without which how are they to get good?), all the *natural* varieties of tone and action are necessary—qualifications incompatible with the practice of reading.

"Besides, I have found by experience, that the practice of *committing* is to the preacher one of the best means of instructing him how to prepare for the pulpit. . . . . My experience has been that what I found difficult to remember has commonly fallen flat upon the people. Finding it blunt, I have set myself to give it point and grind it to a sharper edge. Finding it heavy, I have joined it to a figure, an example, an illustration,—something which, like a balloon, would make it rise.

"One other immense advantage of not 'reading,' is that you are more free to avail yourself of those thoughts and varieties (improvements of expressing even what is prepared) which the animation and heat of the pulpit naturally give. When the soul is excited, thoughts and even language acquire a fire and brilliancy which they have not in the calmness of the study.

"The difficulties are quite surmountable. I don't say in a day; but no great thing is done in a day. With such a help

as I use, there is no difficulty,—a piece of paper with the heads and such words written as mark the progress of the discourse and its prominent points." * (*To the Rev. A. Maxwell, Kingskettle.*)

Dr. Guthrie was neither a political nor controversial preacher. "In times like these" (to quote from Dr. Fraser of Marylebòne's tribute to his memory), "when many court popularity by affecting secular themes in sacred places, it is well worth remembering that the most popular preacher of this generation always dealt with simple Gospel truths." Yet in presence of what he considered public wrongs he could not be altogether silent. His denunciations of slavery, for example, were unsparing. Writing in 1853, at the season of year when Edinburgh is crowded with tourists from all parts of the world, he tells of "a crowd of strangers on Sabbath; among others, an American slave-holding lady, who charged Dr. Simpson [afterwards Sir J. Y. Simpson], who brought her, with having told me that she was to be there—I happened to come across her *shins* by a sentence about slavery."†

One might have heard Dr. Guthrie preach for years without ever discovering him to be a man of humour; and it is only once or twice in his printed sermons that the reader will light on a sentence where it gleams forth; so strictly did he keep under restraint, while in the pulpit, a faculty he possessed in no ordinary degree, and to which he gave full scope on the platform. "Few clergymen," writes Dr. Hanna, "of churches in which large 'liberty of prophesying' in the pulpit is permitted, and who were as great humorists as Rowland

* The sermon of which we present the abstract is printed in the "Way to Life," 1862, p. 156.

† One of the first sermons he ever published was "The War in some of its social, political, and religious aspects." (A. & C. Black, Edinburgh, 1854.) Running counter as it did to the popular enthusiasm regarding the Crimean War (then at its height), it exposed its author to considerable misrepresentation.

Hill or Dr. Guthrie, have been able to restrain their natural propensity so far that a rippling and suppressed smile has not been seen occasionally stealing over the faces of their congregations. But I never saw the shadow of a smile pass over the congregation of Free St. John's." *

"What multitudes," says Dr. Cairns, "have heard the pure gospel of the grace of God from his lips, adorned but not disguised by the thousand hues of his exhaustless fancy, gushing forth from the tenderness of his own sympathetic heart, and laden with a wealth of anecdote and incident that brought in all human experience, dark and bright, of saint and of sinner, to reinforce its lessons! . . . . As in the parallel case of Bunyan, the Gospel was not diluted, only simplified, vitalised, intensified by these gifts. The strait gate was as strait as ever, only the approach to it from the City of Destruction was lighted up. The narrow way was as narrow as ever, only brightened by waymarks, and cheered by emblems and parables in the Interpreter's House, and by glimpses of the Celestial City from the Delectable Mountains."†

Every reader of his sermons may perceive that "the preacher sought out acceptable words;" but his primary aim was to declare what he believed to be "all the counsel of God." Some might not like his Calvinism; but none could mistake what he believed and taught concerning man's ruin by sin, and God's electing grace in Christ Jesus as his only hope. Still, Calvinist as he certainly was, he emphatically disapproved any attempt to square Scripture with the supposed requirements of a doctrinal system. "John," to quote a sentence from

* "In the pulpit," we quote from a Scotch newspaper, "one half of his rich nature was necessarily restrained. He could be pathetic there, but not humorous; though we did once hear him begin a sermon by saying that God, on one occasion, used an ass to preach to a sinner, but that he was not in the way of using asses when he could get better instruments!"

† "Dr. Guthrie, as an Evangelist," by John Cairns, D.D.

one of his discourses, "uses a very broad expression. 'Jesus Christ,' he says, '. . . . is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' 'The whole world'—'ah!' some would say, 'that is dangerous language.' It is God's language; John speaking as he was moved by the Holy Ghost. It throws a zone of mercy around the world. Perish the hand that would narrow it by a hair's breadth!"

"I worshipped in —— yesterday. I was much shocked and hurt at the tone and style of the preacher; such austerity and *forbiddingness* (to coin a word) never, in my hearing at least, clouded the gracious gospel. He declared he did not envy the state of those—he had a bad opinion of their condition—who did not *rejoice that God's enemies were destroyed, and that with a destruction without remedy;* and he laid such emphasis, I would say savage emphasis, on the word 'rejoice,' and his eye flashed such fire while he announced a proposition which would require the utmost and most careful explanation, that by way of contrast the words of Paul rose to my memory, 'of whom I tell you even weeping;' as also the touching picture of our blessed Saviour when from the Mount of Olives he looked down on Jerusalem, and fell a weeping, saying, 'Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem!'

"I really felt exceedingly indignant, and very little more would have tempted me to leave the place. There was not a word of tender encouragement dropped to a poor sinner; I thought I saw the man stamping with his foot and putting out the smoking flax. It was a horrible caricature of the gospel; it hadn't an echo of the song the angels sang to the shepherds of Bethlehem; I hope never again to hear the like of it. My opinion is, that the best do the glorious gospel miserable injustice; and so far as my judgment on myself is concerned, I feel that so strongly, that I sometimes feel how happy I would be to retire from the great work and give place to others better fitted to do it justice. But when the field is so large, and the labourers so few, the cause can ill spare any; and therefore I would rejoice to be back again to my pulpit to tell of Jesus and His love to man." (*To Mr. G. M. Torrance.*)

For two years after the Disruption, Mr. Guthrie's congregation assembled in the large chapel of the Wes-

leyans in Nicolson Square. A new church, to accommodate twelve hundred sitters, was meanwhile being erected on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, in the immediate vicinity of the parish created for him in 1839, and after which it was named St. John's Free Church. The sum of £6,000, which the congregation subscribed for its erection, could not secure a very imposing building; and therefore Mr. Guthrie's anxiety was that the able architect* should expend his strength chiefly on the interior. It was opened on 18th April, 1845. "The sun rose bright on Friday," he wrote to Mr. Fox Maule. "We had an overflowing audience. The church looked beautiful. Everybody was delighted with it. After sermon I made a short address; in which, among other matters, I set myself frankly and fairly to defend and justify the ornate character of our church, telling my hearers that 'there is no sin in beauty, and no holiness in ugliness.'"

"I know," he wrote to another correspondent, "considering the character of our church, some of my excellent and beloved friends look on me, as rather too much inclined to these sort of outward things. Nevertheless, I am thoroughly convinced of our wisdom in building such a reputable place of worship. I believe that the cause of those who have separated through the influence of conscientious motives from the Church of England (in many instances the cause of gospel truth and liberty) has suffered much from the mean houses in which they have met for worship.

"It is an injury to religion to associate it with meanness in *any* way. It is a right expression of a right feeling, to serve God with the best of everything. I sympathize entirely with the sound feelings of our good old Presbyterian peasantry who reserved their best dress for the Sabbath, and their very best dress for the Sacrament. I remember a number of good old bodies, both in Brechin and Arbirlot, who continued, amid their deepest poverty, to keep an unsoiled, old-fashioned gown (perhaps their marriage one) for the Sacrament, in which—with snow-white linen cap and red plaid hood, and a bible

* Thomas Hamilton, who designed the High School on the Calton Hill.

folded up in handkerchief in the one hand and a bunch of thyme or rosemary in the other—they came tottering forth once or twice a year, to sit down at the table of our Lord. Such sights leave a healthy impression on young minds, indeed on all minds." (*To Mr. G. M. Torrance.*)

But while he admired the tasteful interior of his church, he was specially pleased at that being secured without the sacrifice of requirements more essential to a place of worship.

"The children of this world," he wrote to a friend, "are wise in their generation. Theatres are built for good sight; how many churches are not?—Stuck full of pillars, roaring with echoes, and God's light of day so dimmed and diminished in passing through painted windows that the Bible or Prayer-book is read with difficulty, the features of the preacher are lost, and he himself appears like a distant object looming through mist. No men appear to be more ignorant of their profession than church architects. I remember, for example, the echoes in St. Stephen's Established Church; you seemed to hear some mocking imp in a corner of the gallery mimicking the tones of Dr. Muir! And at Dunfermline, when I preached in the Memorial Church of Robert the Bruce, I was told to speak slowly and deliberately. So, when (sick of dropping my words like laudanum out of a bottle) I went off in my usual style, the people in the gallery just heard something like the rumble of thunder among the rafters overhead!"

The scene when he preached in St. John's is photographed on the memory of multitudes. What a hush of expectancy on the upturned faces of the people, as, entering from a side door, the preacher is seen pressing with eager step through the crowd who fill the passage from the vestry to the pulpit! The swing of the broad shoulder, the head bent forward, the look of earnestness on the flushed countenance, all tell of a man who feels he has come forth on an important errand, and is straitened till it be accomplished. The opening psalm and first prayer over, the doors, within which the strangers in the school-rooms below the church had been pent up, are thrown open; and, swarming up the stairs, the eager

crowd now pours into the church itself, till, in a few minutes more, every foot of standing room is filled.

Dr. Guthrie's appearance and oratory have been often described :—

"He had all the external attractions of a pulpit orator; an unusually tall and commanding person, with an abundance of easy and powerful, because natural, gesture; a quickly and strongly expressive countenance, which age rendered finer as well as more comely (for in early and middle manhood it was gaunt, with a dusky complexion, overshadowed by lank black hair); a powerful, clear, and musical voice, the intonations of which were varied and appropriate, managed with an actor's skill, though there was not the least appearance of art."

Lord Cockburn, himself a most persuasive speaker, thus describes Dr. Guthrie :—

"Practical and natural; passionate without vehemence; with perfect self-possession, and always generous and devoted, he is a very powerful preacher. His language and accent are very Scotch, but nothing can be less vulgar, and his gesture (which seems as unthought about as a child's) is the most graceful I have ever seen in any public speaker. He deals in the broad expository Ovidian page, and is comprehended and felt by the poor woman on the steps of the pulpit as thoroughly as by the strangers who are attracted solely by his eloquence. Everything he does glows with a frank, gallant warmheartedness rendered more delightful by a boyish simplicity of air and style."

Numerous anecdotes have been put in circulation of the effect of Dr. Guthrie's pulpit power. Some of these are probably exaggerations, but the two which follow may be relied on :—

A friend, who when a medical student in Edinburgh used often, with some others of his class, to attend Free St. John's, remembers how, one Sunday afternoon, he was borne irresistibly onwards along the passage until within a few yards of the foot of the pulpit. There stood immediately in front of him a rough short-set man, past middle life, who, if one might judge by the plaid, odorous

of peat smoke, which crossed his broad back, and his whole appearance, seemed a Highland cattle-drover—a stranger manifestly both to the metropolis and to Dr. Guthrie. From the very first, the drover was riveted—a pinch of snuff every now and again evincing his inward satisfaction. Towards the end of the sermon, and just as the preacher was commencing a prolonged illustration, the stranger applied to his horn-mull. Arrested, however, he stood motionless, his hand raised with the snuff between his fingers, his head thrown back, his eyes and mouth both wide open. The instant that the passage was completed, and ere the audience had time to gather their breath for a space, the drover applied the snuff with gusto to his nostrils, and, forgetting in his excitement alike the place and the occasion, turned his head to the crowd behind, exclaiming quite audibly, "Na, sirs! but I *never* heard the like o' that!"

The following is in the words of an eye-witness, the Rev. George Hay, for many years missionary in the congregation:—"During one of Dr. Guthrie's powerful appeals to the unbeliever to close with the free offer of salvation through Jesus Christ, he described a shipwreck and the launching of the lifeboat to save the perishing crew in such vivid colours, that the dreadful scene appeared actually to take place before our eyes. Captain C——, a young naval officer, who was sitting in a front seat of the gallery, was so electrified that he seemed to lose all consciousness of what was around him. I saw him spring to his feet, and begin to take off his coat, when his mother took hold of him and pulled him down. It was some time before he could realise where he was. He told me a few days after, in his mother's house, that he became oblivious to everything else; that the scene described appeared so real that he was entirely carried away, and rose to cast his coat and try to man the lifeboat."

It is told of a famous preacher, that being informed of some eminent persons by whom his sermons were much admired, he said, "Ah! let them not put me off with admiration; it is their salvation I want." To a similar anxiety Dr. Guthrie was no stranger. In a letter written in 1857 to his sister Clementina, he thus expresses himself—

"There are few things that give me such distress among my own people, as to see how ready they are to be dissatisfied with their heavenly food, when they don't get it in the dish most to their choice. To say the least of it, it minds me of those bygone days when we were children and used to quarrel with our porridge and the servants, if it was not served up in our own wooden *cap*. This is a ludicrous comparison, yet it is very true; and I sometimes think that little good is doing here among us, because the people are apt to exalt the servant above the Master. Let us all be abased, so that Christ may be exalted."

Having in view the vital distinction between a successful ministry in man's esteem and in God's, he longed to see his preaching more fruitful in the highest sense, and mourned that, after all, more hearers left his church-door charmed than changed. There were many, nevertheless, who were "seals" of his ministry. Some of the most valued friends he had in Edinburgh were endeared to him by a more hallowed tie than that they were members of his flock; they were his own children in the faith, and he loved them as such; and, now that his ministry is accomplished, the unlocking of his repositories has furnished abundant proof of the blessing with which the Master honoured it. These letters are, of course, sacred, but they afford precious evidence of the power of God's grace: the bow was drawn at a venture, but the shaft was impelled by another power and guided by another skill than man's.

From such communications Dr. Guthrie learned of some who came to scoff but remained to pray, and of

others, drawn in the first instance by no higher motive than curiosity to hear a famous preacher, who had been led to Christ. Some wrote from distant lands to tell that they are there preaching the gospel, to whose power and value they were awakened years before in that church of his in Edinburgh. No words can express the encouragement these letters gave him, nor the thankfulness with which they were treasured up.

During 1845-46, as explained in a former chapter, Mr. Guthrie was absent from his congregation nearly twelve months on his Manse Fund Mission. He had not long returned to his pulpit, ere ominous symptoms indicative of impaired action of the heart manifested themselves. The protracted strain his nervous system had sustained during the Manse Fund tour, followed by the excitement inseparable from the stormy commencement of the Ragged School enterprise, were telling too plainly now on his vigorous frame. In the autumn of 1847 it became manifest that he must (to use a favourite phrase of his) "call a halt."

He obtained leave of absence from the Presbytery for several months, to try what entire rest would do, but at the end of that period was wholly unfit to resume work. He suffered from distressing attacks of faintness, excessive languor, and prostration of the whole system. To himself and to his friends it seemed not improbable that his preaching days, if not his days altogether, were near a close. He was at that period comparatively a poor man. With a family of nine children, all under age, dependent on him for support, it needed no small faith to rise above the anxieties in which his circumstances placed him; not to mention the keen trial of being "shelved," to a man now in the zenith of his pulpit influence, and with the Ragged School needing his personal oversight in its experimental stage.

Having gone north to Brechin to consult his brother,

Dr. A. Guthrie, on whose skill he justly placed great reliance, he thence wrote Mrs. Guthrie—

"*November 6th*, 1847.

"I think I am able to leave the case in the hands of God, and desire patiently and cheerfully to acquiesce in His will. Whether I am or am not to be restored to that health needful for past public duties, whether life is to be long or short, spent henceforth in more private and quiet duties, or as before,—may we get grace to live to the Lord.

"I commend the children to the grace of God. I hope that the elder part of them are remembering me in prayer, and the circumstances of trial in which we are now placed. Take care of yourself."

And to Miss G. Hay, a day or two thereafter—

"I desire to submit myself entirely to the will of God, and moreover that He would sanctify this monition and trial both to me and mine. On coming here, I was led, through my youngest boy's behaviour, to see what a blessed thing it is to receive the kingdom of God 'as a little child.' My little fellow, about four years old, whom I brought with me, gave himself no trouble amid the boats, omnibuses, and railway coaches, on sea, land, and in dark tunnels: his father was at his side, and never a care, or fear, or doubt, or anxiety had he. May we have grace to be led by the hand, and trust to the care and kindness of a reconciled God and Father!"

On his return to Edinburgh, he was examined by Dr. Alison, Professor Miller, and his family physician, Dr. Fairbairn; and his case was deemed by them so serious as to demand that he should at once give up all active duties. This advice he was very unwilling to take. Twice in January, 1848, he preached to his people; but the subsequent exhaustion proved the risk he was running, and at last he consented meanwhile to give up both pastoral and pulpit work.

"EDINBURGH, *February 1st*, 1848.

"I am now sensible that while other people, looking at my bulk and the apparent ease with which I spoke, took me for being much stronger than I really was, I myself attempted to do much more than I was fit for. There was clearly no call for me to work on till I was often so exhausted that I could

not eat, and could not sleep, and often in family worship at night felt such exhaustion that with difficulty I got spoken out a short prayer." (*To Provost Guthrie.*)

The generous sympathy shown by his people and friends touched him deeply. His physicians had ordered him to leave home; but how was the expense of a lengthened absence and journey to be met? In the month of February, 1848, a gift of one hundred guineas was presented to Mrs. Guthrie, and shortly thereafter there came £500 more,* to enable her husband and herself to leave home and travel with a view to his recovery.

The winter and spring of 1848 Mr. Guthrie spent in various parts of England; the summer and autumn in the Scottish Highlands.

For nearly two whole years his active ministry was interrupted. His place in St. John's was meanwhile filled by a succession of friends in the ministry; among others, by Dr. Wood, now of Dumfries, Rev. R. Taylor, now of Norwood, Rev. J. Shewan, now of North Berwick, and by Dr. Hanna, whose connection in this way with the congregation resulted, as we shall see, in important issues to it and to Mr. Guthrie. Though during that long interval of absence his lips were sealed, his hands (to use his own expression on another occasion) were not tied; and many of his letters were read to his people from time to time.

"BIRKELAND HOUSE, 9, PORTLAND STREET, LEAMINGTON,
February, 1848.

"MY DEAR DR. IRVING,†—In coming here, we spent a day in Newcastle, my object being to visit the Ragged School there, and see what progress they had made in their work. After threading and picking our way through lanes as dirty and confined as any in Edinburgh, we climbed an old-fashioned stair, and, among some forty or fifty unwashed, ragged urchins,

* These sums were due in no small part to the friendly exertions of two members of his Kirk session, G. M. Torrance, Esq., and George Dalziel, Esq., W.S.

† The late David Irving, LL.D., one of his elders:—the learned Librarian of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

we found ourselves in the Ragged School. The accommodation was poor, but I am glad to say that they are preparing new premises in a *chare*, not far off, but in a better part of the town. The more respectable closes in that town go by the odd name of *chares:* perhaps your learning may help you to the origin of the word. Its meaning, they tell about Newcastle, puzzled one of the English judges (it could not be Lord Eldon, for he himself was born in one of these very *chares* in that very town of Newcastle). On a trial for murder, to the amazement of the judge, one of the witnesses swore that he saw two men go in at the top of a *chare*, and when sternly called to consider and explain what he said, he only made the matter worse by hastily adding, 'It's quite true, my lord; and I saw them come out at the bottom!'

"Leaving Newcastle, we next pitched our tent for two days in York. I also wished to see the Ragged School in that ancient city, having had a good deal of correspondence with some of the friends of the cause there, as well as at Newcastle. As we were hesitating to which hand to turn beneath a grey gateway, a boy without a cap, with unwashed hands and face, ragged from the shoulders to the heels, darted by us, and gambolled up the stair. There was no mistaking that sign of a Ragged School!—so, following without question, we found ourselves in an old room of an old college—in the Ragged School of York. It had only been opened two days before; and, so far as we saw, things promised well.

"Afterwards I met my correspondent, and he alarmed me by announcing that he had asked some of the friends of the cause to wait on me at our Inn, that I might address them on the subject. There is no refusing a kind, generous Englishman when he is set on a good object; and though I protested that if I had been able to speak I should not have been in York at all, I found that there was no help for it but go and face this meeting. There were two of the episcopal clergymen of the city, and a goodly number of gentlemen. I was amused to find the very fears, in York, which in some measure alarmed some of our good friends in Edinburgh. These, however, I must say, were presented to me, not as objections of the gentlemen who waited on me, but as those they had to meet and fight with.

"The Roman Catholics—though I have not heard of any proselytes—number a very considerable body here (Leamington), consisting chiefly of servants and the higher classes. They are about, I was told, to open a school for the *gratis* education of any who choose to attend: at hearing which, to

the astonishment of some good people, I expressed my sincere delight. Now, don't start at my apparent heresy. The truth is, it is high time for Christian Protestants to bestir themselves to meet the wants of those poor children whom they have left to crime and misery, negligent both of their bodies and souls, allowing them to grow up criminals, and then punishing them for being so. I am happy to say that the zeal of the Papists is more and more stirring up the slumbering energies of the Protestants, and that all denominations here have started on a race with each other in the cause of education. May God speed the work!"

"LEAMINGTON, *February 26th*, 1848.

"I have seen Dr. Jephson, and got a most kind reception from him. He says that he never saw a clearer case. Looking at me with his great piercing eyes, he said, 'You have had one foot in your grave, sir, and with the other you have been kicking the bucket.' He told me I had been as near gone as man could be; but that there was nothing mortal in my case, unless I chose to make it so by refusing to abstain for a long time from all mental exercise and excitement. The action of the heart he pronounced unusually feeble; he had never almost found it so feeble.

"After the examination was over, he sat down at the table to write a prescription. But, in place of immediately doing so, he began with some cases in illustration of the restoring effects of his applications, and the stage has not a more perfect actor. He gave us an American quaker lady to the very life; Matthews could not have beat him in putting on the vacant stare of a half paralytic; in truth he is a man of very versatile and extraordinary talents."

"LEAMINGTON, *March 1st*, 1848.

"Jephson said to-day, 'We must get you made better, for I have been more bothered with letters about *you* than any man. If I don't make you better, they will take off my head!' . . .

"My diet is a total abstinence from all stimulants to the body and mind; no coffee, no tea, no ale, no porter, no whisky, no brandy, no wine. Nevertheless, I am in the best of spirits. I rise in the morning with a spring and freshness of mind; no gloomy views, hot hands, darkness, nervousness, which it needs a cup of strong tea or coffee to dispel. Jephson declares we all load the springs of nature, —even moderate eaters, as the world would call them; and that I believe to be true. I grant you for the first day or two it was rather trying to see Miss Eliott-Lockhart and my wife at their

luxuries, while I got no share. However, I made up in breakfast as far as I could. I have heard of some *bon vivant* who was restricted to one glass of wine per day: 'But,' said he, 'there was nothing said about the size of the glass,' so he got one as capacious as a goblet! Acting on this principle, while Jephson allowed one egg to breakfast, and had said nought about its size, we set off to look out for the biggest hen's, since we had no chance of getting an ostrich's. The mistress of the shop where we at last found eggs of a more than ordinary circumference, assured us that they were fresh, for she got them three times a week from a farm in the neighbourhood where they kept an ' 'undred 'ens.'

"On Sunday afternoon a heavy shower came down, as I was close on the fine Puseyite Church. I sought a house of refuge there; grand singing—the choir, men and boys, dressed in white, their voices sometimes like the clang of trumpets. After prayers the curate proceeded to catechize the boys of the choir. He asked, 'How do we get a title to everlasting life?' Answer, 'By the application of the blood of Christ.' Then this question—at which, from a lofty gallery where I was seated behind a great gothic pillar, I pricked up my ears and stretched out my neck to hear—'When did we get that application of the blood of Christ?' Answer, 'At our baptism.' This and such other stuff was bad. Another curate then mounted the pulpit. Poor fellow! he was balder than I am, and still a curate. On the whole his discourse was good, serious, and devout;—his subject, the parable of the Sower; and I really felt edified, and I hope improved, by the sermon.

"You cannot send us too many letters. How can you better spend a part of an hour and the whole of a penny?"

"LEAMINGTON, *March 4th*, 1848.

"This French revolution is certainly the most marvellous event which has occurred in my day. The scenes shift in France as fast as on a playhouse stage. I remember, since 1814, Napoleon dethroned; then Napoleon again restored; then the elder branch of the Bourbons enthroned again; then, in 1830, Louis Philippe crowned; and now, the Republic cleared from the rubbish of half a century and set up again; the scenes you saw with your boyish eyes looked at through your spectacles! These make five Revolutions in thirty years, which gives us a Revolution in that country at the average rate of every six years. In that period *we* think under our old Constitution of electing a new Parliament; they think of electing a new

dynasty, and forming a new constitution. Their figure is hardly cold from the casting before it is broken up to be recast into a new mould. . . . Such a great change must be followed by greater commotions than have yet happened. Gourds that grow in a night go in a night. A thousand will agree about pulling down, when ten of them will not agree about putting up; and it is to the last work that France has now to address herself.

"I had a long discussion here the other day with Lady —— on Millenarianism, telling her, among other things, that I had had so much practical work to do in this world that I had had no time for these inquiries and speculations; which I intended as a gentle hint to her excellent ladyship, and others such as she, to address themselves and give their hearts amid surrounding scenes of crime and ignorance and misery to the example of Him who 'went about doing good.'"

"LEAMINGTON, *March 7th,* 1848.

"Jephson acknowledges that I am a first-rate patient, save that I get on subjects of interest and talk too much. He threatened yesterday that if I would not behave better he would bring a padlock for my jaws! He is a great curiosity. He and I get on amazingly: he abuses the Free Kirk to Mrs. Guthrie when my back is about." (*To Miss Mary Stoddart, now Mrs. Reid.*)

"LEAMINGTON, *6th April,* 1848.

"If the mass of the people had more intellectual cultivation and religious knowledge, England were the grandest country the sun shines or ever shone upon. But they are wofully ignorant. There is a smart, active servant in this house who comes from Birmingham, and who told me the other day at dinner, when I was catechizing her about the church she attended there, that she was a *Unitarian.* We were convinced she was in total darkness about the whole matter: and so it turned out; for to Miss Lockhart, who agreed to catechize her when alone, and who, as if she wished to know what her creed was, asked her what the Unitarians believed, she replied with great simplicity, 'Oh! we just believe the Bible, ma'am, but not the Prayer-Book!'

"We thought it best that Miss L. should endeavour to give her some instruction; but it is ill getting people to understand these things whose powers of thinking have never been cultivated; her answer to Miss L. on one occasion being, that 'cook said it was *impossible* there could be three persons in

the Godhead.' Melancholy as it is, it would make you laugh to see 'cook,' her theological authority!

* * * * *

"We three, with a boy to row, boated it down the other day to Warwick Castle, a distance of two miles, in the most *cockersome* thing you ever saw. It was really and truly a canoe, and had I known, what I found out when we were fairly in the middle of the waters, that they were six, seven, and eight feet deep, we never would have ventured into this concern. After sounding the depth, and feeling that whenever I stirred or made the slightest motion (or, as Mrs. Guthrie said, even *spoke*), the boat *whumled* to one side, and threatened to deposit our bodies (without even the glories of martyrdom) where the Papists deposited the ashes of Wickliffe, I ceased to joke our small rower about the 'tempests and dangers' he was exposed to in the navigation of the Avon. . . .

"So little do the people of Warwick sympathize with the modern taste of our cemeteries where the graves are levelled flat with the earth, that they take the utmost care to form the green grass hillocks, which to my eye look best of all, and which afforded to a man of taste the occasion of this beautiful saying:—'Death is like the mole: his progress is known by the mounds he flings up.' They heap up a large quantity of earth above the grave, and bind it together in a long hillock by the stems of the wild rose."

"LEAMINGTON.

"MY DEAR MR. GUNN,*—We attended forenoon service in the Methodist Chapel, where we had the pleasure to hear a most sound and excellent discourse. At its close, the minister announced that the congregation would hold a Love Feast in the afternoon.

* * * * *

"While the scene left a solemn and holy impression on our hearts, it reminded me of a scheme which has often floated through my mind. I would like to see a real practical Love Feast provided for the poor of God's household every Sabbath day. One of the finest saints at whose feet I ever sat told me on her death-bed, how she had more than once worshipped with us in the Magdalene Chapel both at the forenoon and afternoon service without having ever broken her fast, and

* One of the masters in the Edinburgh High School, and an elder of Dr. Guthrie's; afterwards LL.D. On his lamented death in 1851, Dr. Guthrie preached the first and only funeral sermon he ever delivered. It was afterwards published under the title of "Christ and Christ Crucified." (A. and C. Black, Edinburgh.)

how she and her little daughter (then sitting on the floor weeping by her dying mother) had sometimes passed the whole Sabbath day without any other food than the Word of God. She is now joined to those who stand before the Throne, above dreary Sabbaths or pining hunger, and her orphan child is kindly cared for by some Christian ladies far away from Edinburgh. But this death-bed revelation made on my mind at the time a painful and what still remains as an indelible impression.

"I have often thought it would be a grand scheme—a beautiful and Christian thing—to provide at least one decent and comfortable diet for our poor brethren and sisters in Christ on the Lord's day. I have no sympathy with those who would make the Sabbath a day of gloom; I would have the sun to shine brighter, and the flowers to smell sweeter, and nature to look fairer, on that day than on any other; I would have the very earth to put on her holiday attire on the blest morning on which our Saviour rose, and, on this day above all others, would like a flood of comforts to flow in on the households of our poor. It has always afforded me great satisfaction and delight to read how kindly and wisely David mingled earthly mercies with spiritual blessings. Does it teach us no lesson to read how, on the occasion of bringing up the ark, when he had made an end of offering up the burnt offerings and the peace offerings, and blessing the people, 'He dealt to every one of Israel, both man and woman, to every one a loaf of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine?'

"No man need hold up his hands and say, this is a wild, impracticable scheme, for I had the happiness to see a curious illustration of its practicability the other day at Warwick. That most ancient and interesting town, where there stands one of the grandest castles England can boast of, is within half an hour's walk of Leamington, and we drove there on a Sabbath forenoon to worship. Well, when I had sat down and was casting my eyes about, they fell on an open press which stood under the organ gallery, and which was filled to the top of its some half-dozen groaning shelves with loaves of wheaten bread. It occurred to me that this might be on a small scale such a love feast as I had often thought of, and so soon as, after an excellent sermon, the blessing of the minister and the pealing of the organ dismissed the congregation, I made my way to this press, and found from the sexton that it was as I supposed. The loaves were gifted to the poor by various individuals, whose bounty was to be distributed on the Sabbath day, and each shelf told in gilt letters the names of the dif-

ferent benefactors, with the number of loaves that each had gifted.

"I am as ready to stand up for my country as any man,—but I am bound to say that it is highly creditable to the English people that their country so largely abounds with examples of kindness and benevolence. Here, in many instances at least, poverty is not dealt with as a crime; nor, if it come from the hand of Him who setteth up one and pulleth down another, should it ever or anywhere be so. I am thoroughly persuaded, could the matter be well arranged, that many Christian people would be found who would rejoice to send some of their superabundant comforts to the Lord's poor, on the Lord's day, when engaged in the Lord's more immediate service."

"LEAMINGTON.

"MY DEAR DR. IRVING,—Though no more than yourself episcopally disposed, yet it is a matter of great thankfulness when one finds Episcopacy and Evangelism associated, for it is amazing the hold which the Church of England has of the people of this country. The Establishment here, and that with you in Scotland, are two very different things indeed. The Establishment in Scotland might be torn up and rooted out without producing any very marked change upon the face of the country, or in the arrangements of society; but, here in England, the Established Church has struck its roots so deep and spread them so wide among all orders of the people, that it will require an extraordinary convulsion to disestablish it. The people have become quite familiar with its evils, abuses, and bondage to the State. From all that I can hear, for example, the controversies connected with the gross Erastianism of the appointments to the sees of Manchester and Hereford excited far more interest among the mass of our people in Scotland than they did here.

"It would be hard indeed to say or foretell what it would require to rouse the English people from their apathy. The mass of them have no notion whatever of the doctrines of Non-intrusion or Spiritual Independence. I don't believe they would lose a good dinner for them, not to speak of their livings, far less their lives.

"Nevertheless and notwithstanding, there is a great deal of good in the Church of England. We have heard some really noble preaching in its pulpits since we came here—preaching which for piety and power would do credit to any Church. England is enormously wealthy; its people are brave and generous, open handed and open hearted, and if some hundreds of its

ministers would but burst the fetters with which the State has bound them, and come forth a Free Church of England, they would form one of the greatest and most efficient Churches in Christendom. That must come some day; but as one rousing event occurs after another, and the irons, as one would say, are driven farther and farther into their flesh, and we see them making no struggle to be free, we are inclined to exclaim, 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

"The Methodists here are as busy and active as they are everywhere else. I had the happiness and real profit to hear on a Sabbath afternoon one of their 'local preachers.' These are men engaged in common business, who, in lack of an educated clergy, preach in the more remote districts of the country; they are the *pioneers* of the Church. This was a plain, decent-looking man, with a fine, lofty forehead silvered with grey, and whose hands bore evidence of the toil by which he earned his bread. Very modest, but quite collected in his bearing, he grew earnest and animated by the close, and preached to us a most stirring and fervent sermon, every word of which seemed to come from his heart. I never listened to anything with more pleasure. There was nothing *outré*, or out of the way, in it, save the occasional effect of his Warwickshire tongue, as when, nearly to the upsetting of my gravity, he exclaimed, "Noah was a hare!" meaning thereby (for he was speaking of that patriarch and the covenant of grace) that he was *an heir* of the covenant. We have all our peculiarities: Dr. Chalmers had the strong accent of Fife, and if I might mention myself in conjunction with such a name, they tell me that I have a strong North Country tongue. Anyway, it was a fine thing to see this worthy man preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified. I went up to him when the service was over to express my thanks, and my hope that the Lord would bless the word, when he told me that he had been preaching for thirty years among the poor around. He follows his Master, and goes about doing good. May we all be enabled to follow him as he follows Christ!

"On all our Churches, as the vicar of this town said to me, we have most need of all of a large and liberal outpouring of the Holy Spirit. My constant and daily prayer for my congregation is that they may have much of God's Spirit and presence with them. I know, and bless God for it, that I have their prayers. They have my interest in their welfare, my joy in their joys, and my sympathy in their sorrows; and better, far better, I commend them with all affection, and the earnestness

of one who feels, in some measure at least, his great responsibility, to the sympathy and grace and love of Him who hath said, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.' I have to entreat a continued interest in their hearts at the throne of grace."

"LEAMINGTON, *April*, 1848.

"I was always sure Leamington was not a place for me. It is all very well to say, 'Don't talk;'—but you might as well set a child into a garden with *groserts*, pears, and apples, and say, 'Don't eat.' It is well to remember the clause of the prayer, 'Lord, lead us not into temptation.'

"We will set off for Devonshire this day week. We go by Bristol, where I intend to stay a night, for the purpose of seeing my old friend and schoolfellow, Gibbie Lyon, on whom I have not set eyes for more than thirty years, and who, as far as I know, is the only surviving boy, save myself, of what Drummond used to call, 'Tom Guthrie's class.'" *

"ILFRACOMBE, NORTH DEVON, *April 24th*, 1848.

" . . . This is a regular out-of-the-way, wild, romantic place, and would in all respects have suited me admirably but for the want of level walking, which, notwithstanding all my other improvements, I feel the need of. When I come to a brae, Miss Lockhart and David put a hand on my back, and then I get on very well. However, I seldom venture out of the way of a level. In one respect, I am decidedly improved since I came here. I have been sleeping better than I have done for months, and I am now much rid of a nervous irritability, both of mind and body, which was often very difficult to restrain. I have a feeling of enjoyment of life which I take to be one of the best signs of returning health. I hold that I have great matter of thankfulness in the prospect of not being 'laid on the shelf,' and I am filled with gratitude when I think how many hard-wrought ministers have neither the comforts nor advantages which I have."

"LYNMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE, *May*, 1848.

"I cannot convey a better general impression of this place than to say that I felt not a little mortified that they had a place in England which could hold its head so high beside our most beautiful Highland scenery. At Leamington and elsewhere I used now and then to indulge in the patriotic exclamation—

* See Vol. I. p. 35 of original edition.

'England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has rov'd o'er the mountains afar:
Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar.'

But this place took the wind out of the bag; and as I gazed up to the precipitous summits feathered with trees, festooned with ivy, and frowning with impending rocks, I felt very much as did the Queen of Sheba when she visited Solomon,—'there was no more spirit in her.'"

After spending the latter part of May near Harrow, under the roof of Mr. Eliott-Lockhart, M.P. for Selkirkshire, he went north in June to Ballater, Aberdeenshire, with his household; and thus wrote to his congregation from thence—

"I trust that, by the end of the season, I will be able to appear again in my pulpit and preach among you the word of life; and if my physical frame is not better fitted than once it was for that great and honourable work, I would fain hope I might be found in mind and heart more meet for the ministry of the Gospel of Christ, through the power and discipline of a sanctified affliction.

"Oh, for more of the Spirit's help, and that we may look more 'to the hills from whence cometh our aid'! It is my heart's desire and daily prayer, that the God of all grace would richly bless the words of His servant, my much esteemed friend Dr. Hanna, now filling my place. May he be vastly more successful and blessed in winning souls to Christ than I have been. Surely it is enough to humble us in the dust, to think how ill we have done our work; and other hope we have none than this, that Jesus stands surety both for preacher and people; his blood is sufficient to wash away and blot out even the sins of the pulpit."

"BALLATER, *June* 19*th*, 1848.

"You are perhaps aware that Sir James Clark waits on the Queen in our neighbourhood. He has been kind enough to see me here twice.* At our first interview he very quietly heard me talk of resuming some measure of work in a month or so, till he laid his ear to my chest over the region of the heart, when all of a sudden he said, 'As to the preaching, we must consider about that.' He ended by an absolute

* Mr. Guthrie had previously consulted that eminent physician in London.

interdict against resuming work as I proposed. My heart, he says, has not yet partaken in the general improvement, at least in any proportionate measure. According to him, my ultimate chance (so to speak) of being able to continue preaching depends in great measure, if not altogether, on my total abstinence from all work and excitement of any kind for another twelve months. 'After that,' said he, 'we will be able to determine whether you may continue or must abandon the pulpit; and if you are to continue that line of your profession, to what extent it will be safe for you to do so.'

"Instead of telling you more fully what Sir James thinks, I send the letter he wrote to my brother after first seeing me.

"All is in the hands of a gracious God, and I am thankful that I am enabled to feel no painful anxiety about the matter. Meanwhile it is my plain and clear duty to use all possible means of restoring a shattered fabric; and who can tell but that afterwards I may be fit for more work than medical men at present anticipate? If not, then I will certainly feel it to be my duty, and indeed regard it as a call of providence, to retire; it will be to me as the voice of my Master saying, 'Give place to another.'"

SIR JAMES CLARK *to* DR. ALEXANDER GUTHRIE.

"LONDON, *June 2nd*, 1848.

* * * * * *

"I have seen your brother and examined him carefully. I am satisfied that he has no structural disease of the heart, nor any disease except that which is the consequence of over mental exertion and *excitement* and over bodily fatigue. He will require much longer rest, and I have great doubts as to his ever being able to preach again; certainly he will never be able to do more than half of what he has done, without the risk of both heart and head being injured.

"Your brother, if I estimate his character rightly, cannot do things calmly; he must throw his whole mind into what he is doing, and so exert himself in a way that is not compatible with his circulation and nervous system. He must give up all polemics, and if he is to preach, preach calmly, and not too much nor too often."

"BALLATER, *July 13th*, 1848.

"When one calls up the past to review, and thinks what a solemn charge is that of a gospel minister and pastor, with what tenderness, faithfulness, anxiety, and assiduity he should deal with those committed to his charge, pleading for Christ with them, and for them with Christ, never feeling at ease so

long as there is a lost sheep in the wilderness missing out of the flock,—in short, when one thinks what they *have* done, and what they *should have* done,—it sinks me into the dust, and would sink me deeper still, even into despair, but that Jesus is the refuge both for shepherd and sheep, and that His blood cleanseth from all sin.

"It was the Father's pleasure that in Christ all fulness should dwell. This *dwelling of the fulness* appears to me a very precious truth. Here, in the ravines and gulleys of the mountains, floods have flowed, but all at present to be found is a bed choked up with grey glaring stones;—not water enough to slake the thirst of a hunted hart. It is pleasant to sit down on the heather bank, in the shadow of a great grey granite rock, with the beautiful red bells of the foxglove ringing around, and think that by such a brook you are not like a poor wandering, weary-worn sinner, who has at length reached the Saviour. In him all fulness '*dwelleth*,' even the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

"I commend my esteemed friend Dr. Hanna, with all who will be assisting him, to the prayers of the Lord's people. May he have cause to bless God through all eternity for the providence which brought him among you."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MINISTRY *(continued)*.

MR. GUTHRIE'S congregation had serious reason, in 1847, to fear that they might never see him enter his pulpit again; and it was with thankful emotion that, on the first Sabbath of October, 1849, they heard his voice once more, after a silence of well nigh two years. A few months previously, his honoured friend, Dr. Duff, had thus written from India—

"CALCUTTA, *February 7th*, 1849.

"MY DEAR MR. GUTHRIE,— . . . . The whole of your remarkable career during the last few years I have been following with intense delight. Your Manse scheme and Ragged School have been bulking before my mind's eye in a way to fill me with wonder, ay and devout gratitude to the God of heaven, for having so extraordinarily blessed your efforts. It was saddening to think that such a voice was temporarily silenced. But it was the Lord's providential dealing; and my earnest prayer is, that this may be the *seasoning* process for still more extensive usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord. It is the Lord's way. The seed must rot ere life come out of it. What is carnal in us must be mortified ere some fresh burst of life manifest itself. And from my own experience, I find that a season of affliction and inward humiliation usually precedes some development of spiritual energy in advancing the cause of the Lord.

"Yours affectionately,
"ALEXANDER DUFF."

In April of the same year, the degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on Mr. Guthrie by his

Alma Mater, the University of Edinburgh. The name of another Non-established minister, Rev. J. Smart, of Leith, was associated with Mr. Guthrie's on this occasion; and the personal gratification which the distinction gave him was enhanced by the circumstance that it was the first time since the Disruption that the Senatus had conferred a degree in divinity on any minister outside the pale of the Church of Scotland. The letter of Principal Lee, informing Mr. Guthrie of having proposed his name to the Senatus, was singularly graceful and kind.

For one sermon each Lord's day Dr. Guthrie now found himself able;—more he dared not attempt. He had judged rightly when, a year previously, he wrote:—"God knows best; still I have an idea, and it grows stronger instead of weaker, that I have that about my heart which I will carry with me to my grave. I will not henceforth be able for *rough* work; and indeed I won't attempt it."

It became thus of the greatest consequence to the congregation and to himself to secure a suitable co-pastor for St. John's; and the circumstances which led to his being associated with his future colleague were often dwelt on by him with gratitude to the wise providence of God. The Rev. William Hanna, LL.D., while engaged on his great work, the Memoirs of his illustrious father-in-law, Dr. Chalmers, had resigned his country charge. From June to November, 1848, he officiated in St. John's, during Dr. Guthrie's absence, with entire acceptance to the congregation; and to him accordingly they now turned. The sanction of the General Assembly had first, however, to be obtained. Collegiate charges are by no means rare in the Free Church nowadays; but at that early period of her history she set her face against them; and the General Assembly made an exception in this case only on the

ground that Dr. Guthrie had suffered the loss of health in the Church's service, and in consideration of his great exertions in connection with the Manse Fund. The matter came, according to Presbyterian order, first before the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh :—

"EDINBURGH, *February* 28*th*, 1850.

"I appeared for the first time these two years past before the Presbytery yesterday, with papers connected with our projected collegiate charge. Everything promises well. Unless I had got the arrangement made, I would certainly have retired from St. John's. We cannot get Dr. Hanna till the end of the year; but meanwhile we can say as the Irishman did who had his cow on the bare top of a lofty hill:—when some one said, 'I fear she has little to eat,'— 'Very true,' replied Paddy, 'but if she has poor pasture, she has *a fine prospect!*'

"If this arrangement takes place, I trust through the Divine blessing it will be a happy one to me, and a blessed one to my people." (*To Mr. Fox Maule.*)

Dr. Hanna was "inducted" on the 7th November, 1850. "It was my happy privilege," he wrote, after Dr. Guthrie's death, "counted by me among the greatest I have enjoyed, of being for fifteen years his colleague in the ministry of Free St. John's, Edinburgh. To one coming from a remote country parish, ten years' residence in which had moulded tastes originally congenial with its quiet and seclusion into something like a fixed habit of retreat, the position was a trying one—to occupy such a pulpit every Sunday side by side with such a preacher. But never can I forget the kindness and tenderness, the constant and delicate consideration, with which Dr. Guthrie ever tried to lessen its difficulties and to soften its trials. Brother could not have treated brother with more affectionate regard."

From the day of his return to his pulpit till his final retirement in 1864 his reputation as a preacher, instead of diminishing, seemed, if that were possible,

to be ever on the increase. Again to quote the words of his colleague:—"I believe there is not on record another instance of a popularity continued without sign or token of diminution for the length of an entire generation. Nor is there upon record the account of any such *kinds* of crowds as those which constituted continuously, for years and years, Dr. Guthrie's audiences in Free St. John's. Look around, while all are settling themselves; you have before you as mixed and motley a collection of human beings as ever assembled within a church. Peers and peasants, citizens and strangers, millionaires and mechanics, the judge from the bench, the carter from the roadside, the high-born dame, the serving-maid of low degree—all for once close together."

This description was most strikingly realised in the months of August and September, when Edinburgh is filled with strangers, but when most of the city ministers take their holiday. "I think these two months," Dr. Guthrie wrote, "in a sense, the most important of the year. I know that many hear me then who are not in the way at other times of hearing a sound Gospel preached." So in another letter, written in a previous September, he tells of "a vast number of strangers in church, among others ——, the great surgeon. Professor Miller, with whom he came, said that —— had not been in church before for thirty years." An English stranger would probably have been almost as much amazed to discover (as he might have done on more than one occasion) another celebrity, the late Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, when Bishop of Oxford, among the worshippers in that unconsecrated building.

"*Edinburgh*, 1851.

"I should have dined with Thackeray, the celebrated *littérateur*, at Professor Gregory's last week, but could not. He was in church on Sabbath with Robert Chambers. Very odd it was, that I began my discourse by allusion to an awful and sublime picture, which appeared in *Punch*, some years ago,

called, 'The Poor Man's Friend.' A wretched old man is pictured a corpse, on a miserable bed, in a miserable garret, with no one there but (wrapt in a winding-sheet with his skeleton face only seen) a figure of Death. I paid some compliments to the genius and humanity of the picture and author, but desiderated some evidence that that dead old man was a Christian, before I could say that Death was his friend. The idea, it appears, was Thackeray's, as also the lines illustrating it.

"Thackeray had never been in Scotland before, was struck with Scotch preaching, and wished to see me; so they arranged that I should have an hour's talk with him at the Ragged School. There I 'charged' him with my views of the remedies for our social ills (as I know that he has a deal of influence among the literary and upper circles of London). While talking to him, who comes in but Tufnell, one of the Privy Council. He was much interested; and I have I hope sent them both up to do some service at head quarters. Humane, kind-hearted man Thackeray, near as big as you. Tufnell, sharp as a razor."* (*To Provost Guthrie.*)

But, apart from such notable strangers as thus came casually under Dr. Guthrie's influence as a preacher, there were among his regular hearers some with whose names Scotland and Edinburgh will long be associated. "There was in the crowd at St. John's," writes Dr. Hanna, "always one conspicuous figure. Looking only at the rough red shaggy head, or at the checked plaid, flung over the broad shoulders, you may think it is some shepherd from the distant hills, who has wandered in from his shieling among the mountains to hear the great city preacher. But look again;—the massy head, the broad projecting brow, the lips so firmly closed, the keen grey eye, and, above all, the look of intelligent and searching scrutiny cast around, all tell of something higher than shepherd life. It is Hugh Miller, the greatest of living Scotchmen, never to be missed in this

* This letter omits to mention how much Mr. Thackeray was touched by the spectacle he saw in the Ragged School. Turning to Dr. Guthrie, as we have heard the latter tell, with the tears in his eyes he said, "This is the finest sight in Edinburgh!"

congregation, of which he was not only a member but an office-bearer."

Of Dr. Guthrie's sketch of that remarkable man a few sentences have been already quoted.* The remainder may be best inserted here:—"Much of Miller's power lay in the way the subject on which he was to write took entire possession of his mind. For the time being, he concentrated his whole faculties and feelings on it; so that, if we met a day or two before the appearance of any remarkable article in the *Witness* newspaper (of which he was editor), I could generally guess what was to be the subject of his discussion, or who was to be the object of his attack. From whatover point it started, the conversation—before we were done—came round to that; and, in a day or two, the public were reading in the columns of the *Witness* very much of what I had previously heard from his own lips. The subject took possession of him, rather than he of the subject.

"This reminds me of an occasion on which Macaulay showed the same power and peculiarity. I was sitting one night in the House of Commons, when he, observing me, left his seat, and came to sit beside me. An extraordinary talker, he did not leave me a chance of hearing what was going on in the House; but poured forth into my ear in full flowing stream his views on National Education,—the subject which had taken me at that time to London, and which the House was to take up for discussion in a day or two thereafter. Well, I was not a little interested, and much amused, to find in the newspapers I bought on the morning of my leaving London, the very sentiments—in many instances, the very expressions—addressed to the House, which Macaulay had already spoken in my ear.

"There was another remarkable point of resemblance

* In Chapter V.

between Miller and Macaulay, as well as some other two or three eminent men I have known (as, for instance, Sir George Sinclair and Principal Cunningham),—they seemed never to forget anything they had seen, heard, or read.

"Cunningham's memory was wonderful, even to the holding fast of what might be considered unimportant and uninteresting details. On our way to London, after the Disruption, to raise friends and money there in support of our Free Church, we took a route that was new to me. He had travelled it once, though a considerable number of years before; yet—telling us that, at the next turn we should see such and such a hill, or such and such a church, or such and such a house—he seemed to be as well acquainted with the road as any coachman of a public stage is with the one that he travels every day.

"Then, during many years of intimacy with Sir George Sinclair, and occasional holidays spent with him at Thurso Castle, I never ceased to be astonished at his amazing stores of knowledge, and the propriety and readiness with which he revealed them.* It was hardly possible to start any topic for discussion which he did not garnish and adorn with some apt quotation from a Latin, or French, or German poet.

"Let it suffice that I give one example illustrative of Miller's gigantic memory. We were sitting one day in Johnstone's (the publisher's) back shop, when the conversation turned on a discussion that had recently taken place in the Town Council, on some matter connected with our Church affairs. Miller said it reminded him of a discussion in Galt's novel of 'The Provost;' and

* In 1851 we find Dr. Guthrie writing to Sir George:—"I have long wondered at the extraordinary power you have of happily and pithily applying Scripture. Many years ago I remarked, in the writing on your Bible, signs of close and careful study. In addition to this, have you followed any plan to which you can refer the enviable faculty you have?"

thereupon proceeded, at great length, to tell us what Provost this, and Bailie that, and Councillor the other, said on the matter; but when he reached the 'Convener of the Trades,' he came suddenly to a halt. Notwithstanding our satisfaction with what he had reported, he was annoyed at having forgotten the speech of the Convener; and, getting a copy of the novel from the shelves in Johnstone's front shop, he turned up the place and read it, excusing himself for his failure of memory. But what was our astonishment, on getting hold of the book, to find that Miller had repeated pages almost verbatim, though it was some fifteen years or more since he had read the novel!

"Hugh Miller's death by his own hand, though I felt it as an awful shock, distressed more than it surprised me. Even before his brain was examined, and other circumstances made the fact clear, I never had the shadow of a doubt that he was insane when he took away his life.

"The news of his death was waiting me at the railway station on my return from a public dinner, given at Perth, in honour of Mr. Arthur Kinnaird. I immediately hurried down to Miller's house in Portobello, but did not know, till I had left it, that his death was the work of his own hand. Whatever suspicions might have passed across my mind, I refused to yield to them, believing, as Mrs. Miller and the family then did, that his death was accidental. But that night I learned, to my horror, from his step-brother, that it could not have been so, there being no mark showing that the bullet had passed through the thick seaman's jersey which he wore.

"On my return to the house next day, I had two very painful duties to perform.

"The first was, at the request of his eldest daughter, a very amiable as well as able young creature, to go up to the room where her father lay, and cut off a lock of

his hair for her. I shall never forget the appearance of the body as I entered the room and stood alone by the dead: that powerful frame built on the strongest model of humanity; that mighty head with its heavy locks of auburn hair; and the expression of that well-known face, so perfectly calm and placid. The head was a little turned to one side, and the face thrown upwards; so that it had not the appearance of an ordinary corpse, but wore something of a triumphant, if not a defiant, air, as if he were still ready for battle in the cause of truth and righteousness—defying his enemies to touch his great reputation as a man of the highest eminence in science, of the most unblemished character, of the most extraordinary ability, and, more than any one of his compeers, entitled to be called a defender of the faith.

"In justice both to him and to religion, it was considered necessary that a post-mortem examination of the body should be made—that if, as was probable, the brain should be found diseased, that might be made known, and thus, along with other circumstances, remove the last lingering suspicion against Miller which the event might have raised, or his enemies been ready to take advantage of. Mrs. Miller, still ignorant of the real nature of the case, was averse to the body being touched, in the belief, on her part, that his death was purely accidental. In order to get her consent, I had to undeceive her by producing that fond but fatal note which he had left on his desk, addressed to her, expressed in terms of his highest confidence in Jesus Christ, but at the same time plainly intimating his intended purpose, probably executed before the ink on that paper was dry. I shall not soon, indeed I shall never, forget the face that looked up to mine, and the cry of agony with which the news, though communicated on my part with all possible delicacy, was received.

"Next day the examination was made by Professor

Miller. To his study Dr. Hanna and I went at an appointed hour to wait his return and receive his medical report, with the view of Dr. Hanna's embodying it in an exquisitely beautiful and able article which he had prepared for the columns of the *Witness* newspaper. The hour came, but not the Professor; and it was not till after one, and another, and another additional quarter of an hour had passed, that the door flew open, and, with a countenance pale as death, he, rushing in, astonished and alarmed and horrified us by throwing up his arms to heaven to exclaim, 'Tragedy upon tragedy!' Finding the revolver, which had killed Miller, in the room beside the body, he had brought it away with him in his pocket. Passing a gunsmith's shop in Leith Walk, he went in to have the pistol examined. He put the revolver into the shopman's hand; saw him look down one barrel after another; then, a loud explosion!—and the living man, without cry or sigh or groan, folded in two and dropped on the floor dead as a stone.

"Having satisfied ourselves, we published documents which satisfied the public that Hugh Miller's reason had given way, and that he was in no respect responsible for the deed he had committed."

Not far from the spot in St. John's Free Church where Hugh Miller sat, the stranger could scarce fail to take note of another head as large, and with locks as shaggy, as Miller's, but raven black. It belonged to another member of Dr. Guthrie's congregation, Sir James Y. Simpson, whose name will be ever dear to suffering humanity. Miller and Simpson sat in the area of the church—almost beneath the pulpit; and as we lift the eye to the gallery on the left, two other remarkable countenances attract attention. The eyes of both are piercing and brilliant, and, with a gaze that never relaxes, are fastened, from the commence-

ment of the sermon to its close, on the preacher. Both are judges of the Supreme Court in Scotland; the younger of the two, Lord Rutherfurd,* who had fought alongside Fox Maule the battle of the Church on the floor of the House of Commons; the other, with the high dome-like head, and solemn, almost pensive air, is Henry Cockburn. "Cockburn," wrote Dr. Guthrie, "was a man of fascinating manners and fine genius; the greatest orator, in one sense, I ever heard. His looks, his tones, his language, his whole manners, were such as to make you believe for the time that he spoke *ab imo pectore*,—he himself believing every word he said.

"On one occasion, indeed, he failed to convince the judge and jury of the innocence of a man for whom he was counsel, and who had committed an atrocious murder: but he did something still more extraordinary,—he convinced the murderer himself that he was innocent! Sentence of death having been pronounced, and the day for execution fixed (say the 20th of January), as Cockburn passed the culprit, not yet removed from the dock, the latter seized him by the gown, saying, 'I have not got

* "Walking down from church with Lord Rutherfurd, after hearing Dr. Guthrie," writes Lord Ardmillan, "we were speaking of a passage in the sermon of which, so far as I recollect, these were the words: 'Professions are easily made, but trial tests sincerity. Any man can be the friend of religion when religion is respectable or fashionable, and a man's worldly prospects are improved by a religious profession. Give me the man who is the friend of religion when her back is at the wall. I see before me two soldiers on a day of review. Both are armed and helmed and plumed alike; each has a soldier's garb, a soldier's bearing, and a soldier's arms; but on that day of peaceful pageant I cannot tell which has a soldier's heart. I see them both again on a day of battle; the one, foremost amid the brave, mounting the deadly breach, "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth!" the other, *foremost too*, as with trembling limbs and pallid cheek he is borne onwards, like a weed on the surface of the billows, by the crash of gallant men behind him; on that day of trial how easy to tell beneath whose martial dress there beats a soldier's heart!' Speaking of this passage, Lord Rutherfurd, an admirable judge and critic of eloquence, remarked, 'Any man could have painted the coward hiding or flying, or keeping in the rear; but to describe him as foremost in the onset, against his will swept on and sustained by men braver than himself, was a stroke of rhetoric of the highest order.'"

justice, Mr. Cockburn;' whereupon, Cockburn, who could not resist passing a joke on any occasion, replied, as he shrank from the murderer's touch, 'Perhaps not: but you'll get it on the 20th of January.'"

A still more famous Scottish Judge, with whose name Cockburn's is closely associated, was Francis Jeffrey. A former chapter presented evidence of that eminent man's esteem for the subject of this Memoir; in the succeeding one, the reader will find Dr. Guthrie's account of a meeting between Jeffrey and himself in a fragment designed for insertion in his Autobiography; —its concluding paragraphs may best be given here:—

"I was asked by his family to officiate at the funeral of Lord Jeffrey—a request that put me in a more trying position than almost any circumstance in my life which had occurred before or has occurred since. Fortunately for me, the gentleman, a near relative of the family, who was the bearer of their request, was a devout Christian and an able man. I frankly unbosomed myself to him, telling him that while I considered this request an honour, I felt it one which imposed on me a very difficult duty. Lord Jeffrey was a member of no Christian Church; he did not even attend any; and from these and other circumstances many believed him to be a confirmed sceptic. 'I am anxious,' I explained to this gentleman, 'on the one hand, in my prayers and otherwise, to avoid the use of one word that could hurt the feelings of his family; on the other, I am bound in duty to my Master and to the truth, and to the interests of those who are present —all of whom will keenly watch what I say in this matter, and some of whom will watch for my halting, as a flatterer or a time-server—to say nothing that might encourage scepticism, or make it appear a matter of indifference whether a man did or did not make a Christian profession.'

"This brought out to me a very interesting account

of Lord Jeffrey and his state of mind,—leading me to draw up a prayer, the only one I ever formally composed and committed carefully to memory.* I was assured then, as I had been assured by Lord Dundrennan years before, that, however much he might differ from me and others on some particular points, Lord Jeffrey was not an unbeliever. Professor Miller, who was his physician, told me some time thereafter, that when in attendance on him during his lingering illness, he found him engaged in reading the Bible, on which he descanted with manifest pleasure and amazing volubility. The gentleman who waited on me at the request of the family, told me that Lord Jeffrey entertained some peculiar views, staggered at some doctrines or points usually accepted by Christians; but what they were, not any of Lord Jeffrey's most intimate friends ever certainly knew. Given out to the world, they might have disturbed the faith and confidence of some good Christian people; so, not considering them of sufficient importance to warrant the risk and chance of doing that, he had resolved to keep them to himself and have them buried with him in his grave.

"What a beautiful contrast does this forbearance and silence of Lord Jeffrey,—this tender regard for the feelings, the peace, and hope of many good Christians,—present to those who are constantly running after novelties in religion, casting out their doubts on the most sacred subjects, disturbing the peace of Christians, and giving utterance to crude and undigested notions and nostrums of their own on the divinity of our Lord, the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the extent and nature of the atonement,—notions which they may be found holding to-day and abandoning to-morrow!"

* That prayer had struck the late excellent Mr. Cleghorn, Sheriff of Argyllshire, so much, that among his private papers, opened after his death a few months ago, the substance of it was found written from memory after his return from the Dean Cemetery.

To "testify the Gospel of the grace of God" was to Dr. Guthrie always and everywhere a hallowed joy; and, while he felt more at home under the gothic canopy of open-work which surmounted his own pulpit than anywhere else, he proclaimed the unity of the faith both in this and other lands by gladly preaching for ministers of almost all the evangelical churches, and welcomed them when they preached for him. In a letter of 1856, after mentioning that on the previous Sunday fore-noon a clergyman of the then Established Church of Ireland had filled Dr. Hanna's place, he adds:—"In the afternoon I recommended the cause he is here to advocate, dwelling strongly on the pleasant spectacle of an Episco-palian in our pulpit. I did so with special satisfaction, as Mr. Gladstone was in my pew."

One natural result of the Disruption was, to bring the ministers of the Free Church into greatly closer intimacy with their dissenting brethren. After 1843, consequently, we find Dr. Guthrie often occupying their pulpits. It was on occasion of one of these friendly services that a ludicrous incident occurred, which he thus described in writing to Provost Guthrie—

"*November 5th*, 1844.

"I preached the other Sabbath evening in Albany Street Chapel.*

"I took John Towert (his beadle), as usual, with my gown, cassock, bands, and thin shoes; and was in the act of pulling off my coat, when I saw some of the deacons eyeing my para-phernalia very sad like. Immediately it occurred to me that they might not like a gown. 'Gentlemen, any objection? As to me, it is a matter of moonshine.' 'We would like you, sir, as well without.' So away go the gown and cassock. Mechanically I began putting on the bands, and saw them looking at me as if I were cutting my throat. 'Any objection, gentlemen?' 'We would be better pleased without them.' Away go the bands; and then John (who was looking awfully

* A Congregationalist place of worship, where all distinctive pulpit costume was avoided.

wicked at the honest men) produced my thin shoes. 'Any objection to these, gentlemen?' as I held the slippers forth. This fairly tickled them; and these grave deacons exploded into a laugh most loud and hearty."

But while the Disruption drew Free Church ministers into more cordial relations with other Nonconformists,* their attitude towards the Establishment which they had quitted was, in the case of the great majority, one of estrangement in corresponding degree. An interchange of pulpits between ministers of the Free and Established Churches is, nowadays, at least an occasional event; but twenty years ago scarcely to be thought of. Nay, when, on a certain occasion in 1856, Dr. Guthrie consented, at the request of the Committee for Moravian Missions, to preach a public sermon on their behalf in a large city church belonging to the Establishment, although the service was on a week-day, so seriously annoyed was the eminent minister who had left that church at the Disruption, that he wrote Dr. Guthrie a remonstrance on the following day. Here is Dr. Guthrie's reply:—

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,—None who happen to know (and it is pretty generally known) the steadiness with which, throughout the Church controversy, I adhered to what many accounted extreme views, but which events have proved to be sound ones, will suspect that I have abandoned 'the truth, on account of which we took up our position.' I embraced these opinions in early life, I have adhered to them through foul and fair weather in manhood, and, unless I am already *dottled*, I am not likely to desert them now in my grey hairs. That is the way the public will reason.

* The remark applies to Nonconformists across the Border likewise. Dr. Guthrie preached for English United Presbyterians, Baptists, and Independents frequently; and in the *Watchman*, the official organ of the Wesleyan Methodists, we find the following statement:—"Dr. Guthrie's cordial love of Wesleyans, and the Wesleyan Churches, was uniform and practical; he sympathized with us, affected our society, and loved to mingle in our assemblies. He was wont to welcome to his house, year by year, the deputations to Scotland from the Wesleyan Missionary Society. On two occasions he preached the annual Friday morning sermon before the Society, and more frequently than in the case of any other denomination, except his own, occupied Wesleyan pulpits, both in the metropolis and in the larger provincial towns."

"The sooner we get our people to understand (if they don't understand it already) that our principles are in no respect compromised by doing what I did in Old St. George's, and what I had done months ago in South Leith, by preaching for a Christian mission in the building belonging to any Christian denomination which the parties interested in the Mission considered most convenient for the purpose, so much the better —so much the better for the interests of Christian love, of Presbyterianism and of Protestantism, and so much the better also for the success and extension of the Free Church. I may be wrong in this, but such is my deliberate opinion; and as you have been frank and kind enough to let me know your views, I think it but a right return to let you know mine.

"Be assured that nothing will suffer from the business but the dresses of the ladies and gentlemen. I sympathize with them in their complaint. They brought away from the seats an extraordinary quantity of dust!

"Yours with great regard,
"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

Few ministers of any denomination have enjoyed opportunities more varied than Dr. Guthrie of preaching the gospel in interesting and unusual circumstances—at sea and on shore, at home and in foreign lands. What strange variety, too, in the audiences he addressed! But, for them all, he had one and the same message; and his experience in the ministry ever deepened his conviction of the Divine adaptation to human need of that instrument which meets with equal fitness every case, how diverse soever the outward surroundings may be.

Writing home, while on a visit in 1854 to a noble family in Rutlandshire, he tells:—"On Thursday evening I held a 'conventicle' in the great room of the old Hall. Strange to say—or as the old barons who lie there in marble, had they the power of hearing and speech, would have said, 'strange to *hear*'—the parish church bell rung for our conventicle. We had the parish organist to precent. All in this house attended, and, besides some two hundred or three hundred people, we had two Episcopal ministers and a Wesleyan. . . . The

glades among the wide-spreading oaks of the park here (Exton) are exquisitely beautiful; and as the herds of deer go bounding on the green sward below, I am ever and anon reminded of Robin Hood and his 'merrie men,' or of the opening scene in 'Ivanhoe.'"

It was with peculiar interest that Dr. Guthrie occasionally returned to his old parish in Forfarshire, and broke again the bread of life to the country people there. In a letter to Mrs. Guthrie from Arbirlot, dated 25th May, 1857, he described one of these occasions, and added:—"It is very sweet down in the Den (dell) here. The first morning I got up at four. There were the *doos currooing;* the primroses dotting the opposite bank; the plane-trees; the song of larks overhead, and the musical rush of the Elliot at the old mill; all the same, apparently unchanged, as we used to see and hear them twenty-seven years ago. It was very strange to look out on all this, and difficult not to fancy that the intervening period had been a dream!" Four years thereafter, he happened to preach in Arbroath, the neighbouring town. "I intimated at the close," he writes, "that I would like to see any of my old Arbirlot people, and had a gathering of them. It was very gratifying, solemn, and affecting. Boys and girls grown up into fathers and mothers; the stout and mature, now grey and bent, stooping to the grave." (*To Mr. J. R. Dymock.*)

Again, from Ackworth Park, near Pontefract, August 12th, 1858—

"The chapel in whose opening services I was called to take a part is a perfect delight to preach in. Wonderful to see, in the afternoon of a busy harvest day it was filled, and in the evening crowded to overflowing. I never preached with more pleasure—seldom with so much. A fine, intelligent-looking people; they had a deal of lively Methodist feeling in their faces, and seemed ready often to burst out into an audible assent or expression of sympathy. I could not but envy the state of mind of one man especially who was right before me.

He sang the hymns with a face luminous as Stephen's, and, as I preached, every feeling that passed over his heart was expressed in his countenance. I was much gratified by not a few men and women coming up to shake hands with me and thank me when the services were over.

"Yesterday, at dinner, we met a very agreeable and excellent man, the vicar of ——, who said to some of them how vexed he was, that owing to the prejudices of his Church and brethren he dared not come and hear me. What a wretched system of bondage!"

Dr. Guthrie's influence as a minister was largely augmented by the estimation in which he was held alike for his philanthropy and catholic spirit. It was his position in these respects, probably, as much as his eloquence in the pulpit, which led to his being selected to open the Tricentenary of the Scottish Reformation held in Edinburgh by a sermon in 1860, and in the previous year to perform a similar service at the inauguration of the Chambers's Institute at Peebles.

He had an abhorrence of war; yet few things did he enjoy more than to read narratives of sieges, or to hear one of his elders, an old Waterloo captain, describing the memorable 15th of June, as he "fought his battles o'er again." A favourite brother of his own had been an officer; and for soldiers, as a class, he had a great liking. He visited Aldershot Camp in 1861, on the invitation of an old friend of Brechin days, Rev. Francis Cannon, Presbyterian chaplain to the troops; and was accompanied on the occasion by Mrs. Guthrie. How much interested he was by the glimpse he then got of camp life, and still more by the evidence he found, in godly officers and men, of a true "Church in the Army," the following letter shows:—

"London, *April 15th*, 1861.

"My dear Tom,—Your mother and I left the Camp this morning with the good wishes of a number of worthy, kind, and new acquaintances. At night, Aldershot is as quiet as Inchgrundel. You are among thirteen thousand soldiers, and

there is not a sound, save, when you get outside, you may hear the tramp of a sentinel.

"At half-past five A.M., yesterday, I was lying awake, when all of a sudden the earth seemed to explode. Such a roar and shock! It was the morning gun, which stood but a few yards from Mr. Cannon's hut, where your mother and I were sleeping. On Saturday evening I attended a religious meeting of a number of the officers, over which General Lawrence generally presides. I was much gratified to find in a large hut a number of officers seated round a table, each with his Bible in hand, going over a passage of Scripture. On Sabbath morning at eight o'clock, large bodies of troops marched past our window to the Roman Catholic chapel close by, the priest of which lives next to Mr. Cannon. I was introduced to him this morning—a pleasant fellow.

"Yesterday, at half-past eleven, I officiated for Mr. Cannon. There is no Scotch regiment at present here, which Mr. Cannon was glad of, because it made room for others. We had the Church (a large one, used immediately before our service by the Episcopalians) full to the door. Cannon was quite happy. He had never had at the Scotch service such a congregation. There were men and officers belonging to all the different corps of the service in their different dresses. Dragoons, Lancers, Artillery, Engineers, the line, and lots of civilians. Some fifty people came from Guildford, which is about thirteen miles away. I was startled when they rose to prayer, they made such a rattle of iron with their swords and scabbards. General Lawrence made me promise to return, and is to give me a *billet*. I have been strongly urged to return by many, and am seriously, more seriously than ever, thinking of addressing the public on the army; once, God sparing me, I get ragged schools safely settled.

"I returned from forenoon service to have dinner, and Lieutenant —— called on me; an uncommonly fine youth. I told him of the Saturday evening prayer-meeting, and I hope he will join it. In the evening I preached at five, and had again a capital congregation. I never preached to audiences more attentive; it was quite refreshing to see their faces. After the evening service a Major and another officer came in to tea. Last, but not least, arrived Corporal Macdonald, who came up from Guildford, and whom my 'Ragged Pleas' set a-working. He has two Sabbath schools of young men and young women, amounting in all to three hundred, and is at this moment 'a light' in Guildford. You can fancy then —with my preaching twice, and talking all day, when I

was not preaching, to Generals, and Majors, and Captains—that when half-past ten came, and the good Corporal left, I was thoroughly tired—slept only through last night by snatches. . . . .

"I saw a most appropriate name for its keeper over one of the great 'gin palaces' here, namely, 'DEATH.'"

We add one illustration more of the varied audiences to which Dr. Guthrie was privileged to proclaim the "glad tidings," taken from the last year of his life; the sermon which this letter describes was in fact one of the very last he ever preached:—

"39, PHILLIMORE GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W., *February 6th*, 1872.

"As a probationer and an ordained minister, I have been preaching now, in God's good providence, for forty-seven years, but never to such a congregation of sin and misery as I had on Sabbath last:—four hundred hoary and youthful tramps, beggars, thieves, and ruffians, ragged forms, crushed and hopeless-looking beings, homeless and even houseless wanderers, many of whom looked as if their hearts had never beat with hope, nor their countenances been lighted by a smile.

"The place of meeting was an upper room, in the third story of a large brick building, which has been got up chiefly through the efforts of our excellent host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller-Maitland. Here, on week-days, meets a ragged school; and, on Sunday, they have the service I engaged in, as well as a great variety of other meetings. The building stands in a court off James Street, in a very low neighbourhood. A sign at the door of a barber and hairdresser affords a remarkable but pretty accurate test of the sort of folk that haunt the neighbourhood or have their dens there. As we drove along, Mrs. Maitland directed my attention to it; and I read, besides the name and usual notice of barber above the door, on a board which stuck out from the upper part of the door jamb, 'Artist in Black Eyes.' On our return, after the service was concluded, we passed the door of the Artist in Black Eyes, and, to be at the bottom of this mysterious announcement, I resolved to go in. Apologizing for my intrusion, I explained the reason to the *perruquier*. I said I hoped he would pardon me, and have the kindness to inform me whether his art lay in so painting eyes blackened in a *row* as to give them quite a natural appearance? Whether he thought I was making provision for some future contingency on my own

account, or had a friend who stood in need of his skill, I don't know—but the 'artist' was very civil, informing me, with an elegant bow and a handsome flourish of his razor in the air, that I had understood his sign aright.

"But to return to the mission and mission-house. The service I went to perform is intended for the 'Casuals,' as they are called—those floating wrecks of London, many of whom have slept on Saturday night in wards appropriated to their use in the London Unions, or Workhouses. As we drove up to the archway that led off from James Street, we saw at once we had reached the place. One, and another, and another miserable-looking creature was slowly, heartlessly taking their way down the lane: there was neither life in their looks nor spring in their walk; it seemed all one to them whether they lived or died; they thought fortune had done its worst with them, and never would do better.

"On ascending the stair we turned into a large room, where a lady was in the desk, with a Bible before her, addressing some forty women; and she was addressing them to good purpose, as I found when I prevailed on her—for she had stopped on our appearance—to continue her work. At this and that close-mouth of the High Street, Lawn Market, and Cowgate, you will see one and another of such women as formed her audience, but a *congregation* of them was both a pitiful and hideous spectacle; and as I looked on their emaciated, sallow, or bloated faces, with their hopeless or furtive expression, and the tattered bits of threadbare shawls and dirty gowns they wore, I found it difficult to believe that they had ever been smiling infants, or gay, laughing, happy, light-hearted girls. It was a very sad sight; and a sad thought to think of them in the light either of this world or the next. No remedy for such a case as they presented but the gospel. What would a rationalist or even a Broad Churchman do in such a place? How utterly powerless his preaching to such a company!

"Leaving the women to Miss Stewart's instruction and affectionate appeals, we climbed another narrow wooden stair; and the close foul air which met us at the top prepared us for the scene—a long low-roofed hall, closely seated and filled to the back wall with four hundred male Casuals. On a platform raised at one end stood Mr. Hanbury, and on each side of him sat the workers in the various good agencies that are carried on there. When Mr. Hanbury had finished reading from the Bible, and they had sung a hymn, I ascended the platform to look my hearers in the face, a thing it was impossible to do without feelings of the profoundest pity and emotion. What a

change from either of the two assemblies I had last addressed, and that but a few days before! It was difficult for me to believe that those before me were as much 'bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh,' with naturally as kind hearts and good heads, as the learned and accomplished men I addressed in the Middle Temple, or the splendid company that crowded St. James's Hall.

"I could not but think, as I stood and looked on these Casuals, how many ruined and unhappy homes, broken-hearted fathers, broken-hearted mothers, broken-hearted brothers and sisters, how many sad nights and days, how many prayers for prodigals, and weary waitings for their return, those before me represented; what need they had of that blessed gospel which proclaims mercy to the chief of sinners, and is able to kindle hope in the bosom of despair.

"I have been in madhouses, but don't think they offer so sad a sight as this. Yon poor maniac who sits with a paper crown on his head and a peacock-feather stuck in it, imagining himself a king—yon dame who sweeps by you with pride in her step and vanity in her looks, imagining herself a duchess, is not unhappy; happier perhaps than those who really are what these fancy themselves to be! But here, those I was about to address *felt* the iron that had entered their soul: they *knew* their misery. I preached long years ago in the Edinburgh jail in a chapel of a semicircular form, with the pulpit in the centre, and the congregation placed opposite, in ranges of large cells, open but barred, three stories of them,—eight or nine cells in each story, where the prisoners saw no one but the preacher and the ten or dozen companions each of these cells contained. When in that prison chapel I rose to give out the psalm and look my congregation in the face, the sight of these ruffian-looking men and women, with their eyes glaring at me through the bars, like those of wild beasts in the cages of a menagerie, made a great and painful impression on one who had not long before left the healthy, open, honest faces of my country congregation. But (though turned to a bad use) there was passion and power in the look of these reprobates,—that which, with God's blessing, if got hold of and turned in a new and right direction, might save them. But my audience last Sunday—these four hundred Casuals—looked as if the very life had been crushed out of them; and that for me to make *them* an offer of the gospel was like throwing a life-buoy, not to a man who is making a desperate struggle for life, but to one who, before he sinks for ever, is floating for a little in a state of entire insensibility.

"I was soon, however, relieved of this depressing feeling.

I got their eyes and ears; the attention of all, and the manifest emotions of some cheered me up, and helped me on. Yet the sight was so pitiful and painful that it subjected my nervous system to a severe strain; thus I accounted for it that I felt more exhausted all through the following hours of the day than I would have done though I had preached twice or thrice to an ordinary congregation.

"The conclusion of the service was followed by what recalled the kind consideration of our Lord and the feast on the side of the grassy mountain. He would not send away the people who had waited on His ministry to hunger and faint by the way. Nor do the kind Christian friends of the Casuals. Hastily leaving the platform, I pushed my way through those who were slowly descending the stairs, till I got to the foot of them. There I found one of the agents of the good work at his post of duty. To each Casual, as they reached the bottom of the stairs, he gave half a loaf of bread. Some put it into their pockets; some buttoned their tattered, threadbare coats over it, some more hungry wretches buried their teeth in it the instant it passed into their hands.

"I left the foot of the stair to take my stand outside in the court where I might have a talk with the Casuals as they turned into the lane that opened on James Street. They were all very civil, poor fellows. Among them all, I am thankful to say, I found but one Scotchman (though perhaps the greatest sinner of the lot). I was sorry for my poor countryman, who was a man apparently sixty years of age, and, whatever he may have been, had, more than most of them, a *douce*-like look.

"Unpromising as this field of labour is, I was glad to hear from some of the agents of the Mission that now and again those who have come there, driven by fell hunger for the bread that perisheth, have found the bread of life. These good men have found again the seed they cast on these running waters;—I say *running* waters, for (made up as it is of the wandering creatures that fill the casual wards of the unions) there is not a third of the congregation I addressed last Sunday who will be there next Sabbath day. Out of these gutters and dust-heaps of London, gems are to be found for Jesus' crown, to be to them also a crown of joy and rejoicing on that day when He makes up His jewels.

"Some few object to the plan as inducing these poor starvelings to come to hear the gospel from mere worldly motives;—an excuse ready enough to be employed by those who are ashamed to own their selfishness and niggardliness. I sought, in a conference with two of the agents, to see

whether they might not, by giving the loaf first, and offering any the liberty of going away who did not choose to stay till the religious services began, give no ground or pretence for this objection. I told them how anxious Dr. Chalmers was to separate the spiritual from the secular, lest people should be tempted to sail under false colours, and pretend, for the sake of food, money, or clothing, to be other than they were—in fact, to become hypocrites. I related to them a little of my experience in the Cowgate,—the story, among other things, of the old woman who, after I had spoken to her and prayed with her, burst out into an eulogium on my prayer, ending the same with this plain and unmistakable hint, 'Eh, sir, there was a man used to come and gie me a bonny prayer just like yours, and he never gaed awa' without leavin' me a shilling!'

"The worthy men pronounced any other arrangement in the circumstances impossible, and quoted the case of our Saviour, who wrought a miracle to feed the multitude who had followed him to the desert, listening to His words of life: and though I was more anxious than they seemed to be to keep the spiritual and temporal—wherever possible—apart, I furnished them with another authority, though an inferior one, in the anecdote related of William Guthrie, when minister of Fenwick. Like some other Guthries, he was fond of fishing. One day, in a lone and remote part of his parish, he found a man plying the craft by some upland stream. He proved to be one of Guthrie's parishioners, but one whom the minister had never seen at church. He frankly avowed himself to be one who was not, as they say, 'kirk-greedy.' To induce him to come, Guthrie promised him half-a-crown—a big sum in those days—every time he came to the house of God, and afterwards to the manse to ask for it. Next Sabbath he was there, and came duly for his half-crown,—the following two Sabbaths the same, but he never came to the manse afterwards. God blessed the word to him, and he became an eminent Christian—taken as it were, to use Paul's words, 'by guile.'

"So ended this remarkable Sabbath. May the fruit of it appear, though it be many days hence!"

But numerous and varied as were the audiences Dr. Guthrie addressed in church and out of it, he reached, through means of the Press, a multitude more numerous and more varied still—many of whom never heard his voice or saw his face.

He had passed middle life considerably ere he became an author of religious works. It is told of a certain powerful preacher that, when asked why he did not publish his discourses, he replied, "I cannot publish my *manner* along with them." No doubt this consideration had its weight with Dr. Guthrie; but other difficulties stood in his way.

"BRECHIN, *July 8th*, 1848.

"Above any kind of printing, I have been averse to the idea of printing *modern*—I don't say *moderate*—sermons, thinking that for sermon-composition the men of the present day are not fit to hold the candle to the *masters* of the seventeenth century. I resisted, and intended to continue resisting, all proposals of the kind, till, laid aside from anything like full pulpit service, I was led to think whether it might not serve some good purpose were I to address God's people and sinners through the press. Then, secondly, though vastly inferior to others in solidity and divinity, I knew that, owing to their peculiar character and style, my sermons had, for youth, servants, and plain people some attractions. I thought, and had reason to believe, that they would read me when they would not read others far better worthy of it; and so, on a second consideration of the matter, I considered it my duty to try and serve my Master's cause with my pen. I contemplated the probability of any poor service of mine henceforth being chiefly in that way. Now, I am so much better that I expect, God willing, by-and-by, to be able again for something like a fair measure of labour.

* * * * *

"May the Lord richly bless you, my dear friend, and do more than that—fulfil His promise to you He gave to Abraham, bless you and make you a blessing.

"With sincere esteem,

"Yours most truly,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

JOHN CARMENT, ESQ., *Edinburgh*.

It was not in reality till 1855 that his first volume appeared. Considering the reputation in which he was held as a pulpit orator, and, further, that his Pleas for Ragged Schools, published in 1847 and 1849, had

proved how attractively he could write, it is remarkable that he had been for twenty-five years an ordained minister ere his first volume of sermons was given to the world.*

"EDINBURGH, *April 22nd*, 1855.

"In addition to full hands with ordinary work, I am in the Press; and what with writing out from a *bluthered* MS. all full of corrections and transpositions and interlineations (so that after some weeks it looks like a roll of papyrus dug out of some Egyptian tomb), and what with correcting the proofs twice over, I have been kept so hard at work that I did not attempt for a fortnight to answer a letter, unless it was as clamorous as an 'Irish beggar.'" (*To Miss M. E. Lockhart.*)

It is notorious that booksellers find volumes of sermons slow to move from their shelves; but Dr. Guthrie's first book, "The Gospel in Ezekiel," at once became popular, and is now (1875) in its fortieth thousand.

No wonder that he was stimulated by its success. In a letter to Provost Guthrie, 12th February, 1856, he says:—"I am encouraged to launch my bark again, and indeed, if spared, will, for three reasons. First: Good may thus be done to many whom the living voice does not reach; and good done when the living voice is silent in the grave. Second: This mode of doing my Master's work and my duty to the Church suits my age better than galloping about to meetings and scenes of excitement over the length and breadth of the land. Third: The money it brings in suits my family and circumstances."

His next work, "The City; its Sins and Sorrows," appeared in 1857, and, after having a large circulation, was handed over by him to the Scottish Temperance

* Before this time, in addition to the two Ragged School Pleas, Dr. Guthrie had published nothing except a short Memoir prefixed to Sermons by the Rev. R. Coutts (1847); "Christ and Christ crucified," a sermon on occasion of the death of W. M. Gunn, LL.D. (1851); a prefatory memoir to a new edition of Berridge's "Christian World Unmasked" (1852); and a sermon on "The War in some of its social, political, and religious aspects" (1854.)

League, to be issued in a cheaper form, to which he was urged by the consideration that in this way its influence to stem the tide of drunkenness and irreligion would be widely increased. As issued by the League, its circulation has run up to fifty thousand copies.

His third volume, "Christ, and the Inheritance of the Saints," was published in 1858; it is to it he refers in the following letter to Mrs. Guthrie:—

"BRECHIN, *November* 10*th*, 1858.

"I don't expect that I will ever get so much for any future publications as for the past. The public get tired of any one man, and crave variety. Supposing even that he can keep up to his first effort, any succeeding ones don't have the charm of novelty. Even Chalmers never had a sale for any of his discourses equal to his first volume.

"There was a reason, on the other hand, for publishing the volume now in the press, in this—that I have at this moment a position, in England especially, which will help the sale of it, and out of which I may be jostled in a year or two by the appearance of new men;—and as some addition to our former means and provision for the family was of importance, the opportunity was not to be lost. I hope that the Blacks have not printed too many. If in the course of time they should sell these 10,000, we would thereby add to our capital, and, considering the way ministers are paid, something was to be risked for that. If there were no objects to be looked at but those belonging to a world with which we shall all soon be done, there were reasons for publishing, though they should add nothing to, but rather diminish, my fame. I have got enough of that, and hold it cheaper than some would suppose. I prefer the fruits of it, if they are to be got in securing a decent provision for you and the children, and helping my friends if they need it. Anyway, I hope that the forthcoming book will be blessed to the honour of Christ, who forms its principal theme, and that He will use for his glory and the good of souls what I desire to lay at his feet as an offering."

Shortly after the publication of that book he wrote to his son-in-law, the Rev. Wm. Welsh, on December 7th, telling him of favourable criticisms which had appeared in some of the leading journals, and added—

"I am thankful that, in the judgment of these parties, I have not fallen below my 'Ezekiel.' I don't want to go out like an old candle,—and will stop so soon as I see any marked sign of that. It has a bad smell, and one would rather clap on an extinguisher!

"The sale has been already great,—about 8,000. In all this, I have great cause to be thankful. I hope these volumes will be blessed to do men good, and redound to the glory of our Divine Master. That first;—and next, they will help to render unnecessary any appeal to the public for my family when I am dead and gone."

Two other volumes appeared before his retirement from the active work of the ministry—"The Way to Life" and "Speaking to the Heart,"—both published in 1862.*

God was pleased to give Dr. Guthrie abundant assurance that his writings were a source of blessing to souls both at home and far away. Dating from a distant military station where he was on duty, a non-commissioned officer wrote him in 1864:—"About eighteen months ago a friend directed me to where I would find your 'Gospel in Ezekiel.' I may say, any hope I have of eternal happiness (and I trust my hope is well founded) is derived under God from it. Although I have never had the pleasure of seeing or hearing you, I can scarcely restrain a strong feeling of looking upon you in the light of 'a father in the gospel.'"

"In the summer of 1865," writes the Rev. A. G. MacGillivray, "I passed a fortnight in Paris, at a boarding-house in the Rue de Castiglione. There sat beside me at dinner, day after

* In April, 1858, there appeared "The Street Preacher, being the Autobiography of Robert Flockhart, edited by Thomas Guthrie, D.D." (A. and C. Black.) In the memoir prefixed to this remarkable narrative, Dr. Guthrie writes:—"Robert Flockhart had been a great sinner, and He, who in other days had changed the bitterest persecutor of the Church into its noblest preacher, changed him into a great saint. This brave old soldier united the most ardent piety and untiring zeal to indomitable courage, and had no idea of flinching, whether he was called to fight the French at Port Louis or, for Christ and God's truth, face ribald crowds in the High Street of Edinburgh."

day, a most intelligent and genial old English squire. He talked to me a good deal about Scotland, and in the first evening of our acquaintance asked me, 'Do you know anything about a Dr. Guthrie or Gut-ry, who lives in Edinburgh?' I answered, 'I know a Dr. Guthrie, a minister in Edinburgh.' 'A minister?—ah, a clergyman. Is he a good preacher?' 'A most admirable one! In Scotland we all know Dr. Guthrie.' 'Ah,' he said, 'that's the man. How I should like to know him! I never travel without having a volume of Dr. Guthrie's to read in the carriage. Why, sir, Dr. Guthrie is the only man I ever heard of who has written sermons which one can read pleasantly in a railway carriage.'

"When we parted he shook my hand heartily, saying, 'Do you expect to see Dr. Guthrie shortly?' I told him that I did. 'Give him my affectionate good wishes, and say that I pray God to bless him for making the grand old gospel as simple and as fresh to me at the age of threescore and ten as it was when I first listened to it as a child at my mother's knee.'

"Some weeks thereafter I was in Edinburgh, and dined at Dr. Candlish's, where I met Dr. Guthrie. Shortly after dinner Dr. Guthrie rose from table, and chatted with a friend at the fireside. I then told the story—to Dr. Candlish's great delight, and, when almost done, he called out, 'Guthrie, here's something for you! Hear this story of MacGillivray's.' Dr. Guthrie turned round good-humouredly. He laughed heartily at his being described as 'the only man who had ever written sermons which could be read with pleasure in a railway carriage.' But when I gave him the old gentleman's parting message he did not utter a word, but looked kindly at me with an expression of solemn thankfulness on his face."

It was with a like feeling of gratitude to God that Dr. Guthrie heard of the favour his writings enjoyed in the English-speaking Colonies—of their circulation in the New World,* where many of them are as well known as in the Old; of portions translated into the tongues of Holland and of France; and it cheered him, as life advanced, to know of the ever-widening circle which,

* "I owe more to the writings of your father," was the remark to us lately of the honoured evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody, "than to those of any other man. I expected to see him when across here in 1868. I was so disappointed—he was sick—and now that I have come again, he is gone."

through his printed works, was brought within the influence of his ministry.

Here is one incident from many in his own experience—

"PENZANCE, *April 4th*, 1868.

"Mrs. Guthrie and I devoted yesterday to the Land's End. The day was brilliant, and (but that the air was sharper) the blue sea and transparent sky and bright sunshine almost made us fancy that we were sojourning, as three years ago, on the shores of the Mediterranean.

"But before starting I saw a grander spectacle than Nature at her loveliest can present—a Christian whose soul was 'dwelling at ease' in most trying circumstances.

"I was told that close to our lodgings there was a man near to the gates of death, or rather of glory, who felt a strong desire to see me. He had read my books; and when he heard that I was here, he thought that his wish might be gratified before he died.

"In his room I found his mother and a sweet young wife of some twenty years old; he himself was sitting pillowed in a chair, a picture of 'decline,'—the bright red and white, the large lustrous eyes, and the emaciated face and hands. He could speak only in the lowest whisper, but he received me with a heavenly smile of most perfect peace. Never have I seen a more beautiful example of the words, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' It was a grand sermon on that text—more eloquent and touching than any sermon!" (*To Rev. W. Welsh.*)

Dr. Lowe, now Superintendent of the Edinburgh Medical Mission, writes us—

"During a considerable portion of my missionary life in India, when, each Thursday, our Catechists and Evangelists came to the Home Station (Neyoor) to give in their weekly reports, I adopted the plan of spending an hour in the forenoon helping them to prepare a discourse for the following Sabbath. On one occasion, having been too much engaged to prepare a sketch of a sermon for them myself, I gave them the divisions, the subdivisions, and several of the graphic illustrations of one of your father's sermons. His imaginative style struck a chord of sympathy in the Oriental mind, and the sermon, preached to somewhere about sixty congregations on the following Sabbath, produced quite

a sensation. A few days after, several of the educated natives came and asked me to read the Doctor's sermons to them in English on the Sabbath evenings. I gladly consented to do so, and they were so much impressed with them that they urged me to prepare one regularly for the agents when they met on report-day, so that they might use them on the Sabbath. I did so; the substance of the sermon being translated by me into Tamil, and written out legibly on the black board; the agents then copied it for themselves on their oleys or palmyra leaves, and it was made the subject of exposition and prayer for the remainder of the hour, while they worked it out thereafter, in their own way, in their Sabbath ministrations to their respective congregations. Thus, for many months, almost every Lord's day, one of Dr. Guthrie's sermons, adapted, so to speak, for an Indian audience, was preached in the congregations throughout the Neyoor district, and they were much blessed to the people. Several of the *sketches*, clothed with the Doctor's own vivid conceptions, were translated and published from time to time in our monthly *Christian Messenger*.

"I remember telling the Doctor about the native agents thus using his sermons; and I can never forget how, his face beaming with joy, he raised his hands and said, 'My dear sir, I thank God for such tidings. I rejoice to know that in some measure I have helped to tell the sons and daughters of India the story of the cross.' 'The Gospel in Ezekiel,' 'The Way to Life,' and 'Speaking to the Heart,'" adds Dr. Lowe, "are books more used perhaps than any others by Christian laymen in conducting religious services in those parts of India where the regular ministrations of clergymen are not available."

In 1862 Dr. Guthrie was unanimously elected, in succession to Dr. Candlish, Moderator of the General Assembly—the highest honour which the Free Church has to bestow on any of her ministers. To his son Alexander, then in a mercantile house in Liverpool, he humorously writes of the externals of his anticipated office:—

"EDINBURGH, *April*, 1864.

"We have begun to make arrangements for the Assembly. I have to stand in old court-dress on the Thursday evening, at what they call a 'Reception.' *Shorts*, buckles, shoes, cocked hat, and the whole old-fashioned dress are ordered; and I say I am

to make a fool of myself to please my friends. I wanted to be rid of all these paraphernalia, but nobody would let me; Lord Dalhousie, by way of fun, threatening he would move I should not be elected, unless I would consent to conform to ancient customs! Your mother and I will have to shake hands with some fifteen hundred people at the door. Pity our hands, if they all shake with the vehemence of —— the deacon! Then, we will have to breakfast about 1,500 people, 200 each morning.

"We were very glad indeed to hear of your promotion, and that you had begun to climb the ladder. Seek by daily and earnest prayer that you may be one of Christ's true and loving followers, and, like our blessed Saviour, may grow in wisdom as in stature. May the Lord, my dear boy, keep and bless you!

"Your affectionate father,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

The honour of presiding over the deliberations of the Supreme Court of the Free Church during the ten days of its Session involves an opening address, the returning of thanks as the Church's mouthpiece to deputies from sister and foreign Churches, and likewise a second address at the close of the General Assembly's proceedings. Dr. Guthrie embraced the opportunity this last duty afforded him of delivering his views on a subject which had long appeared to him one of primary importance—viz., the necessity of a more adequate support for the Christian ministry.

"I have had this subject," he said, "long in my head, and long on my heart." Speaking in 1846, he said, "I pressed this subject upon Dr. Chalmers;" and, in a letter ten years thereafter to Dr. Candlish, he thus expressed himself—

"EDINBURGH, *October 23rd*, 1856.

"I wish to see your talents and influence directed to a subject which stands much in need of them. It is, that unless we get our ministers secured of a better and more suitable provision than they at present enjoy, the effect will be disastrous in the end; and, unless you put your shoulder to that wheel, I cherish no hope of our getting forward. I have been grieved although not surprised to see the disinclination, even of

religious parents in the more respectable ranks of life, to educate children, who give signs of grace, for the ministry."

The more he became acquainted with the condition of matters in other Churches, the more he felt that this was a subject which all of them had need to face. This conviction was painfully impressed on his mind by an incident that occurred to him when in London in 1848 :—

"On arriving at Mr. Nisbet's, the well-known publisher's, in Berners Street, a private carriage was leaving his door, from which I saw a large bundle given out. On passing this bundle, which lay in the lobby, Mr. Nisbet touched it with his foot, saying, 'You'll not guess what that is? That contains cast-off clothes for the families of poor clergymen of the Church of England. I receive and distribute a large quantity of them every year, and they are most thankfully received.' I stood amazed at this; that men of education and accomplishments, of refinement and piety, who were devoting their strength and talents to the cause of our Redeemer, should be placed in such humiliating circumstances. It was a shame; but the shame did not belong to them. I could not have been more grieved, but I should have been less astonished, had I known then, as I do now, the utterly inadequate provision made for many of the ministers of that Church. At this moment, out of 5,000 curates, most of whom have the feelings, and have received the education, and are expected to make the appearance, of gentlemen, many do not receive so much as the salary of a junior clerk, or the wages of a skilled artisan!"

The warning and appeal which he addressed to his own Church from the Moderator's chair in 1862 was unusually telling and impressive; and we are induced to give longer extracts from it than we should otherwise have done, from the circumstance that, on his death-bed, eleven years thereafter, Dr. Guthrie not only referred to the subject, but expressed an anxious desire, if God should spare him, to press this whole matter once more on the Christian people of the land:—

"Fathers and Brethren,—I intend to speak out my thoughts fully and frankly on this matter. My ministry

is well nigh run; the voyage of life draws to its close; I seem to see the lights and hear the voices on the shore; grey hairs, the long shadows, and the fast-thinning band of compatriots are voices in my ears saying, 'Work while it is called to-day'—'Speak while it is called to-day'—'The night cometh when no man can work, and thy tongue shall be silent in the dust.' Standing as I do here, not far remote in the course of nature from the verge of another world, I feel myself above suspicion of personal or selfish motives.

"The calamity which I stand in dread of,—next to the withdrawal of the Divine blessing, the greatest a Church can suffer,—is that the rising talent and genius and energy of our country may leave the ministry of the gospel for other professions. Under God, there are three grand powers now moving the world—the Press, the Platform, and the Pulpit. I have no jealousy of the press and platform; but if they are allowed to monopolize the talent and genius of our country, it will be bad for the country, bad for them, bad for the Church of Christ;—a fatal day when our pulpits are proverbial for dulness, our Sabbaths are a weariness, and the highest of all professions has the smallest of men to fill it.

"'A scandalous maintenance,' Matthew Henry says, 'makes a scandalous ministry;' and if so, I'll give you another sentence which, though my own, is as pregnant with truth as Matthew Henry's: 'The poverty of the manse will develop itself in the poverty of the pulpit.' Genteel poverty!—may you never know it!—genteel poverty, to which some doom themselves, but to which ministers are doomed, is the greatest evil under the sun. Give me liberty to wear a frieze coat, and I will thank no man for a black one; give me liberty to rear my sons to be labourers, and my daughters to be domestic servants, and the manse may enjoy the same cheerful contentment that sheds its sunlight on many a pious and lowly home

But to place a man in circumstances where he is expected to be generous and hospitable, to have a hand as open as his heart is to the poor, to give his family a liberal education, to bring them up according to what they call *genteel life*—to place a man in these circumstance, and deny him the means of doing so, is, but for the hope of Heaven, to embitter existence.

"An honest weaver in my native town whose minister was a highly esteemed 'Old Light,' and, what is more, a true light, was clear for keeping the minister's stipend down at the lowest figure; and he alleged in proof of the advantage of a poor stipend that the Church never had better, nor so good ministers as in those days when they wandered in sheep-skins and goat-skins, and in dens and caves of the earth. If any sympathize with the weaver, I answer that I have an insuperable objection to 'dens and caves,'—they create damp; and, secondly, as to the habiliments, it will be time enough to take up that question when our people are prepared to walk Princes Street with Dr. Candlish and me, not in this antique dress (that of the Moderator), but in the more primitive and antiquated fashion of goat-skins with the horns on! So I dispose of all such wretched evasions.

"I would not hold out any lure to avarice; I would tempt no man to enter the Church by the hope of wealth; but I wish no man to be deterred from it by the certainty of poverty. That stands as a barrier at this moment—I don't say between the Church and the higher classes, but between the Church and the middle classes of society. I want to remove that barrier. How many noble, generous, large-hearted, Christ-loving elders have we in our Church! Yet I wish to know how many of these gentlemen (engaged in Glasgow in commerce, or in Edinburgh in the honourable pursuits of the law) are at this moment training their sons for the ministry? They give us their silver—I want their sons. And why

do I want their sons, but that the pulpits of the Free Church may be filled with a fair representation of the position as well as the piety of the Free Church? No man will suspect me of undervaluing the humbler classes of the people. If I have lived for one thing more than another, it has been to save and raise the very poorest of the poor. I believe the humbler classes of the people, in their political and religious views, to be sounder, take them all and all, than any other class. Nevertheless, I tell you plainly that to me it seems most important and desirable that there should be at least a fair number of what we call well-born and well-bred men in the ministry, to give it a tone removed from all vulgarity; or that thing still more offensive, called vulgar gentility. And let me say for the upper classes in our Church, that the humbler have no reason to fear that they will betray their interests. The men that went out to the hill-side in the days of the Covenant, and preached in the face of Claverhouse's dragoons, were many, if not most of them, what they call well-born men. The Erskines and Moncrieffs, the first leaders of the Secession, were also men of family and position; and it deserves to be mentioned that while before the Disruption there were three clergymen in the Established Church who were the sons of baronets, in 1843 they went out with us to a man. What I desire is, to see all classes in our pulpit—the piety and genius and talent of every class.

"One thing I would venture to suggest. The evil of small stipends throughout the Church will take years to mend. But what I want to know is this, why those congregations which have numbers and wealth enough to provide their minister with such an income as his position requires, and his talents entitle him to, don't do it? Why should talent and genius not insure the same measure of competency in the Church that they do in every other profession? Will any man tell me why one

who brings the richest gifts and the richest graces to the highest office should be the only man so inadequately remunerated that, when his coffin is paid, the family have nothing left, and an appeal must be made to the generosity of the public? I admire the generosity that answers the appeal, but I would admire more the justice that rendered it unnecessary. I see that an elder in Glasgow has proposed that there should be some three or four Free Church livings in Edinburgh, some three or four Free Church livings in Glasgow and elsewhere throughout the Church, up to the mark of £1,000. I am not astonished at the proposal. It is every way wise. I can lay my hands on men in the Church who, if they had gone to the Bar, would have risen to the top of it, and not £1,000, but £5,000 a year would have been their income; and here (laying his hand on Dr. Candlish) is the man!

* * * * * *

"Did our youth, some years ago, leave titles, estates, luxurious mansions, kind fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and blooming brides, to throw themselves on the shores of the Black Sea, and face frost and famine, pestilence and the iron shower of death, before the walls of Sebastopol? And shall piety blush before patriotism? Shall Jesus Christ call in vain for less costly sacrifices? I trust, fathers and brethren, that the words I have uttered will teach our people what is due to them who watch for their souls; and, while stirring up pious parents to give their children to the Church, will induce the children of grace and genius and talent to give themselves to the ministry.

"Let me speak to them of my Master. I have served Him for more than thirty years; my head has become grey in His service; but I can say, even when I saw how much richer I might have become in other professions, and when I felt the greatest hardships of my own, I never regretted my choice. I have been a poor servant;

I have a thousand infirmities on my head, and sins on my conscience, for which I look for pardon only through the blood of Christ; but, fathers and brethren, poor servant as I have been, I can stand up this night for my Master, and say Christ has been a good and blessed and gracious Master to me."

CHAPTER X.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

WHILE a country minister, Dr. Guthrie had, happily for himself, little or nothing to do with the habitually intemperate. Arbirlot, as he describes it in his Autobiography, was a favoured parish. There was indeed a small ale-house in the village, and a public-house at one extremity of the district; but, out of a population of a thousand people, there were only one or two individuals, at most, anywise addicted to the bottle. Nevertheless, he was from the first on the watch against the destroyer. He had not been in Arbirlot a year till the ale-house door was closed; and though he failed in a similar attempt to get the one public-house removed, he used his influence successfully to prevent the existence of a second.

No wonder, then, that on coming to a large city parish, the vigilance he displayed in Arbirlot was redoubled. It needed not many days' visitation among the parishioners of Old Greyfriars, to discover that nine-tenths of the abounding poverty, wretchedness, and Sabbath-breaking were traceable to what he called "that detestable vice of drunkenness." Each year of the seven during which he laboured among the Edinburgh poor increased his impression of the extent and appalling consequences of this vice in the localities where they dwell. "I went down to the Cowgate, Grassmarket, St. Mary's Wynd, College Wynd,

Brodie's Close;—and I found drink meeting me at every corner, defeating me in every effort." This experience not merely filled his heart with sorrow, but it "wrought" in him for his whole future life, "indignation, fear, zeal, yea revenge" against that vice. Nor was it only amid the degraded dwellings of his parish that he encountered its ravages: as minister of a large congregation, the evil thing met him in many an unexpected quarter.

"Let the reader accompany me to a respectable part of this city; and supposing us to be now standing by the door, let me inform him that the house is inhabited by two sisters, one of whom is the widow of a gentleman who belonged to a most respectable profession. Having gone to visit the unmarried sister, I was engaged reading to her a portion of God's Word when the widow entered the room; and although my eye as it glanced from the book caught something strange in her bearing, I suspected nothing till we knelt in prayer, when the wild muttering at my side convinced me that drunkenness was there profaning the presence of God. Abruptly breaking off, I hurried from the apartment, and having left the widow in the room, took an opportunity of expressing my pain and sorrow to the sister, who had followed me to the door. There, blushing with shame and trembling with agitation, the bitter tears streaming down her face, she briefly told me her melancholy story. 'How kind my sister used to be! but now she is a drunkard.'

"When half-way down-stairs, I heard screams sounding as if they came from the house which I had left; I stopped and, as I listened, they became louder and louder. I hurriedly retraced my steps, and, being fortunate enough to find the outer door open, suddenly entered the room from which the cries came. I can never forget the spectacle—it is calotyped in my mind, and is as fresh as if it had been seen but yesterday. The widow lady stood in the middle of the floor; her cap, which had fallen off in the struggle, lay on the carpet, her long grey hairs were streaming over her shoulders, and her eyes were shooting fire; she was the very picture of a demon. With one hand she grasped her sister by the throat, and with the other was beating her on the head with a large key, while the blood streamed over her face and dress."

Experiences such as this forced on him ere long the

inquiry, What ought I, a minister of the Gospel, to do? During the earlier years of his life in Edinburgh he did not answer the question in the way of personally renouncing the moderate use of stimulants; he took that step at length, however, and in doing so may be said to have been indirectly a convert of Father Matthew's:—

"I was first led," he told a temperance meeting in Belfast, in 1862, "to form a high opinion of the cause of temperance by the bearing of an Irishman. It is now some twenty-two years ago. I had left Omagh on a bitter, biting, blasting day, with lashing rain, and had to travel across a cold country to Cookstown. Well, by the time we got over half the road, we reached a small inn, into which we went, as sailors in stress of weather run into the first haven. By this time we were soaking with water outside, and as these were the days, not of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Accordingly we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to the car-driver, we called him in; he was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my Ragged School in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was 'sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander,'—but the car-driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. *He would not taste it.* 'Why?' we asked; 'what objection have you?' Said he, 'Plaze your riv'rence, I am a teetotaller, and I won't taste a drop of it.'

"Well, that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart; and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. Here was a humble, uncultivated, uneducated Roman Catholic carman; and I said, if that man can deny himself this indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister? I remembered that; and I have ever remembered it to the honour of Ireland. I have often told the story,* and thought of the example set by that

* Very probably on the following occasion, of which an eye-witness, the Rev. H. T. Howat, of Liverpool, writes:—"On no platform was Dr. Guthrie more at home than on that of total abstinence, and to no cause did he render more trenchant and effective service. The welfare of the poor cabmen of Edinburgh had a warm place in his heart, and one sight in this connection, engraven on memory's page, I see before me now. It was a cabmen's supper-party at twelve o'clock at night. Miss Catherine Sinclair gave the entertainment; Dean Ramsay was in the

poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labour daily for years, made me a teetotaller."

"When I was a student," he said on another occasion, "there was not, so far as I knew, one abstaining student within the University, nor was there an abstaining minister in the whole Church of Scotland." Even in 1841, when he met the poor Irish car-driver, there were very few persons in Edinburgh above the position of working men who were abstainers, and these few were regarded as well-meaning enthusiasts at best. Nor might he have taken his place among them, but for an ever-growing conviction that, on grounds of Christian expediency, a stand must be made against those customs of society which, in his belief, lay at the root of the evil. The incident which follows must have happened in the year 1844 or 1845 :—

"The first time that I met Lord Jeffrey in private, was at a dinner-party in the house of my very kind friend, Mr. Maitland, of Dundrennan,—afterwards, and for far too short a time, Lord Dundrennan. This was rather a trying occasion for me, in so far as it was the first on which I was to declare myself as belonging to the—at that time—despised sect of total abstainers or teetotallers. I had become convinced that my power to do good among the lapsed classes lay in standing out before them as one who, in following Christ and for their sakes, was ready to take up his cross daily and

chair. Dr. Guthrie had agreed to speak. He rose at two o'clock in the morning. With these poor but honest men before him, that great master of human emotion struck the chord he knew so well—their homes, their wives, their children, their very horses. The sleeve of many a rough coat was raised to many an eye. The chord was changed, and peals of merriment rang out from these strong throats. These much-neglected men were thrilled, and many a wife and child—ay, and many a poor dumb animal itself, I can well believe,—got the benefit of that thrill for many days thereafter."

deny himself. If I was to prevail on them to give up the whisky, I myself must first give up the wine. I had known so many instances of the sons of ministers, and of Edinburgh ministers, going to the bad; I had seen so many of my old Divinity Hall acquaintances placed at the bar of the General Assembly, and deposed for drunkenness, and other crimes which it leads to, that, with an eye both to the good of my family and of my parishioners, I resolved to stand out before the public as a total abstainer, and to bring up my children in the habits of that brotherhood and sisterhood. I well remember yet the day and place when I screwed up my courage to the sticking point. From how great a load of anxiety and care in respect of the future of my children it relieved my mind!

"But I confess I felt it hard to have my principles put to so severe a strain, before they had time to acquire fibre and firmness, as they had to stand at Mr. Maitland's dinner-table. Lord Jeffrey, Lord Cockburn, with their wives, and others of the *élite* of Edinburgh literary and legal society, were there—people who might have heard of teetotallers, but certainly had never seen one before, and some of whom probably never dreamed of denying themselves any indulgence whatever for the sake of others, far less for the wretched and degraded creatures who haunted the Cowgate and Grassmarket.

"But by my principles I was resolved to stick, cost what it might. So I passed the wine to my neighbour without its paying tax or toll to me, often enough to attract our host's attention, who, to satisfy himself that I was not sick, called for an explanation. This I gave modestly, but without any shamefacedness. The company could hardly conceal their astonishment; and when Jeffrey, who sat opposite to me, found that in this matter I was living not for myself, but others,—denying myself the use of luxuries in which all around were indulging,

and to which I had been accustomed, and which had done me, and were likely to do me, no harm, that I might by my example reclaim the vicious and raise the fallen, and restore peace and plenty to wretched homes,—that generous-hearted, noble-minded man could not conceal his sympathy and admiration. He did not speak, but his look was not to be mistaken, and, though kind and courteous before my apology, he was ten times more so after it. This was to me a great encouragement to persevere in the line in which I had entered, and which I continued to follow for twenty years.

"Independent of the good it did to my family and others, it was a great personal advantage to myself. It made my health better, my head clearer, my spirits lighter, and my purse heavier. I feel sure that all parents, though they themselves might not be able to shake off their old habits (a very easy thing after all to one who has not become the slave of drunkenness), if they but knew the load taken from my mind when I first resolved to bring up my family in total abstinence, would rear their children in the total disuse of all such dangerous stimulants."

When, in 1847, Dr. Guthrie took up the case of the outcast children of the streets, he found that, in eight cases out of ten, their miserable plight was due to the drunken habits of their parents.* "Believe me," were his words, "it is impossible to exaggerate, impossible truthfully to paint, the effect of this vice on those who suffer from it—most of all on those poor innocent children that are dying under cruelty and starvation, that shiver in their rags upon our streets, that walk unshod the winter snows, and with their matted hair and hollow cheeks, and sunken

* In the Report of the Edinburgh Original Ragged School for 1848-49 it is stated that, out of three hundred and seventy-nine children whose names had appeared in the School Register during that year, *three hundred and twenty-seven* had been ascertained to be the offspring of drunken parents.

eyes, and sallow countenances glare out on us, wild and savage-like, from these patched and dusty windows." His Ragged School work, therefore, instead of diverting his attention from "drink's doings," greatly strengthened his dread and abhorrence of them. He lost no opportunity of inculcating everywhere the two conclusions to which he had come, viz.: first, that for personal safety it were well for all to abstain; and second, that in view of the condition of society, Christian men, and especially Christian ministers, should in this matter set an example before those who are exposed to greater temptations than they. Still, though an earnest abstainer, Dr. Guthrie never joined those who, regarding stimulants as *per se* and in all circumstances evil, banish them from their houses. When alone with his family, no liquor was to be seen on his table, but he did not make his own practice a rule for his guests. They had liberty to take or decline wine, as they thought fit.

Together with Dr. Grey, Dr. Burns of Kilsyth, Dr. Horatius Bonar, Mr. Arnot, and others, he was one of the founders of the Free Church Temperance Society, which at one period numbered between 200 and 300 ordained ministers, and he watched with interest the progress of similar societies in connection both with the Church of Scotland and the United Presbyterian Church. "I would rather," he declared, "see in the pulpit a man who is a total abstainer from this root of all evil, drink, than a man crammed with all the Hebrew 'roots' in the world." From 1850 till laid aside from active work, he spoke on the subject in many varied circumstances. A Students' Temperance Society had been formed in the University of Edinburgh, the existence of which was due to the late Professor of Surgery, James Miller, one of Dr. Guthrie's dearest friends, and, with himself, one of the first of the more prominent men in that city to adopt these views. "I speak what I know,"

said Dr. Guthrie in addressing the students. "I have seen no fewer than ten ministers deposed from their office for drunkenness. With some of these I have sat down at the table of the Lord, and all of them I numbered in the rank of acquaintances and friends. This accursed vice has changed into ashes the laurel crown on the head of genius; and—the wings of the poet scorched by its hell-fire flame—he who once played in the light of sunbeams, and soared aloft into the skies, has basely crawled in the dust."

On another occasion we find him in the Normal School, addressing a gathering of those who are in training for teachers, and again, at the cavalry barracks, speaking to the dragoons.

"Four weeks ago," he told, "I was at Biggar Fair, and the week after next I am going to Calder Fair—not to buy *sweeties*, far less to drink whisky-toddy; but recollecting what I witnessed in my early days at the two hiring markets in my native town of Brechin, and the scenes of drunkenness, dissipation, and disorder there enacted, I will go there for the purpose of doing what I can to stop them with God's help. I believe I succeeded at Biggar Fair in keeping some hundreds of people sober, and sending them home sober as judges, ay, and more sober than judges have sometimes been!"

He was ever ready to accompany deputations to the magistrates to press for a reduction in the number of licensed houses in Edinburgh. Nothing seemed to him more monstrous than that low public-houses should be planted in greatest numbers just where the poverty is at a *maximum* and the power of resisting temptation is at a *minimum*.

"Think of an Edinburgh Bailie," he writes, "the chain of office gleaming on his ample paunch, himself certainly a sober, benevolent, and worthy man, telling us, some years ago, that he would oppose any reduction of the licensed whisky shops; and why? because, forsooth, he knew a lady whose chief means of maintenance was the high rent which such a shop

brought in. With magisterial dignity he struck his staff on the pavement, and demanded to know if we wished to break the widow's bread? Who but the worthy magistrate could have been ignorant of this, that the *argumentum ad misericordiam* lay all the other way;—that for one widow such shop maintains, it makes widows by the score; and that, to maintain one family in affluence, it reduces many to penury and clothes hundreds in rags?"

While holding pronounced views in favour of entire abstinence as a practice expedient for all, and a clear duty in the case of many, he gladly co-operated with those who were not prepared to go that length, in various movements aimed at the diminution of intemperance. He was one of the founders, in 1850, of the Scottish Association for the Suppression of Drunkenness, the members of which were all more or less influential persons, but scarcely any of them save himself abstainers. In order to leaven the public mind, the first step this Association took was to issue some short, telling statements as to the extent of the vice in Scotland, and the remedial measures judged necessary.

"*August* 16*th*, 1850.

"Candlish, Norman MacLeod, Begg, Dr. Alexander, &c., have been engaged to prepare a series of publications on the different branches of the subject—each is to set up and fire a battery. Besides these large guns, we are to keep up a rattling fire of small arms.

"We are not ignorant of the difficulties and greatness of the work we have undertaken, but the evil is so monstrous and, to use your appropriate term, so *appalling*, and the very well-being of the country is so manifestly in peril, that I cherish great hope of ultimate success. I hope God has not so far left us but that we will act with the sense and vigour of 'The Duke,' who on one occasion sent forward a body of trusty men to knock on the head not some thousand men, but some thousand barrels of wine, which lay in the way of his march, and to which he was more afraid to lead up his troops, than if every barrel charged with wine had been a cannon charged with shot. It is high time to 'start' the spirit casks." (*To Mr. Fox Maule.*)

Dr. Guthrie himself opened the campaign; writing in 1850 a lengthened pamphlet, entitled, "A Plea on behalf of Drunkards, and against Drunkenness."*

"EDINBURGH, *November 1st*, 1850.

"I must go out to-day † although it be only to the vestry, that I may get through with my anti-drunkenness pamphlet, which I hope will do good. Let us all pray it may be so, and be the means of saving those who are ready to perish. With sermon-writing, correspondence, a constant influx of people about this thing and that, I have not had my eyes on print for a fortnight and more—save within the boards of the Bible and on the newspaper pages.

"Lord Ashley was kind enough to come here and see me last night. We discussed many matters. I urged him strongly to commence a lay movement for the reform of the Church of England, to which he expressed himself much inclined." (*To Miss M. E. Lockhart.*)

The Association for the Suppression of Drunkenness has no longer an existence; but one important service which it rendered was in taking the primary steps to secure a legislative measure now widely known as the Forbes Mackenzie Act, whereby the hours for the sale of spirits have on week-days been curtailed (no public-house in Scotland being allowed to open before eight A.M., or to remain open later than eleven P.M.), and which has secured the closing of drinking-shops during the whole of the Lord's day. Dr. Guthrie longed for the time when a similar measure shall be extended to England and Ireland. He gave evidence before the Royal Commission appointed to investigate into the working of that Act, and rejoiced when, as the result, the publicans and their friends were defeated, and the stringency of its provisions increased. He thought that the Legislature might go much farther than they had ever yet done

* That pamphlet he followed up by three New Year's Tracts,—"New Year's Drinking" (1851), "A Happy New Year" (1852), and "The Old Year's Warning" (1853).

† He had been confined to his house by illness.

in the way of dealing with intemperance and the intemperate; and, among other measures, desiderated an Act giving power to place habitual drunkards under restraint, and to treat them as lunatics for the time being.

Not content with denouncing sin in general terms from the pulpit, and convinced that intemperance was a sin, above all others, insidious, widespread, and destructive, he preached a series of sermons on that vice as it exists especially in great cities, setting forth the duty of parents to train their children in total abstinence. These sermons were afterwards published in 1857 under the title of "The City; its Sins and Sorrows."* None of his writings made a profounder impression, and none has been more extensively useful. It was given over by its author to the Directors of the Scottish Temperance League, and published by them at a reduced price; its circulation has exceeded 50,000 copies.

For the Scottish Temperance League he wrote two New Year's Tracts, "A Word in Season" (1859) and "The Contrast" (1860), which have been circulated to the number of 450,000. Their design was to sound a warning note against the old but odious custom among the working classes in Scotland of introducing the new year by an outbreak of dissipation. The moral of the latter tract was drawn from a tragical incident, the sight of which made a great impression on his own mind, and which, fresh from the scene itself, he thus narrated in a letter to his eldest son—

"BLAIRGOWRIE, *May* 19*th*, 1859.

"I addressed a great audience here on Wednesday evening. My address extended the length of two hours. The impression

* This book was published by Messrs. A. and C. Black; and Dr. Guthrie was one day much amused, when in conversation with the late Mr. A. Black, M.P., in his publishing warehouse, North Bridge, Edinburgh, to hear a youth who had been sent from a bookseller's asking for "twenty copies of Guthrie's Sins!"

was wide in favour of Total Abstinence, and the result was a resolution to form a Congregational or Free Church Society. Next day horrified all the town by an event which, horrible as it is, will promote the cause here beyond all speeches, and which, coming after my address, has fastened it as by a nail driven down into the heads and hearts of the people.

"A wretched, ill-doing, drunken baker had come on Thursday morning by the train from Dundee. He had been working there, and for some days past drinking hard. He had two children here, boarded with a woman, for whom, spending his money on drink, he had not been paying regularly. The woman, by letter, had dunned him for their board. The two innocent bairns were crossing the bridge on their way to school in the morning when they encountered their father. He bade them go up with him and see their grandmother, who lived some mile or so up the banks of the Ericht.

"It was a roaring flood, and he was mad and moody after his days of debauchery. He took his lassie in the one hand, his boy in the other. About 1,000 feet above the bridge and the town, the banks approach, the bed grows rocky, and the whole body of the water shoots among horrid rocks, forming great black, deep, swirling pools, through a very contracted channel. They reach the place. He takes off the laddie's cap and, throwing it on the ground, says he'll buy a better for him; does the same with his lassie's bonnet, then, standing on a rock about eight feet above the boiling flood, he seizes his boy and throws him in,—he is shot off like an arrow. Some twelve feet farther down, there rises up from the black depths a rock which lifts its head about a foot above the surface, the stream roaring on each side. By a most merciful Providence the boy was whirled within reach of it; he caught it, hung on, and got upon the rock.

"This must have been the work almost of a moment; he was safely there before the wretched drunkard had had time, I fancy, to complete his work, for the boy saw him next seize his little sister, and leap with her into the jaws of death. The poor laddie called to her to make for the rock. She cried, as she floated by along with her father, that he 'wad na' let her;' and at that moment the boy saw the drowning monster actually raise his hand and press her poor head below the water, and then, in a moment, both vanished from his sight while he stood screaming. A woman heard his cries; the alarm was given, a ladder was thrown from the bank, it reached the rock—a man passed over and rescued him. He told his story to Mr. John Chalmers, who saw him and found him a most intelligent child.

"Since Thursday morning, with boats and poles and creepers, they have been seeking for their bodies. To-day Mr. Taylor,* Miss Stoddart, and I went to see the place. As we were returning, and had concluded that in these deep dark holes with their swirling waters that have scooped out caverns below the rock the bodies might lie for ever, I saw a commotion among the people that were scattered in groups all along the banks. A few steps brought me in sight of what I never shall forget. A deep hole lies behind a dam-dyke. A man had thrust a long pole into it, and when I got to the spot he was up to the middle in water, making his way to the shore, bearing in his arms the poor dead body of a bonny lassie. Her arms were extended, her head was lying on his shoulder, her face was ruddy. I thought it was a girl that had fallen in, and was not dead. But the outburst of grief, the cries and tears of women and children soon undeceived me. The body of the poor bairn, her yellow hair parted back from a sweet forehead, with a comely face, looking calm as if asleep, the face full of colour, but the little hands and arms deadly white, was laid on the bank. The sight was overwhelming enough to drive one mad with sorrow, rage, pity, horror, indignation. I spoke out to the multitude against drinking, and when one spoke of the body of the man lying, perhaps, in the same place, I said if it were found it should be hung up in chains; to which, to the credit of humanity, there was from some a loud and hearty assent.

"The only thing that calmed me was to look on that poor corpse, and think that, poor thing, this lassie was better dead than living,—with God, and in His arms, than to live and have a drunkard for her father. I expect God will bring much good out of this most horrid and unnatural tragedy. Strange that ministers will meet in General Assemblies and discuss this thing and that thing, nor address themselves aright and with self-denial to this spring and well-head of miseries and murders, the damnation of souls and the ruin of our land!

"Though I would rather not have seen all this, it is well perhaps that I did—profit to others may come out of my pain."

During the last ten years of his life, Dr. Guthrie was less able to prosecute the public advocacy of the total abstinence cause,—not because he had in any degree lost faith in those principles of patriotism and Christian

* Rev. Robert Taylor, at that time of the Free Church, Blairgowrie now of Norwood, London, whose guest Dr. Guthrie then was.

expediency on which he had long defended it, but because of his own failing health, and the consequent necessity, under medical orders, to take a certain quantity of wine daily to aid the feeble action of his heart. Without ever disputing the value in certain cases of alcohol medicinally employed, he yet repeatedly, during his later years, tried whether he could not do without it, returning to his former practice of total abstinence, and so prevent his position from being misapprehended:—

"EDINBURGH, *March 29th*, 1869.

"MY DEAR DR. MACKENZIE,—A friend of mine is at present lying in a very low and critical state, and so entirely do I sympathize with you in your opinion of the use, or rather abuse, doctors make of alcoholic liquors, that I never ask how many glasses of wine he has taken in the last four-and-twenty hours, but how many tumblers of beef-tea he has drunk. Indeed, I regard as quite shocking the quantity of spirits they pour over the throats of young people.

"I have read your letter anent the poor and Poor Laws with deep interest. I have come to be of opinion that we should have no Poor Laws at all. They are eating out the heart of Scottish domestic virtue. I wish you would publish your views and experiences. We have an Association here for improving the condition of the poor. I have just been writing one of its most distinguished supporters, that such improvements as they aim at they will never accomplish so long as drinking-shops stand thick as forest trees. The taproom is the taproot of nine-tenths of all the poverty and wretchedness of our country, and all will profit nothing so long as the dram-seller sits at the gate.

"May the Lord long spare you and greatly bless you to bless humanity.

"Yours, with the highest esteem,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

JOHN MACKENZIE, Esq., M.D., of Eileanach, Inverness.

Every time he returned from the Continent he bewailed the contrast which the comparative sobriety of its gay and godless capitals presented with the shocking sights he witnessed in the streets of London or the High

Street of Edinburgh.* But he hailed the dawn of better days for our own land. Amid much apathy, both in Church and State, and but tardy progress in the public mind towards the adoption of the radical measures he desiderated, he often referred with thankfulness to a distinct change in the tone of speech and feeling on the subject of total abstinence, the subject being discussed with a candour, and abstainers spoken of with a respect, which at one time they would not have been. He was very hopeful when the Church of England directed serious attention to the subject, and was specially interested in the action taken by Convocation in the Province of Canterbury. Mutual sympathy in this cause brought him into friendly intercourse with not a few English clergymen in latter years;—among others, Dean Close, Mr. Eardley of Streatham, and Mr. Wightman of Shrewsbury, who has been so efficiently aided by his admirable wife. In a letter of 27th March, 1871, in which he described various persons with whom he conversed, when at Windsor Castle on occasion of the marriage of Princess Louise, he tells of "one clerical-looking man in the prime of manhood, who, coming up to me before luncheon, said, 'I must introduce myself to you, Dr. Guthrie.' This was Mr. Ellison, the Vicar of Windsor; and we sat down on a couch to talk over the temperance cause, and what should be done to cure our people of the vice of drunkenness. Mr. Ellison takes a deep interest in these subjects. I

* In defending his Light Wines Bill in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone said on May 7th, 1860, "I have found a testimony which is entitled to great weight, coming from a man pledged by his sacred profession, eminent for his eloquence, distinguished and beloved for his virtues—Dr. Guthrie. That gentleman, in a series of remarkable sermons which he wrote, called 'The City, its Sins and Sorrows,' testified that he had been both in Paris and Brussels, as well as in other parts of France and Belgium, on occasions of great national festivity, and during a period of seven weeks he had not seen, whether in mountain hamlets or mighty cities, so much drunkenness or disorder as might be seen in Edinburgh or other large cities of our own country in seven hours."

recommended shutting up public-houses, as we do in Scotland, all the Lord's day, and going to the Legislature to demand that it should allow no shop to be open which is opened for the mere purpose of drinking wines, spirits, or ales; that if people will use stimulants, they must buy them to use in their own houses."

Desiderating all along the entire abolition of the drink traffic, because he believed that, next to the Gospel, this was the only radical remedy, he gladly countenanced any movement devised with a view to lessen drunkenness by removing temptations to it. He hailed, for instance, the efforts made to secure better dwelling-houses for the working classes, and became a shareholder in a building investment company. In Edinburgh, he aided the now-successful movement for securing a weekly half-holiday, and would have liked to have seen the same boon secured for country people likewise. Early in 1859, the present Sir Andrew Agnew addressed a letter to "Ministers of all denominations in Wigtownshire," urging them to advocate a movement for a Saturday half-holiday for agricultural labourers, embodying the definite proposal that employers should on ordinary occasions be satisfied with seven hours' work on Saturdays. This proposal was not well received by the farmers generally, though on the whole the idea was favourably entertained by the press. The subject attracted Dr. Guthrie's attention, and he addressed the following letter to his friend:—

"EDINBURGH, *January* 31*st*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR ANDREW,—I have read your letter with the greatest satisfaction: it is full of truth, and advocates a cause which will eventually ride over all opposition and difficulties. Why should the inhabitants or workers in manufacturing and commercial places have their half-holiday, and not the rural population?

"I believe that your proposal, besides serving a most holy and important purpose in promoting the better observance

of the Lord's day, would also promote the morality of the districts. At present, *slaving* as they do, lads and lasses can only meet when the day is over, and under the cloud of night. This is the only time they have to visit each other and carry on their courtships. This leads to a vast deal of mischief. A Saturday afternoon and evening, which they could call their own, would offer opportunities of decent visiting and courtship which they now have not.

"May the seed you have sown speedily spring up, and bring forth good fruit! If you could get some half-dozen to begin, the practice would become infectious, and it would force its way. Don't despair because it finds opposition in the first instance, and yields no immediate return. The country people are proverbially apathetic and slow of change; but hold on, and it will be as with a worm we have got hold of on the morning of a fishing-day—if one does not pull too hard, but gives time, and holds on, it comes to hand at last."

Dr. Guthrie knew human nature too well to imagine that the incitements to intemperance are to be met successfully by repressive measures; he felt that amusement of some kind people will have, and should have; he cordially sympathized therefore with every movement which aimed at devising counter attractions to those of the public-house—on this condition, however, that these can be shown to be of a healthful and innocent kind. While in London in 1870, he thought it his duty to visit a number of the lower class places of amusement, to judge for himself whether and how far they could be regarded as answering to such a description, and whether drunkenness were likely to be diminished by their influence. The opinion he formed was unfavourable in the last degree:—"Anything more disgraceful and scandalous than the licensing of such houses on the part of the magistrates of this Christian country it would be difficult to discover. These places, licensed for dancing and drinking, are hells of iniquity; nets where thousands are snared; rocks where thousands—to the grief and death of broken-hearted parents and their own

present and eternal ruin—make shipwreck. To know their results, and what intolerable *bosh* and humbug it is to speak of them as innocent amusements, of which, having respect to the liberty of the subject and the relaxation of the sons and daughters of toil, we are not to deprive them,—to see, I say, the utter and wicked nonsense of that, you have only to see, as I did, the company that frequents them.

"I wish the magistrates—by virtue of their office, instead of trusting to the reports of policemen—were compelled so many times a year to visit every place they license. We should have, I am sure, most of these places shut, and the key turned in the door of all the gin-palaces of respectable London, and of all the low drinking-shops of her mean and vulgar streets." (*To his son Patrick.*)

The fact that too many so-called places of amusement were turned to a bad account did not lead Dr. Guthrie —as some good people have been led—to give up all personal interest in the question of social relaxation; on the contrary, his anxiety was increased thereby to encourage and develop such as he could approve. With this end, he took part more than once in instituting "Working Men's Clubs," and heard with special interest of the endeavour made so successfully in Leeds, and since imitated in Edinburgh and elsewhere, to establish what are called "British Workman public-houses without the drink." So too, when, in 1855, a series of cheap concerts were started in Edinburgh, and Dr. Guthrie was asked to countenance the attempt, he went; believing that, minister though he was, and Saturday evening though it was, he was not stepping out of his way in leaving his study and sitting for an hour among the sons of toil, to listen to a piano or violin, and the singing of some simple ballads. An English friend hearing of his presence on that occasion, addressed him

immediately in terms of sorrow and surprise. Dr. Guthrie wrote in reply:—*

"EDINBURGH, *November*, 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR,— . . . In my day I have had a full share of misrepresentation and abuse, and have been content to bear it, believing that I could be better employed than in setting such matters right; and that the fair character of a man engaged in a good cause would sooner or later, like a lifeboat, right itself.†

"You ask me whether I think that amusements require stimulus. I reply, I don't think that they require *stimulus*, but I do think that they require *direction*. . . . . . The love of excitement is so engraven on our nature that it may be regarded as an appetite. Like our other appetites, it is not sinful unless indulged unlawfully or to excess. It is the duty of patriotic and Christian men to restrain these within due limits, and direct them into innocent channels. Indeed it would appear that God has implanted such a feeling in all his creatures for the purpose, no doubt, of ministering to their happiness. Did you ever see a kitten chasing its own tail? Were you ever amused with that? Those who are shut up for life in large towns, and never see horses but in the yoke, nor any of the feathered tribes but a sooty, begrimed, and melancholy sparrow, may be ignorant of the habits and happiness of the lower animals; but who, accustomed to the country, has not seen the crows on a summer evening, wheeling, chasing, and darting at each other in the blue sky overhead, and the trouts amusing themselves, much after the same fashion, in some glassy pool?

"To frown on the love of excitement and amusement, as if it were a sin, appears to me a reflection on Providence. I will not reject any gift which God has given, but take it thankfully and try to use it well. Take the case in hand—the musical entertainments in Dunedin Hall—which, although their harmony has been followed by so much discord, I shall continue to support so long as they are conducted as they have been begun. If the devil gave man an ear for music, and

* This letter was afterwards published under the title of "Popular Innocent Entertainments" (Scottish Temperance League, Glasgow, 1856).

† "I have given up long ago putting myself to the trouble of killing all the lies they tell,—or, indeed, any of them. A man might as well slay away at all the midges which buzz and bite at him in the wood of a Highland glen on a summer evening!" (*Letter to The Right Hon. Fox Maule, June 24th*, 1847.)

the pleasure in music which those gifted with such an ear enjoy, then let the whole affair be denounced; but if this is a gift of God, let it be consecrated to His service in the Church, and out of it also, by being used not only as a source of innocent, thankful enjoyment, but as a means of weaning or keeping ourselves and others from debasing and forbidden pleasures. This is a noble use to make of music; and I cannot take blame to myself, either for the end I had in view or for the means by which I sought to gain it, when I countenanced the entertainment in Dunedin Hall.

"Liable as I am, with others, to err, I might have suspected myself of being drawn to that Hall less by a desire for the public good than my own gratification, but for a circumstance which I have been accustomed to regard as a small misfortune:—I only know that a precentor or performer goes wrong when he sticks; the bars and quavers, and semiquavers, and demi-semi-quavers of a musical piece are as unintelligible to me as Egyptian hieroglyphics; and I would sooner hear a blackbird pipe out his evening song from the top of a cherry-tree than hear the grandest orchestra of fiddles, fifes, flutes, horns, clarionets, and drums execute the grandest pieces of Mendelssohn or Beethoven.

"Who, however, is ignorant of the powerful attractions of music? With the friends of total abstinence and the half-holiday movement—among whom, as true friends of humanity, powerful allies of religion, and conservators of the holy Sabbath, I think it an honour to rank myself—I felt that if we could get up an entertainment which would gratify tastes that God has given, we might preserve many from the dangers of the theatre, the snares of the dancing-saloon, and the dissipation of drinking-shops. We have public entertainments of the same kind for the upper classes in the Music Hall; and I desire to know why the working classes should be denied the same pleasure? Why make their lot harder than it is? To me, one of the most pleasant aspects of railway trains and the penny post is that they have given a wider distribution to happiness, and bestowed blessings on the humbler classes which were formerly, in a great measure, the exclusive property of the rich. The men and women who earn their honest bread honourably with the sweat of their brow have no room for pianos and organs in their humble homes, nor can they afford the time or the money for forenoon concerts, and their only evening for relaxation is at the end of the week. Get them another: I would approve of that; but let us rejoice in everything which gives them a share (after all it is a scanty

one) in the benefits which their more fortunate, not more deserving, neighbours possess. I only wish that these were more equally distributed.

"I am not surprised that you and some other good people should disapprove of the step I have taken. I took it in the full foreknowledge of the cost. Elsewhere than on railways, collisions produce a shock; yet I hope to see as great a revolution in the minds of good people on this subject as on that of total abstinence societies, for the advocacy of which we were denounced by many whose piety I could not but respect, but whose folly I pitied when they charged us with countenancing an anti-Gospel principle and an infidel movement. It was nothing to me to hear it told that better 'ministers than Dr. Guthrie took their two or three tumblers of whisky-toddy,' or to hear of the visible horror which sat on the countenances of some brethren, when a minister, a friend of mine, who is an abstainer, rose from the table, with its steaming mug and toddy-tumblers, to seat himself at a piano, and sing a sweet, pure Scottish melody. . . . .

"Most respectfully, but very earnestly, would I beseech you, and others like-minded, to consider whether the interests of religion and morality are not more likely to be promoted by ministers and religious people taking an interest in such innocent amusements, than by their standing aloof with a sour face and a frown on their brows, or by their endeavouring to dam up waters which, if not directed into pleasant and profitable channels, will break out in some mischievous, immoral, and destructive way. Some things are lawful which are not expedient; but I, for one, have no general sympathy with the notion that other people may righteously take part in enjoyments from which ministers should be excluded for decorum's sake. That is but another phase of the old loathsome times, when gentlemen got the ladies away to the drawing-room to talk what it was not fit that a decent woman should hear. I hold that a good man should take part in no entertainment, to be present at which would raise a blush on a modest woman's cheek, or make a minister of the Gospel feel that in being there he was out of place. What is not fit for a lady or a minister to see or hear, or take part in, is an entertainment not fit for any decent, respectable Christian man. That is common sense and God's truth, or I am greatly mistaken.

"Yours verv respectfully and faithfully,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

CHAPTER XI.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

It is a trite remark, that men are not to be made sober by Act of Parliament: no legislative measures, however well directed, can eradicate a deep-seated moral sore; but Dr. Guthrie looked with great hope to Government action in dealing with another matter essential to his country's well being—the education of the people — and the banishment thereby of that ignorance which is so closely connected with crime. Writing from London on 12th November, 1870, with reference to the English Education Act, he said:—"I have now seen the other curative means from which people here hope so much. I have calculated the proportion between the diseases and the remedies, and the second is to the first as a mere drop in the bucket. My great hope is, under God, in the Education Act passed last Session. If, as I hope and think, it will be fairly and vigorously wrought out, it will, I tell them here, prove itself in time the most important and blessed measure passed in Parliament since the Reformation." His acquaintance with the degraded classes, and the interest he had long taken in the education of the poor, deepened his conviction that out and beyond all the efforts which Churches and private benevolence can make, the necessities of the case never could or would be met until the State addressed itself to the question;

and he hailed the attainment at length in Scotland of a National Education scheme, for which he had worked and waited more than five-and-twenty years.

From the date of the Reformation, thanks to the enlightened Christian patriotism of John Knox, Scotland possessed a system of education, nobly planned to supply religious and secular instruction to every child in the country; a school having been planted in each parish, and placed under ecclesiastical superintendence. From the growth of the population, however, and the many social and ecclesiastical changes which had occurred in the interval, the existing parochial schools had long failed to overtake the needs of the country. The Disruption came, and those parochial schoolmasters who cast in their lot with the Free Church were no longer suffered to retain their position in the parish schools. To provide for them, and at the same time meet to some extent the ever-growing needs of the community, the Free Church instituted, in 1843, an educational scheme of her own. The great majority of her ministers at that period were impressed with the importance of keeping up the old connection between the school and the church. Dr. Guthrie, however, had no sympathy with this view.

"I have come, on mature reflection, to believe," he wrote to the late Dr. Gunn, of the Edinburgh High School, "that Churches, as such, have nothing to do with secular education, beyond giving to it, as to the various schemes of patriotism and philanthropy, all due encouragement. I am opposed to the attempt now making to bring all education, secular as well as religious, into the hands of clergy and Church courts, thinking that the Church of Christ cannot be too careful to keep within her own province—strictly, sternly within it—for this among many other reasons, that, doing so, she will then with more grace, more sympathy, and certainly more success, repel all foreign aggression on her own sacred and peculiar domain."

Holding these views, he contemplated, with no small

regret, the circumstances which led the Free Church to erect schools of her own, and so to establish a denominational scheme. While Dr. Candlish, the distinguished convener of the Free Church Education Committee, spoke of the Education scheme as "one of the most vital and important of the Free Church's undertakings," Dr. Guthrie was unable to regard it in any such light. On this matter, Dr. Begg and he parted company with most of their leading brethren in the Free Church, and were exposed to not a little misapprehension and obloquy in consequence.

Immediately after the accomplishment of his Manse Fund work, and before he had taken up the case of Ragged Schools, his mind was turned specially to the question of a national scheme of Education. Thus, in 1846, he wrote Mr. Maule, from St. Andrews, where he was spending his annual holiday:—

"ST. ANDREWS, *September 5th*, 1846.

"Mr. Rutherfurd * was so kind as ask me to spend a few days with him, when we might talk over a very interesting matter that we just entered upon—I mean education. If I am so fortunate as to be in town when you return to London, I should like much to have some conversation with you on that matter. It is one of vital importance, and presents your Ministry an opportunity of earning for themselves the highest honours and conferring on the country the most valuable benefits. I had a long and rather keen discussion with Dr. Candlish and some others anent the matter. I am confident his scheme won't succeed, and convinced, moreover, that it should not.

"In the way of a general system of education not exclusively secular, Ireland presents an almost insuperable difficulty: the people, who are divided into two parties, have two Bibles. In England, next, the way is not without great difficulties. Divided into, say, three great sects, Episcopal, Wesleyan, and Independent, though they are all agreed in the same version of the Bible, they have three catechisms. In our land, the way is, I may say, cleared and clear of such stumbling-blocks. Divided into three great parties of Established, Free, and ordinary Presbyterian dissenters, we have one Bible and one Catechism;

* Lord Advocate of Scotland at the time.

there is no reason why we should not all meet in the same school to-morrow, the situation of teacher being open to the competition of all. If your Government are not yet prepared to dissever the present parochial schools from their existing connection with the Established Church and the heritors, some such system as the above might be applied in supplying those educational wants of town and country which the present parochial machinery does not meet.

"I intend to bring the whole matter before the Presbytery of Edinburgh shortly after my return to town, and, from all that I can learn, I will find myself backed by the great body of the laity belonging to our Free Church, and its happy Presbyterian constitution may show its healthful character on this as on other great occasions. I am quite satisfied that the great body of our ministers will, by-and-by, come to view this matter in the same light."

An unhappy collision which arose out of the refusal of Dr. Candlish and the Free Church Committee to sanction the appointment of the late Dr. Gunn (whose views were in favour of a national as opposed to a denominational scheme) to one of the Government Inspectorships connected with the Free Church schools, increased the breach between Dr. Candlish and himself on the general question :—

To Dr. Candlish.

"Edinburgh, *November* 12*th*, 1850.

* * * * *

"I never liked controversy all my days, and such experience as I have had of it does not recommend it to me. I frankly say, for myself, that I have found it indispose me for higher duties, disturb my peace, stir up the baser passions of my nature, and expose the parties engaged in it to the risk of quarrels and alienated affections. I am now less disposed for it than ever; and, last of all, I am thoroughly averse to have any controversy with *you*. My love and affections are all against it. I say all this in the honesty of my heart. . .

"If there is to be a public controversy, nothing but dragging will bring me into it. May the Lord give peace in this matter; if not, His will be done. Come what may, believe me, with great regard,

"Yours ever,

"Thomas Guthrie."

Dr. Guthrie was fully sensible of the energy with which the Free Church scheme was prosecuted, whereby an admirable Christian education for 65,000 children was provided; but his conviction ever deepened that the very existence of the Free Church schools tended to retard the attainment of a national measure.

To Sir W. Gibson Craig, M.P.

"Edinburgh, *October 25th*, 1850.

". . . Thinking that the Free Church, by some of her educational movements, was rather hindering than facilitating a Catholic and comprehensive plan, I retired from the Committee. . . The present arrangements may undergo a great change in less than a few years. I hope very soon to see at least the Free Church and the Dissenting community at one on this subject of education. I don't even despair of the Established Church, although they will take, in the course of things, longer time."

"I do not deny," he wrote twenty years later, "but am happy to know that our Free Church schools have done much good; still, I thought they were founded on a wrong basis, in such a country as ours at any rate, and that had we gone in for a national system, an opening up and extension of the old parochial system, when these Free Church schools were started, nearly thirty years ago, we would have won the battle in a few years, and been rid of the difficulties with which we are now perplexed."

Not only did Dr. Guthrie object to the Free Church Education scheme, on the general ground that the education of the young is the business rather of the State than of the Church, but he objected to allow the divisions which separate the various Churches from each other to affect education in any shape or form. The advantage of bringing the children of different sects together in school, he thus illustrated in one of his speeches—

"Did you ever see the 'happy family'? The last time I was in London I saw animals of the most antagonistic natures living together in perfect peace, because they had been reared together when young,—fed, bred, and nursed together. I saw the mavis asleep under the wing of a hawk; and an old, grave, reverend owl looking down most complacently on a little mouse; and, with the restless activity of his species, I saw the monkey sitting on a perch, scratching his head, for an idea I presume, and then reach down his long arm to seize a big rat by the tail, and, lifting it to his breast, dandle it like a baby! This is what early training will do. Now I just put it to you—suppose these animals had been brought up according to the sectarian system, and then brought together in one place, what a row there would have been!

"I am sure it is good for children to be educated in every possible way with the children of other denominations, and I will tell you why. I know, from my own experience, that it is good for *men* to be brought into contact with men of other denominations. I have felt the good of that myself. I have had my corners and my crotchets in my day; and I think I am very free of them now. I believe that if you bring a man into contact with others, it tends to round off his corners, and rub off his crotchets like the stone on the sea-beach when it is washed and rolled about by the daily tide; it makes a nobler and a better man of him."

To Mr. Maule, in 1850, he wrote:—"The jealousies and bigotry and narrow-mindedness of many are sickening. These men are never without a pair of Free Church spectacles. I suppose they sleep with them on!" But what most of all distressed Dr. Guthrie was, that while denominational schemes of Education tended to widen the breach between the different Churches, out and beyond the influence of any Church, a multitude of children were growing up in Scotland wholly without instruction. "I long and pray for the time," were his words, "when such unfortunates will be educated by the State; nor from such prayer will I ever come down to consider schemes of sects. I don't care, if the people are saved, whether the scheme crack the crown of St. Giles', or hurl Free St John's down the West Bow. I love my

Church as well as any one, but I love my country more than I love my denomination."* "My distinctive points will look small enough when I am lying on a bed of death; and my distinctive points look little, too, when I go down among my poor fellow-creatures; and sure I am, that if some of my friends would come with me, and spend one short forenoon in these places where I have been till my heart was like to break, and I could hardly eat the bread on my own table, it would make them agree almost to anything."

In his anxiety to secure the attainment of a national scheme, Dr. Guthrie was willing to co-operate with parties from whom, on other matters, he seriously differed. To this he refers in a letter addressed to the Editor of *The Witness* in the beginning of 1850, and in that letter, too, as will be seen, he foreshadows the very system which, twenty-two years thereafter, and at the close of a long fight with prejudice and privilege, has become the law of the land:—

To THE EDITOR OF *The Witness.*

"EDINBURGH, *January* 12*th*, 1850.

"My inclination, in the first instance, was to turn to the Established Church, prepared, notwithstanding all that has happened, to bury in the grave of our country's welfare the animosity and irritation that may have sprung from the past. I find, however, with great regret, that our friends of the Establishment have thrown up a barrier in the way of our co-operation with them which it is impossible for us to surmount;—they have identified, in fact, the very existence of their Establishment with the retaining of its supremacy over the

* "The appeal to the human sympathies of his audience was his chief source of strength as a speaker. When his strong voice shook, and a glance of the tenderest pity flashed from his eyes, few were not moved to tears. Speaking one day about an Education Bill just brought in by the Lord Advocate, the thought flashed across him that the Free Church had been accused of supporting it for sectarian reasons, when he suddenly broke off his argument, and, with tears running down his cheeks, exclaimed, 'What care I for the Free Church, or any Church upon earth, in comparison with my desire to save and bless those poor children in the High Street!' An intelligent auditor afterwards said of this exclamation, 'It was as though a shock of electricity had passed through the audience.'"—*Daily News*, February 25th, 1874.

national schools, and the exclusion of all but their adherents from the office of teachers.

"Not entertaining any violent prejudices against the Established Church (holding, on the contrary, what some of my friends count such loose and latitudinarian views on certain matters of dispute, that I have not hesitated in particular circumstances to send my children to an Established Church school *), I hoped better things of our friends in the Establishment. Nor was it till I had seen with regret that none even of the most liberal of their leaders were prepared to abate one jot of their antiquated claims, that I felt myself constrained to abandon all hope of co-operating with them; and, in addition, that I felt convinced it was now our duty to attempt co-operation with the voluntary churches in some scheme for national education, each party retaining their principles, and each agreeing to bury their points and prejudices.

"Now in approaching our voluntary friends, we were not brought to a standstill by the barrier which prevented co-operation with the Established Church. They, forming, like that other party, but one-third of the population, met us with no claim to exclusive power; on the contrary, we and they were agreed in this, that over the National Schools the Establishment should have no exclusive superintendence, and to the office of their teachers no exclusive claim. Then, in regard to the religious element, on which we were at one with the Establishment, there appeared a common path on which we could approach the State in company with our voluntary brethren. Had they stipulated that the State not only must not *include*, but positively *exclude* religion, our negotiations must then have taken end; for it is plain that though some among us be of opinion that the interests of religious education would not suffer, but rather gain, by being devolved entirely on parents, pastors, and church office-bearers, yet our Free Church as a body would refuse its consent to any bill which excluded the religious element from the National Schools. But how stands the matter with our voluntary friends? They propose no such clause of exclusion. So far as I know their sentiments, it is but justice to them to say that a bill with such a clause introduced into Parliament by the merely secular educationists would meet with as cordial opposition from them as from ourselves. All that they stipulate for is this, that Parliament shall not meddle with the matter of religion at all, and that every arrangement connected with that element in the schools shall

* Dr. Guthrie sent his younger children for an hour or two daily to the parish school when at Lochlee, his summer quarters.

be left to the judgment and discretion of the local boards; and this they do with the anxious desire that these schools shall furnish religious and secular education, and with the confident expectation, moreover, that, under this arrangement, the Word of God and saving truths of the gospel will, in point of quality, be as purely, and in point of quantity be as abundantly, provided for as before.

"For myself, I have that confidence in the religious feelings of my countrymen as to believe that in a board chosen by their votes, and therefore representing their sentiments, the religious interests of these schools will find as faithful guardians as they have ever enjoyed. My knowledge of many unendowed schools, and my experience of Ragged Schools, fully warrant me to believe that on this field Established Churchmen and Free Churchmen, Episcopalians and Voluntaries, may co-operate together in perfect harmony, and that here brethren may 'dwell together in unity.' In their denominational elements, the local boards will very much resemble the committee of our Ragged Schools; and, if not in all, in almost every instance, a motion to exclude religion from these schools will meet with the same cordial opposition and certain defeat as would assuredly be its fate at our board."

Previous to writing that letter, Dr. Guthrie had been in communication with the Duke of Argyll, to whom the country owes in no small measure the final settlement of this difficult question; and it was shortly after the appearance of Dr. Guthrie's letter in the newspapers that the following correspondence took place between His Grace and himself:—

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL *to* DR. GUTHRIE.

"ROSENEATH, *January* 21*st*, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have not yet had time to thank you for your letter respecting your educational views: and I am as glad that I have thus had an opportunity of seeing your more extended explanation in *The Witness*.

"Personally, and speaking only of what I should be most glad to agree to *if we had a clean sheet of paper before us*, I feel no anxiety to exclude from the schools any one of the Presbyterian or Episcopalian bodies, provided only that religious education be secured, not as a separate, but as an integral part of the course of instruction; and if this is to be so, I do not

see how, even on such a plan, starting anew as it were, some tests could be altogether avoided.

"But I wish to speak rather of existing circumstances as affecting practically our course, and these, I do confess, you and your friends seem to me to take but little notice of.

* * * * *

"Your plan, as I understand it, is to place everything, election of schoolmaster, laws of religious teaching, hours thereof, &c., all at the disposal of a local board. But how are these local boards to be appointed? I agree with you that generally in Scotland the Bible would not be discarded by any board. But I am certain that anything approaching to a popular election would be a squabble of sectarian partisanship. The votes and intrigues would be divided by the law of Churchship. Your experience of the Ragged School Committee, to which you refer, is wholly delusive, in my opinion. That is a committee of educated and enlightened men met together with the common understanding that *Churchship* is not to enter into the consideration at all, either in electing masters or in regulating the mode of teaching. This does not apply to local contests, such as you would leave to be carried on between sects exasperated by petty feuds and bickerings.

* * * * *

"Pray excuse this very hasty letter. I will not ask you to excuse what you may think the freedom with which I have stated my objections to the movement of your body, because, if correspondence is to be carried on at all, on matters of such great public importance, with the view of explaining the aspects in which they present themselves to persons in different relative situations, I hold that such correspondence should be free. . .

"My dear Sir,
"Yours most truly,
"ARGYLL."

DR. GUTHRIE *to* THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

"EDINBURGH, *February 18th*, 1850.

"As to your Grace's remarks on the sentiments and speeches of some of our Free Churchmen (and some of these, I grant, leading Free Churchmen) I may say, I am 'not careful to answer you in this matter.' Many things have been said by Free Churchmen with which it would be hard to saddle the Free Church.

"I may, however, remark two things in answer to your Grace's defence of the resolution of the Establishment to

abate none of its ancient claims. *First*, that granting that Dr. Candlish, &c., would have done the same thing had they been in the Establishment, it does not prove more than that they would have acted imprudently and unwisely in these circumstances; but, *secondly*, the views even of Dr. Candlish and his friends (who are not the Free Church) do not afford ground for such assertion. I pray your Grace to observe that the Established Church insists that the candidate for a school shall not only sign his adherence to the doctrine of the *Catechism* and Confession of Faith, but that he shall sign the *Formula*, which binds him down to the membership, and subjects him to the discipline, of the Established Church. Now, though I do not agree with my friends in many of their movements in the matter of education, I think it is but justice to them to say that they do not insist on their teachers, even at present, being members of the Free Church, and that at this moment there are parties holding schools under the Free Church scheme, who do not belong to the denomination of Free Churchmen.

"Then I pray your Grace to observe that we are not inconsistent in making demands now, which we would have resisted as against the Dissenters before the Disruption. Since that time, the tables, by that very event, are completely turned. The body belonging to the Established Church was then the undoubted majority of the Scottish nation. The Established Church then contained within her pale two-thirds at least of the whole population, and she had rights of a *national* and *political* kind when she commanded a majority, which she must *de jure* lose when she passes into a minority. This argument may be pushed farther than the schools. I grant that the Act of Parliament establishing the present form of Church government goes on the footing that it is most agreeable to the *generality* of the people of Scotland, or some such terms,—so runs the Act which substitutes the present Established Church for Episcopacy. I have no desire to agitate these questions, so far as they touch the Church Establishment; only I think that when, for the sake of an exclusive and invidious power, the Established clergy stand in the way of a great national system of education, they themselves will force on the people of Scotland the consideration of matters which go deeper than the schools, and I must repeat my surprise that the sensible men among them do not see that.* I pray your Grace to observe

* "At this time they will yield nothing," Dr. Guthrie told a public meeting in 1854. "There was a sagacious man in this city, perhaps the most sagacious of her citizens—the late Sir James Gibson Craig—who, on one occasion, was dealing with a gentleman who insisted on having his

that, but for this exclusive claim to which you surely cannot expect that two-thirds of the nation will agree (the great majority of the people agreeing to leave the education of their children in the hands of a minority),—well, I say, but for this exclusive claim insisted on by the Established party, the country might be blessed, before another session has run, with a secular and a religious system of education adequate to the wants and necessities of a country where, at this present moment, some two hundred thousand children are growing up in deepest ignorance.

"It was with no evil designs to the Established Church that I penned my letter; on the contrary, I hoped that it might catch the eye of some of their ministers and people. As to the latter, I have had expressions of their entire concurrence in my views from some, and, among others, one of the greatest ornaments among the laity of the Establishment. As to the clergy, I have seen an account of but one of them (Gillan of Glasgow) who sympathized with me. He proposed that to others besides the clergy of his own Church the management of their schools should be open. He wished other orthodox denominations recognised; and I am sorry to say his proposition called forth nothing but *hisses*.

"I had hoped that the Established Church and Free Church might have acted together in this great question, and no obstacle stood in the way of that but the claim to exclusive jurisdiction. I would have rejoiced in such a union. I would have preferred a system, which would have saved us what may happen under the new scheme—supposing it carried into effect,—a battle for the Bible, or Shorter Catechism in the schools (I ought to say at the ordinary school hours).

"However, I must say that I think there are far worse things than an occasional fight, and one of these was the old system which invested the power and management of the parochial schools in the hands of the Presbytery. I had seven

last rights at law. Sir James advised him to yield a little; the reply was 'No, not a stiver!' 'Well,' said Sir James, 'let me tell you that the man that will have the last word and the last right at law is very like the man who will have the last drop out of the tankard; the chance is he gets the lid down on his nose!' Now, if my friends of the Established Church would hear me,—and I know there are sensible men among them, but I am afraid they are overborne by those who are not sensible—let them pluck up courage and take up another wiser and, for their Church, a safer position. At the time of the Disruption down came the lid; at the time of the University Bill they would have the last drop—smack went the lid; now they will have the last drop again, and I say let them take care that the lid does not only hit the nose, but hit it off altogether!"

years' experience of that system, when I was in a country parish, and I strenuously supported the scheme for Government inspectors, before the Disruption, as some check to the useless, worthless mockery of former times.*

"I believe that the sure way of having any scheme vigorously managed is to give those a *considerable* power at least in the management of it, who have a deep stake in the matter. The parents have the *deepest* stake in the schools; and we may rest assured that they will watch and work them better than parties who have but a remote interest in their success."

The scheme which this letter defends became the basis of "The National Education Association of Scotland," founded in April, 1850, in whose movements he took a leading part. But while its programme met with his cordial support, in one particular he thought it defective; for, far in advance of his time, Dr. Guthrie had already become an advocate for a compulsory clause in any national measure which is to be effective:—

"It was at one of the first Ragged School meetings," we find him saying, "that I first enunciated the necessity of a compulsory system. I remember I was sitting beside the late Bishop Terrot, and when I had finished, the Bishop said to me, 'So you are in favour of a compulsory system of education?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I am thoroughly satisfied that no educational system will reach the very lowest classes—the dangerous classes—but a compulsory one. What think you?' 'Oh,' said the Bishop, 'I am quite of the same opinion.' 'Then why don't you stand up and say it?' 'Stand up and say it!' he replied. 'Why, the people would think me mad!'"

* In a speech he tells:—"I was seven years in the parish of Arbirlot; and while I believe I was just as attentive as my neighbours, I do not recollect of being three times in the parish school, though it was next door to me, except on those occasions, once a year, when the Presbytery Committee came to examine the school. The truth is, though I do not like to use a harsh expression—perhaps they are a great deal better since we left them—Presbyterial supervision was very much a decent sham. To be sure, if there were any old schoolmaster among the parish ministers, he pricked up his ears like an old hunter when he hears the sound of the horn; but as for the rest of us, who were not accustomed to it, to sit for weary hours hearing 'A-b, ab—B-o, bo,' was the *driechest* business I ever had to do with. And well do I remember to have seen how often the watches were pulled out to see how the time went; and the truth is, if the 'diet of examination' had not been followed by another kind of 'diet' at the manse—a committee dinner, and a sociable crack with the brethren—there would have been very few at the diet of examination!"

As time went on, views more akin to his own, as regards the desirableness of a comprehensive scheme, began to spread not only among the laity but the ministers of the Free Church; and in a letter to his brother, Provost Guthrie, on 11th April, 1851, he writes :—"You would be glad to see that Dr. Candlish has taken a step in advance on the education question. This parts him, and it is well, from Gibson and Co. It is most lamentable to see how the best interests of the country and the Churches are sacrificed to extreme Establishment views on the one hand, and extreme voluntaryism on the other. However, I hope for some national measure ere long, and if Melgund carry the second reading of his Bill, it will help on matters to a favourable issue. It will frighten the Establishment people, some of them, at least, into their senses."

Lord Melgund's Bill was in that same year thrown out; but at length Government took up the question—a measure for a national scheme of education in Scotland having been, in 1854, introduced by the Lord Advocate (Moncreiff). During the successive stages of the National Education negotiations, Dr. Guthrie was in correspondence with various influential persons, both in the Cabinet and out of it. Not only his reputation as a social reformer, but his known breadth of view gave his opinions weight. The Lord Advocate* — who, though he was not destined to carry through the final measure, did more than any other man to prepare the way for it,—writing to Dr. Guthrie from London in reference to the Bill he had introduced, thus expressed himself on 12th April, 1854 :—"I must press upon you the importance—to you I may not say the duty—of giving decided utterance to your real opinions. You have only to make one of your manly, fearless addresses, and you will confirm more waverers in the

* Now the Right Hon. Lord Moncreiff.

House than all the Voluntaries can shake. . . . Depend upon it, names weigh far more than numbers up here, and you and Adam Black would, single-handed, make all the agitators kick the beam."

To Provost Guthrie.

"*April* 17*th*, 1854.

"I fancy, like myself, you have been thoroughly disgusted and sickened with the violence of the Established Church on the one hand, and of the extreme section of the Voluntaries on the other, in the matter of the Education Bill. . . . I have let them know *up-stairs*, and here also *down-stairs*, that if the country cannot get education through a union with Non-Endowed Churches I will next address myself to the Establishment and promote a Bill which will give them all they ask in the matter of the parish schools; and if, next, they are as unreasonable as the Voluntaries and won't come to terms, then I am prepared to say that Government must give us secular schools, leaving the Churches to look after the religious element. It is most melancholy that Christian men should act so as to threaten to drive us into such a position.

"We were getting on most favourably, preparing the way for a union (in the long run, and I would have hoped at no very distant period) between us and the United Presbyterians. This Education question has in Providence rather come in as an obstruction, men would say. I say, on the contrary, it proves most forcibly the need of union, and demonstrates the injury which the country and religion suffer from our divisions.

"Sir George Sinclair was the originator of our conferences, and in his house and at Dr. Brown's we have had a number of them. Adam Black and I spoke very plainly to Dr. Harper and Mr. Duncan of the violence of their Voluntary friends anent Education. I told them distinctly that unless, in some way or other, they presented Voluntaryism in a less offensive light than as an obstruction in the way of saving our perishing masses, they would make it stink in the nostrils of patriots and enlightened Christians for a century to come, and put an end to all hope of union."

Meanwhile, waiting for a better day to dawn in Scotland, Dr. Guthrie was quite in his element when, on a visit to England shortly after this date, he was brought in contact with some earnest educationists of different Churches there:—

To Mrs. Guthrie.

"Birmingham, *November* 12*th*, 1856.

"I have not been idle since I came here. I was waylaid when within four miles of this place, and had to appear and speak at a meeting of work-lads belonging to the greatest glass-works in the world. The proprietors, the Messrs. Chance, who are excellent Christian men, have magnificent schools in which the meeting was held. The room, which has a fine Gothic roof, was decorated with festoons of flowers, banners, and inscriptions. There was a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, and a large number of the clergy of the town. We had music, singing, and speeches; and it was about twelve o'clock till we got home.

"Next day I was honoured by an invitation from the Clerical Society, which embraces almost all the Church of England ministers here. After attending their meeting, at which I made a short speech, I then visited an admirably managed institution established by the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Yorke *—one of the finest of men, with whom I have struck up a friendship. There I had to address some two or three hundred children.

"That finished, there came a party of thirty gentlemen to dinner; after which, with Lord Calthorpe in the chair, we began the business which brought me here—to consider what is to be done for the educational interests of this town, so as to secure a larger measure of education for those children who are sent too early to work, as well for the large number of those who are neither at work nor school, but who are growing up to swell the ranks of the criminal population. Besides Lord Calthorpe, we had some dozen ministers, among others Angell James, some dozen merchants and manufacturers, and some lawyers — among them their stipendiary magistrate, a fine specimen of a lawyer. Mr. Winfield, our host, opened the business by an able and admirable address. . . . We came to a most harmonious conclusion, and I think laid the beginning of a great and good work."

While statesmen continued to bestir themselves, the complications caused by the misunderstandings and animosities of the various sections of churchmen in Scotland seemed to thicken. Two extreme parties existed: one of whom would have no bill which did not enact the use of the Bible and Shorter Catechism by

* Now Dean of Worcester.

express statute; the other would refuse any bill which made allusion to the teaching of religion at all. "Like sailors in a storm," to quote Dr. Guthrie's figure as he contemplated the situation, "who quarrel about mending some hole in a sail when the ship is on her beam ends, we have contended about minor matters, and even now are contending about theories of education, whil 'my people,' says God, 'are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' Thousands starve while we settle the shape and stamp of the loaf."

Between 1854 and 1872, six Education Bills were introduced into Parliament, of which only one—the Act of 1861, abolishing the tests whereby parochial schoolmasters were necessarily members of the Established Church—became law. In regard to all these measures, one point caused Dr. Guthrie a certain measure of perplexity; the precise way, namely, in which religious instruction would be best secured. What was known as the "use and wont" in Scotch parochial schools, implied daily instruction both in the Scriptures and Shorter Catechism. While Dr. Guthrie had perfect confidence, as we have seen, in leaving the matter in the hands of the people as represented by local boards, his feeling latterly was in favour of a clause enacting the reading of the Scriptures. He was opposed, however, to the proposal that a similar enactment should be sought for the Shorter Catechism; not because he did not set a very high value on that manual, but because he dreaded objections to the use in National Schools of a catechism which might be termed denominational. His experience in the Original Ragged School at Edinburgh, where no doctrinal Catechism is employed, led him thus to express himself in 1869:—"I would not propose the Shorter Catechism, nor the Wesleyan Catechism, nor the Church of England Catechism, but a Catechism that would embrace all that is special in

religion; all that it would be necessary to teach the children in our schools. I believe that if you had shut up the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the late Dr. Bunting, and the late John Angell James in one room together—if you had shut up these three heads of the Episcopalian, Wesleyan, and Independent bodies, and told them that out of that room they could not get until they prepared a Catechism for use in the schools of the country, they would have accomplished the task in five hours!"

In reference to this paragraph of his speech, Dr. Guthrie was both amused and gratified to receive the following note from Dean Stanley:—

"DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, *December 27th*, 1869.

"MY DEAR DR. GUTHRIE,—The next time you make a proposal about the Catechism, pray resolve to have the *Dean of Westminster* included in the party that is to be shut up for five hours. He thinks that he should much enjoy it, and that he could even hasten the process!

"Seriously, I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of your speech, and from sending you a hearty Christmas greeting (if you will receive it) out of Established and Prelatical Westminster to Non-established and Presbyterian Free Church.

"What a blessing to us both that our dear friend at Inverary has been restored to us!

"Yours ever sincerely,
"A. P. STANLEY."

Two years after that date matters in Scotland had ripened for a final solution of the question of a National scheme. Dr. Guthrie happened to be in London in the beginning of 1872—shortly before the Bill of the Lord Advocate (Young) was to be laid on the table of the House of Commons—and when that measure, as well as the general question of national education, was being largely discussed in the circles in which he moved while in the metropolis:—

"39, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, *January* 31*st*, 1872.

"—— was pretty severe on the Nonconformists, whom I so far defended. Indeed, I said distinctly that, in consequence of the position Cullen and the Roman Catholics of Ireland had taken up and the demands they are making, many in Scotland, myself among the number, were much inclined to give up all denominational teaching, such as the Shorter Catechism, in our schools in Scotland, as the only way of shutting the door against the Roman Catholic Catechism in the national schools of Ireland. I am glad now that before this storm rose, when I was at Lochlee, I had written the Duke of Argyll, in answer to his own questions, that I thought the best plan for Scotland would be, to give up the Shorter Catechism, leaving all denominational and sectarian teaching to parents and the Churches, through their ministers and otherwise, and have the Bible, and the Bible only, in our national schools. Indeed, I will remind the Duke to-day that I wrote him to that effect seven years ago, proposing that the national schools should in the main be modelled on our Ramsay Lane Ragged School, so far as religious teaching was concerned. I see by various letters as well as editorial articles in the *Daily Review*, that these views are spreading fast among Free Church people. I had a letter yesterday from Dale of Birmingham (John Angell James's successor), saying that the League men, of whom he is a chief, had heard that my views were in accordance with theirs, and asking me to give them expression in the *Times*, &c. But, as I shall write him, I am, meanwhile, for the old platform of the Nonconformists, which was to retain the Bible.

"The great blunder of the Ministry was to allow twelve months—reduced afterwards to six months—for Episcopalians and Roman Catholics to build additional denominational schools; they should, on the very contrary, have aimed at absorbing those already existing, and so in every way fostered the National System. This agreeing to grant subsidies out of the public funds to all the denominational schools which sectarian zeal sets up within a twelvemonth after the passing of the Educational Bill, which has led to doubling the amount of money to such schools, and the handing over a vast amount of the education of England to Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, has, and has justly, inflamed the wrath of the Nonconformists. How the matter is to be remedied, if it admit of a remedy, is hard to say. Meanwhile it threatens to break up the Liberal party and unseat the Government."

Soon after the date of that letter, the measure for

Scotland which has since become law, the Education Act of 1872, was introduced by the Lord Advocate. In its main provisions,—which secure that the control of education be given to the people, and that religious instruction, without being either prescribed or proscribed by the Act, be left to the decision of local boards—that Measure met with Dr. Guthrie's cordial approval, and he consented, at the request of various influential persons, to give public expression to that approval. This he did in the form of a "Letter to my Fellow-Countrymen," which was circulated broadcast over the land. One or two of its paragraphs may fitly close this chapter:—

"EDINBURGH, *April 9th*, 1872.

* * * * * *

"With a cry that this Bill will shut the Bible out of the school, persons have gone up and down the country alarming the people, and inducing them to petition against it. Going from door to door in some of our country parishes, they have startled them with the question, 'Do you wish the Bible put out of the school?' On receiving an emphatic 'No!' 'Then,' say they, 'sign this petition!' and down goes the name —the pen of the honest man trembling with horror at such an audacious proposal.

"At present, there is no Act of Parliament requiring the Bible and Shorter Catechism to be used in any parish school, and all the change the Bill makes is to take the management of the parish schools out of the hands of the Established Church ministers and the heritors—most of whom being Episcopalians can be no friends to the Shorter Catechism—to place it, and the management of all new schools, in your own hands. And what have you done to make men dread intrusting you with that power? Can any man in his senses believe that the Bible-reading,

Bible-loving people of Scotland will thrust the Word of God out of their schools? He pays you a poor compliment who thinks so. I have a much better opinion of you than the opponents of this Bill appear to have; placing more confidence in the judgment of the great mass of the people on all moral and religious questions than, with all due respect to them, in lords or lairds, the ministers of the Established Church, or of any other church whatever.

"I am not pleading for this Bill as if it were perfect. It may 'thole mending,' like the best things that come from the hands of men. There is time now and afterwards for that; and the advice at this juncture I would give you is that offered by a tenant of his father to the late Sir George Sinclair, at a dinner given to celebrate his election for the county. Up he rose, and, addressing the new-fledged member, said, '*Noo, Maister George, since ye are a Parliament man, I have ae advice to gie you; "Be aye tak, takin' what you can get; and ay seek, seekin' till ye get mair."*'

"Take our shrewd countryman's advice. Lend your hearty support to a Bill which, conserving all that is good in our parish schools, will carry the blessing of education into every mining district, dark lane of the city, and lone Highland glen. Its compulsory clause will, with God's blessing, save thousands of unhappy children. They are now perishing for lack of knowledge; and I am certain that if many Christian, kind-hearted people knew as much as I do of the sad lives and sad ends, the misery, vice, and crime to which they have doomed these hapless creatures, should the Bill be thrown out, they would bitterly regret having petitioned against it. Not otherwise can the great mass of these poor, ragged, starved, emaciated children be saved from growing up in the deepest ignorance of a Saviour, of all that is good and holy; saved from what is worse than cold and hunger, worse than death itself—boys from the

prison, and girls, who might be good wives and happy mothers, from eating the bread of infamy. In opening up a path to usefulness, happiness, virtue, and piety to thousands who are perishing before our eyes, this Bill has that which—were they there—would excuse many defects, and, like Charity, 'cover a multitude of sins.'"

CHAPTER XII.

DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL LIFE.

In the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh—that picturesque street which descends from the Castle to St. Giles's Church—amid some spectacles which are sad enough, one sight both cheering and hopeful may almost any day be seen—a band of children, who trot along in pairs, on their way from the Original Ragged School to their breezy playground on the Links; and as the little regiment in fustian marches down the middle of the street, one may hear the bystanders, familiar with the sight, exclaim, "There go Dr. Guthrie's bairns, puir things!" There is truth in the description; for he regarded every child in that large family with an almost paternal interest. To children everywhere, indeed, his heart went forth, and they seemed to know it. The young "took to him" instinctively. When on a visit to any house, whether cottage or castle, where children were, he had not long arrived ere a youngster would be found mounted on his knee; and the remembrance of that visit would be cherished as vividly by the young as by the old. It may be imagined, therefore, what he was to the group round his own fireside, and how full that fountain of affection and sympathy, which in its very overflow reached the friendless children of the lanes. If, as a public man, he owed much of his influence to a transparently genial nature and a large loving heart, how

great the sway these gave him in the innermost circle of home! Of Dr. Guthrie consequently, more than of most men, it was true that to know and appreciate him thoroughly, one must have seen him at his own fireside, and amid the confidence of familiar intercourse.

"I am rich in nothing but children," he used to say. They were eleven in number; of whom the four eldest were born at Arbirlot, the others in Edinburgh; and of that large family he was spared to see ten grow up.* He was never so happy as with his children about him. While they were still young, he made companions of them in his walks, striving to draw out the faculty of observation by explaining the aspects of the sky by day and at night, teaching them to name the trees when leafless, the wild flowers by the wayside, and to note the habits of the lower creatures. "Here I am," he would say, as with the companions of his rambles he entered a friend's house, "like Gad of old, with a troop!"

"On coming to Edinburgh, I resolved," he writes in his Autobiography, "to give my evenings to my family; to spend them, not in my study, as many ministers did, but in the parlour among my children." This resolution he carried into systematic practice, so far as his engagements made it possible. Had a visitor on one of those evenings dropped in on the group, he would have found Dr. Guthrie in his arm-chair by the fireside, a volume of Macaulay, or Froude, or "Sir Walter" in his hand,

* Six sons—David Kelly, of the Free Church, Liberton, Edinburgh; James, agent of the Royal Bank, Brechin; Patrick, of Messrs. Dymock and Guthrie, Edinburgh; Thomas, farmer at Quilmes, near Buenos Ayres; Alexander, of Messrs. Balfour, Guthrie, and Co., San Francisco; and Charles John, student for the Scotch Bar.

Four daughters—Christina, married to Rev. William Welsh of Mossfennan, minister of the Free Church, Broughton; Clementina Guthrie; Annie, married to Stephen Williamson, of Messrs. Balfour, Williamson, and Co., Liverpool; and Helen, married to David Gray, of Messrs. James Finlay and Co., Glasgow.

which he would cheerfully lay down every now and again, as one of the youngsters sought help with a hard sum, or another with a troublesome sentence in parsing. "I never tire," he wrote Miss S. Beever of Coniston, in 1870, "of reading the Bible, Shakespeare's Plays, Walter Scott's novels, and John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. I should also add, Burns's Poems. Shakespeare I have always considered the greatest uninspired genius that ever lived; and I remember how glad I was, when reading the biography of Dr. Chalmers, to find that he was of the same mind."

When his children were old enough to go out into the world, he continued to follow with lively interest the pursuits, and friendships, and recreations of each. "Well, whom did you meet last night at such a house?" "What exercises did they put you through at drill to-day?" "What do the girls in your school say of such a subject?" were questions with which he would greet his sons and daughters when he met them, morning or evening. They were thus made to feel his sympathy, and his interest in all that individually interested them.

In after years, a chief part of the enjoyment he had in visiting the Continent consisted in having some of his family along with him. As to those left behind, he thus wrote to his son Alexander, a clerk in Liverpool at the time:—"*June* 30*th*, 1869.—I followed my old practice of keeping the good folks at home 'posted up,' to use one of your mercantile phrases, to all our movements: wishing, so far as can be done by long and descriptive letters, to impart the pleasures of our journeyings and sights; so that, to adapt a Bible phrase next, They that tarry at home may divide the spoil. These letters occupied all my spare time, and sometimes kept me in the house when the other members of the party were gadding about."

His theory and practice regarding parental autho-

rity and family discipline were very high: he believed —to use his own words—that "where parents will never punish their children, those children will punish *them;*" and, while his desire was to reign by love, not by terror, when he had occasion to manifest displeasure, it was done in a way not likely to be forgotten. Whenever he considered a matter of principle to be involved, no parent could be more inflexible; but such sympathy had he with the glee and buoyancy of youth, that in the matter of his children's recreations he was more indulgent than some devout parents, differently constituted, might be able to approve. If his family had invited young people to spend an evening at his house, he made a point of being always present himself; and on such occasions no one more heartily enjoyed a charade where the characters were well sustained; or, what he delighted in still more, a reading from Shakespeare, Tennyson, or Dickens.

Though himself no musician, indeed wholly destitute of "ear," he expressed satisfaction that his family in this particular did not resemble him. "Mine are a sensible family," he would say, "for they take their height from me, and their music from their mother!" In the practice of music he encouraged his children, wishing them to cultivate a taste which would afford enjoyment without their going outside to seek it; his aim being, in every possible way, to make home attractive. Of instrumental music he had scarcely any appreciation, and used jocularly to say he was like the half-civilised prince who, visiting London and hearing the royal orchestra, said, in reply to the question what he thought of the music, "I do like de big drum!" One of the letters he wrote to Brechin in the earlier years of his Edinburgh ministry, affords a glimpse of his peculiar musical predilections, as well as of the *res angustæ domi* at that date:—

"18, BROWN SQUARE, *February 5th*, 1839.

"I am sorry to say that the annuity (half-yearly stipend) I drew on Monday is less than was anticipated. We were led to expect £260. I only got £211. I was intending to buy a respectable silver watch, as my present one goes about two hours wrong in the day; but this has been put off to next term, in the hope of better payments, for it will require no ordinary management to make the two ends of the string meet. We have, however, contrived to afford out of it a drum to Patrick and a fiddle to James, which at this moment are discoursing most sweet and harmonious music in my ear." (*To his sister Clementina.*)

Singing, however, Dr. Guthrie could enjoy, especially when the words pleased him, and were articulately pronounced. He scarcely ever attended a concert;* but we remember one such occasion, when the classical music which charmed others was manifestly for him an utter weariness. The mingled pathos and power of such a singer as Jenny Lind, on the other hand, affected and delighted him: he was unable, in 1861, to accept an invitation to meet her at Keith Hall,† and thus wrote to Lady Kintore—

"I should have liked very much to meet Jenny Lind, that I might personally thank her (though it were for nothing else) for the £50 she sang out of the pockets of the public for our Ragged Schools, last time she was here. I then heard her for the first time, and never heard—and unless I hear her again, never shall hear—anything like it. She sang 'Auld Robin Gray'; and old men near me, with heads as bare as a peeled turnip, were greeting like bairns!"

* To oratorios, as generally conducted, he objected on principle. Writing from Rome on 12th April, 1865, he mentions that some members of his party had gone to hear the Miserere sung in the Sistine Chapel by the Pope's choir, tells of his refusal to accompany them, and then adds:—"We hear men much condemned in those days for the freedom they take with God's inspired Word. Well, I think oratorios, whether in Popish Chapels, English Cathedrals, or Music Halls, involve what is to me a more offensive familiarity with God's inspired Word than much that sound people condemn. Think of a set of dissolute choristers chanting for the public entertainment the expressions of our Saviour's agony in the garden or on the cross!"

† The home of a family to whom he was much endeared.

Large as his household was, once only was his home darkened by the "shadow feared of man." We remember how much he was struck by a remark Dr. Chalmers made, when, shortly before that great man's death, he visited him at Church Hill:—"I have been a family man now, sir, for forty years, and we have never had a breach." Dr. Guthrie could have said almost the same. In a letter to Mrs. Guthrie he told her of the blow which an intimate friend in the Edinburgh Presbytery had sustained by the death of his wife, and added:—"I have written to him. May the Lord soften and sanctify and spiritualise him by this heavy and unspeakable calamity! Surely the losses of others, and of those so near to us, should call forth our warmest gratitude to our Heavenly Father that all our household have been spared as they have been. May the Lord comfort —— in his desolate home, and continue his great goodness to us, and thereby lead to repentance and love, and growing devotion to Him and his service."

When death did at length come into his own household, it was in the gentlest possible form. In 1855, the youngest child, an infant, was taken home at the age of twenty months.

"Edinburgh, *August 6th,* 1855.

"Poor Johnnie (if one so near heaven can be so called) is to all appearance in 'the valley' now. This morning when I went to see him, between six and seven, I was struck with his death-like aspect. It was a sharp pang and heavy stroke, although one knew how safe his soul was, and that, to our beloved lamb, death would indeed be gain. Since morning, with a slight revival, the shadows of death have been settling down on his cradle; his sweet face is pale and pinched, the mouth open, and a deep sleep lies upon him. With the exception of an occasional cough, he lies with his little emaciated hands peacefully laid on his breast. May this sharp trial be sanctified to us all; and if he be taken away, may our thoughts often turn, and our desires be more closely fixed, on that heaven, to which, first and youngest of our family, he leads the way." (*To his son James.*)

"EDINBURGH, *August* 9*th*, 1855.

"Our dear child is in glory. This morning they came to tell me that he was worse, and that I had better not come in, for there were slight convulsions. However, I went to the cradle; and, dear lamb, it was but some gentle gasping, the last feeble billows breaking on life's shore, before they subsided into everlasting rest. We have felt it deeply—not bitterly, no, certainly not; but it wrung my heart some minutes ago to lock the door of his lonely room." (*To the same.*)

"EDINBURGH, *August*, 1855.

"Sympathy at such a time as I have passed through falls like balm on an open wound. I felt much gratified by your very kind letter.

"Our dear child was very gently dealt with; and it was a great comfort to us that we had not to stand—what it tries me most to look upon—the sight of severe infant suffering. He withered very slowly away, and dropped off at length without a pang or struggle. It wrung one's heart to listen to his sinking breath, and see the last quiver of his little lip, and I cannot write of it without emotion; but we felt that his salvation was sure, that not the shadow of a cloud would lie on his early grave, so that we sing of mercy in the midst of judgment, and could not but feel that we are called upon to wonder at the longsuffering and goodness of God, in having so long exempted us from trials common to men. The 9th of August saw my eldest born, and my youngest die; twenty-four years rolling between the cradle of the one and the coffin of the other; and all that long period — during which affliction has passed over other families in successive bereavements—death had never darkened our door. Saved through Jesus, may we and ours meet in heaven; and, from the place of many graves, be united in the house of many mansions." (*To Lord Southesk.*)

That same year (1855) Dr. Guthrie's affections sustained another trial in the death of his youngest sister, Clementina, a godly woman, who resembled him in appearance, and was not without a share of his genius. She died in Brechin somewhat unexpectedly, and her brother went north at once on receiving the sad tidings.

"BRECHIN, *December* 13*th*, 1855.

"After a very cold day, we arrived here about five o'clock, and went direct to the house of the dead. The first palpable

feeling of the change was that *she* was not meeting us at the door. By-and-by we went in to see the sad, solemn remains in that room, so associated now with another world—my uncle, aunt, mother, and Clementina having all died there. It was very touching and overpowering to see its lone, cold, silent occupant in her coffin, so like, so very like herself. I never saw the dead so like the living.

"Well, her battle is over, and I have no doubt the crown is won—or rather, a crown won for her by Another is now worn by her. May we get grace and wisdom and strength to the end of our own fight of life! I left the room, feeling that it will be a happy day when we shall be all safely landed in a better world. . . . .

"Her deep affections came out strong in death. They were telling me more fully about her extraordinary interest in our dear Johnnie. He, poor lamb, seemed to have wound himself round her very heart; and Jane repeatedly found her, after she had been up at your brother's seeing him, sitting on her return in a room by herself, with her hands on her face, weeping bitterly." (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

For his surviving children, his one longing desire was that they might be saved—not, like his infant son, taken out of the world, but kept from the evil. They were early taught to realise that his chief anxiety regarding them was for their highest welfare. He had no special talent (at least he did not cultivate it) for preaching what are called "Children's Sermons;" indeed, we find among his manuscripts only one specially written as such; but every Lord's day evening he went over the afternoon sermon with the younger children, breaking down into little words the truths he had taught to listening crowds in church; and at family worship on week-days, he heard the children and servants repeat some verses, or answers from the Shorter Catechism, which he then shortly explained. He did not speak much or often to his children on the subject of personal religion: it was chiefly from his letters that they learned the depth of his yearning for their conversion. If a member of the family happened to be absent from

home for a longer or shorter period—still more, when one had left it to enter on the active duties of life elsewhere—whatever else he was writing about, he seldom lost the opportunity of affectionately pressing the question of personal religion.

"LEAMINGTON, 1847.

"I wish you, in our absence, to assemble the household daily for reading the Bible, praise, and prayer. As to prayer, I am quite sensible that a little difficulty is often felt in beginning. This is chiefly owing to the attempt to offer a long prayer. Let yours be at first but some four or five sentences: asking a blessing on the word read, praying for the pardon of sin, thanks for the day's mercies, and seeking the divine protection through the night. I wish you to keep a daily journal, giving an account of how your time is employed. . . . . . The ill-doing of children is the bitterest cup which a parent is called to drink. To see them growing up in the fear of God and care of their souls, in wisdom, especially heavenly wisdom, as in stature, is the greatest pleasure that your mother and I could enjoy."

"EDINBURGH, 1854.

"My heart's desire for you and all the family is that you may be saved, reconciled to God, and that you may have Him for your heavenly Father. Anything else is a comparatively small matter. I can look forward with comparative calmness to any struggles or difficulties my family may have to encounter in the world, when I have reason to hope that they have received that mercy and grace of God which our ever-blessed Lord died freely to bestow on us, and which was never asked, and asked in vain. See that you make your calling and election sure, praying earnestly that God would give you the earnest and witness of His own Spirit in godly desires, and gracious affections, and love to Christ, that you have been born again and are become a true child of God."

"EDINBURGH, 1858.

"I find it very difficult now to get anything into my mind; it has become so hard with age. That impressible season, therefore, through which you are now passing should be taken advantage of to store up that best knowledge which the Word of God furnishes. . . . . Before I was fourteen years of age, I had read through all

Robertson's Histories, David Hume's England, books of voyages and travels, I know not how many. There is too little solid reading nowadays among all; and books on trade, political economy, law, geography, and history would profitably fill up any spare time you have from business and exercise, and go far to strengthen your position by making all men feel, that in knowledge you were much above the common run of men.

"I have made it a point, since my earliest days at school, to do my best to keep in the front rank, whatever work I was engaged in; and, were I you, I would do my best, before many years were come and gone, to let people know that I was one of the best-informed men in the town, knowing my own business thoroughly and a little of almost every other body's. I have found that I raised myself much in the estimation of other men by showing them that I knew something of their business as well as my own. Farming and manufactures, for instance, you should read on, and pump everybody on them. There is nothing pleases men more than asking them questions about their business. It gives them an opportunity of appearing as instructors, and impresses them moreover with a very favourable opinion of you as one anxious to acquire knowledge, so that there is a double advantage here. You get useful information and make a favourable impression besides—and all knowledge is useful, even to the making of a pin or shoe nail.

"Amenity of manners is one of the most important things that you can cultivate. I have been propounding it for years, as the result of a long and large observation on mankind, that a man's success in life, in almost every profession, depends more on his agreeable, pleasant, polite, kind, and complaisant manners than on anything else. I don't want you to profess anything that is not true; but you cannot be too studious of saying and doing things that will please others, and saying and doing nothing unnecessarily which will in the slightest degree hurt them or grate on their self-complacency; when you have to differ from them, do it with all possible reluctance and modesty, and when duty requires you to refuse any request, do it with the utmost politeness and tenderness."

"EDINBURGH, 1865.

"I was greatly gratified to hear from your mother, that you are thinking of going forward to the Lord's table, and openly giving yourself to our blessed Lord and Saviour. As I have often told you, and indeed all my children, my first and heart's desire is that they may all be saved. A saving change

of heart; peace with God; to be restored to His loving favour; these form the 'one thing needful.' Earnestly seek these. Whoso by God's grace does so, will get them; and, if there be a sincere desire to be delivered from the love and power as well as punishment of sin, has indeed got them. Grace is a growing thing; and one is not to be cast down because he is very imperfect, but to go on seeking more and more nearness to the perfect man in Christ Jesus. God have you in His holy keeping, and make you an eminent Christian, a blessing and honour and comfort to us all.

"Let your daily prayer be 'Lord, lead us not into temptation!'—our safety lies in fleeing from it. Good people are not without their imperfections, it may be, sometimes their extravagances in ideas or conduct; still, overlooking these small faults, cultivate their society; it is safe walking with them, and such company and conduct is specially important at your age when your character for life is in the mould. . . . I saw an adage yesterday, in a medical magazine, which is well worth your remembering and acting on. It is this wise saying of the great Lord Bacon's:—'Who asks much learns much.' I remember the day when I did not like, by asking, to confess my ignorance. I have long given up that, and now seize on every opportunity of adding to my stock of knowledge. Now don't forget Lord Bacon's wise saying. . . . .

"I commend you very affectionately to the Lord. John says, 'I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.' I am sure that your mother and I can say the same.

"With much affection, your loving father,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

Amid all his care for his children, he was ever mindful of his duties to society. He claimed to be a Scriptural bishop;* and, along with the higher requirements for the office which the Apostle enumerates he possessed the qualification of one "given to hospitality." From the time of his coming to Edin-

* Writing home from London in March, 1871, Dr. Guthrie tells that, when about to enter the special train provided for the guests at the marriage of Princess Louise, "the officials on the platform (noticing my gown, bands, and canonicals, I presume) '*my Lorded*' me, as did also the Royal lacqueys at Windsor. They took me for a Bishop—nothing less! and I did not feel called on to repudiate; all the less, that I *am* a Bishop, in the proper, though not Episcopalian, sense of the term."

burgh in 1837 he literally kept open house. "In our large towns there are not a few ministers whose position in the Church and in society is such that they must keep an open door, and whose houses are very well described by one of my domestic servants who had once served in a small inn. 'Eh, mem,' she said to Mrs. Guthrie, after being a few weeks in my service, 'Eh, mem, this house is just like "a public," only there's nae siller comes in!'"

During the latter half, especially, of his ministry in Edinburgh, numberless strangers from the Colonies, the Continent, and America came to his house with letters of introduction, and, in showing them such kindness as he was always ready to offer, he not unfrequently found that he had "entertained angels unawares." He liked to reserve one morning each week for receiving young men to breakfast; indeed, for years before he died, there were few meals to which he and his family sat down quite alone. His own exuberant spirits and power of enjoying life seemed to communicate themselves to his guests; and a day spent in his company, especially when his conversational powers were drawn out by a kindred spirit, will be recalled by many in various lands as a "sunny memory." His striking presence, his charm of manner, his power of adapting himself, by a sort of instinct, to every grade of social life, were combined with a perennial stream of fervid talk and racy anecdote, which made him attractive to all, save, perchance, the formal and demure.

Mr. Ruskin, while residing in Edinburgh during the winter of 1853, was to be found each Sunday afternoon in St. John's Free Church. Dr. Guthrie, who made his acquaintance at that period, was much gratified one day to receive from that distinguished man the three volumes of his "Stones of Venice," and still more by the kind words he had written on the title-page. This

explains the first sentence of the letter with which Mr. Ruskin accompanied the gift—

"*Saturday*, 26*th*, 1853.

"I found a little difficulty in writing the words on the first page, wondering whether you would think the 'affectionate' misused or insincere. But I made up my mind at last to write what I felt,—believing that you must be accustomed to people's getting very seriously and truly attached to you, almost at first sight, and therefore would believe me.

"You asked me, the other evening, some kind questions about my father. He was an Edinburgh boy, and in answer to some account by me of the pleasure I had had in hearing you, and in the privilege of knowing you, as also of your exertions in the cause of the Edinburgh poor, he desires to send you the enclosed,—to be appliea by you in such manner as you may think fittest for the good of his native city. I have added slightly to my father's trust. I wish I could have done so more largely, but my profession of fault-finding with the world in general is not a lucrative one.

"Always respectfully and affectionately yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

Describing Robert Burns's conversational gifts, Mr. Carlyle writes:—"They were the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts, from the gracefullest allusions of courtesy to the highest fire of passionate speech, loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight, all were in him." To those who have been much in Dr. Guthrie's society, this description, emphatic as it is, will not seem inapplicable to the subject of this memoir. It is fair, at the same time, to mention that, while discussing any subject, he was very impatient of contradiction. Nay, he sometimes amused his friends by the pertinacity and the heat with which he would argue a point even after he was demonstrably mistaken.

From the time of his becoming a public man, and especially during the last twenty years of his life, his society was much sought after; and he often grudged the inroads

unavoidably made on his time. After having traversed Scotland on his Manse Fund tour, and been brought thereby into contact with all kinds of people, he told the General Assembly in 1846:—"I shall never forget the many pleasant acquaintances that I have made, and the friendships that I have formed. I venture to say that there is no man within this house who has such a universal acquaintanceship as myself. In fact," he added, "when I walk the streets of this city, I get bows from so many that my head goes nod, nodding, like a Chinese mandarin's!" At a later date, his writings and work as a social reformer widened the circle of his friendships across the border. Notoriety brought with it to him, as to others, its usual penalty—the difficulty of being anywhere free from intrusion. In out-of-the-way places on the Continent even, he was often amused, if not annoyed, by the attentions of total strangers, who had discovered him by means of his photographs.

The letters he wrote to his family, when absent on visits of duty or of recreation, were full of information and of interest—giving his impressions of all kinds of places and all sorts of people.

"*October* 18*th*, 1850.—We rolled in view of the fairy scene of Birnam and Dunkeld about five o'clock, and got a most kind and welcome reception from Mr. and Mrs. Maule. . . . —— was with them. He uttered a sort of half-sneer at Lord Ashley, for which Mr. Maule gave him a very neat rap over the fingers.

"Yesterday evening we opened the school which Mr. Maule has built; I preached, and then gave them an address on education. Laid my watch on the table, that I might keep within bounds, and found it lying with its yellow back uppermost,—the Secretary,* who sat beside me, had turned it over that I might not see my length. . . .

"Yesterday there arrived a summons to the Cabinet Council which meets on Wednesday fortnight. I was amused with its plainness. It runs something like this: 'Sir, you are desired to attend a meeting of the Queen's Servants on such a day at

* Mr. Maule was at the time Secretary of State for War.

such a place,'—and there is the whole concern. These peculiarities may arise from the circumstance that such an assembly as the Cabinet Council is in theory unknown to the British Constitution. Were that said document to fall into the hands of the royal butler or cook, they might think it intended for them! . . . I was a witness to-day to the signing away of nearly a million of money, the quarterly payment for the British army." (*To his brother Patrick.*)

Some of the brightest days in his seasons of relaxation were spent at Inveraray Castle; and to the close of life he cherished a peculiar regard for the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, by whose friendship he was long honoured. Writing from Inveraray, on occasion of his first visit, he says—

"*October* 11*th*, 1851.

"This castle is a grand house ; and opening up from my bedroom, I have got, in one of the towers of it, one of the sweetest and snuggest studies man could desire. To-day I was strongly reminded of the old German stories which I have read of the days of alchemy, when the Duke took me up a cork-screw stair, along many narrow and intricate passages, to the top of the castle, and at length ushered me into a quiet round tower, which I found filled with retorts, furnaces, and the fumes of gases. He is a keen chemist ; and I told him he only wanted a stuffed alligator, a vampire bat, a skeleton in the corner, and a horoscope on the floor, to complete the picture.

"Thursday looked so threatening that we did not venture to Loch Awe (or Lochow, the old way of it—as in the Campbell saying, 'It is a far cry to Lochow'). The day cleared up, however, and before luncheon Lady Emma and I set off on ponies for the summit of Duniquoich,—the steep and lovely hill, eight hundred feet high, whose face to the castle is a wall of foliage, with crags that peep out here and there.

"As to the way we live here : at half-past nine in the morning the family assemble in the saloon, from whence we march into the library. There, occupying three sides of it, we find the servants—some thirty of them, ranged up standing. The bible, at the regular place of reading, is open for me. Prayers over, we re-enter the saloon, at the top of which (for, like the other public rooms, it is of vast size,) is our breakfast-table. In

contempt of venison and grouse, I stick by the herrings of Loch Fyne. They are worthy of their fame.

"Luncheon over,—a drive. Then, at five o'clock, up to my room, after some fun with the wee *lordies* at the billiard-table: fine children they are, very pretty and very affectionate. In my study, I read and write letters; then at seven, bang goes the gong, which has no sooner finished its music than you hear, softened by distance (an essential element to my ear in their attractions), the bagpipes, which play till the dinner-hour arrives.

"I am in great good health under this régime, so much so that I am half persuaded I was made for a nobleman!—at any rate, my mother's saying looks very true like, that I was never made for a poor man's son. Perhaps there were more philosophy in the matter, if I should attribute it to the ease and lack of care; but we were not made for a life of this kind, and so let us try to devote ourselves through God's grace to God's glory. Labour now, and look for rest in heaven."

In the autumn of 1853, the Duke of Argyll had invited Hugh Miller to Inveraray, and, knowing how shy he was, had hoped that the company of Dr. Guthrie, who was to visit there at the same time, would smooth his way. Dr. Guthrie had seconded His Grace's wish, and the following is the characteristic reply he received:—

"*October*, 1853.

"MY DEAR DR. GUTHRIE,— . . . And now for his Grace's invitation, to which I must this evening reply. I cannot possibly accept of it. It would be easy saying, 'I am not well,' which is at present quite true; and that I am still anxious about Mrs. Miller, which is equally true; but the grand truth in the matter is, that I cannot accept invitations from the great. I feel very grateful for his Grace's kindness. I have long entertained the true Presbyterian feeling for the name of Argyll, and I know that he who at present bears it is one of the first of Scotchmen. But there is a feeling—which, strong when I was young, is now, when I am old, greatly stronger still—that I cannot overcome, and which has ever prevented me from coming in contact with men even far below his Grace's status.

"I could easily reason on the point, and have oftener than once done so:—I have said that our nobles have *their* place (and long may they maintain and adorn it), and that I have

mine, with its own humble responsibilities, and duties; and, further, that men in my position, but vastly my superiors—poor Burns, for instance—have usually lost greatly more than they have gained by their approaches to the great. But I am not to reason the matter, seeing that it exists in my mind mainly as a feeling which I cannot overcome. You will think all this very foolish; but it is fixed, and I really can't help it.

"My dear Dr. Guthrie, yours affectionately,

"HUGH MILLER."

In May, 1854, starting from Glencarse, near Perth, the hospitable home of Mr. Greig, his friend for forty years, Dr. Guthrie, with one of his sons, accompanied Sir George Sinclair to visit the "far north" for the first time—(for on his Manse Fund tour he did not reach Caithness). The expedition occupied a fortnight between Perth and Thurso, as Sir George travelled in the fashion of the olden time, with his own carriage and horses; and various northern country-houses—Culloden, Raigmore, and Teaninich—were visited on the way.

"AUCHINTOUL, *May 23rd*, 1854.

". . . At last we reached Golspie, which is a small town about half a mile from Dunrobin. . . . The castle has all the magnificence of a palace. I was much interested by its many noble pictures. One I looked on with special pleasure—the portrait of the brave and good Earl of Sutherland, who was the first man to sign the Covenant in the Greyfriars' churchyard.

"On my return from the castle I saw two men at the gate, and recognising them by their blue cloaks and white neckcloths to be of the order of 'The Men' (as they are called), or elders, I said to Sir George, 'That is a deputation for me to preach;' and so it was. They made a strong appeal, and I agreed. The notice was borne abroad like the 'fiery cross' in days of old, and the church was crowded to the door.

"Thereafter, our worthy friend Sir George said to the innkeeper that I would expound a little in the evening. I knew nothing of that, nor did he anticipate the result himself. After tea I went to the window, and there opposite to it are some dozen or two men and women, and the number growing. I said, 'What's that?' and found they had come to hear again.

Went up-stairs for a few minutes to gather up tne oones of an old sermon, and on coming down found the door and passages blocked up, and the windows beset; while the factor, with his wife and daughter, and others who had discovered some empty space inside, were making a breach at a window." (*To his daughters Clementina and Anne.*)

"THURSO CASTLE, THURSO, *May 25th*, 1854.

"This is a most singularly bare land. It is a pitiable sight to see trees twenty years in the ground little bigger than gooseberry bushes. The moment they show their heads over a protecting wall they suffer the fate of the defenders of a rampart the enemy are battering. Sir George has wisely made no attempt to fight with nature. . . .

"Our worthy host ministers to the bodies as well as the souls of the poor. One of the most touching sights I have seen was the excitement and joy and gratitude expressed by the people on his return. We slipped home some two hours before we were expected, but when we drove in sight of the town we saw a multitude of flags flying from mastheads in the harbour and poles and house-tops. Then, when the news of our arrival flew through the town, and we had crossed the bridge, it was most interesting as we drove along to see the people, men and women, old men and children, young men and maidens, rushing down the closes and streets to the water's edge and cheering Sir George, who uncovered and waved his hat to them in return from the window of the carriage. It was quite touching to see their testimonies of respect and affection. It reconciled me to the world, and showed how the upper classes, were they doing—as he does—their duty to the poor, instead of being scowled at and hated, might become objects of veneration and devoted regard." (*To Miss M. Stoddart.*)

While a guest of Sir G. Sinclair's, Dr. Guthrie went for a day's trout-fishing to a lonely Caithness loch. After angling some time, the wind rose, and the old boatman dropped the anchor. Dr. Guthrie wished by-and-by to shift his ground; but behold! the anchor refused to be lifted;—the united strength of the party made not the slightest impression on it. What was to be done? Here were we, no living creature within hearing, no human habitation within sight—on a wild moor-

land loch a mile or two in length, shut in by low heathy hills, and nine miles from Thurso. Just then, it flashed on Dr. Guthrie's memory that he had read years before, in a 'Newgate Calendar,' of an ingenious method by which a criminal in England had contrived to cut through the stanchions of his cell-window, and effected his escape from durance vile. Procuring a large clasp knife from the boatman, he proceeded to smite its cutting edge with all his force against that of his own knife, thus notching both blades. He produced, in fact, two miniature saws; and applied first the one and then the other to a link of the iron chain by which the anchor was attached to the boat. Persevering in this process, the chain was at length cut through and sank to the bottom among the boulders, where the grapnel was imbedded.

We returned south by Sutherland and Ross-shire. The following was written by Dr. Guthrie to his late kind host on his homeward route:—

"CALLENDER, *July* 13*th*, 1854.

"At a parish on our way to Tongue, it was the Sacrament Monday; Burn of Thurso was preaching in English to a large congregation inside the Free church, Mackay of Tongue holding forth to an immense audience seated in and around his tent on the hill-side. We looked down from the road, as we drove along, on the Established Church manse. As we passed, the form of the beadle stepped from the church into the solitary and silent churchyard. I saw him raise his arm, and then up to us came three or four mournful-like utterances of the bell. I said to D., 'Now we'll see the congregation.' We looked east, west, north, south, up the hills, adown the valleys, along the glens,—no human being within sight. After the lapse of a minute or two the manse door opened, and forth came five people; they crossed the garden, passed through the churchyard, and entered: and this was the congregation. Relating this to a person at Tongue, I said 'But perhaps there was a Gaelic congregation already in the church?' 'No,' she replied, 'that could na be, for he had only two *natives*, sir, and they both died last year;' whereupon I could not help thinking of the melancholy

feelings with which the minister had seen his last 'native — *ultimus Romanorum*—laid in his grave

"We enjoyed our trip to Sir Kenneth Mackenzie's much. Gairloch and Loch Maree are so surpassingly grand and beautiful that even Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine seemed tame and domestic. Glencoe, however, stood the test. I was afraid we should be disappointed even with it, and wonder at its littleness (as Gulliver, on his return from the company of the Brobdignags, was, with well-sized men of six feet odd.)

"Kindest regards to Lady Camilla and Miss Sinclair.

"With much affection, yours ever."

The claims made on him for a share of his summer holidays, by friends across the border and in Ireland as well as nearer home, were often more numerous than he could meet; but there are many readers of these lines to whom they will recall his cheerful presence in their circle. The extracts which follow refer to two *réunions* of a kind which he greatly enjoyed—Evangelical Alliances of a social character,—where, under the roof of some representative layman, he held free intercourse with brethren of other denominations. The meeting first described took place at the beautiful residence of Mr. John Crossley of Halifax, on the banks of Lake Windermere. After leaving Belfield he wrote—

"SOUTHPORT, *August 25th*, 1865.

"Notwithstanding its days of rain, the week your mother and I spent at Mr. Crossley's was a singularly bright one. From eight in the morning till ten at night, ours was anything but a Quakers' meeting. It was, rather, a firing like that before Sebastopol,—only it ceased at night. Binney of London came much broken down, but brightened up wonderfully. We had Kelly of Liverpool, and Lindsay Alexander of Edinburgh, and last, not least, Dr. Robert Vaughan. Vaughan is seventy. He preached on Sabbath afternoon a very artistic sermon. He has a graceful, effective manner and wonderful energy for his age.

"The Crossleys are delightful people. It was with them the Prince of Wales stayed when he visited Halifax. They were quite delighted with his frank and unassuming bearing, and while he was with them, Mr. Crossley had prayers and all things else just as usual."

"In October, 1871," writes the Rev. Newman Hall, "I had the great pleasure of spending a week in Dr. Guthrie's company at the house of Sir Titus Salt, the great manufacturer of alpaca. The occasion was the opening of a Congregational church. Dr. Guthrie, Mr. Binney, and myself were among the preachers.

"I never heard Dr. Guthrie's equal for vivacity and variety in conversation. Sometimes he convulsed us with laughter by his witty anecdotes. Sometimes every eye was moistened, in sympathy with his own, at some tale of sorrow or of love. Sometimes he would charm us by his descriptions of scenery and of fishing, his chief pastime; and, throughout all, there was interwoven the golden thread of Christian love and hope. Going through the mills of Sir Titus, he asked questions so minute respecting every detail, and implying such accurate knowledge both of the material employed and the mode of working it, that both master and men marvelled that a parson could know so much of weaving. Missing him, I went into the church, and found him in a pew, with a little boy between his knees. He was questioning the youngster about all sorts of things. The boy was so charmed with his big interrogator that he answered with readiness, and even questioned the questioner, who was radiant with happy interest in the lad.

"I remember a good anecdote he told of some Edinburgh preacher, who, knowing that Dr. Chalmers was to be one of his hearers on the next Sabbath, took special pains in composing his discourse and committing it to memory. Alas! owing to the excitement produced by the presence of the great man, the preacher stopped short in the middle of his discourse, and was some little time before he could pick up the lost thread. Dr. Chalmers came into the vestry to thank him for his sermon, adding, 'Cultivate the pause, sir. Cultivate the pause!' The preacher felt additional chagrin at what he thought irony. Some time thereafter, he met the Doctor on the street, who said, 'Sir, I have been thinking much of the great effect produced by your pause the other day. Cultivate the pause, sir! cultivate the pause!' Dr. Chalmers had supposed it to have been premeditated."

Dr. Guthrie himself alludes to this visit:—

"MOSSFENNAN, *October 24th*, 1871.

"On Tuesday Mrs. Guthrie and I set off for Crow Nest, near Halifax, the home of Sir Titus Salt. There we found Binney of London, Newman Hall, Balgarnie of Scarborough, &c. Sir Titus has literally built a town of many streets—the houses

being occupied by those who labour at his vast mills and works; out of the one grand gate of which we saw, pouring along by an open passage, four thousand workers come, at twelve o'clock, their dinner-hour. I could liken it to nothing I had ever seen, but the rushing out of bees from the door of a hive when a swarm is coming off! In this town he has built a splendid church, also lecture-room, public hall, forty almshouses—filled with his pensioners, who get ten shillings a week. No wonder the Queen has made him a baronet. She might have made him a 'jarl' for that matter, or even a duke. . . .

"I should have gone to Hawarden Castle to spend a few days with the Premier, on the Tuesday, but deferred my visit till the following week, so it fell through, as he had to be in London." (*To Mrs. Wyld, Spitzbrook, Kent.*)

"Mr. Guthrie in London would be a mine of wealth to our friends in the north for the next two or three years, and would be the cheapest and most effective deputation they could send to England." So wrote the late loveable Dr. James Hamilton, of Regent Square, early in 1843, with reference to a strenuous effort made, shortly after the Disruption, to transfer Dr. Guthrie's ministry to the British metropolis. Many a time thereafter, he was pressed to consider the question whether, after all, he ought not to make London his permanent abode, and occupy a sphere of influence which would have been so much ampler there than anywhere else. He never yielded. But his visits to London on public duty were frequent; in later life, indeed, when his circle of friends in the metropolis had become very large, he spent a portion of each season there. The familiar letters he wrote home from thence tell of an uninterrupted round of engagements, both for public work and social converse.

"22, Bury Street, London, 23*rd February*, 1853.

"Last night dined at Mr. Tufnell's.* Met Lady Harriet Dunlop, the Lord Advocate, Lord Robert Grosvenor, Lord Monteagle, Hon. C. Howard, Monckton Milnes and his lady.

* The Right Hon. Henry Tufnell, M.P.

Lord Monteagle (formerly Mr. Spring Rice) brisk and very talkative; he and I did not agree about what should be done in the English Church. He is frightened at the idea of a Convocation. Then we had the question of the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Sabbath. Tufnell thinks it might be opened after two o'clock. Monckton Milnes and I had it pretty fully discussed, he on one side and I on the other; Tufnell and C. Howard auditors. I flatter myself I had the best of it. Milnes argued like a gentleman, was very candid, and owned that Scotland owed a great deal to the way in which her Sabbaths were kept, although he thought it too severe. Then we discussed Ragged affairs, and left at length about eleven o'clock.

"I went down with Howard and Moncreiff to the House. Got, through Lord C. Russell, into the Speaker's gallery. Spooner's motion against Maynooth on. Heard ——— in the strongest brogue speak a strong Romish speech; coarse, vulgar fellow, very like one of the Cowgate brokers in his holiday clothes."

Our readers may remember how, in his Autobiography, he describes his first visit, when a young unknown stranger, in 1827, to the House of Commons, and the zest with which he then listened for the first time to a Parliamentary debate. In many of his letters from London in after years, he tells of visits to Westminster, but in circumstances very different.

"*February* 28*th*, 1855.

"Went to the Commons about six with Mr. Arthur Kinnaird. Got into the Speaker's gallery, and was set down shoulder to shoulder beside the Roman Catholic Archbishop McHale, or John of Tuam. Bright speedily came up, and I had a crack with him, when I had an opportunity of complimenting him on his last Friday's oration.

"Then up came Monckton Milnes; then Arthur Kinnaird arrived with a message from Sir James Graham, to see whether and where I was to preach on Sunday; then Serjeant Shee, through Mr. Smith, introduces himself to me, and, by way of a good joke, proposes to introduce me to John of Tuam. Smith held forth against the Pope, and the 'brass band,' nearly as loud as you sometimes—till I feared John would

turn round on us. I enjoyed the House of Commons for a while; and then off to Sir J. Carnegie's to dinner at seven." (*To Provost Guthrie.*)

"LONDON, 23, BELGRAVE SQUARE, *February 11th*, 1856.

"On Thursday night I went with Lord Panmure to the House of Lords, and never saw a more surprising phenomenon than Lyndhurst. He is above eighty years old; yet, save when once or twice he was seized with the feeble cough of an old man, he has not an appearance of such age about him. He wears a well-formed brown wig, and the heat of the House gave him a complexion. He spoke for more than an hour with great lucidity—his periods admirably constructed—calm yet pithy in manner.

"Lord St. Leonard's answered Lord Granville (who answered Lyndhurst, and answered him well). St. Leonard's is a hard, dry lawyer. I got clean tired of him; and, after a weary and *driech* hearing of one and a half hours, I came away about nine o'clock. For the last half-hour I lay on the steps of the throne, and studied the ornate ceiling, in which (tell it not to the Society for Scottish Rights!) there are sixty-four compartments,—all filled with the rose, save four, in two of which the shamrock appears and in two the thistle. However, I must say that throughout the House there are great store of rampant lions and monstrous unicorns."

In a letter of 17th February, 1856, he records a visit to Chelsea and its sage, to whom he carried an introduction from their mutual friend, Professor John Stuart Blackie. After telling of his interview with Mrs. Carlyle, he continues:—

"I did not wish to disturb Mr. Carlyle, but he came, and an uncommon-looking man he is; an eagle-like look in his great glaring eyes, hair half grey, and a strong Dumfries-shire tongue. He was in a *robe de chambre*, most kind and courteous. I got him upon the neglect of the uneducated and lapsed classes; he and I were quite at one. He uttered a number of great thoughts in magnificent language; lightened and thundered away in sublime style—at the heads of governors, ladies and gentlemen, and this selfish world; and looked to me very much—as he swung his arm, clenched his fist, and glared round him with his black beard and shining eyes and grizzly hair—like an incarnation of Thor, or Woden, or some other Scandinavian divinity." (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

"LONDON, 28, WESTBOURNE TERRACE, *April 18th*, 1869.

"Your mother, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller-Maitland, and I, have just returned from Westminster Abbey. It was arranged we should go there this forenoon, and the Dean graciously offered to go over the Abbey with us. We reached the Deanery at eleven o'clock, and were received with much courtesy. The Dean's wife is a sister of the late Lord Elgin, and a special favourite of the Queen,—I don't wonder that the Queen likes her. The Dean is not a man of what you would call *presence;* nevertheless, with his great talents, extraordinary accomplishments and delightful manners, he is a most charming man; very *broad*, however,—I mean ecclesiastically. He and I had some joking about our different nationalities and churches. We passed nearly three hours on our feet, going from monument to monument. The Dean's amazing stores of knowledge and the pleasant way in which he told the story belonging to each monument, so full of kindly feeling, ready wit, and 'wise saws,' made these three hours among the most delightful I ever spent in any man's company. It was a great treat.

"I know not over the dust of how many kings we stood, from Edward the Confessor, who built the first Abbey, and Henry III. who built the present one, down to George II. with his Queen, the last Royalties who lie there. He was a *mauvais sujet*, George II., a man that had no virtue, nor made the smallest pretensions to any,—with hardly one redeeming quality but courage. And yet, after Caroline, his ill-used wife—the Queen who figures in the 'Heart of Midlothian'—died, he expressed a regard and affection for her of which he gave little evidence in her lifetime, and expressed it in a very curious way. At his death he desired he might be laid beside her, that their dust might mingle. For that purpose, he laid her coffin in a stone sarcophagus, sufficiently large to contain his own also; giving directions, when his coffin was laid beside hers, that the side of the Queen's and of his own should be taken out. The Dean saw their bones mingled together in the same sarcophagus.

"To me, as a Presbyterian, the place most interesting was the Jerusalem Chamber, as it is called. I used to think that it was in St. Margaret's Church, which is close by, that the great Westminster Assembly sat, which drew up our Confession of Faith and Catechisms. I learned from the Dean that it was in this chamber they met, and he showed me the very place where Baillie, Gillespie, and the other Scotch Commissioners sat. This Jerusalem Chamber is a venerable room, bearing all the marks of a remote antiquity. It contains the oldest

picture of any English king; and, in the Westminster Assembly, held a convention of the best, greatest, and wisest men that perhaps ever met on this earth. I felt there as if I stood at the well-head of our national religion, and of those moral and religious influences that have made Scotland and Scotchmen what they are. Curiously enough, there also met Tillotson and others, when the attempt was made under William III. by certain alterations in the service book to meet the scruples of the Nonconformists, and reconcile them to the Church of England. It failed; but as most of the alterations then proposed were adopted by the Episcopal Church in America, that grand old room may be regarded as the birth-place of the present Presbyterian Church of Scotland on the one hand, and of the Episcopal Church of the United States on the other. Nowadays—and what a fall is there!—the Lower House of Convocation meets in that chamber, a *feckless* convention, the ghost and shadow of a Church.

"I was *canny* Scot enough, I may add, to read myself pretty well-up beforehand in the Dean's history of the Abbey, and thereby, neither appearing nor being an *ignoramus* either in the civil or ecclesiastical history of the country, I saved my character, and added very much to the profit and pleasure of my visit.

"Yesterday forenoon we went to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. There was, as usual, a great crowd—some six or seven thousand people—and we had a grand sermon. We went into the vestry after the service, and had a crack with this greatest of English preachers. Had he more of the emotional, great as he is, he would be still greater. He was very genial and kindly.

"If I am spared to visit London again, I shall get into some quiet, plain, *bugless, flealess* lodgings in the City, and so have time to see a number of its most interesting institutions. I intended to do so at this visit, but have never been able to get down into the stratum where they lie.

"The Lord bless you all, and all the dear children and grandchildren, near and far away. We were made glad and thankful to God for all the good news of your letters." (*To his son James.*)

"39, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, *March 22nd*, 1870.

"To afternoon-tea here, came Disraeli and his wife, Lady Beaconsfield, Archdeacon Sinclair, and Lord Lawrence. Disraeli was very courteous to me, saying that he had often heard of me from old Ellice. He is a remarkable-looking man; extraordinary

eyes, large, black, and glistening. I had a deal of talk with him—about oratory chiefly. This came on in consequence of my saying I had never had an opportunity of hearing him speak, and, being anxious to do so, I asked whether there was any hope of hearing him in the House any of these nights.

"Did your mother tell you about meeting the Queen of Holland, at Sir William Hall's, on Saturday?" (*To his daughter Clementina.*)

"39, PHILLIMORE GARDENS, KENSINGTON, *March 25th*, 1870.

"The leader of the devout party of this new half-Christian sect, which has sprung up in Calcutta—a most eloquent and extraordinary man—has reached London, and Lord Lawrence was anxious I should meet with him. Lady Lawrence told me afterwards that he had read my books, and looked forward with pleasure to meeting me. Very extraordinary! which reconciles me all the more to the providence which closed the pulpit and opened up the press for me." (*To his son David.*)

"*5th April*, 1870.

"Your mother and I, with the Maitlands, dined at Lord Lawrence's on the 31st, at eight o'clock. The house is adorned with articles of *virtu* and spoils from the East. Lord Lawrence received us with star and ribband. In the company I found some old acquaintances — among others, Sir C. and Lady Trevelyan. I had some interesting talk with the latter; I saw her with her brother, Lord Macaulay, in Free St. John's, some three months before he died, and he looked very ill then. We had much conversation about him.

"The appearance of Keshub Chunder, on entering the room, was very striking; his dress was a blue robe which flowed down to his heels, and was bound by a cincture. His person is tall, erect, and graceful, his countenance noble, extraordinary large black eyes, and features perfect, very like those of the Parsees I once saw in my church. On seeing him, I ceased to wonder at what Lord Lawrence told me of his wonderful eloquence. He has heard him give a public lecture expounding his views; on which occasion he began by prayer, and prayed after such a manner that one could hardly know him not to be fully a Christian. He has *broken his thread*, thus publicly breaking with Hinduism—a step Rammohun Roy had never the courage to venture on; still, the old habits of his old religion cling to him thus far, that he eats no animal food, and drinks no wine (which is a very good thing). Lady Lawrence had some curried vegetables prepared for him; and he was not asked to give his arm to a lady when we left the drawing-room

for the dining-room. I had some talk with him, both before and after dinner.

"Sir C. Trevelyan and I had a good deal of conversation about the management of the poor, and how the evil of a growing pauperism is to be met. I preach everywhere that nothing will arrest, far less cure, the evil, but locking the door of every drinking-shop in the land.

"Spurgeon we heard last Sunday, his church an imposing scene. I have been advising them, if possible, to get Keshub Chunder Sen there—as the most impressive spectacle of sound religion he could see." (*To his daughter Mrs. Williamson.*)

Many of the happiest days of his domestic and social life were spent in a locality which presents a contrast the most complete to the din and hurrying crowds of London; and any record of Dr. Guthrie would be incomplete which did not say something of his Highland retreat at Lochlee.

Enfeebled health from 1849 onwards necessitated his seeking, each year, after the work of the winter and spring, a place of entire seclusion for a month or two. He found it in the northern part of his native Forfarshire, where, in a remote recess of the Grampians, he was distant four-and-twenty miles from the nearest railway station. Returning there almost every season for twenty-three years, this place became, to his intimate friends, associated almost as much as Edinburgh itself with Dr. Guthrie. For "the Glen," as he invariably called it, he himself formed a singular liking. He believed that the entire rest he obtained there each returning year was one great means in providence of prolonging his life; and it is impossible to describe his delight when he got away from the city in early summer to the silent upland moors and fragrant birch-woods through which the North Esk runs amber-coloured to the sea. Dr. Guthrie's lonely dwelling * stood on the

* This house, the late Lord Dalhousie—to whom the entire parish belonged—permitted him to occupy rent-free;—one of many tokens of a sincere friendship.

banks of a small but very picturesque mountain-lake. All the surroundings are such as to suggest Scott's description of a similar scene:—

> "Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
> So stilly is the solitude."

"KIRKTON OF LOCHLEE, *June 26th*, 1849.

"I wish you were here to enjoy with me this quiet nook of a busy, bustling world. I used to ride on horseback in the mornings before I left town, and usually returned home up the Canongate. Here I often ride some hour or two before breakfast, and if I could make a satisfactory picture I would hang these two scenes up side by side before the world. Such a contrast!—God made the one, man and Satan the other. I can roam here by loch and streamlet, with my eyes now up on the blue heavens, now on the majestic hoary crags, now on the calm blue waters, now on the leaping, rejoicing falls, and see neither sight nor hear sound of sin,—of the groans wherewith the whole creation groaneth. If Jesus Christ did not say—pointing to yon outer world where the battle is a-fighting—'Arise, let us go hence;' if duty to Him and our fellow-men did not come in and say with Martha to her sister, 'the Master is come, and calleth for thee,' I would be content to spend the remainder of my days in this sweet quiet solitude.

"There were many things in your letter which interested me, though I failed in answer to take them up. You would wonder how many letters I have to write, even here. True, the post comes but seldom; but then, when the tide flows in, a whole fleet sails into harbour; and being anxious to embrace every opportunity of gathering a stock of health, I spend as little time as possible under other roof than that of the clouds and skies." (*To Miss Georgina Hay.*)

The limited accommodation which his abode there afforded was often severely taxed. "We have visitors enough," he wrote, "to keep us from feeling our solitary house in the deer-forest dull. It is a sort of family resort, one branch coming after another, and filling our walls with the cheerful voices and feet of bairns." Besides his family, Dr. Guthrie generally had one or two of his most intimate friends as guests. "I hope,"

he wrote in 1858 to Miss Esther Burns (in anticipation of her visit), "that you will not quarrel with roughing it in this Highland district, where you have so little chance to be run away with that we all go to bed, in the heat of summer, with every door of the house standing wide open! Here we don't patronise my friend Chubb, of London, under whose locks and keys I often lived when there. . . . You shall be '*weel entered*,' as Dandie Dinmont said of Brown's terrier, into rowing, and fishing, and eating porridge (capitally boiled), and loch trout."

Sometimes the arrivals at Lochlee were wholly unexpected—belated pedestrians, who cast themselves on our hospitality for the night, or those whom no distance or difficulties could daunt, like the Irish minister who wrote to Dr. Guthrie in 1853 asking a sermon, and added, "Should you refuse this request, the danger is that I may besiege you in person. To escape this casualty, especially from an Irishman, best say you'll be with me." It is amusing, after reading this, to find in a note from Lochlee the following — (though the minister in this case was not the writer of the intimidating letter):—

"INCHGRUNDLE, LOCHLEE, *May* 29*th*, 1858.

"Last evening a gig was seen coming along the loch side, and by the field-glass I saw there was a white neckcloth in it. It held Mr. ——, all the way from county Armagh, to ask me to open his church. Extraordinary characters the Irish! I promised him my first and best services when I next went to Ireland."

The reference in the lines which follow is to an eccentric gentleman, then resident in the Glen, now dead:—

"Yesterday, to my horror, K——,—who should have come up to dinner at four o'clock—arrived at half-past eight in the morning! He got on my dreadnought, drew out a red

nightcap, and covered the table with letters and law papers,* to read to me. I have seldom endured anything worse, not even toothache. It rained heavily outside, but worse within. I determined—though outside should be bucketfuls—I would be off to the loch after dinner, and get him away."

Though Dr. Guthrie's power of walking, from the condition of his heart after 1847, had been seriously impaired, and climbing a hill on foot would have been an entire impossibility, he accomplished many mountain expeditions on his hill pony.

"INCHGRUNDLE, *July* 18*th*, 1860.

"D—— and I took the opportunity of Saturday forenoon, being quiet, to ascend the summit of Mount Keen.† I rode 'Bess' up—with some little exercise of care—to the very top, or rather to the base of the natural cairn which crowns the mountain.

"The day was clear, and the view passing anything I had ever seen, really grand and superb. All around us, to the extent of forty or fifty miles, was a vast tumbling sea of mountains. Ben Macdhui, one mass of glistening white, and the black rocky knobs of Benavon rose above the upper winter there. We were surprised to get a glimpse of royalty from the bare top of Mount Keen. Using the glass, I could see the tower and buildings of Balmoral visible and distinct. So Her Majesty, from the windows and front of her door, has a daily prospect of the summit of Mount Keen.

"We found the *Azalea procumbens* ‡ in full bloom: abundance of it close to the very cairn, wonderful to see in rich, rosy beauty, where nothing almost lives but lichens and mosses: and, best of all, as we reached the foot of the cairn—sailing by within three hundred feet of us—came a great eagle. I had seen that grand bird in the sky before—once in Sutherland, and

* Mr. K—— believed himself persecuted by a party or parties unknown.

† The highest summit in the parish of Lochlee, a few miles from Dr. Guthrie's residence, 3,180 feet above the sea-level.

‡ Dr. Guthrie had a considerable acquaintance with the Alpine flora of the Grampians. He would often come in from his walks at Lochlee with a miniature nosegay, tastefully arranged, containing Saxifrages, Trientalis, Pinguicula, Polygala, Rockrose, Oak-fern, or others of his favourites, maintaining that no Covent Garden bouquet was half so beautiful.

once in Switzerland—but at a long distance. Here we were so near as to give us a vivid idea of mounting up as on eagle's wings. What power and majesty in its flight!"

Occasionally Dr. Guthrie and his friends went up "The Ladder" road, described by Her Majesty in "Our Life in the Highlands," across the hills which separate Glenesk from the valley of the Dee, and, after remaining a day or two in Ballater, the party returned.

"INCHGRUNDLE, *July* 18*th*, 1857.

"We got back about five o'clock last night from our expedition ever the hills into Aberdeenshire, most unlike clericals and town-bred ladies. Clementina, like a stout Highland lass; —— very like a deer-herd or gillie; Mrs. Guthrie mounted on *ane* honest nag (as were the rest of us), and having a great bundle slung on each side of her saddle, the *beau ideal* of a country wife on her way to the market with her dairy produce.

"As to myself, I was very 'orra like,' I was told, and do believe. My steed was a colt, still unshod; I sat on a saddle used to bring home the red deer. It is a vast machine, broad as a table, and furnished with a great array of straps and thongs—appurtenances and appendages which proved very useful in slinging on coats, cloaks, a great whang of cheese, and some dozen or two of *speldings*, or dried haddocks, which my careful housewife purchased at Ballater. My hat, which has lost all the genteel look it had when purchased at Geneva, was wreathed with flowers, and 'tods tails' or stag moss—that being the most convenient way of carrying our floral spoils.

"We had a *picnic* on the summit of Mount Keen, under the rocks of the natural cairn, on the lee side—for the wind blew strong and keen up there, although all was quiet below—reading us a lesson of the disadvantage of a lofty lot in life. The rain caught us within two miles of Ballater, and a pretty appearance we had as we entered it! The women's straw bonnets, once braw, covered with plaids: a deer-hound had ate up my respectable black hat, and I was obliged to enter the 'town' with my *tackled* Genevan; and to my discomfort I found that there was not a hat in the shops of Ballater or Braemar that would squeeze down on my *caput.**

* When in Brittany, in 1864, wishing to purchase a broad-brimmed beaver, such as the Breton peasants wear, Dr. Guthrie went into the chief hat shop in Quimper for the purpose. The whole stock was tried in vain; a hat had to be made to order; and it was amusing to see the

"We had a delightful and glorious expedition, and we returned last night to bless God that we had suffered no accident, nor even any serious alarm. The only thing like it was when Clementina was coming down the 'ladder' of Mount Keen (a '*Tête noire*'-looking place) her nag chose to stand and back at an ugly corner, where a slip of the foot would have sent it down some 150 or 200 feet into the brawling mountain-burn below." (*To Rev. W. Welsh.*)

"Kirkton of Lochlee.

"Some days ago I had a night of great discomfort from the fate of a fine doggie here—a very beautiful Skye terrier.

"One morning Duncan Michie went away to kill foxes, and I saw him coming home at night very *dowie* like. His terrier had gone down after a fox into a hill cairn, till he was buried among great stones that, as Duncan said, all the parish could not lift; and deep from the bowels of the hill they heard his whine and bark. I was miserable to think of the brave, faithful beastie dying there of hunger and thirst; so I encouraged Duncan by all means to raise the shepherds and dig away next day. And was not I a happy man when Sandy (the shepherd, who lives beside us) came home from the hill with the good news of the terrier's safe deliverance? But, surely, it must be a match for any of Dandie Dinmont's breed; for, after it was drawn out of its rocky tomb, no sooner had it yelped and recognised them all, than it would have been in again!"

"Inchgrundle, *July* 9*th*, 1864.

"I have been sitting out, writing letters at a table in the shade of the house before our door; and I hear nothing to disturb (and that does not), but the sighing of a gentle breeze among the fir-trees that screen our house, the hum of bees who are all on the *qui vive*, as the heather (the 'cat-heather' it is called) is now coming out, and the subdued rush of the mountain-burn that runs by the side of our house, very quiet and tame now as it pursues its way to the loch, which is as blue to-day as Como: but I have seen it come foaming, roaring down with such rage and in such volume as would have made light of a man and horse, sweeping them off like straws.

"We are expecting a visit of the Queen to the Glen in September." (*To Miss Napier, Coates Hall.*)

astonished look of the little *chapelier* as he measured Dr. G.'s head, and shrugging his shoulders exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu! quel tête! quel tête!*"

An invalid friend having sent him the life of Edward Forbes, the naturalist, he thus replied—

"INCHGRUNDLE, *June* 28*th*, 1861.

"When people send me their own productions, I commonly am in a great hurry to acknowledge the gift, because if you acknowledge the book before you do else than dip into it you are saved the temptation of saying what may be more complimentary than true, or the pain of not being so agreeable as you would like to be. But I was sure that Forbes's life would be an interesting book, and that I could most truly and heartily thank you for it, as I now do. I have read the most of it, which is saying a great deal, seeing that with the loch and river close by our house, and the fine weather we have had, one is tempted to abjure all books but the Bible, and be found all day, not with book, but oar or fishing-rod in hand. I was glad to see that Forbes had been, when a young man in London, regular in Church attendance, and that at his death he expressed a wish to have the Communion administered. One is glad to see any signs of good in such a lovable, able, and delightful man, and to cling to them, although they may not be so strong as one would like. I wish that Christians would bring to the interests of religion and of Christ's kingdom the untiring energy with which he devoted himself to those of science. What science so noble as the knowledge of Jesus Christ? What honours anywhere in the Temple of Fame like the 'honour that cometh from God'?

"Great and famous as Forbes was, my dear friend, you can do more good by your prayers, shut up to your house, and often to your chamber, than he did, or could do, by all his pursuits and discoveries; and that is comfortable and cheering to you. 'Prayer moves the Hand that moves the world,' and deals with the affairs of a Kingdom, unlike any of those in nature, which shall never pass away. Poor Forbes's life teaches the common lesson, but after a very impressive fashion, of 'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.' He had hardly reached the summit of his long-cherished ambition, the Professor's Chair, when death hurled him into his grave. May we live above the world, and look beyond it." (*To Mrs. Dymock.*)

The reader will gather from this letter that one of Dr. Guthrie's attractions to Lochlee was the fishing he found there. The Elliot in his first parish was a good trouting stream, but he never thought of fishing while a country

minister; he scarcely ever indeed had a rod in his hand till 1848, when, seeking some occupation which would induce him to be out of doors as much as possible, he was advised to try the gentle art; and though no longer young when he acquired it, he became a skilful and ever thereafter a very keen fisher. Generally devoting the earlier part of the day at Lochlee to study or correspondence, he sallied forth, rod in hand, to the river, or to his boat on the loch, with some of his family to row. "We are all *fishing daft* here," he wrote to Miss Eliott Lockhart in 1849. "My brother Patrick says that between us all together he cannot get a word of rational conversation; nothing but 'trouts, baits, hooks, bobs, drags, flies, dressings, hackle and tackle.' How you would have enjoyed some of our scenes in the boat! This morning I woke about four, and, as the day looked well for it, set up the boys to try the fishing in the *caller* morning air. We had our boat grinding off the beach by a little after five, and brought home seven pounds weight of trout."

"KIRKTON, *July 7th*, 1849.

"We are in a sort of Patmos here. I could not have anchored in a quieter nook of earth and be within reach of the peopled parts of the world. The liberty of having a boat on the loch is a great enjoyment. I never meddle with the oars, though I hold the helm both in figure and reality. The loch is full of fine trout. We took 11 lbs. weight out of it yesterday, but to-day I would sooner sail the Bay of Biscay than be on it in a boat like mine. It blows a storm above, and below it is one blue foaming sea breaking on the shore—no bad imitation of the German Ocean, as I have seen it at Arbirlot in a nor'-easter. This loch, like the Lake of Galilee and all such mountain-girdled waters, rises on a sudden like a hot angry man: it is soon up and soon down; and—as some one added of such a man—ay, and soon up again!" (*To Mr. G. M. Torrance.*)

Besides herring-sized trout and char, Lochlee contains

the great lake trout of Scotland (*Salmo ferox*), to which Dr. Guthrie refers in the following letter :—

"KIRKTON, *July 4th*, 1853.

"This year we have done wonders with the trolling tackle. Captain Stoddart caught an 8½ and two 7 lbs. trouts; and I, one 3 lbs., one 4½ lbs., and another 7 lbs. weight. I was rather proud of these achievements. The 4½ lbs. one gave more sport than any of the rest, and it needed both prompt and delicate management of rod and line to hold him fast: now, he was down to the black depths of the loch, then spinning away—my reel sounding the liveliest music to a fisher's ear—and by-and-by he was flinging himself bodily four or five feet out of the water.

"But, four nights ago, I gained my greatest triumph. I was fishing for common trout with small loch hooks and a cast of my ordinary gut, when a hook, a small *Green Mantle* which I had dressed that day, was suddenly seized. There was a swirl, and then—to my amazement—away like lightning went the line from my whirring pirn. I was in a moment on my feet in the boat, crying to D——, 'Row, it's a big fish, and my line will be out!' Well, there we were, backing, rowing, wheeling, and, after some quarter of an hour's work or more, we neared the beach, where—leaping to shore—I drew to land a very fine 5 lbs. *Salmo ferox*, which I dispatched that night to Lord Panmure at Brechin." (*To Mr. G. M. Torrance.*)

"INCHGRUNDLE, *July 13th*, 1858.

"I killed a 5 lbs. fish the other evening in the loch. When we got home Charlie said, 'Oh! mamma, if you had seen what a state of excitement papa was in.' No wonder! he ran the line off my reel to within three yards of the end: I was in despair, another few seconds and fish and gear were gone. He just stopped in the nick of time. He was as good to eat as most salmon."

But in the midst of all his recreations (and no boy could have entered into them with more zest), Dr. Guthrie never forgot that he was a fisher of men. His house in Lochlee was seven miles distant from the Free Church; it was not always possible to reach it; and so the very first season of his residence in Glenesk (1849), and while he was yet under medical interdict against entering a

pulpit, he began an occasional Sunday evening service in his own house, to which all the cottages within reach sent willing hearers. "I am doing a little in the way of preaching," he wrote. "At six o'clock on the Sabbath evenings I hold conventicle; and in this wilderness you would wonder how many gather. So soon as the fine summer evenings come, I propose taking them to the quiet churchyard which stands, with the ruins of the old church, and a few aged and weather-beaten trees, close beside us, on the margin and shore of the loch."

"KIRKTON, *July* 17*th*, 1849.

"As to the evening conventicle exercise, I grant you that it was too long,—very unintentionally on my part, however, as I began with the full intention of not passing half an hour. I behaved better next night, and intend improving, acting on the saying of an old bishop, who used to say that he liked, not short texts and long sermons, but long texts and short sermons. I have been reading Fowell Buxton's life of late, a most interesting narrative of one of the noblest specimens of human nature and divine grace which the world ever saw; and there I got that sharp saying; as well as Buxton's own, who used to speak of many sermons as 'Bible and water!'" (*To Mr. G. M. Torrance.*)

In the seasons which followed, his audience used to congregate from miles around, on foot, on horseback, in gigs and carts, to these interesting "field-preachings." They were services he greatly enjoyed. Occasionally he preached in front of Invermark Lodge, with the hills girdling the loch in the background. Sir George Harvey has selected this spot as the scene of the picture from which a photograph is here given.

We cannot so fitly conclude these reminiscences of Dr. Guthrie's domestic and social life as by presenting to the reader a sketch of both, with which, at our request, the Rev. Dr. John Ker of Glasgow has kindly enriched this volume:—

"It is no easy thing to put on paper the incidents, and still

less the impressions, that come back to me when I think of Dr. Guthrie. Any one who has heard him speak on a great public question, and thereafter perused the report of his speech, the most full and faithful, will understand my difficulty. The play of the features, the tones of the voice, so sudden in their changes, and yet felt to be so sincere, because so sympathetic with the subject, the pauses and the speaking look that filled them, the whole life that broke through the speech and made you forget the words and think only of the man and the subject, these were lost beyond recovery. The endeavour to put them in type was like trying to photograph the flit and colour of the northern light. It is in a way harder to give any complete view of what he was in personal intercourse; for while there were the same qualities that appeared in his public speaking, there was even more of breadth and variety. Indeed, Dr. Guthrie's speeches owed their great power to this, that they were a part of himself. Most men, even great speakers, construct compositions into which they put their thoughts, and perhaps their feeling, and then send them forth as a cannon delivers its ball. But he went with it himself altogether, somewhat as the ancient battering-ram did its work, with his soul and body, voice and eye propelled on his aim. This will make it always a difficulty for those who have not heard him to comprehend the power of his speaking to move an audience with quick changes from indignation to pity, and to make April weather of tears and sunshine play over the sea of upturned faces.

"I came in contact with Dr. Guthrie during the last years of his life very frequently; more, indeed, than when he was in the vigour of his life and action, and more in private than in public. He was as erect as ever; he never lost the pine-like uprightness, with its lithe bend that always came back to the perpendicular, and though the black hair had changed to lyart grey, the eye that looked from beneath it was as keen and soft, either for honest wrath or open humour, as ever. The disease that took him away had begun to lay its arrest upon him, and yet very gently—stopping him at the foot of a hill, but allowing him a good deal of 'tether,' as he would call it, on the level. In his spirits it did not seem to affect him at all, only that it disposed him more to reminiscence and description of where he had been and what he had seen, which, perhaps, made him even more attractive as a companion than he could have been when the natural free beat of his heart answered prompt and strong to his resolute will; and it was observed by his friends that the advance of years gave growing comeliness

and dignity to face and form, and made him more a subject of curious question to the few in Scotland who had not before seen him, and of pleasant recognition to the crowds who often had. In its way the inner man kept pace with the outer, so that I think those who knew him last in private knew him also best.

"Of the times I have seen him, both at home and abroad, there are two that specially recur to me: the one at Mossfennan, in Peebleshire, in mid-winter, where a happy circle met for a week in the hospitable house 'below the Logan Lea,' at whose 'yett' many a visitor has 'lichtit doon,' as did the king, of whom the old ballad sings. The Tweed was grumbling down to Drummelzier under shackles of ice, and the great dome-like hills were covered from cope to rim with the purest new-fallen snow. It was a sight of new delight every morning to look upon them. I recollect the comparisons made with the cupola of St. Peter's, where we had met not long before; and the satisfaction he took in contrasting the men and women of Tweeddale, intelligent, independent, and God-fearing, with the subjects of Pio Nono, who was then in power, as we had seen them, begging with his badge around the Vatican.

"He was vigorous for work, and preached with all his old fire in the church of his son-in-law, Mr. Welsh, whose guests we were. At Mossfennan the time passed like a summer's day. When not occupied with reading or correspondence, Dr. Guthrie was the centre and soul of the conversation. He seemed to be able to watch its course even while engaged with his work, turned aside to confirm or correct some observation, to give some anecdote or recollection, and resumed his train as if absorbed in it. I remember specially the long evenings when we gathered round the blazing fire—the wood log flanked with coal, and, as in Cowper's picture of comfort, 'the hissing urn' and 'wheeled-round sofa.' He kept himself free and disengaged for these seasons, and, to the hour when he retired, threw into the conversation an unflagging life that was wonderful. The stores of his reading, but particularly of his personal observation and experience, were poured out in exhaustless flow, with shrewd remarks on human nature, vivid pictures of landscapes, or comments on Bible scenes and passages. Anecdotes, generally from his own knowledge, formed a prominent part, and were accompanied by a rapid and vivid sketch of the actors, so that the narrative was a set of portraits. It would be a mistake, however, to think that he engrossed the conversation on these occasions. Whether it came from the instinctive

nature that was in him, or from some set purpose, he made it his object to draw out contributions from all in the circle. The interest he showed in whatever any one had to tell was unaffectedly genuine, and one could see how he accumulated the stores of illustration and anecdote that he poured forth, gathering them, however, not to tell them again, but for the love of them. Often, when an anecdote struck him as good, he would ask the owner of it to repeat it for the sake of some new-comer, and he enjoyed it as much in the rehearsal as at first. I have always remarked that this inclination to draw out others to advantage, and to *encore* their contributions, is a sure token of a kindly and unselfish nature.

"Another thing that struck me about him was his tendency in the midst of a theme that was exciting his feeling too strongly—some indignant outbreak against injustice or meanness—to give it a ludicrous touch that dissolved it in humour. One felt it to be not levity, but depth, the recoil from what is too painful to think of, when thinking can serve no good. It seems to be a principle that humour is given us as a sort of *buffer* to make the hard collisions of life more endurable, and that those need it most who have the heaviest freight of feeling. Some great earnest natures want it, but the tear and wear tells more heavily on them. One thing, however, was not discernible in his humour: he had no power of mimicry. His narratives were of the epic kind, given with his own face and voice, without any perceptible attempt at dramatic impersonation. I suspect he had naturally a deficiency in this direction of imitation, but probably also he had set himself against the cultivation of it. He had an instinctive sense of the *ne quid nimis* in every way, and though he did not at all say of laughter, 'It is mad,' he seemed to be putting the question to mirth, 'What doeth it?' One felt that there was a limit and a solid base to all the exuberance of his humour, not laid down in any dogmatical or formal way, but maintained naturally by the rest of his character, always sincere, earnest, and Christian.

"There is a story told of William Guthrie, author of the 'Christians' Saving Interest,' that on one occasion he had been entertaining a company with mirth-provoking anecdotes, and being called on, afterwards, to pray, he poured out his heart with such deep-felt fervour to God that all were melted. When they rose from their knees, Durham of Glasgow, a 'grave solid man,' as he is described, took him by the hand and said, 'Willie, you are a happy man; if I had laughed as much as you did a while ago, I could not have prayed for four-and-twenty hours.' The characteristics of the old Cove-

nanter of Fenwick reappeared in his namesake. There may have been Durhams too in his company, though I never heard of them. Presbyterian Scotland has not so many men colourless in their gravity as some think;—yet I am sure that after the family prayer they would have risen with the same confession in their heart.

"But I recall Dr. Guthrie in connection with another locality, where he found each summer an escape from the hurry of life, and, what is worse, its forced artificialities: an opportunity for being entirely one's self, without fear of having the coat and conduct criticised simply for their plainness:—to withdraw for the holes in them is another matter. It was a simple country house in the highlands of Angus, which he held by a kind of feudal tenure—akin to that expressed in the motto of the Clerks of Penicuik—'Free for a Blast.' Once a year at least, Lord Dalhousie looked for a sermon from him in the Glen,—a condition he carefully kept, with a large excess of measure.

"During our stay at Mossfennan, it was arranged that we should pay him a visit at Lochlee in the coming summer, and accordingly in July, 1871, when the days were long enough to let the sun look down into the deepest corries of the Grampians, we set ourselves to carry it out. I was one of a party with his son-in-law Mr. Welsh, and his daughter Mrs. Welsh, and it was from them I came to learn some particulars of the way in which he both rested and worked, particulars on which he himself would not have entered. He was waiting for us with a hearty welcome at the Brechin Railway Station, having come down the twenty-four miles to meet us, and take us up Glenesk in his waggonette.

"Having remained all night in the house of his son James, a banker in Brechin, we drove up to Lochlee on the following day. About seven miles out of Brechin, we struck the river North Esk, soon after passing Edzell, whose castle, the ancient home of the Lords Lindsay, is imposing even in ruins. My first view of the river from Gannochy Bridge I can never forget. Dr. Guthrie caused the conveyance to halt as we reached the centre of the noble arch which spans the foaming stream seventy feet below, and as I gazed first up the stream and then down, I felt that his enthusiasm was amply justified. The river chafes in its narrowed channel, with here a rush and there a leap, twisting and wrestling among the rocks—brown, yellow, black, and white by turns. Fine old woods of oak come sloping down and bend wonderingly over

the chasm as if on tiptoe, while beyond them rise on either hand the mountains that form the gateway to Glenesk. Some ten miles higher up, we passed a bare hill-side called 'The Rowan,' thickly covered with stone cairns, more frequent towards the valley, and scattered singly towards the height. It was the site of some great and seemingly decisive battle in those times from which history cannot lift the veil. Strange to look on this spot, now so lone and silent, and think of the currents of heady fight that must have swept across it, whether of Scot with Pict, or both with Dane! Dr. Guthrie's imagination kindled at the scene, and he indicated what he thought turning-points in the struggle. It forms a vivid illustration, in one of his works, of the importance of maintaining the key of the position.*

"For miles, our road lay along the birch-fringed banks of the Esk, whose waters are formed, as I found on reaching the upper part of the glen, by the confluence of two streams, named respectively the 'Mark' and 'Lee.' The latter emerges from a wild glen on the left, after flowing through the lonely Loch Lee, on whose margin stood the house for which we were bound. This sheet of water, a mile in length, might not have struck one much elsewhere, but here it gave softness to the mountains, and drew dignity from them. A kind of bluish-grey colour seemed to float over it, and proved how true to nature was the eye of the old Celt, for Loch Luath is the 'blue-grey loch.' Before it opened on our view, we passed the grey peel tower of Invermark Castle; and, close by, the tasteful shooting-lodge of Lord Dalhousie, where Queen Victoria has twice passed a night. At the upper end of the lake, a white solitary dwelling could be discerned under the ledge of the mountain: it was Inchgrundle, Dr. Guthrie's Highland home—no house beyond for many long miles of moor and hill. As we went on, our road unwound itself to the right, cut out of the mountain, whose toppling rocks rise high overhead, while the water breaks on the beach many feet below; custom and care brought our conveyance at length safely to the door.

"Any one who has been in the habit of hearing Dr. Guthrie, or who has read his books, must know that there were two voices above others in nature he had listened to and learned. Wordsworth calls them the voices of liberty:—the one of the sea, the other of the mountains. At Arbirlot he learned the first; at Lochlee the second. Standing before the door of that Highland home next morning, I looked around. Opposite, across the little loch, was a great mountain, on the ridge of

* "Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints," p. 315.

which the red deer could be often seen feeding against the wind, as their custom is, and a whole world of wild beauty was spread out in crag and wood and waterfall. Looking up the glen, the boldest feature is Craig Maskeldie, rising over the valley to the height of 1,200 feet, an almost sheer precipice, the Erne Crag beyond, while, between them, the river at one leap descends a lofty ledge of rock in a snow-white cascade, filling both eye and ear. Half way up the hill behind the house, lies a tarn or mountain loch, encircled by a rocky wall that shoots high above it many hundred feet, a kind of Cyclops' eye glaring up under terrific brows, a weird and fearsome spot at nightfall. We visited these and other spots, Dr. Guthrie accompanying us to the foot of the hill, telling us what to look out for, and questioning us minutely on our return. He knew every feature and mood, and inquired after their looks with the fondness of an old friend. The little objects about him had been caught, set in the memory of his heart, and came up when working in the town or writing from abroad. A splintered rock, with an adder he had seen lurking below it, became the emblem of man's ruined nature, with the poison and the sting beneath. A single tree that crowns the top of a rock amid the wreck of a fallen mountain, shows where grace can rear its trophies. The reeds by the loch-side bending to the sudden breeze, call up the stir of the heart under the mysterious Spirit's Breath. The wild ducks starting from the rushy covert, and in a moment out of reach, are the riches that fly away on wings. The walls of a deserted shieling at the foot of Craig Maskeldie give a glimpse of patriarchal life gone by, and take up the lament for the exile. The little ruined church seen at the lower end of the lake is a symbol of the deserted shrine of the soul on which 'Ichabod' may be written. A fitting memorial of him, and one of the finest books of illustration for that part of Scotland, would be a collection of these word-pictures, pointing to higher meanings, and assisted to the eye by truthful sketches.

"One day we made an excursion by the lake to the old church at its end,—for Inchgrundle, like Venice, had always choice of a road, by land or water. On the occasion of our excursion he took his rod with him, being very anxious that I should catch one of the 'char,' for which the lake is noted. My attempts were unsuccessful, but he soon drew one out himself, and entered on the history and edible qualities of the fish. The monks had, as he believed, introduced it as a delicacy for the sake of the fast-days, little thinking, added he, that they were providing food and recreation for a Presbyterian minister!

"We landed at the old church, so close to the lake's margin that the dash of the waves must have sounded in chorus to the singing of the Psalms, and explored under his guidance the small roofless ruin, whose site carries us back to the times of the Culdees. For there, according to tradition, stood the Church of St. Drostan, the nephew of Columba, (a common name also in the royal Pictish line,) and the same name is still preserved in the farm of 'Droustie' in the neighbourhood. Close by the ruined church is the deserted schoolhouse (the church and school having been transferred farther down the glen). This humble dwelling was the home, a hundred years ago, of Alexander Ross, the Allan Ramsay of the North, who wrote 'The Rock and the wee pickle tow,' and was the author of 'Helenora, or the Fortunate Shepherdess.' The latter work is very much an unknown one now, even to Scotchmen; it is a pity, for it contains descriptions of scenery and life which betray the eye and heart of a true poet, and traces of customs and traditions not to be found elsewhere. His house must have been the smallest in which even a poet ever lived, the largest of the two little rooms being only ten feet square; and yet, looking up and down the valley, nowhere else could one imagine a better application of the '*parva domus, magna quies.*'

"On the day of our visit, however, there was a stir about it, such as must have given Alexander Ross some of his pastoral pictures. The work of sheep-shearing was going on busily behind the old churchyard. On these occasions the shepherds from all the country round are accustomed to help one another, so that we had representatives from far and near. I was struck by the way in which Dr. Guthrie passed from the memories of the deserted church to the humanities of the present; yet it was the same element in both which interested him. He had not much fancy for mere stone and lime antiquarianism; but he touched ground when he came to the human. He was on terms of thorough acquaintanceship with his neighbours. He seemed to know every face we saw, and the names of all the absent, and the shaking of hands reminded me of the welcome given by the people to the minister at a Scotch ordination. There was on his part an absence of anything like the patronizing air, and on theirs, a mixture of manly independence and respect. One was introduced to me as 'the mathematician,' and another as 'the poet.' He had discovered their tastes and qualities, and set himself to draw them out with a playful humour that never hurt their honest feeling, and that left a brightness on their faces at parting.

"He was engaged at the time of my visit with his Autobiography, though the information about it was given me in confidence, as he knew not how it might turn out. Every one will now regret that he did not begin it sooner:—and those most, who have heard his narrative of the men and times that have gone to carry forward the Presbyterianism of Scotland to a new period, which will take rank with its famous epochs. In our conversations, the affairs of the Church often came upon the board, and the heroic period of the Free Church, its Wallace and Bruce epoch, was dealt with in fond and bright recollection, contrasted with the disunions and recriminations which at that time were vexing the Union Question.* But he spoke kindly of those from whom he differed widely, and hopefully, too, of a solution sooner than many expected. 'I cannot help liking him, for all that is come and gone,' he said of one of the leading anti-unionists: 'he is a fine fellow at bottom.'

"His leisure times through the day were spent in curious studies of plants and animals, with quaint Christian emblems drawn from them, and regrets that the conventionalities of the pulpit would not always permit of their use there. As the evening deepened, so did his discourse; and one could see by what a profound well of religious feeling his life had been freshened in his work for his fellow-men. In the household prayer his heart was open, and the fulness of his affection for the members of his family, scattered now over the world, for the brotherhood of faith, and for all men, was poured out in his own strong and fervid words.† It is not of this, however, that I have to speak so much, as of the familiar traits about him that one can refer to with less delicacy, but that are very helpful in individualizing him. I observed that in his prayers on these occasions he had a certain rhythm in his voice, and that the foot often kept an audible accompaniment, evidently without

* See Chapter XIV.

† "At family worship," writes Mrs. Mayo ("Edward Garrett," one of his *collaborateurs* in the *Sunday Magazine*), "the household was joined, not only by the permanent occupants of the lonely farm, and by any gillie who might be in the vicinity, but also by the tramps who might be earning a few days' shelter by a little field work. For these waifs, the Doctor had ever a kindly word and inquiry, and a special clause in the prayer. It was touching to see the dull faces brighten, and the shuffling forms draw up, as, on their second appearance, they found that their names and any special circumstance about them was duly remembered. . . . I love to think of the Lochlee evening 'worship'—the chapter, the prayer, the psalm—with just his dearest about him, and those few weather- beaten shepherd folk, shut in by the awful mountain silence, only broken once and again by the bay of a hound or the shrill pathos of some wandering gillie's bagpipe."

his being conscious of it. I think it is characteristic of his speeches and sermons also when in a certain mood. I believe he never wrote a line of poetry in his life, and yet the bees of Hybla seem to have been humming in the air without finding where to settle down. I do not know that we have any reason to regret it, for the poet-orator does his work no less than the poet proper. When we had psalms or hymns sung through the day we had the accompaniment of a harmonium, but the instrument was silenced at family praise. I asked the reason, and found that it was an offering to charity. The housemaid, an attached member of the family, belonged to that staunch and worthy section of the Christian Church, the Original Secession, and she had a strong dislike to instrumental music in the service of God. He could not bear that her edification should be marred, and, though his face was turned forward in these things, he had a kindly feeling for that sturdy Scottish period when the old woman, as he said, declared that 'she would have naething sung but Dawvid's Psalms, ay, and Dawvid's tunes to them!'

"For obvious reasons, the references in his memoir to his family relationships must be slight; therefore a visitor may touch this subject as relatives cannot. He was blessed of God as few are by the absence of severe trial, and by the rich gifts of household affection. He lost only one child (I believe, in early infancy), and all the others, six sons and four daughters, grew up to man's and woman's estate, without ever causing his heart a pang, or his eye a tear. Though some were separated far from the home hearth, a place was always kept for them there, as fresh as when they left it; their letters came to it as a centre to be sent round the circle, and their father's letters—when from home—were often printed to be made common family property.* Next to the love of God, his spirit was sustained in his last days by the love of his children. While the united firmness and affection with which he dealt with them had much to do with this, it was not the whole. Only those who looked more nearly knew how much both they and he were indebted to the wife who still survives him, and how she did her part in her sphere no less fitly than he in his. Related by ancestry and kinship to ministers on all sides, she had the experience and sympathies of her place. In one thing she balanced and supple-

* Some of these were bound up in a volume with this inscription:—"To my two sons, Thomas Guthrie, near Buenos Ayres, and Alexander Guthrie, in San Francisco, these letters are dedicated with the prayers and very affectionate regards of their father, Thomas Guthrie. '*The Angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads!*'"

mented his nature :—with clear judgment, deep feeling, and a native sense of becomingness on all occasions, she had a quiet, even temperament that calmed his impulsiveness, and gave him that soothing which to an imaginative nature is strength. He might have flown as high without her, but he could not have kept so long on the wing. Latterly—as birds flutter homeward at night-fall—this became more manifest, and though he could traverse the world in his vigour alone, in his later years he could only journey, and be well, in her company.

"Dr. Guthrie used to spend his Sabbath intervals reading and sitting before the door with the loch and hill in front, not making passages for sermons, but drinking in the spirit of things about him, and reviving his own nature. He never himself gave a hint of any of the illustrations he had made use of, and when he spoke of the scenery it was with the feeling and words of the moment, not as seen through the eyes of his own parables. He had—more than most men—the power of laying down his burden of prophecy, and enjoying what was before him; and this made him no doubt all the stronger when he took it up again. It is the old story of the giant, who got power from his mother earth, or the deeper Christian truth of the child's heart within the man that makes him more manly in God's kingdom. In the forenoon of the day, we worshipped with the Rev. A. McIlwraith and his congregation in the little Free Church at Tarfside; and, in the evening, he insisted on my taking the sermon, instead of himself, in the hall of Lord Dalhousie's Lodge. Our service that night was a kind of alliance meeting. The Rev. Walter Low, an Established Church minister, led us in our singing; the Rev. W. Welsh, a Free Churchman, in our prayers, and the sermon was by a United Presbyterian. As we stole homeward in the gloaming, under the shadows of the hills, Dr. Guthrie spoke of it in his sanguine way as an earnest of peace after wars still waging, and of the hope we might have of progress, when we had met so quietly in Christian worship, close beside the keep of the Tiger Earl, who was, centuries ago, the terror of the north.

"The more I saw of Dr. Guthrie, my feeling deepened that he was the same man in private as he appeared in public, and that his work was the outcome of his life. He had the same two poles to his nature—indignation and pity; indignation that rose against the enemies of justice and freedom, and pity, not only for all human kind, but for the broken reflections of it in dumb suffering life as well. And playing between these poles was a lambent humour that helped to make pity more

soft, and wrath more keen. Besides the one Book, there were two he was always reading—nature, and human nature; not with other men's glasses, neither telescope nor microscope, but with his own natural eyesight, opened by a genuine, loving interest. Of the two, I should say he preferred human nature. He loved not nature less, but man the more. His way of looking at a landscape was the opposite of Claude Lorraine's, with whom scenery is everything, and men in the foreground only lay figures. And yet his love of nature was very deep and genuine, as any man could see. He carried it in his heart to the city, and hung up its pictures in his mind's eye to keep himself and his hearers natural and fresh amid the din and dust. His study of God's word was of a similar kind,—through his own vision and heart. He carried the man and the Christian to it, more than the historical or doctrinal critic. Deep down in his nature were fixed, what are called in Scotland, 'the doctrines of grace;' and with these, as a part of himself, he handled the word of God. I recollect hearing him relate a critique on his 'Gospel in Ezekiel' in some Unitarian journal. 'Dr. Guthrie,' the writer said, 'seems to believe that Ezekiel signed the Westminster Confession of Faith.' 'A very fair hit, that!' he remarked, laughing. It was fair, and yet not quite fair; for I do not believe that, in his exposition at any time, the Confession of Faith was a measuring rule in his mind; but he had within him a conviction of a renewed humanity which he carried to the Bible, as he carried a natural humanity to the hills and woods, and he heard them speak accordingly. He was by no means ignorant of the critical historical school, but theirs was not the method which suited him. His mind moved not in the logical, but the analogical plane, and swept forward, not in the rigid iron line of the railway excavation, but with the curves of a river that follows the solicitation of the ground. And so, too, his sermons were constructed. They had not exhaustive divisions enclosing subjects, as hedges do fields, but outlines, such as clouds have, that grow up by electricity and air; or such as the breadths of fern, and heather, and woodland had on the hill-side opposite his door, where colour melted into colour, with here a tall crag pointing skyward, and there an indignant torrent leaping headlong to come glittering out again among flowers and sunshine. Some tell us that analogy is a dangerous guide, and that metaphors prove nothing; but where they rest on the unity between God's world and man's nature they are arguments as well as illustrations.

"Every man of warm, sensitive feeling grows into his sur-

roundings as nature puts a tree—say a silver-barked birch or a red-stemmed mountain-fir—just on the bank or point of rock where the painter's pencil loves to find it. The kernel is sown there by some curious law of adaptation, and it draws congenial nourishment from soil and sky to become a sort of index finger to the landscape, or an eye through which its expression looks out upon us. When the visitor to that sequestered spot stands by the ruined church of St. Drostan, and one of the kindly natives of the Glen points to the simple house that looks down on the soft blue-grey loch, and up to the sweep of the great dark hills, he will feel there is a fitness in the bond which the place must always have with the clear-eyed, warm-hearted, large-souled Thomas Guthrie."

CHAPTER XIII.

INTEREST IN OTHER LANDS.

All his life long the subject of this Memoir was ready, as in the French *cabaret* of which he tells in his Autobiography,* with the frank avowal, "*Je suis Ecossais.*" In one of his letters from London he mentions being present at a lecture entitled "Rob Roy Underground," which was given in St. James's Hall by Mr. John MacGregor, of the Inner Temple, on behalf of a Ragged School and mission for the Poor. "Mr. Kinnaird was chairman, and at the close I had to rise and take speech in hand, to move him a vote of thanks. Oddly enough, the lecturer (though born at sea) was a Scotchman; so was Arthur Kinnaird, the chairman; and so was I, the only other speaker;—a conjunction which suggested to me the story of the gentleman who, on landing in Jamaica, found a negro going along the streets of Kingston, bawling out at the top of his lungs, 'Scotch shrimps! Scotch shrimps!' He challenged *blackey* with telling a lie, as it was impossible that fresh live shrimps, caught in Scotland, could be found so far away, and in so hot a climate. Whereupon, the *darkey*, cleverly hitting off and illustrating our nationalism and clanship, pulled up a shrimp, to which another clung, and to it, another, and so on, till there was a string of them dangling

* P. 101, Vol. I.

in the air, and replied, 'Massa, look, are not these *Scotch* shrimps?' I told my brilliant audience in St. James's Hall the story, as one which the circumstances of the evening recalled to my mind,—and I must say, to the credit of their good sense and love of a little humour, they were greatly entertained with it."

In listening to Dr. Guthrie, it was not difficult to discover his national origin. Yet, Scotchman both in tongue and feature as he was — nor by any means destitute of the prejudices of his countrymen—he was, in the best sense, cosmopolitan as well. "In the minds," as Dr. Duff writes, "of the Evangelical Christians of England, the United States, the English-speaking population of India, and all our colonies, the name of no Scotchman, and assuredly of no Free Churchman, since the death of Dr. Chalmers, bulked so largely as his."

The opportunity which as a young man he enjoyed of spending the winter of 1826–27 abroad had an influence on his whole future life; and, though thirty years elapsed till he again left Great Britain, a desire to see more of the world haunted him through all the busy interval. No kind of reading was more congenial to him than books of travel; they stirred his imagination, and furnished him with illustrations. He enjoyed old-fashioned "Voyages," like those of Cook and Byron, and devoured the latest volumes of Kane or Livingstone.

"But for my wife," he writes to Miss Eliott Lockhart, on 2nd July, 1857, "I half believe I would not have seen you again till my return from Australia. It would have been a grand tour; away by the Mediterranean, down the Red Sea after a sight of the Pyramids, touch at Singapore, &c. My wife would not hear of it; so we are back here (Lochlee), and, after all, I don't know that I could have gone, being afraid of overwork."

The Rev. G. Divorty, formerly a minister in the

The Rev. R. H. Lundie, of Liverpool, mentions that, after his own return from the Holy Land, which he had visited in company with the late Dr. Norman Macleod, Dr. Guthrie proposed to join him in some future visit to Palestine, and frequently conversed with him on the subject. There was no spot on earth he so longed to see, but he dreaded the fatigue of travel in the East; and when Mr. Lundie met him for the last time, and asked if he still entertained the idea, his reply was, "Ah! friend, I must wait now till I see the New Jerusalem."

A visit to the American continent seemed more attainable. For years he had this in view. Time after time urgent invitations were addressed to him to visit Canada and the States. Not, indeed, that he was popular in all quarters across the Atlantic:—his abhorrence of negro slavery was too intense to admit of silence. In proportion to his dislike of the system was his admiration of those who had the courage to denounce it. When Mrs. Stowe visited this country, after the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Dr. Guthrie was one of the first to welcome her, and spoke at a monster banquet given in her honour in the Music Hall, Edinburgh. He refers, in a letter dated 25th April, 1853, to her appearance and his own speech on that occasion:—

"Mrs. Stowe wears her honours most meekly; sat unmoved in that great assembly, her countenance quite placid and calm, without much or any expression or appearance of talent. But I set up the lioness! I was quite amused and pleased with that. I was just separated from her by her brother and husband, so that I had full opportunity to see the effect. Her eye kindled, and her whole face beamed with mind and feeling. I could compare it to nothing so much as when the light inside a glass shade has been reduced to the size of a pin-head, and you put on the gas; then how the globe lights up!

". . . . Her brother (Charles Beecher) told me that her extraordinary talents — the talents of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' —appeared very early, and have been all along well known to her family. The pictures of her are hideous caricatures.

colony, furnishes us with an explanation of this proposed visit:—"After the Synods of the Established and Free Churches were pledged to each other to unite, an attempt was made on the part of several brethren of the Free Church to re-open the whole question. This ultimately led to a painful separation, in which several ministers and elders took up a distinct and independent position. The majority of the Free Synod, finding all their efforts to effect a reconciliation fruitless, resolved to apply to the parent Church in Scotland to send out a deputation, in the hope of healing the breach. They took the liberty of suggesting the names of several ministers whose visit would be most likely to have favourable results; and at the head of the list was the name of Dr. Guthrie.

"As an instance of the jubilant feelings entertained at the prospect of a visit from him, a rich settler stated that he had marked off twenty acres of land, which he intended to present as a gift to the distinguished visitor, in order, as he said, 'to make him an Australian laird.'"

Though he declined the mission, it was not without much hesitation:—"I feel as if I may be turning my back on duty," he wrote to Sir George Sinclair, "in refusing to risk even health in this service. I have identified myself with the cause of Christian union here, and am I justified in staying at home when its cause requires my aid abroad? I trust that God will guide me to a right decision. What is your advice? Give it me." After finally yielding to the remonstrances of his friends on the score of health, he again wrote to the same correspondent:—"I see that, owing to my proneness to excitement, I would have run no small risk of bringing back my old heart-malady. I cannot take things coolly:—an evil in one sense, good and power in another."

She looks much better than any of them; not what you would call a pretty woman, but quite comely."

"I have been often asked to go to America," he said in 1859, at a meeting held in Edinburgh to express sympathy with Dr. Cheever. "I have the highest opinion of the United States; and it is because I love them, that I wish this foul blot (slavery) removed from their escutcheon. If that were done, it would be a happy day for the world when they march south to Cape Horn with their Protestant truth and liberty. They have promised to frank me to and fro. I will tell you plainly and publicly why I will not go. If I went, I could not keep my temper! I could not go and see a fellow-creature—a little child or a woman—set up to auction to be sold; it would stir my blood, and I could not hold my tongue. I could not stand the sight of such things in the South, and there are things also in the North which I could not stand. I could not go into one of their pulpits, and look on a sea of white faces, and then behold some poor negro, in whose beaming eye I discern a loving heart towards my blessed Lord and Saviour: I could not see that man standing in a corner, and professing Christians refusing to sit down with him at the Lord's table—the man who, perhaps, will go into the kingdom of heaven in front of them all. These are things which I could not stand.

"In the months of August and September here, I see clergy of every denomination, and men of every profession. I throw open my doors to them, and I am never happier to see any than Americans; but I make it a moral duty, when they are breakfasting with me, to dose them on the subject of slavery. And it has always seemed to me, that the moment I touch upon that subject, it is like getting near a man or woman with corny toes!"

All through the protracted struggle between North

and South, Dr. Guthrie's sympathies were strongly pronounced, nor did he ever lose faith in the ultimate success of the Northern States. We remember the morning when, in April, 1865, as we were starting from the railway station at Naples for Pompeii, Mr. Bonham, the American Consul-General, came up to Dr. Guthrie with the startling intelligence he had just received, of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. Except in the cases of the awfully unexpected deaths of Dr. Chalmers and Hugh Miller, we never saw him so much stunned by any evil tidings as on that occasion. Once and again that day, notwithstanding the absorbing interest of the buried city which he then visited for the first time, he reverted to the subject in terms of deepest sorrow and indignation.

In 1867, along with the late Principal Fairbairn and the Rev. J. Wells, Dr. Guthrie was deputed by the General Assembly to represent the Free Church to the Presbyterian Churches of America. He was aware to some extent of the ovation which awaited him across the Atlantic, and he began to fear that too much was expected of him in the way of speaking. He therefore wrote to Mr. G. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia—

"*March* 18*th*, 1867.

"I doubt that you don't know what a 'winged bird' I am. I have preached none since you heard me in London, and have been obliged to give up all pulpit and platform work.

"I am in the enjoyment of better health than I ever had at any period of my life, and I never was in better spirits; but the least nervous or muscular strain affects me to a degree a stranger could have no idea of. Indeed—but for the hope that, as every drop adds to the stream, I might, through this expedition, help to a kindlier and more brotherly feeling between the sea-divided members of the same family—at my age, and with my infirmities, I could not have undertaken the enterprise. Nor did my medical advisers consent to my going, but on condition that I would *ca' canny*.

"Beyond speaking briefly at the Assemblies, I must undertake no public work, with one exception—this, namely: I would like in one or two places, where there was a likeli-

hood of getting money, to plead the cause of the Waldenses to a select audience . . . . . This object I would ever have in view, that I may turn my time and travel to some good account, out of, and beyond, my denominational circle. Of course I must not forget that I am a delegate from our Presbyterian Church to Churches Presbyterian, and so must do my best fully to discharge what belongs to my office. I don't know yet what use I may make of the materials I collect; but my object will be to see, not merely what is new and interesting, but what is creditable and honourable to the *stars and stripes.* Every shield has a gold and copper side. We have seen more than enough of the latter. I want to see your gold side, and, when I return, show it here.

"I was one of the few in society in this country, or in England, so far as I found and knew it, who stood stoutly up for the Northerns, after Abe Lincoln's New-Year Declaration abolishing slavery in the rebel States; and I feel it to be a duty to do what I can to present the States in such a light to the people here as shall make some ashamed of themselves and of their feelings, and go to foster and ripen that kindlier disposition which has begun to become more general and developed toward our brothers across the sea.

"You know now what I am aiming at. Have the kindness to think how I am best to reach it . . . ."

On 6th April, 1867, with Mrs. Guthrie and their youngest son, Charles, he sailed by the Cunard steamer *Scotia,* from Liverpool for New York. But, to his own intense disappointment—as well as that of the many who awaited him on the other side—after being two days on board, he was forced to relinquish all his plans, and leave the vessel at Queenstown. The peculiar heart-affection from which he suffered made the air of a ship's cabin at night intolerable to him at any time; and on that occasion it so affected his nervous system that, while grieved, he was thankful to go ashore. "Letters have just arrived from New York," he writes a few weeks subsequently. "An awful disappointment to them, but, I believe, life to me. A hundred and fifty people were invited to meet me at a private house on the Thursday evening I was to have arrived. I was to be addressed, and expected to address

in return. The same, arranged a day or two thereafter for Philadelphia, and elsewhere."

He made the acquaintance of many American Presbyterian Professors and ministers both in this country and when travelling abroad; and, in Dr. Adams and Dr. Cuyler, he had friends of special value. Leading men of other denominations also he occasionally met. When visiting his friend Mrs. Herschell, at 28, Westbourne Terrace, London, in November, 1870, he writes—

"I was so glad to meet here yesterday evening that venerable man, McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio; his name having been for the last thirty years associated in my mind with all that was most zealous and orthodox and liberal in the United States. His head is white, his face with an intelligent and singularly sweet expression, his person tall, and his manners those of a perfect gentleman. Sprung of a Scotch Ayrshire or Galloway family, as his name indicates, he belongs not to the northern or Irish, but the Gallowegian Celtic race. He is seventy-two. We had much interesting talk. He had heard me in Free St. John's ten years ago. When I gave thirty years for the disestablishment of the Church of England, he considered that too long a reprieve. He has been much here with Canterbury and the bishops."

In 1867, Dr. Guthrie's fourth son, Thomas, went to commence life in Buenos Ayres, and in 1869 the fifth, Alexander, in California, while in 1868 his relative and early friend, Dr. M'Cosh, was installed as President of Princeton College, New Jersey. All this gave him thereafter a fresh and personal interest in both the great continents of the New World; and, notwithstanding his former experience of shipboard, had his life been prolonged, he would have attempted to reach the West once more. The following letter presents the explanation:—

"*January 8th*, 1872.

"I have got now more definitely than before plans for an expedition to America in my head. If I had had any doubts about my power to stand the sea voyage, these would have

been cleared off by my late experience in voyaging to and from the Orkneys and Shetland. Leaving Kirkwall at six o'clock on Saturday evening, we were all night at sea, and did not reach Lerwick till five on Sunday morning. I was advertised to preach there in the afternoon. I made for the hotel, tumbled into bed, and rose to my work at one, wonderfully fresh.

"Then on our return, after staying some two or three weeks in Shetland, I had a thorough trial of my powers. We had a rough sea between Lerwick and Kirkwall; but between Kirkwall and Scotland a tremendous one; and out of a large number of passengers, with the exception of one, I was the only person not laid flat on their backs. I read in the cabin till I was driven out by the *groans;* after that, walked on the deck, admiring the magnificence and majesty of the scene. Standing with the captain by the bulwarks, there rose beside us, as if it had been blown up by a torpedo, a dome, or rather pyramid, of water, high as our funnel. Seeing what was coming, I threw myself down close by the bulwark, hoping to escape a *sousing;* but in vain; an avalanche of water broke down on me and the captain. But I was none the worse; it was there and away through the scuppers,—I, with a very heavy woolly top-coat on, shaking myself like a Newfoundland dog. They had it in Shetland that I was *knocked down* by a wave—so reports go!

"All I need at sea is fresh air, and I understand that can be secured now in the Atlantic steamers, by getting a cabin on deck."

In view of thus accomplishing his long-cherished wish to visit America, he had written to his son in California, sketching a lengthened tour of a year, and added: "If God spare and bless us, such, in a general way, is the plan I intend to carry out; ever bearing in mind the uncertainty of life and all earthly things. May we be ever ready, having a sure interest in Jesus Christ and His redeeming work, to leave this for a better world. . . . If I go to your quarters, it will be with two resolutions,—first, to bind myself to no work; secondly, let 'Jonathan' have his own way, advancing the most anti-British and extravagant statements, without calling out an answer from me, unless when I meet a man of sense and piety in a quiet corner. What I will aim at, will be

to pour oil on the *waters*, not the fire; and to strengthen the brotherly and Christian bonds that should unite us together." The failure of his health terminated this purpose, as well as many others.

Shut out thus from more distant shores, his journeys were confined to the Continent of Europe, some portion of which he visited latterly nearly every year.

It was in 1856 he saw Switzerland and the Alps for the first time. The unsullied snows, the pine-clad gorges, the glaciers, the blue lakes, and delicious atmosphere, inspired him with an absolute enthusiasm, which found vent in exclamations of astonishment and delight. "The works of the Lord are great, in wisdom He has made them all!" were words repeatedly on his tongue. On his return to Edinburgh, he would ask his acquaintances, "Have you seen Switzerland?" and when the reply was in the negative, "Then save up as much money," he would add, "as will take you there. You will get a new revelation of the Creator's glory. I say to everybody, see the Alps before you die!" He had great faith, moreover, in the power of travel to enlarge men's minds, and brush away the cobwebs of prejudice: "It would be a healthy thing for him" (he wrote, in reference to one of his brethren in the ministry), "to get away, for a six months' tour, from the *ecclesiastical atmosphere* in which he lives."

The one drawback to Dr. Guthrie's enjoyment of Continental travelling, was his want of familiarity with modern languages. It was no wonder that he found his French, since 1827, grown rusty; of German he knew scarce anything—as the reader may judge from his description of an incident in 1856. The scene was a village near Kehl, in Germany, and not far from the French frontier:—

"Sauntering out before breakfast, we found an old grey-headed man, attired in black, standing opposite a respectable house in the illage, and directing a youth who was pruning an

acacia. He had something of the air of a scholar and a gentleman, although his black was a little rusty. We concluded him to be the pastor; so, doffing my hat, I made a polite bow, and addressed him in French. I am sorry to say, for the honour of the cloth, he was as innocent of any knowledge of that tongue as the village folk, who, like great—but honest-like—louts, only roared and laughed when I *parlez-vous*ed them. The minister and we were obliged to give it up. However, I was anxious to know whether he was really the pastor;—so furbishing up some little Latin, I returned to the attack on a Roman charger, carried my point, and held a short conversation. He was no more *gleg* at the Latin than I was; indeed, he was full as rusty, about as rusty as his coat, but the honest man parted with David and me with many bows and much politeness."

It was to him a strange experience to find his fluent tongue become a stammering one. He made persevering efforts, however, to talk to the country people when travelling abroad, and (to use his own phrase) "hammered away" wonderfully; finding, when in Over-Yssel, in the Netherlands, in 1867, that his Forfarshire broad Scotch was not without its use.

"I only regret I do not know the French tongue more thoroughly," he writes from Martigny in 1856. "I would *jaw* to everybody, and gather a vast mass of interesting knowledge. Everybody, Papist and Protestant, man and woman, grey-haired patriarchs and the sucking child, Donald of the Highland hills, or a shepherd of the Alps, all like to be spoken to, and treated as bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh."

Even nearer home, he had been driven to curious expedients in the way of communication, as we gather from a letter written at Ballachulish in 1859:—

"We found an old, bowed, grey woman of eighty within. Our English friend, Miss Bunting, saw the economy of a Highland cabin, very dark and comfortless. However, we found the lamp of light and life in it—a thick well-thumbed Gaelic Bible. The old woman had a pleasant smile; but not one word of English could she speak or understand. We communicated,

or attempted to do so, by signs, with complete success, at least in one instance. I saw something like a byre; wished to know if she had a cow; pointed to the hovel, and *rousted* and *mooed* like a cow, at which she laughed, and signified that she had one.

"I never felt more the imperfection of earth as compared with heaven: many languages here, but one there. That poor *bodie*, a nice-like old woman, who may have been a bright saint, was isolated from me, and I from her; she as a beast to me, and I as one to her."

And yet, a strange language had a kind of fascination for him. Describing a Sunday spent among the Celts of another part of Britain, he writes from Wales, in the same year—

"The place of the parish clergyman, who is a devoted and excellent pastor, was occupied by an Oxford-like *birkie*, who gave a sermon which had one great merit,—it was under twenty-five minutes in length. Socrates or Plato would have done better.

"I was much more pleased, if not edified, yes, I say *edified*, by the worthy Calvinistic Methodist we heard in the forenoon, though I did not understand one word he said. His fervour, and earnestness, and rude but telling oratory, were really improving. I am always glad of an opportunity of being present where God is worshipped in, to me, an unknown tongue: it is to my mind the most impressive of all sermons on His omniscience, and that He is the common Father of us all."

Thus he was greatly pleased when told of a remark made by the Roman Catholic landlord at Chur (Grisons), who had entered the room accidentally while Dr. Guthrie was conducting family worship in the Hotel. At its close, this man, addressing Mr. Thomas Sinclair, of Belfast (one of the party), said solemnly in reference to the prayer of which he knew not one word, "*Ach! Gott versteht alle Sprache!*" ("Ay, God understands all tongues.")

He was of too social a nature to enjoy a Continental trip, as some do, alone; in addition, therefore, to mem-

bers of his own family, he generally found himself, on reaching Dover (to use his own playful words), "with a 'tail' near as long as a comet's!" On his first visit to Switzerland, the party was joined by the late Principal Cunningham, of whom, in the tribute he paid to his memory from the Moderator's chair in 1862, he said: "William Cunningham has carved his name on the very pillars of our Church; a lion in the battle-field, he was a lamb at home." The evening when we approached Chamounix, the two Doctors were riding side by side, a short way in advance of the party. The sun had set on the lower parts of the valley; while, to our great disappointment, the summits of the mountains were shrouded in mist and drifting cloud. All of a sudden, we were arrested by a loud shout from Dr. Guthrie, who had pulled up,—and, with wonder and delight on his upturned face, was extending his arm towards a rift in the clouds, where, like a fragment of some brighter world, a snowy peak shone aloft in rosy light. "Saw ye ever the like of that?" he cried in his enthusiasm. The learned Principal of the New College, dropping the reins on the neck of his mule, pronounced the sight, in his calm matter-of-fact style, "*a very marvellous combination*,"—a statement which he clenched by taking a long and leisurely pinch of snuff.

"CHAMOUNIX, *June 24th*, 1856.

"No man has seen the glory of God in nature—the majesty and magnitude of our Heavenly Father's work—who has not seen the surpassing and altogether indescribable spectacles of this valley and these mountains. With perfect propriety and reverence I would reply to any man who should ask me on my return what I saw, in the words of Paul, used on his return from heaven: 'I saw things unutterable!'

"I awoke this morning at four, left my bedroom for the parlour, from which I had been told the night before I should see the very summit of Mont Blanc, if it were to be seen (for

we did not see the veritable dome last night). I threw open the window, and there, still untouched by a sunbeam, the whole range, in pale pure white snow, rose up before my astonished gaze. In a moment I had roused the others, and while we stood gazing with solemn silent admiration on the scene, the summits flashed into golden light,—silver changed in an instant into burning gold. That scene and moment are never to be forgotten. I immediately descended to waken Dr. Cunningham, who speedily appeared. Top after top, peak after peak, crown after crown, blazed and burned in the sunbeams."

An early start for an expedition among the mountains found Dr. Guthrie the first of his party astir, and his buoyant glee on such occasions sometimes brought him into trouble. At Interlacken, with a long day over the Wengern Alp in view, we remember his thundering, before five o'clock of a brilliant summer morning, at the doors of his party, one after the other, along the corridor of the Hôtel Bellevue. He was for the time manifestly oblivious that the said hotel was not his own dwelling-house—a fact which was recalled to mind by the sudden apparition, from behind a door, of the white nightcap and black beard of an irascible little Frenchman, who, in loud and indignant tones, exclaimed, "Vat for you make dat great noise? it is much shame," &c., &c.; and, before Dr. Guthrie had time to recover from his astonishment, and tender an apology, the white nightcap and black beard were withdrawn, and the bedroom door violently slammed from within.

To Rev. William Hanna, LL.D.

"Interlacken, *July*, 1856.

"He who would see the majesty of God in His earthly works should certainly come here. The drawback is the natives of this glorious land. Idiot faces and enormous goîtres, sallow, squalid, depressed-looking men and women looking out at you from the little window-holes of their wooden houses, and troops of young beggars, are a horrible nuisance. However, one suffers every day more pain far, by walking down our own High Street. Give me goîtres and cretinism a thousand

times rather than the sallow dying infants that lay their weary heads on the foul shoulders of our drunken mothers. I go home (God bringing us back in safety) more than ever resolute to bear my living and dying testimony against the drinking habits of our people. We saw Paris in the midst of its gay excitement and holiday enjoyment at the baptism of the young prince. I have purposely visited, by day and in the evening, the lowest quarters of many towns we have rested in, and—save an *ouvrier* uproarious in Paris, and a Bacchanalian chant I heard on Sabbath night in Berne—I have not seen nor heard a sign of intoxication since I left our own land.

"I did not see that difference others have marked between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Cantons. But, be he Protestant or Papist, I think it is a bad position for the perfect development, either of a man's physical or mental nature, to be shut up in a glen, whether of the Alps or Grampians. We have been often struck with the marked resemblance of aspect between the population in some of the Swiss valleys and that of our own glens; they have both a dirty, depressed, indolent-like appearance. Could we get our towns kept from growing too large, and the means of grace and education applied to the whole body, I am persuaded that man is best located when he stands, as forest-trees stand, surrounded by neighbours. Living much by himself, he becomes selfish; and, away among the mountains, he is in his views and feelings apt to become as narrow as the valley he lives in.

"We heard Mr. Forbes* preach here on Sunday, and then at the close of the service he dispensed the sacrament. Mr. Welsh, David, and I joined. It was very solemn and impressive to join in the communion of the Lord and Saviour that day, in a distant land, in an old Roman Catholic Convent, with the Episcopal Church."

To MADAME DE LA HARPE.

"INTERLACKEN, *July*, 1856.

"We have had glorious weather since we left you. God has blest us with brightest skies, perfect health, and preservation from all accident to life or limb. I have been greatly interested; and am going home, if I can find time, to make myself a thorough proficient in the French tongue, as I want to come back, on hard and determined business, to gather information on many subjects which interest me; and, by setting which before the public at home, I think I might do some good before I die. I trust we shall go home with greater

* Now Rev. Dr. Forbes, English Chaplain at Paris.

love to our fellow-men, a warmer interest in their welfare, and a lofty resolution to live more for large and loving objects, to glorify the Maker of this glorious world, and Him who hath redeemed it by his blood. Would that He had entered into possession of his purchase, and that we felt sin to be as great and loathsome a deformity to the soul, as these most hideous and horrible *goîtres* are to the body!"

"INTERLACKEN, *July 4th*, 1856.

"I was deeply interested in my visit to Dr. Guggenbuhl's Training Institution for young *cretins*, and looked with reverence on this celebrated man. He is a noble example of one who has cast all personal interests and pleasures of a common kind behind his back, and who has devoted himself, with illustrious perseverance, and patience, and self-denial, to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-creatures. I saw, too, some young ladies there, who, having been trained in an institution for the rearing of Protestant deaconesses, had devoted themselves to works of benevolence; and I thought that this world has few nobler sights to offer for our admiration, than that of a young woman who has left the world below, and ascending that mountain (the Abendberg), and to the very heights of self-denial and noble benevolence, spends the live-long day with a poor imbecile on her knee, with gentle voice calming its irritable spirit, tenderly subduing its unruly passions, and with kind hand opening up the sheath of its unblown faculties."

"FRIBOURG, *July*, 1856.

"We got here to breakfast, and set forth without delay to see the Cathedral. Above the door is a curious representation in stone of Christ making the worlds. The Bibles of these old papists lie open in the stony letters of their cathedrals, and, for myself, I would like to see that old taste revived which met you with the grand and glorious truths of religion everywhere, and carved the history of the world and its salvation on all manner of buildings. They made the very wood and stone of the walls to speak. I know some would cry out against this as Popery; but that is pure prejudice and senselessness, and the sooner people are taught so the better, and learn to judge a thing on its own merits, without regard to those with whom it originated or the purpose to which they applied it. The fact is, that there are superstitions and prejudices and blindness to truth and narrowness of mind, disgracing Protestantism, to be found among ourselves as well as among Papists.

"Popery is here seen, *not* in these outside sculptures, but

when you get within; as when, in that Cathedral, I saw rational beings in adoration before some tinselled, painted doll, representing the Virgin Mary, nor lifting an intelligent eye or thought towards Him who laid the foundation of the everlasting mountains which rise high in serene sunny majesty above their heads."

"LUCERNE, 1856.

"One day an old woman came on board the steamer on the lake here, with two wooden baskets containing live trout. This old body was a philosopher in her way. Every five minutes or so, she got the boatman to draw up fresh water and supplied the element to her trout, and between times kept shaking the baskets with the water and trout. Thus, she provided her live-stock with a constant supply of fresh air, which trout need as much as we. We noticed that all the time she was *shaking*, she was also *praying*. The conservation of her soul went on with the conservation of her trouts. She was a happy, fresh, brisk old body, full of smiles and nods, and, although a blinded Papist, was earning an honest livelihood, and one was happy to see *her* so happy, apparently pleased with herself and every other body. She had the happy art of extracting pleasure out of all things and little things, which is an art we should cultivate along with a sweet and sunny temper. This brightened the old body's Popery, and lowliness, and poverty. It adorns the Truth."

"BRUSSELS, *July 23rd*, 1856.

"I sit down to write you some account of the grandest fête-day * we have ever seen, or are likely to see. The only regret which your mother and I had was that we had not all of you with us; seeing that while all the spectacles were beautiful, some parts of them would have thrown the *bairns* into ecstatics—that exploding, overflowing ebullition of joy which it is perhaps as great a pleasure to see as to feel. . . .

"Amid these crowds, I was pleased to see manifestations of much kindness toward each other. One father's love for his poor half-idiot son I was greatly struck with. The youth may have been sixteen or eighteen years of age; head, body, and limbs quite feeble and feckless. The father, a plain labouring-man, with the marks of hard work on him, had thrown the poor object over his shoulder, and bore him on his bosom, the head and arms of the simpleton hanging over his

* The Jubilee fête to commemorate the accession of Leopold I.

back. When they came to any display more than ordinarily brilliant, he stopped in his walk with his heavy burden, and the poor boy rolled round his head to see it. The father was resolved that his son's dark life should borrow some passing gleams of joy from the public festival, and he walked these streets a beautiful moral spectacle. You saw in him the tenderness and the wisdom of God, in making us kindest to the helpless: and how kind, to use a common proverb, Providence is to *fules* and bairns."

"GHENT, *July*, 1856.

"We went last night to hear vespers sung in the convent chapel of the Beguines. We had travelled with some of the nuns, who bore in their calm, meek, pale faces such an air of purity, kindness, and benevolence, that I was anxious to see them in their own home. . . .

"They really look happy; that is to say, they have a serene aspect—peaceful, if not joyous. I don't wonder at it. Their life is one quite fitted to develop some of the finer and more beautiful elements of the female character. They are much engaged in religious exercises; they distribute bounties among the poor; they visit the sick; they have a school and teach the ignorant. In fact, bating their superstition, they spend their lives much more usefully, and I believe much more happily, than many of our Protestant ladies,—who (having no family cares to occupy their attention, and not giving themselves, like some of my good female friends, to works of philanthropy and religion) are useless members of society, encumbrances on the social machine;—in all senses of the word the 'non-productive class,'—living to themselves, and therefore getting sour in the temper, perturbed, and *drumly* as all bodies that stagnate are apt to do. Although I know people will call it Popery (when it is only common sense), I believe, were our unemployed, or often ill-directed, moral, benevolent, and religious power organized in some such way as in some well-regulated Roman Catholic institutions, there might be many good persons employed doing good who are now next to *hand-idle*.

"There is nothing in a nun's destiny or employments so opposed to a woman's nature as there is in a priest's or monk's to a man's. In the offices of the latter, there is nothing to cultivate the mind or keep the faculties from rusting. It would need an extraordinary miracle of grace to keep any man who had, day by day, to go through that weary round of gesticulations, and genuflexions, and mumbled Latin, from

becoming an animal or an infidel. The rate at which some of them get over the ground in the Mass is quite astonishing; I can liken it to nothing so much as the *beat* of an express train, when it rushes past you as you stand on the platform."

Returning to Switzerland in 1861, Dr. Guthrie took part in the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Geneva, and preached in Calvin's city. He thereafter went to Sion, in the Rhone valley, and from thence to Zermatt. While there, some of his party (his eldest daughter among the number) crossed the St. Theodule Pass on foot into Italy; he himself and the others remaining overnight at the châlet on the Riffelberg. Of that evening, Dr. Guthrie in writing home recounted an incident—

"GENEVA, *September* 10*th*, 1861.

"At last we reached the Görner Grat, where we stood 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and where I gave some of my friends a snow-balling. Sitting there, a very fashionable and clever-like woman, with keen black eyes, set herself down beside me and began to lecture me on the improvements of the lower classes, the necessities of education, the importance of sanitary regulations, &c. I received her remarks most submissively, just dropping a word once and again to show that I was not altogether a complete ignoramus in these matters. I was amused at the end of this. Having gone away to look at something on a bed of snow, her husband, who had had some dim suspicion of me, had committed his thoughts to her. She asked your mother; and when I returned, she rose, shook me most cordially by the hand, told how happy she was to meet me, how she always read my papers in *Good Words*, and ended with a perfect torrent of apologies for having presumed to instruct me! I was much amused at this affair 10,000 feet above the sea; and this lady and all of us struck up a great friendship. She undertook to doctor me; and, to please her, I swallowed I know not how many globules of aconite and belladona, time about, to cure my toothache."

Eight years thereafter, when Dr. Guthrie was in Italy, he wrote from Florence on 10th May, 1869—

"The other day, in the Galleries of the Palazzo Ufizi we unexpectedly encountered friends. While seated, and engaged in conversation with some Americans, a lady, with a gentleman at her back, plants herself before me. I noticed a queer, knowing smile on her face, but she said nothing. I had a vague notion that I had seen that face, those bright black eyes and that sharp look, somewhere before. And so it turned out. Waiting for, and, when it came, seizing a pause in our discourse, she advanced, smiling and holding out her hand, to say, 'Dr. Guthrie, I think?' I was to begin my usual speech, 'I should know you perhaps; pardon me, but I have a bad memory; you must tell me who you are,' when my recollection suddenly returned—sufficiently at least (though I could not recall her name) to make me jump to my feet, and exclaim, 'My friend of the Görner Grat, 10,000 feet above the sea! Is it not?' So it was; and we were very happy, as you can fancy, to meet again."

He spent six weeks in Brittany, in 1864; choosing Quimper, the *chef lieu* of Finisterre, as his head-quarters, in hopes to escape, in that extreme corner of France, from the crowds of tourists by whom the Continent is now overrun, and because he learned that the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists maintained a Mission station there. The Rev. James Williams, who at that period was their representative at Quimper, along with his family, contributed much to the comfort of Dr. Guthrie and his household.

"Hôtel de l'Epée, Quimper, Finisterre, France,
"*March* 21*st*, 1864.

"I am glad that I was led to think of coming here; there is so much in the houses, habits, manners, and dresses, to say nothing of the tongue of the people, that is strange, interesting, and entirely new. The men are the most grotesque and picturesque-looking fellows you ever set eyes on. The stoutest quaker would hesitate about wearing a hat of such breadth of brim. Under these hats, down to their feet, the male sex show varieties of costume according to the parish or district to which they belong. So do the women: and this makes the streets and markets the finest, funniest, most entertaining spectacle you could see anywhere in the world. Some of the men wear three jackets, the upper one not reaching six

inches from the armpits. These are of bright blue, often with rows of bright brass buttons set as thick as the tailor can place them, and in addition their edges are set off with yellow braid. Round the waist some wear a broad parti-coloured sash, others a very broad leathern belt fastened in front with a buckle as large as a good-sized saucer. The hat, which is at once a hat, a parasol, and an umbrella, carries two or three broad bands of black velvet, which fall down the back, and carry tassels at their ends. Some wear breeches of which knickerbockers are a poor and feeble imitation,—enormous bags with plaited folds, exactly such as you may see the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth painted in.

"But, perhaps, the oddest thing in the appearance of these peasants is the long hair which falls out of the enormous slouched hats of the men, over shoulders and back. They preserve their hair more carefully than did Samson his; and the young good-looking lads get from this (as they shave lips, cheek, and chin) the appearance of women. The older men (whom poor food, and hard work, and years have deprived of their beauty), showing a wild eye and sallow thin face out from these shaggy, long, black locks of tangled hair, have all the appearance of brigands or savages.

"While the men are proud of their *manes*, the women, except in one district, don't show a lock. This fashion the lasses (who, notwithstanding, with their picturesque dresses and singularly odd but striking caps, look very pretty) turn to good account; selling their hair to pedlars, who send it on for frontlets and wigs to adorn the old age of Paris,—getting a good sum for the first crop especially. . . .

"This is an awfully Popish place and country; the Bretons being the most bigoted followers of Rome in French territory. While we were in a horse-fair to-day we heard the 'Angelus' sounding one, two, three—one, two, three,—and then nine strokes without a pause. I was struck to see some of the Bretons pause in the thick of their talk and bargaining, to take the hats off their long-haired heads, and, bowing, remain for a minute or so engaged in silent prayer. I take it that those who did so were devout and earnest people, for the greater number paid no heed to the call as it came swinging from the tower of the distant cathedral.

* * * * * *

"After leaving Quimper, we visited Carnac and Lokmariaker. In these two places we found more Druidical remains than you will see in England, Scotland, Ireland, Denmark, &c., during months of travelling. From the top of a

tumulus called Mont St. Michel you look down on the great field of the Carnac *dolmens*, and *menhirs* or upright stones, which form eleven parallel rows terminated by a semicircle. They were 12,000 in number once, but are reduced to 1,200 now; churches, villages, farmhouses and dykes having found in them a ready quarry. All the stones are granite. Some are enormous boulders five or six feet in diameter; others, upright stones, from eight feet to eighteen or twenty—one, now broken and prostrate, measures sixty feet in length.

"It is an amazing sight. Nobody can find a key to them: some say they formed the grand avenue to a great Druid temple; others, that each was a memorial stone to a warrior who fell in some great battle. The popular idea among the peasantry is this, that these great grey granite stones were once an army of pagan giants, who were changed by St. Cornelius into stone! They say that on a certain night of the year these old stony fellows are allowed to leave their places, and resume a sort of life; that they go staggering away to the sea-shore; and that any person who is clever and quick and bold enough to watch this change, and visit their holes before they come rolling back, will find in each hole a rich treasure buried. They tell that a man one night was fortunate enough to hear these petrified pagans talking. From their conversation he discovered the night of their approaching change and freedom. He took into his confidence a pious youth whom he found carving a cross on the side of one of these giants. He engaged this youth to help him, without warning him, however, of the danger—wishing him, in fact, to be killed, that he himself might be sole possessor of the secret. Well, they watched. At a certain hour of the night the whole field moved, and away went the giant *Menhirs* to pay their visit to the sea-shore. The man leaped into one hole after another, and had possessed himself of a vast treasure, when, hearing the thundering of the stony giants on their return, he made off without warning his companion; but he was not to escape. Like Avarice, he overdid the thing. He had not time to get out of their way, and was crushed to a jelly. The other, still more exposed,—was pounded? No! A stone came thundering up to the poor fellow, who was saying his last prayer; but when close beside him it pirouetted round. It was the stone on which he had cut the sign of the cross!"

"Paris, *April* 26*th*, 1864.

"On our journey from Chartres, we passed some fine châteaux: one had been the residence of the great Sully, Henry

IV.'s minister, who, I am sorry to say (though himself all his days adhering to the Reformed Faith), advised his master to become a Papist in order to gain Paris over to his side. It was a fatal affair for France. If Henry had trusted to God, and stood out, France might this day have been the greatest of the Protestant Powers. The cause of the Reformation was once strong in France. Rennes, where we worshipped with some thirty of a congregation of Protestants, had once a Protestant population of ten thousand souls. Louis XIV., by revoking the Edict of Nantes, ruined the cause of the Reformed Church and the interests of France. Seventy thousand Huguenots emigrated to the Low Countries, and, while thousands came to us across the channel, only the dregs remained; and when these facile souls were driven into the Popish churches from sheer terror, that great scoundrel Bossuet, who prostituted his brilliant talents to the basest purposes, extolled his licentious master for the deed, as a grand defender of the true faith and conqueror of heresy. The Roman Catholic Church and the Bourbon race reaped, in the cruelties and horrors of the Revolution, what they sowed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Revolution merely overthrew what through all manner of vice had already become decayed—like an old tree, its heart eaten out, and little else left than a shell."

Dr. Guthrie had visited the north of Italy in 1861, but it was not till 1865 he saw its present capital :—

"Rome, 186, Via del Babuino, *April 8th*, 1865.

"It is its connection with the great Apostle that, to me, gives to Rome its greatest interest. I felt, on entering the city, that now, for the first time in my life, I was on ground peculiarly sacred, in so far as these streets had been trod by the feet of an inspired man—the greatest of all the Apostles. The Appian Way by which Paul approached Rome still exists, as it did more than eighteen hundred years ago, and in not a few places you see and walk on the broad large stones that paved it then, and so I knew that I walked on the very road he had trodden. I sat on the tomb of that Horatius who held the bridge, and fancied that I saw the Apostle and his companions, who had landed at Puteoli, and, travelling northward, were now making their way across the Campagna,—the Imperial City full in their view. But my sense of connection with one whose name has been to me, from my earliest days, a house-

hold word was most vivid of all two days ago, when, in the Basilica, or Hall of Justice in the palace of the Cæsars, I stood within the ruined walls that had rung to his voice as he pled before Nero. I saw the very platform on which his bloody and imperial judge had sat. Laying my hands on the fragment of the marble balustrade that enclosed the advocates and members of the Court, I placed myself in the centre, right in front of Cæsar's judgment seat, and felt that I was in all probability standing on the very spot Paul occupied when he boldly maintained the truth, not only in the face of Nero, the Roman power, and all mortal and hellish foes, but under the desertion of all earthly friends; no mortal on his side—God only;—a most touching and sublime scene described in those affecting words, which I found it impossible to stand there and pronounce unmoved:—'At my first answer, no man stood with me, but all men forsook me. I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge.' His persecutors and the enemies of God's truth survive only in their infamy,—their proud palace a vast ruin; but Paul's name is and will be held in everlasting, affectionate, and honourable remembrance; and so God even in this world makes good His word—'them that honour me, I will honour.'"

"ROME, *April 12th*, 1865.

"We spent the whole of yesterday, from half-past seven in the morning till half-past ten at night, in an excursion to Tivoli, a classic spot. The whole of the Campagna is at present green, and begins to be covered with wild flowers; large anemones, some of a rich purple, others blue, standing on the pastures as thick as gowans. There were seven or eight *vetturinos* besides ours, carrying out visitors from Rome; and as they all started about the same time, and the roads were very dusty, the occupants of those behind were, men and women both, like dusty millers. We kept for most of the way ahead—our *jarvie*, who had only one eye, and was, in more senses than one, single-eyed, being bent on losing sight of all things else to prove the truth of his oft-repeated boast, that his were the best *cavalli* in Rome.

"A pretty row this led to! A carriage, with fewer to carry, cut past us. Here was dust for us, and an insult to our charioteer. Up he fired; and, sending out from his throat the most extraordinary cries to his horses, away he went, and away we went, and away went the opposition coach; and here, amid a whirlwind of dust, we were in for a regular race on the Campagna! I saw, if this were not stopped, there would soon

be a collision and a crash, for the blood of the old Romans was up and boiling, both in rival men and horses. In vain I cried to the fellow, in French and English and mongrel Italian, to stop; in vain Mr. Purdie, who sat beside him on the box, did so in good Italian. He only glared round on me with his one black, fiery eye; nor was it till Mr. Purdie seized the reins, and I, getting to my feet, fixed my hand in the neck of his coat, and had well-nigh pulled him clean back over on the heads of the frightened ladies in the carriage, that we stopped our friend, and averted a catastrophe and a collision that would soon have made us, not breathe only, but bite the dust. . . .

"Of all the places in the world we have yet seen, Tivoli beats all for beggary. It seems to be the occupation of its six thousand inhabitants; the very sucking infants, before they have learned to speak, are taught to hold out their one little paw, as they hang with the other round their mothers' necks. You are astonished at the most decent and well-to-do-like people, as you pass, opening their palms. The thing is so bad as to be perfectly ludicrous. You are at first angry, and storm and rage, and end with roaring and laughing. I gave them a peppermint lozenge at length, with which they were at first greatly pleased, thinking it ten *baiocchi* (or five pence); but, on discovering the truth, they would come after us to tell us the mistake,—expecting, no doubt, silver: I gave them nothing but a sign to commit the *sweetie* to their mouth; and, after my peppermints were done, pretended not to understand them, but, as if I thought they intended a friendly salutation, I would take the open hand and give it a friendly shake!"

"Rome, *April* 14*th*, 1865.

"On 'Holy Thursday' I went to St. Peter's, and saw the Pope. . . . We heard him with wonderful distinctness as he rolled out the blessings from the balcony over the great door of the church, a hundred feet above where we stood. In volume of sound his voice is equal to Spurgeon's, and more musical in tone.

"Originally a mere man of the world—noble by birth, by profession a dashing officer—the present Pope spent years in the keen pursuit of worldly pleasures; found them as, whether Protestant or Papist, sooner or later all do, unsatisfactory; came under serious impressions; knowing no better, sought peace and refuge in the service of a corrupt Church, and ere long rose to his present tottering and troubled position. And now, one grudges a devout, amiable, and kindly old man to such a system of falsehood and superstition. His expression

of face is one of great kindness and geniality. No doubt of it, Pio Nono is a lovable-looking man, with the air of a perfect gentleman; in fact, we are all agreed that the Pope is the best bit of Popery, and that if he would turn a good Presbyterian we would be proud to see him in the Moderator's chair!

"The Cardinals, with a few exceptions, are very ordinary-looking men—one of them, the head of the Dominicans and chief inquisitor, a hard, *dour*, cruel-looking fellow. To ——'s horror, on my being told 'that's the chief inquisitor,' I said, pretty loud, 'An ill-looking fellow; I'm glad I'm not in his hands!' which only produced a good-natured smile from a priest close by, who proved his knowledge of English by afterwards speaking it to us.

"Even in the matter of architecture, I am heretic enough to think St. Peter's a failure. There are too many colours in its various marbles, and too much glare in its profuse gilding, to produce any feeling of veneration or solemnity. But perhaps I was not in good enough humour to be an impartial judge. I had no patience for pictures, marbles, or frescoes, with such a loathsome sight before me—such degradation of man, such a practical denial of Jesus Christ and the doctrines of his Cross. I stood there, to use the words of Argyle on the scaffold, 'with a heart-hatred of Popery.'"

"Rome, *April 15th*, 1865.

"After returning from paying a visit to the Castle of St. Angelo (originally called and really Hadrian's Tomb), and also to the splendid Villa Borghese, when I was reposing on the sofa to recruit before dinner, Carron, Mr. Kirk's* courier, came in to say that the parish priest had come and wished to enter.

"What on earth can a priest want with us? We had just seen the *oubliettes*, fourteen of them, and the dreadful dungeons in the Castle of St. Angelo, where the popes of old confined their victims, who, blindfolded, were carried to the castle, and, dropped into one of these dark bottles of places, were never heard of more. We had seen the very caldrons in which they boiled the oil that they applied, boiling, bubbling, and seething, to the living flesh of heretics. Was this, then, some apparitor of the Inquisition, sent by the Pope to look after us, to take us up for some of our loose speeches (for it is impossible to hold one's tongue among the abominations and idolatries that stir one's spirit within him here), and to revive in our persons

* The late Mr. Kirk, M.P. for Newry, who, with his daughter, Mrs. D. K. Guthrie, was of the party.

the horrors of St. Angelo, with its 'oubliettes' and boiling oil? So, jumping up from the sofa, I said to Carron, 'What does the parish priest want with us?' 'To bless the house, sir,' said our courier, 'according to custom.'

"Well, as we had no right, civil or ecclesiastical, to stand between our landlady (who has a strong look of Julius Cæsar, and a temper as hot as the sun of Italy) and any good the blessing of the priest could do her house in keeping it free of demons, ghosts, rats, mice, bugs, fleas, or bad lodgers, we said, 'By all means let him enter.' And enter he did, with a timid and shrinking look, half ashamed, I do think—when he saw himself in the presence of those he would suspect to be Protestants—of his occupation. We rose, and bowed politely to him as he came in, in full robes, accompanied by a little boy, also robed, and carrying in one hand the priest's cap, and in the other a vessel with holy water and the brush. He stepped to the middle of the floor, and then, opening a book which he carried, be began to read with amazing rapidity, the boy here and there singing out 'Amen.' Suddenly he seized the brush, dipped it into the holy-water pot, performed a sprinkling, galloped over a few more sentences, and then retired. I was sorry for the poor fellow. We tried to be as courteous to him as possible: he was a quiet, modest, meek looking lad.

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"We have seen Raphael's far-famed picture of the Transfiguration. Our Lord's face is extraordinary in its conception, wonderful in its expression. At Bologna there is another very wonderful face of our Lord, where he appears as a 'Man of Sorrows;' *that* is the most affecting thing I ever saw in colours. It is impossible to look on the one without feelings of adoring reverence and confidence, or on the other without deep emotion, hearing, as it were, a voice appealing from the canvas: 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.' . . .

"People talk a deal of rubbish when they get into raptures about the 'Great Masters.' In my eyes, by far the greatest number of their paintings fail in any degree to move or elevate the mind or stir the affections. The old pre-Raphaelite masters did throw an air of devotion over their tableaux—and not a few of them were, I believe, really devout men; but as to those about whose pictures people go (or, to be thought possessed of fine taste, profess to go) into raptures, few of them move or elevate my mind, or stir my affections. Their men and women are sensuous animals, flesh and blood, but with little of real, homely, human life. Their very martyrs are

poor creatures;—*bonnie* men and women, whom you think—(they are so placid and good-looking)—it was a pity to kill; that is all. I got clean tired trailing through long weary galleries, seeing pictures I was told I should admire and could not. There is more nature, life, and expression which come home to one's head and heart in some of Hogarth's and Wilkie's paintings, than in almost any of the famous pictures of these famous 'Masters.' I speak my own judgment; and thousands talk of the 'Masters' as a parrot would."

"NAPLES, 211, RIVIERA DI CHIAJA, *April 25th*, 1865.

"I wish, instead of dawdling away our time among the mummeries and flummeries of Holy Week at Rome, we had come here earlier, and had more time to study the stupendous phenomena of a land which is so full of the power of God, and which, for the first time to me, illustrates these grand words of Scripture, 'He looketh on the earth and it trembleth; He toucheth the hills and they smoke!'

"If any one have six weeks to spend between Naples and Rome, I say let him give four weeks to Naples and its surroundings, and two to the Eternal City, as it is called. At Pæstum, you see, in the temples of Ceres and Neptune and the Basilica, far more perfect examples of old temples than any Rome possesses, with the exception of the Pantheon. All around Naples again, the country is exquisitely rich and lovely—a garden of Eden, but for sin: the glorious Bay, with its cloudless sky and cerulean sea; Vesuvius, the Solfatara, and other volcanic wonders; and, above all, that most impressive of all cities, Pompeii—the City of the Dead, as Sir Walter Scott called it,—which makes you better acquainted with the habits and daily life of the old Romans in one hour, than you would be in Rome in a twelvemonth.

"At Puteoli (Pozzuoli), in memory of the great Apostle, I bought an old Roman lamp from a priest who had abandoned masses to collect and sell antiques. He may be a suspended functionary—I don't know; but he was very polite and pleasant, and not more given to cheating than his countrymen, who will charge treble the price they will take, and whose dishonesty and greed culminate in the cabmen, who are loud and demonstrative in their demands beyond the tariff, and to whom, as they follow me with their vociferations and gesticulations, I always roar out as loud as they, in good English which they don't understand, '*Summon me to the police court!*' This has a wonderfully calming influence. They get no other answer; they make nothing of it, and at length abandon the pursuit."

"FLORENCE, *May 12th*, 1869.

"We met Longfellow the other evening at the house of Dr. Van Nest, the American Presbyterian minister here. He is very like his pictures, simple and quite unaffected in manner, mild and gentle, full of a quiet suavity. Mrs. Newall got out of bed on purpose, contrary to all my remonstrances, and, though groaning at every step, climbed the stairs, half creeping like a snail, half carried up like a corpse. What will a high-spirited, enthusiastic woman not do—at least, not attempt? It is this which gives value to their services in every good cause. On introducing my good friend to Longfellow, I told him that he should regard the presence of this pale, bent, crippled admirer as one of the highest compliments ever paid him. Neither in his eye nor manner does he exhibit a spark of enthusiasm. But he is a very thoughtful-looking man."

"BERNE, *17th June*, 1869.

"Like reading for the second time any book of remarkable goodness, beauty, and interest, this, my second visit to the scenes through which we have been passing, has afforded me, I think, more gratification than even the first. The surprise is less, the curiosity less, but the taste is more highly gratified—the last affording a nobler pleasure, being the higher feeling of the two; less allied to the vulgar surprise and stupid wonder of the honest woman who, on seeing a blackamoor or negro for the first time, and, after gaping on God's image in ebony, exclaimed, 'Hech, sirs, there's mony a thing made for the penny!' . . .

"We have seen the celebrated clock of Berne. With a number of other strangers, we were gazing up from the base of the old tower at noon. The hand approaches twelve. Bang! there it strikes. We see the king, like a musical leader with his bâton, signal the strokes with his sceptre; we hear the *cock*, who bends his neck back to crow the warning; we see the *fool* shake his head, and ring his bells; while aloft, two giants hammer off with mighty strokes the mid-day hour on the great bell above the bartizan. It is a very old, very curious, and very ingenious piece of mechanism. My excellent friend, Mrs. Newall, afraid of the rain, did not venture out; and, half in joke, half in earnest, pronounced it 'a toy.' Well, I was, and hope may ever be, child enough to enjoy such a thing; enjoying everything—Punch and Judy among the rest—that brings a sunlight smile on children's faces."

Intensely as he relished tours like these for their own

sake, Dr. Guthrie could not be satisfied to go abroad merely to recruit and to derive enjoyment. He liked to combine with these ends some definite purpose of Christian usefulness. Latterly one of the British Vice-Presidents of the Evangelical Alliance, he was in thorough sympathy with its objects. On two occasions he left home in order, primarily, to take part in General Conferences of the Alliance, which he addressed at Geneva in 1861, and at Amsterdam in 1867, on his favourite schemes of Christian and social reform.

In the Second General Assembly of the Free Church (1844) he was named as one of the Committee appointed to correspond with Foreign Churches; and when, in after years, he had opportunity of personally visiting their spheres of labour, his interest in these Churches was greatly quickened. With many French Protestants, specially the Monods, MM. Fisch, Bersier, Bost, and Professor St. Hilaire,* he was on intimate relations. In Brussels he addressed the Synod of the *Eglise Missionnaire Belge,* as a deputy from the Free Church, in 1867. In Switzerland, too, he held repeated intercourse with the late Drs. Merle d'Aubigné and Gaussen; and in no house on the Continent were Mrs. Guthrie and he so much at home as in that of their much-loved friends, Professor and Madame de la Harpe, of Geneva.

But the country in whose spiritual needs, during his latter years, he was led to feel the greatest interest was the Italian Peninsula; and, of all the agencies there, his heart was chiefly drawn out to the ancient Church of the Waldensian Valleys. To every other agency at work for the evangelization of Italy he wished God speed; but he was convinced that the finger of Providence

* Prof. Rosseuw St. Hilaire published, after his friend's death, a graceful tribute to his memory, entitled "Thomas Guthrie: sa Vie—son Œuvre, et sa Mort." Paris, 1873. "Son jugement," is M. St. Hilaire's felicitous remark in that *brochure,* "était aussi calme, aussi sûr, que son imagination était hardie et vagabonde."

pointed to that small but interesting Church as deserving a foremost place in the sympathy of British and American Christians, and a Benjamin's portion of their help.

The Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Leghorn, Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly in 1874, when speaking of Dr. Guthrie's loss, said, "I gladly seize this opportunity of bearing testimony to the warm affection he bore to the ancient Italian Church in the Waldensian Valleys; to the hearty and efficient manner in which he advocated its interests both in Scotland and England, and was about to do so in America when death cut him off. During his last illness, fervent prayer was offered on his behalf in every parish in the Waldensian Valleys, and his death was mourned as that of a well-loved friend. His memory will long be cherished among them, along with those of Gilly and Beckwith, as their generous benefactor."

Dr. Guthrie visited these Valleys of the Cottian Alps two different years. Writing home in May, 1865, he thus referred to the tragic events of which they had been the theatre:—

"This land of most beautiful and sublime scenery has associations and memories surpassing in moral grandeur those, perhaps, of any country on earth, save the Holy Land. Here, for long centuries, when darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people, when the whole world was like the land of Egypt during the plague of darkness, these Valleys were a Goshen. Other Churches, the best of them, have come out of the *Cloaca Maxima*, the great sewer of Rome: the Vaudois Church, never.

"In these respects, there is no Church in Christendom but should give place to this, the smallest and poorest of all the Churches. No Church has ever suffered for the truth or maintained it as this has done. With breathing-times, the Waldenses were persecuted, often to the death, for nearly four hundred years. Their sufferings began long years before those of our Covenanters, and only saw their end, leaving them in the enjoyment of peace and liberty, a few years ago. Nothing

but the hand of a special Providence could have kept the light burning here, or prevented it from being quenched in the blood of those who, rather than consent to become Papists, fought battles with unparalleled bravery. I have got out of the La Tour College Library an old account, by Leger, of their Church and its sufferings, and of scenes he saw with his own eyes and heard from undoubted witnesses; and, as I went through the narrative, my blood boiled, and I prayed God to hasten the time of the downfall of Babylon. The book is now rare. The best idea I can give you of the harrowing character of its details is to mention that the Vaudois, a meek and patient race, are not in the habit of putting it into the hands of their children while young, for this reason—viz., that their children, as they believe, could hardly read that narrative without having revengeful feelings roused within them against the Roman Catholics, and they wish their children to hate none, but live in love with all men. Well, I don't agree in the soundness of this view; nor did our forefathers, who highly esteemed the 'Cloud of Witnesses,' and such books, giving them a wide circulation. Only, I don't wonder at some so dealing with Leger's book and its dreadful prints of the cruelties inflicted on the Vaudois.

"From the rocks, which I have but to lift my eyes from this paper to see, they tossed men and women,—having first stripped them and tied their heads and heels together,—that they might go rolling bounding down, to lie at the bottom a crushed, bloody, quivering mass. Two days ago, I saw the spot on the hills where mothers fled from these ruffians, carrying the cradles with their infants on their heads, while their husbands and brothers did their best and bravest to keep the bloodhounds at bay, till the women and children had escaped to the shelter of the rocks, and the less dreaded rigours of a winter night, passed without other shelter than a cliff or cavern could offer; when next morning came, the cold winter dawn showed eighty infants lying frozen to death in their mothers' arms; many of the poor mothers dead themselves. Thousands fell in battle; thousands died in prison; and this system of persecution was carried on for centuries. But the bloody perseverance of the persecutors was met by a magnanimous and almost superhuman perseverance on the part of the persecuted; and at length God raised them up friends and champions to protect them. Among these, greatest of all, stood Oliver Cromwell, who sent word to the Duke of Savoy that, unless he would cease persecuting the Lord's saints, he would send a fleet over the very Alps to defend them and punish him!

"Till a few years ago, they had no liberty to meet openly as a Church. When permission was at length granted them by the father of the present King, a short while before his abdication, to hold a Synod, a representative—of course a Popish one—of the Government must be there to watch over their proceedings, and see that they did nothing against the Church of Rome, the established religion of the country. That is now all passed away; and on Tuesday last the Vaudois Church met in synod at St. Jean, a country church about two miles from La Tour, as free as any of our three great Presbyterian denominations in Edinburgh in this month of May."

Dr. Guthrie and his eldest son were present as deputies from the Free Church of Scotland. That visit opened up to him a new source of interest for the remaining years of his life. He fell quite in love with the Waldenses, their valleys, their Church, and its mission work in Italy. Here is his own description of his first impressions of the locality—

"Hôtel de l'Ours, Torre (or La Tour), Piedmont,
"Italy, *May 9th*, 1865.

"What a change a few days, and a few hundred miles, have made on our position! A short while ago we were on the broad, level, lovely bay of Naples; here, I lift my eye from the table where I write to a beautiful hill, clothed in the softest, richest green that vines, walnut and chestnut trees, can lend; these rise to its rocky summit, fifteen hundred feet, like a pyramid of foliage, above and opposite to the hotel; while high, but close above, is the cloud-capped peak of a mountain, out of whose mists I see broad patches and long streaks of snow descending its gorges and ravines. At whatever hour of the night I got out of bed and looked, at Naples, I heard the rumble and rapid driving of these Jehuites—'The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously.' Here, about two o'clock this morning, I drew aside the window-curtain, and looked out at the open window—we always sleep with our windows open—and could have lingered there till daybreak. No footfall broke the quiet of the streets; this 'hill city' was sleeping in the bosom of the mountains; the snow aloft was shining in softened moonlight; a gentle murmur, like a lullaby, came up from the river; and

down from the vine-clad hill, with its walnut ana chestnut-trees, came the voices of nightingales, most soft, sweet, and melodious."

"*May* 12*th*, 1865.

"I like above almost any other place to go to the markets, as there you see the peasantry; not perhaps in their 'best and braws,' but washed and neat, and in attire which does their faces and forms some justice; you see, moreover, the produce and staple commodities of the country.

"We have spent an hour in the weekly market this morning. I bought a pair of spectacles; your mother bought needles and a fan from market-*stands* on the street. The vendors of these articles could speak only the *patois* of the valleys. It is not French, it is not Italian, though more Italian than French, and is a sort of *débris* of the old Latin tongue. On going to pay, we came to a standstill; the humble merchants we were dealing with did not comprehend our French. No sooner was the dead-lock reached, than it was opened by men, women, and boys, who knew both French and *patois*, stepping forward unbidden, to interpret; instead of, as some at home would have done, hanging back from sheepishness and want of the kindly frankness which we meet here among these lovable people,—or *glowering* and *guffawing* at both parties. Almost nobody in this whole country is ever seen idle, with the exception of the *daft* folk, an idle chap of a shoemaker who spends more time dandling his bairn on the street than at his *last*, and an old Popish woman, who lives opposite our hotel, and, like me, gets up at five o'clock in the morning, and, like me also, spends a good deal of her time lying over the window. We look over to each other; and this old body, with her grey hairs, toothless gums, and gold cross, and I keep each other in countenance."

In La Tour, the little capital of their Valleys, the Waldenses are mingled with foreign elements, and Dr. Guthrie was desirous to see them more nearly in their pure, primitive condition. For this purpose, he made an expedition to Massel, one of the remotest of the parishes, in the Val San Martino, a wild and thoroughly Alpine region. A special interest attaches to the locality, for it was there that Henri Arnaud, through the dreary winter of 1689, defended the famous Balsille against the troops of the Duke of Savoy.

"Along our road the meadows and rocks were an endless source of interest and delight. The narcissus, our single white odorous lily, grew in beautiful profusion among the grass of the meadows. No one plants like God! Set by His hand in these meadows, where few or none of its leaves are seen, these lilies looked much more graceful than in our gardens—they formed bunches and broad patches of beautiful white, showing their golden hearts and perfuming the air. A lovely primula, with a head of many purple, sometimes white, flowers, studded the banks; columbines grew in abundance; and a bright saponaria, like that which adorns our parterres, peeped out of a hundred crevices, clothing the rocks with its beautiful pink flowers; then, the place of heather was taken by lavender which covers the hills here, as heath does ours. We were delighted to meet some old acquaintances, and ready to sing, on discovering beds of blaeberries on Piedmontese hills and under Italian skies, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' I noticed, too, the asphodel and gentian, the latter of a most lovely blue, and the wild cherry, adding much to the beauty of scenes which, more than any we had seen, afforded us a perpetual delight, and raised our thoughts to Him whose praises seemed to be ever sounded amid these sublime solitudes by the voices of their many waters. Compared with these old temples of God's saints, where their psalms echoed amid the rocks, startling the eagle in her eyrie and the fox on the hill, we exclaimed, 'What is St. Peter's? how paltry its dome! how poor its bits of marbles!'

"The sun was about to set; we had turned one of the most formidable corners we had had to face, happily not to *force;* our path, not broader than a mule needs for its feet, turned sharp round the edge of the rock, along the face of which, smooth and naked as a skin, it was cut a hundred feet or more above the torrent over which we hung, when we hailed the lonely hamlet of Massel. Its cabins were clustered on the steep slope across the gorge, wooded rocks overhanging them, while above the rocks rose long reaches of snow, that seemed to flow out from the clouds that rested on the tops of these Alpine mountains. Though we were at a height of six thousand feet, the hills close by rose at least three thousand feet higher still.

". . . . As if the sun had broken out through the mists which had by this time come creeping down into the upper valleys, such was the welcome we got at the minister's house. Though like its neighbour's, with a rude wooden balcony, and external appearance not much different from theirs, inside we

found many unexpected comforts: a most kind and frank welcome; a genuine lady in the minister's wife; in him, an able man, a devoted pastor, an eloquent preacher; in their eldest child, one of the brightest boys of three years old I ever saw; and a bit sweet lassie, of nine months, in her mother's arms. Their hospitality and kindness might be equalled—surpassed they could not be—and so long as we live, Pasteur and Madame Cardon * will have a warm corner in our hearts.

* * * * * *

"The church of Massel stands on the opposite side of the valley from the hamlet; and we were away to it betimes on Sunday morning. George Robson † and David walked across; your mother and I mounted our mules again, and so climbed up to the plateau on which, in immediate proximity to the Popish Chapel, it stands. The Papists don't number more than two hundred in this parish; the Protestants, or Waldenses rather, some fifteen or sixteen hundred. As we got up to the church, we heard a clear young voice inside, reading the Scriptures. On entering, we found the house well filled; the women sitting on one side, the men on the other; and in front of the pulpit, a boy, who stood up before a table on which stood a large Ostervald Bible, like that I used at Arbirlot, reading the Word of God to the congregation. On closing the chapter he did not close the book; but, making his young pipe ring over all the church, read Ostervald's commentary on the chapter. On inquiring into the meaning of this strange but striking practice, I learned that this duty of reading the Scriptures while the congregation were assembling, belonged to the *regent*, as he is called,—the *dominie* or teacher; but that he sometimes, as on this occasion, employed some boy who was a good reader, as his substitute. It is a capital custom this! Something like it (psalm-singing, I think) was once the custom in Scotland. The sooner it is revived the better—instead of having people *glowering* about them till the minister appears, and thereby unfitting their minds and hearts for the service of His house.

"On the inner walls of the church two or three passages of Scripture were painted. On that in front of the pulpit were the device and motto of the Church of the Valleys:—a candle burning and set in a candlestick, seven stars shining around. The motto, '*Lux lucet in tenebris*'—the light shineth in the darkness—how appropriate to a Church, that, holding the truth

* Now of Pignerol.

† Now Rev. G. Robson, of the U. P. Church, Inverness.

from the days of the apostles, enjoyed the pure light of evangelical doctrine for long centuries, during which, till the Reformation, 'darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people!' In the centre of the ceiling was a dove in fresco painting—an emblem of the Holy Spirit, which seemed to be descending in beams of light on the congregation. The congregation sit at psalm-singing, and stand at prayer. They have a liturgy; most of the prayers being read. They read the Creed also, and the Ten Commandments. During the reading of the Commandments, the whole congregation stand up to hear God's Law: a very impressive spectacle and right thing it is. I would like to see the practice introduced among us. The minister, who preached in French—in which language, indeed, all the services were conducted — spoke with power, and fervour, and great beauty. No reading of sermons in these churches! The Bible, liturgy, and hymn-book lie on a book-board close by the wall; so that when the minister faces the people, he has nothing before him—no board broad enough for a manuscript to lie on.

"In some of their churches they have organs; but, notwithstnnding these and their liturgy, they are as staunch Presbyterians as we are. It is hard to say whether most nonsense is talked by the advocates or by the opponents of instrumental music in the worship of God. I agree with the Pope, who has neither fiddle, nor organ, nor French horn, nor bagpipes, nor anything but vocal music in his own chapel; but to denounce the organ as unpresbyterian is sheer nonsense, since the number of Presbyterian churches which use it is many more than those who do not. While the Waldensians have a liturgy, they have likewise free prayer; and some such midway practice between that followed by the Presbyterian and Episcopalian Churches of our country I would consider the perfection of a system—namely, one thoroughly devotional prayer read by the minister, and responded to, as in the Church of England, by the people, and the other prayers free as in Presbyterian churches; the minister being thereby afforded an opportunity of suiting his supplications to the subject of his discourse, to the circumstances of his people, and to the condition of the country, the Church, and the world. One entire Liturgical service, and only one, to be closely repeated day after day, is not good. Our minds, as well as our bodies, crave variety. . . .

"I formed a better idea of the sufferings which the Vaudois endured when I learned the dreadful rigours of winter amid valleys which we saw robed in flowers. In winter, the minister of Massel goes on his visits with clamps that fit

to his shoes; these are armed with iron spikes, each an inch in length, to save him from slipping away down into destruction, when crossing the sloping roads and rocks sheathed in ice. But the most extraordinary thing remains to be told; this, namely, that more than one-half of the families in this Alpine parish during winter leave their ordinary apartments, and for five months eat, work, and sleep in the ground story where the cows are kept. In winter they live *in the byre* for the sake of warmth—of the heat which the cows give out! This arrangement was so astonishing, that I could not be satisfied till I saw with my own eyes how it was managed. So I got M. Cardon, who accompanied us to the Balsille, to ask one of the peasant proprietors of that hamlet to allow us to enter his house. The honest man and his frank wife seemed more amused with our curiosity than offended with our inquisitiveness, or ashamed of their condition. So the man opened a low door, and, mounting a ladder, vanished in the darkness, bidding me follow. Stooping to the lintel, and groping my way, I mounted, and found myself in a small room with a mere glimmer of light, by which I saw two or three presses—called by the Scotch *aumeries* (a term derived from *armoire*, the French word for a press-cupboard)—and a low rude bedstead. We next paid a visit to the winter apartment on the ground floor, where we found two cows and a calf. The calf seemed very glad to see me; grateful for a visit that broke in on the monotony of its constant in-door and not very bright life (for the place had no visible window), it began to lick my hands. I saw the bedstead in a corner of the byre, where, in company with their cows, these poor people, working by the light of a lamp, which they feed with oil extracted from the walnut, pass the long dreary winter months.

"It is a wretched way of doing. But the most wonderful thing of all remains to be told. In that house,—where the food is chiefly potatoes, rye, and buckwheat, and not much of these, and where the time of the family is so occupied in tilling their bits of land to make them yield food sufficient for themselves and cattle, that they have not leisure to cut down wood enough to defy the rigours of winter in their upper room, and save them the necessity of herding with the beasts,—we found, great and small together, thirty volumes; and among these (the issue of a French Evangelical Society) some of Spurgeon's sermons and Ryle's tracts, translated into French! Nor is that all. I found boys in these remote mountain hamlets who were learning Greek and Latin. They travel every Monday morning a distance of some twelve miles or more to a capital school in Pomaret,

at the mouth of the valley of San Martino, returning to their homes on Saturday night. It was a sad thing to see many of the houses without a bit of glass in the windows; but, on the other hand, gratifying to see that the paper which supplied its place, and which was commonly oiled to give it a measure of transparency, was a leaf of a writing copy, the handiwork of the *bairns* at school."

On Dr. Guthrie's return to Scotland, he was full of enthusiasm for the Waldenses. Wherever he went, he sought to infuse into others a share of his interest and admiration, losing no opportunity of speaking in private and in public on their behalf. Thus we find him writing from Inveraray Castle, where Mrs. Guthrie and he were visiting in September, 1865—

"What stores of knowledge come out of the Dean (of St. Paul's) and Mr. Gladstone! Both are brilliant, or, I would rather say, Mr. Gladstone is brilliant, and Dean Milman witty. We discuss everything, religion, ecclesiastics, literature, morals, Churches. For example, to-day at luncheon our topic was in the main the Greek Church. Yesterday at dinner, we had the Waldenses. I learned from the Dean (who seems to know everything) that one of the librarians at Oxford was poking among the old collections of some college there, when he lighted on the long-lost books and records which Sir S. Morland, Cromwell's ambassador, brought over to this country, and over the loss of which the Waldenses have been mourning for two hundred years. He is to send me an account of the discovery, which I will send to the Valleys."

The Waldensian is probably the only Church in Christendom whose agents in the mission field outnumber her ministers at home. The mission field in this case is Italy, where (with only fifteen home parishes) there are now above sixty stations, dotted over the whole Peninsula from Turin to Sicily, in which island six organized places of worship exist.

Dr. Guthrie was one of the founders of the Waldensian Aid Society, and, from 1868 to 1872, spoke on its behalf in Edinburgh, London, and many lesser towns. His ex-

cellent friend, the late Dr. Revel, President of the Waldensian College at Florence, and latterly Signor Prochet, of Genoa, came once and again from Italy to accompany him on these tours; and, very largely through his exertions and appeals, the Committee have raised some thousands of pounds annually for helping the Waldensian work of Evangelization in Italy.

An experienced and successful beggar, his success in this field proved that he had not forgotten the art in his later years. His audiences were frequently convened at drawing-room meetings; one being held in Stafford House, in 1868, on which occasion the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland invited a large party to hear him. Of another occasion he thus wrote—

"London, 39, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington,
"*March 14th*, 1868.

"We reached Willis's Rooms about half-past seven. Cards had been issued bearing that the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, Mr. Matheson, and Dr. Chalmers invited —— to hear Dr. Revel and Dr. Guthrie. We arrived early, but a long string of carriages were rattling up to the door, and a stream of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress setting steadily in. On entering, we found ourselves in a magnificent hall, of imposing height, lighted by splendid chandeliers, and seated luxuriously.

"Mr. Kinnaird introduced the subject briefly, but remarkably well, closing by calling on Mr. Goodheart, of the Established Church, to pray, which he did in very devout tones and admirably selected words. . . . . I got up on the table. I was a little afraid of it, as I had never spoken from a table before, and there was not hardly any room for locomotion; I felt as if I were an auctioneer! However, all that was soon forgot in the scene before me, and the interested faces of my hearers. They tell me it was one of the finest gatherings ever seen in the Rooms; that we had the cream of London—very thick and sweet cream it was. We had a sufficient proportion of men to take away all feeling of dull decorum by their cheers and applause, and I can say, for the good and grand ladies of the metropolis, that when I told them some few funny things, they laughed as heartily as any set of ploughmen or weavers I ever addressed; not that I intended so to pepper my speech, but they came up, and were not thrown away.

"An hour, or as much more as I chose, was required of me at our preliminary meeting the day before; I think I spoke for an hour and twenty minutes, closing with a peroration against the endowment or encouragement of Popery by the nation in any shape or form.

"P.S.—We have drawing-room meetings for the Waldenses on the 18th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, and 26th."

The very last address Dr. Guthrie ever made (if we except a short speech and sermon at Lochlee) was in London, in May, 1872, when he pleaded the same cause in Mr. D. Matheson's house at 52, Queen's Gate, London. To the end of his life the cause of Italian Evangelization lay very near his heart. He had seen the first fruits of what he believed would one day become a great harvest; and few spectacles abroad or at home interested him so much as that which he describes in the following letter:—

"VENICE, *Sunday, May 15th*, 1870.

"We have just returned from Comba's Church. It was full to the door. We were conducted to it by a *mite* of a creature whom Comba sent to our hotel for the purpose; and it would have amused you to see 'six feet two and a half inches without the shoes,' with his train, following this emmet of a creature dressed up like a man, with a skin brown as a berry, and hair black as mirk midnight. We marched right up to the top of the hall, as I wished to be where I could, while seeing and hearing Comba, have, at the same time, a good view of the audience. I followed him more or less—losing him now, and catching him again, once more to lose him. Comba is a model of a preacher—a grand build of a man, with a very expressive, animated face, a large head, with dark flowing hair, and moustache and beard of corresponding hue. His oratory is vigorous, full, indeed, of fire, without being extravagant or at all *outré*.

"Miss Agnes Watson was the only one of us who (as one might say) 'made meat' of the discourse. But it was a grand sermon to me to look on the people. Three years ago, they were worshipping a woman—kneeling to stocks and stones; and there now were they by hundreds, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. A more intelligent-looking audience, not to say merely attentive, I never saw. More than

once I saw the tear shining in the eyes both of men and women as they sat hanging on the preacher's lips.

"Thus we have seen the best and greatest sight that has met our eyes in Italy: not man's work, which shall perish with himself, but the imperishable work of the Spirit of the Great and Living God. St. Peter's, with all its proud show and costly splendours—the temples of Pæstum, standing up in lonely grandeur, by the shores of the Mediterranean and under the shadow of the Apennines after the lapse of nearly three thousand years—what are these, to the three or four hundred converts from Popery we saw to-day, whom God has brought out of the deep pit and miry clay, the living stones of an Eternal Temple to his own praise and glory? How poor the boasted triumphs of painters' or sculptors' art, their Venus de Medicis, Apollo Belvederes, their Raphaels, Titians, Tintorettos, Caraccis,—to these triumphs of Truth and Divine Grace!"

CHAPTER XIV.

EVENING OF LIFE.

"This day sixty-three years ago, I was born," wrote Dr. Guthrie, on 12th July, 1866, "and in God's good Providence have attained to more than the years of my father. I cannot, however, use Jacob's expression, 'the years of my *fathers*,'—my grandfather having reached eighty-seven, and his father a still greater age.

"How full of mercies have these sixty-three years been! May the years or days that are to come be better, holier! What a miserable thing would the consciousness of passing time be, but that Christ hath brought life and immortality to light! Some families observe the birthdays of each of their members by grand dinners or grand *tea feasts*. I was brought up with no such indulgences. If birthdays are to be observed at all, a religious use is the best that can be made of them; to use them as a height, from which solemnly to look back on the past, and forward to the future." (*To Mr. J. R. Dymock.*)

He felt, at that date, that the evening of his life had already commenced. In 1863 he had been unable to fulfil an engagement in London which he had made with Dr. James Hamilton, and thus wrote:—"I must give up all extra or foreign work till the end of next summer at least. I have bidden farewell to the platform. Even here, meanwhile, I have been obliged to give up

the use of my legs, and drive about the streets.* The truth is, I am become, or am rapidly becoming, an old man; though my general health is good, and when I play the part of a gentleman, get on well. I am hereafter to curtail the length of my work in St. John's. You will believe me that I have written this letter with a reluctant hand. . . . *Ca' canny*, yourself."

Dr. Guthrie was not at that time sixty. But thirty years of excitement and hard work were telling on him now. In 1863, his duties were discharged with more effort than ever before: in October of that year he wrote,—"I have arrived slowly at the opinion that I must get out of harness. More than any supposed or knew, but those within the walls of my own house, my work has been, for years gone by, a toil to me, and one which has been getting heavier each year. The high spirits and steam-power with which I am constitutionally blessed bore me through so long as I was on the road, and in the eye of the public; but now I am forced to call a halt. My heart has got bad again. It is working irregularly, and cannot but suffer from such a trial as holding forth in a heated, crowded church like St. John's, for an hour's excitable preaching. It must thump on at a terrible rate,—which don't suit a damaged engine."

Still, he was most reluctant to say farewell to his pulpit and his people. To try, therefore, whether complete rest and seclusion might not do for him again what they had

* He had now begun to use a phaeton, and said he felt thankful for it as a means of saving his strength. Fourteen years previously, in 1849, he had jocularly adverted to the possibility of some day keeping a carriage. "I received notice the other day," he wrote to a friend, "that I had neglected to send in a return about hair-powder, armorial bearings, and horses. You know that though I am grey and getting bald, I wear no hair-powder—my head is getting white without the help of government. As to armorial bearings, when I am rich enough to set up my carriage, no saying what I will do, but meanwhile my only 'bearings' are a stick and a horse, and they might as well charge me for employing Dr. Fairbairn!"

been blessed to accomplish in 1848, he left Edinburgh in the middle of the following winter, and writes from New Brighton, Cheshire:—

"*January 5th*, 1864.

"To be egotistical and speak of myself, you will have heard that, through God's good hand on me, I am improved and improving. No doubt I am obliged to be careful; some back-throws having warned me that I am a sort of *cracked teapot*, which is fully as fit for the mantelpiece as for rough daily use. Still, my hopes of being able to resume my place in St. John's are much brighter than they were when I left Edinburgh. I would be very happy to be back again; but I desire to be patient, saying, 'Good is the will of the Lord.'

". . . . We have no Presbyterians here, but drink time about at three good *wells*—the Episcopalian, Congregational, and Methodist Churches. The people are blessed with the Gospel, and devoted, zealous ministers." (*To Mrs. W. Reid.*)

On his return, his medical advisers, Dr. Begbie, Professor Miller, and Professor Simpson, pronounced it a necessity that he should at once withdraw from all public work. Dr. Begbie, indeed, who was a member of his congregation, told him that such was the state of his heart's action, that the wonder to him was, he had not seen him drop down in the pulpit. The path of duty was now plain; and Dr. Guthrie penned and published a letter to his flock, of which we append some extracts:—

"To the Members of the Congregation of Free St. John's.

"My dear Friends,—It is due to you, that I myself should inform you that I am called to withdraw from the active duties of the ministry. A predecessor of mine in my first charge at Arbirlot, dropped dead at the Lord's table, with the words of Communion on his lips, and its bread in his hand; and, falling on the field, rose to receive the Crown, if I may say so, with his armour on.* I had

* See Vol. I., page 315.

hoped also to die in, and not out of, harness; preaching on to the end of life, though with faltering tongue. But God, who knows best, has determined otherwise; and I desire to bow my head, saying, 'Good is the will of the Lord. Father, not my will, but thine be done!' My Heavenly Master can do without me; and, instead of repining or fretting under this trial, I feel that I have cause to be thankful that He ever honoured me in putting me in trust with the ministry, and that, notwithstanding my great unworthiness and many imperfections, He has so long spared me as an ambassador for Christ, to 'pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.' . . . . . . I have to sing of mercy as well as judgment—the burden might have been much heavier; and it lightens it greatly to know that, during the few years that may possibly remain, I need not lead a useless life; although, indeed, I think no man passes a useless life who, at God's bidding, stands still, the patient and tranquil spectator of a stage on which he was once an actor. The physicians who have put a seal on my lips have not tied up my hands; and thus left free to do what I can with my pen to serve our blessed Master and the best interests of mankind, I hope, when the last summons comes, it will find me working as well as watching.

"He who has shut one door of usefulness, has opened another; and I think it right frankly to explain to you one among many reasons why I regard this as a matter of great thankfulness. It is not only because I will be able still, with God's blessing, to do some good in the world, instead of lying like a worn-out, dismasted ship, beached on the shore; but that, like Paul, who earned his bread as a tent-maker that the ministry might not be blamed, I will, so long as my brain and hand can work, be burdensome to none. Not but that I think that the minister who spends his health and strength in the public service has as good a right to a retiring allowance as the

officer to a pension who has left his sword-arm in a battle-field, and walks the streets with an empty sleeve.

"In regard to my pulpit and public office, I have heard the words, 'Thou shalt be no longer steward;' and though there is a pause between these and what follows, the time, the solemn time, cannot be far distant, when the same voice shall be heard again, saying, 'Give an account of thy stewardship.' In view of that account, I have no resource but to cast myself on God's forgiveness and great mercy. My hope is in the Saviour whom I have endeavoured to preach; I would otherwise tremble at the sword which now hangs above my head, ready at any moment to fall and sever the thread of life. I commend you all very affectionately to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost. And now and finally, brethren, farewell. Farewell to you, farewell to my pulpit: I preach no more. The voice is in my ear which says, 'Go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.'

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

"EDINBURGH, *May* 17*th*, 1864."

When this letter appeared in the public prints, it awakened throughout the community feelings of affection and regret.

"I have already," he wrote to his son Alexander, "received kind and sympathizing letters; the first of them that came to hand being from Dean Ramsay, who has always borne himself in a very kind and, indeed, affectionate way to me. This trial which is laid upon me I hope will be sanctified not only to myself, but to you and all who are mine. We are at all times so uncertain of life, that there is but a step between us and death; but that is especially true of such as are attacked with a malady like mine. Any violent excitement or great sorrow, any strong mental emotion, might produce, by its effect on the heart, a sudden end of life. And I am sure this will be felt by you and all the other members of my family an additional reason for so bearing yourselves that you

may never be a cause of grief to me, but a joy and comfort. Not that I would have regard to me to be your highest spring of action :—your heavenly Father, the God and Giver of our Lord Jesus Christ, Jesus himself, has done for you what neither I nor any earthly father could have done.

" I am very thankful to God for the comfort I have had in all my children, so far as they have yet gone. They are much on my mind, as well when I am working as when I am praying, when I am abroad as when I am at home, when they are with as well as away from me. There is nothing I dread so much as evil companionship."

Dr. Guthrie was permitted to maintain a connection with his congregation as *pastor emeritus.* He was thus nominally one of the ministers of St. John's Free Church till the close of life ; and while he no longer received any allowance from the congregational funds, this arrangement enabled him to draw his dividend from the General Sustentation Fund of the Free Church, as well as to retain his seat as a member of the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh. Before finally passing from the subject of his connection with his congregation, it is right to mention that a misunderstanding shortly after this date unhappily arose between himself and certain members of the Kirk Session; one painful consequence of which was that his relations with his colleague, Dr. Hanna, became for a time less cordial than they had been. It is not needful here to enter into any detail, further than to add that, after the whole matter had been remitted for judgment to a committee of the Presbytery, of which Dr. Rainy was convener, and after the deliverance given by that committee had been acquiesced in by both parties, the brotherly intercourse between Dr. Hanna and Dr. Guthrie was at once resumed, the first step towards which was taken by the latter, who wrote the following lines :—

" 1, SALISBURY ROAD, *December 27th*, 1865.

" MY DEAR DR. HANNA,—The deliverance given in this day to the Presbytery removes the barrier which, for a short but very

painful period, interrupted our long and happy intercourse. I am very grateful to God for this. I am very thankful that we have both been spared to see this done—a consummation so devoutly to be wished for. Had it in Providence happened otherwise, I believe it would have been to the survivor, whether you or me, a sorrow long as our remaining life.

"I propose to call on you to-morrow at ten o'clock—not that we may discuss nor even touch on the past, but, burying it in oblivion, resume our intercourse as of old. May this trial be sanctified to us both. It has been to me, and I have no doubt to you likewise, a source of much pain. But good, I trust, will come out of this evil, though it were in no other way than this—our showing the world that differences between Christian men are not deadly, and that they who preach bearing and forbearing, the duty of forgiving and asking forgiveness, are able, through divine grace, as they preach, to practise.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

In his farewell letter to his flock, as the reader will have observed, Dr. Guthrie alluded to the prospect of usefulness in God's service by means of his pen. This allusion had special reference to his having accepted, shortly before that date, a proposal made to him by an enterprising London publisher (Mr. A. Strahan), that he should become editor of a religious periodical of the first class, for which it was believed there was then an opening,—to be entitled the *Sunday Magazine.* Such a position was wholly novel to Dr. Guthrie, and at first he hesitated about accepting it; but encouraged by the assurance that he would be aided by a staff of eminent writers of various Evangelical denominations, above all, by his friend, the Rev. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., as assistant-editor, he consented.

He had already contributed occasionally to religious periodicals, both Scotch and English. The following characteristic note from the editor of *Good Words,* Dr. Norman Macleod, refers to his connection with that popular monthly:—

"Now, dear Doctor, don't say nay! I know I am a horrid bore. I feel sneaking, like a genteel beggar. But I will give you twenty million thanks (that is, I will give you my heart *wholesale*, which is more than many thousand thanks in retail) if you give me four pages, each page a Sabbath-evening reading, on any texts you please.

"Unless I get Stanley, Alford, Whately, &c., to take a share in this work, I won't yoke you with small men. I wish twelve men to furnish me with twelve months' Sabbath readings, such as men with *head* and heart will like.

"So, when my list is complete, if you don't like your coadjutors, you can withdraw. Now, Doctor, mind, you have never yet given me a lift in any of my undertakings, and I have never been unwilling to give a hitch to even the Free Kirk when I could! *Four pages!* to be read by forty thousand readers! Is not that little seed and a great crop?

"Don't abuse me; I am an editor; that is worse than a ragged boy far!

"Yours in love and hope (or, as Falstaff says, 'Yea or nay, as thou usest me!'),

"N. Macleod."

His own feelings on becoming editor of the *Sunday Magazine* he thus expressed in a letter to his eldest son—

"London, *February* 16*th*, 1864.

"If it had pleased God, I should have much preferred to live and die in the office of a preacher. His is the noblest of all offices. However, I must try and work by the far less agreeable, and, in some respects, less efficient, instrumentality of the pen; and that, I may say, is now arranged. If God is pleased to smile on this scheme, I will be occupying a position of importance and influence. I will be still *in harness*, only of a lighter kind, and suited to my physical condition; and have the pleasure of rising in the morning to my day's known work, light but fixed—a very different and much happier condition than his who gets up of a morning and does not know what he is to do, or what he should do.

"I cannot be too thankful that, in God's good providence, I have such a pleasant prospect before me—a suitable sphere of usefulness in the evening of my day. All this may be soon overcast and clouded. But that is in God's hands. I must close; only saying that we were at Spurgeon's last Sunday evening—a first-rate, plain sermon, and most magnificent sight. When at Stafford House yesterday, I told the grandees they

ought to go to Spurgeon's occasionally—that he was a mighty power for good in London."

Writing to another of his sons a few days thereafter, he adds—

"Let all the family thank God most gratefully for His many great mercies to me, and may you all be enabled to praise Him by lives conformed to His law and devoted to His service. One great object which I promise myself in leaving the pulpit and entering on this new and less exciting work is, that, in God's good providence, my life may thereby be prolonged to see you and Charlie and Tom settled in life, and that I may be the means of leading you all to Jesus. This is my greatest desire, that you may be Christ's, early giving yourself to Him.

"I commend you to the care of a Father who will be always near you.

"Your very affectionate father,
"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

His position as editor of the *Sunday Magazine* was by no means free from its difficulties and drawbacks. "I am flooded," he writes shortly after entering on his work, "with letters from England, Scotland, and Ireland, with offers of contributions from male and female volunteers." He found it hard to say nay; and it was not easy, indeed impossible, in regard to the matter selected for the Magazine, to please everybody. He was not, indeed, always pleased himself; and it is just to his memory to explain that articles did occasionally appear which fell below his standard—not that they were defective in literary execution, but that he desiderated matter more entirely in accord with the title and objects of the Magazine. Still, he had much happiness in his new position; and, as one source of his interest in the Ragged School was the intercourse he enjoyed on its Committee with men of other Churches, so the thoroughly unsectarian character of the *Sunday Magazine* gratified him, as did the friendship of many gifted men and women, his *collaborateurs* on its staff.

Ere the periodical had been a year in existence, Dr. Guthrie wrote:—"My time is very much occupied with correspondence connected with the *Sunday Magazine*, and preparing materials from my pen for each monthly number. Its success hitherto has been great, if not unprecedented. Strahan, from whom I had a letter the other day, calculates on a steady circulation for the first year of ninety thousand monthly copies; that is, independent of the weekly issues."

In discharging his duties as editor, he sometimes overtaxed his strength; he was not satisfied if unable to take a fair share of the contents;* and the very last literary exertion he made was when, within ten days of his death, he sat up in bed to correct proofs for the "Leper's Lesson,"† at St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

Besides continuous articles of a more directly devotional kind, and afterwards published under the titles of "Man and the Gospel" (1865); "The Angel's Song" (1865); "The Parables" (1866); "Our Father's Business" (1867); "Out of Harness" (1867); "Early Piety" (1868); "Studies of Character" (1868 and 1870); "Sundays Abroad" (1871),—he had commenced what he designed to be a series of papers on the Charities of London,‡ a subject thoroughly congenial to him. Thus

* He was at the same time very sensible of the consideration which he invariably received at the hands of the proprietors of the Magazine. During the earlier years of its existence, Mr. Strahan did much to lighten his work.

† *Sunday Magazine* for 1873, page 577.

‡ So admirable did the directors of the great Institution for Incurables at Putney regard the description which he gave of the Home there, that they begged his permission to republish the article separately, and gave him a right of five votes for election of applicants to the Institution.

But he was very diffident about attempting articles of this more general kind: and in reference to the first paper of that description which he had prepared he thus wrote to his eldest son:—"Along with my MS., I sent a letter to Strahan telling him that this was quite a new field to me, and that it might be I was too old to begin; therefore I asked him, as I did not wish in my old age to make a fool of myself, and have people saying of me as of others, '*There is nae fule like an auld fule*,' to look over the

he wrote from the house of one of his sons-in-law:—"Copley, Neston, Cheshire, 17th October, 1871. My dear Mr. Maitland,—You may be sure your cripples will be limping over the pages of the *Sunday Magazine*: first, because this institution, with kindred ones, deserves a place in the London charities; and secondly, because Mrs. Maitland and you are so much interested in its welfare and success." (*To Mr. J. Fuller Maitland.*)

Shut out now from his pulpit, an opportunity was afforded him month by month of addressing, from the editor's desk, an audience a hundred times as large as when, in the days of his vigour, he preached in St. John's. In a letter written after crossing the Channel in 1870, he described the company on board, and added:—"'Look at that man,' I said to your mother, directing her attention to a tall, stout, muscular, intelligent-looking man who sat opposite to us on the deck, with a respectable-like woman, who had a child with her. 'I'll warrant,' I said, 'that is a Scotch engineer who has been in foreign service.' And sure enough our friend steps up to me by-and-by, to say, 'Are you Dr. Guthrie?' 'And who are you,' said I, 'friend?' He was an engineer, a Berwick-on-Tweed man, who had been years in Russia, and, though living at St. Petersburg, was a regular reader of the *Sunday Magazine*."

"Give my kindest regards to your father" (the late Dr. Williams of York), he wrote to a friend. "I wish for him, what an old Christian gentleman once told me in simple and beautiful words he was enjoying. After he had been years off the streets (and, as I fancied, in his grave) I was surprised to encounter him one day. I did not let him see my surprise; but contented myself with

MS. and say most frankly, if he thought so, 'that it would not do.' I told him that I could afford to have it sent among the 'rejected addresses' and would not be mortified. I would just, in that case, like a wise *sutor*, 'stick to my last.'"

expressions of pleasure at seeing him, and questions about his health. These he answered, saying, 'I bless God, I have had a long day, and now I have a quiet evening.'"

The "evening" of Dr. Guthrie's "day" was brightened at its very commencement by the expression, from many quarters, of love and respect which followed the announcement of his withdrawal from active service. Ere long, practical direction was given to that feeling by a proposal to present him with some substantial evidence of public sympathy.

He had himself in previous years taken a leading part in raising testimonials to his eminent comrades, Drs. Cunningham and Candlish, and he rejoiced when the Free Church community set a noble example to other Christian bodies by presenting to these two surviving leaders of her exodus a sum, in the one case of £6,900, and in the other of £5,600. But the testimonial presented to himself differed from these in this,—that it was not so much an expression of value for his services to the Free Church, as to the Church of Christ and the cause of suffering humanity. Alluding to the list of names of those who composed the committee,* one of the newspapers remarked,—"Probably no other man, certainly no other clergyman, in the three kingdoms could have gathered such an array of friends and admirers, both clerical and lay—'reverend,' 'right reverend,' and 'right honourable'—around him, vieing with each other to do him honour."

A meeting was held in Edinburgh on 20th February, 1865, when a presentation of plate was made to Mrs. Guthrie, and a cheque for Five Thousand Pounds put into her husband's hands. Shortly before, when through

* The Honorary Secretary was the late Mr. Robert Balfour, C.A., a much-loved friend of Dr. Guthrie's, who had been associated with him for years in his Ragged School work. To Mr. Balfour's untiring exertions the success of the testimonial was largely due.

the public prints the intended testimonial had become known to Dr. Guthrie, he thus wrote to Mr. J. R. Dymock from Lochlee:—"Some may fancy that this may blow me up. I have no feelings of the kind, not because I am above the ordinary feelings of our nature, or have not a great deal more corruption than I should have; but such a thing sends a man back to think of his own unworthiness before God, and, if at all right-minded, humbles rather than puffs him up; leading him, when he looks at himself or the many more blessings he enjoys than others not less unworthy and perhaps more deserving, to say, 'What am I?'" In his public expression of thanks, Dr. Guthrie said—

"When forecasting the future,—as a man will do, and should do,—and thinking of the time now come when I might be worn-out with the labours of this city,—whatever my hopes were, they never took the direction of this scene and these circumstances. The most, as my wife knows, that I thought of was, when I was worn-out by city labours, of returning to some country charge to find, in a small flock, work I could overtake, and in the flowers of a manse garden, pleasures which I always enjoyed. But, to retire from the pulpit, the platform, and public life in *this* manner, was little anticipated. . . . .

"Some one, I have heard, complained that he never got what he asked. I can honestly and frankly say, whether it was place, or gifts, or honours, I never asked what I have got,—my wife excepted. . . . . My wife, who has been a helpmeet to me in every way, who has been a helpmeet to me in all my philanthropic labours as far as her sex and position admitted,—is not accustomed to public speaking (whatever she may be accustomed to in the way of private speaking!), and, therefore, I beg leave to give thanks in her name as well as my own. . . . I do not despise the money; I never did despise money. Many a day have I wished I had a great deal more money, for I would have found a great deal more happiness in doing good to others, if it were not needed in any other way; . . . . but, next to the approbation of God, of my blessed Master, and of my own conscience, there is nothing on which I set so high a value as the assurance this testimonial warrants me to entertain, that I have won a place in the hearts of other Christians besides those of my own denomination."

"Did you hear," he wrote shortly after to his eldest son, "that Cassell's House (of London) proposed that I should write a 'Life of Christ,' which they would illustrate by the first artists of the day. I wrote them that I would give a definite answer in some ten days. . . . .

"I am not much inclined to commit myself to Cassell. It is a noble subject, and I would like to finish my public work in such a service; but it will require great care and much time. I feel that I would like to preach more than work with the pen; and I am so much better, that in quiet circumstances I might do something still in that way."

Wide though the sphere of influence was which through the *Sunday Magazine* he enjoyed, he was often inclined to wish that he could, even in his advancing years, quit the editor's desk and return to the pulpit. Occasionally, indeed, he did so; for although, after 1864, he never again preached in St. John's, and but once or twice ventured on a large church, he gladly resumed at intervals his work as an ambassador for Christ.*

The first service he attempted, after his retirement from the ministry, was in Rome. Writing from thence to one of his daughters on 10th April, 1865, he says:—"We had a very interesting day yesterday in the church which is meanwhile in Mr. Lewis's† house—his 'own hired house,'—as Paul spoke of in this very Rome. It was the Communion Sabbath; and I had the great pleasure of having my mouth once more opened, and that anew, for the first time, at Rome,—Paul's city, and of all cities the most interesting to Christians, Jerusalem only excepted. I gave the closing address at our one 'table;'—and was none the worse, but felt quite glad to have the ability and the opportunity of speaking for Christ where, with the great apostle at their head, thousands and thousands had laid down their life for Him."

* Two or three times each year, for example, he occupied his son's pulpit at Liberton, near Edinburgh.

† The late Rev. Dr. Lewis, the representative of the Free Church of Scotland in Rome.

To another occasional service in interesting circum stances he alludes in the following letter to the Rev George Caie,* of St. John, New Brunswick:—

"EDINBURGH, 1, SALISBURY ROAD, *March 5th*, 1866.

"MY DEAR MR. CAIE,— . . . I am happy to find you have taken up and thrown yourself into the Ragged Cause. Better it had been for many a poor child to have been born in the heart of Africa—barbarous, heathen Africa—than in our own civilised and so-called Christian cities.

"My wife and I spent a very delightful week with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll in September last at Inveraray. Almost all the family were there, Lady Emma also; the Dowager-Duchess of Sutherland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone) and Dean Milman (of St. Paul's), with their wives. It was brilliant weather and a brilliant time.

"I preached in the Grand Saloon, and got the Chancellor to lead the psalmody." †

"INVERARAY, *September*, 1865.

"The old Dean is a pattern to us all. He tells me that he is now seventy-five; that, notwithstanding, he is at work every morning at seven o'clock; that such has been the habit of his life; that he counts his morning hours, when the body is recruited by sleep and the mind is fresh, the precious hours of the day for study and acquiring knowledge, and that he owes to them, chiefly, all his acquisitions and his position in life. Now I wish all my children who read this letter to lay that up in their heart.

"He is very clever and witty. In the course of conversation to-day, Mr. Gladstone said to the Dowager-Duchess, 'We shall ask the Dean; he knows everything.' He did not catch the remark; I did: whereupon I turned to him, saying, 'Mr. Gladstone wished you to answer him a question, whether there is not a passage in Cicero where he speaks of the Heathen Temples being supported from the income of estates far remote from the Temple itself?' This Mr. Gladstone prefaced, laughingly, by the remark, 'Mr. Dean, you know everything.' He could recollect no such passage; but turned to me, saying, 'The Chancellor, with his compliments, reminds me of a remark

* Mr. Caie had formerly been tutor in the family of the Duke of Argyll.

† Dr. Guthrie preached once again at Inveraray Castle when, in August, 1871, the Marquis of Lorne brought home his royal bride.

which I heard Sydney Smith make of Whewell, who' (added the Dean) 'really thought, what I am far from thinking of myself, that he knew everything.' 'Whewell's *forte*,' said Sydney of him, 'is *science; his foible* is *omniscience*.'"

Alluding to the latter years of Dr. Guthrie's life, Dr. Candlish thus spoke:—"He grew, as I would desire to grow, more and more from year to year, in sympathy with all who love Jesus, and hold the truth as it is in Him. To our own Church he was to the last loyal and loving—none more so." It was in the evening of his life that he was led to interest himself specially in God's work on the Continent; but his regard for the welfare of his own denomination at home was no way lessened thereby. He never, indeed, had any special taste or capacity for being what an old Highland woman warned her pastor against becoming, "a *buzness* minister;" and, as years advanced, the state of his nervous system unfitted him altogether for the heat of debate, so that he seldom took part in the deliberations, either of his Presbytery or the General Assembly. But when any special service on behalf of the Free Church was sought from him, he willingly undertook it. At Dr. R. Buchanan's request, in November, 1871, he spoke at a great meeting of Free Church people held in Glasgow, to raise £20,000 towards meeting the spiritual destitution of that city; and there again, in the following month, on behalf of the Free Church Ministers' Sons and Daughters' Society, on the solicitation of his friend, Mr. David Maclagan; but in regard to almost all questions of debate his invariable expression was:—"I am content to be an inside passenger, if the 'leaders' will only drive 'canny.'"

One subject, however, which engaged the Free Church during the last ten years of his life drew him out—that of Union with the other Non-established Presbyterian Churches of Scotland,—which ultimately resolved itself

into a keen discussion on the question of a union between the Free and United Presbyterian Churches. One could easily have predicted what side Dr. Guthrie would take on such a question; and when the movement was threatened with obstruction and arrest by a minority within the Free Church, he threw himself into the discussion with much of his old ardour, taking a more prominent part in connection with it than with any other ecclesiastical question since the great struggle of 1843.

It was twenty years after the Disruption that, on a proposal made to her by the United Presbyterian Synod, the Free Church appointed a Committee to negotiate with the other Non-established Presbyterian Churches, with a view to union. But the desire and expectation of such a step had been present to Dr. Guthrie's mind long before. Speaking at a great meeting in Canonmills Hall in the very year of the Disruption, he thus referred to the position of the lately formed Free Church towards the Dissenters:—"We have points of difference, it is true; but what is the use of constantly sticking them in each other's faces? You, Sir James,* used to wear a sword when you were Lord Provost; but you were not always flisking it into men's faces. Some men are like hedgehogs; you can't touch them but they set up their bristles. For my part, I believe that if hedgehogs would only love each other, they could lie closely enough together! My motto is not 'co-operation without incorporation.' I have no idea of that; but co-operation until and unto incorporation."

Ten years thereafter, the late Sir George Sinclair moved privately in the matter, bringing leading men of the various Churches together under his roof in Edinburgh, to discuss the matter at a series of breakfast parties. Dr. Guthrie attended these, and was

* The chairman was Sir James Forrest, Bart., a staunch Free Churchman.

cognizant of his host's plans and purposes from the beginning.

"*January* 27*th*, 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,—I return you Dr. Brown's * letter; it is most interesting, and quite like the man. It is to me a melancholy thing to see how the spirit and practice of unity have been and are sacrificed to an unattainable attempt at uniformity. The Churches that honestly hold the truth, and are at one on what constitute the vital and essential doctrines of the Gospel, have yet to learn or read the story of Charles V. and the watches! I would give men more elbow-room, and on many points leave the members and ministers of the Church to differ; among others, on the Voluntary question for instance. I am confident of this, at any rate, that in the course of another generation, the Free Church will be far on in that direction,—a right or wrong one. Such is the course which all bodies will take who are not enjoying the benefits of an Establishment—or are suffering its injuries, as a Voluntary would say. The States of this world are not such, and never have been such, as to encourage the Church to seek union with them."

Four years thereafter, matters seemed to be ripening hopefully:—

To THE EARL OF KINTORE.

"EDINBURGH, *April* 8*th*, 1857.

"MY DEAR LORD KINTORE,—Some two years ago we had various meetings here, at which Dr. Cunningham, Dr. Tweedie, Dr. Hanna and myself, associated with some of our leading elders, conjoined with the leading brethren of the United Presbyterian Church, with the view of preparing the way for a union between our two Churches. We found that no substantial obstacle prevented such a union,—such a desirable consummation. These meetings have been resumed this winter, to the delight and satisfaction of all who attended them; and a series of resolutions have been carefully drawn out, and cordially agreed to by both parties, with the view of these being published, after being signed by some fifty or sixty of the leading elders and members of both Churches.

"I should be happy to see all the Presbyterians of Scotland again united in one body. Meantime, there are difficulties in the way of such a union with the Established Church, which

* Late Rev. John Brown, D.D., of the United Presbyterian Church.

only time and God in His providence can remove. But we feel that there is no real obstacle standing in the way of union between the Free and United Presbyterian Churches. We agree to differ on some points that have ceased to be of any practical importance to us as an unendowed Church; and we feel that such a union, while it would present to the world a beautiful spectacle of brethren living together in unity, would greatly promote the best interests of religion, and strengthen the hands of religious liberty in our country.

"The movement has begun with the laity (as many great reforms and blessed changes in the Church have done), and it is proposed to confine the signatures to these resolutions in the meantime to them. These resolutions, when signed by a number of the leading laymen of both Churches, are to be published: we hope in this way to prepare the public for a blessed reunion, which, whether it come in our day or not, cannot be far distant.

* * * * * *

"With kindest regards to Lady Kintore, I have the honour to be,

"Yours very sincerely,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE.

"P.S.—Mr. Brownlow North is to preach for me. I have been much delighted with him; he spoke of you all.—T. G."

To SIR G. SINCLAIR. "*July*, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,—I have all along entertained the opinion that yours is the hand which has been honoured to sow the seed of which another generation will reap the blessed fruit. You have great cause to bless God that you have laid the foundation of a great work. . . It is not true that Galileo, or Bacon, or Adam Smith 'lived before their time,' because they were considered dreamers by many, and many years elapsed before the world embraced their views. They lived *in their proper time*, and did their proper work in the order of Providence, and so have you. If you don't live long enough in this world to see the building rise to its copestone, in heaven you will hear, coming up from this earth, the shoutings of 'grace, grace,' when it is laid amid the jubilant joy of brethren dwelling together in unity."

At length the proposal took a distinct shape in the General Assembly of 1863.

"One of my parents," he said on that occasion, "was a Seceder, a holy and sainted mother; and how she would have rejoiced to see this day! I have been behind the scenes of the Secession body. . . I remember the time that when any man would not swear, and would not drink, and who held family worship, and would talk to a man about his soul, and rebuke a man for his fault, he was sneered at as 'a Seceder.' I remember very well being told by Dr. Burns, of Kilsyth, that he was once travelling in a stage-coach north of Aberdeen, where he encountered a farmer, who, it turned out, was on the way to see his minister about baptism. Dr. Burns seized the opportunity of putting in a word into his ear, and speaking to him about the importance of the ordinance; whereupon the farmer looked at him astonished, and said, 'Ye'll be a *sinceder*, man!' and when Dr. Burns repudiated the connection, and told him that he was mistaken, that he was a minister of the Established Church, the man was more astonished still, and said to him, 'If you're no' a sinceder, then ye'll be frae the south.' He added, 'We dinna trouble oorsels much aboot thae things here. The fact is, if the lairds are guid to us, we dinna fash oorsels aboot the ministers!'

"I am in the very position to-day," continued Dr. Guthrie, "in which I stood in the year 1843, when I made my first speech as a Free Church minister in a Free Church Assembly . . . . I never will rest contented—I never will cease to pray and work until that end (union) is achieved; and as I do so I will bury in oblivion the memory of former controversies. I do not come here to make a confession, for I made it long ago. I am not ashamed to confess that in the Voluntary controversy, while my opponents said things to me and my party that they ought not to have said, I also said things to them and their party which I ought not to have said."

He believed that he knew his Voluntary brethren and their principles better than he did then, and he was heartily prepared to "let bygones be bygones." "That the men, I mean the greater part of the men," he wrote to Sir George Sinclair, September 23rd, 1858, "who lived in the days of the Voluntary Controversy should feel less disposed than some of us to this union is but natural. Every man is not Sir George Sinclair, nor, I will add, your humble servant,—seeing I hold that I have one of

those healthy constitutions, blessed with which, a man's wounds don't go on festering and suppurating, but soon heal."

Although the proposal to appoint a negotiating Committee was gone into unanimously in the Assembly of 1863, the tone of some of the speakers indicated that the future of the negotiations might not be quite smooth; but the cloud was then no bigger than a man's hand; and Dr. Guthrie would not allow himself to believe that so reasonable a proposal (as he deemed it) could elicit any serious opposition. So little, in fact, did he anticipate the blackened sky into which that little cloud was ere long to spread itself, that in the previous Assembly he had congratulated the House from the chair on seeing "no ranks frowning here upon ranks there—no right and left hand of the Moderator."

He knew well that there was an important point on which one of the negotiating Churches did hold opinions diverse from those of the Free Church; the United Presbyterians being, as a body, Voluntaries, not only in practice, but in theory and by conviction. But he was early persuaded, and each year's investigation in Committee made it more apparent, that the Voluntaryism of these brethren was not the kind of Voluntaryism which in old conflicts had been attributed to them; that it was neither "national atheism," nor anything resembling it. With so many and cogent reasons for union, he could not regard it as other than a great evil that a difference on the one point of the magistrates' relation towards the Christian Church should keep the Non-established Presbyterian Churches asunder,—all the more that the difference concerned a matter which, in present circumstances, was neither a practical one nor ever likely to become so.

Dr. Guthrie and his brethren on the union side were therefore amazed and grieved at the strength of opposi-

tion which the comparatively small party within his own Church, hostile to the union, displayed. The Free Church, it was alleged, could not make the question of Establishments an "open" one without compromising her "testimony," and abandoning her distinctive principles. Further, it was maintained that the terms of admission to office in the Free Church bound all her ministers to a belief in the duty of the State to establish and endow the Church. No, replied Dr. Guthrie and his friends; the formula which they sign on ordination has been expressly worded to avoid that. "When I met Dr. Macfarlane, of Greenock," said Dr. Guthrie, "one of the shrewdest and most eminent of the men who came out with us, I said to him, 'I wish, Doctor, in arranging the formula of the Free Church, you would take care that there be nothing about endowments there, to hinder us from uniting with the United Presbyterian Church when God's time has come;' and there is nothing of the kind in that formula. Our original Claim of Rights no doubt laid down two principles:—First, that the State was bound to maintain the Church of Christ; and second, that the Church of Christ was bound to maintain the rights of His crown and His people against the State, should it encroach on them. *The first of these is dropt out.* There is nothing in our formula which binds our ministers, or any one else, to hold the principle of endowments."

His conviction was, that if the opponents of union were allowed to make a belief in the State's obligation to establish a Church a term of ministerial communion, the tendency would be to shrivel up the Free Church into a contracted sect; "remarkable" (to use his own words) "only for her noble beginning, and her miserable end." He pointed, as a warning, to the fate of other denominations which had pursued a similar policy, magnifying *points* into *principles.* "Let the process of

splitting go on, and if we are to split hairs on every point, where is it to end? I called once upon a blacking-maker, in the Horse Wynd of Edinburgh, and conversed with him about various matters. I found out that he was a Baptist. 'So you are a Baptist,' I said: 'excellent people,—none I respect more.' And pointing to a Baptist chapel near by, I asked him,—'Do you worship there?' Folding the paper for the blacking, he coolly replied, not so much as raising his eyes, 'I once did, but not now.' 'Where then?' 'Well, you see, sir,' he said, 'we split, and about thirty of us left.' 'And where do you go now?' He said, 'Nowhere. The others have left; one man has gone to Glasgow, another man went to Greenock, a third to Dundee, and there are now just my wife and me.' Had I been wicked enough, I might have raised a controversy between this poor man and his wife, and split them next!"

This is not the place to record the history of the Union conflict within the Free Church:—suffice it to say, that after ten years of negotiation, the Union remains still unaccomplished. To that extent, its opponents can claim success. But its friends believe that they have achieved a better success; that by a careful sifting of principles in committee they have proved the substantial oneness of the negotiating Churches, and reduced their points of disagreement to a minimum. It has been proved that the United Presbyterian Church holds, as substantially as does the Free Church, the doctrine of Christ's Headship over the nations; and, while she denies the application of that doctrine which requires the State to legalise a particular denomination, that she is at one with other Presbyterians on the deeper question of the responsibility of civil rulers with respect to religion and the Church of Christ. A solid basis for future incorporation has thus been formed, and a practical result has meanwhile been gained in the passing of "The Mutual Eligibility Law"

by the General Assembly of 1873, whereby the Free and United Presbyterian Churches may now interchange their ministers.

Dr. Guthrie would indeed have liked to have seen a much greater advance than this. He would, even at the risk of a partial secession from his own Church, have gone through with the union on which his heart was set. "It clouds the evening of my days," he said, "to think that we cannot, while retaining our differences, agree to bury our quarrels in a grave where no mourner stands by —a grave above which I can fancy angels pausing on the wing, and uniting in this blessed song, 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'" When in 1868 he preached Sir David Brewster's funeral sermon, he told how on his death-bed that Christian philosopher had spoken of this union, and with what ardour he longed to see it accomplished. To that eminent man's last testimony he was by-and-by to add his own; during his last days at St. Leonard's the subject was repeatedly on his lips.

Did Dr. Guthrie then, it may be asked, become in latter years a Voluntary? Theoretically he never abandoned the belief, that circumstances may exist in which it is lawful and expedient for a Church to receive endowment from the State. "I have no objection," he said in 1862, "to join the Established Church in point of principle. I believe our successors won't hold the high establishment principle that we do; but I am to carry it with me to the grave." At the same time he frankly avowed a change in his views as to the value and desirableness of a State connection. "As to the duty of the State to bestow, and of the Church to receive, endowments" (to use his own words in 1872), "that is a matter of opinion. I had an opinion once on that subject. It is very much modified now, to say the least of it; and the only thing I am sorry about is, that I cannot declare myself an out-

and-out Voluntary, and see if they (the opponents of union with the United Presbyterian Church) would turn me out of the Church on that account!"

Did he look with hope to a probable reunion with the Established Church? In 1860 he thus expressed himself in a letter to the Duke of Argyll—

"EDINBURGH, *January 24th*, 1860.

"MY DEAR DUKE,—. . . . As to a union between the Established and Free Church, I have been all along most anxious to see all Presbyterians united in our country, while at the same time I look with the deepest interest on the problem we are working out, viz., whether a Church under favourable circumstances is able without aid from the State to fulfil its mission with vigour and success; its mission being that of every living being, viz., maintaining itself, and propagating its species. The present condition of the State is not that which our forefathers counted on when they married Church and State together, and as we in Scotland are in respect of position, wealth, and numbers in more favourable circumstances than any other denomination has been to give this experiment fair play, I am anxious to see it fairly tried, sufficiently tested.

"I have a strong wish on the other hand to see all the Presbyterian parties united, and if that is to be brought about, it can only be in the way your Grace points at. Some two or three years ago the Marquis of Tweeddale was so kind as ask me to have a talk with him on that very subject. He was anxious to see the breach healed. I told him then that I did not believe any Act of Parliament could be so drawn out as to *redd the marches* between, in all cases, matters civil and ecclesiastical, that in fact the disputes about jurisdiction rose up after the battle had begun in another quarter, that the *origo malorum*, the root of all our secessions and disruptions in Scotland, was to be found in the law of patronage, and that, were that Act to be abolished, I believed that the great hindrance to reunion would be removed. Were that done, I would consider the grand end of the Disruption accomplished, and if our having left the advantages and comforts of the Establishment should lead in the end to the restoration of the rights of the people, and more protection than any of the Churches now enjoy against the Edinburgh-made law of the Court of Session, I

should be willing that we should vanish; and would think our sufferings and sacrifices had been well endured.

"I have the honour to be, yours very truly,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

Did that letter stand alone, the views of the writer might possibly be misunderstood; not so, when read in the light of his sentiments as expressed in more recent years. The words which follow were spoken from the Moderator's chair of the Free Church Assembly in 1862, and carry therefore all the weight of a carefully considered public utterance:—"If it were said to me, suppose Government were to give you all that you asked, spiritual independence and the free choice of pastors, are you prepared to accept the terms? Well, committing nobody but myself, I reply, I have no objection on the score of principle; but I am not prepared on the score of expediency to accept the terms. I was lately lamed, and was under the necessity for some time of using crutches; and perhaps you will allow me to borrow an illustration from this circumstance. Well, I am not prepared to give up going on my own feet to resume the crutches; I am not prepared to do so for this reason, that after I had lost the power of walking, and had come to depend on the crutches, the State may do again what the State has done before, knock them from under me, and leave me lying a helpless slave at her feet."

The longer he lived, the less he cherished the expectation of seeing Scottish Presbyterianism united on the basis of a reconstructed Established Church. It rejoiced his heart to hear of unions among the Presbyterian Churches in Australia, in Canada, and the United States, where Establishments have no existence; and, looking to the future in Scotland, he repeatedly expressed the conviction which he thus illustrates in a letter to Sir George Sinclair:—"I have no doubt that the existence of

Establishments is, just like that of the Mahommedan powers in Turkey, a question of time. Their foundations are year by year wearing away, like that of an iceberg which has floated southward into warm seas, and, as happens with that creation of a cold climate, they will by-and-by become topheavy, the centre of gravity being changed, and topple over. What a commotion then!"

He continued to take a lively interest in many matters of national as well as ecclesiastical concern;* and though his relations with the public were now chiefly of a literary kind, his voice was not unfrequently heard on public questions. "It is no exaggeration," writes an impartial authority,† "to say that he could speak more powerfully to the mass of the Scotch people than any man since the death of Chalmers. He was so little of a Free Churchman in a sectarian sense that if Scotchmen had sought some champion to do battle against any great social wrong, the mass of them would, irrespectively of their creeds, have singled out Dr. Guthrie."

"I think," he wrote to Miss Eliott Lockhart, in November, 1869, "the longer I live, my burdens in some respects are growing greater—the weightier, as I am growing the weaker. Adam Black had agreed on Saturday last to deliver a lecture to the working classes on unions, strikes, &c. His views on these subjects not being likely to correspond with those of many of the workmen, a row was expected. Adam wrote me to that effect, and, trusting to me as (according to him) more likely than most people to be able to quell a tumult, he begged me to appear in Dunedin Hall on Saturday evening at eight o'clock.

"There was a mighty crowd; some four or five drunken

* In 1869 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.
† *Saturday Review*, March 1, 1873.

fellows excepted, the people behaved remarkably well. I looked with great admiration on the fine broad foreheads and intelligent faces of these sons of toil. You saw at a glance—right or wrong on the subject in hand—these men were no weaklings or fools."

The question of National Education, as indicated in Chapter XI., engrossed much of Dr. Guthrie's attention in his closing years, and the legislation to which it gave rise he hailed with genuine satisfaction as full of hope for the future. It was with very different feelings he contemplated the action of Parliament on another question intimately connected with public morals.

The grounds, purposes, and results of the Contagious Diseases Acts involved details very distasteful to him. He thought it his duty nevertheless to investigate them carefully, and did not shrink from expressing opinions which, however unpopular in certain quarters, were the result of his deepest convictions.

" . . . The police ought to have no more to do with infamous establishments but to break them up, regarding them as public nuisances equally dangerous and disgraceful to the community, not to be regulated but to be destroyed; and distinguishing between liberty and license, between an incentive to virtue and an incentive to vice, between those who follow an honest, and those who live by an infamous occupation, the police ought to clear our streets of all who are an offence to decency and live by the wages of iniquity.

"Our chief magistrate, Lord Provost Chambers, has done so to a considerable extent here, much to his honour and to the satisfaction of the inhabitants; nor is there a Mayor in England or Provost in Scotland but might, and should, follow his example. If they have not in all cases power to do so, let them apply to Parliament and get it. It is monstrous to see how they will haul up and punish, by fine or imprisonment, some poor decent creature who has thrown a heap of ashes on the street, and yet allow it to be infested with living nuisances who, while corrupting the morals of the thoughtless, are a thousand times more revolting to the feelings of the pure and right-minded members of the community.

"Not that I have any great faith in police action, even when

most wisely, vigorously, and virtuously employed. The true remedy appears to me to lie in raising the moral tone of society; and for this purpose, the press, the platform, and especially the pulpit, must speak out in plainer, louder tones than they have been accustomed to use." (*To Mrs. Wills, Bristol.*)

He regarded the introduction of the Contagious Diseases Acts with mingled regret and indignation. He had no faith in their proving successful, even for the objects which primarily led to their introduction—but, in any case, he regarded their principle as radically wrong. Preaching some years before this date on the temporarily successful but "crooked" and eventually ruinous policy of King Jeroboam—"Fatal success!" he exclaimed, "which was followed by results which should teach our statesmen—whether they manage affairs at home or abroad—that no policy in the end shall thrive which traverses the word of God; and that that never can be politically right, which is morally and religiously wrong."

Of the measure itself he thus wrote—

"EDINBURGH, *February 8th*, 1871.

"MY DEAR DR. MACKENZIE,— . . . This Bill is one of the most atrocious attacks which has been made in my day on the morals of our country. My hope is that it may turn public attention to the evils of a standing army, which, with its compulsory celibacy, I regard as a standing immorality. Pay our men, as Cromwell did, double the wages of a day-labourer (Henry VIII. did the same), give them the means and opportunity of enjoying the blessings and practising the virtues of domestic life, and you need no Contagious Diseases Bills; and since two such men, I undertake, will lick any half-dozen of the debased and debilitated blackguards of our High Street, and St. Giles's, and Salt-markets, from the scum of which our armies are now recruited, you will be even cheaper in the end.* I

* Dr. Guthrie had many communications with Sir Charles Trevelyan and with military men on the condition of the army. Closely connected with his views as to an improved condition of things among our soldiers, was his hearty sympathy with the Volunteer movement. At an interesting Volunteer fête at Lochnaw Castle, when on a visit to Sir A. Agnew, M.P., he said,—"Two of my sons are already Volunteers, and should (which God forbid) the enemy land upon our coast, I would go with my sons to the battle-field, not to fight, but to cheer them on and share in their peril, in defence of all we hold dear."

stand on the principle of morality against the Bill, but it would be well could you smash its supporters by facts and details."

He accompanied a deputation to Government on the question that same year.

"WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL, 19*th July*, 1871.

"Yesterday was the quietest day I have had for years. Save an occasional question to the guard and railway officials, I did not open my mouth, but at the dinner-table at York, from ten in the morning to ten at night!"

"*July* 21*st*, 1871.

"The *Times*, which is on the other side, gives a brief account in this morning's issue of our interview with Mr. Bruce. You would suppose from reading it, that two hundred men and women with flying hair and clenched hands, and screams of indignation and rage, carrying the Home Office by storm, burst in on the astonished Bruce! The *Times*, you would see, speaks in complimentary terms of my appearance I was thankful, when it was over and I found the impression that I had made, that I was borne up and through so well; for I had nothing prepared, being prepared to accommodate my remarks to circumstances, and, indeed, said things which only came into my head when I was on my feet and in the thick of my address to the Home Secretary." (*To Mrs. Guthrie.*)

From the time of his retirement, in 1864, Dr. Guthrie lived less continuously at home than in former years. The altered nature of his avocations permitted him to move about, and he found that variety of scene and of society conduced much to the maintenance of his general health. In 1866, he pitched his tent for the summer months on the shore of Loch Fyne, occupying the Free Church Manse of Inveraray.* One reminiscence, among many others, of that pleasant time,

* In remembrance of that visit, a life-size bust has been placed in the external wall of the Manse, by the Duchess of Argyll, with an inscription. The bust is by W. Brodie, R.S.A., a member of Dr. Guthrie's congregation, who executed another in marble, which is placed within St. John's Free Church.

he has preserved in a speech made at the annual meeting of the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society, on whose platform he appeared in 1870 along with Dr. Norman MacLeod. Some hundred and fifty of the lads had spent a day or two at Inveraray during "Glasgow Fair," and Dr. Guthrie invited them to the Manse:—

"I remember on a beautiful summer evening, when the boys drank tea on the lawn before our door, they sang and we sang; they cheered and we cheered back again; and I can tell you, Dr. Macleod, that the 'clerical enamel' was like to be rubbed off on that occasion, and I was disposed to say with regard to clerical dignity, what Shakespeare says of physic—'Give it to the dogs!'"

The perfect seclusion, however, which Lochlee afforded him, gave to his country quarters there one of their chief attractions; and almost every season to the close of life he found his way back again to the Grampians.

"We are all in the bustle of emigrants, being about, in an hour or so, to start for Brechin on our way to Lochlee. I could not but think and feel, how different this morning from those when we used to leave town for the glen, fifteen or twenty years ago—a lot of bairns of all sizes, all on the *qui vive*, noisy and frolicsome, the elder ones trying to keep the younger in order; the doors of the railway carriage stuck full of heads, which, with the smoke of the engine and dust of the road, were, by the time they reached Brechin, begrimed enough! Now, almost all are scattered, and yet, in God's mercy, all are spared. Johnnie lies in his quiet grave; or, rather, is with Christ in heaven. But he was never in Lochlee—so that, with many pleasant and delightful recollections of all the family round us, and the happiness of other days, the glen has no melancholy memories."

His own impression was, that the annual period of rest to body and mind which he enjoyed in that Highland solitude was to a large degree instrumental in prolonging his days; but an accident which he met in 1867 threatened very unexpectedly to end them there.

He recounts this adventure to his friend, W. F. Cumming, Esq., M.D.,* Kinnellan—

"INCHGRUNDLE, LOCHLEE, *June* 20*th*, 1867.

"MY DEAR DR. CUMMING,—I obey the impulse I felt yesterday, when reading the account of the *swimming race*, to say how glad I was to see your name again associated with Ragged Schools—kindness to poor children—and, moreover, with an excellent branch of education to all, be they rich or poor, cared for or neglected. Brought up in Edinburgh, my eldest boys did not enjoy the advantage I had in Brechin, which is washed by the South Esk river, where, when a very little fellow (if such tall men as you and I were ever very little!) I learned the art. I still remember the pride of that summer day, when I for the first time ventured beyond my depth, and plunging in at the head of a strong current, went bravely through the great, deep, black pool at its tail. We considered such a feat equal to the *toga*.

"I have not been able to get either to loch or stream all this week. I am writing this in bed. I have no cause to fret at this trial; but much cause to bless God for his marvellous goodness to me and mine. The wonder is, that my wife, my sons Patrick and Sandy, and myself are all in the land of the living. We four were returning from church on Sunday in a droskey, which was drawn by my own mare 'Ogilvie,' along a road very good in its way, but with Highland ups and downs, rough dykes here and great boulders there by its side, and narrow bridges crossing river and mountain streams. The mare had been ill harnessed, and, as we found afterwards, the lock of the conveyance had been galling the legs of the poor brute She took to a very hard trot, then to a canter, then to a gallop, and from that to a pace like the rush of a railway train! In vain I and Sandy, who sat with me in front, pulled her in. Our united strength went for nothing, but ere long to snap the reins, and leave us four seated behind her to look helpless on the mad animal as she tore along. As braes and bridges, dykes and boulders were ahead, I considered and concluded that, though dangerous, the safest plan was (taking care not to be entangled with the conveyance, and so dragged by the clothes), to throw ourselves out—which calling on the others to do, I did. They tell me I fell with a heavy *thud* on the road, where, on coming to my senses, I found myself lying. I had been stunned—my head was *dirling*, and *dirled* for hours afterwards, my elbow bruised and skinned, the brim of my hat broken, and the top

* Author of "Notes of a Traveller."

squashed in. The hat, no doubt (much abused as is the fashion of our English hats), was to me, as it has proved to many besides, a helmet of salvation."

The others remained in the droskey; and the run-away mare being stopped at a stiff brae, Dr. Guthrie again got in. But the worst was to come:—

"Not knowing, then," he goes on to tell, "the cause of the evil, and fancying that we had been exposed to this danger by the mare having been startled by the sudden whistle and flapping of a *whaup*, which rose close beside her from the moor at her first outbreak, we resumed our seats, having been supplied from a small farm on the roadside with powerful plough reins in place of the broken leathers.

"All went on well till we came within two or three hundred yards of a narrow, high, old-fashioned bridge that spans the North Esk; here was our greatest danger, and here, to our astonishment and consternation, off 'Ogilvie' started as mad and uncontrollable as ever. We hauled on the plough reins. We could not pull her up, but they bore the strain, and thereby we were able, though we could not arrest, to guide her course. As we went thundering on towards the bridge, we were quite alive to the extremity of our danger, knowing that if we did not clear it, we should all be hurled out against the parapet, or over it into the bed of the river, here filled with great stones, and either way in all probability be killed. We cleared, but only cleared its turnings, leaving the mark of our axles on some of its stones. This done, we breathed: an iron forest gate was before us, and a rise of the ground before that. We should be stopped at the first, at any rate; but, ere we reached it, the wheels of the droskey got into a deep rut on the one side, the machine rose on the other, and the mare at that moment making a sudden turn, I was flung out, and lighting with my whole weight (before I measured my length on the ground) upon the outside of my right foot, I suffered a sprain, which gave me at the time dreadful pain, and from which I expect to suffer for some time to come.* The mare was stopped; and now here we are,

* To another friend, in detailing the accident, he wrote: "Sandy and I were carted home; and when jolt after jolt made me clench my teeth, I thought of the poor fellows who are driven in rumbling ambulances, suffering from horrible wounds, off a field of battle. We have great cause to be very thankful. May our spared lives be more and more devoted to the glory of God!"

mercifully preserved, but taught more than we ever were, practically at least, before, how soon we may be hovering on the borders of eternity, and what need there is ever to be living so, that when we die, we may die to the Lord. My dear friend, may a gracious God, with His most precious mercies, sweeten your trials. Let me hear how you are.

"Ever yours with affectionate regards,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

His visits to London during the latter years of his life were frequent; the ever-widening circle of friendships he formed there, as well as the sources of interest which that mighty human hive presents, making it more and more a congenial residence to him.

"RADCLIFFE HOUSE, BRIXTON RISE, LONDON,
"18*th March*, 1868.

"Your mother and I lunched yesterday with Mrs. Kemble, a sister of the celebrated London preacher, Henry Melville, who was for many years the Chalmers of London. He kindly came into town to meet us at lunch. He was most kind and courteous. He knew all about the Brechin affair, of Norval being kept out of the charge because he had passed off one of his (Melville's) sermons as his own when on his Veto Trial. He knew Dr. Chalmers and Walter Scott, and had often heard Robert Hall preach when a student at Cambridge. We discussed all manner of matters. He is very lively, clever, and frank. When we parted he laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, 'Now, Dr. Guthrie, I will say to you what one of our clergy said to Robert Hall, and perhaps you will make to me his reply. Said the clergyman to Hall, "Mr. Hall, I love and honour you notwithstanding you have *not* episcopal ordination;" and, said Hall to the clergyman, "And I love and honour you notwithstanding you *have* episcopal ordination.'"

"*March* 23*rd*, 1868.

"Yesterday I resolved to see with my own eyes the largest exhibition I could get of the Ritualism of the Church of England. The congregation consisted chiefly of very poorly or very grandly dressed women and of young men. Mine was the only grey head in the church. The appearance of the young men (I speak of them *en masse*) was quite marked. I found that it had forcibly struck Mr. Chubb as well as me. Poor fellows, they were devout, indeed some of them most

devout like; but they had long necks, very sloping shoulders, faces like birds, low foreheads, and retiring chins. As I looked at some of them in the pews before me, they recalled to my mind the caricatures of Ritualists you see in *Punch.* Often during the service I thought of Sydney Smith's description of Puseyism and Ritualism, '*posture and imposture.*' My spirit was stirred within me, and after what I have seen I shall be more ready than ever to say that unless the Church of England will rid herself of her Popish rags, and take immediate and vigorous measures to cast such things out of the house of God, the Establishment must be abolished.

"In the evening we went to Spurgeon's,—seven thousand people there; a sublime and overpowering spectacle—the whole worship and discourse an admirable antidote to the poison of the forenoon—a feast after starvation, as I told Spurgeon himself. A curious coincidence:—he came down like Thor the Thunderer on the Ritualists of the Church of England; and when speaking of the uncertainty of earthly treasures, he declared that no care could keep them, nor bolts or bars, or even *Chubb's locks.* Mr. Chubb and he had a laugh about this, when we saw him after service. He had observed me in the gallery, or some of his staff had. He sent one of his deacons to ask me to come and see him, so we all went, and had a few minutes' very pleasant talk."

"39, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, W., *April 8th,* 1869.

"My dear Anne,—On our way to Chester, we had for company a nice, hearty Methodist from Southport, who had heard me speak there on the Waldensian Cause. Like our friend Mr. Bunting, he was strongly tainted with Toryism—fearing Gladstone and the Irish Church Bill.

"We had not much more time after our arrival than to get unpacked and dressed for dinner at Argyll Lodge. The company consisted of the family; Lord Shaftesbury and one of his daughters; Lady Gainsborough, now a widow, but graceful and beautiful, and good as ever; Lady Caroline Charteris, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller Maitland, &c. I sat on one hand of the Duchess, Lord Shaftesbury on the other; nor were we long set down, when her Grace set us to discuss the great question of the day—Disestablishment of the Irish Church. . . . . I had a message to-day from some of the Commons Poor-Law Committee, wishing to know whether I would give evidence before them, and having strong opinions on that subject, I said I would if I could." (*To his daughter, Mrs. Williamson.*)

"39, PHILLIMORE GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W., *April* 12*th*, 1869.

"MY DEAR PATRICK,—London, and apparently the whole of England, is like a boiling caldron about their Ecclesiastical Establishment. People talk of its gross abuses in a way they never did before ; and whatever may be in Providence, all men seem to have made up their minds that the days of such Establishments are numbered. But, whatever may happen with the Irish Establishment, this old Church of England will take a long and strong pull to uproot. However, who can tell? A rock that is undermined, as well as a ripe pear, comes away to a touch.

"Every afternoon we enjoy a drive in the Park, throwing ourselves into one or other of the four streams of carriages. It is really a brilliant and amusing spectacle. Not the least entertaining and pleasant part of the spectacle to me is to see the crowd on foot that stand along the lines, and who, as spectators, seem to have fully as much pleasure in the parade as the actors in it. The show costs them neither cash nor care. Since we came here, the parks have become quite beautiful : the noble elms are fast getting into full leaf: the blossom-spikes of the horse-chestnut are already two or three inches long ; while the borders and parterres are splendid with dwarf tulips and brilliant hyacinths. We have had high summer weather for the last four or five days—the thermometer in the shade standing above 70°. This house looks out behind on Holland Park. Without, the fresh spring greenery of the trees is beautiful, and within, in the high Christian worth and endearing kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Maitland, we have everything to make us happy—and thankful to Him from whom all our mercies flow."

"LONDON, 28, WESTBOURNE TERRACE, *November* 8*th*, 1870.

"Mr. Chubb having obtained an order from the head of the London police directing an inspector to be waiting to attend 'Dr. Guthrie and four friends' at the Whitechapel police-station by ten o'clock, Strahan and Rowe came out to dine with us at Radcliffe House last Thursday. At nine o'clock we got into Mr. Chubb's carriage, I with my good palm stick, wide-awake, a bandana handkerchief instead of my white neckcloth, and rough coat. We reached the police-station in time, found it full of constables and officers, a very fine-looking set of men, —tried on handcuffs, few of which fitted my wrists, and looked into some of the cells. There was a poor little fellow stretched on his wooden board in one of them, sleeping beneath a rug so soundly that our entrance and the flash of the bull's-

eye never stirred him. His sleeping face wore no bad expression; he was twelve years old, and they had him in there for pilfering 4*d*. worth of sugar! I remonstrated with the lieutenant against their turning that child into a confirmed criminal, expressing my hope that the magistrate or justice before whom he would be charged next day, would sentence him at once to three or four years in a reformatory or ragged school. The stupid magistrate, I see by the newspapers in which this 4*d*. case is reported, has remanded him for ten or eleven days,—as if there could be any doubt about the wisdom, and justice also, of dealing in my way with the case!

"In due time enters the inspector, who is to be at once our guide and guardian, both of which offices he most successfully and admirably discharged. He has, as he told us, risen from the ranks, and has over £200 a year. Better be in the police than in the pulpit, in many cases!

"Within ten yards of the police-station is a 'penny-gaff' theatre, and into that we dived. Past one bar for pay and another for drink we went, our guide, as he headed us, giving the presiding genius of each of these posts a nod and a word of recognition, which they returned with a bow; then, brushing shoulders with some very *orra* like characters of both sexes, we got out of a long narrow passage, and, on a door being opened, found ourselves close by the stage, footlights, and three fiddlers of a low theatre. It was not so well filled as usual, owing to the fog which had wrapped London in twilight all day, and was now covering it in a darkness which, like that of Egypt, might be felt. (Such was the fog, that the street lamps, of which you saw no more than the one ahead of you, looked like a painting of a lamp—appearing light, yet giving none.)

"While running over the strange scene and company among whom I had got, I was startled by a man standing beside me, and close by the footlights, shouting forth in stentorian voice, 'Order! order there!' This was an official of the house, who paid great respect to our Inspector, and to us, as being under his wing. I don't believe he ever so much as reflected on the immoral results of his establishment, for, when I engaged him in conversation, he talked most glibly about it, telling me, when a woman appeared on the stage in the dress of a sailor, 'You see, sir, that is our principal Lady;' and directing my attention to an actor who mouthed his words, and sawed the air, and stamped and fumed and roared, saying, 'That, sir, is our principal Gentleman!'

"In another low theatre which we visited, a tall, hand-

some young woman, with abundant and graceful gesticulations, was singing. She had a sweet as well as powerful voice, and was the only modest-looking woman I had seen among the bold and horrible objects we had encountered that night. On what a company she was wasting her powers, casting her pearls before swine, and probably driven to earn that livelihood by want, and the scant pittance won by a needle in some lone, cold garret! I was very sad to see her; all the more that I had no hand to reach out to her. It was poor comfort to be told that out of these low haunts some of these girls rise to the Opera, leaving the low scum of Wapping to appear before the high fashion of London as singers and ballet dancers—not an inch farther from perdition there.

"We thereafter proceeded to a rather decent-looking street where is a sort of theatre licensed for music, and where athletes also exhibit their feats of strength. Here was the most wonderful display of agility and strength you can imagine on the part of two performers, who hung by the heels in mid-air like two *partans*, amid the plaudits of the house, in which I joined with my stick, quite carried away with this marvellous display of courage, strength, and agility! Under the conduct, again, of the master of the establishment, who was a fat, jolly, cracky *bodie*, and who seemed to take great credit to himself for his not allowing any disreputable characters access to the pit, we next descended to see the company there. Here we saw, mingled with a good many questionable-like characters, a number of tradesmen to appearance, and sailors, who seemed sober, and to have some respect for themselves; and, along with these, a few specimens of their wives and children; but there was not much more difference, so far as moral results were concerned, between the pit and galleries than between the frying-pan and the fire. It was in all its influences a pest-house.

"We now took our way, on leaving, through whole streets wholly given up to wickedness, the moral darkness of the neighbourhood well symbolized by that in which we were involved. Here, at midnight, both literally and figuratively, 'darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people.' I often could not see a yard before me with all the aid the gas lamps gave, and not seldom I followed the Inspector more by sound than sight. As we went on, he suddenly turned round to say 'Keep close by me,' and dived under a low-browed arch into a very narrow, cut-throat like close or passage. It conducted into one of the lowest slums—a group of wretched and mean-like houses. Going up to the door of one of these,

the Inspector called out 'Eliza!' No answer; now he raps with his stick and repeats his call, 'Eliza!' Then, walking on to another door, as the bird seemed to have left the nest empty, he cries out 'Johnstone,' whereupon, after a little delay, descending a narrow, rickety, wooden stair, candle in hand, Johnstone himself, who, with a Scandinavian name, is a Chinaman from the tail on his shaven head to his feet, appears to conduct us up to an opium-smoking establishment."

In another letter, written during that same visit to London, he tells—

"To-day I have been in 'the East End,' as it is called, a quarter full of deep misery and open-faced wickedness. I was visiting the great Seamen's Home there, as well as an asylum for shipwrecked men and others of the marine class who have become wrecks in life. . . .

"I have been gauging both the wickedness and misery of this vast city, and it is only they who have explored it by going down into the pit that have any, or can have any, adequate conception of these. We went away one night to see some places —dancing and music rooms—which are opened under the licence of the magistrates. I shall expose their Worships in the *Sunday Magazine*. I was horrified.

"On the other hand I have stood—I may say hat in hand—before born ladies, who, leaving their compeers and all the pleasures of luxurious and happy homes, have taken up their abode in some of the lowest portions of this city, to save the lost and help the wretched among whom they were passing their days and nights. Talk of the courage and self-denial of the besiegers of Metz, or Strasbourg, or Paris! They are not to be named with those of these Christian women. When these daily travels of mine bring me among such sights, however saddened and shocked I may be by others, I go back quite cheered, nor know how wearied I am till the day's work is over." (*To Mrs. Wyld.*)

In the early spring of 1871, Dr. Guthrie was honoured by Her Majesty's commands to be present at the marriage of Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne:—

"39, Phillimore Gardens, *March 22nd*, 1871.

* * * *

"St. George's Chapel at Windsor is *magnifique;*—a great stained window above the altar, below which is a vast marble

entablature with figures. The Choir has a lofty ornamented Gothic roof, and on each side are stalls of oak black as night, and of the richest carving: above each, rises, of the same material, a minaret with the insignia of the Knights of the Garter in gold; from the top hang their swords, and over all float their banners. The seats below these stalls are carried along from the screen up to the steps of the altar. Fill these seats four deep with ladies, nobles, gentlemen, in all manner of brilliant costumes, and throw the sunbeams in, as they came streaming down that day on my side of the Choir, turning diamond wreaths and coronets into living, flashing beams and stars of light; and you will have then some idea of the scene St. George's offered to my admiration. There might be thirty or forty persons already in the Chapel when I entered. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone sat immediately behind me. By-and-by entered Lady Beaconsfield and her husband, Disraeli, the ex-Prime Minister. She sat on my left hand, and Disraeli beyond her.

* * * * * *

"Drums roll, bugles sound, the organ puts forth all its power and pipes, and everybody says to himself, 'Now appear the Queen!' Gold Stick and Silver Stick, tabarded heralds, and Garter all in cloth of gold, walking backwards with admirable dexterity (art here conquering nature), then enters Majesty herself. All the house on foot, down goes every head, and bent is every back as she sails magnificently up the passage, bowing now to the right hand, and now to the left. . . . I had no eyes for any but the mother and daughter. The song, 'There's nae luck aboot the hoose,' describes my feelings in the line 'In troth I'm like to greet!' I thought of the Prince Consort that day sleeping in his tomb; of my kind friend the Duchess of Sutherland, now no more, and how happy she had been had she lived to see her grandson standing at the altar with that fair royal maid. It was a most touching sight to see the Widowed Queen, with her heart in her husband's grave, taking the place of the dead, and leading up her daughter to the marriage altar; and, to the credit of humanity in high places be it said, other eyes than mine were wet.

"The sight would have moved the heart of John Knox, and almost induced him to burn his book written against what he calls 'The Monstrous Regiment of Women.' I had never seen the Queen before, except for a brief moment, on a cold day, as she sat wrapped up in her carriage at Ballater, when passing on to Balmoral. Here, on the wedding-day, she was radiant

with smiles, bright as the diamonds of the tiara on her head. The broad blue riband of St. George, crossing one shoulder, passed over her breast; some grand orders there, and a brilliant piece of diamond jewellery. It was wonderful to see, little and stout as she is, what majesty and dignity were in her port; in that reminding me of what Dr. Fairbairn, who was an elder of mine in St. John's, told me of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was, in 1815, an assistant-surgeon aboard the Admiral's ship which received Bonaparte, when, beaten at Waterloo, he fled from France and yielded himself a prisoner to our fleet. The little man was fat and pursy in person, yet such, said Dr. Fairbairn, was his imperial bearing, that when he walked forward to the Admiral to deliver himself up on the deck, where all the officers and men were gathered in a state of the highest wonder and excitement, he looked anything but like a prisoner—looked every inch a king. So Victoria really looked every inch a Queen; mind shining through matter, and asserting its superiority over it. The habit of command has stamped majesty on her brow and bearing.

"I saw in this Woman also the majesty of law. As in our streets, when a man, amid a rude and unruly mob, draws from his pocket the small silver-tipped baton of a constable, that symbol, in the hands of one whom some of the roughs could double up in a moment, is respected as much as if the owner of it had a regiment of soldiers at his back; so it was wonderful to see One, herself physically weaker than any man in that room, receiving the homage of all as their Sovereign; in whose presence all stood uncovered; before whom, as she advanced up that Choir, with no armed men at her back, not even a crown on her head, all heads were bowed. She was there the embodiment of Law *versus* License, of Order *versus* Misrule; and it was wonderful to think that, as such, a hundred thousand swords would leap from their scabbards, to obey that little Woman's orders, and defend her person and her throne!

* * * * * *

"Before luncheon in the Waterloo Gallery, the company assembled in the White Drawing-room. . . . . Mr. Theodore Martin and I were expatiating most cordially, like two leal-hearted Scotchmen, on the worth of our countrymen and beauties of our country, and on the honours that had crowned her brow that day, when I saw a movement ahead of me,—a 'moving of the waters,' as it were. Behold, the Queen had come in to see the guests. I was reminded of the parable of the marriage feast.

"She was sweeping rapidly along the inside of the oval figure into which the two hundred guests had opened, as if her entrance had been the discharge of a mitrailleuse in the crowd, and I was on the outside of the oval with four or five deep between Her Majesty and me. As she marched along, she bowed in passing. Carrying a handkerchief in one hand, she gave, to those she specially noticed, a rapid wave with the other. She had almost finished the circle, when I saw, as she raised her head and looked round, that her eye had caught me. She must have known me, probably, from the photographs. She immediately turned to Lord Lorne, whispering in his ear. He looked in my direction, and I saw that after a little he also discovered me. On this he spoke to her, and immediately, attended by him, the Queen swept across the open space, and came right up to us. I had by this time a pretty clear idea of what was to happen, but, like a 'canny Scot,' gave no sign. The Marquis, with a very audible voice, as he stood by the Queen, called out, 'Dr. Guthrie!' and then, to be sure, a lane was made in the ranks before me, and stepping forward, while Her Majesty said something I did not catch, I recalled on a sudden the facings of the dancing-school (where I very unwillingly went through my 'steps' fifty years ago), and made what I thought a very handsome bow!" *

Resolving in the autumn of 1871, to carry out a long-cherished wish, he visited the Shetland Isles, and during the trip was in the highest spirits.

"Kergord, Weisdale, Shetland, *September* 20*th*, 1871.

"Here am I, in the *Ultima Thule* of the old Romans, so far on my way to Unst, the most northerly part and parish of Her Majesty's British dominions, where I am to stand without a bit of land between me and the Pole, but out of sight of the Scotchman who, they say, sits atop of it. But, God sparing us to meet, I shall see a man there worth turning aside to see—the Patriarch of these islands of the sea, and the oldest working minister in Britain, perhaps in Europe, perhaps in either the Old World or the New. I refer to Dr. Ingram, Free Church Minister of Unst. His son, who is, and has been for many a

* "I can never forget his cordial salutation," writes Mr. Theodore Martin to us, "when I introduced myself to him at Windsor. How well I remember his surprised look of disbelief, when I said to him, 'The Queen is looking for you, to speak to,' while she was still a long way off, and he was standing behind the crowd avoiding the gaze which they were courting."

long year and day, his assistant and successor, would be by all but those who are his own age accounted an elderly man; and as to Dr. Ingram himself, he is ninety-five years old, and occasionally preaches still, having a voice like a trumpet, looking fresh as an apple, and retaining all his senses and faculties, save that of hearing. I am told that it is forty years since he has been in Scotland, which I find the Scandinavians here account almost a foreign land." (*To Lady Louisa Agnew.*)

"EDINBURGH, *October*, 1871.

"In Shetland we knocked about in boats wonderfully constructed to live in and ride over the tempestuous seas there, and rode on the backs of ponies not much bigger than calves, and so thick and pot-bellied that, when I attempted to come off, the saddle rolled round with me, but I never fell, as my feet were but a few inches from the ground!

"'Voes' are long, narrow arms of the sea, and in looking down from high ground on these voes, shining like burnished gold in the setting sun, and gemmed with islands of various forms and hues, I sometimes thought I had seen nothing more lovely in Italy. Besides, they abound with sea-trout. At Walls, D—— and I killed four-and-twenty with fly one afternoon, and it is famous sport. How the reel sings as the line spins out; and how beautiful the fish, as it springs from the salt water into the air like a bar of molten silver!

"What a multitude of people we heard of who have turned the corner of ninety years! and the children are as thick as bees or blackberries. Dr. Ingram,* the Free Church Minister of Unst, the most northerly parish of Her Majesty's British dominions, in whose pulpit I preached, and in whose house we lived some three or four days, is in his ninety-seventh year! He preaches occasionally still, has the fresh colour of a child, and a voice like Stentor; and, with no defect but deafness, is as clever and full of fun as you, and with a devoutness I covet—for the Apostle bids us covet the best gifts." (*To Mrs. Wyld.*)

In December, the Annual Meeting of his Ragged Schools was held in the Music Hall, which was crowded

* This truly venerable man still lives (1875), in his 100th year. Dr. Guthrie was so interested in him that, on returning to Edinburgh, he lithographed a letter regarding Dr. Ingram, and circulated it among some friends. The result was that an admirable portrait of the patriarch was secured for the Free Church College, Edinburgh, painted by Otto Leyde, A.R.S.A., while a smaller portrait and service of plate were presented to Dr. Ingram for retention in his family.

in every corner, the Marquis of Lorne occupying the chair. Dr. Guthrie spoke at great length, and with even more than his usual animation. Looking back over the twenty-four years of his interest in the Institution, he touchingly adverted to the passing away, one after another, of almost all those with whom he had been associated in its earliest days. "Help, Lord," he exclaimed, in closing, "for the godly man ceaseth! Jesus now calls on you to save these children, for His sake as well as their own. And more than that, I can fancy Him pointing to yonder poor, starving, weeping boy, to say as Joseph did of Benjamin to his brethren, 'You shall not see my face except your brother be with you!'"

Little did the solemnised assembly, whom he addressed that day, think they were never to hear his familiar voice from that platform again!

Cheered as the evening of Dr. Guthrie's life continued to be by much happiness and abundant prosperity, the lengthening shadows became more discernible to him each year. He felt increasingly the need of rest. "We have not had a visitor to cross the door," he wrote to Mrs. Guthrie, in February, 1870, from his eldest daughter's house in Peebles-shire; "and that is the life that now suits me, along with a good measure of '*vagabondage*'—wandering about for that measure of pleasant excitement which the slow-going blood of age needs." "Very sensible are the old dogs," he wrote again, in allusion to his advancing years, "who spend most of their time stretched out on a hearth-stone before the fire, or lolling on the doorstone on a sunny day; but one would like to be doing something for our God and Saviour while he is here."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

In 1872 Dr. Guthrie had reached his sixty-ninth year; and, though incapable of any severe exertion, he appeared so full of life and spirits, that his friends anticipated several years of usefulness yet in store for him.*

"1, Salisbury Road, Edinburgh, *January 5th*, 1872.

"My dear Miss Beever,—We were delighted to receive your letter this morning. You never forget the poor [ragged] *bairns*. The two £5 notes came safe to hand. I need not say how warmly I feel to you for your steady and very valuable friendship to a cause I have much at heart. I will ask you to give my very sincere respects to your cook and housemaid.† Were the rest of mankind a hundred part as generous and self-denying, what good cause would have to complain of want of funds? May the Lord bless them; for (as the Apostle exhorted servants in his day to do) they certainly 'adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.'

"I sympathize with you on the loss of the magpie, as told in one of your letters to my grandsons, Tom and Lawrence,—letters of which they are amazingly proud, each more anxious than the other that I should read Miss Beever's letter to him. Speaking of magpies, we were amazed at the number of these birds in Brittany; they are there in flocks almost like *crows* (or, as you call them in England, *rooks*) in our island. Ours, by-the-bye, is, I suspect, the old English word; this I infer from the name they give the stick with an old ragged coat and a crownless hat which farmers and gardeners use to scare off the rooks.

* The portrait on the opposite page was taken by Messrs. Downey, of London, in January, 1872.

† Who for years had sent, and still continue to send, through Miss Beever, nearly £3 annually to Dr. Guthrie's Ragged Schools.

It goes by the name, not of a *scare-rook*, but a *scare-crow*.* In Shetland, where I spent some three weeks in September last, I saw neither crow nor magpie; but, in place of rooks, they have flocks of the 'hooded crow'—a bird of prey.

"I see you are watching for the first footsteps of spring. So am I. The other day I was welcoming some crocuses that were lifting up their heads in my garden to see whether winter was taking his departure; to-day, they have learned that he is here still. Ere this morning broke, came a heavy fall of snow, and now dale and hill are robed in spotless purity. The snow is glistening in the sunshine under a cloudless blue sky; and anything more beautiful than the bushes and trees all feathered could not be. . . .

"I enjoy better health than at an earlier or, indeed, any former period of my life. This may, in part, be due to having got almost entirely rid of a 'mouthful of teeth,' which have been, with intervals of rest and ease, an annoyance and often a torment to me, occasionally making life a burden. Talk of the Martyrs and their sufferings! I have endured twenty times more pain than most of them, and that without the consolation of suffering in a noble cause! Still, I have not settled this question in physiology—whether my bad health was due to toothache, or toothache to my bad health? I fancy they acted and reacted on each other: any way, I can quote, with hearty approbation, the Scotch proverb, 'A toom (empty) house is better than an ill tenant.'

"I will close with all the best wishes of the season for you and youirs. May a gracious God richly and daily bless you with His precious love and grace.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

(*To Miss S. Beever, Coniston, Ambleside.*)

In this letter he refers to the improvement in his general health as life advanced. As he said, in writing

* Though no scientific philologist, Dr. Guthrie had a great taste for tracing affinities in different tongues, and for digging among the *roots* of words. We have heard him humorously disputing with friends from England about this very word *crow*. "A primitive people," he maintained, "would naturally name birds as well as other animals from the sounds they utter (*cuckoo, peewit, crake,* &c.). Apply this principle, and you will see that the original name of this bird must have been our Scotch form. You hear a glossy-black fellow, as he sits on a high tree in spring, saying *craw! craw!* but when did ye ever hear one calling out *crow! crow!*"

to another friend, "If I am not *good* looking, I am at least *well* looking." In his later years his figure had become fuller, and his countenance, formerly somewhat haggard, and dusky in hue, had rounded, while the now fresh colour showed well by contrast with the long grey hair. Nevertheless, for years before his last illness he had little ability for any kind of muscular exertion. The ascent of a flight of stairs tried him, and a walk of even two miles left him quite exhausted. A friend who had not seen him for some time, meeting him one day on the street, remarked how robust he looked. "Ah! my good sir," replied Dr. Guthrie, "I may say of myself what James Hamilton of London once said of a certain person. I should tell you, I had said to Dr. Hamilton, 'What can be the secret of ——'s reputation? It has lasted now a number of years. Surely there must be something great about the man after all?' 'Well,' said Dr. Hamilton in his quiet, quaint way, 'no doubt; he is *a great imposition!*' Now, my good friend, I am just like ——. So far as my looks go, I am a great imposition!"

In the middle of January, 1872, he went to London, primarily with the view of visiting various of the great Charities there, of which he wished to tell in the *Sunday Magazine.* On the 14th he preached for the Rev. J. T. Davidson, and addressed an audience of 3,000 in the Minor Agricultural Hall, Islington; while a few weeks thereafter, a proposal was made that he should preach to another congregation as interesting, if less numerous:—

"39, Phillimore Gardens, London, *January 26th,* 1872.

"My dear Clementina,—We came up from Essex yesterday afternoon in time for the Templars' dinner. I drove to Mr. Anderson's, who is a Queen's counsel, and with whom (when, as a Scotch advocate, he was counsel for Rev. Mr. Macfarlane, a Chapel-of-Ease Minister, in Arbroath) I had many a conflict more than thirty-six years ago. He and I walked to

the Middle Temple, close by his chambers; and he putting on his silk gown, and I putting off my two top-coats, in an anteroom, we were ushered by the officials into a lofty, richly decorated apartment, where the 'masters,' judges, and invited guests were to assemble. Here, I was introduced to one and another of the great dons of the law, as well as to Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple. By-and-by an official enters and marches us out by two and two, calling out our names—and then, on what an imposing scene did we enter! At the upper end of a noble hall, one hundred and fifty feet long, I would say, and eighty high to the centre of its open, elaborately carved Gothic roof, stood a raised table, which was allotted to the Benchers, judges, and those of us who were marched up to it. The tables in the body of the hall were already filled by a company who stood up to receive us. They amounted to about two hundred, and consisted of barristers and some hundred and sixty students of law. I sat opposite Sir Thomas Chambers, who was in the chair, and who had Dr. Vaughan on his right and Lord Penzance on his left. On Vaughan's right sat the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. He looks old but wonderfully fresh, due to his rosy complexion and Scandinavian hair and face.

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"Hardly excepting St. George's Chapel on the royal marriage day, the spectacle was the grandest I have seen. The only toast given in the Grand Hall was 'Her Majesty.' It was very neatly and well done by Chambers. And, by-the-bye, I must not forget to mention a curious old ceremony. A massive silver cup, filled with wine, was passed from hand to hand at our upper table, each as he drank drinking to 'The pious memory of Master Worsley' (or some such name)—the man who long years ago left the cup to the Templars and a fund to replenish it with wine, that he might thus, in a way, live in their memory for ever.

"Dinner finished, forming such a procession on leaving as we observed on entering, we filed out, the students cheering, and calling out the names of some they most admired, and here I was astonished to find myself acknowledged, some calling out 'Guthrie, Guthrie!' which I take to have been done by some kindly Scots. We now entered a spacious room, to find tables garnished with flowers, furnished with wine and loaded with fruit. Then the speechifying proper began. Chambers gave the Rev. Dr. Vaughan as Master of the Temple, in a complimentary speech. Vaughan replied in a very proper address for the ecclesiastical head of the Temple, which he closed by taking notice of my presence, acknowledging very frankly

the Presbyterian as a sister Church, and saying that he would be pleased to see me in the pulpit of the Temple—a thing he did very courteously and handsomely, and was cheered. I sat *mum.* Thereafter Chambers gave the Lord Chief Justice and other judges; whereupon they all rose, and Cockburn replied for them, speaking in a slow, judicial-like style. Then came the healths of Lord Penzance and another judge, who in their turns rose and briefly acknowledged the compliment. It was my turn next; so up rises Chambers, and with not a few laudatory words, proposes my health, taking occasion to applaud Vaughan's proposal that I should preach in the Temple. It was rather a formidable position for me, with an august company, comprising the talent and genius of the English bench and bar, to face. But I am thankful to say I never was more in possession of myself; so I held on, as they showed no sign of weariness, making the longest speech on the occasion. It was quite unprepared, save that in case I would have to 'hopen' my mouth, I had thought over two or three points—*seria mixta cum jocis*—on my way in the hansom. The *joci* took admirably. I told them the story of Stewart of Goodtrees' epitome of Scotch Law—this, namely, '*Show me the man, and I'll tell you the law!*' as contrasting our Scotch judges with the English in the olden time; and somehow or other (I forget now how) I lugged in my story of Madame Hiver and her discovery of the man who, though he insisted on it that he was an Englishman, was found to be really an Irishman *by the way he peeled his potatoes!* I complimented Vaughan and the English judges; had a fling, in passing, at the Archbishop of York and Wilberforce and their '*mission service*,' which was remarkably well received; told them how John Knox preached for years in the Episcopal and Established churches of Berwick and London, and avowed my readiness to accept the honour of preaching in the Temple church."

That church not being under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, no obstacle arising from ecclesiastical authority stood in the way. The day was even named for Dr. Guthrie's sermon, and it seemed for a time as if the spectacle were actually to be realised of a Scotch dissenting minister in the pulpit of the Temple Church. But unforeseen difficulties emerged, and the project was abandoned.

"39, PHILLIMORE GARDENS, LONDON, *February* 12*th*, 1872.

"On Sunday evening we set off to hear a *quondam* clown preach. . . .

"At the close of the service a young woman, whom I had observed singing the hymns with great fervour, and whose countenance wore the celestial expression which Fra Angelico gives to his Saints, stood by the inner door as we went out, distributing tracts. On holding out my hand for one, she said as she gave it, with a sweet smile on her face, 'I hope, sir, you love Jesus?' Some thought, considering my white neckcloth and venerable appearance, this was rather forward on her part, but it was well meant; few Christians err in the direction of faithfulness.

"From this hall, with its interesting services, we plunged at once into Oxford Street: and it seemed like leaving Lot's house to mingle with the crowd in Sodom. The pavements were swarming with wretched women, vapouring about unabashed, in flaunting and gaudy dresses; and gin-palaces were blazing with gas, and crowded with customers. Such sights are a shame in a civilised, to say nothing of a Christian, country, enough to bring down the judgments of God on the land. However, let us be thankful for the prospect of better days, and do what we can to hasten them on."

"EDINBURGH, *March* 9*th*, 1872.

"MY DEAR MRS. WYLD,—I am worn and wearied to-day; so, being indisposed for hard and heavy work, I take, as to a pleasant employment, to writing you a letter, with any rambling account that may suggest itself, of my observations and experiences on the Thanksgiving Day * in London.

"For weeks before, all London was in a *steer*. Nor any wonder. Nothing of the kind has been seen previously by any living, save, perhaps, a very few still lingering on the earth who saw George III., about the close of last century, go in state to St. Paul's to return thanks to God for the recovery of his reason. So the Thanksgiving had all the interest of a great novelty. But more than that, it was a great solemnity, which found a response in the heart of every right-minded man and woman. Scoffers—all the ungodly crew who sneer at Providence and prayer—wisely held their tongues. Seated in the scorner's chair, they would have jibed at any *minister* who had proposed to call on God—on any one but Dr. Gull—or to acknowledge by an act of thanksgiving the power of prayer; but where a

* For the recovery of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Queen had to be confronted,—brought face to face with earthly Majesty, where was the courage of men that speak against the heavens? Nowhere; it had oozed out at their finger-ends.

* * * * * *

"When we got into the 'city' proper, within Temple Bar, we had to show our tickets to the guards. Into this space the East End, with all its rags, and drunkenness, and blackguardism, and misery, and sin, had poured, and with roughs of both sexes the pavements were so crowded and packed that, save here and there where they pressed forward so that it became a pushing match between them and the police, it seemed hardly possible to move a foot. When I looked on the sea of faces, which made one think of the Communists of Paris and the horrible crimes done there a year ago, and also of the monsters of the older Revolution, with their famous cry of *Les prêtres à la lanterne,* I confess I looked with more than ordinary complacency on the marines, the guards and other soldiers, and the police, who lined the streets. There, in that fierce-looking crowd, with faces expressive of bad habits and bad passions, was a magazine of gunpowder which it needed but a spark, some sudden and strong excitement, to explode; and Church and State, Queen, Ministers of State, and Ministers of Religion, all things ancient, venerable, and holy, are blown into the air. Vice and misery were the prevailing characteristics of that sea of upturned faces. I never saw them collected in such overpowering masses before, and have no wish to see them again. Though the little fellows would not have been very effective in an *émeute,* yet at no part of the long lines of defenders along the route did I see a prettier sight than that formed of the boys from the soldier-boy schools and the training-ships. The one set dressed in the red uniform of the army, the other in the blue jackets of the navy, each youngster looking as full of dignity and importance as if the fortunes of the day were in his hands, were a sight worth seeing; plucky little chaps they looked.

"I would linger long on the scenes of the streets; they were full of interest and entertainment; and we had abundance of time to make the survey, for, though we left Argyll Lodge at nine A.M., it was not till a quarter past eleven o'clock that our carriage reached St. Paul's. At the south gate we descended and threw ourselves into the stream of company that was pouring up; and after a long climb, getting occasional glimpses of the interior, we reached the extemporised gallery of the South Transept. . . . .

"At length one o'clock struck, and hardly had people who

knew our Gracious Lady's punctuality got time to get on ' the tip-toe of expectation,' when an organ behind us, drowning the sound of cannon, made us all start, and the whole mass and multitude below, as of one soul, rose to their feet. My eyes seemed to be the only sense I possessed, and they certainly looked on the most lofty and impressive sight that could be imagined—such as they had never seen before nor expect in this world to see again. There was an assembly of all ' the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men,' of the greatest nation on earth, and, before these, their Sovereign, come to do homage to the God of Heaven, acknowledge His providence, and render the tribute of her own and people's thanks to Him for having heard the voice of a mother's and a nation's prayer, sparing the son, husband, and father, at her side.

"It was a solemn act, that Thanksgiving, worthy of Him to whom it was rendered, and worthy of those who rendered it. It was most impressive to see her on her knees to whom all others kneel; and when I looked on that august company, assembled with the Sovereign of an empire on which the sun never sets, to acknowledge God and to do honour to His Divine Son, my mind by way of contrast reverted to the day when the powers of earth conspired together, and the streets of Jerusalem rang to the fierce cries of Crucify him ! crucify him ! and they hanged Him (before whom Queen and country were reverently bending) between two thieves on an accursed tree."

It was after he returned to Edinburgh, in March, that Dr. Guthrie's health first began to give way. An undeveloped gastric attack hung about him throughout that month and the one following, which, though it did not prostrate him at the time, predisposed him to the rheumatic affection which, as summer advanced, aggravated the disease of the heart from which he had so long suffered. Still, when May arrived, he was so much better that he felt quite ready to go southward again, his primary object this time being to officiate in London at the marriage of his fifth son, Alexander, who had come for the purpose from San Francisco. This over, he returned to Edinburgh, to be present when Dr. Hanna performed a similar service for his youngest daughter, Helen.

"*June* 12*th*, 1872.

"Some days after Nelly's marriage, which, God willing, comes off next week, we will set off for Lochlee.

"About the middle of November Mrs. Guthrie and I set off for Rome; we shall return home about the beginning of May, 1873. We then embark in August for Yankeedom, to attend the Evangelical Alliance; and from the Eastern States we'll go to San Francisco, remaining there till March, '74. This we propose, ever seeking to remember the good old adage, 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' If I am spared to carry out these plans, I think I shall then cease my wanderings on the face of the earth, and live quietly till they carry me home." (*To Mrs. Wyld.*)

He went to Lochlee in June, as proposed. "Here I am in bed," he wrote from thence, "under what I may say is new to me, a rheumatic attack. I think I must have got it on the day of Nelly's marriage. Then I was wearied and worn out next day, attending Norman MacLeod's funeral, and the result of all these things *rheums*, which have got worse and worse, refusing to be arrested, far less removed."

While on various points which he regarded as important, Dr. Guthrie widely differed from Dr. MacLeod, their intercourse had been very cordial in later years; and though far from well, he made a special effort to show the last mark of respect in his power to the memory of his distinguished friend. Writing on June 25th, he first gives some details of the recent joyous occasion in his own family, and then continues:—"Next day carried me, alas! to a very different scene—to Norman MacLeod's funeral; the biggest Glasgow ever saw. Amid our marriage festivities and the gay and happy scene in our house, I could not but think of the grief, silence, and desolation in his; and how thankful we ought to be for the goodness, the riches of the goodness, long-suffering, and forbearance of Him who maketh one to differ from another. He was a man of singular generosity and geniality, and

was, I believe, a genuine Christian and devout man. Gifted with brilliant talents, and bent on doing good, he will prove a loss in many respects, one especially to the Established Church, not easily supplied. . . . May good be wrought by this sudden and sad event! To me and others especially, but indeed to all, it is the voice of God, saying, 'Work, while it is called to-day. Be ye also ready.'"

Dr. Guthrie's visit to his Highland retreat that summer failed to recruit him as in former years. When the various members of his family came in succession to visit him in the Glen, he welcomed us with his old sunny smile, and was, if possible, more tender and affectionate than ever; but we could not hide from ourselves that much of the wonted *spring* was gone. He wandered to the river-side, but a few casts with the rod tired him. He planned our various mountain expeditions, but no longer proposed to join us. At length, on August 12th, he wrote:—"I had no idea of the tortures of rheumatics till now. In six weeks I have not had one decent night's rest, wakening usually almost every hour. In consequence, I have felt much languor and lassitude, and I have written myself out of all my autumn engagements, both in England and Ireland."

He was still, however, most unwilling to abandon one engagement he had formed—viz., to supply the station at Rome during the ensuing winter, 1872–73, at the request of the Free Church Continental Committee. He was to have for his colleagues that winter in the Free Church near the Porta del Popolo, two other eminent Scottish preachers, Dr. Macgregor and Dr. John Ker, the one of the Established, the other of the United Presbyterian Church. Nor was it until the middle of September that he gave up the plan as hopeless. The Lord had ordered otherwise, and, ere that winter ended, called him to a higher ministry and a wider fellowship of saints in the only "Eternal City."

Growing worse rather than better in the Highlands, it was resolved to try Buxton. The change of scene, the interest of visiting a new locality, and much pleasant intercourse there, were in themselves a benefit to him. His colour was still fresh, and so he wrote from Buxton—

"*July* 20*th*, 1872.

"Dr. Shipton complimented me on my looks, as everybody does. Even old Ingram in Shetland last year did it, bawling out at the top of his stentorian lungs, 'You look wonderful for your age;' adding, however, as became a man of ninety-seven, 'but you are only a boy compared with me!'

"I have been writing two papers lately for the *Sunday Magazine*—one will appear next month, the other in October—on the London Cripple Homes. But, for cripples, this place *beats a'!* Old and young hobbling about, some on crutches, some by help of one stick, some of two; while others, making sorry work of it, affect to get along without any extraneous assistance; and not a few, bowing to the inevitable, move about in Bath chairs. For all that, there are multitudes of wholesome and, among the young ladies, not a few winsome-looking people, the sight of whom, with picturesque hills, fine gardens, and bands of music, makes this a pleasant residence.

"The place is one of no mean natural beauty. We shall see to-morrow (Sunday) in what respect and to what extent it may be considered a garden of the Lord. I shall try most of the 'Wells' to see how far these may be called 'medicinal,' adapted to man's spiritual diseases and state."

All his letters from Buxton were in the same genial strain. He continued to be interested in everything and everybody:—

"BUXTON, *July* 25*th*, 1872.

"Whom did we find but Dr. Keith? * Charlie and I called on him between sermons on Sunday. There he was—a mighty man both physically and mentally. He was all alone, as bright and cheerful as a lark, with his Bible beside him, saying, 'I never weary!' Next evening he was here, returning our visit, and pouring forth a flood of talk like an artesian well.

"On Monday, when I went to the bath, one of the bathmen

* The Rev. Alex. Keith, D.D., formerly minister of the Free Church at St. Cyrus, author of many well-known works on Prophecy.

appeared particularly gracious. 'You were in our chapel yesterday,' he said. 'Oh,' I replied, 'are you a Methodist?' 'Yes, and my father before me.' I complimented him on the sermon and the singing, which was of the heartiest—with what vehemence they praised the Lord! But what amused me was the complacency with which the honest man brought me down to his level, or elevated me to the honourable height of his. Telling me that so and so was inquiring for me, I remarked that I did not know any one of the name. 'Ah, Doctor,' he replied, 'I fancy it is with you as with me—many know us whom we don't know.'"

"*July* 30*th*, 1872.

"With such sensations as Livingstone's, when he, lying on the ground, had a lion gnawing at his arm, I tell the doctor and others here how I have been suffering, and how, like the woman of the Gospel, I am rather worse than better of Buxton drinks and douches. They smile satisfaction, are quite delighted with one's doleful miseries and recital of severer pain and new places attacked, saying, 'Ah, that shows the waters are doing well,'—I being ready, under such circumstances, to take up the words of Job, and say to such friends, 'Miserable comforters are ye all!'

"However, I should begin this letter otherwise than after this grumbling fashion; having, notwithstanding I may have awoke some six or seven times, enjoyed the best night's rest I have had for a month past last night. . . . . Anne * came here on Saturday, and remained with us, like a gleam of sunshine, till yesterday morning. . . .

"We have just returned from Poole's Cave, one of the greatest natural curiosities I have seen, and which it were worth while any one's going fifty miles, or more, to see. It is so called because it was the asylum of an outlaw of that name in the time of Henry VI. I asked the lad who was our guide whether it was Poole of 'The Synopsis' that lived there and gave his name to the place? He was not sure!

"I have had a call again from the Methodists, proposing now that, instead of preaching in their chapel, I should, for the sake of fresh air to myself and accommodation to the public, occupy the pavilion in the gardens, which would accommodate some two thousand people. Of course I declined. I would have liked to preach, and for this among other reasons—to prevent the natives from confounding Presbyterianism with the heresies of the Socinian 'shop' here, called the 'Presbyterian Chapel.'"

* His daughter, Mrs. Williamson.

On his return to Edinburgh he both looked and felt better; but although the pain of the external muscles was nearly gone, the rheumatic attack of summer had done its work, by permanently injuring the texture of the heart itself. From the date of this attack, its action became continuously enfeebled.

In August, Dr. Guthrie returned from Buxton to Lochlee for a few weeks, and there fulfilled his two last engagements,—the one being to take the chair at a temperance social meeting and amateur concert got up by his family for the Glen people; and the other, to preach in the Free Church there, on Sunday the 25th of the same month.

His delight in preaching remained with him to the last. In the spring of that year he had written to Dr. Norman MacLeod, in the last communication which passed between them:—"I would prefer above all things else to give more of what time remains to me to the preaching of the Gospel; and by going here and there to preach for worthy men, to help them to get rid of debts that burden their churches, or promote schemes of Christian usefulness which they and their congregations are engaged in." The audience he addressed on 25th August, 1872, in the little Free Church of Lochlee, presented, by an interesting coincidence, an illustration of the hold his pulpit power gave him over classes the most diverse. Sitting there almost side by side with the weather-beaten shepherds and simple peasants from the neighbouring farms, were a Prince of the Blood,* and the present Lord Chancellor of England. "I am always thankful for this," he wrote of a somewhat similar occasion years before, "that when I get into the pulpit all men look much on the same level."

His text was, "The just shall live by faith" (Heb. x.

* H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh; then on a visit to the Earl of Dalhousie. Writing from Lochlee the previous year, 19th August, 1871, Dr. Guthrie mentions: "I dined with Prince Alfred the other day at the Lodge—very frank, easy, pleasant manners."

38). That sermon in Lochlee was the last he ever preached; and when he descended from the pulpit he had closed a forty years' ministry.

Very soon after his return to Edinburgh from the Highlands he was obliged finally to abandon his winter plans for preaching in Rome.

"I have felt," he wrote on 13th September, "that though the rheumatism retired, my strength, which it 'weakened in the way,' did not return; this did not look or promise well; but, a week or so ago, worse symptoms began to show themselves, and difficulty of breathing supervened; and this, instead of abating, has been growing worse, having become so bad, that last night, for instance, I awoke some fifty times with the sensations almost of a man who is suffocating.

"Dr. Cumming's verdict is that there is as yet no water in the chest, or pericardium; but the texture of the heart has suffered damage, more than existed before the rheumatic attack. He hopes, with time and care, my heart may recover such tone at least as it had before I was attacked with rheumatism—but it may be otherwise; things may get worse: and, no doubt, though he did not say so in as many words, they in that case would run on to a fatal issue."

His own opinion was that the "beginning of the end" had come. He lost not a day in making all needful arrangements regarding his worldly affairs, making some changes in his will, &c. He seemed to hear the call, "Set thy house in order, for thou must die." These arrangements were just completed, when a sudden attack of congestion of the lungs, in the last week of September, threatened an immediate execution of the sentence. Besides Dr. Cumming, his ordinary medical adviser, he was now attended by Sir Robert Christison and Dr. Warburton Begbie, and for a week his family and friends were kept in the most anxious suspense as to the issue. The inquiries at his house necessitated daily bulletins to be affixed to his gate. The daily press conveyed these to their readers all over the country, and the widespread concern and sympathy touched him greatly.

If he had not known it before, he would have learned now, how deep was the personal affection cherished for him by multitudes. From this attack he made a wonderful rally, and in ten days the apprehensions of immediate danger passed away.

From the DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.

"INVERARAY, *October 8th*, 1872.

"MY DEAR DR. GUTHRIE,—This is only a line to tell you how much our thoughts are with you, and with your wife. You must *not* write: when Mrs. Guthrie can give us a comfortable account, I hope she will. You know, I trust, what a delight it is to us to remember all occasions of intercourse with you. We thank God for them.

"I feel much for the distress the attacks of breathlessness must give you. But I will not trouble you with many words. May God give you more ease and His own peace, my dear kind friend.

"With much affection, yours very sincerely,

"E. ARGYLL."

From DEAN RAMSAY.

"AINSLIE PLACE, EDINBURGH, *October 27th*, 1872.

"DEAREST DR. GUTHRIE,—You have been very ill, my good friend—near the gate we all have to pass. At such times, when we are approaching closer to the realities of the faith, I cannot help thinking that the externals of Church Order and Church Service become comparatively insignificant, and we ought to look for comfort and support more sure than the external modifications of the Faith. I trust, dear friend, you experienced that consolation in your day of weakness which you had pointed out to so many in your day of vigour.

"I am older than you by several years, and am feeling the weight of age and infirmity.

"By-and-by, might you just receive for five minutes

"Your old and truly affectionate friend,

"E. B. RAMSAY."

"*October 30th*, 1872.

"MY DEAR MR. DEAN,—I have received many sweet, tender, and Christian letters touching my late serious illness, but among them all none I value more, or almost so much as your own.

"How perfect the harmony in our views as to the petty distinctions around which—sad and shame to think of it—such fierce controversies have raged. I thank God that I, like yourself, have never attached much importance to these externals, and have had the fortune to be regarded as rather loose on such matters. We have just, by God's grace, anticipated the views and aspects they present on a death-bed.

"I must tell you how you helped us to pass many a weary, restless hour. After the Bible had been read to me in a low monotone, when I was seeking sleep and could not find it, a volume of my published sermons was tried, and sometimes very successfully, as a soporific. I was familiar with them, and yet they presented as much novelty as to divert my mind from my troubles. And what if this failed? Then came the 'Reminiscences' to entertain me, and while away the long hours when all hope of getting sleep's sweet oblivion was given up.

"So your book was one of my many mercies; but oh how great in such a time the unspeakable mercy of a full, free, present salvation!"

Another letter of sympathy and congratulation he received was in the form of a "round robin," signed by the Rev. T. Binney of London and a number of other friends, met at the house of Sir Titus Salt, in Yorkshire. In reply he wrote to Miss Salt:—"23rd October, 1872. . . . . I was brought low, but am now so far myself again that I can write a brief note. The ship which was thrown on her beam ends is slowly but steadily righting herself. The doctors think I may have to go to the south of Europe in our severe spring months; but I have so often, in God's good providence and through strength of a powerful constitution, cheated the doctors, that I hope I may not have to leave 'my ain countree.' Little wearies me, so I must stop."

Our fond anticipations of a return to moderately good health were not to be fulfilled. The digestive system now began to fail, in sympathy with the heart, and a tedious winter of weakness and weariness lay before him. His buoyancy of spirits carried him through the day; but sleeplessness, or, at best, rest procured by the

use of sedatives (chiefly chloral), combined with an indescribable sensation of sinking or faintness when about to fall into sleep, made him dread the very approach of night. For four months continuously, it was necessary for some of his family and attendants to sit in the room with him through the night, trying to beguile weariness and induce repose by reading to him in a monotonous tone, or by softly singing a psalm or hymn.* "It was a blessed and is rather a curious thing," he writes on December 7th, "that singing should have had such a happy influence on me, who am so 'timmer-tuned,' as they say. As Arnot† once said, I may say, 'though I never composed music, music has often composed me!' Sometimes, however, I get off the rails, and am not to be charmed by the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely. So it has happened this morning; and here am I seated, in an easy-chair, rolled up in blankets, with 'Noah'‡ at my feet, before a blazing fire, dictating to Clementina a letter to you between four and five of the morning."

Still, we hoped against hope. Could we have foreseen that there was to be no recovery, we might have been tempted to wish that the time of weariness and distress had been shortened; so distressing was it to witness the protracted struggle between a mortal malady and a powerful constitution, the former ever gaining the advantage; to see a genial spirit fettered to a disabled frame—existence itself becoming at times a burden. But, through it all, "he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible."

The return of his fourth son from Buenos Ayres in January, 1873, after an absence of six years, affected him very much, while he was rejoiced to welcome the young wife whom he brought with him from South America, and

* No. 135 of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," beginning "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," he asked for oftener than any other.
† Rev. W. Arnot, editor of the *Family Treasury.*
‡ A favourite white Cuban terrier.

whom Dr. Guthrie used to present to his visitors as "a lady who has never seen snow." The tedium of his seclusion was much lightened, too, by visits of friends, and he greatly relished the conversation and prayers of brethren in the ministry—Dr. Duff, Dr. Candlish, Dr. Blaikie, Dr. Charles Brown, Dr. Hanna, Mr. Philip (his successor in St. John's Free Church), Mr. Robertson of Newington, and others, who visited and prayed with him.

Through the winter, he continued to take the liveliest interest in all that was happening either in the Church or in the world. A visitor going in on him during the earlier part of the day would have found him sitting up in his bed (now moved to the drawing-room), his Bible on the pillow beside him, and the morning newspaper in his hand; a favourite green paroquet preening its feathers as it perched on the rail at the foot of his couch, while his white dog lay beside him; at such times his eye was so keen, his voice so full and strong, and the stream of his conversation so racy and rapid, that it was scarce possible to realise how weary the night had been, and his sleep how sorely broken.

He continued almost daily to extend his Autobiography, to correct proofs for the *Sunday Magazine*, and dictate letters to his friends. In one of these he sent a minute account of his condition to his fifth son, in San Francisco, from which we extract the concluding sentences:—

"*December 3rd*, 1872.

"I get up about ten o'clock, and in favourable weather have a drive in the shut or open carriage, as circumstances suggest. Besides this exercise, I now take one or two turns each day in the garden, and am able, by help of a stick, and taking it very slowly, to walk from the front door to the bower, and from that round the back of the house to the top of the garden. This *blows* and finishes me for the time. Though that is a poor achievement, it is a great deal more than I was able to do some time ago, and less than I hope to do ere long.

"We have all cause to be thankful that I have been brought back, I may say, from the gates of death. May it teach us to

be mindful of our latter end, which it is so easy to forget amid the pleasures and pursuits of the world. My condition when at the worst was a striking proof of the necessity for attending, while we are in the enjoyment of health and strength, to the things that concern our peace. There is no time more unfit for that, than when the body is suffering pain or agony, and the mind is weakened, and bodily suffering engrosses all one's thoughts. So, let us give heed to the saying, 'Be ye also ready.' To be ready is the only safe state for another world, besides being the happiest one in this. Pray God to sanctify this warning and affliction to one and all of us; that it may not have yielded pain only, but much profit.

"We are rejoiced to hear of the business you are carrying on. Let us praise the Lord for His goodness, and consecrate all to Him. To be a successful merchant is a good thing, but to be a Christian one a better.

"May the gracious God our Saviour have Mary and you in His safe and holy keeping. To His care and loving-kindness I commend you both.

"Your very affectionate father,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

"*December 25th*, 1872.

"MY DEAR MISS BEEVER,—If it was at this season of the year that our Saviour was born, it has been by contrast that the scene in the fields of Bethlehem has been presented most forcibly to my mind, as seeking sleep and finding none, I lay in bed, listening to the howling of the storm. This is one of the most abnormal seasons in the memory of man, for rain and tempest, and weather that now, in the very depth and heart of winter, looks like genial spring. I do not know that it is good for health; but certainly it is very enjoyable for the crows that I watch from my bed in the drawing-room here, wheeling through the air in joyous majesty, some broods of blackbirds that go hopping over the grass the live-long day, and an innumerable company of sparrows, that, bred in the ivy that mantles many of my walls, hold a sort of parliament, *palaver-thing*, or public assembly, in the venerable thorn-tree which stands before my door, as the chief ornament of this place.

"Though the weather here be comparatively genial, I am wearying to get away to the south of England, because there, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, where I have taken lodgings, I can spend much more time in the open air than I can do in Edinburgh."

He arrived at St. Leonard's on January 31st, 1873, and from a bright, cheerful house in Eversfield Place he looked out with all his old interest on the sea. The sound of the waves, as they broke on the beach close beneath his windows, delighted him, and he enjoyed a daily airing in a Bath chair or carriage along the shore; but his debility continued to increase so much, that at length he had to use a carrying-chair in passing from his sitting-room to the conveyance at the door. As the muscular power failed, the nervous system seemed to become morbidly sensitive. "The very quality," was his remark, with reference to his emotional temperament, "which used to be the source of my power, is now the seat of my weakness."

In passing through London, he had been visited by Dr. Walshe, eminent for his acquaintance with cardiac maladies. Dr. Walshe did not anticipate any immediate change in his condition. To this he refers, writing to his eldest son, from St. Leonard's, on February 3rd—

> "I don't know that the verdict of Dr. Walshe on my case gave me any such pleasure as it might give my family. I have no pleasure in looking forward to living through such years as the last months have been. For a considerable portion and proportion of these hours, I may say, the days have come when I have no pleasure in them—pleasure other than the prospect of the oblivion which sleep and the bed afford. But death and the grave would do the same; and with some good hope through grace of the favour and forgiveness of God, and of a saving interest in Christ's love and work, a long life presents no charm, and a sudden death no terrors to me.
>
> "Not that I wish to be parted from a family amid whom I have enjoyed an amount of happiness that seldom falls to the lot of man; but my prevailing and supreme wish is that I and they, children and children's children, may all find ourselves safely housed at last and together in the Kingdom of Heaven."

On the 10th, he dictated a letter to Dr. Cumming, of Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, in which he tells of an increased tendency to dropsy, now too apparent, and asks—

"With an appetite rather lessening than growing, with ability to walk about slowly abandoning me, and receding without any such promise of return as the tide gives when it leaves the shore, should I not regard this symptom as a precursor of the end? and that, perhaps—through the accumulation of water over the whole system—not very remote end? . . . No doubt, it matters little to a man *where*, but everything *how*, he dies; and it is even of more importance still, not how he *dies*, but how he *lives*. Still, if I were to die now, or soon, of this malady, I would rather do so under your than any other body's charge; at home than abroad, in the bosom of my family than among strangers."

When driving slowly through the old port of Hastings, he stopped to chat with the Sussex fisher folk, and purchase zoophytes, *algæ*, and other specimens of natural history, prepared by a poor widow there. Along with the letter just quoted, he sent to Mrs. Cumming a prepared specimen of the young of the skate fish, varnished and mounted on cardboard, in which the eyes and mouth present a grotesque resemblance to a distorted human face. The short note accompanying this oddity was the last he ever wrote with his own hand—

"20, EVERSFIELD PLACE, ST. LEONARD'S, *February* 10*th*, 1873.

"MY DEAR MRS. CUMMING,—There is a woman here who keeps a sort of marine-curiosity shop: to keep you humble, I send you herewith a specimen, according to Darwin and his system of development, of one of our remote and early ancestors, which I purchased of this worthy wife.

"Yours very affectionately,

"THOMAS GUTHRIE."

The gravity of the first communication and the playfulness of the second may seem in strange juxtaposition, but the combination was entirely characteristic of the writer.

The last time he was able to be in the open air was on the 16th of February. It was the Lord's day; and in the morning, with Mrs. Guthrie, he accompanied some of

his family on their way to worship at the United Presbyterian Church of Silverhill, two miles from St. Leonard's. Driving slowly back he reached Eversfield Place much exhausted, and, after being carried in his chair into the house, went at once to bed, scarcely ever to leave it again.

Ten memorable days, however, yet remained. All the members of his family who could reach him, were now summoned; and, for some days before he died, eight of his ten children were around his bedside.

It was in keeping with his own catholic spirit, that when, in the providence of God, he was shut out by distance from further intercourse with brethren of his own denomination in Edinburgh, he should have his closing days at St. Leonard's soothed by servants of God in other Churches there, not one of whom he had previously known. The Rev. T. Vores, Vicar of St. Mary-in-the-Castle, the Rev. J. Griffin,* of the Congregational, and the Rev. G. Carr, of the United Presbyterian Church, visited and prayed with him frequently.

As the veil which hides the other world grows more transparent to the believer, his intercourse with God becomes closer and more constant. The room in which Dr. Guthrie lay communicated by folding doors (one of which stood generally open) with the apartment where his family sat, and we could not but observe how much of his time was now spent in prayer. We frequently overheard him, when alone, giving audible utterance to his fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. Most touching and impressive were the expressions of deep penitence that then fell from his lips,

* In a note written by Mr. Griffin after Dr. Guthrie's departure, he says: "I esteemed it one of the most precious privileges of my life to have been with your venerated father again and again during the last days of his noble and God-honouring life. . . . . We shall never forget those moments of prayer at his bedside, and the sweet, soft hymning of his family around him."

mingled with petitions for a further realisation of Christ's preciousness and for more love towards Him.

His natural dislike to speak much of his inner experience and spiritual emotions passed in great measure away as the end drew near. A few, and these but a few, of his expressions were, unknown to him, taken down at the time he gave utterance to them:—"Thank God," he said, "my tongue has been unloosed." While we were beside him, he would break out in the midst of ordinary conversation into ejaculatory prayer,—using this one frequently: "O Most Mighty and Most Merciful, have compassion on me, once a great sinner, and now a great sufferer!"

Bodily distress was more or less continuous; not indeed in the form of acute pain, but of what he himself termed "sore oppression." "Death is slowly mining away here in the dark," he said one day:—"I could almost envy a warrior struck down by a battle-axe in the midst of the fight. The only part of the English Church Service I could never join in was the prayer in the Litany, 'from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us.'" On another occasion:—"I often thought and hoped in past years, that God would have granted me a translation like Chalmers' and Andrew Thomson's; but it would seem now this is not to be the way of it." Stretching out his arm with force on the 18th, he exclaimed, "Oh, the power yet in that right arm! I doubt it presents the prospect of a long fight; and if so, Lord, help me to turn my dying hours to better purpose than my preaching ones have been!" On the 19th:—"Oh that I could do some good in dying, and that this sad scene may be blessed to my family! But, were I to lie here all the days of Methuselah, I would not think it anything when I remember the sufferings of my Saviour."

"I have often witnessed death-beds," he said,—"I have often described them; but I had no concep-

tion, till now, of what hard work dying really is. Had I known this years ago as I know it now, I would have felt far more for others in similar circumstances than I did." From this, he passed on to speak of our Saviour's personal experience of suffering and death, and of His having thus become an High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

"Vanitas vanitatum!" he exclaimed, one day. "A living dog is better than a dead lion; and yet," he added, after a pause, "why should we wonder that this complaint of mine seems now past remedy? In '48, Begbie, Simpson, and Miller all considered my usefulness ended —my life probably near a close,—ay, that is five-and-twenty years ago. I have outlived every one of them; and though I have nothing to boast of, I have great reason to bless God that, during these years, I have been able to do something for God's glory and my suffering fellow-creatures. Need we wonder it should come to this now?"

Every aspect of Christ's character was precious to him. His chief complaint was, that his affection towards the Redeemer was not warmer. "I have not wanted confidence in Christ," were his words on the 20th; "but I have not loved Him as I ought." Then, after a pause— "as He loved me." On the 22nd, in conversation with Admiral Baillie Hamilton (an Episcopalian friend of former years, who visited and prayed with him daily), he mentioned the story of an old Scotch minister, who proposed to keep back from the Lord's table a young woman, whose knowledge he found grievously defective. Rising to go, the girl burst into tears. "It's true, sir, I canna speak for Him, but I think I could die for Him." "So," said Dr. Guthrie, "I feel that though I cannot speak of Him as He deserves, yet if I were to lie here a thousand years, I would think nothing of it, if it were to honour Christ."

Admiral Hamilton then knelt down by his bedside, and prayed fervently. Dr. Guthrie held out his hand to him as he rose, and said, "Thank you, my dear friend, thank you. May your prayers return abundantly into your own bosom." He derived very great comfort too from the converse and prayers of the Rev. W. Welsh, of whom, in one of his letters at a former date, he writes:—"Mr. Welsh, my son-in-law, is one of my many mercies; and, indeed, when I look around me and see the misfortunes and calamities that gather like clouds over many families, I feel how thankful I ought to be for the kindness of God in my household relations."

Reference being made to some recent speculations with respect to the sphere and influence of prayer, he expressed in the strongest terms his dissent from these, as both unscriptural and presumptuous, ending with, "Ha, these advanced thinkers! they have not robbed me of my comfort." He dwelt much and often on the paternal aspect of God's character, and spoke with thankfulness of the last sermon to which he had ever listened, in his son's church at Liberton, from the words, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" "I am a father," he added, "and I know what a father's heart is: my love to my children is no more to the infinite love of God, than one drop of water to that boundless ocean out there" (pointing to the sea, visible from the windows of the adjoining room). "I have no sympathy," he said, on another occasion, "with Broad Church views, but there *is* a sense in which I am a broad Churchman. There are some men who have no faith in the salvation of any beyond their own narrow sect. My belief, on the contrary, is that in the end there will be a vastly larger number saved than we have any conception of. What sort of earthly government would that be, where

more than half the subjects were in prison? I cannot believe that the government of God will be like that."

One evening, the conversation turning to a Church question, the name of a public man was mentioned who had opposed Dr. Guthrie's views with acrimony; on this, with a voice full of emotion, he said, "If any man who ever spoke or wrote against me were to come in just now at that door, I would be most willing to shake hands with him."

His natural courtesy and charm of manner remained with him to the last. Expressing regret at what he termed "the trouble I am giving to you all," with a gleam of humour on his face, he said, "You remember how that old scoundrel, Charles II., begged his courtiers to excuse him for being 'such an unconscionable time in dying.'" He was peculiarly touched by the unwearied attentions of a young woman from Argyllshire, who had come from Scotland along with the family, and acted latterly as his sick-nurse. "Affection," he said one day, after she had done some kindly office for him, "is very sweet; and it's all one from what quarter it comes, whether from this Highland lassie or from a duchess; just as to a thirsty man cold water is as grateful from a spring on the hill-side as from a marble fountain." The inquiries were very numerous which we received from all quarters by telegraph, as well as by the ordinary posts, during the last week of his illness. On the evening of the 21st, Her Majesty sent a telegram of inquiry and sympathy from Windsor.* When told next day of the Queen's message, he said, "It is

* The message, sent through the Duke of Argyll, who was at Windsor at the time, was in these words: "The Queen desires to know how your father is, and feels much for his suffering." Her Majesty was pleased to manifest continued interest in Dr. Guthrie's state, and received information from the telegrams of Admiral Hamilton to her private Secretary, Colonel Ponsonby.

most kind." When he heard how the newspapers over the kingdom had notices from day to day of his condition—"I give God thanks for the telegraph: it will serve as a call to God's people to mind me in their prayers."

His love to his own family seemed to flow forth more abundantly as life was ebbing away. Once and again, he gave thanks to God aloud for his domestic mercies, and that his wife and he had been spared the pangs some Christian parents of their acquaintance had experienced in connection with their children. Looking round on the group who surrounded his bed one evening, he went back with grateful memory to the many happy family gatherings beneath his roof in Edinburgh, at Christmas and other seasons of reunion, and then said, "These were pleasant times; but, ah! my dear folk, how much happier will it be when we meet in our Father's house up yonder, where there are no death-beds, and no partings!" He charged each of us to meet him in glory, and sent a faithful and loving message to his son, absent in California. "Tell him in all circumstances to stand up for Christ." These words, "stand up for Christ," he repeated twice, and with great emphasis.

When two of his sons were lifting him up on the pillows, he looked round to them and said, "I am just as helpless now in your arms as you once were in mine." On another occasion, when doing him a similar service, he seemed suddenly to recall the saying of the boy who had been dug out alive from the ruins of a fallen house in the Canongate of Edinburgh. Quoting the boy's words, with a smile, he called out to us, "Heave awa', lads, I'm no' dead yet!" A favourite granddaughter, three years old, Anita Williamson, had been brought by her parents from Cheshire that he might see her. It was a happy thought. The arrival of the child in the saddened dwelling acted like a cordial in his weakness

and weariness. Although before she came he kept his eyes generally shut, and his expression had assumed an unwonted gravity, whenever he was told Anita had entered the room, he would look up, and, the old smile passing like a gleam of sunshine over his face, he would say, "My bonnie lamb! lift her up beside me:" then having kissed her, it was a touching picture to see the little child chafing her grandfather's chilly hand.

Singing continued to soothe him. We generally chose some sacred melody; but one evening, about two days before he died, he asked for some Scotch songs, especially "John Anderson my jo, John," the "Laird of Cockpen," and the "Land o' the Leal." A psalm or hymn sung in soft chorus to the piano in the adjoining room he often asked for, and in reply to the question what he would like, he would say, "Just give me a bairn's hymn."

The calmness with which he contemplated his approaching change surprised every one. He watched its symptoms almost as if he had been himself an onlooker by the death-bed of another. More than once he asked Dr. Underwood, of Hastings, his medical attendant, to tell him how long he judged he was likely to last, and whether towards the close *coma* might supervene? During the last week, as the grey light came in each morning, he called for a hand mirror, and carefully scanned his countenance to see if he could detect any noticeable change in its aspect. He would sometimes even startle us by saying, "Look at me, and see if you think there is anything cadaverous yet in my expression." Finding his sight becoming dim:—"Ah! this reminds me of a story I was struck by. When Dr. Adam, the rector of the Edinburgh High School, was dying, and no longer able to see, the old man's mind wandered; he imagined himself in his class-room, and

called aloud,—'Now, boys, you may go. It's growing dark!'"

As one of his daughters was sitting with him on the 18th, he told her he had begun to see two spots in the pattern of the wall-paper opposite his bed, where he knew there used to be only one. She tried to make light of it, and said it would pass away. "No," he replied, "I take it as a symptom of death's approach. It minds me of the land-birds lighting on the shrouds, that tell the weary mariner he is nearing the desired haven." On Admiral Hamilton's coming into his room with the remark, "Do you know I think you are looking better this morning, Doctor," he replied, "Ah! then a good man comes with evil tidings."

He spoke of the opening of his Ragged Schools, twenty-five years previously, and of his early associates in that work, dwelling most affectionately on the late Miss Eliott Lockhart. "There's no one I look forward with greater pleasure to meeting in heaven than her." Again on the 18th, referring to the one breach in his family circle (the death of his infant son in 1856), he said,—"Johnnie was a sweet lamb, though he didna like me; he was long ailing, and aye clung to his mother. Perhaps, the greatest trial in all my life was when I lifted the clay-cold body and laid it in his little coffin in that front room in Lauriston Lane. He has gone before us all, though the youngest. Ay, though his little feet never ran on this earth, I think I see him running to meet me at the golden gate." In regard to the question sometimes raised, whether believers would recognise friends in heaven, he remarked,—"I have great sympathy with the old woman, who, when some one doubted the likelihood of her recognising her departed husband in the better world, exclaimed, 'Do you really think we will be greater fools in heaven than we are here?'"

On the same day, he insisted on being lifted out of bed, and sitting up in an easy-chair before the fire. He then desired that all the family should be summoned; and when we had assembled round him, he asked us to pray with him, shortly, one after the other. He then desired each of us to kiss him (an act quite unusual with him); and, though he did not say it in so many words, we judged that he meant this to be a special solemn leave-taking.

Friday, the 21st, after the barber had finished shaving him in the forenoon, and was about to leave the room, Dr. Guthrie made a sign that he should be recalled, and, opening his eyes, stretched out to him his feeble hand while he thanked him, and in an earnest whisper, added, "God bless you, my friend."

On that same day, in the afternoon, Mr. Vores visited him. Dr. Guthrie was not able to speak loud enough to be heard at any distance from the bed. He therefore whispered to one of his sons, "Tell him my journey is nearly ended. Ask him to pray that I may have a speedy entrance into heaven, and that we may have a happy meeting there, where we shall no longer have to proclaim Christ, but where we shall enjoy Him for ever and ever."

Sabbath, the 23rd February, was his last day on earth. His weakness was now so great that the doctor could scarce detect any pulse at the wrist, and marvelled at his tenacity of life. With this condition of body, the mind remained strong as ever. In the morning he put a medical inquiry to Dr. Underwood, and, as he was

leaving, affectionately besought a blessing on his physician. While one of his sons was reading to him the verse in the fourth hymn of the Scotch collection, beginning—

> "Hell and the grave combined their force
> To hold our Lord in vain,"

Dr. Guthrie interrupted him at the first line, saying, "That expression is unfortunate. It was not Hell into which our Lord descended, but 'Hades'—the state of the dead."

As the bells of St. Leonard's and Hastings were ringing for morning service, it comforted him to be reminded that prayers were to be offered, that day, on his behalf in many of the churches and chapels in both towns, as well as in many other places. Lying quietly in the course of the afternoon, he was heard to say, "A brand plucked from the burning!" A tender Christian letter, which had just come from his friend and neighbour in Edinburgh, Rev. James Robertson, of Newington, being read to him, he said, "Send him a message from me—the kindest thing you can say."

He had himself a dread that, from the original strength of his constitution, and the nature of his malady, the *act of dying* might be accompanied by distressing circumstances; but his prayer to be spared from these was most graciously answered. About ten o'clock on that Sunday evening, in reply to an inquiry, he responded in a whisper, but with all his old promptness and decision, "*Certainly.*"

This was the last word he uttered. Shortly thereafter he fell into broken sleep. As midnight approached, his breathing became noticeably easier than it had been for days, and we began to ask in whispers, "Can there be a change for the better?" Some of the family then retired to rest, while Dr. Guthrie continued to sleep quietly, supported by his faithful Highland nurse, one

of his daughters watching by his side. About two in the morning, the maid whispered, "Surely the wrinkles on the brow are smoothing out!" It was no fancy; the whole countenance wore an expression of profound calm, and the traces of age, work, and weariness were literally passing away. But, though he still breathed, the gathering pallor told that life was ebbing fast. The other members of the family were hastily summoned, and we commended the passing spirit into the Redeemer's hands. Just then he left us; but so gentle the departure, that the moment could scarcely be noted when the sleep of exhausted nature passed into the sleep of death.

"I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN, SAYING UNTO ME, WRITE, BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD FROM HENCEFORTH: YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT, THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS; AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

The remains were conveyed from St. Leonard's to Edinburgh, on Wednesday morning, and interred on Friday, the 28th of February.

Unless when Dr. Chalmers and Sir James Simpson were carried to the grave, Edinburgh had seen no such funeral in this generation. The magistrates in their robes of office, and various other public bodies, clergymen of every Protestant denomination in Scotland, representatives of the Wesleyan Methodists from Eng-

land, and of the Waldensian Church from Italy, passed to the Grange Cemetery through a living vista of 30,000 spectators. But the most touching feature in all the procession was the presence of 230 children from the Original Ragged Schools, many of whom might truly have said, as one little girl of their number was overheard to tell, "He was all the father I ever knew."

"The city weeps: with slow and solemn show
The dark-plumed pomp sails through the crowded way,
And walls and roofs are topped with thick display
Of waiting eyes that watch the wending woe.
What man was here, to whose last fateful march,
The marshalled throng its long-drawn convoy brings,
Like some great conqueror's when victory swings
Her vans o'er flower-spread path and wreathèd arch?
No conqueror's kind was here, nor conqueror's kin,
But a strong-breasted, fervid-hearted man,
Who from dark dens redeemed, and haunts of sin,
The city waifs, the loose unfathered clan
With prouder triumph than when wondering Rome
Went forth, all eyes, to bring great Cæsar home." *

At the burial-place, prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Blaikie, and then the children of the Ragged School sang the hymn, "There is a happy land, far, far away." When the clear voices of these rescued ones rose on the still air, not many eyes were dry. The hymn ended, and the grave closed, the Superintendent of the schools led forward a little boy and girl who laid a wreath upon the green sod.

On the following Lord's day, funeral sermons were preached in St. John's Free Church by Dr. Candlish in the morning, and by Mr. Philip, the surviving pastor, in the afternoon. No one who heard Dr. Candlish that day could have anticipated that, ere that year had run, he too was to be summoned to his rest and his

* By Professor John Stuart Blackie.

reward. All the more impressive now the words he then uttered—

"Friend and brother! Comrade in the fight! Companion in tribulation! Farewell! But not for ever. May my soul, when my hour comes, be with thine!"

THE END.

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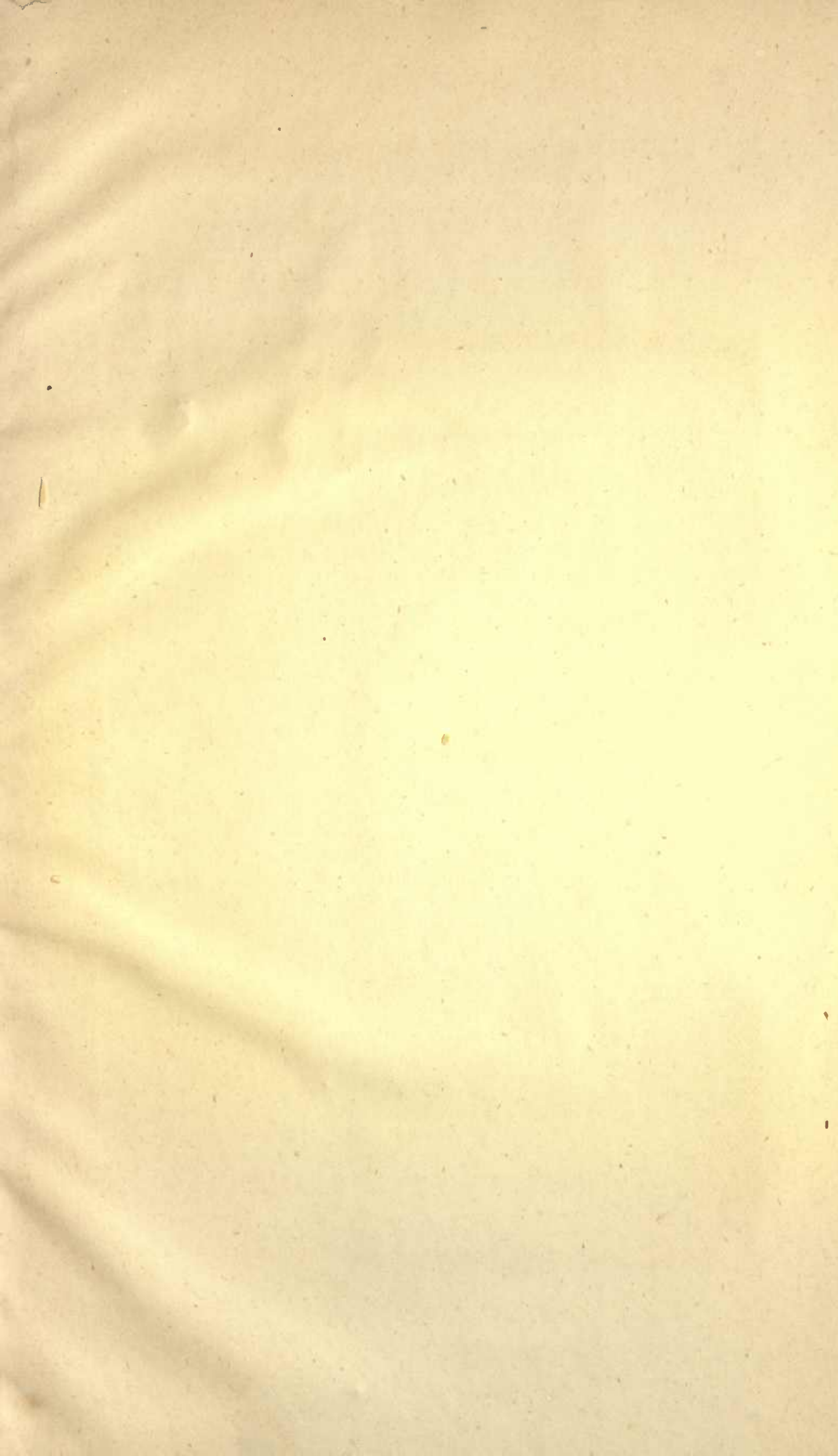
The following extract is from the "Memoir" itself; it shows what DR. MACLEOD thought of such a work as the present :—

"*From his Journal*, Oct. 11th, 4:45 a.m.

"Have been reading a little of 'Brainard.' NEXT TO THE BIBLE Christian Biography is the most profitable. In as far as it is true, it is a revelation of the living God, through His living Church."

The following extract is taken from a letter of DEAN STANLEY'S:

"He was the chief Ecclesiastic of the Scottish Church. No other man during the last thirty years in all spiritual ministration so nearly filled the place of Chalmers; no other man has occupied so high and important a position in guiding the Ecclesiastical movements of their country since the death of Robertson, we might almost say, since the death of Carstares * * * * Macleod represented Scottish Protestantism more than any other single man. Under and around him men would gather who would gather round no one else. When he spoke it was felt to be the voice, the best voice of Scotland."



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