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PREFACE.

The issues of the New Biographical Series for the year that is finishing are again gathered together in a volume—the Seventh of this Series—and the interest and importance of the subjects and the skill of the writers will be found equal to any previous year's tracts. It is only necessary to mention Peter Waldo, Sir Edward Parry, Sir James Simpson, Archbishop Whately, James Hamilton, and Robert Moffat, to show the wide range of subjects. It is hoped and expected that the usefulness of this Series will be greatly extended by the issue of this and each succeeding yearly volume.

The Society has reason to be thankful for the appreciation already so widely shown in this effort to provide sound readable and instructive literature for the People.

October, 1890.

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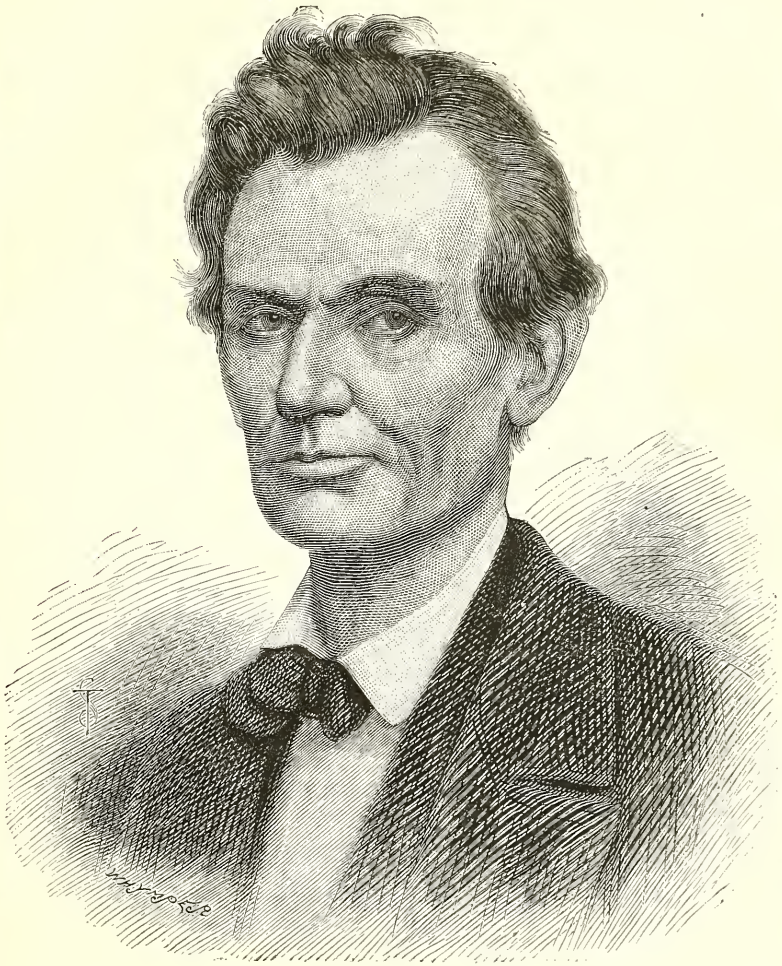

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I.

EARLY YEARS.

The career of Abraham Lincoln affords a most striking illustration of the possibilities of life in the United States. Sprung from the humblest grade of society, by a wise and right use of the privileges and opportunities he shared with all his fellow-citizens, he attained the highest station in his country at the great crisis of her history. Playing as prominent a part in a vaster and more tragic struggle, he has received with Washington the patriot's undying fame.

Lincoln came of a good stock, although rank, wealth and learning were unrepresented among his immediate ancestors. It is not certain, but highly probable, that he was a descendant of the Samuel Lincoln who, about 1638, left Norwich in England for Hingham in what is now the State of Massachusetts. Thence the family moved to Virginia, and, in 1780, Abraham Lincoln, his grandfather, left Virginia for Kentucky, which was then being opened up by the famous pioneer, Daniel Boone. Kentucky, is one of the romance lands of the West, and the story of her settlement is full of deeds of heroism and endurance, but is also not wholly free from dark stains of treachery and cruelty. The fate of the pioneer Lincoln is an illustration of the price that had to be paid in human lives before the wilderness became habitable. Abraham Lincoln had cleared a small holding, and in 1786, while at work with his three sons extending the clearing, he was shot dead by an Indian concealed in the woods. The youngest son crouched by his father's body; the second made off to the nearest settlers for help; the eldest ran to the log-house, seized a rifle, and through a loop-hole shot his father's assailant as he stood over the body of his victim. The youngest of the three sons, Thomas by name, married in 1806. A year later he moved to a small farm in Hardin County, Kentucky, and as Lincoln's biographers tell us, "settled down to a deeper poverty than any of his name had ever known; and there, in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into this world, Abraham Lincoln was born on the 12th day of February, 1809."

In 1813, the family moved to a farm on Knob Creek, and in 1816 they again journeyed westward to Little Pigeon Creek in Indiana; and here, on October 5th, 1818, at the early age of thirty-five, Lincoln's mother died. Life in those newly settled regions was a hard struggle for the barest existence. Privations and the absence of the commonest advantages of childhood probably produced that melancholy which lay at the foundation of Lincoln's character; but they also matured in him a sturdy self-reliance and a fertility of resource to which in later days he owed much of his success.

His mother is described as handsome and—rare accomplishments in those parts at that date—as being able to read and write. She was probably too delicate to stand the rough wear and tear of frontier life, and hence died in her early prime. But she seems to have imparted much of her own gentleness to her boy, and one of his intimate friends in later life tells us that Lincoln said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." She had taught him to read and write; she had implanted in him a love for truth and justice and for the Word of God which only deepened as the years of his life rolled on. One authentic incident of this period is very touching. According to the common custom, his

mother was buried hard by the homestead, and no religious service was held in connection with the funeral, as there was no minister of the Gospel within reach. But Lincoln, although only nine years old, could not bear the thought of his mother's funeral without any religious rites. And so he wrote off —and possibly this was the first letter he penned—to David Elkin, one of the frontier itinerant preachers, who, when the winter was over, came and held a religious service over the mother's grave.

In 1819, Lincoln's father married a second time. The step-mother's influence proved of the greatest benefit to the lad. She was an earnest Christian, a pattern of thrift and industry, and her influence over the household was wholly for good. She was fully alive to the value of education, and so far as it lay in her power, secured it for all her children. But in that wild region, and at that early date, education, in the modern sense of the term, hardly existed.

Lincoln himself has sketched for us this part of his life :—

"There were some schools so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', 'writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighbourhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still somehow I could read and write and cipher to the rule of three; but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time, under the pressure of necessity."

But Lincoln had acquired a love of study for its own sake, and hence he became his own best teacher. He read everything that came in his way; and fortunately the bulk of the literature within his reach was of the highest class. First and foremost was the Bible. From his earliest years, Lincoln was familiar with the best of books, and his most intimate friends are unanimous in the assertion that his knowledge of the Bible was altogether exceptional. *Æsop's Fables*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, a *History of the United States*, and Weam's *Life of George Washington* were the remaining volumes of his library; and it may be questioned whether the world's literature, had it been at his disposal, could have provided other books better qualified to educate him for the great work of his life. These he read and re-read until they became a permanent part of his mental equipment. "But his voracity for anything printed," we are assured, "was insatiable. He would sit in the twilight and read a dictionary as long as he could see. He used to go to David Turnham's, the town constable, and devour the Revised Statutes of Indiana, as boys in our days do *The Three Guardsmen*. Of the books he did not own he took voluminous notes, filling his copy-book with choice extracts, and poring over them until they were fixed in his memory. He could not afford to waste paper upon his own original compositions."

As the years passed, he grew into a tall stalwart man, over six feet high. Many are the stories told illustrative of his kindness of heart, his strict sense of justice, and of his willingness to protect the weak. His step-mother's testimony is: "I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked him." He was always roused to a white heat of indignation by the sight of any cruelty to animals. He once saved the life of the town drunkard, whom he found freezing by the roadside, by carrying him a long distance, and watching over him until he regained consciousness.

In the rough work and the rough life of those days he could hold his own. "He could sink an axe deeper into wood than any man I ever saw," writes one friend. On one occasion, when some men were preparing an apparatus to move some heavy posts, Lincoln quickly shouldered them, and carried them where they were needed.

Thus early too his powers as a speaker

began to manifest themselves, for at harvest-time, to the disgust of their employer, the hands would forsake work to hear one of Lincoln's comic orations. In the rough-and-ready pugilistic encounters by which public opinion insisted upon differences being settled, as many incidents testify, he could much more than hold his own.

In 1830, Lincoln's father emigrated once more, and on this occasion went to Illinois, the great State with which the fortunes of Lincoln were to be inseparably associated.

II.

EARLY MANHOOD.

Lincoln now began to get out into the world on his own account. He made a trip in a flat-boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans in the spring of 1831. Three years before he had made the same voyage; but on this occasion a very powerful impression of the evil of slavery was made upon his mind. "At New Orleans," writes one of his fellow-voyagers, "we saw for the first time negroes chained, maltreated, whipped and scourged. Lincoln saw it; his heart bled; said nothing much, was silent, looked bad. I can say, knowing it, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinions of slavery." This was the first, but by no means the last, occasion on which Lincoln was compelled to witness the cruelties of the slave system. How wild would the prophecy have seemed, could it have been uttered on that May morning in 1831, that thirty-one years later, the lanky flat-boat hand would sign the famous proclamation that gave liberty to every slave in the United States!

During the next few years Lincoln was feeling after his life-work, and experimenting in many different directions. He assisted a man named Offnut in keeping a shop at the village of New Salem. While acting as Offnut's clerk, he began the study of English by walking twelve miles to purchase a Kirkham's Grammar. Already possessing the power of applying himself vigorously to the work in hand, he soon mastered that treatise, now unknown to fame. In 1832 he served for a short time as a volunteer in a campaign against the Indians, called after a noted chief the "Black Hawk" war. Lincoln's popularity was proved by the fact that his comrades elected him captain. He himself has testified that no later success in receiving the suffrage of his fellows gave him such unalloyed pleasure. He took no part in the two battles that were fought; and he was mustered out of the service by a certain Lieutenant Anderson, who, twenty-nine years after, as Major in command at Fort Sumter, took part in the engagement which inaugurated the great civil war.

Meanwhile Lincoln had been aiming at a seat in the Legislature. Success in this would give him a footing upon the ladder of political and social promotion. The sterling nature of the man was conspicuous in the struggle. He espoused the cause of the unpopular party. The great problem before his constituency was whether the Sangamon River could be rendered navigable or not. Both parties were in favour of opening up this insignificant stream; but in the brief statements of opinion upon national questions by the unpopular Whigs, Lincoln believed he saw more truth and justice than in those of the popular Democrats, and so he threw in his lot with the former. His election address, crude as it is in some aspects, exhibits that balance of mind and readiness to hear the other side which in later years gave him his profound political insight, and enabled him to pen addresses which rank high amongst the best models. We quote only one paragraph: "Upon the subjects which I have treated, I have spoken as I have thought. I may be wrong in regards to any or all of them; but holding it a sound maxim that it is better only sometimes to be right than at all times wrong, so soon as I discover my opinions to be erroneous, I shall be ready to renounce them."

Lincoln was not successful in this first attempt to enter the Legislature. The question of what he should do in life became still more pressing, and in succession he filled the offices of shopkeeper, postmaster, and surveyor. In the first of these enterprises he was unfortunate. He had a worthless partner, who ultimately decamped, leaving Lincoln to face liabilities so large in amount that his friends facetiously described them as "the national debt." But scorning any of the easy and customary methods of escape, he paid to the uttermost penny debts for which the drunken partner was mainly responsible. In 1833, he became postmaster for New Salem, and held the appointment three years. His thirst for knowledge grew, and he eagerly seized all means of increasing his store. It was reported that he read every newspaper which the mails brought to New Salem. An incident which well exemplifies his scrupulous regard for other people's money occurred in this connection. The mail route was altered, and New Salem ceased to enjoy the dignity of being a postal centre. A balance of about £3 was in Lincoln's hands at the time. The official whose duty it was to collect this sum did not call upon Lincoln for it until some years had passed. When he did so, Lincoln was still very poor and hard pushed for the bare necessaries of life; but he at once went to a trunk, took out a little bundle, and handed it to the agent. It was the exact sum, made up of the silver and copper coins which had been paid in at the post-office years before. "I never use any man's money but my own," he remarked as he handed it over.

His influence had now begun to extend beyond his own immediate neighbourhood; and in 1834 he was elected to the State Legislature. This event brought to a close the first and hardest period of his early life, and laid the foundation of his later popularity. He had passed unscathed through the dangers and difficulties and temptations of the wild, rough, and yet vigorous frontier life; and although unaware of it yet himself, had surmounted the greatest obstacles in his path. He was the best educated man, in many respects, of all that region, and already he was widely known as "Honest Abe Lincoln." And in the Western State no less than in the polished centres of civilization, character and ability were certain in the long run to enable their possessor to rise to a foremost position among his fellows.

It was at this time also that the romance of his life occurred. He fell in love with a beautiful girl named Anne Rutledge, who returned his affection, and to whom he was to have been married; but in 1835, before he had completed his legal studies, she died. With Anne Rutledge's memory he seems always afterwards to have associated the verses he was so fond of repeating in his sadder moments, and which have come, though without sufficient evidence, to be considered as his favourite poem—

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave."

Lincoln's residence at Vandalia, then the capital of Illinois, during the sessions of the Legislature, brought him into contact with the ablest men of the State, and afforded him many opportunities for carrying on his education. The only incident in this first term of public service worthy of note happened just as it was drawing to a close. The Legislature, faithfully reflecting the views of the majority at that time, had passed resolutions in favour of slavery. Lincoln drew up the following protest, which was formally entered upon the journals of the House—

"Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same. They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of Abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils."

A very mild protest this, judged by after events and in the light of the present day. But it was thought a bold deed at the time of its occurrence, and it stands out as a great landmark in Lincoln's career. It was the beginning of his life-work; it was the foundation stone of that great building completed by the immortal Emancipation Proclamation.

III.

LIFE IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

The Legislature in this session also decreed that Springfield should become the State capital, and in 1837 Lincoln removed to that town, of which until his death he remained a citizen. At this time the town numbered only 1500 inhabitants. It was "built on the edge of the woods, the north side touching the timber, the south encroaching on the prairie. The richness of the soil was seen in the mud of the streets, black as ink, and of unfathomable depths in time of thaw. There were no pavements or sidewalks. The houses were almost all of wood, and were disposed in rectangular blocks." Here he entered into partnership with a friend named John T. Stuart, and began the study and the practice of law, a proceeding which in those days required little or no special training. From 1836 to 1842 he was re-elected. In 1840 he first came into public collision with his great adversary, Douglas, but only upon a matter of purely local politics. A friend named Milton Hay, who studied law with Lincoln at this time, has left on record a very graphic sketch of the conditions of life and legal practice in Springfield fifty years ago:—

"Population was sparse, and society scarcely organized; land was plentiful and employment abundant. There was an utter absence of the abstruse questions and complications which now beset the law. The character of this simple litigation drew the lawyer into the street and neighbourhood, and into close and active intercourse with all classes of men. If a man had an uncollectible debt, the current phrase was, 'I'll take it out of his hide. This would bring an action for assault and battery. The free comments of the neighbours on the fracas or the character of the parties would be productive of slander suits. A man would for his convenience lay down an irascible neighbour's fence, and indolently forget to put it up again, and thus prepare the way for an action of trespass; the suit would lead to a free fight, and sometimes furnish the bloody incidents of a murder trial."

About 1840, Lincoln began to manifest an eager interest in the political life of the nation, and it was in this rough Western school that he acquired the ready wit, the apt speech, the knowledge of men and things, which stood him in such good stead during the last ten years of his life.

In 1842, he married Miss Mary Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky. This period was one of mental and spiritual growth. His constitutional melancholy, intensified by the conditions of frontier life, his want of reliance upon his own powers, his exalted reverence for woman, combined to make the time of courtship a season of mental conflict, from which he emerged strong, capable and equipped for the great work of his life. His biographers assert that "the late but splendid maturity of Lincoln's mind and character dates from this time, and although he grew in strength and knowledge to the end, from this year we observe a steadiness and sobriety of thought and purpose, as discernible in his life as in his style. He was like a blade forged in fire and tempered in the ice-brook, ready for battle whenever the battle might come."

In 1846, Lincoln was nominated as candidate for Congress. His opponent was the famous Peter Cartwright, the typical backwoods preacher, and one of the most remarkable men of this century. But his undoubted popularity afforded him little help in the struggle with Lincoln, who was returned as Member of Congress by a very large majority.

In his second session he introduced a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the only portion of the United States under the absolute control of the Federal Government. It aroused violent opposition; it had no

chance of passing, and is interesting only as an index to his mind and political aims at this time. He was not a candidate for re-election, and this brief spell of two years was all the experience of Congress he was to enjoy.

From 1849 to 1854, Lincoln pursued his work as a Springfield lawyer. He threw himself with renewed energy into his old pursuits. He had been brought into contact with other men and other currents of thought in the national capital, and it is very characteristic of the man to note how he realized some new defects in himself, and how he set about removing them with his accustomed vigour and application. To strengthen his power of close and sustained reasoning, he gave himself to the study of logic and mathematics, mastering, among other things, once and for all, the first six books of Euclid. During these years, he was the acknowledged head of the Circuit in which he practised. A colleague, who afterwards became a judge, says of him:—

"In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer, he had few equals. He seized the strong parts of a cause, and presented them with great clearness and compactness. The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a wrong cause was poorly defended by him. The ability which some lawyers possess of explaining away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry was denied him. In order to bring into full activity his great powers, it was necessary that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated. When so convinced, whether the cause were great or small, he was usually successful. He hated wrong and oppression everywhere. He was the most simple and unostentatious of men in his habits, having few wants and those easily supplied. To his honour be it said, that he never took from a client, even when his cause was gained, more than he thought the services were worth, or the client could reasonably afford to pay. The people where he practised law were not rich, and his charges were always small."

Another friend records that upon one occasion he said to a man who tried unsuccessfully to enlist him in what to Lincoln seemed an unjust case, "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighbourhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you $600 which rightfully belong, it appears to me, as much to them as to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I advise you to try your hand at making $600 some other way."

IV.

LINCOLN AS AN OPPONENT OF SLAVERY EXTENSION.

The Secession movement of 1861, culminating in the formation of the Confederate States and the great civil war, was due to powerful influences acting over more than one generation; and no person in any full measure acquainted with the facts can fail to see that slavery was the one efficient cause of the war. The battle raged in public life, in Congressional and Presidential Elections, fifteen years before the fateful guns opened fire upon Fort Sumter. In fact their opening fire was but the sign that the "irrepressible conflict," as Seward termed it, had been transferred from the senate to the camp. It was during these fifteen years that Lincoln won the heart of the great West, established his reputation as the ablest speaker and one of the most far-seeing men of his time, and by a development in which there was nothing accidental, came to be recognised as the one man to whom in the most critical moment of American history the new, vigorous and resolute anti-slavery party could entrust almost absolute power.

From the very foundation of the Republic, slavery had been a weakness and a source of division. More by accident than design it had happened that when Illinois, in 1818, was admitted into the Union as a *free* State, the number in which slavery was legal, and in which it was excluded, was exactly equal, viz. eleven. Then began the struggle for "the balance of power." In 1820, the oft-mentioned Missouri Compromise was

arrived at. By this arrangement Maine was admitted as a free State, Missouri as a slave State, and the line north of which slavery was not to exist was fixed at north latitude 36° 30′. Thenceforward the balance was maintained. In 1836, Michigan free, and Arkansas slave, were admitted; in 1845, Iowa free, and Florida slave. But with the admission of the latter, although the admission of Texas in December 1845 gave them an actual majority for a brief time, the politicians of the South saw that their territory was exhausted while enormous areas yet remained to the North, pointing inevitably to the fact that in a few years the balance must go away from the South and from slavery for ever. The South, by a skilfully conducted and persistent policy, threw the whole country into a political convulsion, resulting, in 1854, in the repeal of the Compromise of 1820, due largely to the fact that while the South went solid for it, the North was greatly divided in opinion.

Repeal, successful in Congress, determined to push its influence in the country, and from 1854 a state of affairs that was but little short of civil war raged in Kansas. The South resolved that Kansas should elect for slavery. The settlers, aided by the magnetism and force of the famous John Brown, determined that the soil of Kansas should be free. Thrilling is the story and powerful was its influence, but we cannot stay even to sketch it in outline. It served nevertheless the great purpose of giving to the Northern States a magnificent object lesson on the results of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

Prior to 1856, the political parties had ranged under the names of Democrats (Repealers) and Whigs, to which Lincoln belonged. But it was a time when the old order was breaking up and new combinations were in the process of formation. The most powerful of the latter was the gradual organisation of a great party opposed absolutely to the *extension* of slavery and known by the name Republican. The Illinois section, of which Lincoln was the trusted leader, took definite shape in 1856. The Republican Convention that year nominated John C. Fremont for President, but the organization had not yet acquired sufficient solidarity to become a great power in the State, and Buchanan, the last of the old Democratic Presidents, was elected.

In 1858, Stephen A. Douglas had to seek re-election as senator for Illinois. Lincoln was at once and unanimously nominated as his Republican opponent, and in one of the most carefully prepared speeches of his life, accepting the nomination, Lincoln uttered the following remarkable and prophetic words:—

"We are now in the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I don't expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

The canvas soon resolved itself into the greatest political conflict of that generation. Douglas was a speaker of consummate ability, of great reputation and experience, and a prominent candidate for the next Presidency. But Lincoln saw deeper into the true bearing of things, and had a clearer vision for the signs of the times. They agreed to debate the burning questions of the hour together. Lincoln took his stand upon what he held to be the true interpretation of the Declaration of Independence, viz. that it was inconsistent with the existence of slavery; and he sought to arouse the national conscience to what he considered the plain moral duty of the time—

strenuous and unceasing resistance to pro-slavery extension.

In his speeches Lincoln gave utterance to some of his ripest wisdom and most famous maxims. Here are a few examples:—

"No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent."

"The master not only governs the slave without his consent, but he governs him by a set of rules altogether different from those which he prescribes for himself. Allow all the governed an equal voice in the government, that and that only is self-government."

"Slavery is founded in the selfishness of men's nature—opposition to it in his love of justice. These principles are in eternal antagonism; and when brought into collision so fiercely as slavery extension brings them, shocks and throes and convulsions must ceaselessly follow. Repeal the Missouri Compromise—repeal the Declaration of Independence—repeal all past history—still you cannot repeal human nature."

The campaign was long and arduous, and the voting power very equal. But Lincoln was beaten by the defection of the Whig remnant. They would not throw in their lot with the new and forward party, and though numerically insignificant they turned the scale. On the election day, the numbers were—Lincoln 125,430 Republican votes; Douglas 121,609 Democrat votes *plus* 5071 Whig votes. Lincoln, like other men, smarted under defeat, but he had the consolation of knowing that he had given a powerful impulse to reform, he had made the Presidency impossible for Douglas in 1860, and he himself tells us, "I am glad I made the late race. It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age which I could have had in no other way; and though I now sink out of view, and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of liberty long after I am gone."

He had done his best, and though apparently defeated, had won the great victory of his life. Little as he dreamed it then, it was his able, high-principled, and elevated conduct of this keen personal conflict that enabled the new and growing Republican party of the West and North-west to recognise in him their true leader, and slowly but irresistibly to resolve that to his hands, so far as they could secure it, the destinies of the country should be entrusted. In a less degree the struggle had fixed upon him the attention of the Middle and Eastern States, and he addressed large gatherings in New York and in some of the New England States. The impression current in Europe in 1860 that he was an unknown man was as erroneous as many popular ideas which then obtained with regard to men and movements in the United States. In Washington and New York, Seward was a much greater power; but when it came to the real issue in the nomination convention, the Western man easily vanquished the Eastern.

Lincoln was ultimately elected as Buchanan's successor, and the pro-slavery party at once recognising this as a death-blow to their "balance of power" and slavery extension views, prepared to combat it by a revolutionary, disguised as a "State right," movement. They resolved that the Federal government not only had no right to interfere with State domestic institutions, such as negro servitude, but also had no right to maintain the Federal Union whenever any one or any group of States wished to withdraw. This somewhat delicate question soon passed from the Senate to the battle-field, and was ultimately settled by the arbitrament of war.

V.

LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT.

Four months elapse between the election of a President of the United States and his entrance upon office. These four months were turned to good use by the Southern party. The majority of Buchanan's Cabinet were Secessionists, who devoted their remaining period of office to disabling in every possible way the Government they had sworn to maintain. Without any vigorous effort to check them on Buchanan's part, seven South-

ern States seceded; and on February 4th, 1861, at Montgomery in Alabama, their delegates met to form a Southern Confederacy. On February 8th, a provisional government for the Confederate States of America was adopted, and by March 11th, a constitution based upon negro slavery and State rights was elaborated. Meanwhile, Jefferson Davis had been elected and inaugurated President of the Confederate States, amid wild rejoicings and confident assertions that the old Union was severed for ever.

Meanwhile, Lincoln, waiting quietly at home in Springfield, looked forward to the fearful conflict which he so clearly foresaw, and in which he knew, if life were spared, he was destined to take the foremost place. On February 11th, 1861, he left Springfield, and began his progress towards Washington. At the railway station, when about to enter the carriage, amidst a crowd of old familiar friends and neighbours, he uttered a few heartfelt words of farewell which enable us to understand the spirit in which he entered upon the greatest task undertaken by any man of the nineteenth century:—

"My friends, no one not in my position can realise the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine blessing which sustained him; and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. And I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you an affectionate farewell."

His progress through the different cities of the West aroused great enthusiasm. But it is significant of the fierce passions then raging that a conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln as he passed through Baltimore was discovered, and the President came on secretly to the capital. On March 4th, he was duly inaugurated. It is the custom for the President of the United States to deliver his inaugural address standing on the magnificent eastern front of the Capitol, facing the statue of Washington. Public interest centred in what Lincoln would say and do. Everything that malice and slander could do, had been done to arouse prejudice against him. By many he was supposed to be a frontier savage, more at home in a lumber camp than in a senate chamber, and who had been raised to a dignity, which he could not possibly adorn, not by any native worth or ability, but simply by unscrupulous party politics. What those who knew him saw was a tall kindly man, full of profound thoughts on State policy, and of earnest longing for his country's weal in a time of extreme danger. What his hearers heard was the first of those great utterances on public affairs which have placed Lincoln in the front rank of the world's statesmen.

He was surrounded by a group of remarkable men. There was Buchanan, the outgoing President, during whose term of office the ship of State had drifted perilously near the breakers; there was Chief Justice Taney, who had just administered the oath of allegiance, the author of the famous Dred-Scott decision[1] and the author of a policy upon the slave question which Lincoln abhorred; there was the scholarly and thoughtful Sumner, the senator who had laboured long and suffered much in the cause which was now about to triumph; and there also stood Douglas, the early friend and strenuous opponent of Lincoln, himself a defeated candidate for the Presidency, but now determined to stand by the old Union to the last. Before them were gathered thousands of their fellow-countrymen, to whom and

[1] By this decision all officials and inhabitants of the Free States were compelled, as far as it lay in their power, to aid in the return of fugitive slaves to their masters.

through whom to the whole land, Lincoln spoke.

He maintained two propositions, viz., that the Union of the States must be perpetual, and that the laws of the Union must be faithfully executed in all the States. He pleaded for quiet thought upon the issues then before the nation, and he closed with a solemn appeal to both North and South, based upon the self-sacrifice of their fathers in the struggle for independence:—

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

VI.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES.

On April 11th, 1861, the great Civil War was begun by the South. Fort Sumter was bombarded and evacuated. But the Southern leaders had done far more than they desired. Their wish was to shatter Lincoln's administration on the very threshold of existence; what they did was to still faction at the North, and to arouse an enthusiasm for the Union which never fully spent its force until the Confederacy was in ruins, every slave set free, and the men who scoffed at Abraham Lincoln in 1861, had become in 1865 fugitives from the power they had schemed to overthrow.

We can but glance at the main episodes of that terrible struggle in which Lincoln's personality and eloquence were all-powerful. The current opinion in many quarters at the time was that Lincoln's ideas and actions were largely controlled by Seward. But there is now no doubt that all through the tangled maze of political and military strife, it was Lincoln's clear brain and resolute will, and unselfish devotion to his country, that led the nation along the path of justice and self-sacrifice to the haven of peace.

The turning-point in the struggle was the emancipation of the slaves, and with this great deed Lincoln's name is for ever associated. In the execution of it he exhibited to the full his great qualities. He was in the best sense of the term a practical statesman. Yielding to none in his hatred of slavery, and in his perception of the horrible iniquity and injustice of the system, he yet refused to be hurried into premature action. The strongest pressure was brought to bear upon him to declare for it in the first months of the war, but he steadily refused. He did take action at the moment when the proclamation could deal a most deadly blow to the Confederacy, and so become a powerful agent in securing its own fulfilment. The President of the United States is accessible to visitors and deputations in a way altogether unknown to European rulers, and during 1862 many and varied were the visitors who came to urge their views of his duty upon him. But just as in his Cabinet, he acted solely upon his own judgment, and had made the fateful decision before he consulted the ministers, so although willing to hear all that could be said, he reserved the right of final judgment. He listened patiently to a Quaker lady, who in a long harangue assured him that he had been appointed by the Lord to abolish slavery at once. When her eloquence was exhausted, he remarked, "I have neither time nor disposition to enter into discussion with the Friend, and end this occasion by suggesting for her consideration the question whether, if it be true that the Lord has appointed me to do the work she has indicated, is it not probable that He would have communicated the fact to me as well as to her?" About the same time, an influential deputation of ministers from Chicago visited the White House on a similar errand. Lincoln put to them the problem that

had been troubling him for months. "If I cannot enforce the constitution down South, how am I to enforce a mere presidential proclamation? Won't the world sneer at it as being as powerless as the Pope's bull against the comet?" One member of the deputation, just as they were retiring, burst out, "What you have said to us, Mr. President, compels me to say in reply, that it is a message to you from our Divine Master, through me, commanding you, sir, to open the doors of bondage that the slave may go free!" Lincoln instantly rejoined, "That may be, sir, for I have studied this question by night and by day, for weeks and for months, but if it is, as you say, a message from your Divine Master, is it not odd that the only channel He could send it by was that roundabout route, by that awfully wicked city of Chicago?"

And yet at this time his mind was fully made up, and in a few weeks the proclamation was issued. The year 1862 had been a season of fearful trial and responsibility to the Administration. The capture of Fort Donelson in the West, and of New Orleans in the far South, had been serious blows to the Confederacy. But the repulse of General McClellan from before Richmond, and the sanguinary defeat at Fredericksburg under General Burnside, had rendered rebellion bold, and had enormously increased Lincoln's difficulties. Loyal to McClellan, Lincoln determined to give him one more chance. He was reinstated in command of the army of the Potomac, from which he had been relieved for a time. The great battle of Antietam was fought in September. Lee was repulsed, his invasion of the North had failed, his army was in retreat, and Lincoln seized the opportune moment. On September 22, 1862, he issued the great proclamation, declaring that on January 1, 1863, the slaves in all the States, or parts of States, in rebellion against the United States Government, would be declared free men. On January 1, 1863, he signed the final proclamation. He had been shaking hands for hours at the customary New Year's reception. When the Secretary of State brought in the document, —second in American history in importance only to the Declaration of Independence—he said, "My right hand is almost paralyzed. If my name ever gets into history, it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the proclamation, those who examine the document hereafter will say, 'He hesitated.'" He rested his arm on the table, and then taking up the pen, wrote his name as firmly and legibly as he had ever signed it in his life.

Great was the rejoicing in the loyal States. It was felt instinctively that God's great purpose was now fulfilled—that the sacrifices of blood and treasure were not in vain, that final victory was secure, and that at last the nation was free from the guilt of an awful crime.

The immediate result upon the war was not encouraging. Both in the South and in Europe the proclamation was scoffed at. McClellan, having been finally dismissed from the command of the army of the Potomac, Hooker became Commander-in-chief, only to suffer defeat at Chancellorsville. For a time all Grant's efforts to capture Vicksburg were fruitless. Lee was encouraged to assume once again the offensive, and invaded the North. The very crisis of the war came, and by a curious coincidence, on July 4, 1863, it was known all over the land that Vicksburg had surrendered, and that Lee had been defeated at Gettysburg. From this time onwards the fortune of war went steadily against the South, and the Confederates could only retard but not avert the complete defeat of their schemes.

VII.

THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH AND THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Part of the battlefield at Gettysburg was occupied by a cemetery. The

Government purchased the adjoining land as a national burying ground for the thousands of soldiers who fell in that murderous struggle. On November 19, 1863, it was consecrated to this sacred purpose. The President, the Cabinet, public men, foreign ministers, officers, soldiers, and citizens, gathered in great numbers. Edward Everett, a famous orator, delivered a speech of great ability. But Lincoln uttered the true words of consecration—in words which came straight from his heart, and which went straight to the hearts of all who heard them. As soon as Everett had finished, Lincoln rose, and in complete self-forgetfulness, under the full spell of the hour and of the associations of the place, standing on the spot where thousands of the best men in the nation had died to maintain its liberty, he spoke as follows:—

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Although Gettysburg was the turning-point of the conflict, and the prospect of the Confederate States from that time onwards was hopeless, they continued the struggle for nearly two years. Towards the close of 1863 it became evident to all that Grant and Sherman were the two master-minds among the generals of the North. Hence, early in 1864, Grant became Commander-in-Chief, and devoted himself to the task of crushing Lee, while Sherman dismembered the Confederacy by the capture of Atlanta, and the march through Georgia. But to Lincoln himself the year 1864 brought no respite. The season for another presidential election had arrived. Among the peace-at-any-price section of the North there was great dissatisfaction. For the great bulk of the nation there was but one possible candidate. They determined to act upon Lincoln's caution about the folly of swapping horses while crossing a stream, and nominated him. Moreover he was coming very close to the heart of the nation. All men of discernment were beginning to realize something of his greatness, his self-sacrifice, his unwearied patience, his noble and devoted patriotism, and bearing down all opposition the Republican party nominated him as their candidate for a second term. His opponents played into his hands by selecting as their candidate the most conspicuous failure of the war, General McClellan. When the voting day came Lincoln was re-elected by an enormous majority.

On March 4th, 1865, he stood for the second time upon the steps of the Capitol addressing his fellow-citizens, only this time in the crowd stood long lines of invalid and wounded soldiers who had taken part in the war that had raged for nearly four years. Behind Lincoln were four such years as few men have ever passed. In 1861 the future was dark and uncertain; in 1865 the clouds were still heavy, but he could see the light beyond; peace was near at hand. Looking on with a steady gaze to the responsibilities towards the Southern States which he expected to assume in a few weeks, Lincoln uttered his second inaugural, a speech worthy in all respects to rank with the

Gettysburg address. After a brief exordium he continued:—

"On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city, seeking to destroy it with war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects of negotiations. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were coloured slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localised in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding.

"Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern there any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that the mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

VIII.

CLOSING DAYS.

It was in this spirit, "with malice towards none, with charity towards all," that Lincoln looked forward to the task of reconstruction. On the 4th of April, one calendar month after his inauguration, Lincoln entered Richmond, and was hailed as their deliverer by thousands of liberated slaves. On the 9th of April, Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomatox, and the Civil War came to a close. The South had played a desperate game, and in their ruin accomplished the final and complete emancipation of the slave. The hearts of all men in the North were full of joy and gladness. Lincoln himself was "like a boy out of school." On the 14th of April, after hearing from his son, who was present, the details of Lee's surrender, and receiving the congratulations of friends, he attended at noon a meeting of the Cabinet. In the afternoon he went for a drive with his wife, with whom he cheerfully sketched out plans for the future—how when his term was over they would return to the old home and the old life. It had been announced that he and General Grant would be present in the evening at Ford's theatre. He was unwilling to go, but Grant was prevented by an engagement, and Lincoln was unwilling to disappoint the people. At 10.30 a man named John Wilkes Booth, an actor and a member of a band of conspirators who had plotted to murder Lincoln, Grant, Seward, and other public men, entered the box, shot the President in the back of the head, and made his escape across

the stage. The assassin was shot dead on April 21st by one of the soldiers pursuing him.

Lincoln became instantly unconscious, was carried to a neighbouring house, and died about seven o'clock the next morning. His death plunged the whole land into the deepest gloom, and changed the glad rejoicings at the return of peace into lamentations for the simple kindly-hearted man who had done so much to win the victory, and who had now crowned the nation's sacrifice by the loss of his own life. After ceremonies imposing from their very simplicity at Washington, the mortal remains of the beloved President were taken by way of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago, to Springfield, where he was laid to rest "among his own people."

IX.

SOME OF LINCOLN'S CHARACTERISTICS.

Lincoln exhibited in a very high degree one of the chief marks of greatness, steady growth. He developed as the years passed in mental and spiritual force, and in his power to charm and influence other men. Large of stature, strong in physique, emotional, at one time bubbling over with humour, at another, the prey to a profound melancholy, he was often a puzzle to all but keen and sympathetic natures.

His fondness for humorous writings and his readiness to quote them were often misunderstood. It was supposed that he gave his time to committing the passages he quoted to memory. To one who expressed this feeling he replied, "Oh! if I like a thing it just sticks after once reading it or hearing it." After reciting a long series of verses to an intimate friend, he exclaimed: "I don't believe I have thought of that for forty years." His fondness for telling good stories is well known. He was equally ready to hear them. He once convulsed a great reception at the White House by arresting in the flow of presentations a man of high standing, into whose ear he whispered a question, and then listened for five minutes while the guest replied. It was not a State secret, but the point of a good story which he had heard and forgotten, which Lincoln was bent on recovering. Apocryphal stories abound, but the authentic list is also very long. The friend of an officer related to a general once told Lincoln that he was aggrieved because he thought his relationship kept him down. Lincoln burst into a laugh, and said, "Why, it is the only thing that keeps him up." On hearing of the death and funeral ceremonies of an old and inordinately vain general who had fought in the Mexican war, Lincoln exclaimed, "If he had known how big a funeral he would have had he would have died years ago." To a deputation of millionaires who waited on him to demand protection, and who emphasized the fact of their great wealth, he rejoined, "Gentlemen, if I were worth half as much as you are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would build a gun-boat and give it to the Government."

While Lincoln, in his speeches and state papers, touched the highest level of eloquence, he was also a great master of phrases. How aptly he set forth one great result of the capture of Vicksburg by the phrase, "The Father of Waters now goes unvexed to the sea," and acknowledged the services of the navy in the words, "Nor must Uncle Sam's web-feet be forgotten." He refused to satisfy literary critics who wished him to expunge the phrase "Sugar-coated pills" from a great state paper on the ground that the time would never come when the American people would fail to know what it meant. In one of the famous Douglas speeches, he represented his opponents as engaged "in blowing out the moral lights around us." When riding through a wood in Virginia, he saw a tree upon which had grown and entwined a most luxuriant vine. "Yes," he remarked, "that is very beautiful;

but that vine is like certain habits of men: it decorates the ruin that it makes." A friend met a choleric member of the opposite party striding away from one of Lincoln's early Illinois speeches. He was striking the earth with his cane, and exclaiming as he walked, "He's a dangerous man, sir! a dangerous man! He makes you believe what he says in spite of yourself!"

Lincoln's nature was deeply religious. From boyhood he had been familiar with the Bible, and as the years passed his belief and trust in God's overruling and active Providence in the affairs of men and nations ever deepened. But for this he could hardly have endured the strain of life which, during the Civil War, became almost too severe even for his iron frame and resolute will. He said one day to a friend, "I feel as though I shall never be glad any more." At the Cabinet Meeting on the day of his assassination he told them that he had dreamed in the night a dream which he had had twice before, both times on the eve of a great disaster to the national forces. He was alone, and in an open boat on a great river, drifting, drifting. That evening he was shot. And yet he was not a man given to morbid fancies. Officers and intimate friends at Washington occasionally remonstrated with him for not taking what they considered adequate precautions for his safety in his walks and drives.

Again and again in his speeches and papers evidences of his trust in God appear. In 1864 the negroes of Baltimore presented him with a Bible. He said on that occasion, "In regard to the Great Book I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated through this Book." He had his full share of the sorrows and trials of life, and they exercised upon him a chastening influence. Dr. Gurley, the pastor of the church he attended regularly in Washington, said to an intimate friend:—

"I had frequent and intimate conversations with him on the subject of the Bible and the Christian religion, when he could have had no motive to deceive me, and I considered him sound not only in the truth of the Christian religion, but in all its fundamental doctrines and teachings. And more than that: in the latter days of his chastened and weary life, after the death of his son Willie and his visit to the battle-field of Gettysburg, he said, with tears in his eyes, that he had lost confidence in everything but God, and that he now believed his heart was changed, and that he loved the Saviour, and if he was not deceived in himself it was his intention soon to make a profession of religion."

The same minister in a funeral sermon expressed the following views:—

"Probably since the days of Washington, no man was ever so deeply and firmly embedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people as Abraham Lincoln. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it—deserved it all. He merited it by his character, by his acts, and by the whole tenor of his life. His integrity was thorough, all-pervading, all-controlling, and incorruptible. He saw his duty as chief magistrate of a great and imperilled people, and he determined to do his duty, seeking the guidance and leaning on the Arm of Him of whom it is written, 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.'"

There is much evidence for the view held by many competent judges, viz., that in Abraham Lincoln the typical character of the United States has approached most nearly to the ideal. Slowly but surely the people of his own land, and of the whole civilized world, are recognising the truth of Russell Lowell's beautiful lines—

"Great captains with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgment for the hour;
But at last silence comes:
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, far-seeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

RICHARD LOVETT, M.A.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.—*Price One Penny.*

PETER WALDO.

From the Luther Monument at Worms.

PETER WALDO.[1]

INTRODUCTION.

THE monument erected at Worms in memory of Luther consists of a group representing the Reformer surrounded by four eminent predecessors—Waldo, Wyckliffe, Huss, and Savonarola. Of these the oldest in point of time was Peter Waldo or Valdès. Till then he had been less known than any of the others. But art, gathering its information from trustworthy historical records, has drawn out his noble form from the mists of legend which enveloped it, and we see him as he was, plain and practical, yet all aglow with enthusiasm. He is no longer a mysterious fragment lost in the ruins of the past. He is not the rough and gloomy schismatic of Catholic legends nor the well instructed pastor of Protestant ones. In those features which probably so well represent the original, we discern at once the straightforward, manly, mighty soul which his life reveals to us. The eye rests willingly on that face indomitably calm which the embrace of the pontiff whose feet had just before been humbly kissed by Frederic Barbarossa could not disturb, any more than the thunders of councils, then dreaded by princes and by nations alike, and the mild firmness of his look, traceable in every line of his countenance. His austere and voluntary poverty, and the Divine Book open before him, in which he seems to be pointing to the apostolical declaration, "to obey God rather than men"—all indicate a character at once lofty and humble, and an inflexible resolution, which form the foundation of that liberty which Dante defines as "the free course of the will to keep the law;" they tell, in short, of virtues which do not come by hereditary descent along with the names and constitutions of our ancestors.

There is good reason for calling to remembrance such a rare example, not indeed with the object of resuscitating practices and rules now out of date and unsuitable to our times, but in order to brace up the mind weakened by the relaxing influence of the so-called civilised refinement of modern times. None are more likely to give way to this than those who are inclined to boast of the glorious traditions they have inherited, instead of finding in the possession of them a motive for continuing them; as the poet says—

> "The virtues of our fathers
> Ever reproach the man who strays from them,
> And calls his own the things he never did."[1]

I.

THE MERCHANT OF LYONS.

The place and date of Waldo's birth are unknown. The same may be said of his origin and descent. It is however

[1] The sources from which the following historical sketch is drawn are not here mentioned. They will be found recorded at length in my "Histoire du Vaudois d'Italie," vol. i., English translation.

[1] It will be seen that Professor Comba, the learned writer of this tract, holds, as the result of his careful investigation into the origin and history of his brother Waldensians, a view to which Mr. Elliott inclined in his *Horæ Apocalypticæ*, vol. ii. pp. 345–6, that they derived their name from Waldo; and this is the view generally held at the present time, though some hold an opposite opinion, and believe that the Waldenses existed under that name before his time. The object of the tract, however, is biographical not controversial, and it has been thought best to leave Dr. Comba to speak for himself, remembering that after all the question is not one of practical importance, and that no one denied that before Waldo's time there was a succession of the witnesses for Evangelical truth in the midst of the increasing corruption of doctrine and practice around them, many of whom were in the districts which were afterwards the scene of Waldo's labours.—ED.

the general opinion that he was a native of the Alps; some think he came from the valleys of the Dauphigny, others that the home of his family was higher up and further north, in the Pays de Vaud. It is certain that there flowed in his veins some of that pure mountain blood which makes a man daring, straightforward, and industrious and honest too, with that kind of honesty, however, which is keen, practical and self-interested, and which does not stand in the way of a strong passion for the acquisition of wealth. Waldo felt the influence of this passion from his very youth, and it was in the hope of satisfying it that he came to Lyons, if indeed he was not born there, or brought there by his parents. Lyons had been for centuries a city famous for all kinds of industry. "A meeting-point of peoples as well as of rivers," it had attracted to itself as far back as from Roman times an industrial and mercantile population. Among the old monumental inscriptions discovered there, there is one in memory of a veteran legionary which describes him as also a paper merchant! Later on, in the mediæval period, we find drawn to Lyons poor wanderers from all parts in search of work, and strong mountaineers anxious to make their fortunes. Waldo prospered in his undertaking. He traded, he married, he purchased mills and bakehouses, houses, vineyards, fields, meadows and woods. In a word, he became a rich man, with friends among the leading men of the city. He became also the father of two daughters whom he tenderly loved. Though so deeply involved in business of every kind, he did not neglect attendance at mass. At the same time it is true that there were rumours afloat concerning him, the truth or falsehood of which it is not now possible to ascertain. The most damaging of these was that his wealth had not been acquired without resort to usury and sharp practice; and it must be granted that the document from which we learn this is one of our most trustworthy sources of information. It is no great wonder if the imputation was deserved when we consider the times when he lived. His followers, as we shall see further on, admitted as a principle that there was only one way of escaping temptation to falsehood and deceit, which was to have nothing to do with trade at all. We may well believe, therefore, that our merchant was not immaculate in this matter. We do not read that his friends cast stones at him for it. Nay, it is certain that if he had continued in business, we should have heard little or nothing about such proceedings. It would have been considered so much a matter of course that to mention it would have been like carrying water to the sea. Waldo made amends for his wrong-doing, and this made him illustrious. His fault and his name became famous together, and the reparation which he made remains an example for all ages.

II.

THE GOSPELS.

One day, while Waldo was entertaining himself at the door of his house with several friends, one of them was seized with a fit, fell down, and died. Shocked and stunned by this sudden and terrible event, the merchant, when he recovered from his first grief for the loss of his friend, found himself in thought continually face to face with death. If Death should pass my threshold to-morrow, he said in his heart, what would become of me? The thought filled him with anxiety. His faults appeared before the tribunal of his conscience in the light of Divine justice, and made their accusations against him. Already the sentence seemed to be hanging over his head, his condemnation to be imminent. He had no more peace. He endeavoured to regain it by becoming more regular than ever in his attendance at mass; he heard the Gospels read there, but only in Latin; he tried his best to understand them, but could not succeed; not even in St. Stephen's cathedral, where the canons themselves often

celebrated mass. The little he was able to learn here and there by their means only served to increase his curiosity. Impatient of delay and inflamed with the holy desire of reaching the springs of salvation, he engaged two priests to come to his house, whom he paid; one, who was a grammar master, to translate the Gospels into the vernacular, while the other, who was younger, wrote down what the first dictated. It was this last, Bernard Ydros, who afterwards related the circumstance to the historian from whom our account is taken, whose name was Stephen. He was a native of Ansa, a little town on the Saone above Lyons, and afterwards held a benefice in the city close to the cathedral.

The two priests between them thus put together portions of Holy Scripture, and at last some whole Books, along with various quotations from the Fathers arranged under different heads, and placed the whole in the hands of Waldo, who continued to read, meditate on, and carefully study all they had written. Many sentences became thus impressed upon his memory; he fed on them in his heart and found some comfort, but not that full peace which he longed for. The words of Jesus on the vanity of earthly riches, and the folly of those who put all their hopes on them, painfully affected him, whilst he acknowledged them as true and holy. Again and again he read and re-read the parable which begins, "Take heed and beware of covetousness, for the abundance of a man's life consisteth not in those things which he possesseth."

At another time he saw himself depicted in the foolish rich man, who, while laying up treasure, becomes every day really poorer, not being rich towards God.

III.

THE BALLAD SINGER.

One Sunday, on going out after mass, Waldo came across a crowd of people, who were listening attentively and eagerly to a ballad-singer. He went up to him, but his song was almost finished. He heard enough of it, however, to make him wish to hear the whole. He asked the ballad-singer to follow him home, and he entertained him there. The poem narrated the history of a saint. It was long, but we give here a short summary of the story:—

Alessio, the child of very rich parents at Rome, whose only son and heir he was, had married an excellent wife; but on the very evening of their wedding-day, unmoved by her love, her sighs, her cries, without taking leave of his parents or even giving them a hint of his intention, he left his home and went on a solitary journey to the East, in order to devote himself to poverty. Having passed several years in fastings and mortifications, feeling sure that his family mourned for him as lost, and that changed as he was in appearance they would not recognise him, he returned to Rome. Then, in order to live in his parents' home, he begged for space to lie down on under the stairs, and took up his quarters there. Every day he received his food or alms either from his mother or his wife, who still mourned for him. In silence he listened to their sorrowful accents, which touched him, while in his heart he was glad that they gave their alms in loving remembrance of him whom they thought dead. After a time he died. Then, by a mark purposely left by him on his person, they discovered who he was just as they were taking him to burial. Their grief broke out afresh, but they found consolation in the thought that Alessio was a saint.

Such was the legend of Alessio. It made a deep impression on Waldo. It is difficult for us to avoid smiling as we read it; but we must bear in mind the rudeness of the times, the corruption of the faith, the worldliness of the Church, and the reactions which were called forth by them. The more singular they seemed the holier they were thought to be. Waldo belonged to his age; we must not forget that.

The ballad-singer had left. His host remained overwhelmed with new thoughts; from time to time a sigh, the echo of the ballad he had heard, broke the silence of the night. At last Waldo's resolution was formed, and his mind began to be at rest.

IV.

THE MASTER OF THEOLOGY.

The next morning Waldo left his home early, and with hurried steps took his way to the cathedral.

He was on his way to confession. The hour had come in which he must put an end to all delay. The uncertainty as to the salvation of his soul, to which he had hitherto been a prey, had become more than hateful, it had become intolerable. To free himself from it, however, he was thinking of something very different from the ordinary absolution after the ordinary confession of sin. He had a special question to put, and wanted a reply to it—direct, categorical, and definite, and at the same time sufficient and sure. We see him *tête-à-tête* with a Master of Theology. "Master," he says, "I come to ask your counsel for my soul; I wish to be saved, show me the way and I will follow it."

"Let us say rather 'the ways.' You will understand that we are not so badly off as to know only of one. Our Holy Mother Church, so pitiful and bountiful of help of every kind to sinners astray in the wilderness of the world, has wisely provided and continued to provide many ways of deliverance for them, both by prescribing various penances, such as fastings, self-mortification, pilgrimages, and pious gifts, and by the ministration of the sacraments, as well as by means of indulgences and the intercession of the saints and of the Mother of God, which is the most efficacious of all, because she is full of grace, and because she looks with special favour on our chapter, who were the first to keep the feast of the Immaculate Conception. I tell you, therefore, that as there are many ways which lead to heaven, all you have to do is to make your choice."

"I thought there were but two ways—one broad, leading to perdition; the other narrow, leading to life. this is what I have read in the Gospel."

"You are right—I will not deny it. The text runs as you say; but here comes in the interpretation. We have to define and distinguish. The word 'life,' for example, may be interpreted in divers manners; there is the active life which laymen lead, and the contemplative life which is ours."

"Which is the most righteous?"

"Both are righteous, if attention is paid to the vocation and to the precepts of the Church; but if you ask me which is the most perfect——"

"That is exactly what I want to know."

"Well, then, ours is."

"For us laity, then, there is no way of leading a perfect life, and yet Christ says, 'Be ye perfect.'"

"He said that to His apostles."

"I thought He said it to all His disciples, without distinction."

"There is your mistake. We must always distinguish, and then we can provide for everything and everybody."

"But not it seems as yet for me."

"Yes! You too can have perfection if you really desire it. But I warn you that here we have done with precepts and enter on evangelical counsels."

"Well, let us do so."

"That is quickly said; but we shall see. Your case, as you are a merchant, and a rich one, perhaps too much so——"

"Too much so indeed!"

"Well, it is written, 'Woe to ye rich.'"

"I know it."

"And again, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

"But we do not read that it is impossible."

"Impossible—no; but then you have a wife and children. What would you have me say to you?"

"Just what the evangelical counsel says."

"Here it is then: 'If thou wilt be perfect, sell all that you have.'"

"Those words are not new to me, they are those of Christ to the rich young man."

"Just so."

"And theology then only sees in them a counsel. I confess to you, when I read those words, they stick in my heart like a nail and leave me no peace. It appears to me they contain an imperative categorical command. Alas, in having so many goods, I have lost all good!"

"The Church has inscribed these words among the evangelical counsels. It is beyond all question. But I may tell you one thus—that these counsels become commands for the bold who are not contented just to gain admission to the Kingdom of Heaven like others, but wish to force their way in, as it is written, 'The violent take it by force.'"

"Master, if you please we will return to the precept. It runs thus, does it not: 'If thou wouldst be perfect, sell all that thou hast;' and then, 'and give to the poor.'"

"It says you are to give to the poor. It does not say, however, that you are to give everything to them. What comes next?"

"Next comes the end: 'Thou shalt have treasure in heaven, etc.'"

"And thou shall have treasure in heaven, etc. There is something else then."

"'And come follow Me.'"

"'Come follow Me,' that is a command, nay rather, it is the sum of all. To follow Christ, that is the end of all, is it not?

"Yes, there is nothing further; but we must always bear in mind how it is to be interpreted. You know that Christ says, 'He that heareth you heareth Me.' The final conclusion therefore is, Hear the Church. So the blessed Anthony did. He sold his goods and gave them to the poor; and we must not forget that among the poor are to be counted the household of faith, according to the clear command, which says, 'Let us do good unto all men, and specially to them that are of the household of faith.'"

Waldo did not continue further to reason with the Master. He was struck but not saddened by what he heard. As he went home, he felt almost light-hearted. A voice within him kept repeating, "Come and follow Me." It filled him with courage, and he had need of it, for he was on the point of entering on a great enterprise.

V.

THE VOW OF POVERTY.

Waldo had yielded—to whom? Not to the ballad-singer, who, after all, only made a trade of singing about the penances of others. Not to the Master of Theology, who could only point out the heavy load he would have to bear, and gave him no help in bearing it. That inner voice of his spoke with so much strength and sweetness that he had no hesitation in recognizing it as the voice of Christ. This it was that conquered him. He does not tell us so, it is true, but he did better—he showed it by his life, which was not that of a follower of St. Anthony nor of an Alessio, but that of a man who at Christ's call resolves to follow Him in poverty without looking either to right or left. Such was his intention—at the time no doubt vague and indefinite, but at the same time irrevocable. This is sufficient to make Waldo a man *sui generis*. We cannot say that he is either of Peter or of Paul. He is neither Catholic nor Protestant. He is of Christ, according to the ideal which had become engraven on his soul while he was reading His words and those of His apostles. It is at the same time true that he has had a host of followers, some of them genuine, others only false imitators, among whom may be numbered the founders of the mendicant orders.

The vow of poverty which Waldo now took upon himself, though indeed a voluntary one, carried with it those of chastity and obedience. That of obedi-

ence made him feel it necessary to obtain the approval of a superior authority, that of chastity separated him from his wife and consequently from his daughters. But all was done gradually and with deliberation. So with regard to the division of his property, considering the age in which he lived, it was done in a reasonable and prudent manner. Waldo spoke to his wife on the subject, who at first was agitated, wept and cried, but became reconciled. When her husband left her her choice to take either his real or personal property, she chose the first and retained it. As to his daughters, their father placed them in a convent, then lately formed in Le Poitou by a certain Robert d'Arbrissel for the reception of poor ladies, the widows and children of those of noble rank, who took the name of "Christ's poor ladies." All had in certain cases liberty to leave the convent, without however forfeiting their right to this appellation in which they gloried.

Whilst thus providing for the needs of his family, Waldo discharged another duty of elementary justice, restoring property which he had unfairly come by, if report speaks truly. He could say with the rich man at whose house Jesus lodged, "If I have done any wrong to any man, I restore fourfold." In the end, the poor, who already knew him as their helper and benefactor, had, next to his wife, the larger part of his property. Those were times of great dearth, and there was widespread terrible distress. The vow of Waldo, as far as the famished people were concerned, was truly a vow of charity. He gave out that three times a week there would be a regular distribution of bread, meat, and vegetables; and he kept it up for some months, till the day of the Festival of the Assumption, August 15th, when he came forth into the midst of the people, gave away in the streets all the money he had left, and cried out, "No man can serve two masters, God and mammon." He said no more. The people, however, thronged round him. There was a hoarse murmur of many voices, some praising him, some deriding him; while others, shaking their heads, pronounced him to be out of his senses. When he heard this, Waldo confronted the multitude, and spoke as follows:—

"My friends and fellow-citizens, I am not out of my mind as some of you think. I have avenged myself on these my enemies, who kept me in such slavery that I cared more for money than for God, and served more willingly the creature than the Creator. I know many blame me for doing this so publicly, but I did so both for my sake and for yours: for my own, that afterwards, if any one sees me in the possession of money, he may say with truth that I am out of my mind; but also for your sake, that ye may learn to fix your hopes on God, and not on riches."

The next day he went to church. On his way back, having nothing to eat, he began to beg in the street from a friend, who took him home with him, and said, "As long as I live, I will not let you want the necessaries of life." His wife, when she heard of it, was distressed and almost beside herself with indignation. She ran to the Archbishop's palace, and prevailed on him to summon her husband before him. When she saw him, she upbraided him, and seizing him by his coat, said, "Listen to me, husband. If any one is to give alms to you for the good of his soul, it should be I, your wife. What do you mean by asking it of others?" She would have an answer there and then; and the Archbishop admonished Waldo not to receive food while he was in the city from any one except his wife.

This happened in the year 1173 or thereabouts, when Guichard was Archbishop of Lyons.

VI.

THE PROHIBITION.

Up to this point we have seen Waldo's vow simply in its commencement. The form it was ultimately to take is as yet only indistinctly visible. It is its final

development which alone will enable us to pass judgment on it, and say whether or not it could be justified. We cannot call it a flower, it is still only in the bud.

When Waldo had finished the distribution of his property, he found the poor did not all leave him. Some, who were not content with mere existence, but desired really to live, admired his conduct, were influenced by his example, and, encouraged by it, abandoned the world, and met together to read and study the Gospel diligently in the new version. While they did this, they meditated on its precepts, applied them to themselves and to others, seeing in a clear light their own sins and the vices which prevailed around them. Conscience-stricken, they began to confess to one another and to practise penance. They then rose up to make known the word of life; and their preaching consisted in repeating the precepts of Christ, and in inviting their hearers to join them in the life which they had chosen. They called the poor happy, as being more free to attain to true happiness by following in the Redeemer's steps. This was the origin of the community and the missionary work of the first Waldensians. What is a holier work than to humble oneself in poverty, in order to preach the Gospel to the humble? What is more sublime than to impoverish oneself in order to make others rich? This had been the mission of Jesus Himself, but Jesus had been crucified; they could not hope as His followers to escape hatred and persecution.

Waldo had indeed acquired popularity by his vow of poverty, but not among the friends whom he left behind; still less among the ecclesiastics. To these last he became little less than odious; and who can wonder at it? He had given all his property to his wife and children and to the poor; he had not given a farthing to the Church, and now he had taken to preaching. The canons at first laughed at him, murmuring in jest, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" But when they learnt more about the matter, their jests were at an end, and indignant denunciations of the innovator were heard in the chapter. In a church like that of Lyons, venerable for its apostolic origin, proud of its glorious traditions, of its martyrs, bishops, primates and canons, the uncultured speech of a merchant had a too vulgar sound. How could the city which had had for its teacher a Potinus, an Irenæus, listen to the divine word from the lips of beggars? Complaint was made to the archbishop, who called together a synod, and summoned Waldo to appear before it, and admonished him to give up his preaching on pain of excommunication. But he protested and said, "Did not Jesus give the command to go and preach the Gospel to every creature? I will therefore answer you as the Apostle Peter did—whether it be right to obey you rather than God, judge ye."

But his answer was considered profane, and Waldo and his companions were forbidden to preach. Shaking its dust from their feet, they left the city.

VII.

WALDO AT ROME.

The prohibition, however violent and oppressive it might be, was perfectly in accordance with the ecclesiastical discipline of the land. Waldo had no legal right to preach without the approval of the clergy. And he could not found a new religious order without the sanction of the pope. As, however, he had no wish to act irregularly, he determined to go to Rome to obtain from the pope permission to do both. We do not know which route he took, but we do know that he reached it safely. It is attested by both Catholic and Waldensian records, but it could not have been earlier than A.D. 1178.

Waldo did not despair of success. He had much trust in God, and indeed he had a little in the pope, who, after ten years' exile, had just returned to his city. He said to himself, he will compassionate

me for suffering exile in a cause so great as mine, and besides he is just celebrating the victory he has gained over Barbarossa. The moment is a propitious one, let us hasten to him. Alexander III. was in fact exultantly rejoicing. He had just had the consolation of seeing his adversary, who had been conquered at Legrano, kiss his feet. Nothing was talked of in Rome but ovations and popular dances and the valour of the Romans. It is probable that Waldo was too late to witness the festivities; and the stern aspect of Rome, with its fortresses, towers, and bastions, made a strange impression on him. It was something different from what he had imagined, and we can well imagine that at that time a feeling of distrust and apprehension entered his mind. He shook it off, however, like a bad dream, and we see the poor man of Lyons enter the presence of the pontiff. Surrounded by prelates, he received Waldo kindly, expressed his approval of his vow of poverty, and gave proof of it by embracing him. The kiss of Alexander III. was never repeated. It is the only one which the Waldensians have ever received from the pope in the course of seven centuries.

Waldo was now recognised by the Church, and acknowledged as the head of a new order, with the right to preach, as long as he adhered to the teaching of the chief Fathers of the Romish Church. He preached in Rome itself, and we read that he had as one of his hearers a Cardinal of Apulia, and that he, filled with admiration, became his friend and protector. On his way back he preached in other places before leaving Italy, and made a number of proselytes. He organised them into a society, and became in consequence the object of much popular approbation. Where he then went is unknown, nor is it certain that the community above mentioned was established in Milan, although it is now known that such a society did exist in that city, called "The Society of the Humble Ones," with a rule like that of Waldo. It too, in its turn, claimed the right to preach, and with such insistence that the pope took away the right from Waldo, and refused it to all his followers without exception.

The Waldensians protested and appealed to the council which was on the point of assembling at Rome.

VIII.

THE WALDENSIANS AT THE COUNCIL.

The council had been summoned for the first Sunday in Lent, in the year 1179, at the Church of St. John Lateran. The Archbishop of Lyons could not be present, but the Archbishop of Narbonne we observe was there. Three hundred and two bishops in all were present, with the senators and consuls of Rome. Some have said that the emperor also was present, but in fact he was far away at the time. It was easy to see the direction which the deliberations would take. After the victory which he had gained over the emperor, the pope raised his crest higher than ever, and demanded for himself and the clergy new privileges at the cost of the laity. What he asked was granted, and we see that from that time these last had less influence than before in the elections. The wind was not blowing from a favourable quarter for the Waldensians. However, the council began with putting an end to some gross abuses which prevailed among the higher clergy, and the rapacity of the papal nuncios, who were compared to locusts, was specially condemned. The last canon, however, was directed against the little foxes—*i.e.* the heretics, the Cathari and Patareni, who were flourishing at the time. What was in view was not their reformation, but their destruction. So the severest measures of repression were adopted—anathemas, persecutions, confiscations; and as though something more was needed, an appeal to princes and people to incite them to blood-thirsty measures, by promises of indulgences and a share in the confiscated property. The Waldensians were not mentioned by name. But

their case was separately considered. All that is known of the matter has been told us by the one who was specially charged by the council to inquire into it. He was named Walter Mapes, and was a native of Wales. He claimed to be a lover of the Muses, and he came to the council as a representative of Edward, King of England. This is what he says:—

"I saw in the council some Waldens, ignorant and uneducated people, so called from Waldo, their chief, formerly a citizen of Lyons on the Rhone. They presented to the pope a book written in the French tongue, which contained the text of the Psalms, with a commentary, and that of some other books of the Old and New Testaments. They urged that their license to preach should be confirmed, and they thought themselves well fitted for the work; but they were foolish people, just like birds, who because they cannot see the snare, think that the way of escape is always open to them. I, the least of all present, was sorry to see that their petition was so seriously treated; to me it was only a subject for laughter. However, at the invitation of our illustrious prelate, who enjoyed the fullest confidence of the pope, I shot off my arrow. In the presence of some learned theologians, well versed in the canon law, two Waldensians, accounted the leaders of the sect, appeared before me to dispute with me about the faith. They were not actuated by real love for the truth, but hoped to stop my mouth, as though what I had to say would certainly be wrong. Then I sat and was timidly asking myself whether for my sins I did not deserve in so great a council to be refused permission to speak, when the prelate gave me a sign to begin the examination. I began accordingly with a few simple questions, which every one should be able to answer, knowing however well that the ass, who likes his thistle, does not despise the lettuce:—

"'Do you men believe in God the Father?'—'We do.' 'And in the Son?'—'We do.' 'And in the Holy Ghost?'—'We do.' 'And in the Mother of Christ?'—'We do.'[1]

"Here the assembly broke forth into a peal of laughter. The two men retired in confusion, as they well deserved to do. They wanted to guide others without being guided themselves, like Phæton, who did not even know his horses' names. These people have no fixed home. They go about two-and-two, barefooted, dressed in woollen tunics. They have no possessions, nothing they can call their own. They are naked followers of a naked Christ, like the apostles. Certainly they could not begin more humbly. They hardly know how to walk. But if we were to let them in we ourselves should have to go out."

The Waldensians lost their cause, and their final condemnation followed.

IX.

THE DISPERSION.

If Waldo had not foreseen the conflict between the precepts of Christ and those of the pope which was sure to arise sooner or later, the scales must now have fallen from his eyes. What did he behold? He saw himself as it were on the edge of a yawning gulf. He stopped there—kept still for a moment—while whispered suggestions of submission seemed to reach his ear. But the crisis came to an end, the logical and natural consequence followed, he did not yield, but shook his crest like a lion when he wakes, and made his protest more resolutely than ever.

He had made a vow to follow Christ; he could not give Him up in order to follow the Pope, and he renewed his cry, "It is better to obey God than man." In the meantime, Alexander III. died, and Archbishop Guichard also. They were succeeded, the first by Pope Lucius

[1] In scholastic language, "I believe in" can only be applied to the three Persons of the Trinity. The Waldenses did not know the distinction, and fell into the trap prepared for them. Hence the amusement of the Council.

III., the latter by John of Blanches Mains. If Waldo had returned to Lyons it would have been only to certain death. He continued in exile for the rest of his life.

A few years later, a feeble old man secluded himself in the convent of Clairvaulx. There he bewailed his sins and read the Scriptures by day and night. He wrote letters to his friends, entreating them to have pity on him, and to intercede for him that his sins might be forgiven. Was this Waldo? No, it was the Archbishop of Lyons.

Very different was the ideal of life which Waldo set before himself. Instead of shutting himself up in a solitary cell, as so many vanquished ones have done both before and since the great Abelard, he goes forth to the hungry people, followed this time by a host of missionaries. He leaves behind him Lyons and its merchants, and following in the steps of the Good Sower, he enters upon a field which is as wide as the world; and his brethren, dispersed but not disorganised, go, like the primitive Christians, from place to place, and from house to house, preaching the Gospel to sinners. Some went southwards to Narbonne, Montréal, and Pâmiers; others to Metz, into the valley of the Rhine and Switzerland.

Discussions took place between them and their Romanist adversaries. "Let us attend one of these disputations. It took place between Catholics and Waldenses at Narbonne, about the year 1190, and may be reduced to a series of counts of indictment in the shape of accusations and replies; the meeting was under the presidency of Raymond de Daventer. We shall listen to the dialogue":—[1]

R. "This, O Waldenses! is the principal cause of complaint which we have to present against you; you are in a state of rebellion against the Church of Rome. As a matter of fact you no longer obey either her priests or her bishops. By so doing you violate the principles of the Scriptures. Do they not expressly say: 'If any man obey not, note that man and have no company with him.' And again, 'Obey your rulers.' And of him who will not yield obedience what do we read? 'If he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican.' You see, you are likened to pagans: so that your portion is with the unbelievers. You are damned, *digni morte eterna.*"

W. "Gently—you would be right if bishops and priests were obedient to the Word of God; but as they are, on the contrary, the very first to disobey, we must choose between two ways—either we must obey God and disobey the Church, or else we must obey the Church and disobey God. Having well considered the matter from all sides, we have concluded that the only path for us to pursue is to decide, as the Apostle Peter did on a similar occasion, when he said: 'We ought to obey God rather than men.' If, therefore, we are not with you, it is only that we may not abandon the path of obedience."

R. "Error very soon betrays itself by its fruit. Having disobeyed the Church, you are about to usurp the sacred office of preaching; you have all turned preachers, men and women. It is scandalous, for it is well known that this office does not become the laity; it is even prohibited to them. It is true that there may be exceptions; but then, the way to proceed is as follows: the layman who presents himself for the purpose is examined, in order to ascertain whether or not he be a good Catholic. If so, if he leads an honest life and his words do not lack wisdom, he may upon a sign from his bishop or his curate venture to exhort his neighbour; at least, this is our opinion. Even then, there must be no encumbrance in the shape of a wife, or a business. Should the man be a heretic, then, of course, he must not preach under any circum-

[1] "History of the Waldenses of Italy from their Origin to the Reformation," by Emili Comba, D.D. (Waldensian Theological College, Florence, Italy). Translated from the Author's revised edition by Teofilo E. Comba, London, 1889.

stances; it would be a sin to listen to him, even if he were a cleric. You are not all clerics; very far from it; it is not knowledge that makes you mad; but this is your state. It is easy enough to understand why you go about saying that neither pastors, nor bishops, nor even holy Mother Church, is entitled to obedience. You pretend to obey God! Nonsense! that is a mere pretext. Indeed, it is clear enough: you teach differently from the Church, drawing down just wrath upon your heads."

W. "When we asked the Church to recognise our right to speak, for the purpose of proclaiming the Gospel, you know how it answered us. We have not been convinced of error, and yet we are far from being agreed. What you call the exception, is for us the rule, for it is thus that the Scriptures regard it. Whoever is able to spread the Word of God among the people is in duty bound to do so: such is the Gospel principle, against which all your fine arguments will fail. 'To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin,' says St. James, chap. iv., verse 17. If therefore, knowing how to evangelise, we were to abandon that work, we should commit a grievous sin."

R. "St. James does not say 'him that knoweth *to teach*,' but 'him that knoweth *to do*.' There is a great difference between teaching and doing."

W. "Alas! that is very clear; but the difference should not be made so great. St. James would be astonished to learn, that, to obey the precept of preaching the Gospel is not to do good."

R. "You wish to argue by means of the Scriptures; very well. The Gospel of St. Mark, chap. i., verse 23rd and following contains something that greatly concerns you. We read that there was in the synagogue a man with an unclean spirit. This man on meeting Christ cried out: 'I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God.' But Jesus rebuked him saying: 'Hold thy peace.' There is the precept for you to follow. The name of Christ should not be proclaimed by your lips, even though you may have learned to know Him. You would soon infuse poison with your fine words."

W. "Your interpretation is convenient; but upon what is it founded? Upon a slanderous judgment you have formed against us. Suppose we should answer that you are the ones, not we, who have the unclean spirit, what would that prove? But look rather in the same Gospel, chap. ix., verses 38 and 39: 'John said to him, Master, we saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him because he followeth not us.' What did the Master answer to that? 'Forbid him not, *nolite prohibere eum*,' do you hear? 'For,' Christ adds, 'there is no man which shall do a miracle in My name that can lightly speak evil of Me.' There is the precept. If, therefore, we preach in the name of Christ, even when we do not follow the bishops and the pastors, they have no right to forbid us."

R. "Very good, if your preaching were inspired with a spirit of obedience, and you were animated by benevolent dispositions indicating a real vocation. But with your spirit of strife——"

W. "Very well, we will grant you for the sake of argument, that our disposition is such as you have represented it. Then the case was foreseen by St. Paul in his words to the Philippians, chap. i., verses 15–18: 'Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some also of good will; the one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds: but the other of love, knowing that I am set for the defence of the Gospel.' From all this, what conclusion does the Apostle draw? 'What then? notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence, or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.' Cannot you rejoice also? One would think that you were envious."

R. "We can only pity you."

W. "Envy is old, and you would not be the first who have been affected by it.

We read in the Old Testament, in the Book of Numbers, chap. xi., that two men called Eldad and Medad having received the Spirit of God, prophesied in the camp of Israel. This caused a great commotion. A young man ran to tell Moses: 'Eldad and Medad do prophesy in the camp!' Hearing this, Joshua the son of Nun, answered and said: 'My Lord Moses, forbid them.' But Moses answered: 'Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them!'"

R. "That has nothing to do with this case, for you are not true, but false prophets."

W. "So you say, but does that prove anything? He is a false prophet who speaks not according to the oracles of God."

R. "You are heretics."

W. "Again, you cannot be both judge and accuser. The judgment belongs not to you, but to Him who——"

R. "To him who presides over us, certainly, to that pious and venerable ecclesiastic of noble birth and still nobler character——"

W. "As much as you please—we wished to say just now that judgment belongs to God, and that it is already pronounced in His Word. If we were permitted to return to it, it would be for the purpose of calling your attention to the chief precept of Christ, to which we were alluding a moment ago. Did He not say to His disciples, before ascending into heaven: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature'?"

R. "That order does not concern you in the least; it was given to the Church, that is to say, to the priests. Laymen have nothing to do with it."

W. "Of what Church are you speaking? We belong to the Church of Christ and his Apostles, and we desire to follow the rule of the Apostolic Church; there is our obedience or our disobedience, according to the way it is looked at. In the time of St. Gregory, people did not argue as you do, for he said: 'Whoever has heard in the heart the supreme voice of love owes to his neighbour the voice of exhortation.' And again, 'As far as it depends on you, give bountifully of His good word to your neighbour; "proximis vestris boni verbi cyathos date."' We could remind you of many other precious maxims, which, alas, are now a dead letter. But how many practised them before us and are an example to us? The blessed Honorius and St. Equitius, for instance, whom the same Gregory mentions in his Dialogues; and even in our own time Paul Raymond whose holiness is confirmed by so many miracles. Those, it seems to us, were lay preachers; but why should we stop at them? What men more truly belonged to the laity than the Apostles, the pre-eminent messengers of the Gospel of the Master? It is true that, according to the synagogue, they were without authority, without vocation, illiterate, incompetent, and above all, very disobedient."

R. "You are no Apostles; you are not even laymen provided with the mandate of the Church. St. Raymond had the permission of the Church, but you have not."

W. "Whose fault is that?"

R. "You ought to know. But time presses, and we would like to speak of one more grievance. It bears upon the method and certain already visible results of your illicit mission; indeed, you go about seducing everybody to some extent. Who are your proselytes? First, women; then more women, that is to say, effeminate men. You attract people of unsound judgment, liars, misers; in short, worthless persons. It is said that you first address yourself to the women, and reach their husbands through them. Are you not ashamed of yourselves? You are like a lot of bulls. You know the Scriptures compare heretics to bulls."

W. "It is repugnant to our feelings to follow you on such ground."

R. "That is comparatively a small matter. But what is serious and scanda-

lous is that you permit women to preach. Now, we ask, how do you reconcile the taking of such liberties with the precept of the Apostle? 'Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak.'"

W. "You exaggerate. It is less a question of preaching than of teaching; so that the same Apostle is able to say to his disciple Titus, chap. ii., verse 3: 'the aged women should be teachers of good things.'"

R. "Those women are not called to teach men publicly, but young persons and in private. Notice, if you please, that he speaks of aged women."

W. "This deserves consideration. But, while recognising the rule laid down by St. Paul, might not an exception be made of such a prophetess as Anna, for instance, of whom it is written that 'she praised God in the temple?'"

R. "Anna was eighty-four years old, and by her fasting well deserved the spirit of prophecy. Furthermore, we do not read that she preached or taught; she spoke of Christ, and that was all. Now, preaching and speaking are very different things."

The Waldenses would have liked nothing better than to leave the privilege of preaching in the hands of the priests; provided always that they were allowed to retain the right of free speech.

Everywhere the Waldensian preachers left traces behind them, while their brethren of Milan with equal zeal scattered the gospel seed in Lombardy, Austria, and Germany, chiefly in the diocese of Passau, and at length reached Bohemia, where some of them in later years became associated with the "Unity of the Brethren." Meanwhile the wrath of the clergy vented itself in threats, and in attacks made upon them, sometimes with the great thunderbolts of anathemas, as at the Council of Verona, sometimes with the little hailstones of lesser synods. Their enemies hunted them down, letting loose upon them the whole pack of the police agents of the Inquisition; and we see the Waldensians, some of them imprisoned, others put to death, others wandered about solitary fugitives through mountains and woods, or remained closely hidden in the houses of their faithful friends in the cities. At last a whole multitude of fugitives found a refuge in the Cottian Alps. They pitched their tent in the three valleys of Pragelato, Angrogna, and Chisone. From thence a new swarm penetrated to Calabria. The Waldensian dispersion was so wide that it overspread the limits generally assigned to it, from the Rhine to the Raab, from the Ionian Sea to the Baltic. An inquisitor who followed them with lynx eyes had to confess, about the end of the 12th century, that there was hardly a country which they had not reached.[1] But the dispersion was not only great in extent, it was still greater in its heroisms, its struggles, its martyrdoms, and its beneficent effects. At the eve of the Reformation their fire was still emitting some few sparks. For the time the mission of the Waldensians had accomplished its purpose. On the other hand, high up in their sure refuge in the Alps, their little light shone steadily; and here, in the midst of the darkness around, nourished by the Reformation, it kept its brightness up to our own days, and if God will, it will still prevail over the dark shadow of the Vatican.

X.

THE WALDENSIAN COMMUNITY.

Where was Waldo all this time? It is not known, but there are manifest signs of his presence and unwearied activity. It is probable that he led the life of an itinerant, like the other Waldensian missionaries, and there is reason to believe that he died about the year 1217. Where did his death take place? Some say in Bohemia, but this is not at all likely; we are inclined to hold that the place of his death was not far distant from that of his birth,

[1] "Fere enim nulla est terra in quà haec secta non sit."

and within the natural sphere of his mission, which was not properly in Italy or in Germany but on the eastern borders of France. He died full of years, after forty years of laborious life, and left behind him a flourishing well organized community which continued to remember him with love and veneration. Its rule bears his impression. Of this it is right we should give some account, and let us therefore go back to its origin.

The vow originally taken by Waldo was threefold, as we have said. That of obedience bound him to Christ and to His Word. He had followers by the simple force of his example, and the common vow was the sole bond which kept together the rising community. When it was formed, Waldo was named its Rector. He disliked the monarchical form of government and chose a colleague, who is said to have been a certain Vivetus. A fixed rule was then agreed to, of which the text is lost, but the leading features of which we can gather from various records and facts relating to the constitution of the community and to its belief, its morality, its rites and manner of life.

The foundation of the community rests on a double principle—the sole authority of Scripture and the universal priesthood. It was composed firstly of full members who had taken the vow (the perfect); secondly of adherents or friends (the faithful) who adhered to the rule but without changing their manner of life, and, at least in certain cases, were still considered to belong to the Church. "The perfect" were divided into three orders—bishops, presbyters and deacons; they formed, with the occasional help of delegates from the various associations, the general chapter. No novelties were introduced into the faith, though some abuses which had been introduced by the clergy were reformed. The Holy Scriptures were the rule of life, especially the New Testament, and the perfect law of the Gospel taken almost literally. Salvation is of God through Jesus Christ, who died for our sins, but requires the co-operation of the sinner in works of Gospel penitence. The doctrine of purgatory is rejected as untrue, and so all the abuses springing from it, of expiatory masses, and gifts, indulgences, the intercession of the saints, fall with it.

The chief characteristic in its morality is humility, embodied in the three-fold observance of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and further in a formal protest against lying, oath-taking and the punishment of death. As to their rites these are the principal points: First comes the reading of and meditation on the Holy Scripture. Then prayer, which consists of the Lord's Prayer. Then preaching; and then the Sacraments, Baptism, Penance, the Eucharist and Ordination. The other Sacraments are rejected, these four preserved, and they bear in greater or less degree a Roman Catholic impress.

Their manner of life has been described by their enemies in terms very flattering to the Waldenses.

Here, for example, is a portrait of them drawn by an inquisitor:—

"They are regular and modest in their lives, and show it in their way of dress. They do not engage in business, lest they should be tempted to lying, swearing or deceit; they do not accumulate wealth, and are contented with the bare necessaries of life. They are chaste and frugal, they do not frequent wineshops or dancing rooms. They take no pleasure in such vanities. They labour, study and teach, pray but little for want of time, and they attend church, where they confess, communicate, and listen to sermons, if for no other reason that they may catch the preacher out if he make mistakes. They avoid all evil speaking, and abstain from idle words and jesting just as they do from lying. They swear not at all well, nor even use such expressions as 'in truth,' 'assuredly,' &c., because, according to them, these would be as bad as swearing."

The followers of Waldo, *i.e.* "the Perfect," wore a special dress—a woollen tunic with a cloak and common sandals.

They aimed at imitating the apostles even in their dress. When, however, they had to escape the watchful eyes of the police of the inquisition they disguised themselves, and assumed the garb of travelling pedlars; and then, after exhibiting needles and jewelry, if they saw a convenient opportunity, they would draw from beneath their cloak a small volume and begin to read it; and the house of their host became a house of prayer. The school of Waldo will never be surpassed for the character of the missionaries who came forth from it; they were living Gospels—the purest type of *colporteurs*, as they would be called at the present day, inimitable in their simplicity, constant in their zeal and self-denial, admired even by those who persecuted them, so that one appointed to try them for heresy pointed them out as an example, saying, "And let us, my masters, who are sound in the faith, take a lesson from them and be ashamed of our own negligence."

Such was the community of the followers of Waldo. They were called "Poor men of Lyons," says Stephen Bourbon, "because they began there by making a profession of poverty. As regards themselves they call themselves poor in spirit, because the Lord says, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' Their enemies gave them, as a term of reproach, the name of 'Waldenses.' The name remains still, a sign of victory and a title of honour."

Scanty as our knowledge of Waldo's personal history necessarily is, enough has been now related to explain why he was rightly placed by those who erected the grand monument to Luther at Worms among the four "Reformers before the Reformation," who form a group around him. Neither he nor the representatives of England, Bohemia and Italy which surround him absolutely broke with Rome as Luther did. It was Rome who excommunicated, persecuted, and, in the case of at least two, slew them. They themselves professed allegiance to the Church, and held the truth at least to a greater or less degree mingled with what we should call Romish doctrines and practices.

Yet they deserve all honour from Protestants, and were truly forerunners of Luther, because they all alike grasped the great Protestant principle of the supreme authority of Holy Scripture, and of the right of the people to be instructed in its truths and to be acquainted with its contents. Waldo's leading principle was this, What Christ commanded must be done; and if the decrees of popes or councils should be found to contradict God's Word and Christ's precepts, they must give way; Christ's law must be supreme. He did not, could not be expected to see all the consequences which would follow from his bold adherence to this principle. He, the imperfectly educated layman and merchant, would not be likely to begin with forming a theological system, or at once see how widely in doctrine the Church of Rome had departed from the Scriptural faith. But he had entered on the way which could have no other result at last than final and complete rupture. How far he himself went on this way we cannot tell, but we know that he bowed to the supreme authority of the Scripture; that he clung to Christ, of whom the Scripture testifies, as the author of his salvation and the guide of his life; that in His cause he braved all the terrors of persecution and death, and that for His sake he became an ardent missionary, spreading His word among the people. He left behind him in his followers those who carried on what he had begun to its final issue, and the inheritors of their faith and of their name still remain as living witnesses to the extent of his influence, of the power of his example.

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CHARLES SIMEON OF CAMBRIDGE.

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BIRTH—SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS—CONVERSION.

Charles Simeon was born at Reading, September 4th, 1759. He was the youngest of four brothers. Of the others, Richard, the eldest, died at a comparatively early age. The second, John, became a distinguished lawyer, and for many years represented the borough of Reading in Parliament. A baronetcy which was conferred upon him has descended to the present Sir John Simeon. The third brother, Edward, was an eminent merchant and a Director of the Bank of England. Charles was sent at an early age to Eton, where he obtained a scholarship, and, according to custom, was promoted in due time to a scholarship, and afterwards to a fellowship, in King's College, Cambridge.[1]

As to his Eton days, we are told that he was an active lad, delighting in feats of dexterity and strength, and a bold and skilful rider. Of his religious condition at that time he speaks himself in most self-condemning terms. Yet it appears that a solemn impression was made on his mind by a national fast which was ordered in 1776, when he was about seventeen years of age. His serious observance of the day was such as to bring upon him the mockery of his companions; and although the religious feelings then called forth died away, his outward life still retained so much regularity that a song ridiculing his strictness was in vogue among some of his schoolfellows.

It was not, however, until after he took up his residence at King's College in 1779 that a thorough work of the Spirit of God was wrought in Charles Simeon's heart. The means of which God made use for this purpose was a message which he received, shortly after his arrival, from the Provost of the College, informing him that, according to rule, he would be expected to attend the Lord's Supper about three weeks later. The young man was alarmed when he thought upon his unfitness to partake in that holy ordinance, and set himself to prepare for it as best he could, taking for his guide a book held in great repute at that time, *The Whole Duty of Man*. "I began," he says, "to read it with great diligence, at the same time calling my ways to remembrance, and crying to God for mercy; and so earnest was I in these exercises that within the three weeks I made myself quite ill with reading, fasting and prayer." Nor did his anxiety abate when the dreaded day was past; for he knew that on Easter Sunday he would again be required to communicate. He showed his sincerity by making restitution to any persons whom he thought that he had wronged; but the burden of guilt and anxiety weighed so heavily upon him that he sometimes envied the dogs their mortality.

The extremity of his distress prepared him to appreciate God's deliverance when it came. "In proportion," he continues, "as I proceeded in this work, I felt somewhat of hope springing up in my mind, but it was an indistinct kind of hope, founded on God's mercy to real penitents. But in Passion week, as I was reading Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper, I met with an expression to this effect, that the Jews knew what they did when they transferred their sins to the head of their offering. The

[1] In those days, and till recently, the Society of King's College, Cambridge, was recruited exclusively from the scholars of Eton, who were promoted as the scholarships of King's College fell vacant.

thought rushed into my mind, What! may I transfer all my guilt to another? Has God provided an offering for me, that I may lay my sins upon His head? Then, God willing, I will not bear them on my own soul one moment longer. Accordingly, I sought to lay my sins upon the sacred head of Jesus, and on Easter Day, April 4th, I awoke early with those words on my heart and lips, 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah.' From that hour peace flowed in abundance into my soul, and at the Lord's Table in our chapel I had the sweetest access to God through my blessed Saviour."

The Hallelujah of that Easter morning was the beginning of a life of praise commenced on earth and to be prolonged eternally in heaven. And the truths which were fixed in his mind by that memorable time of distress and deliverance became the basis of his preaching and teaching during a ministry of more than fifty-four years.

As will ever be the case with those who truly receive Jesus as their Saviour, Charles Simeon henceforward showed forth his Redeemer's praise not only with his lips but in his life. It is true that he did not at first perceive the inconsistency of his new position as a child of God with the pursuit of worldly pleasures. "When the races came," he writes, "I went to them as I had been used to do, and attended at the race-balls as usual, though without the pleasure which I had formerly experienced. I felt them to be empty vanities, but I did not see them to be sinful. I did not then understand those words, 'Be not conformed to this world.'" By a downfall into which he was thus led, he was taught once for all that, if he prayed sincerely, "Lead us not into temptation," he must not go into the way of it. With this exception, the general tenor of his life, from the time of his enlightenment, appears to have been altogether worthy of the Gospel of Christ. He began to have prayer with his college servants (a marvellous thing at that time in a young collegian), and he practised the strictest economy in order that he might devote as much as possible of his income to the service of God. This was never less than one third.

Having himself found a Saviour in Christ, he could not refrain from seeking, like Andrew, to lead his own kindred to the same happiness. He met at first with very limited success. His aged father was greatly displeased with the change in his son's views, and though he was in course of time reconciled to him personally, he retained his prejudice against his religious principles to the last. His brothers John and Edward also repelled his first endeavours to gain them with scornful ridicule. But his eldest brother, Richard, showed more sympathy, and went so far as to join him in establishing family worship in his father's house, which was then under Richard's management. And when he died in October, 1782, Charles had much hope in his death. And respecting the other two he was able in after years to write: "Blessed be God, both these brothers lived to embrace and honour that Saviour whom I had commended to them."

II.

ORDINATION—MINISTRY IN CAMBRIDGE.

Some idea of the godless condition of Cambridge in those days may be formed from the fact that about three years passed after Charles Simeon's conversion before he succeeded in making acquaintance with any one like-minded with himself. At length he was invited to tea by Mr. Atkinson, the incumbent of St. Edward's parish, whose ministry he had for some time attended; and became acquainted with Mr. Jowett, of Magdalen College, and Mr. John Venn, of Sidney. And the latter introduced him to his father, the Rev. Henry Venn, Rector of Yelling, near Huntingdon.

The friendship of Henry Venn was no ordinary acquisition. A man better fitted to act the part of a nursing father to a young follower of Christ could scarcely perhaps have been found. The

warmest attachment was soon formed between these kindred spirits. Mr. Simeon writes in after years, "In this aged minister I found a father, an instructor, and a most bright example, and I shall have reason to adore my God to all eternity for the benefit of his acquaintance."

On Trinity Sunday, May 26th, 1782, Mr Simeon was ordained by the Bishop of Ely; and the following Sunday he preached his first sermon in St. Edward's Church, having been requested by his friend, Mr. Atkinson, to take charge of the parish during the long vacation. He fulfilled this office with zeal and diligence, visiting the whole parish from house to house, and calling upon Churchmen and Nonconformists alike. It was soon evident that the hand of the Lord was with him in his work. "In the space of a month or six weeks, the church became crowded, the Lord's Table was attended by three times the usual number of communicants, and a considerable stir was made among the dry bones."

Upon the death of his brother Richard, in October of the same year, it was thought desirable that Charles should take his place as the manager of his father's household, and he was consequently on the point of taking what seemed likely to be a final leave of Cambridge, when it suddenly appeared that God had other purposes respecting him. Little as he thought it, King's College was to be his home for life, and its stately chapel his burial-place.

This unexpected turn in the course of events was brought about by the death of the Vicar of Trinity parish. Mr. Simeon had often, as he tells us, longed that God would give him Trinity Church, that there he might proclaim the Gospel and be His messenger to the university. The patronage of the living was then in the gift of the Bishop of Ely, and Mr. Simeon's father was acquainted with the Bishop. At his son's desire, therefore, he wrote, requesting for him the appointment to this charge.

The parishioners, however, were anxious to retain the services of a Mr. Hammond, who had been curate to their late vicar. A lectureship connected with the church was in their gift, and independent of the living.[1] They therefore elected Mr. Hammond to this office, and wrote to the Bishop informing him of the election, and requesting him to bestow the living also upon the new lecturer. In this they were confident of success, for they supposed that no man would accept so poor a living if the lectureship were separated from it. Hearing of this, Mr. Simeon determined not to stand in the way of their wishes. But the Bishop, offended at the mode of proceeding which the parishioners had adopted, wrote to Mr. Simeon, saying that the living was his, if he chose to accept it; but that, in any case, he should not offer it to Mr. Hammond. Thus was this long-desired object placed within Mr. Simeon's reach. He preached his first sermon in Trinity Church, November 10th, 1782, and he held the living until his death, November 13th, 1836.

The disappointed parishioners, though destitute of any ground of complaint against Mr. Simeon, displayed their ill-will not only by absenting themselves from his ministry, but also by locking up their pews. The latter act was illegal, but for the sake of peace, Mr. Simeon forbore to stand upon his rights, and had forms placed in vacant places for those who came from elsewhere to hear the Gospel. "To visit the parishioners in their own homes," he writes, "was impracticable, for they were so embittered against me that there was scarcely one who would admit me to his house. In this state of things I saw no remedy but faith and patience. The passage of Scripture which subdued and controlled my mind was, 'The servant of the Lord must not strive.' It was painful to see the church, with the exception of the aisles, almost forsaken, but I thought if God

[1] It is still maintained by subscription, and the parishioners have the right of election to it.

would only give a double blessing to the congregation that did attend, there would be on the whole as much good done."

John Simeon was married in the summer of 1783, and his brother was asked to perform the wedding ceremony. His relations hoped, as he tells us, that the accompanying festivities would draw him back into the world. But God provided for His servant's safety in a remarkable manner. Having arrived in London, he was requested to conduct a burial service on behalf of a friend, the Rector of Horseleydown. While waiting in the churchyard for the coming of the funeral, he employed himself in reading the epitaphs, and came upon the following well-known lines—

> "When from the dust of death I rise
> To take my mansion in the skies,
> E'en then shall this be all my plea,
> Jesus hath lived and died for me.'

Seeing a young woman not far off, he called her and bade her read this verse, remarking that her eternal happiness depended on her being able to say the same. She said in reply that she was in great distress; and, in answer to his inquiries, informed him that she had an aged mother and two small children dependent on her earnings, and that her ruined health would no longer allow her to support them. He directed her to some suitable passages of Scripture, took her address, and the next evening called upon her. On entering the room he found things as she had described them. "Though I was no stranger," he says, "to scenes of distress, at this sight I was overcome in a very unusual manner. I desired that they would join me in applying to the Father of mercies and God of all consolation. We fell upon our knees and in a moment were bathed in tears; to almost every petition that I uttered, Amen, Amen, was the language both of their hearts and lips. I was too much affected to be able to converse with them. I therefore referred them to two or three passages of Scripture and left them." The next evening he called again, and his visit was much like the preceding. The third evening the young woman told him that, when he first spoke to her, she was on the point of going to drown herself. "And now, sir," she said, "instead of despairing of bread to eat, I am enabled to see that God is my friend, that Christ has washed me from all my sins in His own blood, and that it is my privilege to be careful for nothing. I have hitherto laboured on the Lord's Day for the support of my family, henceforward, by grace, I will never work again on the Sabbath, but devote it entirely to the service of God, the concerns of my soul, and the instruction of my children." It is scarcely needful to say that Mr. Simeon gave them material help as well as spiritual comfort, and this help he continued for years. About a year after, hearing that the young woman was going on well, he called upon her, and on seeing him, she was at first unable to speak for excess of joy. When she became composed, she told him that her mother had died about three months before, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, I am ready if Thou art willing." She herself, by patient continuance in well doing, gave satisfactory proof that she had "passed from death unto life," by the regenerating grace of the Holy Spirit. Referring to these facts long after, Mr. Simeon declared that this one case would have been to him an abundant recompense for a life's labour.[1]

The persecution which he endured at Cambridge was not limited to his own parishioners. Young gownsmen came to his church, not to worship God, but to display their wickedness by profane behaviour. And older members of the University showed in other ways their dislike of his principles. The extent to

[1] On one of the evenings when he visited this poor family, he joined the party at his relative's house so late that jocose conjectures were made as to the cause of his absence. "Ah!" said he in relating this, "I had meat to eat which they knew not of."

which this prevailed may be judged of by the fact that, when upon one occasion a fellow of his own college ventured to walk up and down with him for a little while on the grass plot adjoining Clare Hall, it was to him quite a surprise, so accustomed was he to be treated as an outcast. But the grace of Christ was sufficient, not only to uphold, but to cheer him. Referring to this period of his life, he related the following anecdote:—"Many years ago, when I was the object of much contempt and derision in this University, I strolled forth one day, buffeted and afflicted, with my little Testament in my hand. I prayed earnestly to my God that He would comfort me with some cordial from His word, and that, on opening the book, I might find some text which should sustain me. The first text which caught my eye was this: 'They found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name, him they compelled to bear His cross.' (You know Simon is the same name as Simeon.) What a word of instruction was here! To have the cross laid upon me that I might bear it after Jesus: what a privilege! It was enough. Now I could leap and sing with joy as one whom Jesus was honouring with a participation in His sufferings."

By degrees, however, the storm abated. Towards the close of 1786 he preached for the first time before the University in the pulpit of St. Mary's. The church was crowded, and there seemed at first a disposition to annoy the preacher in a manner too common at that time. But scarcely had he proceeded more than a few sentences, when the lucid arrangement of his exordium and his serious and commanding manner impressed the whole assembly with feelings of deep solemnity, and he was heard to the end with most respectful attention. Of two young men who had come among the scoffers, one was heard to say to the other, "Well, Simeon is no fool, however." "Fool!" replied his companion, "did you ever hear such a sermon before?"

A friend who shared his rooms for three months at this period, gives a description of his private life which goes far to account for his power in the pulpit. He says: "Never did I see such consistency and reality of devotion, such warmth of piety, such zeal and love! Never did I see one who abounded so much in prayer." He adds that, at this time, though it was winter, Simeon used to rise at four o'clock, light his own fire, and then spend four hours in private prayer and in the devotional study of the Scriptures.[1] He would then ring his bell, and, calling in his friend, with his servant, engage with them in what he termed his family prayer."

The faults to which he seems to have been naturally the most prone were pride and irritability of temper; but his biography gives ample evidence of the energy with which he contended against these indwelling enemies, and of the victory which, by the grace of God, he gained over them. As regards the attitude of his soul towards God, he writes in his later days: "There are but two objects that I have ever desired for these forty years to behold—the one is my own vileness; and the other is the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; and I have always thought that they should be viewed together. By this I seek to be, not only humbled and thankful, but humbled in thankfulness, before my God and Saviour continually. This is the religion that pervades the whole Liturgy, and particularly the Communion Service; and this makes the Liturgy inexpressibly sweet to me."

Nor was he less diligent in cultivating a patient and humble spirit towards his fellow-creatures. We have seen how that text, "The servant of the Lord must not strive," restrained him from

[1] The Bible, which became the favourite companion of his hours of devotion, was a copy of Brown's *Self-Interpreting Bible*, which to the end of his life he was continually enriching with notes of his own. Writing to the author (the Rev. John Brown of Haddington), he says: "Your *Self-Interpreting Bible* seems to stand in lieu of all other comments."

calling the law to his aid against the illegal conduct of his parishioners. "Many hundreds of times," he says, "has that one word tied my hands." In his pocket-book for the year 1787 he wrote in two different places, in large letters, the following rules, "*Talk not about myself. Speak evil of no man.*" Many years after he writes to a friend, "Such conduct is observed towards me at this very hour by one of the fellows of the College as, if practised by *me*, would set, not the College only, but the whole town and University in a flame. But the peace and joy which I experience from lying as clay in the potter's hands are more than I can express. The example of our blessed Lord, who, as a lamb before its shearers, was dumb, and without either threatening or complaint committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously, appears to me most lovely."

The following extracts from a set of rules which he laid down for himself, in regard to evil reports, are worth observing:—

"To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others; to believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it; always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others; always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different view would be given of the matter. I consider, too, that persons are cast in different moulds; and that to ask myself, 'What should *I* do in that person's situation?' is not a just mode of judging. I think that religious people are too little attentive to these considerations."

A famine, which occurred at the close of 1788, gave Mr. Simeon an opportunity of "adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour" by his public conduct. A subscription was raised, to which he liberally contributed, for the purpose of supplying the poor of Cambridge with bread at half-price. But when he inquired what was to become of the poor in the neighbouring villages, the reply was, "That is more than we can answer for." "Then," said Mr. Simeon, "that shall be my business;" and he immediately set on foot a scheme for the relief of twenty-four surrounding villages. In this work he aided largely, both with his money and his labour, riding out every Monday to visit one or more of these villages to see that the work was duly carried out. "This," says a friend, "made a great impression on the University, and was one of the first things to open their eyes to the character of the man who had been so much ridiculed and opposed."

Trinity parish came also by degrees to a better mind. The parish church being in possession of the lecturer on Sunday afternoons, and the churchwardens having refused (though without legal authority) to open the church for a Sunday evening service, Mr. Simeon had been constrained to hire a large room, where he held a meeting on Sunday evenings for the sake of those who valued his ministry. At length, in 1790, the churchwardens gave way, and an evening service was commenced in the church. In 1794, the lectureship being for a third time vacant, Mr. Simeon was elected to it without opposition, and three Sunday services were held in Trinity Church from that time to the year 1808, when, owing to Mr. Simeon's enfeebled health, the afternoon service was given up, and the lecture was transferred to the evening service. Some of his enemies in the parish remained irreconcilable, but an attempt which they made in 1811 to revive persecution, after a long period of peace, brought to light the fact that the great majority of the parishioners were on Mr. Simeon's side. The commencement of the evening service in 1790 led, however, to an aggravation of misconduct on the part of godless undergraduates; and Mr. Simeon, though willing to bear injuries without resistance when his personal interests only were concerned, felt it his duty to act firmly when the honour of God and the

welfare of the congregation were involved. "I always," he writes, "went down from my pulpit the moment the sermon was finished, and stood at the great north door, ready to apprehend any gownsman who should insult those who had been at church. I requested those who withstood my authority not to compel me to demand their names; because, if once constrained to do that, I must proceed to further measures. This kindness usually prevailed. Where it did not, I required the person to call on me the next morning, nor did one single instance occur of a person daring to refuse my mandate."

On one occasion he laid before the Vice-Chancellor the case of a young man who had been guilty of gross misconduct, and, acting under the Vice-Chancellor's authority, he compelled the offender to read a written apology in presence of the congregation. More than once also he took proceedings against townsmen who had given similar offence, and so late as 1810, when a person holding the position of a gentleman had disgraced himself thus, and refused to apologize, he had him committed to gaol, and kept there until he submitted, to avoid further action.

It must not however be supposed that all, or even the larger part, of the young University men who attended Mr. Simeon's ministry came in this bad spirit. Numbers of them came hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and did not go empty away.

III.

VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

From about the year 1790, Charles Simeon's career might be likened to the course of a river which, after making its way through narrow gorges and obstructing rocks, reaches a wider valley and waters fertile meadows on either side. In 1796 he made the acquaintance of Dr. Buchanan, a Scottish minister, whom, as he says, he "thought it one of the greatest blessings of his life ever to have known," and went with him to Scotland, where he officiated more than once in Presbyterian churches. A few extracts from his diary of this journey may interest the reader:—

"*Sunday, June 5th.*—I went to hear Dr. Erskine, of the New Greyfriars, Edinburgh. His appearance and zeal reminded me much of my dear friend Mr. Venn. In the afternoon I preached at the Canongate, and conducted the service in the usual manner. In the evening I preached at Mr. Dickson's new chapel in the Canongate to a very crowded audience, and, through mercy, with much liberty and comfort. Sir John Stirling supped with us. He came in while Dr. Buchanan, in his usual manner, was catechizing his niece and servants. I was astonished at their readiness in answering his questions, and giving an account of what they had heard in the day. Sir John is a remarkably pleasing man, and a truly pious Christian.

"*June 9th.*—Mr. B. has been unwearied in his endeavours to introduce me to the most godly people, to show me everything that can be seen, and to provide me a companion for my northern tour. I desire to give glory to my God for all the love I meet with, and ardently wish that it may be the means of humbling me, and not of puffing me up.

"*Friday, 10th.*—How wonderful is the goodness of God to me! Everything that I could wish has taken place. On Thursday Sir John Stirling offered me his own mare for my northern tour, and this day Mr. Haldane[1] has offered to accompany me. Surely goodness and mercy are following me all the way.

"*Sunday, June 19th.*—(Communion Sunday.) Went with Messrs. Innes and Campbell to St. Ninian's. Mr. Sheriff began the service, and preached a useful sermon from Hebrews x. 10. After

[1] Mr. James Haldane, brother to Robert Haldane, two Scottish gentlemen who laboured as lay evangelists with eminent success. A further notice of this tour on horseback may be found in their biography by Alexander Haldane.

preaching above an hour, besides prayer and singing, he left the pulpit and went to the head of the tables. There he gave an exhortation which to me was more excellent than the sermon. I communicated at the second table, where Mr. Campbell exhorted. His exhortation was exceedingly precious to my soul. I was quite dissolved in tears. I made a full, free, and unreserved surrender of myself to God. I walked home alone by choice, and met numbers coming to the sacrament, which, as I understood, lasted till about eight in the evening.

"*Tuesday*, 21*st*. — Lord Balgownie accompanied us to Melville, the seat of Lord Leven, his father, who has for nine years been Commissioner, that is, the representative of the King in the General Assembly. Our conversation was altogether spiritual, and the whole family evidently took pleasure in it. They wished me to speak in the evening, and assembled about a dozen, besides all their own family, to hear. The house is large, but not grand, the furniture is old and plain, the pictures are few. There was, however, what is infinitely better than pomp and grandeur—a peace and harmony, the offspring of well-regulated habits and affections.

"*Sunday*, 26*th*.—Sacrament Sunday at Moulin. The congregation was numerous, and the communicants about one thousand. I preached a short sermon, and while they were partaking I spoke a few words of encouragement, and bade them depart in peace. I expressed to them in my former exhortation my fears respecting the formality which obtains among all the people, and urged them to devote themselves to Jesus Christ. On the whole this Sabbath was not like the last. Then I was very much affected, now I was barren and dull.[1] God, however, is the same, and His Word is unchangeable, and in that is all my hope. In the evening Mr. Stewart, the minister of Moulin, came up into my room, and we had much conversation about the ministry."

Elsewhere Mr. Simeon says: "Mr. Stewart was a man in high repute both for amiableness of manners and for learning, but he was very defective in his views of the Gospel, and his experience of its power. When we were retiring, I had him alone with me in my chamber, and spoke such things as occurred to my mind with a view to his spiritual good. And it pleased God so to apply them to his heart that they were made effectual in bringing him into the marvellous light of the Gospel of Christ. From that moment he changed the strain of his preaching, and God has now for the last fifteen years made his instructions eminently useful for the salvation of souls."

Among those who profited by the change in Mr. Stewart's ministry were two young people, James Duff and Jean Rattray, who were under seventeen at the time of Simeon's visit, but afterwards married and became the parents of that great missionary, Alexander Duff.

IV.

CHURCH MISSIONARY, BIBLE AND JEWISH MISSION SOCIETIES, ETC.

In 1800 the Church Missionary Society was formed, and it is not surprising to find the name of Charles Simeon among its founders. There existed previously no agency for the evangelization of the heathen which was in harmony on *all* points with the views of Evangelical Churchmen, and as this party increased in numbers and strength it was inevitable that the desire for such an agency should spring up and grow. The matter was brought to a crisis at a meeting of the Eclectic Society, March 18th, 1800, at which Mr. John Venn introduced the subject, and was warmly supported by Mr. Simeon, who proposed three questions: "What can we do? When shall

[1] Mr. Stewart, however, writes afterwards to Mr. Simeon: "A poor woman in this village, who heard you preach, insists on my letting you know how much she enjoyed your discourse, and how much she was revived by it."

we do it? How shall we do it?" His answer to the second was characteristic. "Directly. Not a moment to be lost." The meeting decided unanimously that a new missionary society should be constituted without delay, and this decision was carried into effect on the 12th of the following month.

Missions to India were in those days rendered peculiarly difficult by the opposition, not of Hindoo idolaters, but of the East India Company, and of others in Parliament and elsewhere, who sided with them. It was feared that any systematic attempt to convert the natives of India would endanger the stability of the Company's rule, and it was thought better that India should remain a heathen land, than that the gains of Englishmen should be imperilled.[1] There were, however, chaplaincies for the benefit of the English in India, salaried by the Company, and it was practicable for the chaplains, if so disposed, to employ their leisure time in missionary labours among the heathen. It was in this way that two young men, Thomas Thomason and Henry Martyn, whose hearts were moved with compassion for the benighted Hindoos, were enabled to go out thither, primarily as the Company's chaplains, but with the further object of doing what they could for the heathen. The memory of both these men of God is inseparably connected with that of Simeon. Both of them had profited greatly by his ministry. Both of them were attached to him by the closest bonds of Christian affection. Both of them served with him in the Gospel as sons with their father.[2] And both of them went forth to India attended by his warmest sympathy and prayers.

A Bible Society meeting is in these days so quiet a proceeding that one can scarcely read without a smile Mr. Simeon's narrative of the mighty struggle which accompanied the first public appearance of that Society at Cambridge in 1811.

The undertaking originated with some of the younger members of the University, and was no sooner generally talked of than the opposition arose. "A great alarm was excited, and every person without exception threw cold water upon it, from this principle, that if they were allowed to proceed in this way about the Bible, they would soon do the same about politics." Under these circumstances, Mr. Simeon persuaded the young men to commit the matter to himself and one or two other friends of the Society among the seniors. He was joined by Dr. Jowett of Magdalen, Mr. John Brown, fellow of Trinity, and Professor Farish, and the last-named obtained from the Vice-Chancellor a somewhat reluctant consent that a meeting of the University, Town, and County, should be called.

The opposition, however, did not cease. Dr. Marsh (Margaret Professor of Divinity, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) wrote a hostile pamphlet, and "with incredible industry put it in the hands of all the great men of the county and all the leading members of the University. Application was made to Lord Hardwicke, who agreed to take the chair; but this very circumstance augmented our difficulties. No head of a college would come forward. Dr. Milner[1] was in town, and would not come forward unless the bishop[2] did. The bishop would not, because it was in the Bishop of Ely's diocese, and he did not like to interfere with him. We all trembled lest Lord H., when he came to take the chair, should complain that he

[1] For this reason Carey and his colleagues, not being allowed to settle on the Company's territory, carried on their work for long under the protection of the Danish flag at Serampore. On the renewal of the Company's charter in 1813, Parliament was induced, by the strenuous exertions of Mr. Wilberforce and his friends, to insist on the liberty of Christian missions in India.

[2] Thomason was Simeon's curate from October 1796 till June 1808, when he sailed for India; and Martyn from October 1803 till April 1805, when he left for the same destination.

[1] President of Queen's College.

[2] Dr. Mansel, Bishop of Bristol and Master of Trinity College.

had been deceived by us. On Tuesday we heard, however, with joy, that Lord F. Osborne would come and support Lord Hardwicke. Mr. Wilberforce had done all he could to get the Chancellor (the Duke of Gloucester) to give us his name and aid us with his presence, but in vain. At last, however, we had joyful tidings. The Duke was willing to be president. And then the day arrived. But how? Truly God showed that He reigns in the earth. The Earl of Bristol gave us his name. Dr. Milner had come down during the night. The Dukes of Bedford and of Rutland gave us their names. The Bishop of Bristol permitted us to use his also. And, to crown the whole, Mr. Nicholas Vansittart[1] sent down a printed letter to Dr. Marsh in answer to his. Dear Mr. Steinkopff was applauded for a great length of time, and all he said was most affecting. Mr. Owen was brilliant beyond measure. Professor Farish, with all his placidity, was animated and bold as a lion. Dr. Clarke, the Professor of Mineralogy, was extremely eloquent. He was aware that, by taking an active part, he was likely to cut himself off from all hopes of the Mastership of Jesus College, but avowed his determination to do what he thought most acceptable to God. Dr. Milner spoke nobly and manfully, and took shame to himself for having been so long in making up his mind. Lord Francis also spoke well, though short."

"I consider our beloved and honoured friend, Mr. Wilberforce, as very eminently instrumental in this great and wonderful work. I believe we owe it chiefly to his exertions that both the Duke and Dr. Milner were induced to take the part they did."

The friends of the Bible Society may rejoice that its prosperity is now so much less dependent on the patronage of the great. But let us not altogether despise the days that are past. The day after the meeting, Mr. Simeon wrote that nearly £900 had already been received as the fruit of it. And the Duke of Gloucester proved the cordiality of his aid by calling on Mr. Wilberforce, and desiring to be put down as a contributor of fifty guineas to the good work.

"To the Society for the Conversion of the Jews Mr. Simeon was pre-eminently attached. In truth he was almost from the commencement the chief stay of that great cause."[1] We find in fact that in 1815, when the London Society for the conversion of the Jews was in great danger of ship-wreck, it was rescued mainly by the strenuous exertions of Mr. Simeon and the liberality of his friend, Mr. Lewis Way. He gave the Society also most important help by the journeys which he took on its behalf (on one occasion to Holland) as a preacher and speaker. More than once he had for his travelling companion, his much loved brother in Christ, Mr. Marsh of Colchester,[2] a man of one heart and soul with him, in this matter specially, as in the Lord's work generally. In 1819, we find them making a tour of five weeks in England and Scotland, when Mr. Simeon writes: "Mr. Marsh and I brought home eight hundred guineas clear gain, the journey having cost the Society nothing." It is also an interesting fact that one of his last employments on his dying bed was the dictation of an address to be read to the undergraduates at their approaching meeting for the Jews Society.

Another work of no small consequence, to which he devoted both labour and money, and which remains as a monument of his zeal, was that of the trust which he founded for the investment and administration of the patronage of livings, which he purchased with money given him by his friends, and partly also taken from his own resources. The object was to

[1] Afterwards Lord Bexley.

[1] From the *Recollections of C. Simeon*, by Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, appended to the *Biography*.

[2] Afterwards Dr. Marsh, and father of the well-known and esteemed authoress.

secure the presentation of godly and evangelical persons to the charge of souls.

In the charge which he left to his trustees, he most solemnly warns and beseeches them for the Lord's sake, in every appointment to be guided by one consideration only, namely that of the welfare of the people whose spiritual interests have been confided to them; to be influenced by no desire to provide for a needy clergyman, nor by any solicitation of the great and powerful, nor even by petitions of the parishioners, but to appoint only "one who is a truly pious and devoted man, a man of God in deed and in truth, who with his piety combines a solid judgment and an independent mind."

But of all the work which was given Charles Simeon to do by his heavenly Master, the greatest, if we consider its ultimate results, was (it can hardly be doubted) his ministry to the young gownsmen of Cambridge. Within three months from the beginning of his ministry in Trinity Church, his friend Henry Venn writes: "Mr. Simeon's ministry is likely to be blessed. We may indeed say, 'A great door is opened'; for several gownsmen hear him." And as years went on the number of these hearers greatly increased. In 1818 he says: "As for the gownsmen, never was anything like what they are at this day. I am forced to let them go up into the galleries, which I never suffered before; and notwithstanding that, multitudes of them are forced to stand in the aisles, for want of a place to sit down. What thanks can I render to the Lord for a sight of these things!" And in his later days it was not the younger members only of the University who felt the influence of his preaching. Referring to a sermon which he delivered in St. Mary's Church, November 13th, 1831, Bishop Wilson of Calcutta says: "The writer can never forget the impression made on his mind by the appearance of the church when Mr. Simeon delivered one of his sermons on the Holy Spirit before that learned University. The vast edifice was literally crowded in every part. The Heads of the Houses, the Doctors, the Masters of Arts, the Bachelors, the Undergraduates, the congregation from the town, seemed to vie with each other in eagerness to hear the aged and venerable man."

He wisely perceived the importance of having some private intercourse with the young men who valued his public ministry. On this subject, Mr. Thomason writes about the year 1793, "Mr. Simeon watches over us as a shepherd over his sheep. He takes delight in instructing us, and has us continually at his rooms." And again, "Mr. Simeon has invited me to his Sunday evening lectures.[1] This I consider one of the greatest advantages I ever received. The subject is Natural and Revealed Religion. We write after him, he then dismisses us with prayer." Instead of Sunday evening gatherings, he had at a later period a tea-party, on Friday evenings, to which all might come without invitation,[2] and where they might propose questions on which they wished to have his opinion. A writer who used to attend these parties says:—

"Such practical or critical difficulties as had been met with during the preceding week were brought by us gownsmen to the Friday evening tea-party, to be propounded to Mr. Simeon; and much do I err in judgment, if many will not have reason to praise God with eternal praises for benefits received at these instructive meetings.

"At the entry of each gownsman he would advance towards the opening door with all that suavity and politeness which you know he possessed in a remarkable degree, and would cordially tender his hand, and I assure you we deemed it no small honour to have had a hearty shake of the hand and a kind

[1] These must have been after the Sunday evening service in Trinity Church.

[2] More than forty, he states in 1826, were sometimes present.

expression of the looks from that good old man. As soon as the ceremony of introduction was concluded, Mr. Simeon would take possession of his accustomed seat, and would commence the business of the evening. After a pause, he would encourage us to propose our doubts. Presently one and then another would venture with his interrogatories, till our backwardness and reserve were entirely removed."

V.

LAST DAYS AND DEATH.

A narrative by the eminent Joseph John Gurney of Earlham, of a visit paid to Cambridge in 1831, gives us a lively picture of Simeon in his old age, from which we take a few extracts:—

"We sent a note to our dear friend, Charles Simeon, to propose spending part of the evening with him. While we were absent from the inn, there arrived a small characteristic note written in pencil; "Yes, yes, yes. Come immediately and dine with me." Simeon has the warm and eager manners of a foreigner, with an English heart beneath them. We declined his invitation to dinner; but as we were walking near King's College, we heard a loud halloo behind us, and presently saw our aged friend, forgetful of the gout, dancing over the lawn to meet us. He then became our guide, and led us through several of the colleges."

Mr. Gurney then gives some copious notes of the interesting and edifying conversation which passed between them during the walk, and afterwards, when they took tea at their friend's rooms; and adds:—

"The hour of the evening was advancing, and these beautiful remarks formed a happy conclusion to familiar conversation. His elderly servants were now called in, and I was requested to read the Scriptures. A very precious solemnity ensued, during which the language of prayer and praise arose; I humbly hope, with acceptance. I believe both my dear wife and myself were ready to acknowledge that we had seldom felt with any one more of the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

The last sentence is the more notable from the fact that, while Mr. Simeon was a loyal member of the Church of England, Mr. Gurney belonged to the Society of Friends.

This biographer gives the following description of him from personal recollection:—

"There was a remarkable combination of opposite qualities in Simeon's character. For dealing with cases requiring tenderness and sympathy, nothing could exceed his gentleness and deep feeling; whilst on occasions demanding firmness and vigorous speech and action he would employ very strong language in rebuking error or enforcing truth. Amidst all his thoughts about his various great works, he was very particular about little things. Indeed, in everything he was a pattern of neatness and punctuality. He was an uncommonly social man, delighting in the company of his friends; whilst he charmed them with his lively and original conversation, full of striking illustrations, accompanied often with much action, sometimes so amusing that it was almost impossible to refrain from a smile, even when he himself was speaking most seriously. But his striking action and devout appearance at all times in the pulpit can never be forgotten by those who knew him."

Charles Simeon preached his last sermon on Sunday, September 18, 1836, being then in good health and spirits, and died just seven weeks later on November 13, aged 77. Having never married, he retained his fellowship and his rooms in college to the last. Through the whole of his last illness, his soul was kept in perfect peace. The following words, spoken ten days before his death, may serve to indicate his state of mind: "If you want to know what I am doing, go and look in the first chapter of Ephesians, from the third to the fourteenth verse.

There you will see what I am enjoying now."

The following incident of his last days affords a striking display of his character. "When his servant, Mrs. C., came into the room on one occasion to arrange the fire-place, he said: "When C. is going out, tell her to come to my bedside, and let me give her a last look." When she came, he looked at her most affectionately and said, "God Almighty bless you, my dear C.; now go." Both his servants left the room overwhelmed at the sight of their dying master, from whom they had received so many kindnesses. He then turned his eyes towards me and said: "Dear faithful servants! No one ever had more faithful and kind servants than I have had. And to have such dear creatures to attend me when I am such a poor wretch and deserve nothing but perdition!" The tears trickled down his face, and he appeared quite overwhelmed at a sense of God's mercies towards him."

Charles Simeon was buried in the Fellows vault of his College Chapel. His funeral presented a remarkable contrast with the days when he stood almost alone, bearing the reproaches both of town and gown for his Master's sake. A procession occupying nearly all the four sides of the spacious quadrangle followed the coffin. "Heads of Colleges, and Professors, and men of all classes and ages from every College in the University, came to do him this last honour. The ante-chapel was occupied by a crowd of his parishioners, men, women and children, clad in mourning, and many showing the reality of their sorrow by their sighs and tears. And not the least interesting sight was the assembly of young gownsmen, all in mourning, who stood between the coffin and the communion rails." Thus God fulfilled to His servant, even upon earth, the promise: "Them that honour Me I will honour," [1] a promise to be fulfilled more gloriously hereafter in the kingdom of heaven.

[1] This was the text chosen by Dr. Dealtry for the funeral sermon which he preached in Trinity Church.

VI.

MR. SIMEON AS A PREACHER AND THEOLOGIAN.

It may be not out of place to add a few words in conclusion respecting the distinctive features of Mr. Simeon's preaching and theology.

As a preacher his warmth of heart, vivacity of manner, and command of language, would almost certainly have won for him popularity under any circumstances. But he was something better than a popular preacher; namely, a messenger of Christ, upon whose services the tokens of his Master's approval were bestowed in no ordinary degree. And the chief reason of this may readily be found. He abounded in faith, love, and devotion to his Redeemer's service, and was therefore such an instrument as God loves to use in bringing souls to Himself.

Faith and piety do not however *supersede* the use of natural means in doing the Lord's work, and it is not therefore superfluous to ask what natural means have been used by those who have laboured in the Gospel with eminent success. And in Simeon's case there can hardly be a doubt that his usefulness as a preacher was largely due to the wise and prayerful pains which he employed in the preparation of his sermons. Not only did he labour in this way for the profit of his own hearers, but he bestowed great pains in seeking to raise up other preachers of the same sort.

Lessons in the composition of sermons formed at one time an important part of the instruction given to his young friends who attended his private meetings. In this he made much use of Claude's *Essay on the Composition of Sermons*, a small volume written by a refugee Huguenot pastor. In 1796 he published a new edition of this work, with an appendix containing one hundred skeleton sermons prepared by himself. The same year, November 13th, he preached

before the University a sermon on Mark xvi. 15, 16, which he afterwards published, with an appendix containing four different skeleton sermons on the same text. No less than five editions of this were called for before the year's end.

Encouraged by the success of these smaller undertakings, he began another work of a magnitude which few would attempt in these days, namely, a series of no less than two thousand five hundred skeleton sermons (the *Horæ Homileticæ*) contained in twenty-one volumes. How far its influence on the preaching of the evangelical clergy extended, we have no means of knowing; but if we consider the spirit in which this great task was undertaken and carried out, we may be confident that it was "not in vain in the Lord."

The following greatly abridged extracts from one of his works are well worthy of a preacher's notice:—

"This is the great secret, so to speak, of all composition for the pulpit. Every text, whether long or short, must be reduced to a categorical proposition first, in order to preserve a perfect unity in the subject; and secondly, in order to take it up and prosecute it in an orderly manner. If the passage contains a great variety of matter, the simple proposition should declare its main scope only, and the other points should be no further noticed than as they elucidate the one great point which is to be considered.

"Take for your subject that which you believe to be the mind of God in the passage before you. Be careful to understand the passage thoroughly, and regard nothing but the mind of God in it. Mark the character of the passage; mark the spirit of the passage. The soul should be filled with the subject, and breathe out the very spirit of it before the people. As God's ambassadors we should speak *all* that He speaks, and *as* He speaks; God Himself should be heard in us and through us."

Perhaps even such excellent rules as these will admit of *occasional* modifications; but it is certain that to make the sermon a genuine development of the text is incomparably better than to make the text a mere heading to an exposition of the preacher's own opinions or fancies.

Charles Simeon cannot be reckoned as a great theologian in the ordinary sense of the word. Like many men of the same stamp, he led too active a life to have time for extensive reading. But in one department of theology, that is to say, the writings of the prophets, apostles, and evangelists, he was well versed; and it would have been well for mankind if all theologians had resembled him in that respect.

As regards his theological views, he may be taken as a nearly perfect type of the Evangelical Churchman. He was sincerely attached to his own Church, and speaks in the warmest terms of the delight which he took in her liturgy. Yet, as we have seen, he recognized and loved the image of Christ in whomsoever he met with it. Like his Divine Master, he could say, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

With regard to the Calvinistic controversy, he was on the whole a Calvinist. But it seems to have been a favourite idea with him, that if one would fully set forth the mind of God as revealed in Scripture, one must sometimes speak like an Arminian, and sometimes like a Calvinist; whether or not one can show the logical consistency of so doing. He appears to have remained contentedly upon the shore of this great deep, without seeking to dive into its profundities.

In the preface to his work *Help to Composition*, he thus relates a conversation between two persons, who were evidently himself and John Wesley:—

"A young minister, about three or four years after he was ordained, had an opportunity of conversing familiarly with the great and venerable leader of the Arminians in this kingdom, and, wishing to improve the occasion, he

addressed him nearly in the following words: 'Sir, I understand that you are called an Arminian; and I have been sometimes called a Calvinist; and therefore I suppose we are to draw daggers. But before I consent to begin the combat, with your permission I will ask you a few questions.' Permission being very readily and kindly granted, the young minister proceeded to ask, 'Pray, sir, do you feel yourself a depraved creature, so depraved that you would never have thought of turning to God, if God had not first put it in your heart?' 'Yes,' says the veteran, 'I do indeed.' 'And do you utterly despair of recommending yourself to God by anything that you can do; and look for salvation solely through the blood and righteousness of Christ?' 'Yes, solely through Christ.' 'But, sir, supposing you were at first saved by Christ, are you not somehow or other to save yourself afterwards by your own works?' 'No, I must be saved by Christ from first to last.' 'Allowing, then, that you were first turned by the grace of God, are you not in some way or other to keep yourself by your own power?' 'No.' 'What then, are you to be upheld every hour and every moment by God, as much as an infant in its mother's arms?' 'Yes, altogether.' 'And is all your hope in the grace and mercy of God to preserve you unto His heavenly kingdom?' 'Yes, I have no hope but in Him.' 'Then, sir, with your leave I will put up my dagger again, for this is all my Calvinism—it is in substance all that I hold and as I hold it.'"

This interview seems to have been that referred to by Mr. Wesley in his journal, in the following entry:—

"Dec. 20, 1784. I went to Hinxworth, where I had the satisfaction of meeting Mr. Simeon, Fellow of King's College in Cambridge. He has spent some time with Mr. Fletcher at Madeley; two kindred souls much resembling each other, both in fervour of spirit and earnestness of their address."

It will be observed that the conversation above related does not by any means go to the bottom of the Calvinistic controversy; but it shows how far a moderate Calvinist like Simeon and an evangelical Arminian such as John Wesley can go hand in hand without diverging.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Gospel which Simeon preached was widely different from that of the Broad Theology of the present day. The man whose distress and fears were banished when he beheld Jesus as the Lamb of God sacrificed for his sins, and laid his sins by faith on the head of that sin-offering, was not likely to preach Christ crucified *merely* as an example of self-sacrifice, nor *merely* as a display of God's sympathy towards His sinful creatures. And the success of Simeon's ministry is one example among thousands which show that the doctrine of the Atonement as held and taught by Evangelical Christians, though scorned by the wisdom of *man*, is the means which *God's* wisdom uses in saving sinners, now as in the days of old.

HORACE NOEL, M.A.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, PATERNOSTER ROW.—*Price One Penny.*

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR W. EDWARD PARRY.

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I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY TRAINING.

William Edward Parry, fourth son of Caleb Parry, M.D., was born at Bath, December 19th, 1790. His father was a physician of eminence and in extensive practice. He was a man of much benevolence as well as professional skill, and it is recorded that in 1805, at the busiest period of his attendance on wealthy patients, he continued the service of public charities, and his numerous visits among the poor in the city and its neighbourhood. He was the author of numerous treatises, not only on medical but on various scientific subjects, and he obtained an honorary medal from the Board of Agriculture for improving the breed of merino sheep in England. Before settling in Bath, he practised for some years at Warrington, where he married the daughter of John Rigby, Esq., of Lancaster, a lady remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments, and a friend of Mrs. Barbauld, who dedicated to her some of her poems. From such parents, Edward and the other children had every advantage due to birth and training, and these advantages the subject of our memoir was able to turn to good account in his remarkable career.

He received his early education at the Grammar School of Bath, which he left after attaining a fair proficiency in classical and mathematical studies. Anecdotes are told of his school-boy days, recalled as early traits of character conspicuous in after life. One of these school incidents was a tough and successful fight with a big bully, in defence of a smaller boy. Another anecdote relates to a much earlier age. Taken by his parents to visit a lady of their acquaintance, Edward was allowed the run of the house in search of amusement. The little fellow of five years was found in the library, astride of a large geographical globe. "What! Edward, are you riding on the globe?" said his kind hostess. "Oh, yes," the boy replied, "and *how* I should like to go round it!" —words afterwards remembered by those who heard them.

It was at first intended that Edward should follow his father's profession, and it was by a sudden and unexpected decision that his future course was determined. Miss Cornwallis, an intimate friend of the family, had taken a great liking to the boy, and thought that a youth of such energy and spirit was well fitted for a sailor's life. A near relation of this lady, Admiral Cornwallis, was at this time in command of the Channel Fleet, off Brest. The *Ville de Paris* (Captain Ricketts), one of the French prizes now belonging to the British Navy, was about to sail to join the Channel Fleet, as flag ship. Miss Cornwallis asked Edward if he would like to go to sea. He answered, "Yes, if my father and mother consent." The matter was soon settled, and the Admiral, on hearing the circumstances, got him an appointment to his own ship as a "volunteer of the first class." Next morning he left Bath in charge of an old and trusty manservant, who took him to Plymouth, and did not leave the boy till he saw him fairly settled in the *Ville de Paris*.

II.

BEGINNING OF A SAILOR'S LIFE.

To Edward Parry everything on board ship was strange and new. He had never seen the sea, nor any vessel except the small craft that came up the Avon to Bath. When the faithful

Thomas returned, he described how his young master seemed struck with amazement at the sea and the huge line-of-battle ships; but he soon began eagerly to examine everything, and to inquire about everything from all who had time to listen to his questions. While thus employed he saw one of the sailors descending the rigging from aloft, and instantly, before the astonished Thomas could utter a word of protest, the active boy was far up the rigging, and never stopped till from the mast-head he waved his cap in triumph. The alarm of old Thomas attracted the notice of the sailors, and a group of those who witnessed the feat gathered round the boy as he reached the deck, and greeted him warmly as "a fine fellow, and a true sailor every inch of him."

By his attention to duty, and his good conduct, the young volunteer soon gained the esteem and affection of the officers, and both the Admiral and Captain Ricketts showed him marked favour and kindness. This he acknowledged warmly in letters to his parents, for he then and always kept up his correspondence with the home circle at Bath. He found also a true friend in one of the lieutenants of the ship, the Hon. Charles Powys, an officer of good character and high promise, who was too early for the service and his country carried off by fever in the West Indies, after promotion to another ship. This loss greatly affected young Parry. He found the best relief in strenuous diligence in his studies, under the chaplain of the ship, the Rev. W. Morgan, who became afterwards chaplain of the Royal Naval School at Greenwich. He tells of his improvement in mathematics and navigation, in French, and in Greek, so that "he read the Greek Testament with facility." He found that he had forgotten little of the Latin which he had acquired under his earlier master, Dr. Morgan of the Bath Grammar School.

During the whole of his service on board the *Ville de Paris*, the ship was cruising in the Channel, chiefly occupied in blockading the French coast, off Brest and Ushant. The anxiety of the British commanders, as indeed of all Englishmen on land as well as at sea, was kept alive by threatened invasion, as long as Napoleon had his camp at Boulogne. Every sailor in the fleet longed for an engagement with the enemy's ships, the appearance of which at sea was expected more with hope than anxiety. Young Parry shared this patriotic ardour, and he gave lively expression to his feeling in his letters.

Only once, and for a short time while in his first ship, he had experience of being in action. On the 22nd of August, 1805, not long before the crowning victory of Trafalgar, Admiral Gantheaume, in command of the French fleet under blockade in Brest, put to sea, by Buonaparte's direct orders, to attack the British Channel fleet. The French had twenty-one sail of the line, and Cornwallis had only sixteen. Buonaparte expected that the combined French and Spanish fleet, under Villeneuve, would arrive in the Channel, and that overwhelming force would destroy the blockading squadron. Villeneuve, however, did not appear, being compelled to take refuge in Cadiz Bay, after Sir R. Calder's action. The French fleet came out from Brest, but after a short brush with some of the English ships, of which the *Ville de Paris* was one, Admiral Gantheaume was glad to return to his safe refuge in the Harbour, under the shore batteries.

III.

MIDSHIPMAN IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

In the early part of the next year Parry was appointed midshipman, and joined the *Tribune* frigate, Captain Baker. He received from the admiral a handsome testimony, when he said, "Parry is a fine steady lad. I never knew any one so generally approved of. He will receive civility and kindness from all while he continues to conduct himself as he has done, which I dare believe will be as long as he lives."

The character given to the young sailor by Admiral Cornwallis he maintained in the *Tribune* and also in the *Vanguard*, 74, to which he got leave to exchange on the appointment of Captain Baker to the line-of-battle ship. When Captain Baker left his command on his marriage, Parry found in the new Captain, Glyn, a commander for whom he soon felt equal affection. Under Captain Glyn the *Vanguard* was engaged in active work in the Baltic, where the Danes had prepared a formidable flotilla of gunboats for the defence of their coasts. The young midshipman was put in command of a gunboat attached to the *Vanguard*, and was repeatedly in action with the Danish boats.

His time was not, however, wholly occupied with warlike exploits during the Baltic campaign. He found leisure for study. His taste for music was also well cultivated, his violin playing reaching high proficiency, and giving delight to all the *Vanguard's* crew. There seems to have been more than the average number of performers in the gun-room of this ship, for Parry's playing elicited from one of the senior officers a marked compliment, when he said that he constantly heard from below "the notes of many *fiddles* and one *violin*."

Music was not his only recreation in those early years. He was fond of poetry, and Cowper was his special favourite, a preference that marked the reader's character. In one of his letters he wrote, "I have been reading Cowper's Poems. I never was so much delighted with anything in my life. Though I have read these before, yet I never fully entered into them nor understood them properly. I laugh, I cry, and always end with saying, 'What a most excellent man and Christian he must have been, and how well acquainted with mankind!'"

As soon as he attained the regulation age, nineteen, the *Vanguard* having returned to the Downs in December, 1809, he went up to London to be examined for a lieutenancy, and on the 3rd January, 1810, he passed, and two days after received his commission.

IV.

SERVICES AS LIEUTENANT R.N.

In February, 1810, the young lieutenant joined the *Alexandria* frigate, Captain Quilliam, at Sheerness. It was an old class frigate, and a lieutenant's cabin was necessarily small, but it was a great thing to have for the first time a retreat he could call his own. One of his letters gives an amusing account of the six-feet square cabin, now his "home," and of the pains taken in the fitting and furnishing. The *Alexandria* left the Nore in March with a convoy for the Baltic. They found the Swedish ports closed against British ships, and ready for resistance in case of any attempt to "Copenhagen" them, as had been done to the Danes. Parry, in the *Alexandria*, when off Carlscrona, where the Swedes had thirteen sail of the line, with chains across the mouth of the harbour, chafed at the compulsory inactivity, and could only say that "this fleet ought to have been in Yarmouth Roads by this time." It was a time of harassing duty, protecting the merchant ships under convoy, and always subject to attacks from the Danish gunboats. These were armed with thirty-two pounders, while the British frigate had only twelve pounders, and consequently had sometimes the worst in long-range encounters. The Danes did not, however, venture to come to close quarters.

So the time passed till the approach of winter, when the *Alexandria* was ordered to the Leith Station, for protection of the Spitzbergen whale ships and other traders on the east coast of Britain. Captain Cathcart in command of this northern squadron, had orders to remain in these seas till the last of the whalers returned from the Arctic regions. The ships cruised towards Bear Island, between Spitzbergen and the North

Cape, and it was here that Parry first had experience of the ice of northern latitudes. The dense masses of floating ice prevented their reaching Bear Island, but the sight of the snow-capped mountains of Lapland, and the ice-fields of the frozen sea, had the romance of novelty to the young officer.

On the return to England he left the *Alexandria* in January, 1813, with much regret, and was appointed to the *Hogue*, 74, Captain the Hon. Bladen Capel, then at Halifax. While the *Sceptre*, 84, in which he had passage for Halifax, was detained at Portsmouth by contrary wind in the Channel, Parry had another new experience in seeing for the first time a steam engine at work in the dockyard. This was in February, 1813. It was not till the end of that month that the *Sceptre*, 84, could put to sea, and had a favourable passage across the Atlantic, reaching Halifax on the 2nd of June.

It was only on the day before, or the 1st June, 1813, that the famous fight between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* had taken place off Boston. The victorious Captain Broke, dangerously wounded, brought his prize into Halifax harbour, and Parry witnessed the loyal enthusiasm and measureless excitement of the scene. "Halifax," he wrote, "is in such an uproar that I doubt whether the folks will ever recover their tranquillity." But there was soon much to divert their attention. A fearful hurricane that year visited the coast, and all the men-of-war and merchant ships in the harbour were driven from their moorings; the storm caused much desolation and loss.

In the spring of the following year, 1814, Parry saw much active service when cruising off Nova Scotia. The Americans kept the fleet constantly on the alert, and Parry was engaged in numerous encounters with the enemy's ships. One species of attack it is curious to read of in our own day, attempts being then made to destroy the British ships by formidable torpedo boats. On one occasion the *Hogue* had a narrow escape from being blown up when off New London. Under Sir I. B. Warren, Captain the Hon. A. Cochrane, and other commanders, the blockade of the American ports was vigorously maintained, and this state of things continued till peace was restored upon the abdication of Napoleon in the summer of 1814.

The *Hogue* returned to England, but Parry remained on the North American station as the most likely means of obtaining promotion. He served successively in the *Maidstone*, the *Ardent*, the *Carron*, and the *Niger*. He might well say he was "tired of shifting himself and his baggage so often." And what was worse, his health broke down, and he had to take three months sick leave, the first part of which time was passed in the hospital at Halifax. He afterwards formed many friendships in the town, where he remained till recalled to England by the illness of his father, who had been struck down by paralysis, and reduced to a helpless condition till his release by death six years later.

At the conclusion of the long war, Parry, still anxious for active service, volunteered for the Congo expedition, which was planned in 1817. He had been interested greatly in Africa by reading books of travel, especially the travels of Clapperton. He was too late in his application, but soon after he saw in the newspapers the notice of an expedition about to be fitted out for Arctic exploration. He wrote to a friend to make application for him, adding the postscript that, "Hot or cold was all one to him, Africa or the Pole." His friend showed this letter to Mr. Barrow, Secretary to the Admiralty, the great promoter of Arctic enterprise. Barrow was pleased with the spirit of the young officer, and in a few days Lieutenant Parry was appointed to the command of the *Alexandria* discovery ship, under the orders of Commander

John Ross in the *Isabella*, for the purpose of "exploring Baffin's Bay, and ascertaining the probability of a north-west passage to the Pacific."

V.

EARLIEST EXPERIENCES OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Thus commenced the connection with the history of Arctic discovery in which the name of Edward Parry long held a most prominent place. The expedition under Commander, afterwards Sir John Ross, was fitted out in 1818. The event caused much excitement, not only in naval circles, but throughout the country, recalling the Arctic voyages which in former times had brought so much honour to England, in the days of Frobisher and Willoughby, Davis and Baffin. The same old design of finding a north-west passage to the Pacific was again prominent, but there was also in these latter days a desire for exploration by which geographical and scientific knowledge might be increased, as well as commercial advantages gained.

At the same time that the *Isabella* and *Alexander* were being fitted out, another expedition started, consisting of the *Dorothea* and *Trent*, under command of Captain Buchan, whose orders were to steer direct for Behrings Straits, and thence to seek a northern passage from east to west. Second in command of the Behring's Strait expedition was Lieutenant Franklin, who as Sir John Franklin in after years filled so large a space in the story of Arctic exploration. In 1818, Parry first made the acquaintance of this young officer, and the early intercourse ripened into a friendship of two kindred hearts, which lasted for nearly forty years. When Parry died, after long surviving his lost friend, there was found among his papers a carefully preserved memorial with the sadly touching endorsement, "Dear Franklin's last letter to me, July 10, 1845." This letter is printed in the Life of Sir Edward Parry, by his son, the Rev. Edward Parry, (afterwards Suffragan Bishop of Dover), a work to which we are mainly indebted for the facts presented in this short biography. No one took deeper interest in the last voyage of Franklin, on a service to which, as Parry said, "he had devoted the best years of his own life." No one watched with more anxiety the long search for the lost ships, and no one mourned more sincerely the loss of his early friend, when the tragic end came to be ascertained. But we must return to the time when, with young hope, Parry went out under Ross in 1818.

Lieutenant Parry, now for the first time in command of a ship, made the best use of his opportunities for making everything fitted for the special service in which it was to be employed. He spent much of his time at Deptford in the dockyard, and when not there he was adding to his own preparation by conversation with those who knew the Arctic Seas, or in the study of books put at his disposal by the veteran Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society. The decks of the *Alexandria* were thronged from morning to night, till the ship dropped down to Woolwich, and the voyage began.

On the first Sunday, the ship's company were mustered in the gun-room for Divine Service, conducted by Parry himself, and this duty was never omitted, except under urgent necessity. The voyage was fairly good till the coast of Greenland was reached, and the seas frequented by the whale ships were left behind. This was at the end of July, and at midnight on the 19th of August, they were off an entrance of Smith's Sound, at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay. On the 30th a wide opening in the land to the westward was seen, with deep water and quite free from ice. This was the entrance to Lancaster Sound. Baffin had been up this route, but had returned before ascertaining whether it was an open strait or only a long bay or sound. Parry's hopes were sanguine that this open water was a passage to a sea beyond. But to his

amazement the *Isabella*, always in advance as the best sailer, suddenly tacked, and the *Alexandria* had to follow Ross as he went back to Baffin's Bay. After encountering a gale in Davis' Strait, which separated the ships, both arrived at Lerwick within two hours of each other, on the same day, October 30th, just six months after they had left that port.

The cause of the sudden decision of Sir John Ross has never been fully stated, though it is probable that he too much deferred to the old opinion of Baffin that no passage would be found through Lancaster Sound. Parry did not share this view, and as he did not hesitate to express his opinion to Mr. Barrow and other friends, it was resolved at the Admiralty that another expedition should be sent to attempt the passage through Lancaster Sound. By the recommendation of Mr. Barrow, Lord Melville chose Lieutenant Parry to command the new expedition. The Behring's Strait expedition also returned without succeeding in its object. Parry would gladly have obtained Franklin as a colleague for the new enterprise, but he was appointed to the command of a land expedition to the coasts of the North American Continent.

In the choice of his officers and men, out of crowds of volunteers, the wishes of Parry were fully consulted, and two vessels, the *Hecla* and *Griper* were fitted out at Deptford with all possible speed and every appliance which skill and experience could suggest. The *Hecla* was in every way up to Parry's highest ideas, but the *Griper* was scarcely a fit companion either in speed of sailing or in completeness of equipment. "I ought not," he wrote, "to praise my ship too much, for it is something like praising one's own child; but she really appears to me perfection for this service. I believe she is as complete as human art can contrive. Oh! how I long to be among the ice." What Parry achieved in command of his own ship we have now to relate.

VI.

PARRY'S FIRST ARCTIC VOYAGE.

The ships left the Thames on May 11th, 1819; passed the Orkneys on the 24th; and on June 15th sighted Cape Farewell, and advanced slowly along the coast side of Davis Straits. To the westward there was a vast field of ice, with numerous icebergs interspersed, the whole being often violently agitated by the swelling water beneath. Arrived near the latitude of Lancaster Sound, and remembering the experience of last year, Parry made desperate efforts to cross to the west coast, and after many days of strenuous labour he succeeded. On the last day of July a party was pulled ashore in open water to a place where Ross had erected a flag-staff in the former voyage. This was found still standing, and the footmarks of the men were as distinct as if made the day before, showing that no snow had fallen throughout the year. Changing wind caused delay, but an easterly breeze sprang up which carried them beyond the point at which Ross had ended his advance. Further on, a compact body of floes blocked the passage to the westward, but nothing was seen of the range to which Ross had given the name of Croker mountains. On finding the ice stretching across Barrow's Strait, Parry turned southward through a promising inlet, named after the Prince Regent. On the 8th August, after sailing down this inlet for about a hundred and twenty miles, the way was again blocked by ice, and Parry promptly retraced his course into Barrow's Strait; but their progress was so slow that it was the 20th before the same meridian was reached at which they had been on the 5th of August. Then, getting quite free from ice, they sailed rapidly to the west, on the 22nd discovering the great opening since named Wellington Channel, about which much was heard in connection with the last voyage of Sir John Franklin.

On the 4th September the voyagers

crossed the meridian of 110° west of Greenwich, and thereby he became entitled by Act of Parliament to the reward of £5000. Pressing on, with various fortunes, sometimes vexed by contrary winds, impeded by ice, or hindered by fogs, they got gradually far beyond what had ever before been attained in these regions. A strong gale having come on, it was found advisable to beat up to the land on their north, the Melville Island of the charts, and then took shelter in a little bay, which was named after the ships. Here, for the first time since leaving England, they cast anchor. For a few days more they resumed their efforts to advance westward, but with so little success that Parry resolved to return to Hecla and Griper Bay, and there to take up quarters for the winter. A point in the bay was selected, but to reach it a channel two miles long had to be cut, through which the ships were drawn to their station in what they called Winter Harbour.

Up to this time it was not alone with difficulties of climate and with elemental strife that the voyagers had to contend. As the ship drew near the magnetic pole, the compasses became of no service for helping navigation. The needles were more affected by the objects in the ship than by the magnetic pole. Parry saw them pointing due west instead of north, and eventually he arrived at a place where they pointed due south, that is to say, the magnetic variation amounted to 180°. The compasses were useless, and the fogs generally prevented any help from regarding the wind or the heavens. In constant peril of running ashore or into the ice, the refuge in Winter Harbour had become a necessity for safety, even if the ice had not shut them in.

Winter came on rapidly and preparations were made to meet it. The ships were dismasted, the decks roofed over with cloth after the manner with which Arctic pictures have made us familiar, and as much of the rigging and gear removed on shore as possible, to give room for exercise on board when the weather was too inclement for moving about on land. The inclemency did not depend so much on the absolute temperature, as on the degree of wind prevailing. "On January 11th, 1820," says Parry, "the weather being quite calm, we walked upon shore for an hour without inconvenience, when the temperature was 81° below freezing point, or much below the freezing point of mercury. February was the most severe month, the thermometer never rising above 49° below freezing point, and sometimes being 20° lower. At first many frost-bites occurred, the men having been supplied with ordinary leather boots such as fishermen wear. These became as hard as iron, the circulation of the blood was checked, and frost-bites were frequent. Parry promptly caused canvas boots to be made, soled with raw hide and lined with blanketing, and there were no more frost-bitten feet.

Month after month passed without any apparent change in the solidity of the ice round the ships. At the end of the first week of July the thickness was reduced to less than two feet, and hope of speedy release increased. At last, after many perils from the violent movements of the huge ice-floes under the force of winds and currents, by watching occasional breaks in the icy floes, the ships got into more open water, and running out of Lancaster Sound into Baffin's Bay, succeeded in regaining the shores of Old England on the last day of October, with the crews in robust health, and little the worse for their winter's hardships and adventures. Fresh meat had never been wanting, and the sailors enjoyed the diet of reindeer, hares, ducks, ptarmigan and other game which fell to their guns.

The contrivances invented by the commander for the occupations of the men had the chief share in securing the health of the crews. "I dreaded," says Parry, "the want of employment as one of the worst evils that was likely to befall us," so he took care to provide

plenty of work as well as amusement. Musical and dramatical entertainments were well sustained, and they even started a weekly newspaper, of which Captain Sabine was editor, supported by original contributions from officers of both ships.

As soon as the return of the expedition was known at the Admiralty, Parry obtained his long delayed promotion to the rank of Commander; other honours and advantages were soon heaped upon him. In February, 1821, he was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The freedom of his native city was conferred, and presented in an oak box formed of a piece of the *Hecla's* timber. A handsome piece of plate was given by the inhabitants of Bath. The example was followed by the Corporations of Norwich, of Lynn, and of Winchester.

In the midst of this popularity Parry's own mind was filled with pious gratitude to God, and by his request a special service was held in the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, attended by the officers, seamen, and marines, who then "offered up public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the many mercies received at His hands."

VII.

PARRY'S SECOND VOYAGE.

The successful results of the first voyage inspired new hope of the discovery of a North-West Passage. Parry's decided opinion was that navigable sea must be sought through some of the channels to the north and north-east of Hudson's Bay. The *Hecla* and *Griper* were paid off on the 21st December, 1820, and on the 30th of the same month Parry's commission was signed as Commander of the *Fury*; the *Hecla*, Commander Lyon, being also again placed under his orders. The Admiralty instructions were framed by his suggestion, first to explore Repulse Bay, and failing to find a passage in that direction, to coast along to the northward, examining every creek or inlet that seemed to promise opening to the westward. Greater interest than even on the former occasion was shown in the preparations at Deptford. Parry and Lyon were presented to the King by Lord Melville. His Majesty gave them a most gracious reception, and showed much interest in the subject of Arctic explorations, warmly wishing them success in the new expedition. On the 8th of May, the ships, after being detained some days by contrary wind, finally left the river.

Parry had made arrangements for conducting Divine Service during the voyage. He had obtained from the Admiralty a regular chaplain, the Rev. George Fisher, and with the addition of some favourite tunes for the organ, the services were conducted in a manner befitting the spirit by which most of the officers and men were animated.

On the 14th of June the first iceberg was seen in Davis' Straits, and here the *Nautilus* transport, which had accompanied them from the Nore, left them, bringing home the last despatches and letters. Parry's letter to his parents, printed in his Life by his son, shows the depth of his religious feeling, as well as the warmth of his affection for those dear to him at home.

It would be of little advantage to give any detailed account of the events of the voyage. Comparatively few additions to geographical knowledge were made, and with regard to the main object of the expedition, the results were mostly negative. The various explorations were chiefly such as to show where the desired North-West Passage was *not* to be found. Two summers were passed in the vain search. Parry proposed to send the *Hecla* home, and with the increased resources of the *Fury*, to which the stores were to be removed, to spend a third winter in the ice. But the appearance of scurvy among the crews, and the fear of disaster through the prolonged confinement, led the Commander to abandon the purpose, and to return home. The Shetland

Islands were reached on the 10th of October, 1823. Of the incidents of the long voyage, and of the occupations during the two successive winters, a full account will be found in Parry's Journal of his Second Voyage, published in 1824. The most interesting pages of this book are those which describe the intercourse with the Esquimaux inhabitants of the shores visited during expeditions to the extreme north-eastern coasts of North America. Some of the tribes were utterly uncivilized, and had never heard of other human beings, but Parry testifies to their intellectual capacity, and to the skilful adaptation of their lives to the conditions of their climate.

From these Esquimaux were obtained many serviceable hints, and useful examples for future explorers. Especially Parry was by them initiated in the art of sledge travelling, afterwards so familiar in the history of Arctic explorations.

VIII.

PARRY'S THIRD VOYAGE.

Notwithstanding the apparently meagre results of the second expedition, Parry was welcomed with every honour. During his absence he had been promoted to the rank of Post Captain, as soon as his twelve months of service had expired. The offer of the post of Hydrographer to the Admiralty was made by Lord Melville, and accepted on the assurance that the duties would not interfere with his employment on active service—for already another expedition was resolved on, which he was designated to command. The resolution was promptly acted on, and Parry was busy during the spring of 1824 at Deptford, as he had been before his previous voyages. Again the *Hecla* and the *Fury* were commissioned, but this time Parry took command of the *Hecla*; that of the *Fury* being given to Captain Hoffman, who had already seen much service in Arctic seas. They sailed in May, but did not get fairly into Lancaster Sound until the 11th September, and into Prince Regent's Inlet on the 26th, between which and Hudson's Bay Parry had expressed an opinion that an open communication would be found.

But already the navigable season was over for the year 1824. The ice formed so rapidly that ships had to take refuge at Port Bowen, on the eastern side of the inlet. Here they took up their wintering quarters on the 1st October, and here they remained frozen up for more than nine months and a half; very little was done in the way of exploration, except at short distances from the ships. They escaped from their close imprisonment on the 20th July, and proceeding to the opposite or western side of Prince Regent's Inlet, strove to get to the south by coasting the land. The course was impeded by massive floes, which often left only a narrow belt of water through which advance could be made. There was perpetual peril from the ice closing with the land, and on July 31st the *Fury* was forced on shore, both ships having previously been in frequent danger from being "nipped" by the ice. Great effort was made to save the *Fury*, but at last she had to be abandoned, the stores being left on shore and the crew transferred to the *Hecla*. After this misfortune the expedition had to be given up, for the provisions on board the *Hecla* could support a double crew only for a short period. On reaching home a court-martial, according to usage, was held on Captain Hoffman for the loss of his ship, and the court in acquitting him of blame expressed high sense of his ability, and of his exertions under the unavoidable calamity.

The failure of Parry's attempts prevented the renewal for a time of similar expeditions. With an officer of such experience as Parry, and ships and men admirably fitted for Arctic enterprise, the second voyage had been less successful than the first, and the third a greater failure than either, yet no one can read the volumes containing the narrative of these voyages without being convinced that all was done that could be done, and

that the comparative want of success arose from causes beyond the power of man to control. The experiences of many Arctic explorers of a later period, especially those engaged in the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, have demonstrated that the northern regions do not afford an open navigable passage of any use for commercial purposes. These voyages have not, however, been in vain. From first to last it is a splendid record of enterprise, endurance, and discipline; and there is no chapter in English naval history of which the nation may feel more justly proud. The name of Edward Parry will be ever one of the most illustrious in the story of Arctic exploration.

IX.

DEVELOPMENT OF PARRY'S RELIGIOUS LIFE.

It is fitting at this point of the biography to make special reference to Parry's spiritual life and religious character. In the lives of most men of decided Christian spirit, there can be observed some turning-point, or time of "conversion," dividing the old from the new. But there are other cases where the change appears to have been more gradual, and thus it was with Edward Parry. From a child he had, like Timothy, known the Holy Scriptures, and had been reared under godly parents and Christian influences. Always of high moral character and sincere piety, it might be said of him, as of Cornelius, that he was, "a devout man, one that feared God, and prayed to God always." That this character was the work of the Holy Spirit no one can doubt, but it was also evident that the religion of his early life was less marked than that which at a later time manifested itself.

It was during his Arctic winters that this change was experienced. The illness of his father and other family events had led him to deeper searching of his own heart, and led him to more close reading of the Bible, and more earnest prayer for Divine grace. It was in the winter spent at Port Bowen, in his second voyage, that he wrote in his pocket New Testament, "Begun to read the New Testament every evening from June 3rd, 1824." This is followed by a succession of dates, extending over two years, when the reading recommenced till he had seven times gone through the inspired record. During this study the progressive changes in his feelings showed itself, and he applied to himself the words of the Psalmist, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light."

The word of the truth of the Gospel, carried home to his heart by the Holy Spirit, brought him to a humble and simple but strong and loving faith in Christ as his Redeemer. There were earnest Christians among both officers and men, in whose society he took delight, and in whose experience he found sympathy and help. Of Mr. Hooper, the purser of the *Hecla*, he speaks with much warmth, and in Hooper's private journal are many references to the growth of spiritual-mindedness in his chief. "We have much delight," he says, "in conversing; and, I hope, under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, in increasing each other's knowledge on religious subjects. I frequently stand for half an hour with him after our school, and find some of the time thus passed both precious and useful." There were also in the *Hecla* not a few godly sailors, one of whom, John Darks, who usually led their prayer meetings, expressed in a letter to the purser his thankfulness that they had "a Christian and faithful captain, and preacher of the Holy Gospel, and likewise a good Christian teacher." In another letter received by Mr. Hooper long after the return home, John Darks wrote, "I respect you and Captain Parry so far that I would willingly lay down my life freely to serve you. I cannot bear to lose sight of the persons in whom I have such friends, and who, by the grace of God, have been the means of saving my soul." The worthy seaman gave proof of his sincere gratitude

by sending £10 for Mr. Hooper to dispose of, saying he was now so circumstanced as to be able to send this gift for the Lord's work.

On his return to England, and through the rest of his career, Parry showed that the change in his inner life was true and thorough.

Among other ways this was markedly shown in his zealous and powerful support of Missionary and Bible Societies, and other Christian agencies. In addressing a meeting of a branch of the Naval and Military Bible Society at Chatham, he referred to the happy days in the *Hecla's* lower deck, when the whole ship's company gathered round the school tables, eagerly listening to the exposition of God's word, and uniting heartily in prayer. "The very best men," he added, "on board the *Hecla* were, without exception and for every service, those who thought the most seriously on religious subjects; and if a still more scrupulous selection were to be made, the choice would, without hesitation, fall on two or three individuals eminently Christian. Such has been the result of my own observation and experience."

X.

AT THE ADMIRALTY—MARRIAGE—LAST ARCTIC SERVICES.

On his return from the third voyage, Parry took up his duties as Hydrographer at the Admiralty. His open profession of Christianity was noticed among his comrades. In a letter at this time he writes, "My speech at the Bible Society has been talked of very sneeringly at this great house, but oh! how insignificant does all within these walls appear, when the imagination turns but for a moment to the assembled hosts of Heaven, and men and angels! In this I had long ago counted the cost, and am, I trust, ready, in dependence on other strength than my own, to bear much more reproach than this. Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may be encouraged and supported by God's Holy Spirit, in every humble endeavour to advance His glory and the salvation of men's souls!"

Parry employed his leisure in drawing up a statement as to the practicability of reaching the North Pole by sledge travelling, and there making observations which might prove of scientific interest and practical value. Sir Humphrey Davy, then President of the Royal Society, warmly supported the proposal. Franklin, now absent on Arctic service, had also made the same suggestion. The plan was, after considerable discussion, taken up by the Admiralty and the Government, and Parry was appointed to the new expedition.

Meanwhile he had been occupied with an affair of nearer personal interest, and he became engaged to Isabella Louisa, fourth daughter of Sir John, afterwards Lord Stanley, of Alderley Park, Cheshire. They were married on the 23rd of October, 1826, in Alderley Church, by the Reverend E. Stanley, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, father of Dean Stanley. His marriage did not interfere with the projected expedition, in preparation for which his wife took lively interest. The old *Hecla* was once more in readiness at Deptford. The form of commissioning a ship is merely hoisting the pennant, and when a ship is paid off hauling down the pennant marks the event. Parry's wife hoisted the pennant, and in three days the ship was fully manned, as many men being refused as those selected for the service. On the 25th March, 1827, the *Hecla* was ready for sea. As she dropped down the river, the crews of every ship cheered, and at Greenwich Hospital the pensioners were all out to give a farewell volley of cheers. To Hammerfest in Norway the voyage was made with fair winds, and on the 12th May they were off the coast of Spitzbergen, when long and vexatious delay occurred. A whole month passed in ineffectual attempts to reach a convenient place for safely

laying up the ship, large fields of thick ice blocking the approach to the shore. At last anchorage was attained in Treurenberg Bay, where the *Hecla* was left in charge of Lieutenant Foster.

On the 21st of June, two boats, *Enterprise* and *Endeavour*, respectively commanded by Parry and James C. Ross, his lieutenant, left their comrades and commenced the expedition. The boats for this novel service were fitted with strong "runners," shod with smooth steel, in the manner of a sledge, to the front of which were attached the ropes for dragging the boats over ice. Each crew consisted of two officers and twelve men, of whom two were marines. At first advancing through open water, the boats were soon hauled up on to the floe to be used as sledges. The progress was slow and difficult, and after many days they had the mortification to find that the drift of the ice southward was almost equal to the advance made by constant effort, usually through the night when the snow was firmest. A reward of £1000 had been promised on attaining the parallel of 83° N. latitude. This they were unable to reach, the highest point being 82° 45′. This was the highest latitude ever attained till that time. Here they unwillingly had to stop, after five weeks' travel. The distance from the ship was barely 170 miles, to accomplish which they had travelled nearly 300 miles. On the 27th July they had a dinner, with flags flying, and toasts were given: "The King, God bless him!" "Mrs. Parry!" and "Friends at home!" Next day the return journey began, and Treurenberg Bay was reached on the 21st August, after an absence of sixty-one days.

On the 28th August the *Hecla* weighed anchor for England. Contrary winds detained her on the north coast of Scotland, but Parry, leaving his ship in safe anchorage at the Orkneys, proceeded in H. M. revenue cutter, the *Chichester*, to Inverness, and then hastened by land to London. By a happy coincidence Franklin landed from his Arctic voyage at Liverpool on the same day that Parry reached Inverness. The two friends arrived at the Admiralty within ten minutes of each other, and we may imagine the joy of the unexpected meeting. The *Hecla* did not arrive in the Thames till the 6th October, and after being inspected by the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Clarence, was paid off on the 1st November, when Parry's pennant was hauled down for the last time.

Leave of absence was granted for a fortnight, which Parry spent at Alderley, where he was welcomed with great rejoicing. On his return to London he paid a visit to Claremont, by invitation, to Prince, afterwards King Leopold, and here he saw the little Princess Victoria, of whom he has given a charming account in one of his letters. In the autumn he went with Mrs. Parry on a Continental tour, everywhere receiving marked honour. At Neuilly he visited the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King Louis Philippe. At the table of the venerable Cuvier he met a brilliant company, most of them members of the French Institute. On his return to England he received fresh honours and distinction. On the 29th April, 1829, he received the honour of knighthood from the king, George IV., and at the Oxford Commemoration of that year the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on him and on his friend Franklin.

XI.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

In the spring of 1829 an appointment of an unexpected and unusual kind was offered to Sir Edward Parry. The directors of the Australian Agricultural Company, in consequence of neglect and mismanagement of their property by local agents, sought the services of an able and firm administrator to restore matters to a proper footing. Although it was a private company, the success of their undertaking would greatly influence the prosperity and progress of

the Colony, to which large numbers of free Englishmen were beginning to emigrate. As yet the convict element was predominant in this part of New South Wales. Parry accepted the appointment, and with Lady Parry left England for Australia on the 20th of July, 1829. They reached the Cape on the 20th of October, and entered Sydney Harbour on the 13th December. During four years Parry remained in the services of the Company as their Commissioner. By his energetic and skilful management, he not only retrieved the fortunes of the Company's property, but effected an immense improvement in the condition of the people on the stations. By the circulation of the Bible, establishment of schools, and various Christian agencies, the Commissioner effected great moral and social, as well as financial reform.

Many stirring incidents and adventures occurred during his residence in the colony at that now remote time, and the services of Sir Edward Parry will hold an honourable place in the history of New South Wales. At Stroud, then the principal settlement in the Company's grant, he laid the foundation stone of a memorial worthy of the character of the founder—a church, for the building and endowment of which Sir Edward and Lady Parry largely contributed. This ceremony took place on April 29th, 1833. It was not merely in the building of churches that Parry took part. During his residence in Australia he officiated frequently as minister, as he had done at sea, when there was no chaplain. Faithful ministers were few in those times in the colonies, and Sir Edward Parry's sermons were gladly welcomed in many a station. On Sunday, 9th March, 1834, he preached his farewell sermon at Carrington, taking as his text the appropriate passage of St. Paul's address to the elders of Ephesus. In June he embarked at Sydney with Lady Parry and their four children, in the *Persian*, and arrived at Gravesend in November, after a voyage of five months. His successor was a man of like mind, Colonel Dumaresq, and after him the same post was filled by Captain, afterwards Admiral Philip Parke King, who died in 1856, loved and lamented by all who knew him. After leaving the colony Parry took great interest in the affairs of a place where he had passed four busy and happy years, and never happier than when labouring with missionary spirit among the convict servants on the extensive property of the Agricultural Company. The directors, at a public dinner, presented him with a handsome service of plate, in testimony of their high sense of the benefits conferred by him on the colony.

XII.

ASSISTANT POOR-LAW COMMISSIONER—COMPTROLLER OF STEAM MACHINES—FAMILY EVENTS.

The next appointment held by Sir Edward Parry was a government one, but equally with the last it was foreign to his early training and services. This was the post of Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner for the County of Norfolk. His successful management of affairs in Australia had proved his capacity for any civil appointment. There were above a thousand candidates for the post, on the duties of which he entered in March 1835. The Act was passed in 1834 for remedying the abuses of the old poor law administration. The duties of the Commissioners under the new system were arduous and often unpleasant, and the migratory life from one part of the county to another precluded the possibility of any fixed residence with his family. His health was also unequal to the constant and anxious duties of his office, and it is not surprising that he tendered his resignation to the central board in London. It was accepted with much reluctance and regret, as they appreciated the judicious and efficient way he had conducted his operations in Norfolk.

Health being restored by a period of rest of mind and body, at Alderley, at

Castle Rising Rectory with his friend the Hon. and Rev. N. J. Brodrick, and in visits to other places, he again longed for active employment.

A new department was about this time formed at the Admiralty, and the superintendence was offered to Sir Edward Parry, under the title of Comptroller of Steam Machinery. In this, as in all his other appointments, he proved himself an able and efficient public servant. He had previously, at the request of the Admiralty, organized the packet service between the Liverpool, Holyhead, and Dublin stations. In his new appointment he worked with great zeal, feeling how vast was the change that had come over the naval service. His duties required him having a permanent home in London; but, alas! the enjoyment of his new house in Devonshire Place was too soon overcast with sorrow. He had before suffered trial in the loss of children, and other domestic afflictions; but now came the greatest trial, in the loss of her who had been partner of his joys and sorrows for nearly thirteen years. Lady Parry died, in childbirth, in May 1839. For two years he remained in his house, of which, and of his four children, charge was taken by his sister.

It was at this time that he found much comfort in meditating upon the "Paternal character of God," under which title his thoughts were afterwards published in a volume, which has been a source of solace to many in times of mourning and trial. Two years later the void in his heart and home, and the loss his children had experienced in the death of their mother, were met, to an extent that greatly gratified his family and friends, by his union with Catherine, daughter of the Rev. H. Hankinson, of Lynn, and widow of Samuel Hoare, Esq., of Hampstead. The marriage took place on the 29th June, 1841, and in April of the following year he removed to a new residence at Hampstead, a change by which his health was greatly benefited.

XIII.

SUPERINTENDENT AT HASLAR.

For more than eight years he held the post of Comptroller of Steam Machinery in the Navy, when the ever-increasing pressure of work led him to send in his resignation. Lord Melville, his old friend and patron, lamented the cause of his applying for retirement, but generously accompanied his letter to that effect by offering the post of Captain Superintendent of the Royal Clarence Yard, and of the Naval Hospital at Haslar. The duties of this office being lighter, and on the whole more in harmony with Sir Edward's tastes and feelings, he thankfully accepted the office. The care of the patients at Haslar especially drew forth his sympathy, and this part of his duty he entered on with the zeal that might be expected from his kindly, earnest Christian character. All the officers at Haslar rejoiced in their new comrade, and among them was Sir John Richardson, the companion of Franklin in Arctic discovery. Parry moved among the men, not only a naval officer, but as an honorary chaplain, and one of the medical men said, "I have listened to many eminent clergymen, but to none who surpassed Sir Edward Parry in the power of commanding attention, and in sending the truth home to the heart." It was a sailor speaking to sailors of the things of eternity, and of the salvation by Christ.

In his official duties in command of the dockyard, he was in every respect exemplary. On the formation of the dockyard battalion he received his commission as Colonel-Commandant, and justly proud he was when the men were more than once complimented by military officers of high rank at their inspection. When the Queen landed at Clarence Yard, Sir Edward received Her Majesty, not in the usual capacity as Superintendent, but in his Colonel's uniform at the head of his gallant battalion.

In all movements for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ Sir Edward took an active part. At Gosport and Portsea he often presided over Bible and Missionary meetings, the formation of a Sailors' Home at Portsmouth was warmly supported by him, and he desired that such institutions might flourish at all our sea-ports, and "not for the Royal Navy only, but for the good of all who bear the name of British seamen!"

In political and national affairs he felt a lively interest, never as a party man, but always regarding what was best for the country and most conducive to the cause of Christianity. The aggressive movements of Romanism stirred his indignation. Against the growing spirit of sacerdotalism and ritualism in his own Church he made constant protest, as well as against appeal to tradition when opposed to the written word of God.

XIV.

AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL—LAST DAYS AND DEATH.

The appointment at Haslar was nominally for five years, with the chance of his having to leave sooner, if vacancies in the list of admirals brought him to his flag. In May 1852, his name stood at the head of the list of post captains, and a few weeks later another death among the admirals gave the summons to close his happy, useful life at Haslar; the Admiralty having specially prolonged the appointment till he reached admiral's rank. After spending the autumn with his family at Keswick, enjoying for the first time the lovely scenery of the Lakes, he went to reside at Bishop's Waltham in Hampshire. He had been there about a year when he received from Lord Aberdeen the appointment of Lieutenant Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

This was a post of honour and duty which fitly crowned the good old Admiral's career. He went into residence at Greenwich in January 1854. His tenure of this last office was short, but full of good work. He did all in his power for the comfort and the best welfare of the pensioners, and also established a Ladies' Benevolent Society for visiting and helping the families of out-pensioners. Of his personal appearance at this time an interesting notice is given by one who saw him, when he came off from the Hospital, to put some of his family on board a river steamer. "His stature was lofty, and his frame well-knit and massive. His eyes were clear, his face gentle but thoughtful. His grey hair was half concealed by an undress naval cap, and over a long blue coat was strapped a telescope. This was Sir Edward Parry, whose name had been familiar to me since my childhood." In the summer of that year, 1854, Greenwich was visited by the cholera, which at that time was ravaging the metropolitan districts. Parry had an attack from which he partially recovered, but he was left in so enfeebled a state that it was evident his end was near. By medical advice he went to the Continent in the spring of 1855, and on the 5th of June reached Ems. The fatigue of travel proved too much for his wasted frame, and he gradually sank, till his spirit passed away, on 8th of July, at the age of sixty-five. To the close of his life he remained conscious, and by his gentle manner and cheerful words his deathbed was a scene of bright hope, and of comfort to his wife and his family, who witnessed his departure. One of his last utterances was, "I can only say that in Christ and Him crucified is all my salvation and all my desire."

The remains were brought to Greenwich, and there buried, with every honour, in the mausoleum in the burial-ground of the Hospital.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.—*Price One Penny.*

DR. EDMUND CALAMY.

DR. EDMUND CALAMY.

I.

BIRTH AND LINEAGE.

Edmund Calamy is a name which belonged to no fewer than *four* eldest sons of the same family in succession, all of them ministers of the Gospel in London. Only two of these are known to fame, the *first* Edmund and his *grandson*. It is of the latter, the *third* Edmund, who is commonly distinguished as Dr. Calamy, or Calamy the younger, we at present write, drawing chiefly on the two volumes of the *Historical Account* he has left of his own life and times. He was born in London April 5th, 1671. He loved to trace his descent from an old Huguenot family connected with the castle and village of Calamy on the coast of Normandy. After the St. Bartholomew massacre, 1572, an ancestor of his was driven, like others, to seek refuge from persecution in the Channel Islands. Belonging to England from Norman times, these *Isles de la Manche*, lying close to the French coast and using the French tongue, had received their Protestantism from Huguenot or Genevese pastors, so that Queen Elizabeth had, reluctantly, to allow them the polity and worship of the French Reformed Church.

Calamy's great-grandfather migrated to London and became a prosperous citizen of Walbrook. Here in 1600 was born the elder Calamy; and as this, the *first* Edmund Calamy, was to play so prominent a part in the stirring times in which he lived, a little space may be devoted to *him*. Educated at Cambridge, and showing strong Puritan proclivities, this *first* Edmund Calamy early became a marked man and a noted preacher all over the eastern counties. On refusing to read that royal broad-sheet the *Book of Sports* from the pulpit, he was summarily dismissed by his diocesan from Bury St. Edmunds, where he had ministered for ten years. He had, however, the old Earl of Warwick and other powerful friends behind him. In 1639 he was admitted vicar of Aldermanbury, London, and soon rose to high consideration and celebrity. His weekly lecture was especially famous, many members of the nobility mingling in the audience. When the great crisis occurred in Church and State, his house became a well-known Puritan resort, and out of it came the notable "root and branch" petition from the London ministers and citizens to the Long Parliament against prelacy, December 11th, 1640. Henceforward Mr. Calamy began to take a leading position among his brethren.

This fearless and patriotic man, with nothing of the mean or mercenary in his spirit, was born to stand before kings and not be ashamed. He once dared Cromwell to his face to usurp the kingly power. When deceived and disappointed at the Restoration, Calamy dealt not less faithfully with King Charles himself for having so shamefully violated both his Breda and Worcester House declarations. He therefore spurned the terms on which a bishopric and other honours were offered to him. Then followed ejectment from his parish in 1662, and imprisonment in Newgate for continuing to preach. His case created an unparalleled ferment in the City. Crowds of coaches set down his visitors of wealth and rank at the prison gates. A Romanist lady of the court, who could hardly drive through the throng, represented to the king the grave impolicy of the procedure, and Calamy was released. He did not long survive the great fire in 1666. The sight of London in ashes painfully affected his ardent nature, and his enfeebled frame never recovered the

shock. He died a few weeks afterwards, October 29th, 1666.

II.

HIS HOME AND CHILDHOOD.

The career of this old veteran, the *first* Edmund Calamy, exercised a determining influence not only on that of his eldest son, the *second* Edmund Calamy, but on that of his grandson, the *third* Edmund, of whom we write, though this latter was not born till five years after his grandfather's decease. He tells us that his grandfather had four sons, all of whom he sent to be educated at Cambridge. "My own father," he continues, "who was by some years the eldest, bore his father's name Edmund, and adhered to his principles, though with abundant moderation. The two next, whose names were Benjamin and James, being at the university at the time of the Restoration, were carried away with the tide and swam with the stream which was the way to preferment, and became clergymen in the Established Church." This eldest son, the *second* Edmund, who followed the principles and fortunes of his father, and was ejected from the living of Moreton, near Chipping Ongar, in Essex, lived with his venerable father in Aldermanbury, a support and comfort to the old man's closing days. With firm yet mild and conciliatory Nonconformist notions of the Presbyterian order, the *second* Edmund, *our* Edmund's father, gathered a company of worshippers in his own house. After a time, and as long as the indulgence of 1672 admitted, he met with them in Curriers' Hall, Cripplegate, when a fresh outburst of persecution forced them back again into their secret retreats. This was the beginning, however, of what became the most influential of all the early London Presbyterian societies, the Old Jewry. "In the year 1669 my father was married to the eldest daughter of Mr. Joshua Gearing," the representative of a family whose religious history and sufferings were akin to his own, and who was then living at Tooting, retired from business, "so that it cannot be said of me as of several others that I left the Established Church, because I was never joined to it, either by myself or my immediate parents."

In the pleasant and peaceful home, "just over against the conduit, Aldermanbury," our little Edmund received an admirable training. "My good mother," he says, "I well remember, took a great deal of pains with me in my infancy and childhood." She taught him his letters and catechism, and then committed him to the care of a venerable minister, Mr. Thomas Lye, who had a happy art in dealing with children, "to be catechized by him publicly on Saturday afternoons at Dyers' Hall, having been herself so catechized by him in her younger years," as she was wont to recall with thankfulness and pleasure. By-and-by the paternal instruction grounded him more deeply in the faith, and in matters of difference among professing Christians, but he says, "I had moderation instilled into me from my very cradle. Never did I hear my father inveigh" against other religionists. On the contrary, he took every occasion "to declare against all mere heat and rancour," and was "for loving all who were truly pious, whatever their particular sentiments might be."

Singularly enough, while this good minister, the second Edmund Calamy, was thus earnestly prosecuting his work as a Nonconformist in Aldermanbury, his younger brother, Dr. Benjamin Calamy, the zealous Conformist, was presented as vicar to their father's old parish. It was he that was implicated in what made a great sensation at the time — the imprisonment of Thomas Delaune for answering a challenge of his with *A Plea for the Nonconformists, in a Letter to Dr. Benjamin Calamy,* which Defoe republished in 1706. But, as *our* Calamy remarks, "When my uncle, Dr. Benjamin, came and settled in Aldermanbury, he was frequently at our house,

and we at his, and there was a very friendly correspondence between the two families." At that uncle's he occasionally met evangelical clergymen like Kidder, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, "and I could not but perceive my father was as truly respected by them as he was by ministers among the Dissenters, which I remember was a thing very pleasing to me from my childhood." These halcyon days were, however, of brief continuance, and were speedily followed by fiercer persecution than before.

III.

EDUCATION AND EARLY EXPERIENCES.

Meanwhile the boy was receiving under various masters the best education his parents could provide or the roughness of the times admitted. The school he first attended was kept by a poor curate, who sought to eke out his scanty income by gathering a few pupils in a church vestry. Making, however, little or no progress there, and being withal a rather delicate child, subject to ailments which seem to have been connected with the lamentable lack of sanitation in those days, he was put under the care of a curious but kindly sort of Fifth Monarchy man at Epsom, and this, he says, "confirmed my health, though it did not much advance my learning." The next venture was more successful. One of the silenced ministers, a good scholar, who had been trained under Dr. Busby, had opened a first-class school near Pinners' Hall.

Calamy now made real progress, and continued under this master's excellent tuition till he could construe a whole satire of Juvenal at a single lesson. While crossing the City morning and evening he encountered some memorable experiences, but was graciously preserved from contaminating influences by the more genial fellowship of home. "In going to school I often conversed with a poor old man of above 120 years, who assured me he saw Queen Elizabeth make her entry into the city" on her accession to the throne in 1558.

The first great public event, however, which arrested young Calamy's attention was the awful excitement over the alleged popish plot. Seldom has London witnessed worse panic and frenzy than ensued on the discovery of the dead body of Sir Edmund Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Titus Oates had made his blood-curdling depositions. An undefined but none the less horrible dread and suspicion had laid hold of the popular mind. The worst designs were apprehended. Mysterious rumours which spread like wild-fire added frenzy to the terror. Streets alive day and night with horror-stricken crowds; citizens under arms; posts and chains across the thoroughfares; train bands continually on parade; the portent of "black Sunday," with its appalling gloom; the mock processions; the trials and judicial murder of hosts of miserable victims as they were led forth to execution at Tyburn—these were events which made the first and most lasting impressions on his young mind. But what helped most to make Calamy the tolerant and moderate man he afterwards became was his experiences of persecution for conscience' sake, of which he saw and felt so much in his boyhood.

The Dissent to which he belonged was slowly struggling into life, but its fortunes were dependent on the more vital and all-absorbing question whether England was to be Popish or Protestant. King and court were promoting a great reaction after the No-Popery cry, and the Nonconformists were between the upper and nether millstones of the royal duplicity and the popular vindictiveness. They were fitly likened to the crown jewels, pawned by the king to the fury of a suspecting parliament when he wanted money, and then partially released for future use and profit. The year 1681 has a bad preeminence for the harshness and violence toward them, dictated not by religious zeal, but by selfish political considerations. In that year their public worship was almost extinguished and their preachers were

languishing in gaols. Calamy had many reminiscences to put on record. "Young as I was (only ten years of age) I was often sent in those days to Newgate New Prison, and other places of confinement with small presents of money to such Dissenting ministers, who used to talk freely with me, and give me some serious advice and their blessing at parting, with thanks to their benefactors." He adds, "My own father was never cast into prison, but often had warrants out against him, and was forced to disguise himself and skulk in private holes and corners, and frequently change his lodgings." Twice over, when attending the secret meetings for worship, did young Calamy see the officers of the law break in on them with violence. One of those he saw seized and maltreated was the pious and scholarly William Jenkyn, so distinguished as a preacher and divine, in whom his own remark was sadly verified: "A man may be as effectually murdered in Newgate as at Tyburn." He died in prison.

Need we wonder, therefore, if the boy used to puzzle his mind with asking why men so godly, loyal, and peaceable should be so molested? He began, however, even then the practice of occasional conformity, which afterwards grew into a matter of vehement controversy. Rather than be deprived of public worship altogether and the means of grace, he was allowed to attend the various parish services. "When the meetings were shut up," he says, "I frequented the public churches . . . . and gave my father an account of the sermons. . . . But I remember the preaching of the Dissenters used to be even then more agreeable to me, and I thought it came most home to the conscience."

IV.

FURTHER TRAINING.

The ignoble but by no means unserviceable reign of Charles II. was now drawing to a close. What Calamy and many others deemed the two best acts of it were the marriages of both of Charles's nieces, Mary and Anne, daughters of his brother James, to two Protestant princes, William of Orange and George of Denmark. The king, however, had been long playing a double game, not merely with his subjects, but with his very ministers, each of whom he duped in turn. He had just won his greatest triumph, when the Exclusion Bill was rejected, and the succession secured for his Popish brother. A mad outburst of loyalty signalised the discovery of the Rye-house plot. Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney had been falsely accused and sent to the scaffold. The country party was thoroughly worsted. Shaftesbury had fled and the other leaders disappeared. Thus the constitutional opposition which had so long held the king in check was effectually crushed. Charles had regained immense popularity, and at last seemed within measurable reach of despotic power. The country was on the brink of accepting a tyranny. Never had public spirit fallen so low nor the national spirit been so abject. Of all this Calamy has much to say, as well as of the climate, which was then also at its worst. The year 1684 opened in the midst of the terrible thirteen weeks' frost, the most famous in our annals, and fit sign of the general condition of things. Midsummer brought a change, but no improvement. "Such a drought," says one, "as never was in my memory." Frost and drought sum up this unhappy year, the last of Charles II.'s reign. Every sacred interest was blighted. The "divine right of kings," their divine right even to do wrong, was the only flourishing and fashionable doctrine. It was a happy lot for the country that Charles was always so divided against himself, and that his spendthrift habits stood in the way of tyranny.

One dismal February morning in 1684–5 young Calamy went to Wood Street to hear the heralds proclaim the accession of James II. amid no less dismal fears and forebodings. This

was the blackest year of all for Protestantism. In February, as we have seen, one king of England died secretly a papist, and was succeeded by an openly avowed one. In June the Protestant Elector Palatine died without issue, and was succeeded by one of a most bigoted Popish house. In October the French king revoked the Edict of Nantes, and in December the Duke of Savoy recalled the liberty which his father had granted to the Vaudois.

The month of May was especially and painfully memorable to young Calamy. Not only was he to see Mr. Alderman Cornish foully delivered for execution by the new king, but he looked on at Dr. Titus Oates being whipped a second time at the cart's tail from Newgate to Tyburn, while his back was yet bleeding from his first whipping from Aldgate to Newgate only two days before. Thoroughly believing in the Popish plot, Calamy reckoned that Oates was "an instrument in the hand of God for our preservation," yet after all he was, he admits, "but a sorry foul-mouthed wretch, as I can testify from what I once heard from himself in company."

But the event of the month for Calamy was the sudden death of his beloved father at the early age of forty-nine, "not long after a wonderful recovery of my own out of fever, with which he was greatly affected." He had been for some years in a consumptive decline, but died suddenly one night at Totteridge, near Barnet, when on a visit for the sake of his health in the house of Edward Haynes, Esq., F.R.S., who was a member of his congregation. He was buried beside his father in Aldermanbury church. In his case Christian zeal had risen superior to a sickly constitution, and a brave but genial spirit lent animation to a natural delicacy and timidity of manner.

After his father's decease and on the forcible shutting up of the school he had been attending, Calamy, by the aid of his kindly intentioned uncle, Dr. Benjamin, was placed for a season at Merchant Taylors' School, where he made real progress and some valued friendships. But a public-school career being now entirely closed to any Nonconformist, and his uncle dying soon after at the early age of forty, he had to betake himself to several private tutors, and at length embraced an opportunity for academic study of a more advanced order under Samuel Cradock, who before the ejectment had been a noted fellow and tutor of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and who now quietly preached and taught pupils at Wickham-brook, in Suffolk, near Newmarket. Here Calamy passed through a course of logic and metaphysics, with natural and moral philosophy, and enjoyed peculiar religious advantages along with others who became afterwards celebrated in different walks of life. "It was when I lived here, and was sixteen years of age, that I first went to the Lord's Table. My tutor put me upon it and discoursed with me very seriously on the occasion, endeavouring to raise in me a due sense of the great importance and solemnity of the duty, and the benefits that would attend the right discharge of it. I must freely own I can look back on the time spent at Mr. Cradock's academy with comfort and pleasure, blessing God for the benefit I there received."

V.

STUDIES AT UTRECHT UNIVERSITY, HOLLAND.

Calamy now resolved to go to Holland for further study. The English universities being closed to him, and any attempt to keep Dissenting academies open being so liable to interruption from government, a Dutch university seemed the best resort for those like Calamy who could afford it. To this he was also specially advised by John Howe and others, who had just returned from their exile there. Having got his mother's consent, "though not without some difficulty," he sailed for Holland with several companions in the middle of March, 1688, going by packet boat from

Harwich to the Brill, thence by sloop up the Maas to Rotterdam, and then by a canal boat, or *wind-schuyt*, to Utrecht, with its famous university. "We found a good number of our countrymen at that time there," and on going to the English coffee-house, "we sent for some to whom we were recommended, who received us with great frankness, assisted us in getting lodgings, and afterwards accompanied us to the professors, and introduced us into the usual ways and methods of the place." This old city of Utrecht ("Oude Trecht" or "Old Ford") was the Roman Ultra-Trajectum, celebrated in later days as the scene of the first confederation of the Dutch provinces, 1579, and to be still better known for "the peace of Utrecht," in 1713, after the Marlborough campaigns. Here then for the next three years, between the ages of seventeen and twenty, we find Calamy industriously at work, studying hard in private, and attending during his curriculum such professors as De Vries for philosophy, and Van der Muyden for civil law: also the very learned Grævius, whose lectures were chiefly historical (one series being on the rise of prelacy and papacy in the Church), while Dr. Herman Witsius and three others were his professors for theology, and Leusden for Hebrew.

Calamy reached Holland at a critical juncture. In October he went to see William of Orange embark for England in that venturous enterprise, on which the whole Protestantism of Europe seemed to depend. During holiday times it was Calamy's habit to make expeditions into various parts of the country to see the people and learn their ways. In journeying to Leyden on one occasion in a skating chair, he met with a nearly fatal adventure on the ice, and narrowly escaped perishing through long exposure in snow and cold. At this period he was making some valuable friendships which were afterwards of service to him, and was acquiring no small credit for ability and scholarly attainments. When the celebrated Principal Carstares, confidential secretary and royal chaplain for King William in Scotland, came over to Holland after the Revolution to seek out suitable persons for professors' chairs, such was Calamy's reputation that he offered to secure one of these posts for him. Calamy, however, declined, though the interviews led to a warm friendship and to his pleasant visit to Scotland afterwards. On leaving Holland he expresses regret that though there were "so many at that time from England at Utrecht designing the ministry, we had no meetings among ourselves for prayer and Christian converse. Had I not been provided with many good practical books of English divinity, which I read frequently with profit and pleasure, I doubt it would have been worse with me than it was. From my own experience I can heartily recommend all students of theology, while laying in a stock of divinity in a speculative way, to read pious and devotional works, so as to have the warmer sense of the things of God on their mind and heart."

VI.

AT OXFORD: A NONCONFORMIST PREACHER.

When Calamy returned to England in 1691, what a changed aspect of things he found after his three years' absence! A new era had opened with the arrival of William of Orange. Son as he was of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., he had acquired further rights of royalty by having, in 1678, married his cousin Princess Mary, eldest daughter of James II. and next heir consequently to the crown. As the champion of Protestantism against its arch-foe Louis XIV., he had been nothing loth to seize the opportunity of his father-in-law's misgovernment to make his great venture and relieve the whole European situation. With a happy adaptation of his ancestral motto, *Je maintiendrai* (I will maintain), he had inscribed on his ship's flag, "*I will maintain the liberties of England and the Protestant religion.*" For what the

Revolution had mainly to secure and safeguard was the Protestant interest, which had been so greatly imperilled and almost swamped. Protestantism and liberty as against Popery and tyranny had become fixedly associated in the general mind. And although the Prince of Orange had not been able to secure for Nonconformists all the liberty he wished, yet a certain liberty of public and lawfully protected worship was now theirs, with "exemption from the penalties of certain laws," the Corporation and Tests Acts remaining, however, in full force.

Calamy was received with hearty welcome by his ministerial and other friends. "I particularly waited on Mr. Baxter, who talked freely with me about my good old grandfather, for whom he declared a special esteem. He made inquiries about the state of things in Holland, and gave me good advice about my future studies and conduct. He was now well advanced in years, but delivered himself, both in public and private, with great vivacity and freedom, and his thoughts had a peculiar edge. He died in December of that year, so that I should never have had the opportunity of hearing or conversing with him had I not done it now. I had told him of my design of going to Oxford and staying there some time, in which he encouraged me." What was now pressing on Calamy's mind was the question whether he should "determine for Conformity or Nonconformity;" and he says, "I thought Oxford no unfit place to pursue this matter in." Thither then he betook himself for another year's study—of course in a private way—having ample testimonials and letters of introduction, however, from Grævius and other foreign professors, to the learned and venerable orientalist, Dr. Pocock, and to the Savilian Professor of Astronomy, Dr. Edward Bernard. These gentlemen treated him with all courtesy, and procured him admission to the Bodleian library, where he daily prosecuted his special studies.

Many questions of ecclesiastical divinity—some of them, perhaps, more curious than edifying—were occupying a large share of public attention at this time. Protestant Nonconformity had suddenly acquired a new social and political standing. Archbishop Sancroft, Bishop Ken, and a number of other bishops, with as many as four hundred clergy, some of them able and pious men, like Jeremy Collier and Dean Hickes, had refused the oath of allegiance; and being ejected from their benefices, a mighty schism was created, which grew into the separate church of the Nonjurors. This greatly lowered the power and prestige of the national Establishment, and raised many points of bitter controversy. With all these and other subjects gathering round them Calamy thoroughly familiarized himself; carefully reading the early fathers as well as the later writers, though looking at each point supremely in the light of Scripture. With the celebrated Camden Professor of History, Henry Dodwell (that singular but most learned of all the defenders of the Nonjurors), Calamy had much intercourse at Oxford, though differing more and more from him in his views. After long and careful examination of all sides, Calamy came to the conscientious conviction that it was his duty to cast in his lot with the Protestant Nonconformists, on grounds which he afterwards published and repeatedly defended. He now began to preach in Oxford and the neighbourhood; being gradually drawn into this by the urgency of friends, though deeming himself too young for such service, at the age of twenty-one. Demands, however, grew upon him from more distant places, like Whitchurch and Andover, his name and gifts awakening everywhere an increase of interest. He received a call from a wealthy and influential Presbyterian society in Bristol, the stipend being £100 a year, with a house; but one of his two sisters dying at this time of consumption, he reluctantly declined the offer; and for the sake of his mother settled in London as assistant, for £40, with Matthew Sylvester, Baxter's successor at Black-

friars, whom he was also to help afterwards in editing the *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, or Baxter's *Narrative of his Life and Times*, 1696.

VII.

HIS ORDINATION TO THE MINISTRY.

The last ten years of the 17th century and the first ten years of the 18th, may be called the meeting-house building era. Between 1689, when Nonconformist worship was legalized by the Toleration Act, and 1710, when the great reaction set in during the last four years of Queen Anne's reign, there sprang up in connection with the "Dissenting interest" about a thousand meeting-houses (for that was their name, and not churches or chapels). The great bulk of these meeting-houses, especially the larger ones, were Presbyterian. In one of these Calamy was now officiating. Being built all about one time, and mainly within one generation, they were much after one pattern; and being raised at great sacrifices they could not boast of a very high order of architectural beauty, the taste of the time being what it was. Externally they were plain-looking square or oblong buildings, usually of brick with stone facings. Their chief feature was the high-pitched hip-roof, with curved or corrugated tiles, called pantiles, whence their frequenters were in some localities nicknamed "Pantilers." Their internal arrangements were suited to their purpose, the pulpit with its canopy or sounding-board and the deep overhanging galleries being noticeable features. From the sense of insecurity of the Toleration Act and the precariousness of its liberty they were often thrust away behind the main streets, so as to give no unnecessary provocation and be screened from the mob. After the Hanoverian succession in 1714, which was favourable to Dissent, many substantial fabrics were reared on more eligible sites.

When Calamy began his ministry with Mr. Sylvester at Blackfriars, there was an agreeable lull in the ecclesiastical strife. Describing the Protestant Nonconformists, he says, "There are some things in which they differ among themselves. For some of them are most desirous of the Presbyterian form of church government, as it is legally established in North Britain. Others are rather for the Congregational way, having no other reference to classes or synods than for advice in cases of need. But notwithstanding these and some other differences, they generally agree in the doctrinal articles of the Church of England and Larger and Shorter Catechisms compiled by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster." At this particular time, however, of 1692, "they carried it," he says, "lovingly to each other and acted in concert; and were moderate towards the Established Church, who were now too much divided among themselves to be at leisure to fall out with them." The two main sections of the London Dissenters were now in the very midst of their short-lived "Happy Union," which existed only from 1691 to 1695, and which was formally embodied in the famous nine brief chapters, entitled, "*Heads of Agreement assented to by the United Ministers in and about London, formerly called Presbyterian and Congregational.*" Both parties in the spirit of true and loving compromise had of course surrendered some things in the interests of peace and co-operation, but each retained more or less of their special or distinctive characteristics. One outstanding point of distinction, to which Calamy and his Presbyterian brethren attached great importance, was that of ordination, which they thought should be to the work and office of the holy ministry as distinct from mere pastoral relationship to any particular church or congregation. Calamy and some others resolved to insist on their being ordained upon this principle, which had been acted on in previous years.

Down to the Revolution these ordinations to perpetuate a ministry apart

from the National Church had been all conducted secretly—the first one taking place at Manchester in the year of indulgence 1672, ten years after the ejectment. The first one conducted publicly and openly occurred in Yorkshire, when in September, 1689 five ministers were ordained together at one time by Oliver Heywood and four of his brethren. But the first to attract public attention was that of Calamy and six others in 1694 in London. Calamy gives a full account of this ordination, lamenting he could not persuade either John Howe or Dr. Bates to take part in it, fearing that the publicity might awaken government suspicion. The seven candidates were thoroughly examined beforehand in philosophy and theology, and each had a Latin thesis to write and defend. On the eventful day Dr. Annesley began with prayer (the ordination service was in his own Little St. Helen's meeting-house); then Vincent Alsop preached; then Mr. Daniel Williams prayed and discoursed on the nature of ordination, and produced the testimonials of the seven candidates. Each candidate gave his own confession, and had then to answer the questions of the Westminster Assembly's Directory. One minister prayed over each, and all the others joined as ordainers. Finally Mr. Matthew Sylvester gave the solemn charge, concluding with psalm and devotion. The service occupied the whole day, from ten to six o'clock. For many reasons that midsummer day of 1694 was memorable in the annals of Nonconformity.

VIII.

AT HAND ALLEY.

In 1695, the year after his ordination, and when he had been about three years at Blackfriars, Calamy became assistant to a somewhat remarkable man, Mr., afterwards Dr., Daniel Williams, at Hand Alley, Bishopsgate Street, one of the largest Presbyterian congregations in the City. Few ministers of his time were more useful and influential—certainly no one has been a greater benefactor of posterity—than Dr. Daniel Williams. Founder of the famous library in London that bears his honoured name (and the *Memoirs* of whose *Life and Eminent Conduct* were written by his admiring friend, Daniel Defoe), Dr. Williams, though a Welshman by birth, lived in Ireland as a Presbyterian minister of considerable influence. Amid the rage and malice of political and religious factions in that distracted country, he had at length to consult his personal safety by removing in 1687 to London, where he befriended many an Irish Protestant refugee. After the Revolution, he was often consulted on Irish affairs by King William, and his advice was valued. Soon after settling in the pastorate of Hand Alley, he was chosen also to fill his friend Richard Baxter's place as one of the Pinners' Hall lecturers. He crowned a life of service by the munificent arrangements of his last will and testament, besides the princely gift of his library, with ample funds for its support. Round his name, however, there had meanwhile gathered a bitter and virulent controversy, as unnecessary as it was unprofitable. The dregs of the old Antinomian discussions, inherited from the days of the civil war, having been again unhappily stirred, he was urged by some of his brethren to allay the plague. But his effort was all in vain. A vicious and angry spirit of dogmatic frenzy was evoked. The disputes assumed a denominational and party form. Unfortunate misunderstandings and heartburnings had arisen on other grounds between the United Brethren. An unscrupulous attempt had been made to blast Dr. Williams's moral character by reports which, on full inquiry, were proved malicious and groundless. He was at last enabled to close the long and bitter strife, though not till 1699, by his *Peace with Truth, or an End to Discord*. But the mischief that followed this strife was incalculable, both to religion and the Dissenting interest. The "Happy Union" lay

wrecked, and the spirit and power of evangelical piety began thenceforward to degenerate.

A real service rendered by Calamy to Dr. Williams at a critical juncture in these unhappy disputes led to the proposal of the assistantship at Hand Alley. Calamy, while firmly holding his ministry to be, as an office, of divine appointment, was equally assured of the inviolable right of the Christian people to choose and determine who shall officiate as ministers among them. He therefore insisted on being first called by the people, and then, on their heartily choosing him, he at once complied; all the more readily that the congregation at Blackfriars could not support two ministers. He was also about to marry Mary Watts, daughter of Michael Watts, a City cloth-merchant of good repute, the lady, as he says, "being one of my own mother's recommending, and our match was generally applauded." At Hand Alley he had a much larger audience, and an early series of sermons, when printed in the form of *A Practical Discourse concerning Vows*, proved seasonable to more than his hearers. "If ever any saving impressions have been made on my soul," writes one, "the reading of your treatise on vows was the great instrument. May I never forget the strong and lively influence it had on me." Nor was he without proofs when at Hand Alley of the fruit of his labours and blessing on his ministry. On one occasion, he was preaching a New Year's day sermon on the appropriate text, 2 Cor. v. 17, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature;" and he very thankfully adds, "it pleased God in such a manner to accompany His own word with power, that it was the means of the strong conviction, and I hope the true conversion, of a young man who had been very wild and loose, but was providentially brought" to be a hearer that morning. Another case he relates is that of a domestic servant who called on him under deep concern, which "she ascribed under God to some sermons of mine she had heard at Hand Alley." From a strong sense of guilt on her conscience, she insisted on opening the particulars of her wickedness. "I told her it was sufficient to confess these to God, earnestly begging a share in His pardoning mercy through Christ's mediation. But she told me there was a need of her acquainting me with particulars, that I might the better advise her of her duty with respect to some who had been her partners in evil." He drew up for her letters suitable to each case, containing Christian counsel and warning, while he cautioned herself "to make daily requests to God that her own concern of mind might not abate or wear off till a saving change was produced." He adds, "Similar other good effects I remember, with which it pleased God to honour my ministry in those days. I acknowledge them to His praise."

IX.

HE SETTLES IN WESTMINSTER.

During his eight years at Hand Alley, Calamy was steadily rising in popularity and influence. In his last year there, 1702, he was chosen one of the lecturers at Salters' Hall, and his first discourse, which he delivered October 20th, was immediately published under the title, *Divine Mercy Exalted, or Free Grace in its Glory*. The sentiments are entirely evangelical, and the way of salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is clearly exhibited, but a modern reader would desiderate more of the warmth and glow of utterance congenial to such a theme.

The following extract from this sermon will furnish a sample of his preaching and show the doctrinal standpoint of the sermon. It is from the section devoted to showing the various ways God adopts in bringing men "heartily to will and run in the ways of God."

"Afflictions are a means God often uses to do good to souls, and they have a tendency that way. Adversity many times brings those to consider their ways and be wise, who, while their estate was

prosperous, forgot God, their souls, and another world, and lived as if they were to live here always. And therefore we are told, that when God's judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness. They will, that is, some, be brought to it under the influence of the grace of God. Manasseh, when all things went well with him, wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord; but when he was in affliction, when he came afterwards to be taken by his enemies, bound in fetters, and carried captive into Babylon, then he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers. Then he became a true penitent. But it was God that set in, and that this way impressed those considerations strongly upon him that were needful to awaken him, otherwise no such effect had been produced. So also the poor prodigal, when he was parched and almost starved, thought of returning to his father. But it was God that stirred those thoughts in his mind, and fixed them upon him, or even under the utmost straits he had continued a vagabond still. For though men are to look about them and consider well that they may not lose the benefit of their afflictions, yet 'tis God's working that at any time makes instrumental to turn a sinner into a saint, or to advance His faithful servants in real holiness."

He had now been for some time engaged on the work with which his name was ever afterwards to be more particularly associated, and whose successive issues and supplements were to engage him in no small measure of controversy. Having helped his former colleague Mr. Matthew Sylvester to edit the *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, or Baxter's *Narrative of His Own Life and Times*, in 1696, he was all the better prepared for what he had now taken in hand. Reflecting on the great value and possible usefulness in an improved form of Baxter's narrative, he saw the expediency of condensing the book and carrying forward the history further. Accordingly there appeared, in 1702, in an octavo volume, *An Abridgment of Mr. Baxter's History of his Life and Times. With an Account of those ejected, till the year* 1691. This afterwards appeared in two volumes in 1713, and two more of *Continuation* in 1727. The work from first to last was fitly dedicated to the Marquis of Hartington, afterwards Duke of Devonshire.

Meanwhile Calamy was chosen in 1703 to succeed Vincent Alsop as minister of the large and influential Presbyterian congregation of Westminster, and here he continued all the remaining twenty-nine years of his life. This was perhaps the most wealthy and prominent of the Nonconformist charges, and had been gathered not long after the Act of Uniformity by the very learned Thomas Cawton, one of the ejected ministers. It continued to worship in its original building at Tothill Street, until the larger "meeting-house," with its three capacious galleries, was erected for Calamy in Prince's Street, near the Abbey, in 1721. He acknowledges "a lift" from the Scottish members of parliament in raising the necessary funds.

He had now to attend to certain pamphlets which had appeared against his own views of the grounds and principles of the ejected Nonconformists. During the years 1703, 1704, 1705 he issued in three successive parts his *Defence of Moderate Nonconformity in answer to the Reflections of Mr. Ollyffe and Mr. Hoadley.* In these answers he still further signalized himself as the representative of distinctively moderate Nonconformity. The introduction to Part II., where he sets forth his own principles, drew from John Locke the complimentary message, "That he had read it and thought it such a defence as could not be answered, and that in adhering to the principles there laid down, he had no occasion to be afraid of any antagonist." Calamy's chief antagonist was Hoadley, who became Bishop of Bangor, and who afterwards raised that great storm, "the Bangorian controversy," in the Established Church, but the diffe-

rent questions were debated between them with far higher personal consideration and courtesy than was customary in even that Augustan age.

Queen Anne was now on the throne, but the virulence that characterized the later years of her reign had not yet broken out, and Calamy received a gracious message of thanks from the Queen for the service he did by his next publication, A *Caveat against New Prophets* in 1708. The religious public was troubled by the appearance of the sect of French Prophets, who made no small stir. Calamy was brought into contact with some of their fanatical leaders, who laid claim to inspiration, and indulged in some curious freaks and practices. Government thought of prosecuting them, but Godolphin and Harley sent a friend to consult Calamy, who returned the message, "that after full consideration he was abundantly convinced that it was much the best for government not to give the least disturbance to them or their abettors." In consequence of this sensible counsel the sect sunk into insignificance and gradually dwindled away.

X.

HIS SCOTTISH VISIT, AND FURTHER LABOURS.

In 1709 Calamy resolved on a tour in Scotland. Many considerations moved him to attempt this—a much more formidable undertaking then than now. He had warm friends in North Britain who were urgent in their invitations, such as Principal Carstares of Edinburgh and Principal Haddow of St. Andrews, another of his old Utrecht acquaintances. His own health was also somewhat impaired with recent labours, and his physicians suggested a longer journey than his usual spring change, so that he might thoroughly recruit. The union of England and Scotland, moreover, had just recently taken place, in 1707, and he was solicitous to draw closer the bonds of religious intercourse and begin "a friendly correspondence between the brethren there and us in South Britain, which was thought very desirable." Then he says, "I was also willing to know the state of their universities," because his eldest son Edmund, now at Westminster grammar-school, was contemplating a ministerial career, and it might be wise for him to get some of his training in one of these northern universities, as did indeed afterwards take place.

On this journey Calamy was absent two months. He travelled 1200 miles on horseback, penetrating as far as Aberdeen. From the university there as well as from those of Edinburgh and Glasgow he received the diploma of D.D.—his own name and those of his friends and ministerial neighbours in London, Dr. Daniel Williams and Dr. Joshua Oldfield, standing the very first in the Edinburgh University Calendar as the earliest recipients of its divinity degrees. Calamy has left details of many curious incidents and experiences of this journey. He was attended by two men-servants and took with him three young friends, Dissenting students, for company, and had a pass also from the Secretary of State for safety, owing to possible Jacobite disturbances in the north. On reaching Edinburgh on a Saturday, "we had presently," he says, "a great number of visitors; ministers, gentlemen, and citizens vying with each other who should show us most civility." He went on Monday to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, under the guidance of his friend, Principal Carstares, one of its leading members. Calamy had a seat at the right hand of the Moderator, just beneath the Lord High Commissioner's throne. He took a lively interest in the proceedings from day to day, and caused some amusement by remarking, when a suspected minister was being cross-examined, "We in England should reckon this way of proceeding the inquisition revived." His reception by the Assembly; his being

twice invited to meet members of the nobility and others of eminence at the Lord High Commissioner's table, where "he found all things managed with considerable grandeur;" his hospitable treatment at the universities and houses of the great—these, with humbler episodes and experiences, furnish matter for interesting narrative and genial comment. He returned much refreshed, and was able the following year to publish *The Inspiration of the Holy Writings of the Old and New Testaments. In fourteen Sermons at the Merchants' Lecture, Salters' Hall.* This he was permitted to dedicate to Queen Anne. He was shocked, however, and chagrined at the awful reaction under her own auspices this very year, 1710, with its furious cry "Church in danger, down with Dissenters," and its yet more furious Sacheverell mobs, which destroyed so many meeting-houses, though Calamy's own escaped.

The times now became critical for Dissenters, the Toleration Act itself being imperilled. The bill against occasional conformity, which had been thrice over rejected in Queen Anne's first parliament, was now carried in her last without a division; while the Schism Bill (so called because meant to stop the growth of schism by summarily stopping all Dissenting education) was also passed this same year, 1713. The Queen died, however, the very day, in 1714, it was to come into force, and the new government suspended its operation. It was not, however, till 1719, five years later, that both these very obnoxious measures were repealed by an agitation in which Calamy's pen did effective service. He had also ventured in 1713 to issue, the fruit of much additional labour and research, his second edition of the *Abridgment of Baxter's Life and Times.* It was now in two volumes; the second volume, which made only a single chapter in the former edition, being Calamy's own famous *Account of Ministers, Lecturers, &c., who were ejected or silenced about* 1662, with which his name is most associated, and which was to be yet further enlarged.

XI.

LATER LIFE, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

Calamy stood now at the head of the Dissenting interest, though himself professing moderate Nonconformity. His name began to occupy a frequent place in the periodicals, pamphlets, and other publications of the day. He had a proof of his brethren's esteem and regard in the way they welcomed and honoured him at Exeter, Plymouth, and elsewhere, when on a tour of preaching and visitation about this time through Devon and Cornwall. His services were also more than ever in request for ordinations, funeral sermons, and other occasions, which gave birth to many of his minor publications. The Hanoverian family being now on the throne, Calamy had repeatedly to be at court in a representative way. In 1716 we find him with a New England deputation offering an address; and the following year he was at the head of "the ministers of the three denominations," Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist, in congratulating George I., these brethren having acquired a right of approaching the throne together on special occasions since the Revolution. Calamy felt his later life begin when his venerable mother died at Bath, in 1715. He had lost his wife two years before, and now married, in 1716, Mary Jones, who was niece of Adam Cardonel, Marlborough's secretary during the great campaigns. "God made her a blessing to me and mine."

His public life, however, was soon to be tried and vexed with those heats and controversies among Dissenters of which he so much complains, and which did so much to distract and paralyze their whole spiritual influence. The grand old Puritan age was now past—that heroic period so pre-eminent not only for deeds of high honour and self-denial, but for minds of surpassing compass and spiritual energy, stamping the age in which they lived as one of abiding power and ennobling impulses.

We are now touching an altogether less exalted and less significant period. The ejected veterans were now all dead and gone, and even many of those who, though not ejected, had experience of hazardous times were passing away, and no luminaries of equal lustre were rising to take their place. The decline in spiritual vigour was a very gradual one, but is increasingly perceptible. The process was hastened and aggravated by the violent and polemic spirit which began to prevail alike in the National Church and in Dissent.

A sad symptom was the cold, speculative, metaphysical style in which the subject of the Trinity and similar doctrines were being discussed. Not that there was not heat enough in these controversies, but it was too often the heat of personal passion and temper rather than a zealous contending for the faith which speaks the truth in love. It was William Whiston, a bold but eccentric mathematical genius, in his *Historical Preface to Primitive Christianity*, 1710, and Dr. Samuel Clarke, in his *Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*, 1712, who started the fiery Trinitarian discussion, with its kindred question of subscription to articles of faith. When these topics began to be agitated among the Nonconformist ministers, great were the paroxysms of terror and suspicion. The first symptom of defection showed itself at Exeter in 1717, when one of the ministers, on being challenged about his belief, defended himself on the principle that his people were concerned with what he taught, not with what he believed. The matter was referred to some of the London ministers, who drew up a healing letter of advice, which was submitted to the committee of the deputies of the three denominations, who in turn called the whole body of London Dissenting ministers in the famous Salters' Hall synod, Feb. 19th, 1719. Several sittings were held, and there was a sharp debate. Calamy stood neutral and refused to attend; and when the Principal of an Aberdeen college, who was visiting him, urged him to do so, "I told him that, as for the true eternal divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, I was very ready to declare for it at that time or any other, and durst not in conscience be backward to it. But I could on good grounds assure him that was not the point in question among those that were to meet on the following day." He maintained that it was in fact a matter of diplomacy how best to keep down strife, and that the way proposed was, in his judgment, the sure way to widen the breach and increase contention. The question before the synod resolved itself into this: Should the letter of advice be sent by itself to Exeter, or should the assembled brethren not preface it with an avowal of their Trinitarian faith by subscribing Article I. of the Church of England and the fifth and sixth answers of the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism? Of the 142 present at the final session, seventy-three voted against the need or propriety of such subscription, and sixty-nine for it. The London ministers thus broke up into three parties, subscriptionists, non-subscriptionists, and neutrals, with much bitter alienation among them. Calamy, though neutral in the controversy, was a warm Trinitarian, and in the interests of truth and peace, as well as to show he was not neutral as to doctrine, he at at once published his Salters' Hall Merchant Sermons on *The Trinity*. To attract further notice he dedicated this defence of the orthodox faith to the king. After presenting a copy to his majesty, Calamy received a government draft—the origin of that annual *Regium Donum* for Dissenting ministers' widows and orphans, which in later days caused such heartburnings, and which only ceased in 1851, at the Dissenters' own request.

XII.

CLOSING YEARS AND DEATH.

In 1724 Calamy wrote his *Life of John Howe*, and the same year he again

defined his ecclesiastical views with great clearness in his *Aylesbury Ordination* pamphlet. But a deepening sense of the decay of religion around him pervades his later writings. He felt as if all zeal and earnestness were taking their departure, and what of religious fire remained was degenerating into polemic heats, under which the genial spirit of the gospel was getting withered and parched. In the preface of his last chief work in 1727, five years before his death, *The Continuation* of his *Account of the Ejected*, in two additional volumes, while he defends and re-states his main positions with much force and fervour, he pours out his soul to his brethren in words of mingled pungency and tenderness. Here is a specimen: "Let us then, my brethren, take heed to ourselves and endeavour to rectify what is amiss, and, instead of endlessly drawing the sword of contention, be much in prayer to Almighty God for the influences of His purifying, quickening, and healing Spirit. Let us beg a fresh effusion of the Divine Spirit from on high to revive the power and life of religion in our midst. Nothing can be more manifest than that the Church of Christ at this day is most sadly degenerated, has long been in a very languishing state, and is become too much like the rest of the world. Formality has eaten out the spirit of piety; and selfishness, covetousness, pride, wrathfulness, envy, and malice have most shamefully abounded in the Christian Church, and sadly defaced, disquieted, and infested it. And all parties have been such sharers in the common guilt that none must pretend an exemption. The great doctrines of the Christian religion have lost their force, and are professedly believed but for fashion's sake. . . . And many that make great profession are lost in carnality and are crumbled into parties enflamed against each other, striving which shall get the better, which is much to be lamented."

His life's work was now nearly over. The last time he entered the pulpit was early in 1732. His health had broken down, and he was ordered to Bath for rest and change. He took farewell of his people in a very solemnizing and impressive charge, though not thinking his end was so near at hand. But he says, "Were I assured this was the last sermon I should ever preach to you, I know not any better subject to fasten on than my text, '*The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all*,' and to this I can heartily say *Amen*. For, brethren, my heart's desire and prayer for you is that you may be saved. And may you but have the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ with you, I shall not doubt of it. But though this is my desire in the case of you all without exception, there are sundry of you as to whom I might say it is the object of my dearest hope. There are, I apprehend, others of you of whom there is more ground for fear than hope. . . . But there are still others of you as to whom I bless God I can satisfactorily indulge this hope that the grace of the Lord Jesus is constantly with you. May it be on you and in you more and more. May you have it in your homes and in your attendance on God in His house. You will be much in my thoughts, and I trust I shall not be out of yours." A few months later he died at the age of sixty-one, in the bosom of his family, June 3rd, 1732, commending them all to God. There were two sons and two daughters. He had been disappointed in not getting his eldest son as his own colleague. This, the *fourth* Edmund Calamy in direct succession as a minister of the gospel in London, became assistant to Dr. Grosvenor at Crosby Square, and died of consumption in 1755. The second son, Adam Calamy, bred to the law, was an able writer for Edward Cave in the early days of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

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ARCHBISHOP USSHER.

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I.

FAMILY, BIRTH, AND EARLY TRAINING.

JAMES USSHER, eldest son of Arnold Ussher, one of the clerks in the Irish Court of Chancery, was born in Dublin, on 4th January, 1580. The family name had formerly been Neville, and the first Neville who settled in Ireland, being usher to King John, changed his name to that of his office, a practice not unusual in those times, and founded the Irish family of Ussher.

His mother was Margaret, daughter of James Stanihurst, Recorder of Dublin, one of the Masters in Chancery, and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons in three successive Parliaments. Stanihurst was a time-server, who had no scruple as to changing his religious profession, for he was Speaker in Queen Mary's time, and continued to hold the office under Queen Elizabeth. It is probable that he was a Roman Catholic at heart till the end. A brother, Richard, was a noted controversialist on the popish side, and his daughter, Ussher's mother, while professing to be a Protestant during her husband's life, afterwards avowed herself a Roman Catholic. Happily, it was not from his mother that James Ussher received his early training.

His first teaching he had from two aunts, both of whom we are told were "blind from their birth." How they contrived to teach the child to read is not recorded, but it is certain that these blind ladies had great mental gifts and extraordinary memory. They are said to have remembered whatever was read once to them; and they had wonderful knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. In after life Ussher always spoke of them with reverence and gratitude, as having from them received religious impressions, which proved deep and lasting. It could truly be said of him, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Timothy iii. 15). He was a very thoughtful child, and it is recorded by one of his biographers that he became decided in his acceptance of the gospel and in his religious profession after hearing, in his tenth year, a discourse from the first verse of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

The boy was singularly fortunate in the teachers under whom he commenced his schooling, in his eighth year. There were at that time in Dublin, two Scotchmen, of great learning and ability, James Fullerton and James Hamilton, who were sent over to Ireland by the Scottish king, James VI., who hoped through their agency to strengthen his influence among the Irish nobility and gentry, in view of his probable accession to the English throne. Whether to disguise the purpose of this mission, or to increase their own revenue, they opened a school, Fullerton as master and Hamilton as his assistant. They were both pupils of the famous Andrew Melville, the chief introducer of classical learning into Scotland, and the most influential divine in that country since the time of John Knox. Under two of the favoured pupils of such a master, the youths attending the school in Dublin had advantages available to few in that age. For more than five years James Ussher was at this school, and so profited by the tuition that he had a high reputation for his acquirements

in literature and philosophy as then taught in the schools.

II.

AT TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

The next step was to Trinity College, Dublin, where the name of James Ussher appears among the first students admitted. This was in January 1593, when in his fourteenth year. The foundation of this college was closely associated with the Ussher family. There had in old times been a college, founded as early as A.D. 1320 by the Archbishop of Dublin of that time, but it had long gone to total decay. Ussher's grandfather, Stanihurst, made the first motion in Parliament for the establishment of a university in Dublin. His uncle, Henry Ussher, Archdeacon of Dublin, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, warmly took up the idea, and was twice sent over to England to negotiate the matter, and at length, in 1591, brought back a letter from Queen Elizabeth for its erection. Fullerton and Hamilton were appointed Fellows, Henry Ussher himself being named in the charter as the first Fellow.

Young Ussher entered with great assiduity and zeal into the courses of lectures given by the tutors, and made quick progress in the study of Greek and Hebrew, as well as in arts and theology. The bent of his mind even at this early period was historical and chronological. Dr. Elrington, editor of his works and author of the latest and fullest biography, says that Ussher was greatly struck with the saying of Cicero that "to be ignorant of what occurred before our birth, was always to remain a child," and the book which confirmed his desire for this class of study was that of Sleidan on the *Four Monarchies*.

The religious training of the students was carefully attended to, and during his first year at college, he was called upon to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, an event which deeply affected his religiously disposed mind. In his preparation for subsequent approaches to the Lord's Table, he often lamented that his joy in literary pursuits was more vivid than that felt in the spiritual exercises previous to his acts of communion. What he said on this subject attests the truthfulness of his self-examination as well as the tenderness of his conscience.

III.

THEOLOGICAL STUDIES.

The circumstances of the times, as well as the divisions among his own relations, led him to give more than usual attention to controversial divinity. He read many books on both sides of questions under dispute, and the one which exercised the largest influence on the course of his studies was Stapleton's treatise entitled *The Fortress of the Faith*. The main point of Stapleton's argument was the antiquity of the Roman Catholic faith and the novelty of that of the Reformation. He supported his position by references to the works of the Fathers of the Church. The argument seemed to Ussher so powerful that he resolved to read through the whole of the works of the Fathers, so as to judge for himself whether Stapleton's appeal was founded in fact. He began this laborious and self-imposed task in his twentieth year, and persevered in his study till he had made himself master of all the works that had come down from the early ages of Christianity. He intended to publish the results of his study in a work to be called *Bibliotheca Theologica*, but long before he had completed his task the purpose of publishing had been abandoned, for he had soon arrived at the settled conclusion that Holy Scripture is the sole rule of faith and practice. He found that the Fathers often differed from the written word, and disagreed among each other, and where this was the case his maxim was, "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to the word, it is because

there is no light in them" (Isaiah viii. 20). This conclusion he afterwards very clearly and forcibly asserted in his *Brief Declarations*, now prefixed to the "Articles of Religion agreed upon by the Archbishops and Bishops and the rest of the Clergy of Ireland, as agreed upon in the Convocation at Dublin in 1615." In this Declaration he says, "I believe that in the Holy Canonical Scriptures are contained all things necessary to salvation, by which also all errors and heresies may sufficiently be reproved and convicted, and all doctrines and articles necessary to salvation established."

Throughout all his life Ussher gave no uncertain sound concerning the supreme authority of Holy Scripture, and the very subordinate place to be given to "Tradition" and to the "Fathers."

IV.

CHOICE OF PROFESSION AND ORDINATION.

Very soon after he had taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts, in the summer of 1597, an interruption of his university studies was threatened. His father urged him strongly to enter the legal profession, and wished to send him over to the Inns of Court in London. To this proposal Ussher felt the utmost repugnance; but thinking it his duty to submit to parental authority, he made preparations for leaving Ireland. The death of his father, in August 1598, left him at liberty to choose his own profession. He inherited a good estate, but it was so encumbered with law suits and conditions that his whole time must have been required for the management of affairs of business. Fearful of being thus withdrawn from his studies, he resolved to make over the whole estate to his brother and his sisters, reserving only a sufficient sum for purchasing books and for his maintenance at college. To his uncle, as guardian of the family, he gave necessary instructions, having first made out a careful statement of affairs, and the legal transfer he completed as soon as he came of age.

In the following year, 1599, an event occurred which proved how diligently he had resumed his studies. On the arrival of the Earl of Essex as Lord Deputy of Ireland and Chancellor of the University, Ussher was selected as the respondent in a philosophical disputation, after the academic usages of those times. He acquitted himself in a manner which gained for him great applause, and established his reputation as a learned and able scholar. He soon had to show his qualities in a more important disputation.

A Jesuit, Henry Fitz-Symonds, who had the reputation of being the most learned and eloquent disputant on the Romanist controversies, offered to maintain those points in the Roman Catholic religion which were considered the weakest, and to oppose those which the Protestants thought the strongest. Ussher accepted the challenge. They met two or three times, when Fitz-Symonds withdrew from the contest. Long afterwards, when living abroad, the Jesuit gave a false account of the affair, but he spoke of his antagonist as "the most learned of non-Catholics" (*Acatholicorum doctissimus*). Fortunately there is preserved at Trinity College a letter of Ussher which gives the true version of the affair, and in it he says that, though despised as a boy, he had been enabled by the help of God to overthrow the champion who had defied the host of Israel, even as youthful David had slain the giant Philistine.

The fame of his learning, especially in the subjects of theological controversy, led to Ussher's appointment as "Catechist," an office suited to the requirements of the time. His duty was to expound the pure doctrines of the Christian faith, in opposition to the corruptions and errors introduced by the Church of Rome. This he did with such acceptance, that his friends urged him to appear more in public. He pleaded his youth as an excuse, and, like

Luther, he shrank from taking holy orders. His scruples were set aside in a singular way. There was then such a scarcity of qualified preachers that the request came from the Castle to the University for the appointment of Masters of Arts to preach at Christ Church before the members of the Irish Government.

Three were selected, one of whom was Ussher, who had only taken his M.A. degree in 1600. He appeared several times in the pulpit on Sunday afternoons; but feeling scrupulous as to preaching without ordination, a special dispensation, as to his being under age, was obtained for him, and he was ordained deacon and priest on the fourth Sunday in Advent, 1601, by his uncle Henry, Archbishop of Armagh. The first sermon preached by him after his ordination was on December 24th of that year, the day of the victory of the English over the Spaniards at Kinsale, by which the rebellion of the native Irish was at that time suppressed.

V.

FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND.

The capture of Kinsale had indirectly a remarkable influence on the occupations of Ussher, and upon his whole future life. The English army resolved to show their thankfulness for the success of the campaign and the suppression of the rebellion in a manner almost unprecedented in military history. They subscribed the sum of £1800, a large sum considering the current value of money, for the purchase of a library for Trinity College, Dublin. Who suggested this unusual thanksgiving offertory is not known, but there were many who served in that war who remembered the anxiety as to the "Invincible Armada," and the joy at the discomfiture of that effort for the subjugation of England and the re-establishment of Popery. Spain was still the greatest power in Europe, and the defeat of Spanish and Irish papists seemed a happy event for liberty and for religion. It was thought that the promotion of learning must help to diminish the sway of ignorance and superstition among the Irish. The gift was thankfully received by the authorities of the College, and Dr. Chaloner and Mr. Ussher were sent to London to lay out the money to the best advantage.

This was Ussher's first visit to England, in the spring of 1603. He went again in 1606, and from that time it was his practice to go every third year, till he finally settled there in 1640. His triennial visits lasted three months, one of which he spent in London, one at Oxford, and one at Cambridge. It was in this way that he became the friend of all the most distinguished men of learning of those times. In his very first visit he met Dr. Bodley, who was in London on the same errand that brought Dr. Chaloner and himself there, collecting rare and valuable books for the library at Oxford which bears his name. In subsequent visits he met William Camden the antiquary, and Sir Robert Cotton, whose collections helped to form the British Museum library. To enumerate all the literary correspondents and personal friends of the young Irishman, would be to give a list of the most illustrious writers of the first half of the seventeenth century. John Selden, most learned of jurists, Samuel Purchas of the *Pilgrimages*, Dr. Walton of the *Polyglott Scriptures*, Camden, author of *Britannia*, are names familiar to all. Nor was it only with men of letters that Ussher formed intimacies in his early years. Most of the men who became eminent in every department of public life he knew; and it is a memorable fact that men of the most diverse pursuits and of opposite political parties, even during the troubles that culminated in the civil war, honoured and respected the scholarly peace-loving Ussher.

VI.

APPOINTMENTS AND PREFERMENTS.

Soon after his return from the first visit to England, Ussher received from

Archbishop Loftus the presentation to the Chancellorship of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Attached to this dignity was the parish of Finglass, where he preached every Sunday. This parochial duty he fulfilled for many years with great fidelity and zeal, but must have found it not always convenient along with the duty of the chancellorship, for when he resigned this dignity on his promotion to the episcopal bench, he endowed a vicarage, with a glebe and a portion of the tithes, for that parish.

In 1607 he took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and his eloquent and fluent Latinity is among the accomplishments mentioned as being displayed on this occasion. He was soon after appointed Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, and in this office he delivered lectures, at first twice and afterwards once a week, for the next fourteen years during the college terms. Some of these lectures appear in his collected works. His own studies while Divinity Professor ranged over a wide field. He still was persistent in his careful perusal of the Fathers. He gave some time to arranging the canons of the ancient Church, and in inquiring into the claims of the Decretal Epistles. A question of more local bearing was discussed by him in a treatise on the origin and tenure of certain church lands. The substance of this treatise was printed by Sir Henry Spelman in his *Glossary*. The work was sent in manuscript to Archbishop Bancroft, and by him presented to King James I., who from that time formed a high opinion of the writer's industry and research. Notice was taken of him at Court, and he repeatedly preached before the royal household.

In 1609 he was offered the Provostship of Trinity College, which he declined. Dr. Parr, afterwards his chaplain at Armagh and his first biographer, says it was "from his fear of its proving a hindrance to his studies;" and Dr. Elrington, his latest biographer, conjectures that it was because the duties of the office might prevent his frequent visits to England. In 1612 he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity at a grand Commencement held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, there being no room in Trinity College large enough for the audience. It was the custom to deliver two Latin discourses as part of the exercises for the degree, and the subjects chosen by Ussher were "The Seventy Weeks of Daniel," and "The Reign of the Saints with Christ for a thousand years" (Rev. xx. 4).

In 1613 Ussher went to London, partly to publish his first work, a Latin treatise on the continuity of the true faith in times before the Reformation. Only a portion of this treatise was published, the work concluding with a defence of the Albigenses and Waldenses against the charge of heresy.

In 1614, he was married to Phœbe Chaloner, the only daughter of his old friend. She had been left a considerable fortune, and her father had expressed a strong hope that she might become the wife of Dr. Ussher. They lived in great affection and harmony for nearly forty years. Their only daughter became Lady Tyrrell, wife of Sir Timothy Tyrrell, then of Shotover, near Stratford-on-Avon, and Governor of Cardiff Castle at the beginning of the Civil War.

VII.

ARTICLES AND CANONS OF THE IRISH CHURCH.

In the year 1615 a Convocation of the Irish clergy assembled in Dublin. This was the first time that a Convocation, after the general model of the English Convocation, had been held in Ireland. Previously the measures connected with the Reformed religion had been managed directly by the English Government. For instance, in 1551, King Edward VI. sent an order that the Liturgy of the Church of England should be used. In the third year of Queen Elizabeth, an order was sent to Lord Sussex, then Lord Deputy, to assemble a synod of the clergy "for establishing the Protestant

religion," the members being required to express their conformity to the doctrines of the English Church. This was necessary after the confused state of the country and the Church during the reign of Queen Mary. In 1615, a Convocation on new lines was appointed for the drawing up of a more formal constitution, and to prepare Articles of Religion. The principal share in their formation fell to Ussher, from his high character and his position as Professor of Divinity in the University.

The Articles were no fewer than one hundred and four, under nineteen heads. They are printed in Ussher's Works, from a copy of the original edition in Trinity College Library. Some of these Articles are so different from the Articles of the Church of England that it is surprising how they received the approval of the English Government. The only explanation is that King James, who regarded the settlement of Ulster as the masterpiece of his policy towards Ireland, allowed the Convocation to adopt both doctrines and ecclesiastical tenets at variance with what he could tolerate in England. This was in order to conciliate the Scottish settlers in Ulster. It is not surprising, therefore, that the authority of the Constitutions and Articles due to the Convocation of 1615 had a short rule in Ireland. They were suppressed, as we shall presently see, by the joint efforts of Strafford and Laud.

It is of little use to dwell on the details of Articles which had only a brief and local authority, but a portion of two of them may be quoted as giving a clear statement of the personal views of Ussher on two important points, "Of Justification and Faith" and "Sanctification and Good Works."

On the former point it is said, "We are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, applied by faith, and not for our own works or merits. Thus this righteousness which we so receive of God's mercy and Christ's merits, embraced by faith, is taken, accepted, and allowed by God for our perfect and full justification.

"Although this justification be free unto us, yet it cometh not so freely unto us that there is no ransom paid therefor at all. God showed His great mercy in delivering us from our former captivity without requiring of any ransom to be paid, or amends to be made on our parts: which thing, by us, it would have been impossible to be done. And whereas all the world was not able of themselves to pay any part towards this ransom, it pleased our Heavenly Father, of His infinite mercy, without any desert of ours, to provide for us the most precious merits of His own dear Son, whereby our ransom might be fully paid, the law fulfilled, and His justice fully satisfied, so that Christ is now the righteousness of all them that truly believe in Him. He hath paid their ransom by His death. He for them fulfilled the law in His life, that now in Him, and by Him, every true Christian man may be called a fulfiller of the law: forasmuch as that which our infirmity was not able to effect, Christ's righteousness hath performed. And thus the justice and mercy of God do embrace each other, the grace of God not shutting out the justice of God in the matter of our justification, but only shutting out the justice of man (that is to say the justice of our own works) from being any cause of deserving our justification."

This is only a part of the series of four Articles on Justification and Faith; too long, perhaps, but very clearly showing how much Ussher was in harmony with the doctrine of all the Reformed and Evangelical Churches.

In regard to "Sanctification and Good Works," he is equally clear and explicit, as when he says, "Albeit that good works, which are the fruits of faith, and follow after justification, cannot make satisfaction for our sins and endure the severity of God's judgment; yet are they pleasing to God and accepted of Him in Christ, and do spring from a true and lively faith, which by them is to be discerned as a tree by the fruit."

Some of the other doctrinal Articles are so decidedly "evangelical" that we cannot be surprised at their being disapproved by many; but what chiefly stirred hostility was the strong declaration of what were even then called puritanical tenets, such as the strict observance of the Lord's Day, and the slighting way in which ceremonies and vestments and even apostolical succession with its accompanying doctrines were treated. On account of these Ussher was denounced to the king as one of those puritans so much hated and feared by him. Nevertheless the king never withdrew his personal confidence from Ussher, and called him "his own bishop," when he was elevated to the episcopal bench, which was by the direct royal nomination, in 1620, on the death of Dr. Montgomery, Bishop of Meath.

VIII.

ELEVATION TO THE EPISCOPATE AND TO THE PRIMACY.

The appointment of Ussher as Bishop of Meath gave universal satisfaction in Ireland. He did not, however, at once assume the duties of his office. The king detained him in London for the greater part of two years. We hear of his preaching at St. Margaret's, Westminster, before the House of Commons. Puritan as he was in some points, he was in accord with the king in maintaining the royal supremacy and in his hostility to the Jesuits. The closing part of his sermon was a solemn appeal concerning the sacredness of oaths, especially the oath of allegiance, and a warning to the Parliament as to the Jesuits, "to provide that God be not dishonoured by their idolatries, nor the king and state endangered by their secret treacheries." This sermon was the more seasonable in that it was rumoured that not a few members of the House of Commons were Roman Catholics, with dispensation as to taking the oath; and also that the king was accused by many of favouring popery, on account of his projected alliance with the Infanta of Spain. Dr. Ussher was consecrated Bishop of Meath in St. Peter's Church, Drogheda, in the summer of 1621, by Primate Hampton. His promotion did not lessen but greatly increased his personal labours in preaching the gospel. The motto of his episcopal seal was, "Væ mihi si non evangelizavero," Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel (1 Cor. ix. 16); and well did he act up to the precept. When Roman Catholics expressed a wish to hear him, yet declined to go into a church, he preached to them in the Sessions House, and with such effect that the priests prohibited their people from attending. Perceiving that one of the strongest holds which their religion had on their minds was its supposed antiquity, he wrote a tract on the religion of the ancient Irish, showing that the creed of Pope Pius was very different from that of their ancestors. With this treatise the king was so well pleased that he wished Ussher to write a similar treatise on the ancient British Church, and for this he ordered the Lord Deputy and his Council to grant to the bishop unlimited leave of absence from his diocese.

His return to Ireland was delayed not only by his researches, but by a long illness induced by his incessant labours. He preached constantly, and for some time on week-days as well as Sundays, some ministers in Essex having requested him to do so, as they could only thus hear him.

During this prolonged stay in England, the Irish Primate, Hampton, died on January 3rd, 1624–5, and King James appointed the Bishop of Meath his successor as Archbishop of Armagh. It was almost the last act of his reign, for he died a few days after. One of the earliest acts of King Charles after his accession was to write a letter under his privy signet to the Lord Deputy and the Treasurer of Ireland, ordering them to bestow 400 pounds English on the primate "for service rendered to his dear father deceased."

IX.

THE COUNTESS OF PETERBOROUGH.

Soon after his recovery from illness, Ussher received an invitation from John, Lord Mordaunt (afterwards Earl of Peterborough), to come to his seat at Drayton, in Northamptonshire. He was a Roman Catholic, and Lady Mordaunt, the daughter and heiress of Howard, Lord Effingham, was a zealous Protestant. She persuaded her husband to invite Dr. Ussher to have conference or disputation on the points of difference in their creeds, and she chose Ussher as her champion. The Roman Catholic advocate was a Jesuit, who had changed his name of Rookwood (being a brother of the Rookwood who was executed with Guy Fawkes) for that of Beaumont, and was Lord Mordaunt's confessor. For three days—five hours each day—the conference was continued, Lord Mordaunt taking great interest in the discussion. On the morning of the fourth day the confessor did not appear, but sent a message saying that his arguments had wholly slipped from his memory, which he considered as a judgment on him for having undertaken the defence of the Catholic faith with so learned a divine without the permission of his superiors. The shuffling excuse greatly disgusted Lord Mordaunt, who continued to confer with the archbishop, and declared himself convinced by his arguments. He continued a Protestant during the remainder of his life. Lady Mordaunt was very grateful, and in her Ussher acquired a warm friend, whose attachment was a great source of comfort to the day of his death.

The archbishop did not return till 1626 to be installed in his new dignity, and to take his place at the head of the Irish Church. His first cares were directed to the inspection of his own diocese, the restoration of due discipline among the clergy, and the correction of abuses in his ecclesiastical courts. Truth compels us to say that in regard to the Roman Catholics he manifested a lack of tolerance, such as was shown by all parties in those times. The primate regarded toleration of error as a sin, and he took a more just position when he denounced the granting of it to some Roman Catholics by payment of money, as was then frequently done. It is true that Milton and other great men who advocated toleration in general made exception of Roman Catholics upon maxims of state policy, but with Archbishop Ussher it was on other grounds, for when the Lord Deputy, Falkland, father of the good Lord Falkland, proposed an "indulgence," it was Ussher who said, "The religion of the papists is superstitious and idolatrous; their faith and doctrine erroneous and heretical: their Church, in respect of both, apostatical."

At this period of his life the primate was in frequent correspondence with Laud, the Bishop of London, who was the king's most trusted adviser in affairs both of Church and State. Although no two men could differ more in theological views and in Christian temper, both were equally zealous in supporting ecclesiastical rights and privileges, and vigilant in protecting the property of the Church from lay usurpation. In some of his letters Ussher speaks with high approval of Laud's efforts in this direction, both for the Irish Church and for the University of Dublin, of which he had been appointed the Chancellor. The new Lord Deputy, Wentworth, also gave his aid in recovering the scattered patrimony of the Church.

The personal regard which Laud had for Ussher as a prelate and a man of learning did not hinder his insisting on subjecting the Irish Church to conformity with the English Establishment. To this he directed his efforts as soon as he was promoted to be Archbishop of Canterbury. His attempt to force the same conformity in Scotland led to disastrous results, and was a chief cause of the troubles ending in civil war. In Ireland there was less difficulty ex-

perienced, and in spite of the protests of Ussher, Bedell, and other Irish churchmen, the power of Laud and of Strafford compelled uniformity, and destroyed the independence of the Irish Church. Ussher attempted to retain both the Irish and English Articles, so that there might be room for greater liberty of conscience, but Laud was firm, and the uniformity was rigidly enforced.

X.

FINAL DEPARTURE FROM IRELAND AND PERMANENT RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND.

The last public act performed by the primate in Ireland was to preach before the Parliament in Dublin in March 1640. He went almost immediately after to England with his family. It proved to be a final farewell to his native country, which was soon the scene of massacres and of civil war; and when peace was restored there was such a change in ecclesiastical affairs that his return to the primacy was impossible.

In England he found public affairs in a most critical state. The king was in direct collision with his newly assembled parliament. Ussher waited upon him, and was graciously received, and then proceeded to Oxford, but was soon recalled, in the hope that his advice and influence might help to calm the fierce contentions.

Of one event only it may be well here to give an account—the part taken by him in the matter of the attainder and execution of Wentworth, Lord Strafford. The majority of the House of Lords, of the Privy Council, and the judges had all bent before the popular outcry demanding the death of this minister. The king, as a last resort, sought the advice of five of the bishops. Laud was then in the Tower, and the bishops summoned by the king were themselves in a perilous position if they opposed the will of the people. Three of the five bishops, led by Williams of Lincoln, agreed that treason was justly charged on Strafford. Ussher and Juxon had the courage to disregard public clamour, and told the king that if his conscience did not assent he ought not to sign the death-warrant. The king, however, had the baseness to sacrifice his faithful minister, in hope of pacifying the popular indignation against himself. He entrusted to Ussher a message to be privately carried to the earl in prison. He said that if his own (the king's) life alone was hazarded he never would have consented to the earl's death; but that public disasters would be caused by delay in the execution. He promised to dispose of the earl's whole estate for his widow and children without the forfeiture usual in cases of treason. Other minor matters were contained in the memorandum. Strafford resigned himself to his fate, and in the last letter that he wrote he refers to the visit of the Irish primate: "The king saith he will give all my estates to my son, sends me word so by my Lord Primate. God's goodness be ever amongst us all, this being the last I write; and so, Blessed Jesus, receive my soul."

The king had given a promise to Strafford that his life would be spared. It was concerning this promise that Williams addressed the king in a casuistic way setting the law and the policy of the affair above personal wishes or promises. His conscience as a king must overrule his conscience as a man. Well might Lord Clarendon call such an argument unchristian and ignominious.

Strafford had now to prepare for his fate, and Ussher was constant in his attendance. He also conveyed from him a farewell message to Archbishop Laud. Orders had been given to the Lieutenant of the Tower to allow no interview; and he had to obey his orders, although Strafford pleaded, "You shall hear what passeth between us, for it is not a time now either to plot heresy or treason." The lieutenant offered to send the request to the Parliament. Strafford said he was now petitioning a higher court, where neither partiality

can be expected nor error feared. Then, turning to Ussher, he said, "I will tell you, my lord, what I was going to say to my Grace of Canterbury. You shall desire him to lend me his prayers this night, and to be in his window when I go abroad to-morrow, to give me his last blessing, and that by my last farewell I may show my thanks for this and all his former favours." The aged archbishop was deeply moved on receiving the message, and said he could not bear to behold the last departure. Strafford, however, attended by Ussher, was allowed to stop before the window, and the archbishop saw the look of solemn leave-taking. And so they passed on, Ussher kneeling beside the illustrious sufferer on the scaffold, whose end he described as "most Christian and magnanimous."

XI.

THE TROUBLOUS TIMES.

The events of the troublous years that followed we can only refer to as they affected Ussher. He was as often with the king as the war allowed; and it was not always easy to find a place of security for himself and his family, and for his books, which he loved like children. He was summoned to attend the Assembly of Divines, and, on his refusal, his library, then deposited at Chelsea College, was confiscated as a punishment. Dr. Featly, an early friend of the primate, on hearing this order, with the assistance of Selden, offered to purchase the library, and so the bulk of it was restored to the primate, though many valued books and manuscripts were embezzled during the seizure.

After this, we find Ussher some time at Oxford, and, when threatened by the Parliamentary army, he went to Cardiff where his son-in-law, Tyrrel, was commander. The king dismantled the castle there, in concentrating his forces, and the wanderer had to seek new shelter. Lady Stradling invited him to come to her fortified mansion of St. Donate's, in Glamorganshire. Sir Edward Stradling was an accomplished scholar and antiquary, a friend of Camden, and in the library at St. Donate's the primate passed his time pleasantly and usefully. When the royal cause was utterly ruined, he could no longer remain safely in England, and prepared to go to the Continent. A passport was obtained from the Lord Admiral, Warwick; but the Vice-Admiral, Motta, sent a message that if he left the shore he would bring him as a prisoner to the Parliament.

At this juncture a kind invitation came from the Countess Dowager of Peterborough, requesting him to take up his abode at her house in London. He was not able to commence his journey till June 1646. The country people robbed him of many of his books on the way; nor were his annoyances at an end when he came to London. He had in person to appear before certain commissioners in the city of London. He was questioned with great strictness as to his object in coming, and required to give an exact account of all his movements since he went to Oxford. Many other inquisitorial matters were discussed, especially as to the arrival of Irish agents at Oxford when the king was there, and whether he had counselled his Majesty to grant a toleration of religion in Ireland—a charge which he warmly denied as being "a thing most dangerous to the Protestant religion." The commissioners finding nothing to found any accusation upon, he was dismissed.

XII.

PREACHER AT LINCOLN'S INN.

In 1644 the benchers of Lincoln's Inn appointed the archbishop their preacher. Mr. Hale, afterwards the celebrated Sir Matthew Hale, Chief Justice, was then a bencher, and an intimate friend of the archbishop. Through his interference, he obtained a commodious set of chambers, to which he removed as much of his library as had escaped the plunder of

the Irish rebels and the English Parliament, and which, in fact, was the chief property now possessed by him. He held the appointment for nearly eight years, resigning it at last within two years of his death on account of his feeble health.

Whitelock, in his Memorials, says that he had a pension of £400 from the Parliament. There was certainly an order to that effect, dated July 1646, but it was only twice paid, and was suspended after their dissolving. Cromwell, as Lord Protector, gave order for the renewal of the pension.

The archbishop, except so far as his duty at Lincoln's Inn obliged him to appear, held himself wholly aloof from public affairs. In Evelyn's Diary occur several notices of him at this time, as under date March 29, 1652, "I heard that excellent prelate, the Primate of Ireland, preach in Lincoln's Inn, on Hebrews iv. 16, encouraging penitent sinners." He also frequently preached in the parish church of Reigate, where was the country house of the Countess of Peterborough, and his preaching always attracted large congregations of the neighbouring gentry.

The town house of Lady Peterborough was near Charing Cross, and from the leads on the roof of that house he saw the king on the scaffold at Whitehall. He saw him speaking, with Bishop Juxon at his side; saw him take off his clothes; but when the executioners in vizards began to put up his hair, the good bishop, no longer able to endure the dismal sight, grew pale and fainted, and had to be carried down and laid on his bed. His chaplain says he was terribly affected by this event, and bewailed the scandal and reproach cast, not only on our nation, but on religion itself.

XIII.

PROPOSALS AS TO CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

In Whitelock's *Memorials*, it is stated that "The Primate of Armagh offered an expedient for conjunction in point of discipline, so that Episcopal and Presbyterial government might not be at a far distance; reducing Episcopacy to the form of a synodical government." He felt the difficulty of otherwise admitting the validity of the orders in the Reformed Churches of the Continent. There is no doubt that for some time Ussher had been engaged in preparing a plan which might possibly commend itself to moderate men, but it is not known whether this attempt was made at the instance of the King, or of the Parliament, or from his own desire for conciliation and peace. The manuscript in an unfinished state was stolen out of his writing-desk, and printed, with the title *The Direction of the Archbishop of Armagh concerning the Liturgy and Episcopal Government.* The primate applied to the House of Commons, and obtained an order for the suppression of this unauthorized book, the order being dated March 9th, 1640. In the same month Ussher attended a Committee appointed by the House of Lords "for settling of peace in the Church." His proposals were generally known, but were not published, and no action was taken upon them. In the beginning of 1642, the king withdrew from London, and finally repaired to York. The primate, finding that his presence was no longer of any use, obtained leave from both Houses of Parliament to return to Oxford, for the purpose of prosecuting his literary and historical studies. After the battle of Edgehill the king went to Oxford, and the primate preached before him on the first Sunday after his arrival by His Majesty's command. In the following year, 1643, the Assembly of Divines commenced their sittings in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster. The primate was among those summoned, but he refused to attend. The members were chosen by Parliament, not by the clergy, and included lay assessors, the most distinguished of whom was Selden. As the meetings proceeded, it soon became manifest that no plan of compromise could be considered. The

populace clamoured for "no bishops," and "prelacy" was to be destroyed "root and branch." Selden had withdrawn, Milton found that "new presbyter was but old priest writ large," and the Independents in vain made their protest. Toleration was not yet a power in public affairs. It is not necessary to follow the course of events. The last we hear of "Ussher's plan" was when Charles I. was a prisoner at Carisbrook, when Ussher was summoned to assist in discussing the treaty which the Presbyterians, dreading the influence of the Independents and of the Army, were proposing to the King. He stated his views, but no final agreement could be arrived at.

XIV.

SOME CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES.

An English mechanic in his diocese, honest, pious, and much addicted to reading books of practical divinity, expressed an earnest wish to be ordained. The archbishop, thinking it was a conceit not to be encouraged, advised him to go home and serve God in his own calling. The man was unable to resist his inclination, and after a time again went to the archbishop, who, on discoursing with him, found him full of zeal as well as with considerable knowledge. But he added that he could be of little use in the ministry if he could not preach in the Irish language. He professed himself ready to acquire the language if his Grace accounted it a necessary preliminary to his ordination. In little more than a year he returned, and said he could now express himself tolerably in Irish. The primate, thinking that a man of this character, capable of addressing the Irish in their own tongue, would do good, at length complied with his request. The English mechanic proved himself a useful and respected clergyman, and remained till the rebellion put a period to his labours.

This anecdote, told by Dr. Parr, the primate's chaplain at the time, is the more interesting as for some time the primate was regarded as opposed to efforts for instructing the Irish. He may have expressed a wish that the people should all know English as likely to make them less exposed to erroneous teaching, but when he saw this was impossible he himself largely contributed to the printing of the Irish version of the Scriptures.

Another anecdote is thus recorded: A friend had frequently urged him to write his thoughts on Sanctification, which at length he engaged to do. A considerable time having elapsed, his friend reminded him of his promise. To this effect the archbishop replied, "I have not yet written what you asked, but have not forgotten my promise, for I began to write. When I came, however, to treat of the new creation which God formeth by His own Spirit in every regenerate soul, I found so little of it wrought in myself that I could speak of it only by rote, and without the experimental knowledge of what I might have expressed, and so I durst not proceed further upon it." His friend wondered when he heard this humble confession from so eminent a divine; when the archbishop added, "I must tell you we do not well consider what is implied by sanctification and the new creation. It is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will to the will of God; and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of love, as a whole burnt-offering to Christ; and oh! how few professing Christianity are thus acquainted experimentally with sanctification."

The name of Samuel Rutherford is associated with another familiar anecdote. Ussher, during one of his early visits to England, went across the Border to see Rutherford, of whose reputation for piety he had heard. He went as an unknown traveller, and was received at the manse of Anworth with true Scottish hospitality. After supper he took his place among the household at the "evening exercise." The minister used to

catechise the family after singing and prayers. He asked the visitor, "How many commandments are there?" He answered "eleven;" and, on being corrected, quoted the Lord's words, "A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another." This explanation was at once admitted, and appeared to raise the stranger in the estimation of the whole household. Next morning, being the Sabbath, Rutherford went out early in the morning to his favourite tree-sheltered path in the garden (still, or lately, known as "Rutherford's Walk") to meditate on the subject of his discourse that day. As he approached the place he found the stranger was there before him, and heard him earnestly asking God for a blessing on the services and on the people of the parish. There was soon an understanding between the two good men, and, on telling his name and his office, Rutherford asked him to occupy the pulpit that forenoon. He did so, and took the new commandment as his appropriate text.

The story has long been a tradition in Scotland. When Charles Simeon was forbidden to preach in the pulpits of the Kirk of Scotland, he referred to Ussher's reception by Rutherford. One version of the story represents the incident as occurring on the coast of Ireland. There is no authentic record either of his being ever wrecked, or of his having been in Scotland, so that while the anecdote must not be set down as historical, the currency of it is a remarkable testimony to the estimation in which the good primate was held.

Of more value is the tribute to Ussher paid by Bishop Burnet, in the *History of his own Times*, when he says of him, "No man had a better soul and a more apostolical mind. In his conversation he expressed the true simplicity of a Christian; for passion, pride, self-will, or the love of the world seemed not to be so much as in his nature. He had a way of gaining people's hearts and of touching their consciences that looked like somewhat of the primitive age revived. He spent much of his time in these two best exercises—secret prayer and dealing with other people's consciences, either in his sermons or his private discourses; and what remained he dedicated to his studies, in which those many volumes that came from him showed a most amazing diligence and exactness, joined with great judgment. So that he was certainly one of the greatest and best men that age or perhaps the world has produced."

This high praise is all the more marked in that Burnet goes on to speak of his faults, "for no man is entirely perfect." He was too gentle and easy-going to be a ruler in that age of abuses, and he failed in "the governing part of his function, leaving things too much as he found them, in hope of the time of reformation coming, to help which he did not bestir himself suitably." Burnet adds that it was this he probably referred to in his last days, when he prayed often and with great humility that God would pardon his failings in his duty.

XV.

PUBLISHED WORKS.

Reference has been made in the foregoing narrative to some of the "many volumes" which Burnet speaks of, and others may be here mentioned.

The name of Ussher is popularly most known in connection with his historical and chronological studies. In the authorized version of the Scriptures the chronology of Ussher is given, as reckoned by him from the Hebrew text. Dr. Hales, comparing this with the Samaritan text and the Septuagint, allows a longer period for the Old Testament chronology. But this was only one subject of Ussher's studies. Few authors of the seventeenth century surpassed him in the variety of his publications, the earliest appearing in 1613 and the last in 1655. He may well be called a voluminous writer, the collected edition of his works filling, along with the Life by Dr. Elrington, no fewer than seventeen

octavo volumes. The most valuable of the works are on "The Religion of the Ancient Irish and British Churches"; and "the Epistles of Ignatius and Polycarp;" "The Books of the Annals;" "The text of the Hebrew Scriptures, and of the Septuagint"; a treatise on the Apostles Creed, and other formularies of the Christian Faith; a geographical and historical dissertation on the Lydian or Proconsular Asia; a discourse on the origin of Bishops and Metropolitans. These and other publications display his vast and varied learning. Most of them are in Latin, and contain materials which subsequent writers have freely used, especially his researches on the early Irish and British Churches. His book, *Immanuel, or the Mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God*, is the substance of sermons preached during the Advent weeks of 1638. Few of his sermons were published by himself, so that on the whole his spiritual and religious eminence is not so apparent in his writings as his learning and research.

Numerous volumes appeared without his sanction, and he had several times to invoke protection against unauthorised and incorrect publications ascribed to him. One of these, the *Complete Body of Divinity*, he repudiated on its first appearance, yet this work has been reprinted in London so recently as 1841.

The *Life of Ussher*, by his chaplain, Dr. Parr, a large folio, first printed in 1686, contains a collection of three hundred letters, to and from the most eminent persons for piety and learning in that time. Some of the letters of Ussher contain most clear and simple statements of Divine truth, such as we do not always find in men of such deep learning. For instance, in a letter "concerning the death of Christ and His satisfaction on the cross," he says: "We must carefully put a distinction betwixt the satisfaction of Christ, absolutely considered, and the application thereof to every one in particular. The former was once done for all, the other is still doing. The satisfaction of Christ only makes the sins of mankind fit for pardon, which without it could not well be, the injury done to God's majesty being so great, that it could not stand with His honour to put it up without amends made. The particular application makes the sins of those to whom that mercy is vouchsafed to be actually pardoned. . . .

"The Well-spring of life is set open to all: 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely' (Rev. xxii. 17). But many have nothing to draw with, and 'the well is deep.' Faith is the vessel whereby we draw all virtue from Christ, and the apostle tells us that 'all men have not faith' (2 Thess. iii. 2). Now the means of getting this faith is 'the hearing of the word of truth, the Gospel of our salvation' (Ephes. i. 13), which ministereth this general ground for every one to build his faith upon.

"The proclamation of the Gospel runneth thus: 'Let him that is athirst come' (Rev. xxii. 17); for him this grace is specially provided, because none but he will take the pains to come; but lest we should think this should abridge the largeness of the offer, a '*Quicunque vult*'—whosoever will—is immediately added. Yet withal this must be yielded for a certain truth, that it is God who must work in us 'to will and to do of His good pleasure;' and though the call be never so loud and large, yet none can come except the Father draw (John vi. 44). For the *universality* of the satisfaction derogates nothing from the necessity of special grace in the application; neither doth the speciality of the one any ways abridge the generality of the other."

XVI.

HIS LAST DAYS, DEATH, AND BURIAL.

During most of his life Ussher enjoyed good health, and he must have had a strong constitution to enable him to bear a life of much activity and constant study. In person he was tall and well-made, preserving to the last his erect

carriage and commanding aspect. His portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, is the original of the print in Houbraken's Heads of Illustrious Persons. His habits were simple and his manner affable and cheerful, and he often rebuked his friends who were dull and melancholy for bringing an evil report on their religion and setting an evil example to others. Altogether he was a man as lovable as he was learned. His first biographer, Dr. Parr, who was intimate with him through most of his life, says he was a delightful companion, and in conversation wise, cheerful, and communicative. When he resigned the office of preacher at Lincoln's Inn he had begun to feel the infirmities of age, and not long after he seems to have been impressed with the idea of his approaching dissolution. He had been accustomed to mark in his almanac every year his age opposite his birthday, and in January 1655-6 he wrote, "Now aged seventy-five, my years are full," and below, in large letters the word RESIGNATION. In the middle of February he took his last leave of his friends and relatives, and left London for Reigate. Here he continued to work, as far as his weak sight allowed, desiring to finish his *Chronologia Sacra*; but he did not live to complete that work. His chaplain, Dr. Parr, went down to see him in March, and preached before him. The archbishop, as was his custom, conferred with him after the sermon, for which he thanked him, and said, "I am going out of the world, and my desire now is, according to your text, to seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God; and to be with Him in heaven;" with other devout reflections.

On the 20th of March, the archbishop had spent all the morning in his study, and when the light began to fail him he visited a dying lady who was in the house, and sought to prepare her for that journey which he himself was first to take. In the night he was seized with acute pain, which turned out to be pleurisy, which medical aid failed to check. He felt that his departure was near. After joining in prayer with the Countess of Peterborough and the domestic chaplain, he took leave of the countess, warmly thanking her for all her kindness, and exerting the last remains of his strength in giving her spiritual counsel as the best return he could make. He then requested to be left alone to his private devotions. The last words he was heard to utter were, "O Lord, forgive me, especially my sins of omission." Soon after he sank to rest, and his spirit passed away in the afternoon of the 21st March. He was in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-fifth of his episcopate, having been four years Bishop of Meath and thirty-one years Archbishop of Armagh.

The Countess offered to his relatives to bury him in her family vault at Reigate. But no sooner did the Lord Protector hear of this than he sent an order to Sir Timothy Tyrrell and to Lady Tyrrell that he must be buried nowhere but in Westminster Abbey. The arrangements were not completed till the 17th of April, when the body was brought to London and laid in state at Somerset House. The hearse was attended by the carriages of all the persons of rank then in town, and the concourse of the people from Somerset House to the Abbey was so great that a guard of soldiers had to be in attendance. The service was according to the Prayer-book, by special order of Cromwell, and the funeral sermon was preached by a former chaplain of the primate, Dr. Bernard, from the text 2 Samuel xx. 6: "And Samuel died, and all Israel were gathered together, and lamented and buried him."

JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D.

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I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Sixty years ago, had the reader been in Edinburgh and in need of the highest medical advice, he would have been directed to Dr. John Abercrombie. That eminent man was First Physician to the King for Scotland, and—better than the possession of a titular pre-eminence—he was at the head of the consulting practice of his day. More than this, he was, as so well became him, a leader and example in all the nobler enterprises of philanthropy. To him, from our modern days of medical missions and of labour for the welfare of the poor in overcrowded cities, many look back as to a pioneer in these forms of Christian activity. He has another claim to enduring memorial. From the study of the physical system the transition is natural to that of the intellect and the heart, and it is on his labours in this field of investigation, rather than in any other, that Dr. Abercrombie's popular reputation is now sustained. Many to whom his personal history is unfamiliar will recall, and in connection with their own most elevating studies, his treatises on mental and moral philosophy. These have been his introduction to an immensely larger circle than he professionally knew; by these he has been an inspiring and delightful teacher to many who, otherwise, could learn little of him beyond his name. Eminent among medical savants and practitioners, he ranks also among those physicians who have won a second, and even a higher, reputation in the pursuit of the liberal arts. But those who knew him in the intimacies of personal friendship were conscious of a still higher attainment. That supreme quality of character was found in his personal Christianity. Speaking of "living Epistles" the man who, perhaps of all others, knew Dr. Abercrombie best, has compared him to an Epistle of St. John—pure, profound, and illuminated with the spirituality of heaven.

II.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Dr. Abercrombie, like so many of his distinguished countrymen, was a child of the manse. He was born in Aberdeen on the 11th of October, 1780. His father, the Rev. George Abercrombie, was minister of the East Church. He was a gifted and devoted man. Few accounts of him survive, but they agree in describing him as "a pious and evangelically-minded minister," a man "distinguished by his piety and worth."

His son was sent, in due time, to the Grammar School, and afterwards to Marischal College. When a lad of fifteen, he took his degree. It was an early age, but the young Master of Arts had help at home, and his own unusual powers were beginning to bestir themselves. He was already distinguished in classics, and carried off a prize for the translation of Greek into Latin. But he had not yet approached the studies in which he was to become so eminent.

The scenes more immediately familiar to Dr. Abercrombie in his early years have suffered almost entire obliteration. The old Scottish town, with its characteristic wynds and ancient tenements, has practically disappeared. Just when he was leaving for Edinburgh in 1800, an Act was procured for a sweeping measure of reconstruction. The old was "improved" away, and New Aberdeen, with its bridges, its modern streets, its granite fronts and nineteenth-century manner, has taken the place of the old.

But from this pleasant home, with

its books and studious hours, from the class-rooms of the College, and especially from his now widowed mother, the inexorable course of events at length drew the student away. Already he had made the choice, owing to which it was necessary he should go to Edinburgh. The Medical School there was already famous, the new University buildings were in course of erection, and to the Metropolis, as to their natural centre, the young Scottish medical students from every quarter betook themselves. On the one side of the line which is here drawn lie the years of childhood and youth; on the other side those of opening manhood. The very changes going on in Aberdeen—pulling down the old, building up the new—may well have seemed significant of a greater change. To Edinburgh, to study medicine, young Abercrombie accordingly went, when a youth of twenty. It was in the year 1800.

III.

STUDENT YEARS.

At the opening of the present century the University of Edinburgh was in a somewhat confused and unsettled condition. The old buildings, whose steepled tower had long looked across the Cowgate towards the masses of the High Street, were condemned, like old Aberdeen, and partially pulled down; and a vast structure had been for some time slowly taking their place. Had been —for, when the new students went to survey their College, they found what seemed an immense new ruin standing unfinished and silent. The roofs were open to the wintry weather, masses of mortar and masonry blocked up the approach, and workmen there were none. In fact, funds had failed; creditors were proving restless, and a new grant had not been procured. The medical class-rooms, however, in the north wing, had already some years before been completed, and it was a comparatively slight inconvenience to climb over the heaps along the roadway in order to reach them. But the real interest of the University lay not so much in the new buildings, or in the eleven or twelve hundred students — an ever-increasing number—who attended them, as in the Professors themselves.

The most notable of these, in the Medical School, was perhaps Dr. James Gregory. His name was in itself illustrious; "he was the sixteenth Professor who sprang from the loins of David Gregory Esq., of Kinnairdy House, Aberdeenshire." When Dr. Abercrombie first saw him in the Chair of the Practice of Physic, he was in his early prime, some thirty-six years of age. Large, jovial, handsome—a warm friend and as warm an enemy; and at the same time one of the most captivating of lecturers,[1] he was just the man to be, as he was, highly popular with the students. Dr. Gregory had already been a Professor for some twelve years, and he had an increasing practice. "Various disputes with the surgeons and physicians of Edinburgh," which, says a biographer prudently, "are better buried in oblivion," were the natural expression of his combative character; and the same qualities reappear in his treatment of disease. In this, as in other cases, he seemed to assault the malady as if it were a personal enemy, and with a vigour which certainly did not spare the patient. The policy of watching and assisting nature was too dilatory: "he somehow left us with the impression," a student says, "that we were to be masters over nature in all acute diseases." His influence long survived in popular practice, and multitudes of unhappy children, who are innocent of any direct knowledge of his name, have too good reason to remember "Gregory's Mixture."

The other Professors had perhaps less of the individuality that strikes a student. Dr. Alexander Monro, Secundus, the eminent son of a still more

[1] "The foremost of all lecturers that I ever heard, and a man of wonderful acquirements in pure literature, as well as in medical science."—*Sir Robert Christison's Recollections.*

eminent father, was worthily supporting the growing reputation of the Medical School. He was a fluent and an interesting lecturer and a trusted physician. Dr. Rutherford, the occupant of the chair of Botany—or, as it should perhaps be called, Vegetable Materia Medica—could hardly have been very helpful to his students. He was afflicted with gout, and unable to conduct field excursions, and he lectured without showing or inspiring any interest in his subject. His repute had been gained in connection with chemistry, for he was the discoverer of Nitrogen, and he is still personally interesting as the uncle of Sir Walter Scott.

But of these College years, when Dr. Abercrombie studied under Monro, and Gregory, and Rutherford, no record survives. We obtain a glimpse of him, however, as he stands upon the threshold of his life. When he left Aberdeen, he found a new and congenial home in Edinburgh with the minister of Lady Yester's church, the Rev. David Black, and here he remained all his academic course. One day, in September, 1801, the head of the house was absent, and at family worship the Bible was placed before the young Aberdonian; and Mrs. Black's observant mind and pen have preserved a memorial of that morning, which the changes and lapse of time have made deeply interesting. "Yesterday," she writes, "in the absence of my beloved husband, we had the comfort of family worship by means of a young person, Mr. Abercrombie of Aberdeen, newly come hither who, I fondly trust, has been sent to us with a special blessing. . . At present he expects much of us and we expect much from him, but none of us know how far our hopes shall be realized or disappointed." The hesitancy may have been natural, but a closer acquaintance with the stranger dissipated it for ever, and when, three years afterwards, he took his farewell Mrs. Black could only deplore the loss. "Since I last wrote, two endeared members of my family have, in the course of Providence, been called to separate from us—one of them a young man of singular piety and accomplishments, Dr. Abercrombie. The God of all comfort fill up every breach!"

But a still more interesting survival of his student years is a letter of Dr. Abercrombie's own. Before he came to Edinburgh Mr. Black had been minister of St. Madoes, near Perth, and in August 1802—four years before his death—he returned to his old church and flock to conduct a communion service, and Dr. Abercrombie was his companion. In itself the glimpse of the summer season, the sermon, the death-bed is deeply interesting; but the significance of the letter lies in the evidence it affords of Dr. Abercrombie's deep spirituality and his early decision as a Christian.

"Mr. Black gave us his sweet sermon on 'Fear not, little flock.' I always admired it; but I thought it better there than it was at home. The difference was in myself. I trust it was good for me to be there. How pleasant it is when we can cast all our cares upon the Shepherd of Israel, knowing that He *can*, and firmly believing that He *will*, care for us—when we can rest assured that, whatever may be our lot, it must be as He would have it, and that that must be right. The best sermon I have heard and the finest sight I have seen since I left you was on Saturday at a cottage near St. Madoes. I saw a Christian meeting Death deprived of his sting, and, without the smallest remains of doubt or fear, rejoicing in the immediate prospect of glory. Mr. Black mentioned to me that she was one of the first fruits of his ministry in that parish. When I saw her she was very weak and was hardly able to speak distinctly, but she expressed her firm confidence in the Rock of Ages in the strongest and most pleasant manner—said that all her hope was that Jesus came to save sinners, and

that He had saved her—that she had no fear of death. At last she seemed to collect all her remaining strength for one effort, and exclaimed—'Jesus is all, and He is mine.' The scene I trust did me much good, and I hope I shall never forget it."

In 1803 Abercrombie took his M.D. degree, and in November of the following year became F.R.C.S.E. The titles of his theses indicate that his attention was already turning to the subjects with which his name is associated. The first was a discussion, *De Fatuitate Alpina;* the other, *On Paralysis of the Lower Extremities arising from Injuries to the Spine.* A visit to London occupied the winter months of 1803 and the spring of 1804. This latter year, when Dr. Abercrombie left London, was that in which Sir Charles Bell, a youth in search of work and fortune, came to it; to win eventually what he sought, and to photograph, in his vivid letters to his brother, the Medical Society of the Metropolis. No similar letters remain from Dr. Abercrombie,—no sketches of Sir Astley Cooper, nor anecdotes of Mr. Abernethy; but many readers will probably think the following more interesting than such sketches and anecdotes. It was written on May 12, 1804.

"I got here on Saturday. On Sunday I heard Mr. Hall of Cambridge in the forenoon. He is a man of uncommon genius, and sometimes has grand thoughts and remarkable force of expression. In the afternoon I heard a good plain Gospel sermon from Mr. Nicholl of our Scottish Church, Swallow Street; and in the evening I heard 'Father Newton.' I was much struck with the remarkable appearance of the old Saint, almost blind and deaf, and scarce able to stand alone, yet seeming to acquire new life when he began to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. What he says is very simple and not always very connected, but he has a way of saying it which, with the appearance of the man, gives it a peculiar tone. On Friday evening we met at Zion Chapel (belonging to Lady Huntingdon's people) for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and it was a most delightful meeting. The number of ministers was immense, but there was also a prodigious number of private Christians of all different persuasions. The Communicants sat by themselves in a place railed in, and amounted to more than one thousand, I should suppose, at least. Mr. Bentley and I were among them. It was a truly noble sight; a bright presentation of heaven to see Churchmen and Dissenters acknowledging each other as brethren in Christ, and joining to celebrate the memorial of the foundation of their common hopes."

This letter was written on the verge of that period in life from which many pass with a light heart, but to which, from distant years, he must be insensible indeed who can return, even in thought, without emotion. Dr. Abercrombie was already on the eve of beginning practice, and leaving for ever the freer and less responsible character and pursuits of the student. His London session and his experience in St. George's Hospital made him acquainted with Metropolitan methods, and the unfolding of his plans led him again to Edinburgh. In 1804 he took a house in Nicholson Street, and in that southern suburb, then new and opening up, he waited for his first patient. On the one side the huge bulk of Arthur's Seat gave a perpetual freshness and charm to the place which no city extension could entirely destroy; on the other the open country sloped towards Liberton and the romantic hills of Braid. The eighty years and more which have passed since the beginning of the century have altered many things in the locality, and some of them for the worse; but the imposing facade of the Royal College of Surgeons still gives a certain medical dignity to the thoroughfare, and the recollection may worthily be cherished that here Dr. Abercrombie began practice in the autumn of 1804.

IV.

PHYSICIAN IN EDINBURGH.

The personal history of Dr. Abercrombie's earliest professional years is unhappily beyond recovery. His pupils and his patients have gone; the friends of later days were not beside him; and the hand which in the service of science has preserved so much of the life history of others has been nobly careless of its own. The professional record of this otherwise unchronicled period is to be found a dozen years later in the pages of the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*. The papers which were then published, and which soon attracted general attention, are largely clinical studies of the ten years before. But the details of personal life do not reappear. No doubt they were in many of their aspects substantially similar to that which so many medical men vividly recall in their own experience—the impressions of their first uncertainties and anxieties, of their new and sharp acquaintance with the inner realities of human affairs, of their own sanguine plans and resolutions, and, more than all, of the fresh morning of life when the dew of youth lay on everything, and which, even in the retrospect of the most prosperous years, is regarded with an indefinite regret and tenderness.

But, in the shadowy distance of the past, one case, embodied in distinct and living detail, is still visible. Hardly had the young physician settled in his new home when he was summoned to the north, and it is an instance of the significant solemnities of life that Dr. Abercrombie began his career in the shadow of his brother's death. For some time David Abercrombie had been ill, and in the waning days of September he found himself, with the stricken and falling leaves, hastening to the grave. It was not till the winds of the following March were blowing across the levels of his native Strathbogie that he died; but the interval was unrelieved by any shadow of hope. In a letter still preserved Dr. Abercrombie pictures at once his brother's experience and his own sensitive and spiritual mind, and the tone of his words is that of all his later thought and history.

"You heard that my brother was unwell. On my arrival in Edinburgh I heard he was worse. Since that time I have been kept in a state of the most painful anxiety, and am now preparing to go to Aberdeen with the most gloomy prospects. I trust I have been taught to say, 'It is well'; but natural feelings must still have their course. I feel them to the utmost. Let us all have a place in your prayers." And when the end had come:—"The event was a trying one though long expected, but mingled with much mercy. During his illness he had been rather reserved, but he was full of fears and doubts; this continued till the day before his death, when he attained to clear views of the fulness and freeness of the Gospel, and we had good reason to believe that he was able to rejoice in building his hopes upon the Rock of Ages. How desirable to be in a frame of habitual preparation for death; for when it approaches, the harassed body and enfeebled mind have enough to do besides."

From such experiences Dr. Abercrombie turned to his widening practice in Edinburgh. He had been busy from the first. Dispensary work led him to many bedsides of the suffering poor. These visits, paid for only by the patients' gratitude and the doctor's increasing knowledge, gave the earliest suggestion of Medical Missions, and supplied ample materials for his *Observations on the Moral Condition of the Lower Orders*. In the meantime general practice increased, and inquirers from a higher social class found their way to Dr. Abercrombie's door. They began to recognize his quick insight and his sagacity in treatment; most of all, his high-minded devotion to their own deepest interests. Another and perhaps

equally engrossing task was the care of his private medical pupils. In the earlier days of Academic organization, fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons received students for personal instruction, and for training at the bedsides of patients in their own homes. The system was an anticipation of the later *Poliklinik* of Germany; it was as full of profit to the students as it was of responsibility to their guides. With any one of these fields of work a medical man would be busy; with them all he was inevitably overtasked. Once again Dr. Abercrombie's own words are available; and they recall the hurrying days which preceded his later and more conspicuous but hardly busier prime. A few years after his brother's death he says: "I am as busy as a man can well be. I am writing this near midnight, after having been in constant motion from one sick-bed to another since eight o'clock in the morning,—an extensive field for serious instruction, were the heart disposed to receive it. But, alas! the mind is so much occupied with the medical view of it, that the other makes but a faint impression. How desirable the attainment to walk with God—to live habitually under the influence of eternal things!" And a few months later in the same year:—"I have very little time for correspondence, or indeed for anything else but visiting patients, often from forty-five to fifty visits in a day, sometimes more; and fifteen pupils to attend to at home. Pray for me that in such a busy, harassing life my own soul may be kept in health."

Two years afterwards his letters preserve a similar tone; there is the same sense of over-pressure, and the same half-despondent fear of spiritual injury by the professional work of the day. "I lead a busy, harassing life in a situation of great responsibility, and presenting great and extensive opportunities of usefulness,—my want of improvement of which presses upon my mind continually in the most painful manner. The root of the evil lies, I believe, in myself; not in want of time and in the variety of my occupations, as I am sometimes tempted to persuade myself, but in a want of a personal feeling of the power of the truth in my own heart. Alas, how difficult it is to keep this impression alive! how difficult to carry the influence of it into every part of life and feel it to be the ruling principle; I am afraid I never feel it at all:—

> 'Ye that fear the Lord indeed,
> Tell me is it thus with you?'"

And in the same year:—"I am sometimes apt to envy a quiet life, and think I should perhaps be better had I more time. But the fault, I know, is not in the life I lead but in myself. . . Much that I see should have the effect of leading me to God. People cut down at all ages, without warning and when least thinking of it, the gay and the giddy hurried away from the round of pleasure that they have been treading with such eagerness, the worldling torn from his gold, and the watchful Christian calm amid the ruin of his earthly tabernacle and rejoicing in the prospect of his awaking to immortality."

The following extract touches another side of this active and devout life; it is the voice of the Physician as friend, and the limning of the ideal practitioner is an unconscious portrait of the writer himself. Dr. Abercombie is taking leave of one of his student pupils when about to enter practice: the date is October 1816:—

. . . "You are about to assume the character of manhood, and to enter upon public life . . . It is an era of the most momentous importance. Let me therefore beseech you to pause earnestly and to say to yourself: 'This is the point from which I am to commence a new era—when I am to assume a new character for mature life: what is that character to be?'

"In your professional conduct you are well aware that no respectability or eminence can be attained without the most minute attention, and the most un-

wearied diligence. All other considerations must be sacrificed to your own professional improvement, and to the interest of those who are committed to your care. The life of an immortal being is a serious trust; and the mind must be applied to it with a gravity and earnestness in some degree proportioned to its high importance. Thus you will enjoy the approbation of your own mind, and the esteem and confidence of those with whom you are connected.

"But I would lead you to aspire after a character founded upon higher motives than the approbation of men, and to seek, as your first and highest consideration the approbation of God. . . . Survey the world anew, not as a source of pleasure and indulgence, but of high duties and awful responsibilities, where each man has his place and his duties assigned him, and the eye of the eternal God is over all. Cultivate an acquaintance with these important truths by a daily and careful study of the Holy Scripture. By daily prayer to God seek for the pardon of your daily sins and shortcomings through Jesus Christ the only Mediator, and for the Holy Spirit to enlighten and purify you, to conduct you safely through this world and to give you an inheritance in His heavenly kingdom. Such a disposition is not—as some represent it—the offspring of imbecility: it is highly worthy of the most vigorous mind: it is the only source of safety and peace.

"Let it be your study then, my dear friend, in all things to set God before you. . . . Think of that pure and Holy Being who is every moment at your right hand; think of that eternal world to which every day brings you nearer and nearer; anticipate the reflections of your bed of death; anticipate the sensations of the last day. When in doubt with regard to any piece of conduct try it by this test, is it agreeable to the law of God? will it bear the reflections of a dying hour? will it stand the test at the bar of Omnipotence? Thus living under the eye of the Almighty you may look for a peace of mind which cannot be enjoyed in any other way. You will exhibit a firmness and uniformity of character which cannot be derived from any other source. You may look for the blessing of God upon all your concerns, and, through Jesus Christ, an inheritance in the resurrection of the just."

Years so busy as Dr. Abercrombie's were pass quickly; they were also quickly maturing his high qualities and preparing him for the position he soon reached and occupied till the end. In 1821 Dr. Gregory, then at the head of the consulting practice of Scotland, as well as Professor of Physic, died, and Dr. Abercrombie became one of the candidates for the vacant chair. He was not elected; perhaps his claims were not even seriously considered. The account of the transaction given by Sir Robert Christison is bluntly direct, and presumably within his own knowledge.

"For Gregory's chair there were two leading candidates: Dr. James Home, Professor of Materia Medica, and Dr. John Thomson. There was a third candidate in the field, however, of superior merit to both. Dr. Abercrombie had recently exchanged an overwhelming general practice for that of a consulting physician, in which he quickly reached the first rank; and he had already given public and pregnant proof by his writings of high ability as a pathological inquirer. But he had not the vestige of a chance with such patrons as our Town Council, who at this time held the patronage of more than half of the chairs in the University. Rising fame and high promise were qualifications which could not move, or even reach, men in their position. Politics, when admissible in an election, always ruled it. No duty was so attractive to them as a political fight; and there was a choice opportunity in the appointment of a new Professor of the Practice of Physic; because Home was a pure, though gentle and unobtrusive Tory, while Thomson was a combative promi-

nent Whig—at one time something more than a Whig. The Tory candidate won the day."[1]

But, though not Gregory's successor in the professorship, Dr. Abercrombie instantly took his place in the consulting practice of Scotland. To this position "the Profession and the public, almost with acclamation, at once admitted his claim." He was certainly qualified, as no one else was, to occupy it; it was perhaps the only position he could have held with equal success. But it brought with it no relaxation of the strain of daily and nightly toil; nor could it bring any dimming of the flame of ascending devotion which ever rose, above the entangling interests of the hour, to the pure serene of the life "hid with Christ in God." Once again, in a familiar letter, we catch a glimpse of the hurrying days, and hear the long silent voice which may still speak to us of heaven:—

"I was in hopes that the complete change that has taken place in my situation since the death of Dr. Gregory, would have led to more command of my time, and something like occasional leisure, but the fact has been exactly the reverse, so much so that at no period of my life did I go through so much and so incessant fatigue as for a considerable time past—sometimes, for instance, being in a state of constant exertion for fifty-five hours out of sixty, and at any hour of the day or night I am liable to be called to any corner of a circuit that extends over six or eight counties. Such is the life that I lead, and yet by the blessing of God, I go through it all with good health and spirits and, upon the whole, with much comfort, having, by the kindness of that bountiful Father, so many mercies and comforts at home, and all so healthy and well as to give me no anxiety there. May He grant me a grateful sense of all the mercies with which He follows me from day to day; and in the life of activity which He has assigned me, may He give me grace to live to His glory, and to feel the immortal part making progress in the divine life, in a growing conformity to Himself."

[1] Sir R. Christison's *Recollections*, i. 78.

This was within twenty years before Dr. Abercrombie's death, but it describes with substantial accuracy the life which he lived to the end. The crowded day—crowded, yet methodical and calmly intense—the interrupted night, the snatches of study in his carriage, the treasured and delightful hours of home, the occasional public meeting on behalf of some charity, the moments won from toil and sleep when the spirit strengthened itself in sacred studies and rose in reverent prayer—of these things was his life made from year to year, till at last it was suddenly hushed into rest. No incidents in order or detail can be given now. They are held in the memories of comparatively few who still remain. We catch from time to time glimpses of the "Beloved Physician," as he stands by some bedside, or in consultation with his professional brethren. His personal manner had "a charm which was itself half the cure;" and when no skill could avert the fatal termination, his presence was in itself a consolation. But over all such survivals for the eye or heart the inevitable mist is gathering: forgotten by men, they are, in the noble words of Sibbes, treasured "in the remembrance of God's people, and in the remembrance of God."

It is hardly necessary to say that, as the years grew and passed, many honours were accumulated upon him, each one a tribute of hearty respect and of justice. In the same year in which the last extract was written (1824) Dr. Abercrombie was elected Fellow of the (Royal) College of Physicians, and King's Physician for Scotland. In 1835 he received the honorary degree of M.D. from the University of Oxford; in the following year he was chosen Rector of Marischall College, Aberdeen. His foreign and other professional distinctions were numerous; he was equally honoured by

the rising benevolent institutions of his time; he was President of the Destitute Sick Society, and—the first in a long series—of the Medical Mission Society of Edinburgh. Between the absorbing, and as he well knew it, the sacred ministry of his profession, and the no less sacred ministry of home, his life developed itself alike in work or rest, till in 1844 the close came; and at once, without premonitory voice or symptom, he was in the presence of God.

V.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

But now for a little, and before the end, let the eye rest on that part of the picture where alone there seems to be repose. Repose, even in the heart of this driven and overtasked life there was; and that so sweet and serene that it appears more beautiful than even the noblest energy. It was at home that Dr. Abercrombie was at his best, certainly his truest and completest self; and there his most characteristic life appeared.

Four years after his settlement in Edinburgh he married Agnes Wardlaw of Netherbeath in Fifeshire. Never was there a happier home than theirs. And when in 1835 Mrs. Abercrombie died, never was loss more deeply felt. Seven out of her eight daughters survived her.

It was when evening fell on the city, and a leisure hour allowed him to gather his girls about him, that Dr. Abercrombie revealed the most winsome aspects of his mind. When he had sprung from the carriage, exhausted but still eager, and put away the philosophical note-books on which he had been incessantly engaged; and when his wife and daughters had gathered round the table, and then when tea was over and no sudden knock at the door had yet drawn him from the happy circle; "Now bring the books," he was sure to cry. Then followed the hour, full of serious purpose but full of playfulness, when passages in the classics and in treatises on natural history were explained; and the microscope and the telescope, as the aid of either was needed, were called in to illustrate the lesson. And then afterwards, when the regular hour came, and on evenings of exceptional and privileged leisure, Dr. Abercrombie opened the Bible, gathered the servants together, and after a brief commentary, led his household in prayer. These are the scenes which still dwell, along with the pathos of loss and change, in some memories; and they are those to which one must turn in recalling, so far as is now possible, the living image of what the good physician was.

But after all, and in its fullest light and colour, it is but an imperfect picture. "No one can tell what he was at home." There certainly he was happiest, there also most effusively kind and wise. And when, from the widening circle, one little girl was called away, and when, six years later, the wife and mother died, he became, if possible, more gentle, more thoughtful, more assiduous in his children's instruction than ever. His eldest daughter, with quiet devotion, took the vacant place; and watched over her sisters till she left the family fireside for her own. But this was not until a year after her father's death.

Into this pleasant household some cherished friends—few perhaps, but generously welcome—would occasionally come. Dr. Abercrombie had, from an early period in his life, been affectionately attached to Professor Bentley of Aberdeen. Many of the letters which testify to this peculiarly tender friendship still remain; and their pages reflect the more intimate characteristics of both of these companions of a lifetime. As he rose in eminence and position, Dr. Abercrombie came naturally into close acquaintance with the leading men of his day, but he gave his fullest confidence to few. Dr. Keith, so variously accomplished and so devout, was one of these. The author of the Evidences of Prophecy was a famous pedes-

trian: and more than once he appeared in York Place, after a meditative expedition over two or three counties, to discuss some archæological question, or talk over some of the memories of boyhood. A still more familiar visitor was Dr. Chalmers, who, brimful of the imagination and the enthusiasm of genius, knew well the value of Dr. Abercrombie's cool and penetrating mind. And there was Robert Paul, a well-known elder of the Free Church in Edinburgh—so shrewd, so true, so wise and faithful—whose kindly face revealed a heart so tender, and who, when death suddenly struck his friend, instinctively hurried to his house, and, till the end of his own life, remained one of the most helpful and watchful of advisers. Another name in this enumeration must be added. It is that of the Rev. Dr. John Bruce, who, in 1845, became Dr. Abercrombie's son-in-law. Dr. Bruce's life belongs to a somewhat later period; but his remarkable powers had already developed themselves before he entered the family circle: and to him fell the sacred and sorrowful task of pronouncing, in his own church, and, as a friend, as well as a minister, Dr. Abercrombie's funeral sermon.

The close of this noble life, as has been said, was extremely sudden. On the 14th of November, 1844, the carriage stood at the door of York Place, and the Doctor was expected every minute. But in an instant, while preparing to go, and owing to an unusual form of heart disease, he had passed away. The start and shock seem to have imparted themselves to the entry in the diary of Robert Paul:—"Dr. Abercrombie died at 10: there by 11, and before dinner, *Sad Scene;*" and in the characteristic words of Dr. Bruce one seems to see something of the state and visible aspect of the dead:—"While all who ever saw him must remember that look of power and placidness which was so prevailingly his that he carried it with him to the tomb—there was also another look very often seen, which was far more beautiful because both elevated, serene and bright; and of which we cannot but think, now, how surely it should have warned us that, to the heaven from which he got it, he was soon and suddenly to be called."

When the news was known, all Edinburgh and even all Scotland was moved by a deep and natural emotion. A thousand recollections awoke of the tenderness and devotion of the great physician whose face should be seen no more; and testimonies from unexpected quarters added their witness to his worth. The vast procession of his funeral moved from York Place along Princes Street to the churchyard of Saint Cuthbert; and there, within the shadow of the grey Castle rock, his body was laid to rest.

VI.

BOOKS AND AUTHORSHIP.

Dr. Abercrombie's books, both on medical and philosophical subjects, are remarkable for their fulness of matter and the clear order of their thought. But instead of being the fruit of ample leisure, they were produced in moments redeemed in the midst of a busy life. Practically they were written in his carriage, as, in the full career of twenty appointments, he drove from door to door. It was not only the habit, but the achievement of his life: and few have ever better illustrated in action the meaning of his own words on the importance of the concentration of the mind. The moment he had uttered his final instructions and given his kindly grasp of farewell, he flung himself in his seat, and resumed the note-books and the subject he had just left. His thoughts, accustomed to the discipline, turned instantly into the line of philosophical discourse, and pursued it intently until the next patient absorbed them with the symptoms and the uncertainties of a new object. Neither night nor the weariness of unseasonable hours interrupted the resolute pursuit. The carriage studies

were continued from street to street of the city as well as during the long monotony of country drives by night. Once the Doctor had hurried off, and, as it proved when the darkness fell, without his accustomed lamp. The distance was considerable, the time was too precious to be lost, and as he best could manage it, he filled his note-books in the dark. It was only in the rarer hours of quiet, secured for study and for home, that he managed to transcribe his memoranda, and prepare his sheets for the press.

His treatise on the *Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord* was issued in 1828, and in the same year his *Diseases of the Abdominal Viscera*. Both were re-publications of papers which during the previous twelve years had appeared in the *Edinburgh Surgical and Medical Journal*, but everywhere retouched, and weighed afresh in the balance of his ripened and cautious judgment. These elaborate monographs were of capital importance when they were published; nor can it be said that either is obsolete even now, though both Physiology and Pathology have greatly advanced since his day. They possess the quality which after the lapse of two thousand years gives a value to the clinical observations of Hippocrates—that of acute insight and accurately faithful description. Therapeutic methods vary with the development of science, but a fact is of perpetual and unchanging importance; and what is sound and sensible when first written retains its value at the end of half a dozen centuries. In medical matters Dr. Abercrombie possessed a diagnosis of remarkable keenness, a sleepless industry, a judgment as cool as it was conscientious; and these are the characteristics which, reflected in his books, still preserve them among the classics of the subject. "Dr. Abercrombie," says De Lorme, "is the very model of an accurate and profound investigator"—*un investigateur très juste et très profond;* and the praise of contemporary French criticism will be allowed to be the least tribute which truth can render to his name.

But it is to his *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers*, and his *Philosophy of the Moral Feelings* that Dr. Abercrombie owes his widest popular reputation. These treatises have also been touched by the hand of change and of new scientific methods, and most readers in such subjects find any book of ten years old behind the time; but there are qualities in these, as in Dr. Abercrombie's professional works, which preserve them from being superseded. With admirable clearness, yet with independent judgment, he has summarised the conclusions of Reid and of Dugald Stewart; and to that "philosophy of common sense" he has imparted a practical usefulness and spirituality of temper entirely his own. The mental phenomena are watched with the quick observation which many a bedside visit had disciplined, and the symptoms of moral disease registered with clinical exactitude, but everything, just as in actual practice, was with a view to cure. The physician's eye is everywhere, and his instincts guide the author's hand. What can be more expressive of the medical mind than this passage, the diagnosis of a state of disease, and the prescription of the only method of recovery[1]:—

"There is a state which the mind may attain in which there is such a disruption of its moral harmony that no power appears in the mind itself capable of restoring it to a healthy condition. This important fact in the philosophy of human nature has been clearly recognised, from the earliest ages, on the mere principles of human science. It is distinctly stated by Aristotle in his Nicomachean Ethics, where he draws a striking comparison between a man who, being first incited by sophistical reasonings, has gone into a life of voluptuousness under an impression he was doing no wrong,—and one who has followed the same course in opposition

[1] *Philosophy of the Moral Feelings*, p. 96. Thirteenth Edition.

to his own moral convictions. The former, he contends, might be reclaimed by argument; but the latter he considers as incurable. In such a state of mind, therefore, it follows, by an induction which cannot be controverted, either that the evil is irremediable and hopeless, or that we must look for a power without the mind which may afford an adequate remedy. We are thus led to perceive the adaptation and probability of the provisions of Christianity, where an influence is indeed disclosed to us capable of restoring the harmony which has been lost, and raising man anew to his place as a moral being. We cannot hesitate to believe that the Power which framed the wondrous fabric may thus hold intercourse with it, and redeem it from disorder and ruin. On the contrary, it accords with the highest conception we can form of the benevolence of the Deity that He should thus look upon His creatures in their hour of need; and the system disclosing such communication appears, upon every principle of sound philosophy, to be one of harmony, consistency, and truth. The subject therefore draws our attention to that inward change, so often the scorn of the profane, but to which so prominent a place is assigned in the Sacred Writings, in which a man is said to be created anew by a power from heaven, and elevated in his whole views and feelings as a moral being. Sound philosophy teaches us that there is a state in which nothing less than such a complete transformation can restore the man to a healthy moral condition, and that, for producing it, nothing will avail but an influence from without the mind—a might and a power from the same Almighty One who originally framed it. Philosophy teaches us in the clearest manner that a portion of mankind require such a transformation; Christianity informs us that it is required by all. When the inductions of science and the dictates of revelation harmonise to this extent, who shall dare to assert that the latter are not truth? Who, that places himself in the presence of a Being of infinite purity, will say he requires not such a change; or that, for the production of it, he requires no agency beyond the resources of his own mind? If none be found who is entitled to believe he forms the exception, we are forced into the acknowledgment of the truth, so powerfully impressed upon us in the sacred writings, that, in the eye of the Almighty One, no man in himself is righteous; and that his own power avails not to restore him to a state of moral purity."

The grave and spiritual temper of these sentences is characteristic of all Dr. Abercrombie's work; and the argument recurs, in various connections, like "the repeated air" of some stately music. Once more we may listen to his words, as, in the same treatise, he diagnoses the tremendous malady of the heart, and points out the only efficient but complete cure. The words are saturated with earnestness; and one cannot but feel, in reading them, that they describe the emotions which again and again possessed Dr. Abercrombie's mind, as, standing beside the bedside of some patient, he watched the steady approach of the dissolution he could foresee but not prevent; and saw, rising beyond it, the visions of judgment and eternity.

"Solemn is the hour when a man thus retires from the tumult of life, and seriously proposes to himself the question —what is his condition as a moral being; what have been his leading pursuits in this life which is now hastening to a close; what is his aspect in the view of that incomprehensible One, who perceives at a single glance the whole details of his moral history? Is he safe to meet the full splendour of that eye; has he no apprehension that, when called to account in the immediate presence of unerring purity, he may not be able to answer? The man lives not who can appeal to his own heart, and say after serious inquiry, that he can thus meet

the penetrating search of Him whose knowledge is perfect as His purity is infinite;—the man lives not who can look back upon his whole life without feeling that, in the sight of that unspotted One, he is polluted with guilt; and if his heart condemn him, with all its partiality for his own views and feelings, and all its forgetfulness of many points in his moral history, he must feel that God is greater than his heart and knoweth all things. Under such an impression to what refuge shall he betake himself? . . . .

"At this momentous point, philosophy fails us. No human power can find a refuge to which the human mind can betake itself under a sense of guilt: no human wisdom can answer the inquiry of mighty import, Can God be just and yet justify the ungodly? But here we are met by a light from heaven, which has burst upon the scene of doubt and darkness, and are called to bring down the pride of our reason in humble submission to the testimony of God. It comes supported by a weight of evidence which challenges the cordial assent of the most acute understanding, and the power of which will be best appreciated by those who, with sincere desire for truth, have made the highest attainments in the laws of rigid inquiry. It discloses an atonement made for sin, and an influence from heaven calculated to restore the moral being to the purity in which it was formed. It thus meets alike the necessities of man, as in a state of actual guilt, and a state of moral degradation. For the one, it displays a scheme of mercy in which the integrity of the Divine character is vindicated, while pardon is extended to transgressors. To the other, it offers a power from heaven which will correct the disorders of the moral constitution, and raise the man anew to the likeness of God. It forms a harmonious whole, uniform and consistent in itself, worthy of the character of God and adapted to the condition of man; and to every one who feels his own moral necessities, and estimates the purity of the Deity, it brings an absolute conviction of its truth."

When Dr. Abercrombie wrote these sentences, the intellectual and spiritual revival of the beginning of the century had fairly begun, but there was still left the chill of the previous age of Materialism in thought and in morals, which, like the frost of a lingering winter, prolongs itself into May. Hume had been dead for fifty years, but his philosophy still dominated contemporary thought; and it always had specially been felt in the circles of the medical profession. To his younger brethren Dr. Abercrombie constantly addressed himself, and as constantly he became an advocate and a defender of the spiritual faith and the tender piety from which his own life drew its resources of strength and hope. An apologetic tone qualifies all his authorship, always fair and courteous, but occasionally stern; and the following passage, with which he closes *The Intellectual Powers*, expresses the position he held towards a mood of mind which unfortunately has never become obsolete:—

"Of the modifications of that distortion of character which has commonly received the name of cant, the cant of hypocrisy has been said to be the worst; but there is another which may fairly be placed by its side, and that is the cant of infidelity—the affectation of scoffing at sacred things, by men who have never examined the subject, or never with an attention in any degree adequate to its momentous importance. A well-regulated mind must at once perceive that this is alike unworthy of sound sense and sound philosophy. If we require the authority of names, we need only to be reminded that truths which received the cordial consent of Boyle and Newton, of Haller and Boerhaave, are at least deserving of grave and deliberate examination. But we may dismiss such an appeal as this; for nothing more is wanted to challenge the utmost seriousness of every candid inquirer than the solemn nature of the

inquiry itself. The medical observer, in an especial manner, has facts at all times before him, which are in the highest degree calculated to fix his deep and serious attention. In the structure and economy of the human body, he has proofs, such as no other branch of natural science can furnish, of the power and wisdom of the Eternal One. Let him resign his mind to the influence of these proofs, and learn to rise in humble adoration to the Almighty Being of whom they witness; and familiar as he is with human suffering and death, let him learn to estimate the value of these truths which have power to heal the broken heart, and to cheer the bed of death with the prospect of immortality."

The two treatises from which these extracts are taken have had a circulation happily extensive. For many years they were the manuals of the students in Calcutta and Bombay; and never had Christianity a more important ally than in university training conducted upon such lines and in such a spirit.

Alongside of the *Intellectual Powers* and the *Moral Feelings*, another little volume takes its place, *The Culture and Discipline of the Mind*, and other shorter reprinted essays. The first essay, which gives the title to the little volume, is extremely valuable for its concentrated spiritual truths and analogies. The opening paper reproduces Dr. Abercrombie's Inaugural Address to the students of Marischal College when, as its Rector, he returned to the scenes but not to the companions of his boyhood. To the young men who sat on the benches, once so familiar to him, he naturally spoke with the unreserved fulness of his mature experience; and the Address is perhaps the most complete expression of the best judgment of the author; and at the same time one of the most absolutely just and wise summaries of practical wisdom in things belonging to the discipline of the mind. Those who knew Dr. Abercrombie intimately knew that each piece of admonition had its finest enforcement in his own habits, and in the character to which the very discipline he recommended was every year adding something amiable and noble. The final sentences of the Address may be given here, not only as an illustration of its elevated temper, but as a revival of the voice which still, from the distance of the past, may persuade to that knowledge which is "the most excellent of the sciences":—

"Let it be your study in early life to cultivate that sound condition of the mind by which its powers are not kept in bondage to the mere objects of sense, but are trained to the habit of bringing down upon it the habitual influence of the truths which are the object of faith. Amid the collisions of active life on which you are about to enter you will soon find yourselves in want of a safer guide than can be furnished by human wisdom. 'You will require a higher incentive than human praise, a more exalted object than human ambition, a principle more fixed than human honour.'[1] This object and this principle are to be found only in a devout and habitual sense of the homage which we owe to Him who made us, and in the habitual desire to make His word at once the rule of our conduct and the regulating principle of every emotion of the heart. Devote yourselves with eager enthusiasm to the higher acquirements of science; but cultivate also that habit of the mind by which science shall continually lead you to the Eternal Cause. And while you are taught to follow the planet through the wonderful regularities of its movements—when you find the comet, after being lost for a century, return at the appointed period from the solitude of its eccentric orbit—when you extend your view beyond the system in which we move, and penetrate into that field in which ten thousand other systems revolve round ten thousand other suns in ceaseless harmony, oh! rest not in cold recognition of the

[1] Lord Stanley's Rectorial Address at Glasgow.

facts, but take one step, and say, 'These are Thy wondrous works—Thyself how wondrous.' And rest not here, but take yet another step, and recognise this Being as the witness of all your conduct—as the witness even of the moral condition of the heart. Seek after purity of character, for you cannot go where you are not followed by that eye. Aspire after purity of heart, for that eye extendeth even there. And feeling your inability for this mighty undertaking, seek continually a power from God—a power which He alone can give—a power adapted to your utmost want, and which is promised to every one that asks it. In your progress through life, indeed, you will not fail to meet with those by whom this momentous truth is treated with derision, as the vision of fanaticism unworthy of a philosophical mind. But never allow yourselves to be imposed upon by names; and never suppose there can be anything unphilosophical in the belief that an influence should be exerted on the mind by Him who framed the wondrous fabric. And be assured you follow the dictates of the most exalted philosophy when you commit yourselves to Him as the guide of your youth, and when you resign yourself to that guidance, and ask that powerful aid, both for your conduct through this life, and your preparation for the life which is to c me."

VII.

CONCLUSION.

Admirable as it is, many estimates of Dr. Abercrombie's services will rank his authorship lower than his professional work. What he wrote is confessedly good, but he himself was better; and than this there can hardly be higher praise. Within that limited sphere open to an overtasked practitioner, and judging its temper and tendency, nobler work in literature has seldom been done; but of an even deeper worth was the spirit of his daily task, the ideal of his ambition, the impulse which he imparted to every one who was ever brought into close and intimate contact with him. Never was a physician more severely conscientious, more entirely and completely true; never perhaps has the standard of professional duty been raised higher or more consistently maintained. Within his influence it was impossible to be loose and inexact without shame, —or self-indulgent, even when overdriven, without a loss of self-respect. Dr. Abercrombie has exemplified the heroic in medical life. More than any other element of complete goodness he perhaps reverenced what was true; but few have shown more completely, though with less consciousness of having shown it, that the true is also the beautiful.

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ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

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I.

HIS BOYHOOD.

On Candlemas Day, 1787, a baby was born in Cavendish Square, London, to the Rev. Joseph Whately, D.D., Vicar of Widford, which did not seem likely to live long, much less to play any great part in the world. The child seemed as puny and feeble as it was small. As it grew, there was no improvement, and people half pityingly, half contemptuously, said that the boy would never be of any use to anybody. So unpromisingly began the life of Richard Whately, whose story we are now to tell.

He came of a stock not a few members of which had risen to more or less eminence. There was William, of Puritan times, "the painful preacher of Banbury," on whose tomb stands the quaint but significant epitaph:—

"It's William Whately that here lies,
Who swam to's tomb in his people's eyes."

Then, last century, there was Thomas, private secretary to George Grenville, and afterwards "Keeper of His Majesty's Private Roads and Guide to the Royal Person in all Progresses." Another Thomas was author of several medical works which attained note in their day. Little Richard by-and-by began to give evidence that he was no degenerate scion of this Whately tree. He learned to read and write at an unusually early age. But his great passion was for arithmetic. At six he astonished an old gentleman who lived near his father's house by telling him with perfect accuracy how many minutes old he was. Treating of this period of his life, he afterwards wrote, "I was engaged either in calculation or in castle-building, which I was also very fond of, morning, noon and night, and was so absorbed as to run against people in the street, with all the other accidents of absent people." Strange to say, his talent for figures disappeared as remarkably as it had come, and when he was sent to school he was found to be such a dunce at arithmetic, that it was with great difficulty he was taught its ordinary processes. He did not, however, regard the disappearance of this early passion for figures as altogether a loss. "Thus was I saved," he said, "from being a Jedidiah Buxton by the amputation, as it were, of this overgrown faculty. . . . It was banished by a kind of ostracism, as the best of the Athenian citizens were, for the benefit of the community."

He had other hobbies in childhood. He spent hours in his father's garden watching the ways of spiders and learning to distinguish the different notes of birds. But his special pets were a couple of young ducks, which he used to carry about on the palm of his hand, teaching them to pick caterpillars off the cabbages. Another favourite occupation, rather strange for a lad, was that of drawing up ideal schemes for the regeneration of the world, theories of government, and plans for ideal republics. In later life, when people would be talking of current speculations on such matters, he would sometimes say, "I went through all that when I was twelve."

At nine he was sent to the school of a Mr. Phillips, near Bristol, whom he afterwards described as having a wonderful influence over his boys, though neither an able man nor skilful in imparting knowledge. "His kindliness of character would account," he said, "for his being greatly beloved, and his indomitable firmness for his being feared. But the unaccountable thing was the power that he had over the minds of the most dissimilar characters. He brought

them to think with him and to feel with him, to honour whatever he honoured, and to regard as contemptible whatever he despised." Whately found in Phillips an apt illustration of what he understood by influence, which he regarded as a kind of almost indescribable magnetic power.

A year later he lost his father, and went along with Mrs. Whately and the family to reside at Bath.

II.

AT COLLEGE.

In 1805 Whately entered Oriel College, Oxford, where, if his peculiarities provoked comment and sometimes occasioned ridicule, his ability soon commanded respect. He became known among the students as "The White Bear" from his blunt, gruff manner, combined with a habit which he had of attiring himself in a white coat and a white hat, and being usually attended by a huge white dog. For the unwritten laws which regulated university life he cared little. To the deep disgust of the dons he would take his evening walks in Christ Church Meadow in "beaver," when all the students were expected to appear duly attired in cap and gown. To the end of his days he had but little regard for appearances or conventional rules. But to the work of the college he applied himself with unremitting assiduity. He was usually at his books by five in the morning. After spending a couple of hours at them he would sally out for a country walk, from which he would be seen returning fresh and in exuberant spirits as the late risers hurried from their rooms to eight o'clock chapel.

His tutor in Oriel was Dr. Copleston, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff. A strong attachment sprang up between the two, which only death severed. Whately always averred that he owed more to Copleston than to any other man. The young undergraduate was as original in his methods of work as in other things. When hard pressed for time he had, for example, a unique recipe for making two days out of one. Rising at 3 A.M., he would conclude his first day at noon, having thus enjoyed a good working day nine hours in length; he then went to bed in a darkened room, and slept till 2 or 3 o'clock, when he rose again and set to work once more, ending his second day at 10 P.M., when he retired to rest. For all working purposes he said that he thus found his time doubled. Most constitutions, however, instead of finding an advantage in this method of lengthening the days, would soon discover that it was an effectual mode of shortening them. Even Whately could not have stood it often or long. That his work was done with a continual sense of the great Taskmaster's eye is proved by the motto which he inscribed on the title-page of a "Common-place Book" which he began keeping at an early stage of his college career—"Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer!" It is a good motto for any man to adopt.

At his degree examination he took a double second, and in 1811 became a fellow of his college.

Oriel common-room was about this period the daily meeting-place of as remarkable a group of men as any college ever brought together. Among them, in addition to Whately, were Arnold, Copleston, Keble, John Henry Newman, and Pusey. It would be out of place to trace here the inter-action of these master-minds on each other. Curiously enough, Newman declares that he owed Whately a great deal. "While I was still awkward and timid," he says, "he took me by the hand and acted the part to me of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He, emphatically, opened my mind and taught me to think and to use my reason." After drifting asunder further and further, the two former fellow-students came, in the lapse of time, to be near neighbours again in Dublin, the one being in the

Palace, and the other in the Catholic University in Stephen's Green; but the old college intercourse was never renewed.

III.

TEACHING.

Whately now became one of the tutors of Oriel, and a most admirable tutor he made. One of his first pupils was the afterwards celebrated Nassau William Senior, who, to his great mortification, had been plucked at the examination for his degree. After studying a while under Whately, he took a first class. Tutor and pupil became fast friends, and constantly corresponded till the death of the former. Whately's style of lecturing was not, indeed, overburdened with dignity. Another of his pupils, afterwards Bishop Hind, tells us: "His apartment was a small one, and the little room in it much reduced by an enormous sofa, on which I found him stretched at length, with a pipe in his mouth, the atmosphere becoming denser and denser as he puffed." But, no matter what his surroundings or mode of work, he succeeded in drawing out of his scholars all that was in them worth the process. In truth he was a born teacher, and all his life was never happier than when exercising the art. He was always at it in some way or other. A young lady tells how he cured her of a habit of illegible writing which she had contracted, illustrating the tact and trouble which he brought to bear on his work. "He wrote me a letter," she says, "beginning in a clear hand, 'My dear ——,' and then a page of scribble impossible to read, ending with 'Now you see the evil of writing unintelligibly.'" He was in the habit of saying that it was a mark of selfishness to write an illegible hand. His own was the delight of printers.

In 1825 he was appointed Principal of one of the Oxford houses, Alban Hall. He found the place much disorganised, the discipline lax, and the reputation of the Hall in every respect low. Ere long, in his vigorous hands, everything assumed a different aspect.

It was about this time that he wrote some of his best-known works, among others the *Logic*, which was first published in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, his *Rhetoric*, the Bampton Lectures on *The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Religion*, his essays on *Some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion*, and on *Some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul*, and that curious little volume entitled *Historic Doubts regarding Napoleon Buonaparte*.

By his treatise on Logic, "which gave a great impetus to the study, not only in Oxford but throughout Great Britain, Whately has been known to after generations of students. . . . Whately swept away the webs of scholasticism from the subject, and raised the study to a new level.[1]

His *Historic Doubts*, which he published under the odd *nom de plume* of "Konx Ompax," deserves special notice. It had for its object to show that it is as possible to give a philosophic denial to the most notable and best authenticated facts of history as to the statements of Revelation. The author most ingeniously shows that the history of Buonaparte is full of apparent contradictions and absurdities. One example of his method of procedure may suffice. He says, "The principal Parisian journal, the *Moniteur*, in the number published on the very day in the year 1814 on which the allied armies are said to have entered Paris as conquerors, makes no mention of any such event, nor alludes at all to any military transactions, but is entirely occupied with criticisms on some theatrical performances. Now this may be considered as equivalent to a positive contradiction of the received accounts." Any one who wishes to see how a sceptic's favourite arguments can be turned against himself with deadly effect should by all means make its acquaintance.

[1] *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xxiv.—article by Prof. Seth.

IV.

THE PARISH CLERGYMAN.

In 1814 Whately had been ordained deacon. His first sermon was preached at Knowle in Warwickshire, the occasion being made memorable to himself by the fact that, with his usual absence of mind, he went to church without noting down his text, and had at the last moment to summon the clerk to his aid before he could proceed with his discourse. It might have been supposed that his natural shyness would have made preaching painful to him. It was not so, however. To a friend who asked him whether he was not very nervous on the occasion of his first effort in the pulpit, he made the excellent reply: "I dared not be. To think of myself at such a time would be in my eyes not only a weakness, but a sin." It is in remarks like these that we get glimpses of his real inner character, of which as a rule he said nothing.

In 1822 he was presented to the living of Halesworth in Suffolk. As might be expected, he threw the same heart and energy into his work here as made his teaching in Oxford so successful. He had been married the previous year to Miss Elizabeth Pope, daughter of William Pope, Esq., of Hillingdon, Middlesex, a lady who proved a true yoke-fellow to him all her life, and who especially rendered him the most essential help in the management of his parish. In Halesworth he delivered, as a series of weekday addresses, his lectures on *Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State.* To this fascinating subject he had given much attention, and on it, as usual, he formed very independent views. He led a quietly busy life in this country parish. His pulpit style was that for which he argues so strenuously in his *Rhetoric*, and which he was never weary of inculcating on clergymen, a natural style, without straining the vocal organs to their hurt, and to the defeat of the end aimed at. On one occasion he put this favourite view of his more pointedly than pleasantly to a clerical friend who had officiated in his hearing and insisted on having his opinion as to his rendering of the service. "Well," said Whately, "if you really wish to know what I think of your reading, I should say there are only two parts of the service you read well, and these you read unexceptionably."

"And what are those?" said his friend.

"They are 'Here endeth the first lesson,' and 'Here endeth the second lesson,'" he replied.

"What do you mean, Whately?" was the astonished parson's rejoinder.

"I mean," said Whately, "that these parts you read in your own natural voice and manner, which are very good; the rest is all artificial and assumed."

The fearless, straightforward character of his ministrations at Halesworth may be gathered from an anecdote which he used to tell. "I remember one of my parishioners," he said, "telling me that he thought a person should not go to church to be made uncomfortable. I replied that I thought so too; but whether it should be the sermons or the man's life that should be altered, so as to avoid the discomfort, must depend on whether the doctrine was right or wrong."

V.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

In September 1831, Earl Grey offered Whately the archbishopric of Dublin, then vacant by the death of Dr. Magee, author of *Discourses and Dissertations on the Scriptural Doctrines of Atonement and Sacrifice.* The mode in which the news of his election was received was characteristic. He was on a visit to Arnold at Rugby when the letter containing the offer was put into his hands at the breakfast table. After glancing at the contents of the missive, he quietly put it into his pocket and continued his breakfast, talking the while of indifferent subjects as if nothing unusual had happened. When they rose from table he told Arnold, and then, a

visitor having arrived, Whately entered into conversation with him and asked him out to see the feats of his climbing dog, of which he was singularly proud. As the friend who tells the story puts it, "The animal performed as usual, and when he had reached his highest point of ascent and was beginning his yell of wailing, Whately turned to the stranger and said, 'What do you think of that?' *Visitor:* 'I think that some besides the dog, when they find themselves at the top of the tree, would give the world if they could get down again.' *Whately:* 'Arnold has told you?' *Visitor:* 'Has told me what?' *Whately:* 'That I have been offered the archbishopric of Dublin?' *Visitor:* 'I am very happy to hear it, but this, I assure you, is the first intimation I have had of it. When my remark was made, I had not the remotest idea that the thing was likely to take place.'" Whately's was not a head to be easily turned by earthly honours.

In truth the position of Archbishop of Dublin, high though it was, was surrounded at that time by perils and difficulties which might well have made the bravest pause before accepting it. Ireland was passing through an acute phase of her too usual excited and turbulent condition. O'Connell was in the full height of the popularity to which his efforts for Roman Catholic Emancipation, granted two years before, had raised him. The chronic struggle between Government and the populace was raging fiercely. "I never," wrote a correspondent of Lord Cloncurry in the year in which Whately received his appointment, "witnessed anything so turbulent and angry as the populace were in Dublin this day—not even in the height of '98." Then the Established Church, of which Whately was to be one of the heads, was in dire straits. The tithe war was at its height, and in connection with it scenes of the most appalling violence were being enacted. To enforce the payment of tithes the military were at times called out—deadly conflicts took place between them and the peasantry, harvest fields being sometimes nearly as thickly strewn with corpses as sheaves. To add to the sad confusion, a new system of national education was in the act of being launched, which was destined to divide Protestantism itself into two hostile camps. It spoke much for the reputation which Whately had acquired, that, at such a crisis in the affairs of the country, Earl Grey should send him to Dublin Palace, especially when it is remembered that there had been no previous personal acquaintance between the two. But Whately might be excused for cherishing some serious misgivings about accepting an offer so fraught with peril and difficulty—"a call," as he himself put it, "to the helm of a crazy ship in a storm." It was only a sense of duty which made him consent to the elevation.

The same forgetfulness which left him textless when he rose to preach his first sermon, made him neglect to resign his living at Halesworth before coming over to Ireland to be consecrated, and the ceremony had to be postponed. It took place at length on October 23rd, 1831. Henceforth his usual residence was at a country house, Redesdale, about four miles from Dublin, which he purchased. The palace was in Stephen's Green, but Whately dearly loved a rural life, and only occupied his town house when duty required him.

He set about the work of his new office with his usual earnestness. There were many difficulties to contend with. For various reasons, some political, some theological, his appointment to the see of Dublin was not generally popular, so that, in addition to the troubles with which he was beset, owing to the state of the country and the Church, he was further heavily handicapped by having to live down prejudices which came to Ireland before him. But, true to his character, he took no pains to conciliate any one. He kept on his own path, regardless alike of smiles and frowns, intent on one thing only, the doing of what he regarded as his duty. At once he set about acquainting himself with

his diocese, and making arrangements for its due supervision. Some of his clergy must have been astonished at the vigour which he put into this work. He inquired into everything. Such a conversation as the following would frequently take place: "Are any of your parishioners Irish-speaking, Mr. ——?" "Yes, my Lord, nearly" half, or two-thirds, or as the case might be. "Do you or does your curate understand Irish?" "No, my Lord, not a word." "I am very sorry to hear it. How can you fulfil the duties which you have undertaken to parishioners with whom you cannot converse?" "Oh, my Lord, all the Protestants speak English." "I should think so, indeed," would be Whately's reply. "How could it be otherwise? How could they be Protestants at all, unless they already knew the only language in which the Protestant clergy can address them?" Then he would urge the minister with great earnestness to endeavour in some way, either by learning the language himself, or by getting an Irish-speaking curate, to be able to reach all his parishioners —exhortations which often had the desired effect.

No bishop ever maintained a more constant intercourse with his clergy. Once a week he had a levee for them at Stephen's Green, and once a month a dinner, both of which, besides serving other good purposes, were made the means of conveying much useful advice. He introduced into the diocese the practice of holding regular annual confirmations, and threw much solemnity into the administration of this rite. Then he took special pains with the examination and preparation of candidates for the holy ministry. To help in this he formulated a scheme for founding a Divinity College in Dublin, towards the support of which he intended devoting a considerable portion of the revenue of the see. The success of this project seemed at one time certain. In 1839 the Queen's letter was signed, commanding a charter to be drawn up for the proposed seminary. But, to the archbishop's intense disappointment, during his absence on the Continent, whither he had gone in the belief that nothing remained to be done save the formal engrossing of the required document, the opponents of the scheme succeeded in shipwrecking it.

After long conflict, the tithe question was settled on the basis on which it remained until the "Irish Church Act" was passed in 1869. By the new arrangement the tithe was changed into a rent-charge, and the landlords, instead of the tenants, were made the responsible parties for paying it. Other ecclesiastical changes were made. Two archbishoprics were abolished, and the number of bishops was reduced by the grouping together of several of the sees. All this was not effected, however, without protracted and bitter controversy, in which Whately had his full share.

The new system of National Education, which came to Ireland in the same year as Whately, found in him one of its most strenuous supporters. Its object was to provide for the efficient education of Irish children under the supervision of the State, and its distinctive principle was (and is) combined secular and separate religious instruction. During the hours devoted to ordinary school-work the teaching must be entirely non-sectarian, so that children of different religious denominations may pursue their education side by side. There is full liberty to give religious instruction at hours which will not interfere with this arrangement. Whately believed such a plan to be admirably suited to the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, and threw his whole strength into the working of it out, spending much of the time at the offices of the National Board in Marlborough Street, and at the Training School, and championing the system against all assailants, not a few of whom were clergymen or influential laymen of his own Church. He gave special attention to the preparation of school-books for the new schools, writing

several of them himself. One such deserves particular mention here, not only for its own sake, but on account of the issues to which it led—a little manual of the *Evidences of Christianity*, suited to the capacity of children, on which he spent no little time and care. When it was laid on the table of the Board, its use was unanimously sanctioned, the Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray, thoroughly approving of it along with the other members. A series of *Scripture Extracts* and a small volume of *Sacred Poetry* were also compiled by Whately, all these to be used during ordinary school hours. From the first the Ten Commandments were also hung up in every National School-house, and the reading-books contained many of the Scripture narratives.

Whately lived to see the new scheme of education make steady and marked progress. Its first report, which appeared on 31st December, 1833, announced that the number of schools in operation was 789, attended in all by 107,042 children. Two years later the schools had grown to 1106, and the pupils to 145,521. Ten years more added still greater strength to the movement. By that time the Presbyterian Church had come into co-operation with it, and the total number of schools stood at 3426, with 432,844 pupils. It may be interesting here to state the present position of the system. According to the last report of the Commissioners, its statistics are as follows: Number of schools, 8196; number of pupils on the rolls, 1,060,895. This great increase, it will be observed, has taken place in spite of an enormous decrease in the population of Ireland. It is also worthy of note that 48·4 of the schools are mixed, *i.e.*, are attended by children of different denominations.

Other works which Whately prepared for use in the schools were *Easy Lessons on Reasoning*, *Easy Lessons on the British Constitution*, and *Easy Lessons on Money Matters*. It was a great loss to the Board, as well as a severe trial to himself, when in 1853 he severed his connection with it, owing to the *Scripture Extracts* and his little work on the *Evidences* being removed from the list of school-books.

Of course, in Dublin, he was necessarily brought face to face with the Roman Catholic controversy, in which, however, he had taken a deep interest long before his elevation to the episcopate. An anecdote related by his friend, Bishop Hinds, gives us an idea of the characteristic mode, decided and uncompromising, yet kindly and considerate, in which he was in the habit of conversing with persons who differed from him on religious matters. "Whately and I," says the bishop, "started from Oxford early one morning in the winter of 1813, by a Birmingham coach, to visit our friends the Boultbees at Springfield. Our travelling companions inside the coach were two strangers, a man and a woman. The man was full of fun and frolic, and for some time made himself merry at the expense of the woman, having detected her in the act of slyly putting to her lips a bottle of some comforting drink with which she had provided herself. From her he turned upon Whately, observing, as the daylight increased, that he had the appearance of being clerical or academical. 'I suppose, sir,' said he, 'that you are one of the gentlemen who teach at Oxford?' Whately nodded assent. 'I don't care,' he continued, 'who knows it, but I am a Catholic.' No reply. 'Well, sir, I'll tell you what my religious principle is. My wife is one of you, and I have a servant who is a Dissenter. When Sunday comes round, I see that my wife goes to her place of worship, my servant to hers, and I go to mine. Is not that the right religious principle?'

Whately: 'Yes, but I do not mean by that that you are right in being a Roman Catholic.'

Stranger: 'Ay, you don't like our praying to the Virgin Mary and to the saints.'

Whately: 'That is one thing; but I must own that there is something to be said for your doing so.'

Stranger: 'To be sure there is!'

Whately: 'You, I guess, are a farmer?'

Stranger: 'Yes, sir, and no farm is in better order than mine in all Oxfordshire.'

Whately: 'If your lease was nearly run out, and you wanted to have it renewed on good terms, I daresay you would ask any friend of your landlord, any of his family, or even his servants —any one, in short, to say a good word for you?'

Stranger: 'You have hit it: our praying to the Virgin and to the saints to intercede for us is the same thing—it is but natural and reasonable.'

Whately: 'Now suppose your landlord had one only son, a favourite, and he gave out that whoever expected any favour from him must ask that son, and no one else, to intercede for him—what then?'

Stranger: 'Oh, that would alter the case. But what do you mean by that?'

Whately: 'I mean that God has declared to us by His word, the Bible, that there is *one* Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.'

Stranger: 'And is that in the Bible?'

Whately: 'It is; and when you go home, if you have a Bible, you may look into it yourself and see.'

After a pause the farmer said, 'Well, sir, I'll think over that; but——'

The discussion lasted until we were near Banbury, where we parted company. The farmer, on quitting, having noticed that Whately had a fowling-piece with him, held out his hand to him and said, 'I am so-and-so, and live at such and such a place, not far from this; if you will come and spend a few days with me, I will get you some capital shooting, and I'll be right glad to see you. Now you'll come, won't you?' They never met again."

From the earliest time at which he had any opinion on the question, Whately was firmly persuaded that Roman Catholics should not be treated as they had long been. He advocated their admission to Parliament at a time when to do so was unpopular, and he suffered in consequence. That, however, was a thing which did not trouble him much. Uniformly, the only question with him was whether any action or opinion was right or wrong. With its consequences he gave himself no concern. Neither applause nor obloquy ever led him to swerve by a hair's-breadth from what he believed to be the path of duty. "I am resolved, by God's help," he once wrote, "that as nothing ever yet did, nothing ever shall, intimidate or provoke me, or in any way divert or deter me from pursuing the course which my own judgment and conscience prescribe." Therefore he supported Sir Robert Peel at the time when his advocacy of the Roman Catholic claims lost him his re-election for Oxford, and was quite content to bear the penalty he had to pay for so doing. Again, he had the utmost abhorrence of the exhibition towards Roman Catholics of anything approaching party spirit. The evils and dangers of such a spirit in religion formed the theme of his Bampton lectures, delivered in 1822, as has already been mentioned; and from the principles then enunciated he never receded. During the awful famine of 1846 his munificent bounty was extended to Roman Catholic and Protestant without distinction. Everything of the nature of acrimonious or angry controversy he disliked and discountenanced. But he was earnest and unceasing in his efforts to disseminate the Bible all over Ireland, and by sermons and books he laboured indefatigably for the enlightenment of its people in the truth of God.

The terrible Irish famine of course could not fail to touch a man of Whately's great heart to the core. He gave munificently to the relief of the starving people. It is believed that his contributions amounted to something like £8000. But the help which he gave by his active exertions on behalf of the sufferers, and by his wise counsels, was immensely more valuable. He had characteristic views regarding the relief of poverty, acting as conscientiously and as much on principle in respect to it as in other

matters. The indiscriminate charity which is so common he never practised, and strongly disapproved of. He was in the habit of saying, "Whatever you pay a man to do, that he will do; if you pay him to work he will work, and if you pay him to beg he will beg." "I have given away," he said, "£40,000 since I came to Dublin, but I thank God I never gave a penny to a beggar in the street." Giving to street-beggars he regarded as simply paying a number of wretched beings to live in idleness and filth, and to neglect and ill-treat the miserable children whose sufferings too often form part of their stock-in-trade. On the other hand, when cases of real need came under his notice, he would give lavishly for their relief. Often out of his own pocket he provided poor or over-worked clergymen with the means of paying curates, or with money enabling them to get rest and change. He saved nothing out of the large income of the archbishopric, and died none the richer for having held it.

Between the work of his see, the constant employment of his pen, the business of the National Board of Education, and other public concerns, Whately's hands were kept constantly full. But by his rigid economy of time and systematic mode of doing everything, he was able to get through an enormous amount of business. He was always up early, and even while dressing was busy planning his work for the day. An hour before breakfast was usually given to the garden. Sometimes he would be seen digging, with his coat off, sometimes grafting or budding or inarching, operations in which he took great delight. One of his special pleasures was the combination of one species of plant with another by "approach-grafting." His grounds were full of specimens of his skill in this operation. During the busiest day he would snatch an occasional half-hour for his out-door work. An amusing story is told illustrative of his enthusiasm for it. One day a doctor was called in to consult with the family medical attendant, in consequence of the illness of some member of the archbishop's household. It was the dead of winter, and the ground was covered deeply with snow. Knowing Whately's character for humanity, the stranger expressed much surprise, as he drove up the avenue in the dusk, at seeing an old labouring man stripped to his shirt felling a tree in the demesne, while a heavy shower of sleet drifted pitilessly in his wrinkled face. "That labourer," said the family physician, "whom you think the victim of prelatical despotism, is no other than the archbishop curing himself of a head-ache. When he has been reading or writing more than usual, and finds any pain or confusion about the cerebral organization, he rushes out with an axe and slashes away at some ponderous trunk. As soon as he finds himself in a profuse perspiration, he gets into bed, wraps himself in Limerick blankets, falls into a sound sleep, and gets up buoyant." The poet who wrote the well-known lines—

> "Better to roam the fields for health unbought,
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

had in Whately a most ardent disciple.

Among the more important literary works which he published during his life in Dublin, in addition to those already specified, may be mentioned the *Cautions for the Times*, *The Kingdom of Christ Delineated*, *Essays on Some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion*, and *Sermons on various Subjects*. Whatever may be thought of some of the opinions advocated in his writings, it cannot be denied that the views he formed on any subject found in him a most powerful defender.

Whether men agreed with or differed from him, they could not but admire his rare courage, his incorruptible honesty, his patriotism, his strong sense of duty, his broad and deep philanthropy, all laced together by the golden bond of a piety as genuine as it was unaffected and unostentatious.

On Judas's great sin he makes these

very practical remarks in the *Essays on some of the Dangers to Christian Faith which may arise from the Teaching or the Conduct of its Professors*:—"There is no portion of Scripture history more familiar to the minds of those at all conversant with the Scriptures than this relative to the betrayal of Jesus, and all the circumstances connected with it; but there are few parts probably which Christian readers in general are less apt to apply to their own use. It is seldom, I conceive, that any one deliberately sets himself to try to profit and take warning from the example of Judas, or conceives it possible for himself to fall into any transgression at all like his. No one, of course, can in these days be tempted to betray Jesus Christ in bodily person into the hands of murderers. And, universally, the cases recorded in all history, sacred and profane, are commonly contemplated without profit to the reader that regards them with barren wonder or curiosity, instead of anxious self-examination; because the temptations to men in different ages and countries are seldom precisely the same in all the outward circumstances, though in the main and in substance they completely correspond. Satan does not appear again and again in the same shape, but is transformed, we are told, into an angel of light, and is ready, as soon as one disguise is seen through, to assume another, for the delusion of those who may have cast off self-mistrust and lulled themselves into a false security. Even a brute animal, a beast of prey, has more sagacity than to hunt always in the same spot of the same thicket, from whence to spring upon its victims. Much less can we suppose that our subtle adversary, who as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour, will always present the same temptations again and again in the same shape. It is for us to study the examples supplied us by history, and especially by Scripture history, with a view to our own benefit in the application to ourselves, looking out, not for the points of difference only from our own case, but for the points of agreement also—of substantial agreement under outward differences, and calling in the aid of a vigilant conscience to perform the office of the prophet Nathan, when he startled the self-deceived king by exclaiming, "Thou art the man!"

He was very strenuous in his insistence on the advantages of the study of the Evidences of Christianity. "Some persons," he says in his excellent little manual on the subject, "have a notion that it is presumptuous for a Christian—at least, for an unlearned Christian—to seek any proof of the truth of his religion. They suppose that this would show a want of faith. They know that faith is often and highly commended in Scripture as the Christian's first duty, and they fancy that this faith consists in a person's steadily and firmly believing what is told him, and trusting in every promise that is made to him, and that the less reason he has for believing and for trusting, and the less he doubts and inquires, and seeks for grounds for his belief and his confidence, the more faith he shows. But this is quite a mistake. The faith which the Christian Scriptures speak of and commend is the very contrary to that blind sort of belief and trust which does not rest on any good reason. This last is more properly called credulity than faith. When a man believes without evidence or against evidence, he is what we rightly call credulous. But he is never commended for this. On the contrary, we often find in Scripture mention made of persons who are reproached for their unbelief or want of faith precisely on account of their showing this kind of credulity, that is, not judging fairly according to the evidence, but resolving to believe only what was agreeable to their prejudices, and to trust any one who flattered those prejudices. This was the case with those of the ancient heathen who refused to forsake the worship of the sun and moon, and of Jupiter and Diana and their other gods. Many of the Ephesians, as you read in the book of the Acts of the

Apostles, raised a tumult against St. Paul in their zeal for their goddess Diana and the image which fell down from Jupiter. Now if a man's faith is to be reckoned the greater the less evidence he has for believing, those men must have had greater faith than any one who received the Gospel, because they believed in their religion without any evidence at all. But what our sacred writers mean by faith is quite different from this. When they commend a man's faith, it is because he listens fairly to evidence and judges according to the reasons laid before him. The difficulty and the virtue of faith consists in a man's believing and trusting, not against evidence, but against his expectations and prejudices, against his inclinations and passions and interests. We read, accordingly, that Jesus offered sufficient proof of His coming from God. He said, 'The works that I do in My father's name, they bear witness of Me. If ye believe not Me, believe the works.' That is, if you have not the heart to face the purity and holiness of what I teach, at least you should allow that 'no man can do such miracles except God be with him.'"

VI.

WHATELY'S WIT AND HUMOUR.

As yet we have scarcely mentioned what was one of the archbishop's best known characteristics—his unbounded love of fun. There was nothing which he enjoyed more than indulging in witticisms of all kinds, not unfrequently making a jest the vehicle of inculcating wholesome truth. It is well to caution the reader, however, against receiving, as genuine ebullitions of his genius, all the *bon mots* commonly attributed to him. His reputation for wit made him a constant peg for hanging all sorts of jokes upon, good bad, and indifferent. With a charming air of pathetic resignation he used to say, "I ought to walk about with my back chalked 'Rubbish shot here.'" Our picture of the man would be incomplete if we did not give some illustrations of an aspect of his character which was very strongly marked.

When Lord Gough came home from India crowned with laurels after the Sikh War, Whately asked him one day what had been the respective proportions of the two belligerent armies. On his proceeding to give an elaborate statement, the archbishop interrupted him by saying, "The fact is, I suppose, my lord, that they were Sikhs (six), and we won (one)!"

Calling at the Dublin Model Schools one afternoon, he said to one of the teachers, "Mr. ——, you are unquestionably one of the first men of the century."

"Really, your grace," was the reply to this flattering speech, "you are much too complimentary. You much overrate the value of my services and of my little publications."

"Not at all," said Whately; "I assert as a fact that you are one of the first men of this century." But while the recipient of the compliment was bowing his thanks, the archbishop naïvely unfolded his meaning, and doubtless somewhat nonplussed the other, by saying, "I understand, sir, that you were born in January, 1801!"

Very frequently he at once gratified his own love of pleasantry and taught a wholesome lesson by assuming for the nonce the character of an advocate of some cause with which he had no sympathy, but with the arguments in favour of which he wished his clergy to be thoroughly conversant, and then calling on them to reply to his reasoning. The usual result was that his hearers begged him to relieve their minds by answering himself.

At times, too, he amused himself by suggesting characteristic plans for the rectification of abuses. This practice began early with him. When living at Oxford, and obliged to travel frequently between that city and Bath, where his mother resided, there was an inn nearly midway on the journey, where the coach usually stopped, and the landlord was in the habit

of so delaying the passengers' breakfast or luncheon that usually they had to go on their way leaving the repast they had paid for untasted. We shall allow Whately to tell the story of how he redressed this most annoying grievance. He says, "I determined at last that I would not suffer this. As soon as the coach stopped to change horses, I ran across to a small inn on the opposite side, and engaged the people to prepare some refreshment as quickly as possible. Seeing that the change might benefit them, they were wonderfully prompt. Next time we passed, I spoke of this to my companions, and persuaded one or two to come with me and get breakfast where it could be had in time. Each journey brought more and more of the passengers to my side, and at last, one memorable day, the whole party of travellers, insides and outsides, repaired to the opposition inn. The victory was gained, the coach thenceforth put up there, and the rival house was effectually put down." One can discern a good deal of Whately in this little narrative.

VII.

HIS LATER DAYS.

On April 25th, 1860, Whately sustained a great blow by the death of his wife. For thirty-eight years she had been his inseparable companion and busy helper. The two were each other's complementaries, for Mrs. Whately had qualities in which the archbishop was deficient, as he had talents which she lacked. One of his wise sayings was, "Two people who are each of an unyielding temper will not act well together, and people who are both of them of a very yielding temper will be likely to resolve on nothing, just as stones without mortar make a loose wall, and mortar alone no wall. So says the proverb:—

"Hard upon hard makes a bad stone wall,
But soft upon soft makes none at all."

In this case, if Whately supplied the stones, his wife certainly furnished the cement to bind the whole domestic edifice beautifully and firmly together. His grief at her death was extreme. While the end was coming, we are told that he sat on the stairs outside her bedroom door, quite unmanned and weeping like a child. The trouble was all the more keenly felt because, like most troubles, it did not come singly. His youngest daughter, a bride of scarcely four months, was carried to the grave a month before her mother.

Two years later, Whately's own health gave way. An affection of the leg, which had annoyed him for some time, made serious progress, notwithstanding all efforts to keep it in check. He was a firm believer in homœopathy, and was treated for his ailment according to its principles. For a time he recovered, but in 1863 another bad attack came on. The pain which he suffered at intervals was excruciating. To use his own description, it was as if "red-hot gimlets were being put into the leg." One day he said, with tears in his eyes, to a clergyman who called to see him, "Have you ever preached a sermon on the text—'Thy will be done'? On receiving an affirmative reply, he answered, "How did you expound it?" An account of the explanation having been given—"Just so," said Whately, "that is the meaning." But, in a voice choked with tears, he added, "It is hard, very hard, sometimes to say it." It soon became evident that no efforts could save his life, and, indeed, he was not anxious that it should be saved. As is often the case, his sickness mellowed him greatly. "We had not known," one tells us who knew him well, "all his claims on our affectionate regard until his tedious and painful illness revealed many a gentler grace for the display of which there had been no opportunity before." It revealed, too, something far more valuable, a simplicity of faith in his Redeemer as sincere as it was strong. "Well, your grace," said one of his clergy to him one day, "it is a great mercy that though

your body is so weak, your intellect is vigorous still." "Talk to me no more about intellect," was the reply, "there is nothing for me now but Christ." On another day he asked his domestic chaplain to read to him the eighth chapter of Romans. After doing so, the chaplain said, "Shall I read any more?" "No," he replied, "that is enough at a time. There is a great deal for the mind to dwell on in that." This was a favourite chapter with him, as it is with most earnest souls. He found special comfort in the 32nd verse—"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?" But, indeed, no matter what part of the Bible was read to him, he enjoyed it, saying frequently, "Every chapter you read seems as if it had been written on purpose for me." The fear of death was quite taken away from him. One day, when there was a fresh hemorrhage from the leg, the doctor, who had been hastily summoned, said—"I think we can stop it, my lord." "I am afraid so," was the unexpected reply. On another occasion, when he was asked if there was anything he wished for, "I wish for nothing," he replied, "but death." Happily, great as was the agony he endured, his mind continued clear and calm as ever. One night the beautiful words in Philippians iii. 21 were quoted to him, "Who shall change our vile body so that it may be fashioned like unto His own glorious body." "Read the words," said Whately. They were read to him from the Authorised Version, but he repeated —"Read his own words." The literal translation of the verse was given him, which has since been embodied in the Revised Version—"Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation." "That's right," said the sufferer, "nothing that He made is vile." At length, on the morning of October 8th, 1863, the end came. With the members of his family round his bed, his eldest daughter kneeling by his side and whispering appropriate passages of Scripture in his ear, the great man quietly drew his last breath. The remains were buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, amid deep and general lamentation.

Undoubtedly, when Whately died, one of the greatest intellects of this century passed from us. Ireland especially lost in him one of the truest friends she ever had. She gave him a cold greeting when he landed on her shores. For long, many of her people regarded him with scarce-concealed suspicion and heaped obloquy upon his head; yet, for thirty-two years, her interests were uppermost in his thoughts. In some things which he devised and did on her behalf he may have been mistaken. But his allegiance to what he believed to be the truth, and his devotion to the cause of Ireland, were alike unquestionable. A man of wide grasp of thought, generous, conscientious, deeply anxious to serve his generation, honest to a fault, liberal-minded, a man of strong convictions, which he was never ashamed nor afraid to avow, no matter what the cost, if his manner was sometimes brusque and his speech abrupt, if his views on some points, such as the Sabbath and some other questions, dear to many Christian hearts, were objectionable, and excited keen opposition, as they did, he was at all events an honest lover of the truth for the truth's sake, and one who, according to the light that was in him, tried to serve faithfully God and man during his sojourn on earth. The sentiment embodied in a remark which he once made about himself is as Whateleian as the terse, epigrammatic style in which it was put—"Any man who tries to imitate me is sure to be unlike me in the important circumstance of being an imitator, and no one can think as I do who does not think for himself."

He left behind him several children well worthy to bear his name. His son Edward, appointed by the archbishop rector of St. Werburgh's Church, Dublin, is now Archdeacon Whately. One of his daughters became her father's biographer, and to her excellent work, the

Life and Correspondence of Archbishop Whately, we have been indebted for much of the information and many of the anecdotes about him contained in this tract. The name of another, Miss Mary Louisa Whately, author of *Ragged Life in Egypt*, is probably still more widely known in connection with the noble mission work which she carried on for years in Cairo with wonderful zeal and success.

VIII.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS WORKS.

The reader may be glad, now that our story is told, to have a few passages from Whately's writings.

On the nature of our future life in heaven he says: "I am convinced that the extension and perfection of friendship will constitute great part of the future happiness of the blest. Many have lived in various and distant ages and countries who have been in their characters—I mean not merely in their being generally estimable, but in the agreement of their tastes and suitableness of dispositions—perfectly adapted for friendship with each other, but who of course could never meet in this world. Many a one selects, when he is reading history, a truly pious Christian, but especially in reading sacred history, some one or two favourite characters, with whom he feels that a personal acquaintance would have been peculiarly delightful to him. Why should not such a desire be realised in a future state? A wish to see and personally know, for example, the Apostle Paul, or John, is most likely to arise in the noblest and purest mind. I should be sorry to think such a wish absurd or presumptuous, or unlikely ever to be gratified. The highest enjoyment, doubtless, to the blest, will be the personal knowledge of their great and beloved Master; yet I cannot but think that some part of their happiness will consist in an intimate knowledge of the greatest of his followers also, and of those in particular whose peculiar qualities are to each the most peculiarly attractive."

He thus writes to a young clergyman on Self-righteousness and its treatment:—"It is very hard to cure, since most of the sins you would press on the notice of self-righteous persons they either do not own or do not admit to be sins. This, I think, is the best course—ask a man whether he feels more desire for heavenly happiness than for this world's goods—more gratitude to Christ than to any earthly friend; whether he estimates more highly His goodness who died and suffered all for the benefit (exclusively) of others, or his own, who by his good conduct is benefiting himself; whether he would not think himself sufficiently repaid for his virtuous exertions by two or three hundred years of happiness; whether he is duly grateful for having an eternity of happiness offered; whether he is grateful for the spiritual aid from which all good conduct must proceed. Beware of offending him too suddenly, denying the goodness of his conduct. Bring him to feel and act as a Christian in any one point, and the rest will perhaps follow. In some dispositions self-abasement is the last effect produced, in others it is the first."

On the study of the Evidences of Christianity he makes this striking remark:—"I have commonly found that some points of evidence come out incidentally when the mind is occupied with collateral inquiries. For example, while I was discussing the corruptions that have been introduced into Christianity, it struck me most forcibly that these would surely have been in the original religion if it had been of man's devising. You must often have observed that the side sight of the eye is the strongest. You get a brighter view of a comet or of some other of the heavenly bodies, when you are looking, not outright at it, but at some other star near it. And so it often is with evidence. Discuss some other point allied to the one on which you have been unable to satisfy yourself, and it will often happen that, just as

when you are hunting for something you have lost, you find other things which you had lost long before, some argument will strike you with its full force which had failed to make a due impression when you were occupied in trying the very question it relates to, when a certain anxiety to be convinced produced a sort of resistance to evidence."

This is a true remark on Preaching:

"After all, the Apostles and Evangelists can preach the gospel better than we can. Our first, second and third object, therefore, should be to put the hearers of Scripture as nearly as we can, (entirely we cannot,) in the same position with the illiterate multitude whom the Apostles addressed and who were quite familiar with many things that are made out (or not made out) by diligent study of the learned among us. *E.g.* 'Let him that is on the housetop, etc.' is quite intelligible to one who is acquainted with the oriental mode of building, but quite a mystery to one who is not. Paul, again, starting from Antioch (in Syria) and shortly after preaching at Antioch (in Pisidia) is quite bewildering till explained. And the common people need to be told what is a 'lawyer' and a 'publican.' How did Elijah so readily get the water to pour on his altar when the land was parched with draught? Easily explained, as he was close to the sea, but needing to be explained."

On Prayer he writes in answer to the objection that God must know our wants, whether we pray or not, and that, therefore, prayer is unnecessary. "True," said Whately, "He knows our wants, but not our humble supplications to Him for aid, unless we make such supplications. Now, it is to our prayers, not to our wants, that His gifts are promised. He does not say—'Need, and ye shall have, want, and ye shall find;' but, 'Ask and it shall be given unto you: seek and ye shall find.'"

In the simplicity of the great Atonement he rested with deep satisfaction. "An atonement has been made," he writes, in his *Cautions for the Times*, "an atonement in making which we have no share. Sin has been so for ever put away as that nothing remains for us to do but to accept the offer of eternal life by turning to God."

The last excerpt which we shall give from his works is one which illustrates well the earnestness with which he would often press upon his hearers or readers the urgent necessity which exists for living always ready for the dread summons of death. It is taken from his *Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State.* "The great day of the Lord," he says, "will come as a thief in the night, without any warning or notice whatever. What would be your sensations, were I empowered to announce that it would take place to-morrow? or to-day? How would you wish to have spent your time here? In what condition to be found? For aught we know, it may come at any time, but, if you believe the Scriptures, you are sure it must at some time or other, and if that should not be for a thousand years hence, yet practically, to each one of us, it will take place very soon, for to each individual man the end of his own life is as the end of the world. It is the end of his business in this world. It is his summons to meet his Judge.

"Consider, therefore, now how you would wish to have lived if this your end were at hand. When the bridegroom knocks, it will be too late to seek oil for your lamps. 'Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh.' 'Blessed is the servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching.'"

THOMAS HAMILTON, D.D.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, PATERNOSTER ROW.—*Price One Penny.*

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S.

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I.

PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

JAMES HAMILTON was born in Paisley November 27th, 1814, and died in London November 24th, 1867, after fifty-three years of very busy and nobly spent life. His father, Rev. William Hamilton, D.D., was parish minister of Strathblane in Stirlingshire. His mother, Jane King, was daughter of a Paisley cotton-spinner whose factory is said to have been the first erected in Scotland.

On both sides he came of a godly stock. How blessed and favoured he was in his parents, no one seemed more aware than himself. "A better mother," he says, "and a father of loftier worth, no one ever had." This he always reckoned among his chief mercies: and what effective use he made of it through life to deepen his sense of responsibility!

Critical circumstances attending his birth led his parents to dedicate and specially surrender him to the Lord; while the fact that his mother was on a visit to her father's house in Paisley at the time, made James Hamilton the native of a town which is commonly understood to have produced more preachers and poets than any other in proportion to its population. He was the first-born of the family, and after some weeks was removed to the manse of Strathblane, where, during the next twelve years, a brother, three sisters, and another brother made up the happy home. The scene of their childhood he himself describes:—"Sheltered from the north by an outlier of the Ochils and with the perpetual Sabbath of its own hills smiling down on its industrious valley, and with its bright little river trotting cheerily toward Loch Lomond, few parishes in Scotland could be more secluded or lovely than Strathblane. If we could trust our childhood's recollections, we should say that nowhere else were the breezes so soft, nowhere else did summer linger so long." He allows that "the memory of childhood is eclectic: we begin life, as we end it, wearing spectacles; and mine," he adds, "were amber-coloured." Such idyllic surroundings did much to foster his blithe and elastic buoyancy of spirit; and amid the scenes of his childhood he imbibed the passionate love for botanic science and natural history which continued with him through life and of which his writings are so full. Education went on at home with the help of a resident tutor; but as the young people grew up they were admitted to the privileges of their father's study. The large and well-stocked library was James Hamilton's fascination from childhood. Long afterwards, in the preface to *Our Christian Classics*, he says of himself, "It was his lot to be born in the midst of old books. Before he could read them they had become a kind of companions: and, in their coats of brown calf or white vellum, great was his admiration for tomes as tall as himself. . . . His first use of the art of reading was to mimic an older example and sit poring for hours over the bulky folios. . . . And although it is impossible to recall without a smile such precocious pedantry, the writer is grateful for tastes then formed, and impressions then acquired."

He pictures his mother's animated presence filling the manse with gracious and happy influences. His father, "six feet two in height, with raven locks brushed down on an ample brow, and with the darkest of eyes," which could flash with indignation or glow with tenderness, was a man of a very lofty type, whose standard of Christian character and attainments was as majestic as his

stature, whose learning was under the command of a powerful intellect, and whose life was one of intense devotion to his calling. A morbid sense of the preciousness of time he transmitted to his eldest son, who may be said "to have shortened his days in redeeming the time." As he himself says of his father, "Every moment was grudged which he did not give to his parish or his library; the day begun with Kennicott's Hebrew Bible would close in with readings from Eusebius or Justin Martyr, and all the space between was filled up with vigorous study or with visits of mercy. Even now, after thirty years," continues his son with filial reverence, "it is affecting to remember the work of that faithful pastor; the sermons he prepared for ploughmen and calico-printers as if for the learned of the land; the classes, libraries, savings banks he established, and innumerable lectures for their winter evenings. And as his image rises again in that rustic pulpit, where with eyes suffused and a countenance radiant with unutterable rapture he expatiated on the matchless love of God and the glories of the great redemption, we do not wonder it was often felt to be heaven on earth or that many came out from the neighbouring city to see." Under such influences was James Hamilton's character firmly yet finely moulded; evangelical piety and intellectual culture going together hand-in-hand.

II.

THE YOUTHFUL STUDENT.

While yet a mere boy, and not having completed his fourteenth year, James Hamilton became a student of Glasgow University, November 3rd, 1828. University and divinity studies occupied the next ten years of his life; long continuance at college thus making amends for the too early entrance, then so common. A most interesting relic, entitled "Journal of the Literary Occupations of James Hamilton, 1827," reveals an extraordinary measure of attainment for a boy of thirteen. He had already overtaken a mass of reading truly wonderful. His appetite was, however, as healthy as it was voracious, and his intellectual digestion was as strong as his appetite.

The maturity, too, of his reflections is equal to the omnivorousness of his reading. Close contact with his father lent a gravity to the boy's thoughts without diminishing the vivacity with which he expressed them. It would be a great mistake to think of James Hamilton, however, as a mere desultory student because of his multifarious reading. His classical and other scholarship enabled him to pass with highest credit his examination for his degree at the close of his curriculum. How well equipped and how successful he was in his class work, may be gathered from such an entry as this, at the end of his third winter session:—"For the Greek prize, I professed the whole of the Iliad and Odyssey, two books of Herodotus, five of Xenophon, three tragedies of Sophocles and eight of Euripides." He came out first in this competition; was first also in Logic, and fifth in his other class at the same time. His remarkable literary gift was also being thus early developed in him:—

"June 29th, 1831.—Rose to-day at four o'clock, and finished writing Baxter's Life."

"August 6th.—Have had some thoughts of writing a series of memoirs of our Scottish theological authors, Boston, Binning, Rutherford, Halburton, Durham."

"November 27th. A few things I would like to do before next birthday: finish *Lives of Christian Authors:* form a society for religious purposes among sons of clergymen attending college: write a collection of hymns for young men."

These entries indicate the religious current of his thoughts; and this is the most distinctive feature in that remarkable journal of 1831. An immense impulse had just been given to his spiritual experience. The new life divine had begun with him so early in childhood

by the blessing of God on pious nurture and godly example that the time of its origin could not be told. A sudden and marked development however now took place under the guidance of the Divine Spirit. This was connected both with an illness of his own, this summer of 1831, from which he believed he could not recover, and with the deaths of his eldest sister, of a cousin, and of an aunt. "I look with peculiar interest," says his biographer, William Arnot, "on the notes he has left of his experience during that sickness. They reveal to me some things I could not have otherwise so well understood in his maturer life."

With his fellow-students James Hamilton was ever a favourite. At the end of his undergraduate career he led the Liberal party among them to victory in a great fight over the Lord Rectorship of the University, and received a testimonial thus inscribed:—"Glasgow College, 1834. Presented by the 'Lord Cockburn Committee' to Mr. James Hamilton, the son of a most learned, upright, and pious father, in testimony of their high sense of his distinguished talents, profound erudition, indefatigable industry, stern integrity, and honest, independent zeal for the best interests of the University."

Among his college contemporaries older than himself whose companionship he cherished were such as William Arnot, his lifelong friend and ultimately his biographer; Archibald Campbell Tait, whose acquaintance he renewed when Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. William Hanna, son-in-law and biographer of Chalmers; Archibald Smith of Jordanhill, the mathematician: Dr. Joseph Hooker, first of British botanists, with his father Sir William J. Hooker; Richardson, the chemist and favourite pupil of Liebig; Cotton Mather the Orientalist; and last, but not least, the learned and gifted James Halley, who was so prematurely cut down, whose Life was to have been jointly written by Hamilton and Arnot. Circumstances, however, prevented Hamilton fulfilling his part.

III.

FURTHER PREPARATION.

In November 1834, near his twentieth birthday, James Hamilton passed into the theological classes of the University. With his whole heart he had acquiesced in his father's early dedication of him to the ministry of the gospel. On this congenial field of study he entered very devoutly, and more resolved than ever to lead a consecrated life. But besides the ordinary professional routine his active mind had felt the need of a wider range of subjects, and this was happily open to him.

"As my father's circumstances enabled me to give myself wholly to the business of the college, I was permitted to attend such classes as astronomy, natural history, chemistry, botany, and the like, not included in the ordinary course." Alas! before the close of that session he was called to mourn that revered father's sudden decease; and when his April medal and other honours were sent out to Strathblane, the trophies saddened the winner's heart, because the lips were cold and silent whose praise he most coveted. The family then removed nearer Glasgow, and James Hamilton assumed the place of eldest son and head of the household, and became a stay and comfort to his widowed mother.

His great sorrow seemed only to have quickened his pace and supplied new stimulus. He became more watchful over what he felt to be precious time. One of his journals of the summer of 1835 furnishes a minute detail of daily work, with a frequent "rose at four" or "rose at five," varied by an occasional indulgence till "seven o'clock," and indicating an amount of reading, "enough," says his biographer, "to make one giddy." Already it was a habit and passion with him to jot down the results of his observation and reflection. On the opening fly-leaf of one of his many note-books of

this period, he speaks about "as much timber being carried down the Mississippi as, if arrested, would soon build a navy;" and so he determines on intercepting in the current of his own thought the miscellaneous flotsam and jetsam that might otherwise be lost to him. The pages of the book get crowded with masses of carefully sifted information; the botanical, physiological, and natural history lore, in which he is deeply interested, being interspersed with miniature biographies of the pit-boys and girls in the Sabbath-school he started in the new and destitute locality to which he had removed. "This," he says, "has done more than any other thing to interest me in the place, and the school has prospered beyond expectation."

Among his many accomplishments James Hamilton now became a keen and watchful student of human nature, for benevolent and Christian ends, especially keeping a jealous eye on his own inner self. At this time also, in May 1836, through the kind offices of his uncle in London, Thomas Hamilton (head of the well-known publishing house of Hamilton, Adams & Co.), with whom he maintained a charming correspondence, this youth of twenty-two was enabled to bring out in handsome form a *Memoir of his Father*, in one volume, with some posthumous remains in another. "The work," we are told, "bears marks of a maturity altogether beyond the editor's years. Never did son more reverentially embalm his father's memory, and never had worthy son a worthier father as the subject of his first great literary labour."

The tide of fresh evangelical life was now rapidly rising in the Church of Scotland, and James Hamilton resolved to receive the full benefit of it by removing with his family to Edinburgh in November 1836, so as to attend the theological prelections of Chalmers and his colleagues in the university there. He returned, however, to Glasgow for part of the summer of 1837 to attend the botanical class of Sir W. J. Hooker.

"I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Sir William; and he was very urgent I should go to Syria and spend a year in collecting its plants and studying its natural history. He represented that there was much to be done in this department, and that a person with zeal for botany and zoology and a competent knowledge of the original Scriptures might do great service and get himself some credit. He added that if I would go he would allow his son, with whom I have been long intimate, to accompany me." The inducements were strong; but for the sake of his mother's feelings and his own special work, he gave up the idea, though reluctantly.

The winter of 1837–8 was his last college session, and he greatly distinguished himself in his classes and otherwise. In the Grassmarket of Edinburgh he kept up a Sabbath school with his brother. The Students' Missionary Society, of which he was secretary, deeply interested him, and brought him into contact with Dr. Duff. He wrote a number of articles at this time for certain periodicals. For a Life of Bishop Hall prefixed to the *Contemplations* he received five pounds; and one of these he speedily sent on an errand of mercy. "Should I ever make further literary earnings, resolve to subject them to a similar percentage."

After a profitable visit to London (during which, among many other things of interest, the libraries, museums and learned societies were chief objects of attraction, especially the Linnæan, of which he afterwards became a Fellow), James Hamilton was licensed as a preacher of the Gospel, 11th October, 1838, by the Edinburgh presbytery of the Church of Scotland.

IV.

HIS OPENING MINISTRY—ABERNYTE AND EDINBURGH.

For three months after license, the young "probationer" exercised his gifts in district mission work in Dr. Cand-

lish's parish (St. George's). The death of his beloved second sister Mary, on 5th November, in her nineteenth year, lent earnestness and urgency to his ministry.

Early in 1839 James Hamilton, after experiencing a slight disappointment, accepted an invitation to become assistant to the aged minister of the parish of Abernyte, near Dundee. This brought him into close personal intimacy with Robert Murray McCheyne and such like-minded coadjutors as William C. Burns and Andrew A. Bonar, then of Collace.[1] He imbibed their spirit and entered heartily into the religious revival which they promoted. Into his own parochial work he threw himself with characteristic ardour. His class for young people was largely attended, and the congregation not only rapidly increased but became touched and impressed under his fervent evangelical ministrations. "I remember a grown man shed tears abundantly—the first time I made a *man* cry." Results began to appear. "Thirteen people, yesterday, wishing to converse with me—the greater part giving scriptural evidence of being created anew in Christ Jesus." Only a Sabbath service had been customary in the parish, but he began a regular week-night meeting for the increased spiritual need. "Oh! this work of preaching is chosen employment," he tells his brother now preparing for the ministry; "there is but one thing worth living for. May you bestow your gifts, my dear brother, on the place which most needs them, not that which can best pay for them. Let us have no self-seeking nor looking out for a rich or comfortable parish."

About this time he became one of a select society of ministerial brethren, twelve or so in number, who joined in solemn covenant to seek more spiritual life for themselves and for the church, by prayer and mutual helpfulness. In this way Abernyte was often visited by strangers who kindled the zeal of the people by their stirring addresses, while James Hamilton returned the service in other districts, specially at the head centre of the work, St. Peter's, Dundee. "Will you excuse lack of ceremony and come down to-morrow, dear friend, and preach to us the unsearchable riches of Christ?" is the beginning of one of Mr. McCheyne's notes to him; "and may grace be poured into your lips," is its close. Of course all this zeal and sympathy with the evangelical party, especially his love of hymn-singing, his pungent style of address and his unconventional ways of vivifying Scripture and making religion a joyous reality, evoked some influential opposition. He says, "Nothing has been so forced home on my conviction of late as the powerlessness of all means till vitalised by the Holy Spirit's energy. I have been imploring the praying people to cry mightily to God for the descent of the Church's Comforter."

An effort to remove him to a Greenock church was successfully resisted: but on a call coming to him from a new charge in Edinburgh, he consented to go. He was ordained there to the office of the holy ministry, and admitted, January 21st, 1841, to the pastoral oversight of the district connected with "Roxburgh Church." It had, however, been long evident that James Hamilton was destined to a foremost position; and a peculiar conjunction of circumstances suddenly forced him to the front.

[1] Now Dr. A. A. Bonar of Glasgow, brother of the late Horatius Bonar, the hymn writer.

V.

SETTLED IN LONDON.

The National Scotch Church, Regent Square, London, was the new claimant for his services. Its history and condition presented a strong appeal to his high and chivalrous nature. Somewhere about the year 1818, the Directors of the Caledonian Orphan Asylum had acquired a chapel in Hatton Garden. After several disappointing experiences they at length secured Edward Irving as the minister. Hatton Garden, unknown

before in the haunts of fashion, became the most crowded place of resort. All London soon rang with the fame of the eloquent preacher. Royal dukes, Cabinet Ministers, and other notables were frequent occupants of the pews; and the place became too strait for the thronging audiences. A more capacious edifice was necessary, and the National Scotch Church in Regent Square was erected at a cost of £21,000.

The sequel of Irving's career need not here be told; suffice it that when he was removed from the ministry in May, 1832, a debt of £10,000 lay on the building, and only a handful of worshippers was left. Under the guidance, however, of a remarkable band and brotherhood of elders, with James Nisbet, the well-known publisher of Berners Street, among them, they succeeded at once in reducing the financial burden by £5000, or one half, and secured efficient supply for the pulpit. In this latter respect they experienced many difficulties and disappointments during the next nine years. When an influential deputation from the Church of Scotland visited London in 1841 on a mission to Government respecting the grave ecclesiastical crisis then impending, the Regent Square representatives seized the opportunity of laying their own case before them. The Scottish advisers at once named James Hamilton as a suitable man for Regent Square, and promised their best efforts to induce him to come.

In July, 1841, he was formally inducted by the Presbytery of London into his new charge, and was introduced by Dr. Robert Gordon, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland that year. He soon vindicated the wisdom of the step. The first hazards of the undertaking were happily surmounted, and everything began to prosper under the new ministry. Pastoral and pulpit labours were no doubt very exacting, but many months had not elapsed ere the necessity was brought home to him of employing his literary gifts to advance his sacred aims. He had some experience and some encouragement already in addressing the public through the press, and when once convinced he could effectively do service in this direction, James Hamilton was too faithful a steward to hide his talent in a napkin. He wrote a series of tracts which, says his biographer, "would have made his name dear to the Church of Christ, although he had done nothing in other departments. Each tract exerted a power at the time, and left its mark on the religious history of the period. These messengers as they successively appeared attracted much attention and provoked much criticism. . . . These tracts did not let a man alone; they grasped him without asking his leave, and shook the indifference out of him. The greatest shock was given by a certain vein of humour, beguiling the reader into a smile ere he knew what he was about, but before turning the page his eyes would be moistened by a tear." The first of the tracts, *The Church in the House*, was issued on 1st January, 1842. Its object was to recommend *family worship* as a joyful exercise, and it was eminently useful in winning many households to the pious observance. The second tract, with the title, *Remembering Zion*, came out on 10th February, 1842. It is a fervent but tender appeal on behalf of *public worship* addressed to Scottish residents in London. The appeal breathes a spirit of the most generous and catholic sympathy with all sections of the Christian brotherhood, while specially designed to evoke the favourable regards of his countrymen in London to the services of their own Presbyterian Church.

The great conflict raging within the National Church in Scotland, which issued in the formation of the Free Church of Scotland in 1843, was now approaching a crisis. James Hamilton had been north at a convocation of ministers that was held in Edinburgh in November, 1842, when their final line of policy was laid down by the Evangelical party,

and before the close of the year he was ready with a third tract, *The Harp on the Willows*, explaining to the English people the questions at issue.

VI.

"LIFE IN EARNEST."

James Hamilton felt greatly stricken, yet greatly stirred and quickened, by the sudden death of his much loved friend, Robert Murray McCheyne, in March 1843. He had heard on Saturday of his dangerous illness, and as he eagerly and anxiously waited the postman's knock on Monday morning, he sprang from the breakfast table at the sound. Opening the first letter as he returned to the room, his hand dropped by his side, while he exclaimed with startled pathos, "Robert is gone." For about a minute he stood pallid and motionless, then said, "Let us pray," and the friends knelt together in subdued solemnity. "It was a great love, for it was a love in the spirit."

Such a stroke gave new edge to the survivor's earnestness. So too did the memorable event that followed it in May that same year, 1843, the DISRUPTION of the Church of Scotland, in which James Hamilton was intensely interested. He was present and took part in the proceedings in the northern capital, and in a tract published immediately afterwards under the title *Farewell to Egypt*, he pictures the stirring scene.

His varied work during 1844 is a marvellous record. Some ludicrous misreporting, of which he was the victim, led him, among higher reasons, to print six notable lectures on the text, Rom. xii. 11th: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." This was the first and perhaps the most widely effective of all his books, *Life in Earnest;* itself emphatically a book in earnest, giving ample evidence of the white-heat in which it was produced. He had proofs of its usefulness till his dying day. Diffused through different lands and languages, it was in part translated, with the alternative title, "A Whip for the Indolent," by a native Mussulman into Urdu (Hindustani as spoken by Mussulmans) for the benefit of his Moslem co-religionists in India. A companion volume to *Life in Earnest* appeared the following year, 1845. This was a set of lectures on prayer, taking its well-known title, *The Mount of Olives*, from the opening one of the series. It dealt with the subject in a spirit of devout yet solemn tenderness, it was greatly appreciated and has done good service.

VII.

"HAPPY HOME."

Under the severe strain of these busy years 1842–6, his health became seriously impaired, and life itself was endangered. By medical advice he betook himself to a German spa for the summer of 1846. Having enjoyed a little Continental travel, he returned greatly invigorated, a visit to North Wales in September completing his recovery. Henceforth, however, life was to come to him in fitful throbs. These he would zealously transmute into vigorous exertions, to be followed, alas! by intervals of enforced retirement. Such periods of rest he turned to highest account in maturing fresh thought and schemes of effort.

In September 1846 he writes: "Having now been sequestered from all preaching for twenty sabbaths, I have been revolving anew *what* I should preach, and *how*. To me it seems that the Lord Jesus is the Alpha and Omega of Christianity, and the Gospel ministry achieves its highest end in bringing a soul to a realizing knowledge and firm belief of what Jesus Christ has done and what He is: and then, when it has enkindled an adoring affection for Him as the Saviour, availing itself of this new principle to elicit a frank obedience to His commands and a studious conformity to His example. . . .

These are the three things at which I would aim:—Some brief and forcible *proofs* of the historic facts about Christ. I fear many hearers do not intelligently and assuredly believe the facts. Would it not be worth while employing a few Sabbaths on some of the most striking *evidences?* . . . The next thing would be to present the most vivid conception of *the Christian facts themselves, what* the Saviour *was*, what He *did*, and what He *is*, striving at the same time by every moving and melting consideration to make such a Saviour *precious*. Two classes I should deal with, as most likely to hail Him—those who have a great burden on their conscience, and those who have a great void in their souls. . . .

"The last thing to be attempted is an exposition of *Christian character*, the things so sublime and amiable in living Christianity as to produce a holy ambition to be Christlike, the highest if also the rarest result of all preaching. Indeed, no mere preaching can produce such things, yet I believe those ends are never earnestly and prayerfully sought without the power of God's Spirit accompanying." This threefold scheme he carried duly into execution, and not without effect.

And now the time had come for making a change in his domestic life. He often found a retreat from the bustle of the City at Willenhall, where Mrs. Moore, widow of a Calcutta gentleman, resided with her family. In her eldest daughter Annie, James Hamilton found a kindred spirit.

They were married at Willenhall, January 5th, 1847, and so was founded what he chose as the title for his next important publication the following year, a *Happy Home*. This, however, was preceded by some minor efforts in 1847—an article in the *North British Review*, for example, on "Charles Simeon and his Predecessors," which is truly a prose poem on the great evangelical revival in the Church of England; and a set of warm and earnest gospel tracts, *The Vine*, *The Cedar*, and *The Palm*, afterwards collected, with others of a kindred character, under the general title, *Emblems from Eden*, which not only stimulated evangelical piety at home, but helped, in a translated form, to revive a similar spirit in the Churches of Holland, Sweden, and other European countries. A powerful and telling appeal, at the same time, entitled, *China*, indicated his intense missionary interest, as we shall afterwards see; and a searching and suggestive sermon on the last Sabbath of 1847, which was circulated under the title, *Days numbered and noted*, shows that the season was one of special quickening for his own inner life.

But the great effort into which he threw his strength was the series of twelve tracts in 1848, issued at first separately and anonymously, but collectively at last, called *The Happy Home*. It was the year of the tottering of thrones on the Continent and of excited political and Chartist agitation in England. The tracts were an honest and earnest effort to give to the stirring of the popular mind a higher direction. Much as they were criticised in some quarters, he was cheered with not a few evidences of their effectiveness. "I wrote them," he says, "for working people. The other day I had an anonymous letter from an operative in Birmingham, saying he had hung my picture near his bed that he might see it every morning when he awoke (poor fellow! I suspect he will not have much time to look at it); and I often hear of poor people going and buying them."

VIII.

"DEW OF HERMON."

Although James Hamilton's habit of mind was spiritual rather than ecclesiastical, and cosmopolitan rather than denominational, he was necessitated by his position and influence to take a leading part in the section of the Church to which by preference he belonged. There his counsels were eagerly sought,

his judgment greatly trusted, and his services in perpetual request in every direction. When a college was founded in 1844, and professors could not be obtained for every subject, James Hamilton had to take charge of the students in *Pastoral Theology*. When the denominational monthly periodical of 1849 was not in a thriving condition, James Hamilton was called in as sick nurse; "and I hope," he says, "to cure it by light diet and gentle exercise. Meanwhile I have had to write nearly the whole number myself." He adds in the prospectus, "Our little barque makes no magnificent pretensions. She is too lightly built for *heavy* goods, nor will she carry the thunderbolts of war." He was a successful pilot, and was soon able to surrender the delicate craft to other hands with full assurance of prosperity. When the Church undertook in 1847 a China mission, and his dear friend, the apostolic William C. Burns, on being asked at a memorable synod when he could start, replied promptly, as he lifted his carpet-bag, "To-morrow," it was James Hamilton who sounded the appeal through the press, and was placed at the head of the committee, and undertook to guide and foster the young enterprise.

Many other important services was he called on to render to his own Church, and many a time did his kind and genial humour prevent eager discussion from degenerating into hot and angry debate in the public assembly, for none could better throw oil on troubled waters than he. At a later date, in 1863, he was at the head of a scheme, and successfully carried it through, for raising £25,000 by subscription. This fund was so managed that in three years it drew forth more than three times its amount for extinction of debt and erection of new churches. In conducting this effort he showed very great tact and business gifts. But his Christian spirit was far above the narrow or sectarian temper; and his loving presence exercised a healing and soothing influence over a far wider area than his own particular section of the Church. James Hamilton was naturally a man of a very catholic disposition. From his very first Christian experiences he had yearned for stronger and more distinct manifestations of brotherly love among all who called upon the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. Even when a Divinity student of 1837, amid the vehement controversies raging around him and in which he took a keen and intelligent interest, he could curb the war-horse of his own spirit, and thus write to his uncle, the publisher, "Among all the societies that are organizing, would it not be worth while trying a Peace Society, of which all should be members who thought Christianity more important than the mode of its propagation, and who would allow those they regarded as fellow-Christians to differ from themselves without treating them as enemies and antichrists? If all were of my own dear minister's spirit, there would be no difference between Churchmen and Dissenters, and they would have something else to do than backbite and devour one another. While many are displaying their zeal on platforms, *he* is procuring for himself a better recompense in the closes and dens of the Grassmarket; and when he emerges to the light again he has the same kindly word for theoretic churchman and for dissenting champion." Long before the Evangelical Alliance was formed, James Hamilton anticipated its need; and in the very earliest London letter of his that has been preserved, he thus heralds its spirit: "It is the duty of Christ's disciples to seek union, and of individual Christians and Churches to maintain friendly correspondence. This, conducted with purity of motive and warmth of affection, would lead to increase of mutual respect and congeniality, and would show the essential unity of the spiritual Church in opposition to the mock unity of the worldly sanctuary of mere churchism."

One of his delightful early ministerial experiences, after settling in London, was, he says, "that this year I should be engaged to preach three of the anniversary sermons—for the London Missionary, the Wesleyan Missionary, and the Christian Instruction Societies." Nor did he feel his attachment for his own Church less, that his love for those others waxed more and more. It was in the early years of his London ministry, while contending in pamphlet after pamphlet very earnestly for the principles of his own Church, that he cooled and refreshed his own spirit by his widely-circulated and greatly appreciated tract on Christian Union, with the happy title, *The Dew of Hermon*. In it occurs the famous passage which represents unspiritual Christians and Churches as being like the isolated pools by the sea-shore, till the rising tide of God's Spirit of love and joy causes them to flow together and be enlarged. "The divisions of Christians show that there is still much carnality amongst them. The more carnal a Christian is, the more sectarian will he be; and the more spiritual he is, the more loving, forbearing, and self-renouncing are you sure to find him. And so with Christian communities. . . . When the tide is out, when religion is low, the faithful are to be found insulated, here a few and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbours during this ebb-tide period. When, like a flood, the Spirit flows into the Churches, the swelling wave of fresh life and love, as it lips in over the margin of each pool, will stir its inmates with an unwonted vivacity, and then let them loose in the large range of the Spirit's own communion of saints. Happy Church! farthest down upon the strand and nearest the rising ocean's edge. Happy Church! whose communion shall first break forth into the purest and holiest and yet most comprehensive of all communions—the communion of the Holy Ghost!"

How he hailed the formation of the Evangelical Alliance, and what services he rendered to it and other societies of kindred catholicity, need not now be rehearsed. Much as he appreciated his seat among the *savants* of the Linnæan Society, he felt higher delight in his membership on the Evangelical Alliance Council. "I like," he says, "to meet the good men there." Not that James Hamilton was mere complacency or indiscriminate softness. Charity, not compromise, was his watchword; charity for the convictions of others, and never a feeble compromise of his own. Vital Gospel principles were very dear to him, and every attempt to corrupt or subvert them met his firm resistance. He could ring out faithful warnings, for example, against popish and mediæval reaction, and in his *Romanism, its Root and Bitterness*, shows the evil and its antidote.

IX.

IN HIS PRIME.

To serve the Lord Jesus was the consuming passion of James Hamilton's life, public and private. Everything was subordinated to this. "Without Him my life would have neither meaning nor motive. To me God says, '*This is My beloved Son with whom I am well pleased; hear Him;*' and I think I am well pleased with the Son of God. No voice I like so well to hear, nor any name I so desire to spread. Too little I speak of Him, and seldom feel those rapturous emotions with which the bosoms of better disciples burn; but surely is He precious to me. I love literature and natural science, and I love our Church, but I should have no heart to extend it save as I think it the cause of Christ, and should have no true zest for books or study if I could not lay their products at the Saviour's feet." About 1850 he became known as Doctor Hamilton, having received a diploma of D.D. from Princeton College, New Jersey. His Exeter Hall lectures to young men and his other writings had made him early popular in America. At this time he was intimate with the

United States ambassador and had much friendly correspondence with American brethren. One of the honours he much esteemed was a diploma constituting him a life director of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

By this time the church at Regent Square had become in his hands a hive of Christian activity, with week-day and Sabbath-day schools, missionaries and other agencies at work in the dense surrounding population. The first full annual report was submitted to the congregation in 1847, and this document was the beginning of a series of noble records of intelligent, liberal-handed and patient Christian enterprise, both at home and abroad. Of all this the minister, loving and beloved, was the centre and rallying point; while on him rested the care of other churches and interests besides, with quite a mass of miscellaneous and multifarious engagements daily on hand.

Meanwhile he was keeping up his old student note-books on an improved plan of his own, filling volume upon volume of what he calls *Book Essence*, all bearing on his pulpit-work, and carefully indexed, from which to draw his illustrations and make the message of mercy more bright and telling. Nor did he fail to preach to himself. "Yesterday rose at six and finished a sermon on 'Take no thought for the morrow.' Having a deep root of melancholy in my nature I am fond of such subjects, for then I preach sermons useful to myself. With a most clear and joyful confidence in the wisdom and love of Him who doeth all things well, I am constantly haunted with special anxieties and obscure misgivings and depressions. And so I feel the better for such a sermon as yesterday's." James Hamilton cultivated cheerfulness as a Christian duty. His bright sunny nature was the result of prayers and pains. Writing to his younger brother in 1846, he says, "Before I was quite grown up, I too was the victim of most dreary and foreboding impressions. It was no one rational cause, but *myself* was full of the dreary element. But as my constitution gathered strength, and, I may add, as clearer views of the Divine benevolence and brighter hopes broke in, those fancies passed away. I am not exempt from them now, but they do not hurt and oppress me and blacken the face of things as they used to do." He often counted over his mercies, so as to deepen the sense of his own unworthiness, and quicken the sense of his responsibility. Even trials such as the deaths of his last sister in 1849 and of his sister-in-law in 1850, both of them wives of Free Church ministers in Scotland, served to quicken his pace. "Solemn to think that the *sister* side of our family is now extinct on earth, but sweet to believe that all are in heaven."

X.

FURTHER LITERARY LABOURS.

The ten years between 1849 and 1859 were the busiest and most prolific in James Hamilton's literary life. Every year of the decade witnessed the publication of one or more products of his pen, and every new effort seemed to involve him in some fresh demand. The *Memoirs of Lady Colquhoun of Luss* cost him much labour in 1849—"on Friday," he says for example, "I worked all day at it, and on Saturday till midnight studied for Sabbath and was up again at four;" but the work amply repaid his toil. Indeed the honour and credit of it, we are told, "became ultimately a burden; applications for similar service being in some cases pressed with inconvenient urgency."

Next year found him busy with his lectures on Ecclesiastes, which were issued with the title *The Royal Preacher*. "I am astonished," writes his friend Sir George Sinclair of Thurso, brother of Lady Colquhoun, "at the profound research and erudition of the introduction as well as by the apposite illustrations and cogent appeals to heart and conscience in the lectures themselves." It soon passed into a new and revised

edition. Then followed a charming book commendatory of the Holy Scriptures in various aspects, which proved very popular, as might have been expected from its glowing and eloquent heartiness of style. Its first name, *The Lamp and the Lantern*, was supplanted in later editions by the happier title *The Light to the Path; or, What the Bible has been to others, and what it can do for ourselves.* Every book he wrote just seemed to clear the way for another; and even when his pen was busiest, the impulse to undertake something more was strong upon him. Happily there was not in his case, as in some others, anything morbid, irritable or self-centred. All was under the control of a gracious, cheery and loving disposition eminently characteristic of the Christ-taught man. "For a history of the political corporations called Churches I have no turn; but I have a great hankering to write the true *Acta Sanctorum*, the story of all heroic and beautiful deeds which have been impelled by love to the Saviour." This was one of his many bright but unaccomplished visions, though he did something to realise it in his *Memoir of Richard Williams*, the devoted medical missionary who perished in the disastrous expedition to Patagonia.

From Methodist friends, who were primarily interested in this Memoir, he received warm acknowledgments. The Rev. William Bunting writes to him thus: "For *Richard Williams* I feel as if I can never appropriately thank you in time, but hope to glorify God in you and in him after a heavenly manner. . . . My father has much the same feeling of the rare value of that book;" and the Rev. William Arthur, thus: "Some of your works may circulate wider, but I doubt whether any will live longer. I have had a good laugh out of several Methodist circles at your epithet, 'a church upon wheels.' The book will brace up many a young missionary to hardihood such as he would not else have reached."

His next two chief efforts were of a serial order. These occupied about eight years between them; and indeed he was not without some monthly issue of some kind or other till the end of his life. The first was *Excelsior*, a monthly magazine beginning in January, 1854, and meant to finish in three years. "It constitutes six beautiful little volumes full of miscellaneous information and besprinkled with exquisite pictorial illustrations." Expressly designed for young men, this periodical, through which, he says, "I hope to give some good impulses to the rising race, should they be induced to read it," admirably fulfilled its purpose, though the correspondence it involved was very laborious. A thousand letters connected with it have been preserved, and they constitute a cabinet of editorial curiosities.

His other correspondence, social, missionary, official, was now very heavy. "I cannot have written fewer than two thousand letters during this year 1854."

His next publication was different from *Excelsior*, but in its own department of more permanent value, and well fitted to retain an important place in English literature. The title sufficiently explains its nature: *Our Christian Classics: Readings from the best divines, with notices biographical and critical.* They are four masterly volumes and are fitly dedicated to the author's fellow-student Tait, who was then Bishop of London.

Meanwhile James Hamilton had filled up the interstices of his time with other fruits of his diligent pen, such as selections from his pulpit work on the Gospels, *Lessons from the Great Biography*, and a set of articles on his favourite subject of Scriptural botany for the *Biblical Dictionary*, "till I have nothing now in my head," says he, "but almonds and apples, aloes and algum trees: and my heart somewhat fails when I think of going through the whole Alphabet."

XI.

CLOSING YEARS.

To one of his brothers he wrote: "Our constitutions are not very tough, but

neither are they distempered. They should last a good while, if we do not allow people to tear them to pieces." Alas! the process was early begun; his own zeal and obliging courtesy contributing to it. Ever and anon he was suffering from the whirl and bustle of high pressure. Very pathetic is his "Have taken to correct my proofs in omnibuses;" or his "Weary, weary, weary! After ninety-six Sabbaths of preaching, yesterday the first day of rest. Vital powers low." He had been in a railway accident but mercifully sustained no damage. A well-earned and lengthened holiday on the Continent fell to his lot in 1860, when Regent Square Church was undergoing extensive repairs. Questions respecting its legal tenure having been happily settled, the congregation expended on it £14,000, which they soon cleared off. Their report of 1862 contained a warm tribute to him on the completion of his twenty-first year's pastorate; and it called attention to his new volume, *A Morning by the Lake of Galilee*, as a fit companion to his *Mount of Olives*.

An effort was made in 1864 to secure him for Edinburgh as successor to Dr. Guthrie. The position was an important one, but his sphere of service was now fixed and he saw fit to decline. He had just before undertaken the editorship of *Evangelical Christendom*, the organ of the Evangelical Alliance. Many of the articles he contributed from 1864 till his death are of permanent value and interest, showing him to have been among the foremost experimental and practical theologians of his time. Such papers as *Finality and Progress*, *The Mind of the Master*, *Christ's Walk*, and many more, now preserved in the fourth volume of his "Collected Works," reveal very remarkable breadth and insight, and prove his capability for leadership in the higher spiritual regions of Christian thought, could he have commanded the needful leisure. While maintaining the profoundest sympathy with all Evangelical teaching of a previous generation, which dealt mainly with a sense of guilt and the need of a refuge for sinners, he yet so entered into the fulness of Christ as to bring out new elements of attraction in Him, and thereby exhibit additional wealth of satisfaction for all the yearning wants and woes of poor afflicted humanity.

In the last volume which he lived to see through the press, *The Pearl of Parables, the Prodigal Son*, he thus combines his own conceptions of Gospel preaching with the older habit of thought: "To the mediation of the Lord Jesus we owe all our hopes and all our happiness. Including, as it does, satisfaction for sin, a matchless exhibition of Divine compassion, and the introduction into our fallen world of that celestial energy which raises to a new and noble life those who were dead in trespasses, it has not only removed every barrier to the transgressor's return, but has made the way of life so open and attractive that the most simple have found it, the wayward been induced to enter on it, and the feeblest been carried along it. In that mediation, so pre-eminent is the work of atonement, that to the eye of many a reverent beholder it has left small space for other objects. . . . Yet it is no honour to the Lord Jesus and it is an injury to ourselves to forget . . . that not only did He bring the Father's message, but He lived out on earth the Father's life. The very feelings and dispositions of the Father shone in His countenance and breathed in His accents; surrounding His person with a sacred attraction, and inspiring His words with a winsome authority, so that when on the cross He exclaimed: 'Father, forgive them,' we know the prayer was addressed, not to a Deity distant, inexorable, hostile, but to that God who so loved the world that He gave for it His only begotten Son, and who, in order to answer that prayer in righteousness, surrendered to this sorrow His best Beloved."

In order to devote himself more entirely, heart and soul, to these higher

labours, which issued in such posthumous volumes as *Moses the Man of God*, and the Memoir and Remains of his friend and neighbour, James D. Burns, the poet-preacher of Hampstead, Dr. Hamilton deliberately chose the path of noblest self-denial. A long-cherished purpose of his had been to write the Life and Times of Erasmus. His aim may be gathered from the sentence: "From all rationalism I revolt with my whole soul: but I long to see more reasonableness in the religious and ecclesiastical domain." For this end he had read extensively in Reformation folios and had studied Erasmus's own works with care: he had filled note-books with facts and jottings, had learned Dutch and had lectured and written articles on the subject for *Macmillan's Magazine*: it was in fact to be his *magnum opus*. Yet, to husband his remaining strength for higher objects, he gave it up and laid it all aside.

His words on abandoning the project are very touching in their blended humility, regret and humour:—

"It would have been very pleasant," he writes, "to revise that prodigious range of literature, patristic and classical, of which Erasmus was the editor. Owing to a secluded boyhood and unlimited youthful leisure, without ever attaining accurate scholarship, I have read in these departments more than most people; and after an abstinence of a quarter of a century, a strange longing for these books returns. Like the daisies and the dandelions that come up in October, it is the feeble revival of an impossible spring. For after giving to the work the spare hours and the autumn holiday of the last two or three years, I am constrained to abandon the task. . . . So this day, with a certain touch of tenderness, I restored the eleven tall folios to the shelf, and tied up my memoranda, and took leave of a project which has sometimes cheered the hours of exhaustion, and the mere thought of which has always been enough to overcome my natural indolence. It is well; if a favourite play, it was also a great temptation. It was a chance, the only one I ever had, of attaining literary distinction, and where there is so much 'pride and naughtiness of heart,' it is perhaps better to be unknown. Like the congregation of the Gascon preacher who had forgotten his discourse, the world will never know what a treat it has lost: and not having this absorbent for spare hours, it is possible that to wife and children and people there may be a gain in the abandonment of the Magnum Opus."

"In all his papers," writes his biographer, "I have not met with anything more affecting than this farewell." It was one of James Hamilton's ways of cutting off a right hand and plucking out a right eye for the kingdom of heaven's sake.

XII.

THE END.

If any one thing more than another gleamed forth from his later ministrations it was his larger and loving use of family images, domestic affections and offices of friendship to illumine the relations of the life divine. With a wide circle of attachments, some of them, like that with David Livingstone, being greatly prized, few were better fitted to shine in the home circle or in social intercourse with Christian brethren. "A congregation has gathered round me, not such as frequent the popular preacher, but one which I prefer: many interesting and light-hearted young men, many serious and attentive hearers and not a few of the most delightful and congenial friends. To crown all, I have such a home as I scarcely thought could be realised in a world of sin and sorrow." It consisted, to use his own words, of "a dear partner, God's best earthly gift, whose only fault is that excess of affection which may lead to overmuch sorrow," and four daughters and two sons born between 1849 and 1864, "children of various dispositions, all loving and promising, and only made the more inte-

resting by their distinct individuality." But the breaking-up time was at hand and his own end near.

During the holiday of 1865 he nearly lost his elder boy by a fearful fall from a tree; and it was only after months of patient nursing he was at length restored. In the early part of 1867 he was himself stricken down with a severe hepatic affection which threatened paralysis. The dreaded stroke, however, did not come. But many weary weeks of wasting disease were appointed him: and no change of air or place effected permanent benefit. His last sermon was in his own pulpit on the "Tree of Life," the Sabbath evening of May 26th. He himself announced early that the end was coming; but at eventide it was brightest light, and the Lord was blessing him with abundance of peace. Amid all the physical lassitude and depression incident to his disease, he preserved his loving interest in others; and his bright, thankful cheeriness seldom forsook him, nor was his mind ever clouded with despondency or gloom. He would on no account allow the recreations of the younger children to be abridged in the house even a few days before his death, as he had refused to permit his eldest daughter's marriage to be postponed at an earlier stage. He dictated from his dying bed a touching and tender message to the bride and bridegroom, and another to the assembled guests. "If any inquire my ground of joy and confidence, it is not that I have been a minister of the gospel or have been kept from some sins, for I feel utterly unworthy. My hope is in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ and in that blood which cleanseth from all sin: and I wish to go into God's presence as the rest have gone—a sinner saved by grace—a sinner saved by grace."

All his dying exercises were precious and peaceful. On his last night, having bidden all farewell, he said, "There are two lines in the hymn 'The hour of my departure's come' which exactly describe my feelings:—

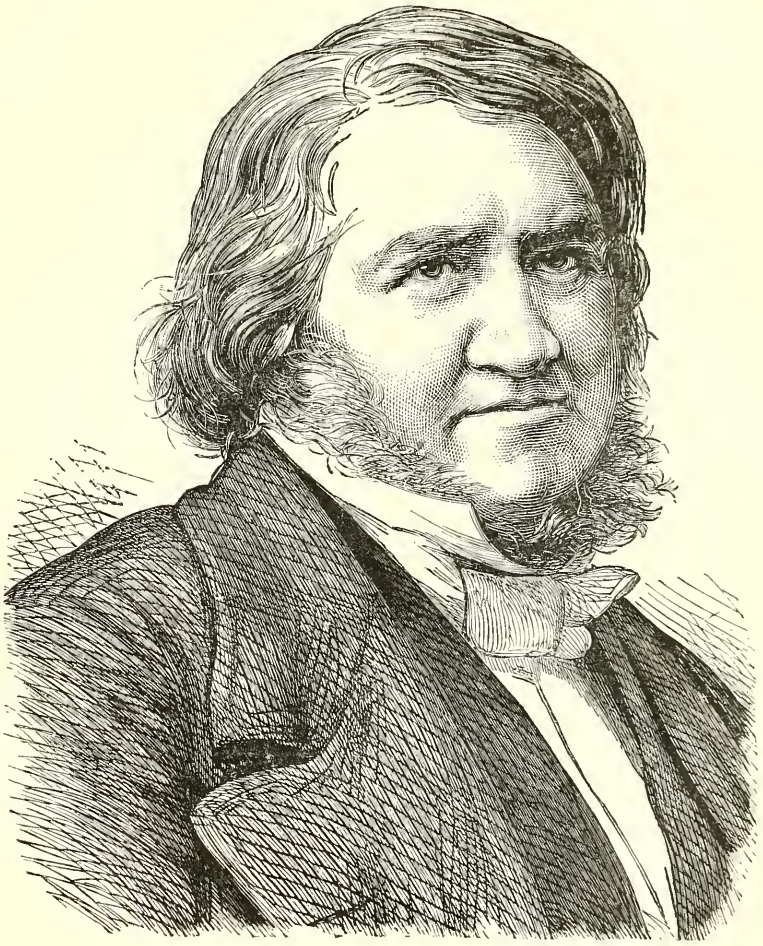
> 'I leave the world without a tear,
> Save for the friends I love so dear.'"

On his brother reminding him of their father's favourite verse about safety in the arms of Jesus being the antidote to "death's cold embrace," he whispered smilingly; "No, I had forgotten; but there is no cold embrace, William: there is no cold embrace." He entered into rest on Sunday morning, November 24, 1867, not quite fifty-three years of age. His biographer, who has preserved his memory as in an urn of fragrant rose-leaves, puts his preaching, his books and his life in the relation of good, better, best. For James Hamilton, he says, "was one of the few good men of whom I should venture to say clearly and advisedly that I was more sharply reproved, more deeply impressed and more powerfully drawn to good by intimate contact with *the man* in private than by any form of his public ministry. I know not a severer test of character nor a greater triumph of grace than this."

ALEX. H. DRYSDALE, M.A.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.—*Price One Penny*

SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, BART., M.D.



SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, BART., M.D.

I.

BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS.

James Young Simpson was born at Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, June 7th, 1811. He was the seventh son, and the youngest of the eight children of David Simpson and Mary Jarvey. His father, belonging to the class of small tenant farmers, served an apprenticeship to a baker in Bathgate, where he commenced business on his own account in 1810, after unsuccessful attempts to establish himself in other places where he had worked as journeyman. During many years, and with his increasing family, it had been a hard struggle for living, and at the time of the birth of the youngest child matters had come to the lowest ebb. Debts had accumulated, some of the children were down with fever, and on the very day when James was born, the money taken in the shop was only about eight shillings, the lowest entry yet made in the poor baker's cash-book. But from that day the tide turned, and new life and hope came to the household.

David Simpson had concealed from his wife the real state of his affairs, trusting that things might take a turn for the better. She had given her whole time to the care of the children, and to the thrifty management of the household, leaving business matters to her husband. But now a crisis had come, and the wife had to be made acquainted with their condition and prospects. She showed herself equal to the occasion, and her name is worthy of honour as that of a true heroine in humble life. She sought the help of friends to meet a pressing debt of £100; credit was restored; and by her wise and energetic management, business began speedily and steadily to increase. The Jarvey family, though then in lowly grade of life, could claim kindred with Scottish houses of higher social position. Above all "gentle blood," the mother of James Simpson was a godly and devout Christian woman, of the best Scottish type. She died when her youngest boy was only nine years of age. He never lost the impressions of those times of loving and prayerful influence. The only daughter gradually became as a little mother in the house, a comforter and helper to the father and the lads, but taking special charge of her youngest brother, and she tended him with the most devoted affection.

The whole of the family appear to have shown the utmost consideration for little Jamie, whose gentle spirit and engaging ways made him a universal favourite. The elder brothers had all to make their living by hard work, but by common consent, though implying personal sacrifice and increased toil for themselves, they agreed that the youngest should be helped to become "a scholar," and to make his way as a man of learning. This is a familiar feeling in many a rural home in Scotland. The highest ambition usually was to see one of the family in the ministry of the Gospel, but whatever was the line of professional life chosen, the advancement of one of the family was regarded without jealousy, and with sympathy and pride by the whole household. So it was with James Simpson who, although starting from a humble position in life, had the way left free for rising to distinction.

From his mother and his sister he had his earliest home lessons, and he also got some teaching at a private school, kept by a lame man, known to the town as "Timmerleg" better than by his own name of Henderson. These venture-schools were once common, before the days of educational codes and govern-

ment inspection, and when, in the lax times of the Church of Scotland, the official oversight of parish schools was often neglected by the presbyteries. But to the parish school at Bathgate, then a place with only about two thousand five hundred of population, Mr. James Taylor was appointed, a teacher of more than usual learning and ability, and here young Simpson was sent, and made good progress. He ever afterwards spoke with gratitude and affection of Mr. Taylor, who was a good and kind man as well as an efficient teacher.

None of the scholars made more rapid progress than James Simpson. He was generally dux of his class, and though fond of play he was also fond of his books. The ordinary lessons were easily mastered, and beyond these he showed an insatiable desire for knowledge of most miscellaneous kind. There were few books in those days in the homes of the shopkeepers and weavers of the town, and the farm-folk in the country. But the tales and legends current in every household were eagerly listened to by young Simpson, and in his rural rambles he found abundant amusement and instruction. The district is not one of any picturesque beauty, but it is rich in objects of interest, both in natural history and in antiquities, and has many localities associated with memorable incidents in Scottish history. From these surroundings, it is probable that the boy got his early bias towards science, and archæology, of which he was afterwards an enthusiastic student. At home in the evening he delighted to be told ancedotes of local or family history. The only distant expedition during his school days, was to Edinburgh, to which he walked from Bathgate. His historical and antiquarian tastes led him, on reaching "Auld Reekie," straight to the Greyfriars' Churchyard, with its many historic memorials. What other places he saw in Edinburgh at that time is not recorded, but he was soon to know much more of the ancient Capital of Scotland.

II.

STUDENT LIFE AT EDINBURGH.

Simpson entered the University of Edinburgh at the age of fourteen. He had for several years looked forward to "going to college," an ambition cherished by many a poor scholar in Scotland. This desire had been strengthened by what he heard from a Bathgate friend and school-fellow, John Reid, afterwards an eminent physiologist, and professor of anatomy at the University of St. Andrew's. Reid had begun his student life in 1823, and on coming home after his first session, had been eagerly questioned about college life and ways. It may have been from what was then heard that Simpson made his flying visit to Edinburgh; at all events this confirmed his purpose to become a student.

In those times it was usual to go through the whole Arts curriculum, previous to enrolling for any special profession. This course of preliminary study Simpson always described as being useful to him, and it certainly secured a wider culture than the mere "entrance examination" now sufficient for medical students.

At the beginning of his second year (the academic year being marked not by terms but by one long winter session) Professor Pillans, who from the first took a friendly interest in the lad, advised him to compete for a Stewart bursary. This exhibition had been founded by an Edinburgh man of that name, settled in America, whose wife bore the maiden name of Simpson. In the deed of trust it was provided that preference should be given to candidates of the name of Stewart or Simpson. The amount was small, £10 tenable for three years, but this was an acceptable supplement to the funds freely contributed by the brothers at Bathgate. The fact of this bursary having helped to determine James Young Simpson to enter on the study of medicine may well encourage

successful alumni of Scottish Universities to endow bursaries and exhibitions for the help of poor scholars.

On arriving at Edinburgh, Simpson joined his friend John Reid, who lodged with Dr. Macarthur, formerly an assistant in the Bathgate school. Macarthur gave every encouragement and help to his young friends. All three lived in the upper flat of a house near the college, the two elder engaged with medical studies, which interested young Simpson while attending his literary classes. Very slender means sufficed for the maintenance of students of the humbler class in those days. Many a poor lad, who afterwards rose to professional eminence, lived upon a few shillings a week—very often obtained by teaching during the session or in the long summer vacation, and sometimes by actual labour as shepherds or farm labourers. The generous help of his people at home saved Simpson from this toil, but their generosity made him all the more frugal and thrifty. In his biography, by Professor Duns of New College (Edmonstone and Douglas), who had access to all the personal and family papers, many curious details are given of college life and expenses in those days.

III.

FIRST YEARS OF PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

After completing the required course of medical study, he passed his examination as Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons when in his nineteenth year. Two years must elapse before he could take his degree of Doctor of Medicine. Part of this interval he spent at Bathgate with his brother Alexander, and in attending special classes at Edinburgh during the winter sessions. He had made unsuccessful attempts to obtain professional employment. One of these was the appointment of surgeon in an East Indiaman, or other ship that would receive his services for a year or fifteen months. Another attempt was when he became candidate for a practice in a small village in the West of Scotland. Long afterwards he spoke of this application, and said, "When not selected, I felt perhaps a deeper amount of chagrin and disappointment than I have ever experienced since that date. If chosen I would probably have been working there as a village doctor still." He referred to this partly to show how his ambition was in those times not very great, and also in recognition of the overruling power of Providence in determining a man's career in life.

Returning to Edinburgh, he continued his preparations for graduating as M.D. It is the custom, in addition to the examinations, for each candidate to write a thesis (then usually in Latin) on any subject bearing on the profession. Simpson's thesis was "On the immediate cause of death in some inflammatory diseases." The essay came into the hands of Dr. John Thompson, Professor of Pathology, who was at the time looking out for an assistant in his professorial work, and he was so pleased with Simpson's thesis that he saw him, and offered him the situation, with a salary of £50 a year. His efficient discharge of the duties gave great satisfaction to the professor, who, being in feeble health, after a time occasionally availed himself of the services of his assistant in delivering the lectures, and advanced his salary to £100.

It was by Dr. Thompson's advice that Simpson turned his attention specially to the study of midwifery and the diseases of women and children. It was a judicious as well as friendly advice, for there was prospect at that time not only of a favourable opening for private practice, but also of becoming a candidate for the Chair of Midwifery, the professor of which, Dr. James Hamilton, could not be expected to hold it long, on account of his age and infirmities.

In 1837 Simpson was appointed interim lecturer on Pathology in the University, Dr. Thompson still nominally holding the chair; and in the following

year, 1838–9, he commenced a course of lectures, in the extra-academical school, on Obstetric Medicine.

IV.

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

The Chair of Midwifery became vacant in 1839 by the resignation of the Professor, and Dr. Simpson announced himself as a candidate. The contest for this advantageous and lucrative post proved a severe one, there being many candidates, some of them of high standing in the profession, and with long experience both as practitioners and teachers. The election was in the hands of the Town Council of Edinburgh, in those days the patrons of the University, and having the appointment of the professors, with the exception of a few who were nominated by the Crown. It was well for Simpson that the appointment rested neither with the medical faculty, nor with the Government, as he might have had scant chance against the professional or political influences which would have largely affected the result. His youth, his lowly origin, and his comparative inexperience, were all against him. But he had already obtained a good name among his fellow-citizens; his testimonials were strong and he had warm personal friends. When the day of decision came, there were several divisions, the lowest names in the vote being eliminated, till at the final vote Simpson was chosen by a majority of one over his principal opponent. The numbers were 17 to 16, every member of the council of 33 being present. Thus he attained, at the early age of twenty-eight, the highest medical position within his reach. In November of the following year, 1840, he commenced his professorial duties, and, the class of midwifery being one in the required curriculum for graduation, his lectures were among the most numerously attended and popular in the whole University. The class fees were such as to put him thenceforth above all anxiety as to income. Not only so, but the election was followed by an immediate and rapid increase in the number of his patients, and these of a class in society which added wealth to his rising professional reputation.

Leaving him thus in the high position to which his talents, industry, and ambition has raised him, let us return to note a few of the incidents of family and personal interest, during the interval between his first settlement in Edinburgh and his election to the chair in the University.

V.

PERSONAL AND FAMILY INCIDENTS.

After passing as surgeon in 1830, the visits to Bathgate were not so frequent or prolonged as they had been during his student days.

In January of that year his father died. On hearing of his illness James had hastened home, and watched over him with tender devotion.

One of his brothers began business in Edinburgh in the following year, and with him James lived during part of the time that he resumed his studies for taking his degree, which he obtained in 1832. In the same year Alexander, his favourite and most attached brother, and also the only sister, Mary, were married. The house of Alexander was his home whenever he went to Bathgate, and from him he obtained advances of money when needed. In 1833 he joined the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and very soon he was elected senior president, an honour highly esteemed by young medical men. In 1835 he was enabled, by the liberal help of two of his brothers, to visit the chief medical schools of London and Paris, and to see the eminent men whose names and writings had been familiar to him as a student. He had the advantage of making this expedition in the company of Dr., now Sir Douglas Maclagan, one of his closest college friends, who now

(in 1890) is an honoured professor in the University.

While the medical schools and teachers formed the main objects of attraction, two young Scotchmen of more than ordinary genius and accomplishments did not fail to see much of public life and of distinguished men during their travels. From Simpson's Journal, which he carefully kept, and from which extracts are given by his biographer, we find that they saw all the usual London sights, including the Museums, the learned Societies, and the House of Commons during an animated debate in which Russell, Peel, and other leaders spoke. From Paris the route home was by Belgium, London again, Oxford, and Liverpool. At the last place, spending an evening with Mr. Grindlay, the same merchant who had tried to get for him a surgeon's appointment in an Indian ship, he was struck with one of the daughters as having a remarkable resemblance to his sister Mary. To Jessie Grindlay his heart warmed at once, and he resolved, if he married, that she should be his wife. But his slender means and doubtful prospects prevented more than a general understanding, without a formal engagement. The affair came to a settlement in a singular way. When he became candidate for the chair of midwifery, he found that his being a bachelor might lessen the chance of success. He promptly resolved to remove this disqualification. Of the lady's consent he was sure, and the approval of the father was readily given on the frank statement of his position by the anxious suitor. He told Mr. Grindlay that he was not only without means but considerably in debt to his generous brother, Sandy, who had not only advanced his class and graduation fees in past years, but had helped to furnish his house and to start him in practice. The father met the son-in-law's position with confidence, and the marriage, which took place in the Christmas week of December 1839, possibly secured some votes which might have been doubtful in canvassing for the chair. The close contest and the election, which took place on the 4th of February, 1840, we have already referred to.

The congratulations of friends were warm, and the joy of the family at Bathgate may be imagined. The most welcome letter of all came from his sister Mary, who had sailed with her husband to settle in Australia. The ship was unexpectedly delayed some time, and it was when on board, in the English Channel, that Mary heard of her brother's success, and had just time to send her joyful congratulations. To the family at Liverpool he sent this brief despatch, addressed to Mrs. Grindlay: "My dear mother,—Jessie's honeymoon and mine is to begin to-morrow. I was elected Professor to-day, by a majority of one. Hurrah! your ever affectionate son, J. Y. Simpson."

VI.

PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS AND FAME.

From the time of Professor Simpson's appointment to the chair in the University, there was rapid and steady increase both of wealth and reputation. As to the class, the introductory lecture, always looked forward to as a trying event, was received with general approbation, and gave assurance that every expectation would be fulfilled. The very first session brought £600 in class fees, and he could with exultation tell his brother Sandy that he had the largest class in the University.

Of the lectures we need say no more than that he was diligent and painstaking in their preparation, being ever on the alert to provide additional facts from his experience and study; and that from his appointment, to the last year of his incumbency, his efficiency as a teacher continued, nor did his popularity with his students diminish. This was the more notable, as there is sometimes a tendency in professorial teachers to fall into routine, and to make the same

matter serve for successive classes. Simpson might well have been tempted to relax his exertions in finding fresh matter for the lectures, for his private practice soon assumed almost unmanageable dimensions, and his contributions to medical literature were numerous. The extent and variety of his occupations seemed marvellous. For some years he could seldom count upon above three or four hours of sleep after a day of unceasing toil. The exertion told upon his health, and he complained of headaches and heart disorders, which caused his friends and his family to be anxious. On several occasions he was forced to keep in bed, utterly prostrated. Still he persevered. "Well or ill," he said, "I must work. In fact I can't afford to be ill." The love of gain was a very secondary motive, for he gave much of his valuable time to work that brought no pecuniary reward. Many a time he went far distances in the country to visit some case about which an appeal had been made to him, and many a time his only reward was the pleasure of affording relief, and the grateful blessings of humble sufferers and their relatives. This generous kindness he showed to the close of his life.

VII.

INTRODUCTION OF CHLOROFORM AS AN ANÆSTHETIC.

It is by the introduction of chloroform as an agent for lessening or destroying the sense of pain that the name of Simpson will be most famous in history. Years before he began to make experiments on the subject, his mind had been deeply impressed with the distressing pain to which patients were exposed during surgical operations. When prosecuting his studies, this was the only department which caused him uneasiness, and the operating theatre in the Infirmary was to him, as to others of sensitive feelings in those days, a repulsive rather than the attractive place which it was to the majority of his fellow-students. So much did he fear that his want of nerve would interfere with his professional career, that he once actually resolved to abandon the medical profession for the study of law. From this he was happily dissuaded by his friend John Reid, but the distress in witnessing painful operations he could not overcome, and one scene of agony undergone by a poor woman from the Highlands he never could forget, and it was this case in fact which led him to anxious desire for the discovery of some way of lessening the pain of operations.

This desire was not peculiar nor new in the profession. Even in the ancient days of Roman surgery, methods of lessening pain were discussed by Galen and Celsus. In after times there were various attempts made to deaden physical suffering, either by drugs, such as opium, or mandragora, to the latter of which allusion is made by Shakespeare and early English authors. The great army surgeon of France in the reign of Francis I., Ambrose Paré, sometimes used mechanical pressure on the main nerves to deaden sensation, and in our own time direct action on the nervous system has been tried by magnetism, and by what is known as Mesmerism. But a more certain and safe method of deadening pain has been chiefly expected from chemical science. The inhalation of the vapour of sulphuric ether was proposed before the end of last century, and in 1800 the use of nitrous oxide or "laughing gas" was recommended by Sir Humphry Davy. These and other methods of lessening pain were familiarly known, but did not commend themselves to general use.

At length, in 1846, the news came from across the Atlantic that the inhalation of sulphuric ether was being successfully used by Dr. Morton, a dentist in Boston. The reports of the actual use of ether by the Boston dentist, confirmed as these were by Dr. Jackson of that city, who claimed the merit of having suggested the practice to Morton, caused Simpson to try the effect in cases

of painful labour. He was certainly the first to use it in this way. He thought, however, that some other agent might be discovered, better suited for general use as an anæsthetic. He gave his whole mind and leisure time to the question. As he expressed it, "I thought of nothing else."

He began to experiment on himself with various substances which seemed to afford any promise of revealing the required properties. On one occasion he inhaled a quantity of common coal gas, and though it had no serious effect on his system, he was so impregnated with the odour as to be unapproachable for a time. It was almost by accident that he tried chloroform. He thus wrote to a friend in Liverpool, "I had the chloroform for several days in the house before trying it, as, after seeing such a heavy unvolatile-like liquid, I despaired of it, and went on dreaming about others. The first night we took it, Dr. Duncan, Dr. Keith, and I all tried it simultaneously, and were all under the table in a minute or two."

The mishap thus lightly referred to might have been a really serious disaster. The three experimenters had dropped insensible on the floor. Simpson was the first to recover consciousness. "This is far stronger and better than ether," was the earliest thought that passed through his mind. His second perception was that of his being prostrate on the floor, and looking round he saw his assistant, Dr. Duncan, who was nearest to him, with his head under a chair, his jaw dropped, his eyes staring, quite unconscious, and snoring in an alarming manner. In another direction lay Dr. Keith, also unconscious, but more demonstrative, throwing his legs and arms about, and making still louder stertorous noises. They all soon recovered their senses, and having risen up, began to compare and comment upon their experiences. From that day, or rather from the middle of that night, dates the discovery of the wonderful properties of chloroform as an anæsthetic.

An opportunity was very soon afforded of testing its effect in several surgical operations in the Royal Infirmary. It happened that some of these operations were witnessed by the celebrated French chemist, Dumas, who was in Scotland at the time. He had been the first to announce the chemical composition of the substance discovered a few years before by Subeiran and Liebig. We can imagine the delight of Dumas at what he saw in Edinburgh, and how readily his report spread the tidings in Paris and on the Continent. Chloroform is now used by practitioners in every department of medicine and surgery. To secure success and to minimise danger in its use, special operators devote themselves to its administration in all large towns. When there is organic disease of the heart, or other conditions involving risk, it is seldom used, and the number of fatal casualties is now extremely small.

Professor Simpson's claim to have introduced this boon to humanity was not established without some controversy, but is now universally recognized. He had also at first to meet moral and even religious objections, such as the interference of man with the Divine ordinance of pain. These casuistries were easily swept aside by humanity and common-sense. A more plausible objection was that so powerful an agent might be employed for criminal and immoral purposes. But the same might be said of many beneficent agencies, the employment of which may be liable to occasional abuse. It is necessary only to maintain strictly the regulations as to the sale of this, as of other dangerous drugs, and to give publicity to the fact of chloroform being sometimes used for evil purposes.

VIII.

OTHER PROFESSIONAL AND GENERAL PURSUITS.

The use of chloroform as an anæsthetic was not the only point for which the healing art was indebted to Dr. Simpson.

In 1859 he first described to the Royal Society of Edinburgh a new method of arresting surgical hæmorrhage by what was called acupressure. Instead of closing bleeding vessels by ligatures, he used needles coated with silver or zinc, maintaining that this gave more chance of healing by primary union, and was less likely to lead to the formation of septic matter, and consequent surgical fever in the system. Many able surgeons adopted the practice at once, but as there is still difference of opinion on the subject, it is sufficient to state the fact of its introduction by Sir James Simpson.

Another question to which at a later period he devoted much attention was the substitution of small cottage hospitals for the larger institutions usually established for the treatment of medical and surgical cases. He proved by indisputable statistics that the mortality was far larger in great than in small hospitals, especially in midwifery cases and in surgical operations. In towns there are advantages, both as to convenience and economy, in large hospitals, especially when medical schools are connected with the institution. Professor Simpson's views have, however, led to greater care both in the construction of more recent buildings, in the separation of patients, and in the more watchful attention to space and ventilation in hospital wards.

In other professional discussions he at various times took active share; notably in questions arising out of the introduction of mesmerism and also of homœopathy into medical practice. Dr. Simpson's treatise on *Homœopathy, its Tenets and Tendency*, dedicated to Dr. W. Stokes, Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Dublin, is a most amusing and instructive book, for general readers as well as for the medical faculty.

From his earliest student days we have seen how much Simpson was interested in archæological pursuits. This branch of research formed his favourite recreation throughout his professional life. Sometimes he was busy with historical questions bearing upon medicine, such as in his researches on "Lepers and Leper-houses in Scotland," and on the "Medical Officers in the Roman Armies." But he was equally zealous in investigating pre-historic antiquities, burials, urns, primeval pottery, flint or stone implements and weapons, and ancient monuments, especially sculptured stones, the existence of which in many parts of Scotland he was the first to observe. He was ever on the look-out for such objects in his professional journeys to all parts of the Kingdom, and during various continental excursions, especially in Scandinavian regions.

IX.

SPIRITUAL LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

It is time now to refer to the rise and progress of religion in his soul, of which we hear little or nothing in Simpson's earlier years. It is true that when yet a child he had been impressed by the piety of his mother, but if any good seed was then sown, it long remained fruitless. At school and at college, his thoughts were wholly given to study or amusement, and afterwards his whole aim was to advance in his profession. His very success brought new hindrances to serious thought. As he himself said afterwards, he was "living without God in the world." In a place like Edinburgh, where there is much religious profession, and where matters ecclesiastical and philanthropic engage much public attention, it was impossible for one in Simpson's position not to be in contact with good men and Christian work. But he had no personal interest in such matters, and even as late as 1860, as his biographer tells us, any direct religious conversation would have been regarded by him as fanaticism. In fact, he was not merely indifferent to evangelical truth, but was inclined to oppose and even to ridicule its tenets. Let us see what were the means made effectual for the change in his views and feelings,

and in producing that character which so conspicuously marked the latter years of his life.

It is scarcely to be supposed that a man with the early training, and in the public relations of Simpson, arrived at his fiftieth year without occasional visitations of serious thought. This is hardly conceivable even with a professed Atheist or Agnostic, at least in our country, whatever may be the case where the influence of Christianity is almost ignored. After his marriage, he was a regular attendant for some time at St. Stephen's Church, the minister of which, the Rev. Dr. Muir, was a truly earnest and devout man, and as a preacher clear and faithful. Evangelical doctrine was familiar to his mind, although it may have failed to touch his heart. He was often also brought into contact with true Christians, both in society and among his own patients. More than once also in these years he had sorrows and losses, by which he was reminded of the uncertain and transient nature of earthly things.

When the controversies were at their height which led to the disruption of the Church of Scotland, and the formation of the Free Church, Simpson, like his friend Dr. Abercrombie, felt it his duty to take part with the side of which Dr. Chalmers was the most conspicuous leader. He was also deeply moved on witnessing the generous and self-sacrificing principle of the ministers who for conscience sake gave up their livings. With some of the leading men of the Free Church he was brought into nearer companionship, and gladly assisted their schemes of missionary and philanthropic enterprise. We know that with some of his friends, whose intellectual as well as spiritual character he respected, he frequently had conversations, and frankly discussed with them points about which he sought clearer knowledge or better understanding. Dr. Duns, Professor of Natural Science in the New College, has in his biography recorded an example of these inquiries, when Simpson asked him the meaning of "repentance from dead works," and of "the natural man not receiving the things of the Spirit of God." We have heard also from the Rev. Dr. Keith, the well-known writer on Prophecy, and father of Simpson's distinguished medical pupil, descriptions of the state of his mind and his conversation at this period, for he felt towards the venerable Dr. Keith the utmost affection and confidence.

All this showed the inner working of his mind. He was often touched by the evident sincerity and heartiness with which some of his Christian patients showed their gratitude for the professional benefits received, by praying earnestly that the best spiritual blessings might be his, not without uttering wise and seasonable words of counsel. Of one of these patients, attended by him and his nephew Dr. Alexander Simpson in 1861, he wrote that "She has indeed been as a well of living water to me and mine." She was one of those whom he knew to plead daily for his best welfare. In a letter to him she had thus written, "You will perhaps like to think that one at least,—and one of how many!—is every morning asking the Lord Jesus to bless you and all your house with the full spiritual blessing He has to give."

The prayers of his mother in early life, and of friends of later years, were soon to be fully answered. About this time there had been in several parts of Scotland remarkable effects following the faithful preaching of the word of God. These revival incidents were frequently spoken of in the circles where Dr. Simpson was a visitor, and they were no longer viewed by him, as they would have once been, as fruits of fanaticism. He now believed in the Holy Ghost as the Lord and giver of life, and he believed in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. Great was his reverence for the Holy Scriptures. Satisfied of the evidence as to the truth of the Bible as the word of God, he submitted in everything to the Divine authority of revelation. He said that all his former speculative doubts had passed

away. He believed in the efficacy of prayer on the simple ground of faith in the Divine Word. He now for the first time gave the whole strength of his clear and powerful mind to the study of the Scripture, with believing prayer for the enlightening and quickening power of the Holy Spirit. No wonder that he made rapid growth in religious knowledge and in spiritual attainments. And in his family as well as in his private study he was diligent in the reading of the Bible, and in prayer, while his attendance in the house of God was never interrupted except by the imperative calls of professional duty.

X.

PERSONAL RESULTS AND PUBLIC MANIFESTATIONS OF NEW LIFE.

The change in Simpson's habits and feelings was soon manifest to his family and his friends, and it was evident also to others. It was natural, however, that he felt hesitation in making public profession of his new views among those who had so long known him only in worldly and in professional association. An event in his own family led to the removal of all this hesitation, and gave him resolution to make known to all men that he was "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

His fifth child and third son, James, now in his fifteenth year, had been an invalid from childhood. His quick intelligence, gentle temper, and loving cheerfulness had greatly endeared him to all the family. Towards the close of the same year which had witnessed the workings in Simpson's conscience and feelings which we have described, it was evident that young Jamie had not long to live. He died on the 6th of February, 1862. The fond father keenly felt his loss. He had watched him with tender sympathy through many years, and when hope of recovery was abandoned, the father was one day deeply moved by the child saying to him that "they would see one another in heaven." The father hoped so, but he felt inwardly that he had himself no full assurance of faith. But this assurance was helped by the reflections to which his boy's words gave rise. He wrote to a friend after the death of his boy, that "the kind and gracious arm of Christ did indeed truly and lovingly shield and protect him as he walked through the dark vale of death, and he is now with Him in that happy land where there are no more tears, and no more sufferings and sorrows. Jamie became a changed boy for many months before he died, and perhaps he was one of the great means (let me whisper this in your ear), for God has raised up others, why my whole household have seemed to change too. He was led to see that time was a transitory moment indeed as compared with eternity, and at last placed *such* faith (faith so simple and full and pure) in the certainty of salvation through the atoning blood of Christ, that for a length of time he was able to look forward to death without fear."

An incident that occurred shortly before his son Jamie's death deeply impressed him, and had much to do with the father's open and manly avowal of his Christian faith. We give it in Simpson's own words.

"In one of the last debates which the children had in the nursery before Jamie left us, there was a difference of opinion as to whether little wee folks like they—now that God had shown them His infinite love—should speak of Christ to their companions. Jamie decided it all for them, by the declaration, 'we must speak for Jesus, for it is' (he summed up) 'a glorious thing to do so.'"

The words of the dear child stirred the father, and before the grass had begun to grow on his grave Simpson began to "speak for Jesus." On the 6th March he presided at the last of a series of special religious services, held in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh, and delivered an address to the crowded meeting characterized by great earnestness and simplicity.

On the 20th of the same month he addressed the medical students of the University, assembled at the request of the Medical Missionary Society, in the success of which he had already shown great interest. "I feel," he said, with unaffected humility, "as if it were scarcely fitting that I should stand up to speak to you upon the subject on which I am expected to address you—I who am one of the oldest sinners and one of the youngest believers in the room. When I got a note requesting me to do so, I was on a sick-bed ill of fever, and I at once said 'I cannot do this.' But when I came to reflect further, I felt I must do it. I cannot speak as earnestly or as I ought *for* Jesus, but let me try to speak a little *of* Him, His matchless love, His great redemption, which He offers to you and to me."

After touching on some prominent points in what he called "The great drama of the destiny of man,"—man's sinfulness, his guilt, the interposition of the Lord Jesus Christ for man's deliverance, and the opportunity afforded us in life of obtaining salvation—he thus concluded:—

"Many kind friends are trying to awaken you to the momentous importance of these things, and calling upon you to believe in Christ. If any of them, or anything you have heard here, has stirred you up, do not, I beseech you, put aside your anxiety or suppress your desire. Follow it up; follow it out. If in your lodgings, in the dark watches of the night, you are troubled with a thought about your soul—if you hear, as it were, some one knocking at the door of your heart, listen. It is He who said, eighteen hundred years ago, on the Sea of Galilee, 'It is I, be not afraid.' Open the door of your heart, and say to Him, 'Come in.' In Christ you will find a Companion, a Counsellor, a Friend, a Brother, who loves you with a love greater than human heart can conceive."

Seldom have medical students heard from a layman's lips an address so earnest and direct, and from one known and respected by them all. Whatever may have been the immediate effect, we know that Simpson's hearty advocacy greatly helped the cause of the Medical Missionary Society, of which Abercrombie was the first president, and from which, in after years, many devoted men have gone forth to labour in every part of the world for the welfare of the bodies and the souls of men. The Missionary Societies of all the Churches are glad to get agents and workers trained in the "Livingstone Medical College" at Edinburgh.

From this time Simpson was always ready to "speak for Jesus," whether to the learned and rich at "drawing-room meetings," or to humble audiences at Bathgate and other country towns, or to the fisher-folk at Newhaven; and he often took the chair at religious and missionary meetings in Edinburgh. Sometimes he presided at the meetings of the "Carruber's Close Mission," held in the Free Church Assembly Hall, to interest the audiences in work among the poorest and most abject classes of the community. On one of these occasions, an audience of at least 2000 listened to a stirring address by Professor Simpson, founded on the words, "Dead in trespasses and sins."

This address was afterwards published by the Religious Tract Society, and a perusal of it will prove the clearness and earnestness of the good doctor, in dealing with subjects suggested by his professional as well as personal experience. He shows in what ways the figure or simile of death expresses the spiritual state of man by nature; and the need of new life in Christ by the creative power of the Holy Spirit.

"The unregenerate, unbelieving soul is compared to a corpse; it is 'dead in sins.' Of all of you who are now living by faith in Christ it may be as truthfully said to-day as it was said eighteen centuries ago of the Ephesian converts to whom the Apostle Paul wrote, 'You hath He quickened, who were dead.' As many of you, however, as are un-

believers are, in the strong language of Scripture, 'dead.' You are dead in the eye of Divine justice; for as the condemned criminal is as a 'dead man,' when his crimes have brought on him the legal doom of death, you are likewise 'dead,' because 'he that believeth not is condemned already.' Further, you are also spiritually dead on account of being cut off by your sins from communion with the living God. For as a corpse moves not, stirs not, feels not, and cannot be roused, so are you dead to all love of God, and to everything pertaining to the wondrous Gospel of Jesus Christ. Of the dread and crushing burden of their own sins your souls are not at all conscious; for the dead feel not.

"But, in the infinitude of His love to our fallen race, God offers to each of us individually a free and full pardon, and life now and for ever, if we only believe on Jesus Christ His Son, whom He sent to suffer in our stead—to die that we might live—if we rely and rest entirely on Him as the all-sufficient sacrifice for our sins—as our substitute and security. It is, writes St. Paul in the chapter we have quoted—it is 'by grace ye are saved'—God's grace and mercy. 'By grace,' he repeats, 'are ye saved through faith'—through faith in the full atoning power of the sacrifice of Christ. 'The just shall live by faith.' But to see more simply and clearly how faith or belief thus gives life to the dead soul, listen to the words uttered by Christ Himself: 'Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.'"[1]

XI.

PROFESSIONAL ADVANCEMENT AND PUBLIC HONOURS.

Professor Simpson's Christian zeal and religious engagements caused no change in his favourite studies, and did not interfere with his professional activity. He was as keen as ever in the pursuit of all kinds of knowledge, and he took as much interest as ever in matters of science, literature, and archæology. His numerous contributions to reviews and periodicals show the nature and variety of the subjects that engaged his attention. As to his professional activity, from the time of his election as Professor in the University his practice increased year after year, until he could hardly meet the calls upon his time and skill. This became the more marked after the thousands of pupils attending his class from every part of the kingdom and of the empire, had spread the fame of their master. From the remotest parts of the world it was a common occurrence for wealthy patients to be sent to Edinburgh for consultation with Simpson, or as a last resource when other physicians found cases beyond their power to relieve. It was not only in his special department of female complaints, but in every kind of ailment where almost intuitive sagacity, unequalled experience, and wonderful skill could give hope, his advice was sought. His professional income far exceeded that of any previous practitioner of the healing art in Scotland, being reputed to be almost double that of Hamilton or Abercrombie. This is partly accounted for by the fact of Simpson's practice including the family events of the highest and wealthiest classes, and his obtaining in some cases what he well called "princely fees." Of his rapidly increasing wealth, beyond what was required for a large family, he made good and beneficent use; and he gave freely to poor and humble patients as much attention as many practitioners do with ample time at their disposal.

It was to be expected that eminence so conspicuous, and character so esteemed, should receive public and official honours. Of the most illustrious, learned, and scientific Societies and Institutions, at home and abroad, he was elected an

[1] John v. 24.

honorary member; and some of these distinctions, as the D.C.L. of Oxford, and the Fellowship of the Royal Society are not lavishly bestowed.

The offer of a baronetcy from the Queen was made in most complimentary terms in a communication by Lord John Russell, who had himself special cause of being grateful for Lady Russell's health being restored by Simpson. This was the first instance on record of a Scottish University Professor, and the first of a physician, in Scotland, receiving from the Crown the rank of baronet of the United Kingdom, and was valued accordingly.

Another honour, almost as highly prized, was the freedom of the City of Edinburgh. This was proposed in 1868 by a unanimous vote of the Magistrates and Town Council, Sir William Chambers being the Lord Provost. Hearing that Lord Napier of Magdala was to receive the citizenship on the same day, Sir J. Y. Simpson, with characteristic modesty, declined to appear with so great a man, and at his own request the ceremony was postponed till a subsequent meeting. Sir William Chambers, in happy terms, stated the various grounds on which the distinction was conferred, and in his reply Simpson made a good point by recalling a speech made by one of his opponents when he was a candidate for the professorship—that strangers would no longer be attracted to Edinburgh as in the time of his predecessor. "I think," said Simpson, "this prophetical objection has been refuted, and I believe I have had the good fortune to draw towards our beloved and romantic town more strangers than ever sought it before for mere health's sake, and that too from most parts of the globe."

XII.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE, HABITS, AND SOME CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES.

We have a very graphic description by Dr. Channing, an American doctor from Boston, who saw Simpson when in the height of his fame, and in the busiest time of his professional activity, in his fortieth year. It was published in a book entitled, *A Physician's Vacation; or a Summer in Europe.* No pages are more interesting than those about Simpson. He had a good opportunity of observing his indoor or home professional routine. From half past one to half past five he received all comers. The number of patients every day was wonderful, and also the variety of ailments for which advice was sought. He was very quick in his questions, prompt in his diagnosis, and brief in his directions, but always in so quiet and kindly a manner that each patient seemed to absorb his attention, and felt satisfied with the consultation, however brief.

There was equal rapidity in the ordinary out-of-door visiting. "The Professor is well made for despatch. He is short, stout, with small feet, and his step is short and very quick, going ahead of all walkers. I have almost to run not to lose him. . . . His knowledge is more various than I have before met with; nothing in science, literature, or archæology seems to escape him, in addition to the special learning of his profession."

Other interesting details of Dr. Channing's description are quoted in the Life of Professor Duns. There are many who can confirm what is here said of the wide range of his knowledge. His hospitality was unbounded, in fact, he kept open house, and did the honours of Edinburgh to strangers above any other citizen of his time. The breakfasts at nine, and the lively conversation that followed will be remembered by many who visited Edinburgh in those days. In his later years a theological and religious tone prevailed in these conversations, and well-known clergymen were brought in contact with the miscellaneous guests.

Of Simpson's kindness and attention to cases without reference to fee or reward, let one anecdote be told.

A country minister called at his house to ask advice about his eldest child, a boy of four years of age. Simpson was very busy at the time, but he listened to the anxious father's statement, and gave directions as to the treatment. In the evening of the same day a telegram came to the minister, saying that Simpson had left Edinburgh at a certain hour, and asking him to be at the station (beyond Perth) to meet him. The disease was too far gone to allow of recovery, but the kind visit of the doctor gave all the relief possible, while cheering the little sufferer, and comforting the parents. Some time after the death of the child, the minister sent a bank cheque. This was at once returned with a kind and sympathising letter, and adding, "With many others of my professional brethren I do not think it right to take fees from clergymen or their families. Give me your prayers, and I will value them far more."

Having said so much in praise of Sir James Simpson, it is only right to refer to some of his failings and faults. He was sometimes touchy in temper, and inclined to be combative. Often he magnanimously disregarded affronts and attacks, but on a few occasions he was drawn into warm controversy. Quarrels and squabbles of this kind are common, and perhaps unavoidable in professional life, but this is to be said for Simpson, that he cherished no ill-feeling, and in one instance, when there had been a long misunderstanding with an eminent surgeon, who was also a truly good man, after Simpson himself became a true Christian he went at once and sought reconciliation, which was effected in a way honourable to both.

Another failing of Simpson's was his uncertainty as to engagements, but this really was caused by his overwhelming amount of work. He was at times too busy to note and to keep appointments, and his assistants and his family had to look after this part of his duty. The story is told of a lady who had come all the way from North-West India to consult him. He was much pressed at the moment, and told the patient to go home and stay in bed till he came. She did so, and after waiting a couple of days, sent a message to Simpson, who had made no note of the address, and possibly forgotten all about the case. Incidents of this sort caused him no small vexation and regret, and he could only make reparation by more than ordinary attention to those whom he had offended.

XIII.

TRIALS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

For a long period the sunshine of prosperity seemed to give brightness to the life of Simpson, who had gained far more than his early dreams of ambition could have imagined. But in God's good providence there were times of cloud and darkness to come over His servant. The discipline of the Cross, and the wholesome influence of trial, had to be undergone, as often happens when great success and honour have been attained. One of the severest blows was the death of his son, Dr. David Simpson, a physician of high attainments and much promise, who died not many days after the father received the intimation of his baronetcy. Preparations were being made for a public banquet in his honour, when all had to be set aside on account of the sad family event. In about a month, this loss was followed by the death of his eldest daughter, Jessie, who had been in delicate health some time, but of whose restoration he had cherished sanguine hope. Although he had the comfort of knowing that both these dear children were with the Saviour, his warm heart was distressed by the successive bereavements.

Of another kind of trial he had experience, in the failure of his hope to reach the highest position to which his ambition could look, the Principalship of the University of Edinburgh. His friends seem to have made sure of his being the successor of Sir David Brew-

ster in this honourable office, and Simpson's claims seemed above all others. But the appointment was given to an eminent alumnus of Edinburgh, Sir Alexander Grant, who had also an Oxford and an Indian reputation, and whose History of the University proved his fitness for the position to which he was somewhat unexpectedly chosen.

XIV.

LAST DAYS.

Of the closing scenes of Sir James Simpson's life, the most full and interesting notices are recorded by his nephew, Mr. Robert Simpson, Writer to the Signet, who spent much time with him in his last days. In February, 1870, he was summoned to London to give evidence in a law case. The exertion, in his feeble state of health, was too much for him, and being called, a few days after his return, to see a patient at Perth, he felt so ill that he took to bed. On the 7th of March he thus wrote: "At times I feel very, very ill indeed, as if I should soon be called away. My sole and whole trust is in the love and work of Christ—as my all-sufficient sin-bearer and Saviour—my Creator as well as my Redeemer." His mind continued clear and active. With his nephew and those near him he conversed on many subjects which interested him. What he said about his own spiritual state is of most importance now. Once he said, "I have not lived so near to Christ as I desired to do. I have had a busy life, but have not given so much time to eternal things as I should have sought. Yet I know it is not my merit I am to trust to for eternal life. Christ is all!" Then he added with a sigh, "I have not got far on in the divine life." His nephew said, "We are complete in Him." "Yes, that's it," he replied with a smile. "The hymn expresses my thoughts—

> 'Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me.'

I so like that hymn."

All his affairs were carefully arranged and farewells to friends sent, as well as to his relatives. As the end drew nearer, his faith and trust seemed to bring peace and assurance, and he took delight in hearing and in repeating favourite texts. The simplicity of his trust in Christ was strikingly shown when he said, "It happily comes to this—I am a sinner needing a Saviour, and Jesus is the Saviour I need." He lingered till the 6th of May. His dear brother Sandy was with him through the last night, and sitting on the pillow, he supported James's head on his knee till he became unconscious, and passed peacefully away.

The tidings of his death caused the deepest sorrow wherever the sad news went. The funeral, which was on the 13th of May, 1870, presented a scene such as has rarely been witnessed in Edinburgh. An offer had been made of interment in Westminster Abbey, but was declined on account of his own wish to be laid in Warriston Cemetery. The Town Council, the University, and most of the civic as well as ecclesiastical bodies were represented in the funeral procession, and it was estimated that at least thirty thousand persons either took part in the procession or witnessed the burial. Many were the messages and letters of condolence received by Lady Simpson and the bereaved family, the words of Queen Victoria, sent through the Duke of Argyll, fitly expressing the general sorrow, "on account of the loss which the country has sustained in the death of so great and so good a man."

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GEORGE WISHART.

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I.

SCOTTISH AFFAIRS FROM THE DEATH OF HAMILTON.

The first person who openly proclaimed the Gospel in Scotland, after Luther had published it anew to the world, was Patrick Hamilton, a young man of pure and attractive character, and related to some of the most influential families of the country. His public career was of short duration. Within about a year of his return from the Continent to Scotland he was condemned for heresy, and burnt at St. Andrews in 1528, by authority of James Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews. The martyrdom of one so blameless and attractive in character, and who showed such a meek and heavenly bearing under a horrible death, made a profound impression on many of his countrymen, especially in the upper circles of social life.[1] But the circumstances of the country were not favourable to the advancement of the reformed views. The country was distracted by the strifes of its nobles, and by the opposite leanings of its people to France on the one hand, or to England on the other. The king, James V., was but a feeble ruler, and the notorious profligacy of his private life went to increase the moral corruption that prevailed. His conscience, uneasy under his licentious habit, threw him upon the clergy, who were only too ready to condone his profligacy if the church should receive his favours, and heresy his opposition. It is said that at the time of his death there was found on his person a list of three hundred and sixty gentlemen and other citizens of mark, with the Earl of Arran, afterwards Regent, at their head, suspected of adhering to the tenets of Luther, and intended to be dealt with accordingly.

After the death of the king in 1542, the chief ruler of the country was the Earl of Arran, a man of inconstant character, who showed at one time decided leanings to the Reformation, but afterwards renounced Protestantism, and supported the papal church. Archbishop Beaton had been succeeded in the see of St. Andrews by his nephew David, who had been made Cardinal in 1538, the second man in Scotland who enjoyed that dignity. The condition of the church was lamentably wicked. The bishops and clergy were leaders in profligacy. The bishops made no secret of their irregular lives, and occupied themselves on fitting occasions in trying to obtain lucrative berths for their bastard sons and high marriages for their daughters. Profane swearing was indulged in by all classes to a lamentable degree, the very cross and the holy sacraments being employed on the most frivolous occasions to garnish the common conversation. Sorcery, witchcraft and kindred superstitions had got such a hold that among the French the country was known as "the favourite residence of the devil." Feuds raged between the nobles and their retainers, evoking the fiercest passions, and deeds of terrible violence. Preaching and the religious instruction of the people were almost wholly neglected, the parochial clergy being far more occupied with looking after their own dues than the souls of their parishioners; the only preachers were friars, and their preaching was directed much more to riveting the yoke of the church on the people than to expounding the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The spread of the reformed opinions went on in Scotland in spite of all the efforts of the clergy to check them, and

[1] See "Patrick Hamilton," New Biographical Series, No. 57.

the absence of any preachers to proclaim them publicly. Soon after Hamilton's death, a consultation was held with a view of burning some more heretics. A servant of Archbishop Beaton, overhearing the conversation, with that freedom which used to be allowed to old servants, struck in, "My lord, if you burn any man, except you follow my advice, you will utterly destroy yourselves. If ye will burn them, let them be burned in how [hollow, deep] cellars; for the reek [smoke] of Mr. Patrick Hamilton has infected as many as it did blow upon." Nevertheless, between 1528 and 1543, there were several public executions for heresy. In the last-named year a zealous friar named Spence was preaching on All Hallow day, in St. John's Church, Perth, and trying to prove that salvation could not be attained without the intercession of the saints. Robert Lamb, one of his hearers, stood up, and holding up an English Bible, the reading of which had recently been authorised by the Scottish Parliament, adjured the preacher to speak the truth from the Scriptures, otherwise that book would be a witness against him at the great day of the Lord. A great commotion arose, the women being much excited, and threatening Lamb with their vengeance for his disrespect to their beloved saints. The friar tried to proceed; a bailiff or policeman urged him to desist. "It must be fire or faggot," he said, "to daunton these heretics, not words." The bailiff's sister was so enraged, that, unable to get close to Lamb, she flung her bunch of keys in his face, crying "False thief, false heretic." The conclusion of the story is horribly tragic. The cardinal and the clergy being inexorable, Lamb, with four other men, was hanged outside the city walls, in spite of many remonstrances, while Lamb's wife for refusing to pray to the Virgin in childbed, was taken as soon as the execution of the five was over, to a pool at the side of the river Tay, where, after she had committed her children to the charitable care of her neighbours, her infant was taken from her bosom, and she herself was drowned. Few women have met death under more pathetic conditions, and the fact that she might have saved her life by a simple "Ave Maria," shows what a hold the truth had taken of her conscience, and how she had learned to love her Lord with a love that threw into the shade even her affection for her sucking child. It was this very year, 1543, that the voice of George Wishart began to be heard in Scotland despite the vigilance and vehemence of the cardinal and his coadjutors, and a banner to be displayed in public for the cause which they were resolved to extirpate by fire and sword.

II.

WISHART'S FAMILY, BIRTH, AND EARLY YEARS.

The family of Wishart was of French extraction, and the name is spelt variously in ancient documents: Guiscard, Wischard, Wishard and Wishart, and erroneously translated by George Buchanan, Sophocardius, as if it had been Wise-heart. The family seems to have settled at a very early period in the county of Kincardine or Mearns, and to have obtained no little distinction. The father of the martyr is generally supposed to have been Sir James Wishart of Pitarrow, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland from 1513 to 1524, and his mother, Elizabeth Larmont, of a well-known family, her father being "laird of Balcomie and Dairsie" in Fifeshire.[1] Pitarrow is situated in the parish of Fordun, where Palladius is said to have settled in the fifth century, and founded a celebrated church.

The year of George Wishart's birth is uncertain, but it was probably 1513. After receiving his elementary education near home, he entered as a student at King's College, Aberdeen, where his famous countryman, Hector Boece, was discharging the duties of principal with

[1] Some doubt is expressed by Mr. David Laing whether the relation of George Wishart to the family of Pitarrow was so near.

great distinction, and manifesting somewhat of the spirit of the reformers.

Wishart's first distinction was won as a teacher of Greek. Up to his time Greek was not taught at the Scottish Universities. Erskine of Dun, a leading lay-champion of the Reformation, had introduced it in Montrose, having induced a learned Frenchman, Pierre de Masiliers, to settle in that city near which his estate lay, and of which he was provost. Wishart was one of his most enthusiastic pupils, and afterwards succeeded him as master. But when Hepburn, Bishop of Brechin, learned that he was teaching the Greek New Testament to his scholars, his suspicions were aroused, and, instigated (it is said) by Cardinal Beaton, he summoned him to answer to a charge of heresy. Wishart judged it best to evade the summons, and retired to England in 1538, where, of course, Bishop Hepburn had no jurisdiction.

It is extremely difficult to put the particulars of Wishart's life in consecutive order; but the next time we hear of him he is preaching at Bristol. And here occurred a circumstance, not favourable to Wishart, the precise nature of which we cannot quite determine, owing to an error of spelling which is capable of two explanations. In a lecture delivered at St. Nicholas church on the 15th of May, according to an entry in the "Mayor's Calendar" of Bristol, "he set forth the most blasphemous heresy, openly declaring that Christ nother hath, nor coulde merit for him nor yet for us, which heresy brought many of the commons of this town into great error, and diverse of them were persuaded by that heretical lecture to heresy." According to one interpretation, the word *nother* is a form of *neither*, and the preacher, not yet fully enlightened, denied the vicarious merit of Christ.[1] But according to M'Crie, Laing and others, nother is a misspelling for mother, and what the preacher denied was the merit of Mary. This is much more likely, for we cannot understand how a reformer should deny the merit of Jesus, or how many should thereby be "persuaded to heresy." The unsatisfactory thing is, that when Wishart was called to account for this, he recanted, and in token of his penitence, in accordance with a custom of the time, burned a faggot in the church of St. Nicholas. There is nothing fatal to his reputation in his having been guilty of a weakness to which men like the Apostle Peter, Jerome of Prague and Archbishop Cranmer had given way in hours of trial. Like them, he amply evinced his sincerity by many a brave act in subsequent days. Martyrs who have at one time shown human weakness give all the more irresistible evidence of being upheld by a power higher than their own when they afterwards maintain an undaunted bearing in the very crisis of their lives. He who prayed for Peter prayed doubtless for Wishart too, that his faith might not fail, and in both cases the admonition was faithfully fulfilled, "Thou, when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

It is probable that it was after this humiliating experience that Wishart went abroad. The time is not precisely known, but it is known that, in accordance with the custom of the times, he spent some time in France, Switzerland and Germany; and there can be no doubt that his views were confirmed by intercourse with the eminent reformers into whose company he must have been thrown. The first Helvetic Confession was translated by him into English and printed after his death.

When undergoing examination previous to his martyrdom, he mentioned an interesting conversation he had at this time with a Jew, whom he met when sailing on the Rhine. He argued with this Jew on the claims of Christ, and, as he believed, vanquished him on the ground of Scripture. But the Jew took up another ground from which it was not so easy to dislodge him. "When Messiah comes," he said, "He shall

[1] "The Martyrs of Angus and Mearns," p. 114.

restore all things and not abrogate the law which was given to our fathers, as you do. For why? We see the poor almost perish for hunger among you, yet you are not moved with pity towards them; but among us Jews, poor though we are, no beggars are found. Secondly, it is forbidden by the law to fashion any kind of imagery, of things in heaven above or in the earth beneath, or in the sea under the earth; but one God only to honour; but your sanctuaries are full of idols. Thirdly, a piece of bread baken upon the ashes, you adore and worship, and say that it is your God." Against all these perversions of the true law of God, the heart of Wishart was wholly set. Future events proved that while he could reason with great polemic power against images in churches, and against the worship of a bit of bread as God, he was equally vexed at unchristlike treatment of the poor; and that in his own life he could be as tenderhearted and self-denying in his dealings with the more unfortunate and distressed of his fellows, as he could be indignant and scornful in his denunciations of idolatry.

III.

HIS CAMBRIDGE LIFE.

Returning from the Continent, Wishart appears to have betaken himself to Cambridge, for the further prosecution of his own studies, and for the tuition of others. The college to which he was attached was Corpus Christi, then commonly called Bennet's. A very charming account of him has been left us by one of his pupils, Emery Tylney, in a letter addressed to John Foxe, the author of the famous "Book of Martyrs."

"About the year of our Lord 1543, there was in the University of Cambridge, one George Wishart, commonly called Mr. George, of Bennet's College, who was a man of tall stature, baldheaded, and on the same wore a round French cap; judged to be of melancholy complexion by his physiognomy, blackhaired, long-bearded, comely of personage, well-spoken after his country of Scotland, courteous, lowly, lovely, glad to teach, desirous to learn, and was well-travelled, having on him for his habit or clothing never but a mantle or frieze gown to the shoes, a black millian fustian doublet, and plain black hose, coarse new canvas for his shirts, and white falling bands or cuffs at his hands; all the which apparel he gave to the poor, some weekly, some monthly, some quarterly, as he liked, saving his French cap, which he kept the whole year of my being with him.

"He was a man modest, temperate, fearing God, hating covetousness; for his charity had never end, noon, night nor day; he forbore one meal in three one day in four for the most part, except something to comfort nature. He lay hard upon a puff of straw, and coarse new canvas sheets, which when he changed he gave away. He had commonly by his bedside a tub of water in the which (his people being in bed, the candle put out, and all quiet) he used to bathe himself, as I being very young, being assured often heard him, and in one light night discerned him; he loved me tenderly, and I him for my age, as effectually. He taught me with great modesty and gravity, so that some of his people thought him severe, and would have slain him, but the Lord was his defence. And he, after due correction for their malice, by good exhortation amended them and went his way. Oh that the Lord had left him to me, his poor boy, that he might have finished that he had begun! For in his religion he was as you see here in the rest of his life, when he went into Scotland with diverse of the nobility that came for a treaty to King Henry VIII. His learning was no less sufficient than his desire; always pressed and ready to do good in that he was able, both in the house privately and in the school publicly, professing and reading diverse authors.

"If I should declare his love to me and all men, his charity to the poor in giving, relieving, caring, helping, providing, yea infinitely studying how to

do good unto all and hurt to none, I should sooner want words than just cause to commend him."

IV.

HIS RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

Wishart appears to have joined the Scottish Commissioners who went to London to negotiate some matters of state with Henry VIII. The exact time of his return to Scotland is not known; according to Knox, who is followed by Spottiswood, it was in 1544, but the Commissioners returned in 1543. Wishart appears to have gone first to Montrose, where he had taught Greek some time before, and many flocked to hear him expound the ten commandments, the apostles' creed and the Lord's prayer, in a private house; he made an impression of which the fruits were apparent afterwards in the hearty devotion to the reformed cause of many of the people of Montrose and the neighbourhood.

From Montrose he proceeded to the town of Dundee, which was then a considerable seaport; but its chief fame was connected with its ecclesiastical establishments. It abounded in churches and chapels, monasteries and cloisters, and, while doubtless much in need of the light of the Gospel, was a peculiarly dangerous place for a preacher of the reformed faith to go to. Within a few miles of Dundee was the palace of the cardinal-archbishop of St. Andrews, who had already begun to fasten his malignant eyes on Wishart, and would now, doubtless, watch him most keenly, with a greater thirst than ever for his blood.

Undaunted alike by the frowning ecclesiastics of the town, and the fierce vigilance of the cardinal across the Tay, Wishart proclaimed boldly the message of divine grace, to the great admiration, as Knox says, of all who heard him. Not content with casual or occasional references to Scripture, he expounded the Epistle to the Romans, giving the first sample probably of a method of dealing with Scripture that has been much practised in Scotland ever since, and with excellent results to the people. The spite of the cardinal induced a leading citizen, Robert Myll or Mill, who had once been favourably disposed to the reformed doctrines, to make a complaint against him, and to procure the authority of the Queen and the Government to interdict him "that he should trouble their town no more." The interdict was communicated to him in church; he thought for a little with his eyes raised to heaven; then, looking on the speaker and the people with sorrow, he said, "God is my witness that I never studied your trouble, but your comfort: yea, your trouble is more grievous to me than it is to yourselves. But I am sure that to refuse God's words and chase His messenger from you is not the way to preserve you from trouble; but it shall bring you into it. For God shall send you messengers that will not be afraid either for horning or for banishment. I have offered you the word of salvation, and with the hazard of my life I have remained among you. Now ye yourselves refuse me, and therefore I must leave my innocence to be declared by my God. Yet if matters remain long prosperous with you, I am not led by the Spirit of truth. But if unlooked-for trouble come upon you, acknowledge the cause and turn to God, for He is merciful. But if you turn not at the first, He will visit you with fire and sword."

The Earl Marischal and other noblemen were in the church, and they wished him to remain, or to let them accompany him into the country. But nothing could induce him to remain longer, at that time, on the north side of the Tay. He directed his steps to Ayrshire, probably in reply to some invitation, or because he thought he was less likely to be interfered with. There, too, his preaching proved most acceptable to many. But the Argus-eyed cardinal got word of his doings, and stirred up

Dunbar, Bishop of Glasgow, to look after him. The bishop went to Ayr with his suite, and, to prevent him from preaching, took possession of the church. Lord Glencairn and a number of other friends were enraged at this, and determined to take forcible possession of the church; but Wishart would not hear of such violence. "Let him alone," he said, "his sermon will do little harm: and let us go to the market cross." There he preached so powerful a discourse that his very enemies were confounded. As for the bishop, he preached, according to Knox, "to his jacksmen and to some old bosses of the town. The sum of his sermon was: they say that we should preach. Why not? Better late thrive than never thrive; hold us still for your bishop, and we shall provide better next time. This was the beginning and the end of the bishop's sermon, who left the town with haste, but did not come back to fulfil his promise."

Wishart continued to preach in some of the neighbouring parishes, but not always without opposition. The church of Mauchline was "beautiful to the eye," and fearing it might be injured if a great rabble assembled in it, the sheriff of Ayr caused it to be taken possession of by some of the gentlemen of the parish, that Wishart might be shut out. A zealous friend of Wishart's, Hew Campbell, of Kinzeancleuch, offered to force an entrance for the preacher. "But," as Knox quaintly puts it, "the said Master George withdrew the said Hew and said unto him, 'Brother, Christ Jesus is as potent upon the fields as in the kirk, and I find that he himself oftener preached in the desert, at the seaside and other places judged profane, than that he did in the temple at Hierusalem. It is the word of peace that God sends by me; the blood of no man shall be shed this day for the preaching of it.' And so, withdrawing the whole people, he came to a dyke in a moor-edge, upon the south-west side of Mauchline, upon which he ascended. The whole multitude stood and sat about him (God gave the day pleasing and hot). He continued in preaching more than three hours. In that sermon God worked so wonderfully with him that one of the most wicked men that was in that country, named Lawrence Rankin, laird of Sheill, was converted. The tears ran from his eyes in such abundance that all men wondered. His conversion was without hypocrisy, for his life and conversation witnessed it in all times to come."

In the midst of these joyous and blessed labours, the news reached Wishart that a plague had broken out at Dundee. It had begun four days after the interdict, and it was now raging with such fury that the number of deaths every twenty-four hours was beyond belief. Without a moment's hesitation, Wishart left Ayrshire and made for Dundee. Great efforts were made to keep him, but he answered with great decision, "They are now in trouble and they need comfort; perhaps the hand of God will cause them now to magnify and reverence the word which they formerly set at so low a price through fear of man."

When Wishart arrived in Dundee his old friends gave him a most cordial welcome. The very day after his arrival he announced that he would preach. The spot selected was the East Port or gate of the town, now usually called the Cowgate Port, which was allowed to stand, out of respect to the memory of Wishart when the old walls of the town were removed about a hundred years ago. His first text was Psalm cvii. 20: "He sent His word and healed them," which he paraphrased thus: "It is neither herb nor plaster, O Lord; but Thy word healeth all.' "In the which sermon," says Knox, "he did most comfortably treat of the dignity and utility of God's word; the punishment that comes from contempt of the same; the promptitude of God's mercy to such as turn to Him; yea, the great happiness of those whom God takes from this misery, even in His own gentle visita-

tion, which the malice of man can neither eak nor paire [increase nor impair]. By this sermon he so raised the hearts of all that heard him that they regarded not death, but judged those more happy that should depart than those that should remain behind; considering that they knew not if they should have such a comforter with them at all times. He spared not to visit them that lay in the very extremity; he comforted them as well as he could in such a multitude; he caused minister all things necessary to those that might use meat and drink, and in that point was the town wondrous benefited; for the poor were no more neglected than were the rich."

The story goes that even in the midst of these beautiful labours of love, the reformer did not escape the attentions of the cardinal. It may be that rumour gave the cardinal the credit of instigating everything that was done against Wishart, no matter by whom. A priest, who was called Sir John Wigton (in accordance with a custom that gave priests the title of Sir), had come to the place of meeting with the design of assassinating him, and was standing at the foot of the steps with a weapon concealed in the folds of his gown. Quick of eye and of judgment, Wishart suspected his design, and going up to him asked what he wanted, at the same time putting his hand on the priest's and wrenching his weapon out of it. The poor wretch fell down abashed and confessed his intended crime. The people would have lynched him on the spot. Wishart threw his arms round him, and said, "Whoever troubles him shall trouble me, for he has hurt me in nothing, but he has done great service both to you and me; he has let us know what we may fear in times to come. We will watch better." His words appeased the angry multitude and saved his enemy's life.

His immediate errand at Dundee being accomplished, Wishart received a request from some gentlemen in the West that he should go to Edinburgh, where they would meet him and back him, summon the bishops to a public disputation, and be heard in the capital of the country. It was an enterprise of the most serious danger, but Wishart willingly agreed to the proposal. First, however, he returned to Montrose, where he occupied his time partly in preaching and partly in protracted exercises of private devotion. His fellowship with God was so close that, remembering the text, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," his friends ascribed to him supernatural knowledge. A trap was laid for him that might have cost him his life but for what seemed a supernatural warning of his danger. A forged letter was sent him from his friend Kinnear of Kinnear, announcing that he had been seized with severe sickness and was most desirous to see him. On receiving the letter, Wishart, accompanied by a number of his friends, at once set out, a horse having been sent for him. But after proceeding a little way he drew up and turned to go home. He had become convinced that there was treason in the affair and that he must not go further. Some of his people were ordered to go on, and ascertain the true state of affairs. The plot was revealed, and word carried quickly to Wishart, who knew the door at which it was to be laid. "I know," he said, "that I shall finish this my life in that bloodthirsty man's hands, but it will not be in this manner."

V.

THE CHARGE OF CONSPIRACY AGAINST WISHART.

This seems the proper place for adverting to a charge which has recently been brought against Wishart of having been a party to a conspiracy against the life of Cardinal Beaton. Mr. Tytler, in his History of Scotland, says that he was engaged in May, 1544, conveying letters from Crichton, of Brunstone, to the Earl of Hertford at Newcastle, and from thence, with other letters, to Henry VIII. in relation to a projected scheme devised by the laird of Brunstone for the

assassination of Cardinal Beaton; and after having had an interview with the king at Greenwich, returned first to Newcastle, and then to Scotland. This charge proceeds on the fact that "a Scotishman called Wyshart" is mentioned as the bearer of the letters referred to; and the laird of Brunstone having been Wishart's friend and "great protector" in 1546, it is inferred that the person meant was George Wishart, the martyr.

The frivolous ground of this charge, which assumes that he was the only available Scotchman of the name of Wishart, is apparent from the fact that in records of the time still existing, mention is made of several other persons who bore the name. Mr. David Laing, in his notes on Knox's history, mentions three other George Wisharts: one who was a bailie of Dundee in 1560, and for several years previously; one who in 1565 was brother-german to John Wishart of Pitarrow, while a third was "Georgius Wishart, armiger crucis regis Galliæ."

Any intelligent reader may be left to say whether there is the faintest probability that a man like Wishart, such as we have seen him, would spend his time carrying letters from one place to another in furtherance of a scheme against the life of the cardinal. Surely men may be allowed to establish their character and their taste by their most characteristic acts; and if it be not apparent that the true character of Wishart was that of an evangelist, and his purest happiness that of promoting the present and future welfare of men, it is impossible to extract a meaning from the most significant facts. That after having secured the ear of the people at Montrose, at Ayr, and at Dundee, Wishart should have allowed his blessed work to be interrupted from time to time in order that he might further a plot against the life of the cardinal, is surely a supposition unworthy of the intellect, not to say the heart of any one who professes to have the capacity of a historian.

But besides all this, the dates do not agree. The charge is that in May, 1544, Wishart was conveying the treacherous letters. Now both Knox and Spottiswood say that George Wishart did not leave Cambridge till 1544. That was probably the year in which he came to Scotland, not the year in which he left it. And before May of that year he could have had no special occasion for animosity to the cardinal, seeing that it was after he opened his mouth as a public preacher of the reformed doctrines that the attention of the cardinal was turned to him. Moreover, as Wishart had some time before fled from a summons that had been issued against him, he was liable to arrest, and must have been for that reason a peculiarly unsafe man to execute a secret commission or carry secret letters from place to place. And if he had been guilty of conspiring against the cardinal, the fact must have been well known, and could not have failed to be used against him at his trial. If it be said that after Wishart's own death the cardinal was assassinated, and that some of the friends of Wishart were concerned in that plot, the reply is, that it was a plot hastily got up against the cardinal, partly with the view of avenging the martyr's death, but that it was in no wise connected with the previous plot in which the name of Crichton of Brunstone had a leading place. If there be any truth in the picture of Wishart's character so fully delineated by his pupil at Cambridge; if we are to gather anything from the intense devotion to his fellows shown in his bearing while the plague raged at Dundee; if there be a lesson to be drawn from his protecting the priest Wigton when he might so justly have abandoned him to his fate, we may surely infer that Wishart would never have even desired to have the cardinal in his power, and that he must have been content to leave the great enemy of the Reformation in Scotland to Him who has said, "Vengeance belongeth unto Me."

VI.

HIS LAST PREACHING CAMPAIGN.

The time for the conference to which some gentlemen from the West had invited Wishart to Edinburgh, was now approaching, and, sore against the feelings of his northern friends, Wishart prepared to leave Montrose. Arriving at Dundee, he spent a night at Invergowrie, in its immediate neighbourhood, and there, early in the morning, he underwent an agonizing experience, witnessed by two of his friends, of impending trouble to himself and danger to the cause. In a yard belonging to the house he fell on his knees and then on his face, and spent an hour in groaning and weeping, and what seemed inarticulate prayers. Pressed in the morning for an explanation, he at first declined, but said at last: "I am assured that my travail is near an end; and therefore call to God to be with me, that I shrink not when the battle waxes most hot." And while they wept and said, "that is little comfort to us;" he answered, "God shall send you comfort after me. This realm shall be illuminated with the light of Christ's evangel as clearly as ever was any realm since the days of the apostles. The house of God shall be builded into it. Yea, it shall not lack, whatsoever the enemy may say to the contrary, the very copestone. Neither shall this be long too; there shall not many suffer after me, till that the glory of God shall evidently appear, and shall once triumph in despite of Satan. But alas! if the people shall after be unthankful, then fearful and terrible shall the plagues be that shall follow." From Dundee he proceeded to Perth and then through Fife to Leith. On arriving there, he was embarrassed at finding no word from the Earl of Cassilis and the other West country gentlemen that were to meet him. The only way in which a preacher of the Reformation could have a chance of safety in such a place as the metropolis was to have a band of influential men at his back. At first Wishart remained in concealment. But that was a course in which he could not continue, let the hazard be what it might. "What differ I from a dead man, except that I eat and drink?" Necessity was laid on him—he must preach the Gospel. At Leith accordingly he preached the following Sunday, which was a fortnight before Christmas, taking for his text the parable of the sower. But as the Regent and the cardinal were expected at Edinburgh, his friends insisted on his going to the country. He spent his time between three friendly families, those of Brunstone, Ormiston and Longniddry. One Sunday, after hearing him in the church of Inveresk, Sir George Douglas, a man of note, and brother of the Earl of Angus, openly declared that he would not only maintain the truth of what he had heard, but he would protect the preacher—let the Regent and the cardinal do what they might.

In Tranent and other places where he preached there was a great concourse of people, drawn together no doubt in many cases from curiosity to hear a man who was defying the powers that be, but in other cases by that thirst for spiritual blessing which prevails much in times of spiritual starvation. The rumours of his preaching must have borne fragments of the Gospel to many ears. One who was so much at home in the Epistle to the Romans could speak with authority and power of a way to God's favour and fellowship, which was not vitiated by all the flaws and blots of an imperfect human righteousness, but rested on the atoning death of the Son of God, and on the regenerating work of the Holy Ghost. And the evangelical light as it streamed from the Romans would fall beautifully on the Psalms and other holy writings, giving new meaning to many a passage which bears on the forgiveness of sin and on that access to God where sinners find him a Father and a Friend. What delight would many a burdened heart feel as it escaped from the cumbrous weight of legal ceremonies imperfectly

performed, and legal virtues miserably mangled in the very attempt to practise them, came under the dew of free grace, and found the truth of the words, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." And what a treasure would such a passage as the eighth chapter of Romans prove, whether the heart lingered on its first verse with its "no condemnation," or on its last with its "no separation!" Happy experience, when faith is young, and the dew of morning is fresh on all the promises, and the slanting sunbeam brightens them with the lustre of heaven, and the heart, unable to contain its gladness, looks with contempt on the devices of the persecutor, and exultingly exclaims, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord."

At Haddington, the capital of East Lothian, there was a change. The crowds that had hung on Wishart's lips elsewhere did not muster there; on the contrary, his audience was very small. This was accounted for by the circumstance that the Earl of Bothwell, who had very great interest in the county (father of the Earl who married Queen Mary), had warned the people not to attend. The first night Wishart was the guest of David Forres, a good friend of the truth, afterwards General of the Mint. The second night he lodged with Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, father of the famous secretary of Queen Mary, whose family house (now called Lennox Love) was but a mile from the town. The third night he spent at Ormiston House. By this time, and indeed, ever since he entered the county of East Lothian, he was attended by John Knox. Knox, who was now fully forty years old, was then acting in the humble capacity of tutor to the sons of Douglas of Longniddry. He seems to have derived great spiritual benefit from Wishart, whose memory he ever cherished with the utmost reverence and affection. On the last day Wishart was visibly disturbed. He had received a message to the effect that the gentlemen from the West whom he was to meet at Edinburgh were unable to keep their appointment. The message disturbed him greatly. It came just before the time of preaching, and Knox observed with surprise that the moments he was wont to devote to private prayer before the public service were spent in excited meditation over the news which he had received. It had evidently disquieted him greatly. He paced up and down before the altar for half an hour, trying to digest the message, and get rid of his excitement. But he had very little success. Probably he read in the intelligence he had received his own death warrant, and saw that the end was come. Perhaps he saw tokens of wavering on the part of those whose steadfastness he had considered beyond dispute. He would see the triumph of the cruel and wicked cardinal, and the tide of falsehood and superstition gaining strength and rolling disastrously over the country, in place of that holy current of faith, hope, and charity by which he had fondly hoped that his dear native land would be blessed.

His demeanour in the church showed that his soul had not yet returned into its quiet rest. He scolded the people that were absent through those that were present, and for an hour and a half he denounced on Haddington the most terrible judgments. What pressed upon him was its indifference to the word of God. A well-known historian has turned his behaviour on this occasion against him, and ascribed his emotion to mere wounded vanity. He liked a multitude to hang on his lips, and because he did not get this at Haddington, he lost his temper. That there was something of human infirmity in his spirit on this occasion we may frankly admit. But the disturbance was unusual, and was probably due to the grievous and sudden

disappointment we have referred to, and the disastrous consequences not to himself only, but to the cause of Christ and the kingdom of Scotland which he foresaw. Had he had even an hour to spend alone, as he did on that morning at Invergowrie, to relieve the pressure on his surcharged spirit, he would not have given utterance to such vehement denunciations. After an hour and a half spent in this way, he addressed himself to the subject he intended to open up—the second table of the law. He gave a short paraphrase of the commandments, then a threefold exhortation to patience, to the fear of God, and to works of mercy; and ended as if he were giving out his last will and testament—as if his ministry were now at an end. And so indeed it proved to be, for, as Knox pithily puts it, "that same night he was apprehended, before midnight, in the house of Ormiston, by the Earl Bothwell, made for money butcher to the cardinal."

VII.

HIS APPREHENSION AND TRIAL.

When Wishart left Haddington, he took a long farewell of his friends, and particularly of Mr. Douglas of Longniddry. The parting with John Knox seems to have been very pathetic. Knox, who had carried a two-handed sword for Wishart's protection all the time he was in East Lothian, desired earnestly to go with him to Ormiston. Wishart would not let him; one, he said, was sufficient for a sacrifice; so he caused the sword to be taken from him. Knox and Douglas must have had a gloomy journey that night to Longniddry. Wishart passed on foot to Ormiston, as the ground was hardened by a severe frost. After supper he talked comfortably on the death of God's chosen children, and the company sang the 51st Psalm. Being sleepy, he went to bed earlier than usual, with the words, "God grant quiet rest." Before midnight the house was surrounded by the Earl of Bothwell and his troops, and escape became impossible. Bothwell called the laird, assured him that resistance was vain, as the Regent and the cardinal (who was at Elphinstone, only a mile distant) were coming with all their forces; but if he would surrender Wishart, he pledged his honour that no harm should befall him. The door was opened, and Wishart surrendered to the Earl. Wishart expressed his satisfaction at being committed to the hands of a man of honour, for it was certainly better to be punished openly, though under an unrighteous law, than to be murdered secretly. Bothwell promised to keep Wishart safe till he was set free, or to return him into the hands of the gentlemen then before him. Wishart was first carried to Elphinstone, where the cardinal was, and afterwards to Hales, Lord Bothwell's seat. Gold and other allurements prevailed with the Earl, contrary to his promise, and he gave up his prisoner to be confined in the prison of Edinburgh. It was afterwards decided that Wishart's confinement should be at St. Andrews, under charge of the cardinal. There were great rejoicings among the priestly party at this manœuvre, which seemed a triumph over their enemy. In the end of January, 1546, Wishart was committed to the sea-tower of the castle of St. Andrews. Very little is known of his captivity. It was said that he had written something; but, whatever that was, it was suppressed by his enemies.

A council was called by the cardinal for the last day of February to consult what should be done with Wishart. There was a ready response from the bishops and other ecclesiastics that were summoned, and on the 28th of February the Dean of St. Andrews was sent to Wishart in the prison to summon him to appear next morning before the judge. The trial took place in the Abbey church. It was preceded by a sermon by John Winram, superior of the Abbey, from the parable of the sower, in which the Word of God was so

presented as the standard of truth and the touchstone of heresy that the sermon might almost have suited a Protestant assembly.

At the end of the sermon Wishart was summoned to the pulpit to hear his accusation, and the various articles of which it consisted. His accuser, John Lauder, a coarse-spoken man, made the process as offensive as he could. There was not a trace of that sense of justice and concern for the accused that in our day would make every insult detestable, and secure for him the most courteous treatment. According to the account of Foxe the martyrologist, the accuser, foaming at the mouth "like ane bear," poured out on Wishart such a torrent of abuse that the people dreaded lest the earth should open her mouth and swallow him up. "Thou runagate, traitor, thief, false heretic," were the polite terms in which "the monster" addressed him at the beginning of each accusation. Wishart listened with great composure and patience, unmoved by the indecent violence of his accuser.

First he vindicated all that he had taught as being in accordance with the Word of God. His great subjects had been, the ten commandments, the twelve Articles of the Faith, and our Lord's prayer, in the mother tongue. At Dundee he had taught the Epistle to the Romans. And he would now tell them after what manner he handled his topics. Here he was interrupted by his accuser, vociferating in his usual way that he had no right to preach. Wishart was but a layman, and the ecclesiastics, jealous of their privileges, would not hear of a layman preaching. Moreover, he had been interdicted in Dundee. Wishart said the apostles had been commanded to desist from preaching, but they had replied, "We must obey God rather than men." The other charges against him were that he denied the mass and the sacraments; that he taught that auricular confession was not a sacrament; that men ought to confess to God only and not to a priest; that every man ought to know and understand his baptism; that the mass was a superstition; that extreme unction was not a sacrament; that laymen were as much priests as the clergy; that it is as lawful to eat flesh on Friday as on Sunday; that prayers ought not to be addressed to saints; that there was no such place as purgatory; that the souls of men should sleep till the day of judgment, and not obtain life eternal till then. To most of the statements he answered calmly and deliberately; but when it came to the last—"God, full of mercy and goodness," he exclaimed, "forgive them that say such things of me! I wot and know surely by the Word of God that he who has begun to have the faith of Jesus Christ and to believe firmly on Him, I know surely that the soul of that man shall never sleep, but shall ever live an immortal life; the which life from day to day is renewed in grace and augmented; nor yet shall ever perish, or have an end, but shall ever live immortal with Christ his head. To the which life all that believe in Him shall come and rest in eternal glory." Throughout his whole defence Wishart took his ground on the sermon of Winram, and upheld the supreme authority of the Word of God. And the drift of the whole was to show that neither by his own works, nor by those of the saints, is it possible for a man to procure acceptance with God, and to bring out the apostle's conclusion in the Epistle to the Romans—we are "justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

The sentence of the Court was that he should be burned as a heretic.

Wishart appealed in prayer to a higher Judge. Not so much for himself as for the people. "O immortal God, how long shalt Thou suffer the wickedness and great cruelty of the ungodly to exert their fury upon Thy servants, who are furthering Thy word in this world, seeing they desire to do the contrary, that is, to choke and destroy Thy true doctrine and verity, by which Thou hast

showed Thyself to the world, drowned as it was in blindness and misknowledge of Thy name. O Lord, we know surely that Thy true servants must needs suffer, for Thy name's sake, persecution, afflictions and troubles in this present life, which is but a shadow, as Thou hast showed to us by Thy prophets and apostles. But yet we desire Thee, merciful Father, that Thou conserve, defend and help Thy congregation which Thou hast chosen before the beginning of the world, and give them Thy grace to hear Thy word, and to be Thy true servants in this present life."

VIII.

THE EXECUTION.

Wishart was remanded to the prison till the necessary arrangements could be made for burning him to death. Calmly and cheerfully he accepted his position. An appeal which he had made during the trial to the Regent had been without avail, and lest any endeavour should be made by his friends to rescue him when led out for execution, the guns of the castle were pointed to the spot, ready for such an emergency. His fate was sealed. In Buchanan's history an interesting incident is given, passed over by Foxe and Knox, showing how he was engaged on the last morning of his life. Two Franciscans had been sent to him that he might confess to them according to Romish usage. With them, of course, he could have nothing to do. Winram then came to him and had a long conversation with him, intermingled with many tears. Winram asked if he did not wish to partake of the sacrament of the supper? Most willingly, he replied, if according to Christ's appointment, it be shown forth in both kinds, namely in bread and wine. Winram returned to the bishops to ask their leave, but the enraged cardinal only denounced him, and it was determined that an obstinate heretic, condemned by the church, should have none of her privileges. At nine o'clock, when the friends and servants of the governor met for breakfast, Wishart was asked whether he would join them. "Willingly," he replied, "and with more pleasure than I have done for some time past, for now I perceive that ye are good men, and fellow members of the same body of Christ with me, and because I know that this will be the last meal I shall partake of on earth. And I beseech you," he continued, addressing the governor, "in the name of God, and by that love which ye bear to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to sit down at this table a little, and attend to me while I address an exhortation to you and pray over the bread which we are about to eat as brethren in Christ, and then I will bid you farewell."

"In the meantime" (says Buchanan) "the table being covered as is the custom with a linen cloth, and bread being placed upon it, George began a short and clear discourse upon the last supper, and the sufferings and death of Christ, and spoke about half an hour. He especially exhorted them to lay aside wrath, envy and malice, that their hearts might be filled with love one to another, and so become perfect members of Christ who daily intercedes with the Father, that we, through Him our sacrifice, may obtain eternal life. Having thus spoken, when he had given God thanks, he brake the bread, and gave a little to each, and in like manner he gave the wine after he himself had tasted, entreating them now to remember in this sacrament, for the last time along with him, the memorial of Christ's death, as for himself a more bitter portion was prepared for no other reason than that he had preached the Gospel. After which, having again returned thanks, he retired into his chamber and finished his devotions."

A scaffold had been erected in the court before the castle, and a pile of wood collected. Two executioners were sent for him, one of whom fastened bags of gunpowder to different parts of his body. Opposite the place of execution the

windows and battlements of the castle were covered with tapestry and silk hangings, on which pillows were placed, from which the cardinal and his friends might enjoy the spectacle of his sufferings and receive the congratulations of the spectators. Wishart was led to the place "with a rope about his neck and a chain of iron about his middle," and his hands tied behind his back. As he came out of the castle gate, some beggar met him asking alms for God's sake. "I want my hands," he said, "wherewith I used to give you alms. But the merciful God of His benignity and abundant grace that feedeth all men vouchsafe to give you necessaries both for your body and your soul." Two friars then met him saying, "Master George, pray to our Lady that she may be a mediatrix for you to her Son." His mild answer was, "Cease, tempt me not, my brethren."

According to one account he then kneeled down, and prayed thrice, "O Thou Saviour of the world, have mercy on me. Father of heaven, I commend my spirit into Thy holy hands."

Turning to the people, he exhorted them not to be offended at the Gospel for what they saw him suffer. His trial was but for a moment—the rewards of heaven were everlasting. "Consider and behold my visage; ye shall not see me change my colour. This grim fire I fear not; and so I pray you for to do, if that any persecution come unto you for the word's sake; and not to fear them which slay the body and have no power to slay the soul. Some have said of me that I taught that the soul of man should sleep until the last day; but I know surely, and my faith is such, that ere it be six hours my soul shall sup this day with my Saviour for whom I suffer this." Then he prayed for forgiveness to his murderers, and, turning to the people, he besought them to exhort their prelates to follow the Word of God, for if they did not turn them from their wicked error, there would come on them the wrath of God, which they could not eschew.

Before the execution, the executioner fell on his knees and said, "Sir, I pray you forgive me, for I am not guilty of your death." Wishart beckoned him to come near, kissed him and said, "My heart, do thine office; this is a token that I forgive thee." Soon after the flames did their work. It is said by one historian that, as he was dying, a vehement storm of wind came from the sea, which overthrew walls, hurling some of the spectators into the bishop's court, some falling into the draw well, of whom two were drowned.

Wishart died on 1st March, 1546, at the age of thirty-three.

IX.

EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED.

There is a tradition that, when Wishart was at the stake, he uttered a prediction foretelling the death of Cardinal Beaton. It is said that when the governor of the castle tried to cheer him under his pains, he replied, "These flames indeed bring pain to my body, but do not disturb my mind; but he who now so proudly looks down upon me from his high place will within a few days be as ignominiously thrown over as he now arrogantly reclines." This passage does not occur in Foxe's account of the martyrdom, nor in the more authentic editions of Knox's History. Many believe it to be an exaggeration of the threatening words which the martyr had uttered with reference to all who denied God's truth and lived on in error and sin. Wishart was credited with the gift of prophecy, and it is by no means unlikely that when the cardinal did meet his death a short time after, Wishart should have been thought to foretell it. But what are we to think of those who, on the strength of this very doubtful legend, would make out that Wishart was privy to a conspiracy against the life of the cardinal, and virtually a party to his murder? The facility with which some respectable historians have taken

up this evil report against him is a painful illustration of the prejudice which is apt to prevail against those who take a conspicuous place on the side of truth. In the first place, it is quite alien from Wishart's character, a character so transparent that all men might understand it. In the second place it is not supported by the concurrent testimony of historians. And in the third place, the conspiracy that brought Beaton to his end was not hatched among Wishart's friends. Had Douglas of Longniddry, Crichton of Brunstone, and the laird of Ormiston, among whom he had spent the last weeks of his freedom, been the ringleaders, or even among the conspirators, the case might have gone hard against Wishart, but it was altogether a different set of men that were involved in the conspiracy, men with whom Wishart appears to have had no connection. And lastly, the event which stirred up the conspiracy was just the death of Wishart; it was a sense of the horrible tyranny and cruelty that had been manifested in his murder that brought the feeling against the cardinal to a crisis, and roused the hot-blooded men that slew him to rid their country of an intolerable tyrant.

We need not enter into the details of the assassination of the Cardinal; we would rather ask in conclusion what effect had the martyrdom of Wishart on the cause of the Reformation? There is every reason to believe that a horror took hold of the more serious of the people, and that in their inmost hearts they were convinced that a great crime had been committed, and that a true and devoted servant of Christ had shared the doom of his Master. Among the priests' party there was at first great rejoicing, and the cardinal himself seemed to think that by his bold policy he had inflicted a death-blow on the cause of heresy. But had there been no other consequence, the influence of Wishart's death on one man, on the humble tutor at Longniddry, who had carried the sword in East Lothian, would have given it an importance second to none in the religious history of Scotland. Knox regarded Wishart as his spiritual father, and on that account alone his heart would have thrilled at the tragedy of his martyrdom, even had there been nothing else to draw him to so loving and beautiful a character. The fact that Wishart was seven or eight years younger than himself would add a special tenderness to the feelings with which he regarded him. As things fell out, the death of Wishart was the birth of Knox as a public champion of the Cross. From his window in Longniddry House he might look across the Firth of Forth to the very neighbourhood whence the chariot of fire had borne his beloved teacher and friend. Henceforth the mantle of Wishart rests on the shoulders of Knox, to what effect in the cause of the Reformation, let history declare. And if Knox had but little of the gentleness of Wishart, he had much of that manly courage which was needed to steer the bark of the Reformed Church in so wild a country and in such troubled times. History reproduces itself; and He whose way is on the sea, and His path in the great waters, showed His marvellous power to turn evil to good, alike when the mantle of Stephen came on the shoulders of Saul, and when the banner for the truth, torn from the hands of Wishart, was seized by Knox and borne to victory and triumph.

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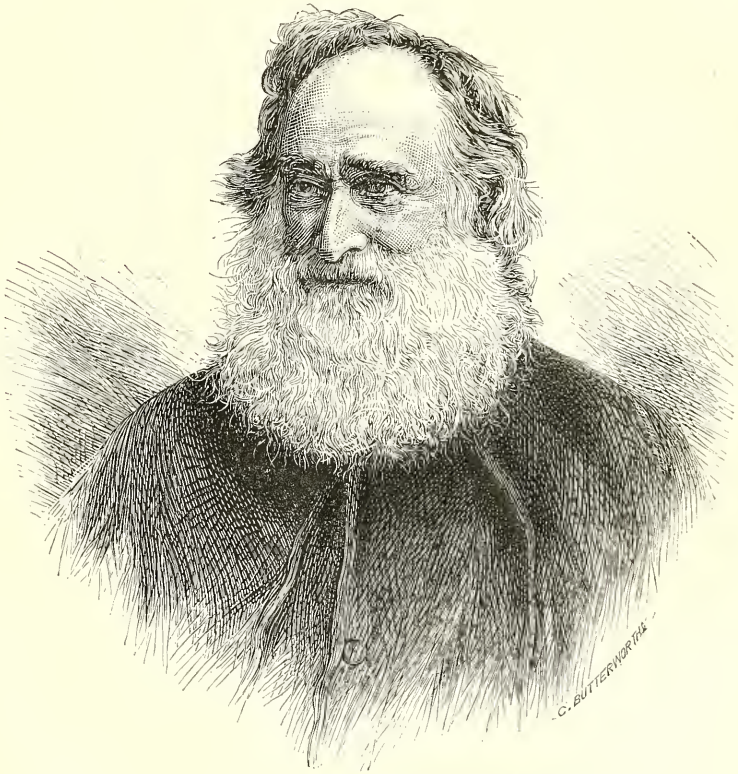
ROBERT MOFFAT, D.D.



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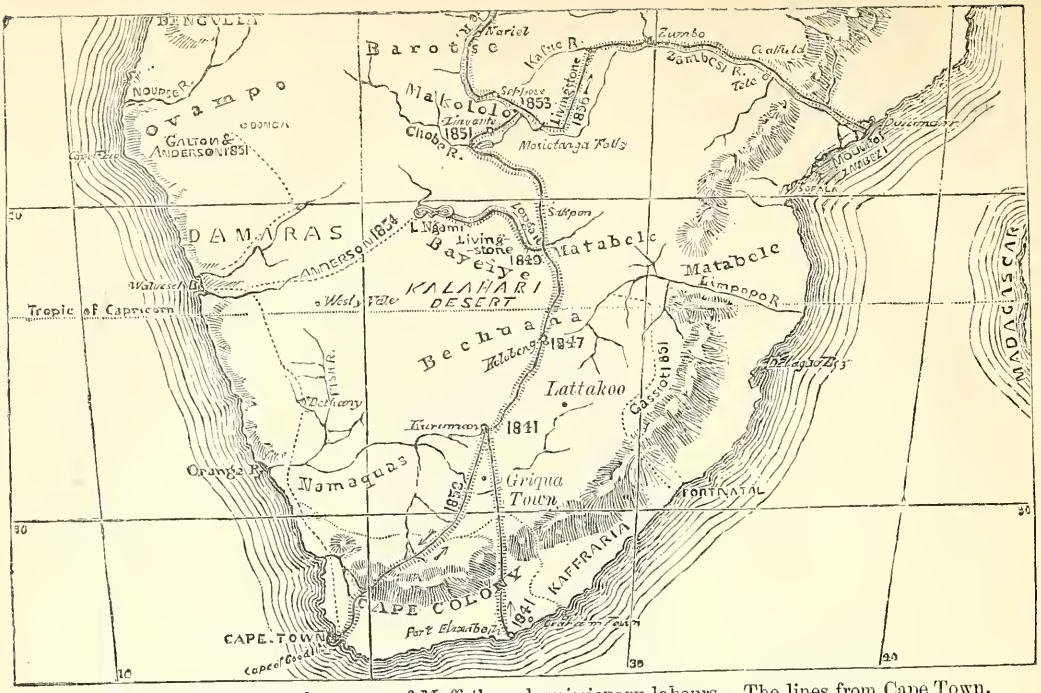

Sketch map, showing the scenes of Moffat's early missionary labours. The lines from Cape Town, northward, through Kuruman, with dates, refer to Livingstone's first journeys, before the invasions of the Transvaal Boers. Subsequent arrangement of territory can be seen in all maps of South Africa.

ROBERT MOFFAT, D.D.

I.

EARLY DAYS.

Robert Moffat was born in the village of Ormiston, East Lothian, on the 21st December, 1795. While he was still an infant, his parents removed to Portsoy, near Banff, where his father obtained an appointment in the Custom House. Later he was transferred to Carron Shore, and all Robert Moffat's earliest recollections were of the home and surroundings there. Around the rooms of the simple cottage home clustered many happy memories, some of long winter evenings spent in learning to sew and knit, to which Robert looked back with thankfulness, recalling his mother's answer to his remonstrance, "Lad, ye dinna ken whar your lot will be cast." But most sacred of all was the pious mother's prayers, audibly poured forth in the inner chamber, which used to set him wondering to whom she could be talking. His parents belonged to the Established Church of Scotland, and his first reading book was 'The Shorter Catechism.' The services at Mr. Caldwell's Congregational Church, where his mother frequently attended, were never forgotten by him.

Robert attended the parish school, but he lived among shipping, and, to use his own words, he wanted to be a man before his time, and ran off to sea; but a few months on the coast were enough to tire him of sea life. His parents then sent him, with his elder

brother, to a superior school in Falkirk, where he made great progress, though only six months there.

When thirteen years of age, Robert was apprenticed by his own wish to a gardener at Park Hill, Polmont. In spite of hard manual work all day, often commencing at 4 A.M., his eagerness to learn made him find time to attend evening classes, and to pick up some knowledge of smith's work—even to take a few lessons on the violin. His apprenticeship at Polmont lasted three years, at the end of which he went as journeyman gardener to Donibristle, near Inverkeithing, whither his parents had removed. While here, at the age of sixteen, by his promptness and skill in swimming, he rescued a man from drowning. After one year at Donibristle Robert obtained employment as under-gardener at High Leigh in Cheshire, and bade farewell to his Scotch home. His mother accompanied him to the boat which was to convey him across the Firth of Forth, and before parting extracted a promise that he would read a chapter in the Bible every morning, and another every evening, saying, "If you pray the Lord Himself will teach you." "I went on my way," he says, "and ere long found myself among strangers. My charge was an important one for a youth. I met with no one who appeared to make religion his chief concern. I mingled when opportunities offered with the gay and godless, but I never forgot my promise to my mother; I read chiefly in the New Testament. At length I became uneasy, then unhappy. The question would sometimes dart across my mind, 'What think ye of Christ?' A hard struggle followed. I underwent a great change of heart, and this, I believe, was produced by reading the Bible, and the Bible only—for my small stock of books consisted chiefly of works on gardening and botany. For many weeks I was miserable, but light came at last, and I felt that, being justified by faith, I had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

II.

CONSECRATION TO MISSIONARY WORK, AND ARRIVAL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Soon after this crisis, an apparently trifling occurrence was the means of stirring Robert Moffat's whole soul with the desire to become a missionary to the heathen. An old placard announcing a missionary meeting caught his eye and riveted his attention, recalled his mother's readings about the Moravian missions, and excited a great tumult in his mind, which ended in his determination to devote his life to missions. He called on Mr. Roby of Manchester, a great friend of missions, who recommended him to the directors of the London Missionary Society, and persevered in taking steps to further his theological education, although the directors at first declined his services. The situation at High Leigh was relinquished, and Mr. Moffat went to Manchester, where Mr. Roby endeavoured to find him employment which would leave his evenings free for study; but, failing to do so, he inquired of Mr. Moffat whether he would object to go into a nursery-garden. Mr. Moffat replied, "Go? I would go anywhere and do anything for which I had ability." "Very providentially," he writes, "Mr. Smith of Dukinfield happened to be in town, and at once agreed that I should go to his nursery-garden. Thus was I led by a way that I knew not, for another important end; for had I obtained a situation in Manchester, I might not have had my late dear wife to be my companion and partner in all my hopes and fears for more than half a century in Africa. As it was, Mr. Smith's only daughter possessing a warm missionary heart, we soon became attached to one another; but she was not allowed to join me in Africa till nearly three years after I left."

On September 30, 1816, in Surrey Chapel, Robert Moffat and eight others were set apart for mission work in South Africa and the South Seas, amongst them John Williams of Erromanga.

Before leaving England Robert Moffat visited his parents, who, though they could not oppose his going, "lest haply they should be found fighting against God," felt the trial no ordinary one, as they bade him God-speed, never expecting to see him again. He sailed from Gravesend on the 18th October, 1816, and landed at Cape Town on the 13th January, 1817. At that time permission was required before missionaries could settle beyond the colonial boundary, and this was denied. The Government objected to the mission stations on the score that escaped slaves fled to them as an asylum. There was no alternative but to await orders from home, and utilise their time in the colony. Mr. Moffat took up his abode in Stellenbosch, a village about thirty-six miles from Cape Town, with a Dutch farmer, who was not only hospitable, but a man of deep piety and earnest missionary spirit. Here he studied the Dutch language, which he found useful throughout his missionary life, especially in Namaqualand, where his work lay among the Hottentots. He afterwards accompanied Mr. Thom, of the Dutch Reformed Church, on an evangelistic tour, and finally sojourned in Cape Town, where he busied himself in picking up all kinds of practical knowledge, including hospital work.

III.

MISSION IN NAMAQUALAND.

The scruples of the Governor were at length overcome, and permission was granted for the missionaries to proceed. On the 22nd of September, 1817, Messrs. Kitchingman and Moffat started for Namaqualand, "a miserable land of droughts, fit only for beasts of prey," as he said on first arriving.

The inhabitants were a tribe of Hottentots called Namaquas, their chief called Africaner. This famous man had once roamed his native hills and dales within a hundred miles of Cape Town, but as the Dutch settlers increased, the aborigines had to remove further and further, or yield to the farmers. For awhile Africaner did this, and served one of them faithfully, but many provocations drove him to revolt, and a contention arising, one of his party shot the farmer. Africaner then collected the remnant of his clan, crossed the Orange River and was soon beyond the reach of pursuers. The Government attempted in various ways to punish this outrage upon the farmer, but Africaner defied all attempts, and became the terror of the country round, until the Government offered a reward of £100 for his head. In 1806, two London Missionary Society's agents first entered this country and Africaner came under their influence. One died, and the other left, and Moffat took their place, and was warmly welcomed by Africaner at his town called Vredeburg on the 26th of January, 1818. He writes of this time: "Here I was left alone, with a people suspicious in the extreme, jealous of their rights which they had obtained at the point of the sword. I had not a friend or brother with whom I could participate in the communion of saints, or to whom I could look for counsel and advice. A small salary of £25 per annum, no grain, and consequently no bread, and no prospect of getting any, from the want of water to cultivate the ground, and destitute of the means of sending to the Colony. These circumstances led to great searchings of heart. Satisfied that I had not run unsent, and having in the intricate and somewhat obscure course I had taken, heard the still small voice saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it,' I was wont to pour out my soul among the granite rocks surrounding the station, now in sorrow, now in joy, and more than once I took my violin and, reclining upon one of the huge masses, have in the stillness of the evening played and sung the well-known hymn, a favourite with my mother,

'Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,' &c.

Soon after my stated services commenced the chief attended very regularly. The Testament became his constant com-

panion. Often have I seen him under the shadow of a great rock, eagerly perusing the pages of divine inspiration. He did not confine his expanding mind to the volume of revelation. He was led to look to the book of nature, and would inquire about endless space and infinite duration. I have been amused, when sitting with others, who wished to hear his questions answered, he would at last rub his hands on his head, and exclaim, 'I have heard enough, I feel as if my head was too small, as if it would swell with these great subjects.' During the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him. His very faults seemed to lean to virtue's side. He who was formerly like a fire-brand, spreading discord, enmity and war among the neighbouring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent a collision between contending parties. In addition to him, his brothers David and Yakobus were both believers, Titus alone holding out, though a faithful friend to me."

After a time a visit to Cape Town became necessary, and Mr. Moffat asked Africaner to accompany him, feeling sure that his doing so would have a beneficial influence in many ways. Africaner was greatly startled at the proposal, but on consideration decided to go, and in a few days they were off, Africaner passing for one of Mr. Moffat's attendants. On arriving in Cape Town the people could hardly believe their eyes on seeing the once terrible savage chief walking peacefully with a missionary. He was presented to the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who was much interested. This visit to Cape Town proved more eventful than Mr. Moffat had anticipated. Dr. Philip and the Rev. J. Campbell, deputations from the Society, had arrived to inquire into the state of the South African missions, and they requested Mr. Moffat to accompany them on a tour to some of the stations. This resulted in their wishing him to give up the Namaqua mission, and go to the Bechwanas. To this he would not consent without consulting Africaner. The chief yielded, hoping ere long to remove with his tribe to the same neighbourhood. Africaner and his people then returned home, having received every mark of respect from the Governor, besides the present of a wagon, and passports which would ensure the friendship of the colonists through whose land they had to travel.

IV.

MISSION TO THE BECHWANAS.

The reader will understand that the region called Great Namaqualand lies to the north of the Orange River, and along the western coast of the continent. To the east of it is the almost rainless, waterless, Kalahari desert, and beyond that, still further eastward, the Bechwana country, where Messrs. Hamilton and Read had been stationed for several years; but Mr. Read afterwards transferred his labours to a Colonial mission.

Early in December, 1819, Mr. Moffat had the joy of welcoming Miss Smith, and on the 27th they were married, and prepared to start for the north; but again Mr. Moffat's progress was hindered by the Government, who prohibited him from settling at Lattakoo, the place chosen as his station. Nevertheless, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat with Mr. Campbell started, having faith that the obstacles would be removed. Two months' travelling in ox wagons brought them to Griqua Town, and thence they proceeded to Lattakoo. Here Mr. and Mrs. Moffat remained some months, and visited also with Mr. Campbell a neighbouring tribe —the Batlaros; after which they had no alternative but to return to Griqua Town. It was at this time that they once more saw Africaner, who, in fulfilment of his promise, had brought what little property Mr. Moffat had left in Namaqualand. The meeting proved to be their last, as the removal was never accomplished, and two years after Africaner died, showing a noble Christian character to the end of his life. On reaching Griqua Town, Mr. and

Mrs. Moffat found the permission for their settlement at Lattakoo; but it was also requested that Mr. Moffat should remain at Griqua Town a few months to settle some affairs there. It was a place inhabited by a mixed multitude of Griquas, Corannas, Hottentots, Bushmen, as well as people of mixed blood, descendants of Dutch farmers, who had taken to a roving, marauding life. These had been gathered from the Colony by Messrs. Anderson and Kramer, who followed them in their wanderings, till at last they settled down at Griqua Town, where the efforts of these devoted men to christianise and civilise them were attended with much success.

The mission affairs having been satisfactorily settled, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat proceeded to Lattakoo, where they arrived on the 17th of May, 1821, receiving a cordial welcome from Mr. Hamilton. Hitherto the mission had made no progress, and for seven years after the same indifference continued. Mr. Moffat writes: "I am often at a loss what to say relative to the kingdom of Christ at this station. A sameness marks the events of each returning day. No conversions, no inquiry after God, no objections raised, to exercise our powers in defence. Indifference and stupidity form the wreath on every brow. Only satiate their mendicant spirits by incessantly giving, and we are all that is good; but refuse to meet their demands, their praises are turned to ridicule and abuse. The missionary's wife had to attend to her domestic cares in a house crowded with those who would not scruple to hurl a stone at her if she dared to remonstrate at their intrusion. Efforts at public worship met with the same discouragement. Sometimes they had to record thefts committed in twenty-four hours in house, smith-shop, garden, and among their cattle in the field."

Years of drought succeeded one another, and the rainmaker was called in. His artifices for deceiving the people were endless. Finally he fixed upon the missionaries as the obstacles to success. They were informed that they must leave the country, and that if they did not comply, violent measures would be resorted to. While addressing them, the chief stood in an imposing attitude, quivering his spear. Mrs. Moffat stood at the door of the cottage with the babe in her arms, watching the crisis! Mr. Moffat replied, "We have indeed felt most reluctant to leave, and are now more than ever resolved to abide by our post. We pity you, for you know not what you do. We have suffered, it is true, but if you are resolved to be rid of us, you must resort to stronger measures. You may shed our blood or burn us out; we know you will not touch our wives and children. Then shall they who sent us know, and God, who now sees and hears us, shall know that we have been persecuted indeed." The meeting broke up and they were left unharmed, and deeply thankful for the turn the interview had taken.

Mr. Moffat had heard a great deal of Makaba, chief of the Bangwaketsi, and was anxious to pay him a visit, principally hoping that it would tend to establish peaceful relations between him and Mothibi, chief of the Batlaping. He had not, however, proceeded far when rumours were confirmed which had been current before his leaving home, of the approach of the Mantatees. "These Mantatees were fugitives (from what is now the Transvaal, driven thence by Moselekatsi), tribes and broken remnants of tribes, huddled into great hordes, abandoning lands, driving what they could of their cattle with them, who came pouring on like a flood, and threatening to overwhelm the Western Bechwanas."

Mr. Moffat returned to Lattakoo to warn and advise the people. They eagerly accepted his advice to seek aid from the Griquas, and to meet the enemy at a distance. Moffat himself went to Griqua Town, and enlisted the aid of Waterboer the chief. He then with Mr. Melville, Government Commissioner at Griqua Town, accompanied the expedition in the hope of preventing, if

possible, some of the horrors of war. But no peaceful alternative was available. A terrible conflict ensued, ending in the defeat of the Mantatees. Mr. Moffat, with the assistance of Messrs. Melville and Hamilton, collected the women and children who remained behind in the flight, and brought them under their protection to Lattakoo. As soon as the Griquas had gone home, the country was full of rumours of the advance of other bodies of Mantatees from a different quarter. The missionaries eventually saw it their duty to abandon the station for a time, and to retire to Griqua Town. Mr. Moffat having seen his wife and children safely bestowed, returned to Lattakoo, and remained awhile with Mr. Hamilton. These events proved of great and lasting importance to the mission. The Batlaping saw that the missionaries by their advice and energy had been the means of saving them from their enemies, and though for a while there was a lack of interest in their message, the missionaries themselves had gained a personal ascendency which they never lost.

Towards the end of the year 1823, Mrs. Moffat's health necessitated a journey to Cape Town. They were accompanied by Mothibi's son Peclu, who was delighted with all he saw. Before starting it was arranged with the chief that they should move to a more suitable spot for a station at Kuruman.

On their return to Lattakoo, Mr. Moffat once more resolved to visit Makaba. He was accompanied by Griqua hunters, and was most hospitably and courteously treated by the chief during the whole of his stay. On their return journey they had an encounter with a remnant of the Mantatees, who were attacking the Barolong; but were again mercifully delivered.

On reaching home, Mr. Moffat found that his wife had been enduring great anxiety. Not only had she heard of the Mantatee invasion in the direction of her husband's journey, but other dangers were threatening. A horde of evil characters, runaways from the Colony, with Corannas, Bushmen, and Namaquas, had established themselves in the mountains to the westward of Griqua Town, and had been joined by renegade Griquas. These people were carrying on marauding expeditions, had attacked the Batlaros, and this was the precursor of a long series of troubles which threatened the destruction of the mission. Civil war among the Bechwanas prevented their uniting against the common enemy. The missionary families were removed to the new station, where a temporary house was ready, and finally reluctantly sought refuge at Griqua Town. As soon as they do could so with safety they returned to Kuruman.

But the country was far from quiet! Far into the interior the commotion extended. Such a time was unknown within the memory of the oldest native. More trouble came in the death of Peclu, the young prince, on whom great hopes were placed by the missionaries. Another body from the Orange River attacked the tribes to the westward of the station, and the people again fled in consternation. The missionaries resolved to hold their ground, and the arrival at this juncture of Mr. Hughes with Mr. Millen, a mason, and a few Hottentots to assist in the public works of the station, confirmed them in their resolution. After a few days of anxiety and alarm, the enemy departed, contented with large spoils of cattle.

Sorrow also entered the homes of the missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Moffat lost an infant son, and tidings came from home of other bereavements.

The infancy of the new station was a time of arduous labour, the missionaries having to depend mainly upon themselves till they taught the Bechwanas to render some assistance. While all this manual labour was proceeding, Mr. Moffat having reduced the language to writing, prepared a spelling-book, catechism, and small portions of Scripture, and sent them to Cape Town to be printed.

When the year 1827 opened, it ap-

peared as if the mission had really entered on a peaceful and steady course. Messrs. Hamilton and Hughes undertook what remained of public manual labour; and for a time Mr. Moffat devoted himself to the study of the Sechwana language. (Bechwanas are the people, Sechwana the language.) For this purpose he left home for several months and lived among the Barolongs without either English or Dutch companion. He returned home full of thankfulness for the progress he had made in the language, and the many mercies he had enjoyed in that semi-savage life.

He had not been long home when news reached the station, that the banditti had attacked Griqua Town itself, and being repelled they were resolved to proceed to Kuruman. They were diverted from their purpose; but this panic resulted in the permanent scattering of the population. They drifted eastward, and there Mothibi eventually settled. Of this period Mr. Moffat nevertheless wrote: "There are some things calculated to cheer and encourage, and we have no doubt that ultimate success will crown our labours. At a small distance are two Batlaro villages, and on the station there are at least fifty families. All these from time to time have the Gospel preached in their own language; and though we see no immediate fruit of the Spirit, yet it is a consolation to know that their knowledge in Divine things is increasing, and there are several who have begun to pray. The long-looked-for books have arrived, and I have commenced the school in the Sechwana language. The scholars are at present exclusively from the families that live on the station, and these consist chiefly of strangers. There are Batlaping, Batlaro, Basuto, Bakwena, Bakalahari, and Matebele. At present they are chiefly poor but industrious, and with the assistance of fruitful gardens, are better off than the more affluent natives, who depend entirely on their flocks. We have found them very serviceable in carrying on building, they being always ready to work, for which they are duly rewarded. Attending school twice in the day with the different services in the church, and other cares connected with the welfare of the station, will for some time keep me very busy, and prevent me devoting all that time to study which I could wish. It is my object now to get something translated to put into the hands of those who learn to read."

In April 1828 the Bechwanas from the surrounding districts fled to Kuruman from the marauders who were again advancing, and actually attacked the station. They were dispersed by a small party of armed men, but in August another party approached the place. A little stratagem in the arrangement of the small means of defence led the enemy to put up a flag of truce, and gave Mr. Moffat the opportunity of going to meet them before they came near enough to discover the weakness of the station. The leader was a man formerly known to Mr. Moffat at Griqua Town, and thus Mr. Moffat was able to bring matters to a peaceful settlement. So complete was the revulsion of feeling that the enemy appealed to the missionary to promise that they should not be attacked in their camp that night. They were supplied with food, and by the dawn of day had vanished. From this time the land had peace until fifty years afterwards.

V.

FIRST FRUITS AT KURUMAN: FIRST VISIT TO MOSELEKATSE.

The year 1829 was one ever to be remembered by the missionaries Hamilton and Moffat. During the previous years, when scattered and peeled by war, many of the people fled from the district, but those who remained clung to the missionaries, whom they now regarded as their truest friends, and thus began to listen with some attention to their Divine message. It was found desirable to erect a brick school-house which should

serve as a place of worship till a large and permanent one should be erected. Volunteers for the work were quickly forthcoming, and it was completed and opened in May. With much prayer and deliberation did the missionaries select those who gave evidence of a true change of heart, and in July six Bechwanas were baptized, and sat down with the mission families to commemorate the death of their Lord. It was a singular coincidence that the day preceding this memorable occasion Communion plate had arrived from England, for which Mrs. Moffat had written three years before when all was still dark. Mr. Moffat thus wrote: "Our feelings on that occasion were such as our pen would fail to describe. We were as those that dream while we realised the promise on which our souls had often hung, 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' The hour had arrived on which the whole energies of our souls had been intensely fixed, when we should see a church, however small, gathered from among a people who had so long boasted that neither Jesus nor we His servants should ever see Bechwanas worship and confess Him as their King!" The civilising effect of the Gospel was very soon manifest in the anxiety of the men to get clothing, so that gradually a large trade in cottons was opened. There was also a strong desire in the women to learn to make their own clothing; and Mrs. Moffat commenced a sewing-school. Some people say, let missions wait for civilisation. This was a case where missions opened a way both for civilisation and commerce.

The year 1829 was memorable also for a new and important interest in Mr. Moffat's life, viz., the first contact with Moselekatse, chief of the Matebele. Moselekatse had fought under Chaka, the great Zulu warrior, had appropriated some of the plunder, and fled from Zululand, conquering all the tribes in what is now called the Transvaal. In this year, Moselekatse was visitedby traders, and having heard of the missionaries at Kuruman, he sent with the traders two of his head men or "Indunas," to visit and report upon them.

Everything at the Kuruman excited the admiration and astonishment of these men. When the time arrived for their return, difficulties arose about their safety, owing to the enmity with which their chief was regarded by the tribes along their route. Mr. Moffat resolved to escort them to the outskirts of their country, and finally yielded to their entreaties that he would accompany them to their master.

On arriving at headquarters, Mr. Moffat was received with every demonstration of respect, and Moselekatse was full of gratitude for the kindness shown to his messengers. He would fain have detained Mr. Moffat longer, when at the end of eight days he started homewards. Mr. Moffat wrote: "I bade him farewell with scarcely a hope that the Gospel could be successful among the Matebele until there should be a revolution in the government of a monarch who demanded that homage which belonged to God alone. Short as my stay was, the varied instances of despotism and horrid cruelty filled me with melancholy. Let such as philosophise on the happiness enjoyed by man in his savage state visit such scenes and hear the sighs and groans which echo in these gloomy shades, and shudder at the innocent blood shed, and then, if they can, tell the world that such are happy."

In the history of the Kuruman mission this period was the bright morning after the dark night, prosperity in things temporal as well as spiritual, owing to abundant rains, as well as the development of civilised modes of cultivation. The excitement which had attended the first awakening to spiritual life had subsided, but a steady earnestness characterised the people; and progress was made in reading, which stimulated Mr. Moffat to increase the material. Conse-

quently, with a view to printing the Gospel of Luke, and some Scripture lessons, also on account of domestic arrangements, a journey to the Colony was undertaken. Hearing at Grahams Town that there was no vessel sailing soon for Cape Town, Mr. Moffat proceeded on horseback, visiting the Kaffrarian missions on his way, the whole journey occupying only nine days. On arriving he found that the only means of getting the work done was through the Government, who placed their printing press at his disposal. He and Mr. Edwards, who was destined for Kuruman, set themselves to learn printing under the one man in charge, and accomplished the work.

Mr. Moffat's forced journey to Cape Town, and his exertions there at the hottest season, brought on a bilious fever, and when the time came for them to return (Mrs. Moffat having followed by sea), he had to be carried on board on a mattress. A fourteen days' passage to Port Elizabeth did much to restore his health. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards accompanied them to Kuruman where they arrived in June 1831. This was another epoch in the mission. They took back with them the Gospel of Luke and a hymn book in the Sechwana language, a printing press, type, &c., besides very substantial contributions towards the building of the church.

In January 1835, Dr. Andrew Smith, at the head of a scientific expedition, arrived at the Kuruman. His arrival was very providential, his medical advice proving very beneficial to Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, who were seriously ill during his sojourn, the latter being brought to the very gates of death. At Dr. Smith's earnest desire, Mr. Moffat afterwards accompanied him to Moselekatse's country, and obtained for him guides, and permission to pursue his researches in that district; but Moselekatse claimed in return, that during the absence of the expedition Mr. Moffat should stay with him. Mr. Moffat used the opportunity for gaining permission for the American missionaries to settle in the country. The following year they arrived, but the mission was short lived, Moselekatse being soon after attacked by the Boers on one hand, and Dingaan (Chaka's successor) on the other, fled to the northwards almost as far as the Zambesi.

In November 1836, Mrs. Moffat went to the Colony by the advice of Dr. Smith, in the hope of re-establishing her health. She made it an opportunity for visiting the children she had left at school two years before. Mr. Moffat accompanied her as far as the Vaal river, returning to Kuruman on horseback, and visiting on his way old Mothibi, as well as, for the first time, Mosheu, chief of the Corannas, who had manifested great earnestness in seeking instruction. He had paid several visits to Kuruman. Mr. Moffat was so warmly received by chief and people, that in their eagerness to learn, they hardly allowed him time to sleep and eat. On returning to Kuruman Mr. Moffat pressed on with the translation of the New Testament, and meanwhile a great blessing was descending upon the Bechwana mission.

VI.

VISIT TO ENGLAND.

At the end of 1838 the translation was completed, and for the purpose of printing it, as well as for Mrs. Moffat's health, which had never really rallied, Mr. and Mrs. M. started for Cape Town. On arriving there they found that the printing could not be done, and it was absolutely necessary to go to England. This was a season of great trial. An epidemic of measles was raging at the Cape, and the Moffats were among the sufferers. There was no alternative but for them to hurry on board with the two youngest children seriously ill. Before they left Table Bay a daughter was born, and two days after the elder of the little boys died in his mother's arms. Thus commenced a tedious voyage of three months, at the end of which they arrived in England in somewhat improved health. Mr. Moffat's reception was a great surprise to him. He soon found him-

self in a whirl of public engagements and the subject of enthusiastic interest. He was always ready for addressing audiences, and none with more delight than gatherings of children, who were fixed in their attention.

Mr. Moffat had hoped on landing to get the Sechwana New Testament speedily through the press, and then to slip away to South Africa the same year. But he was hurried from one part of the country to another, and it was October before he was able even to make a beginning. "To carry his own translation through the press meant not only a correction of proof-sheets, but further revision of the text, for he was never satisfied with his work. He was far more conscious than any one else could be of its deficiencies. When he went out as a missionary he knew nothing of the original languages. It was only by painfully laborious comparison of many authorities, and of the Dutch with the English version, that he could satisfy himself with having grasped the meaning of the original; and, having so grasped it, there was still the task of putting it into Sechwana."[1] Even then it was accomplished amidst constant interruptions through the incessant demand upon him for public speaking.

In the year 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat first met David Livingstone, who, with Mr. Ross, was appointed to reinforce the Bechwana Mission. The young missionaries departed for that country, taking with them the first edition of 500 copies of the New Testament in the Sechwana language. A few months later Mr. Moffat sent out 2500 Testaments bound up with the Psalms, which he had translated in the intervals of public speaking. He then set to work to revise the Scripture lessons—a selection from the Old and New Testaments—and an edition of 6000 was printed and sent out to Kuruman. Then the demand that he should write a narrative of his missionary experiences compelled him to defer still longer his return to South Africa. *Labours and Scenes* was published in 1842. This accomplished, he had again to meet the demands of the churches, and the last three months of the year were marked by a series of valedictory services, the memory of which will long dwell in the minds of those who attended them.

[1] *Lives of R. and M. Moffat.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)

VII.

RETURN TO SOUTH AFRICA.

On the 23rd January 1843, Mr. Moffat and his company, including two young missionaries, took leave of the directors, and sailed a week later. Five children returned with them, two remaining in England. After a fair voyage, the party arrived in South Africa in April, and took up their abode at Bethelsdorp, near Port Elizabeth, to await the arrival of the ship which brought their heavy luggage. While waiting, Mr. Moffat found a vent for his energies by paying a visit on horse-back to the Kaffrarian missions, and attended a meeting of ministers and missionaries at Grahams Town. At last a start was made once more in the old familiar ox wagons, and they travelled slowly northwards. At the Vaal River they were met by Livingstone, who had ridden from Kuruman, a distance of 150 miles. "From that point onward they were met day by day by joyous friends, fellow-missionaries, and natives, bringing fresh teams of oxen. The long cavalcade hurried on till, just before dawn on the 10th December, the Moffats found themselves once more in their much-desired home, the scene of so many blessed labours in the past, and of many more in years to come. Crowds were there to meet them, and next day, and for many days after, people came from long distances round to look once more on the faces of those they were beginning to fear they should never see again. The old work was joyfully resumed. The Mission being largely reinforced, Messrs. Edwards, Inglis, and Livingstone went to the north, Messrs. Ross and Helmore to Taung and Likhatlong, where large

numbers of the Batlaping had settled, Mr. Ashton remained at Kuruman, which thus became a centre and a busier spot than ever. The work grew, and the Mission staff, including the aged Hamilton, found their hands full, Miss Moffat taking charge of the Infant School until David Livingstone claimed her as his helpmeet for more distant work.

From this time Mr. Moffat's absorbing work was the translation of the Old Testament, in which he was assisted by Mr. Ashton. The progress of the people in civilisation brought additional labour to the missionaries, and much manual work had to be done in assisting them. A new school-house was built, and the mission houses enlarged, while itinerating was carried on vigorously. During the year 1847, Mrs. Moffat undertook a journey to Cape Town in order to send her three youngest children to school. During her absence Isaiah was translated and printed, and later *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and parts of the Old Testament. Meanwhile clouds were gathering in the East, owing to the immigration of the disaffected Dutch Boers from the Colony. After the flight of Moselekatse, the Bechwana tribes whom he had driven away had returned to their own country, and it was these that the Boers now drove out. Livingstone had settled with the Bakwena of Sechele, about 250 miles from Kuruman, was hoping to extend his operations eastward, and had met with much encouragement. The influx of Boers put an end to this. They drove the missionaries from the country. Livingstone started for the north in search of a field of labour. In 1851 Mr. Hamilton, the father of the Mission, was taken home, and during the same year the long strain of work began to tell seriously upon the health of Mr. Moffat. He was urged by the directors to pay a visit to the coast or to England, but he could not see his way to do this. Two years later, however, it was impossible to resist the conviction that absolute rest from mental labour was imperative; but nothing would induce him to go southwards. His heart was yearning towards the Interior, now bereft of missionaries; also anxiety was being felt as to the fate of Livingstone; added to this repeated messages had reached him from Moselekatse. In May 1854, he started for the north with two young men, one being the son of his former coadjutor, Mr. Edwards. Passing through the intervening tribes, Mr. Moffat made what arrangements he could under the circumstances for the carrying on of the work from which the missionaries had been driven. Leaving Sechele's country and crossing 120 miles of desert, the travellers reached Shoshong, the residence of the Bamangwato. Their chief, Sekhomi, refused to give the party guides into Matebeleland. However, they succeeded in reaching the outposts of Moselekatse. On arriving at the first they found one of his "Indunas," who dispatched news to the chief that his long-looked-for friend had arrived. The meeting with Moselekatse was very affecting. He was almost helpless with dropsy. "He spoke not, except to pronounce my name, Moshete, again and again. He looked at me again, his hand still holding mine, and again covered his face. My heart yearned with compassion for his soul." Happily the means used by his old friend for his restoration checked the disease. Moffat remained three months. With great difficulty he induced the chief to allow him to travel towards the Zambesi in hope of hearing news of Livingstone, but the chief resolving to accompany him with a great retinue, it was impossible to push far onwards. When at last obliged to turn back, Mr. Moffat persuaded the chief to send on a party of men with the supplies which he had brought for Livingstone. The goods eventually reached Livingstone many months afterwards. Mr. Moffat strove to impress upon Moselekatse and his people his paramount object in visiting them, but he bid farewell as on former occasions with a sad heart, for, although

the chief was his devoted friend, he seemed deaf to his great message.

VIII.

THE WORK OF TRANSLATION AND MISSION TO THE MATEBELE.

Mr. Moffat returned to Kuruman with health so far restored that he was able to resume the translation of the Scriptures, and in 1857 this work was completed. It had been a herculean task, and accomplished in the face of countless difficulties, but the satisfaction was beyond expression when Mr. and Mrs. Moffat thus saw the whole Bible in the hands of the Bechwanas. This work was no sooner accomplished than Mr. Moffat was requested by the directors to take the leadership of a mission to the Matebele, and to dwell there for a year with the young men, in order to give the mission a fair start. This was a serious consideration on many grounds. Age was creeping over him and his devoted wife, and a long separation would be involved, but they allowed no personal interests to interfere with any plan for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. In two days their minds were made up, and in a few days more, Mr. Moffat had started to prepare the minds of Moselekatse and his people. On passing through the Bakwena country, he found three Hanoverian missionaries had arrived there, whom Sechele did not welcome, regarding them as friends of the Boers. Mr. Moffat, finding them worthy men, persuaded Sechele to accept them, as he could not promise them any from his own Society, and their connection with the Boers was accidental. On arriving at Moselekatse's headquarters, he had some difficulty in gaining the consent of the chief to the proposed residence of missionaries with him: but eventually gained his point and returned to Kuruman. Here he found news that the Livingstones were on their way to the Zambesi viâ the Cape. As the Matebele mission was to be established simultaneously with one to the Makololo in the hope that they would lead to peaceful relations between the tribes, it seemed very desirable that the opportunity for conference with Livingstone should not be lost. Moreover, it was probably the last opportunity Mr. and Mrs. Moffat would have of seeing their daughter and her husband. They started with the least possible delay and reached Cape Town in good time to see and confer with the Livingstones. They then awaited the arrival of the younger missionaries, and in August 1858, they all started for Kuruman. On arriving there in November, their prospects were clouded by a threatened attack of the Transvaal Boers, which prevented any advance till August 1859.

The long journey of 700 miles with such a party was very arduous, but whatever were the difficulties, "the foremost figure in clearing them away was the veteran himself, who would never allow the younger men to get before him in any form of activity." On the 28th October the party approached the camp of Moselekatse. The chief received his old friend cordially as ever, but it soon became evident that all was not right. This was in time explained. Moselekatse had sent messages to Mahura, chief of the Batlaping, and these had unfortunately arrived at the time of the Boer attack, and consequently brought back the impression that the missionaries were but the heralds of the conquering white man. At last, however, in December a spot was pointed out—Inyati—on which the missionaries might build and plant, and they set to work with a will. To Mr. Moffat the experience of these two months had been a sore trial of faith: but the next six months were a time of incessant toil, in which he took his full share. Early and late he was found at work, whether at the smith's forge or the carpenter's bench, or assisting the younger men with his experience and skill. It had been hoped that regular communication would have been opened up with the Livingstone expedition on

the Zambesi; but Moselekatse was inexorable on this point. Such was the isolation, that nothing was heard at Inyati of the melancholy fate of the Makololo mission, until a year had elapsed, yet had the way been opened a fortnight's travelling would have brought the news. In the month of June 1860, Mr. Moffat felt that his work at Inyati was done. He had smoothed a hundred difficulties, and taught his younger brethren lessons of patient and humble self-devotion, which none of them could ever forget. Before leaving, he once more addressed Moselekatse and his people. All listened in breathless silence to the last words of "Moshete." It was a solemn service, and closed the long series of such in which the friend of Moselekatse had striven to pierce the dense darkness of soul which covered him and his people.

Mr. Moffat reached home in safety in August. Three months later the report came that the Makololo party had been almost entirely cut off by fever. Mr. Moffat started at once to ascertain the truth, and take relief to the remnant of the party. He met them,—Mr. Price, and Mr. Helmore's two children,—near Shoshong on their way out with Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, who had started for the interior some months later than their colleagues, and had met them thus diminished, endeavouring to retrace their steps. Mr. Price afterwards married a daughter of Mr. Moffat's, and eventually settled with Sechele on the retirement of the Hanoverian missionaries, while Mr. McKenzie remained at Shoshong. From this time Kuruman was more than ever as it were a handmaid to the Interior missions. Remembering their own early years, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat neglected no means of alleviating the hardships, and cheering the hearts of those who were toiling in the high places of the field. No prayers could be more earnest than those offered daily at the family altar at Kuruman for the Interior missions. Meanwhile work was going on briskly at Kuruman. A revision of the New Testament was in progress, and schools, classes, and itinerating were in full swing. In 1862 Mr. and Mrs. Moffat were called to bear heavy sorrow in the death within three months of their eldest daughter and eldest son. Mary Livingstone died of fever in East Africa soon after rejoining her husband. Robert overworked himself at Kuruman, where he had for some time resided, and was a great friend to the Bechwanas. A year later Mr. Ross of Likatlong passed away, and in 1864 Mr. Ashton removed to that station. Mr. Moffat being thus left alone at Kuruman, the arrival of his son John from the Matebele, *en route* for the coast in quest of health for his family, was providential. Later, the Rev. J. Brown arrived to assist Mr. Moffat.

Another heavy blow fell upon the Moffats in 1866 in the sudden death of their son-in-law, the Rev. Jean Frédoux, of the French mission, their daughter being thus left a widow with seven children. He was a man greatly beloved and respected. In August of the same year, Mrs. Brown was called to her rest, and Mr. Brown removed to Likatlong, Mr. Moffat being thus left in sole charge of the station, until joined by his son John in 1868. For two years longer the aged missionaries laboured on in spite of their failing strength, wishing rather to die in harness than to leave the work which grew dearer to them every day. But Mr. Moffat's health was failing seriously, and it became a duty to move. This once settled, Mrs. Moffat overcame every other feeling, and preparations were made. It was a terrible uprooting, but it was a great alleviation of their pain that their son was taking his father's place. Before leaving, Mr. Moffat held a farewell service, never to be forgotten by those who were present. For weeks before, messengers of farewell had been coming from the more distant towns and villages, and it was no easy matter to get through their final preparations for the constant stream of visitors.

IX.

FINAL RETURN TO ENGLAND.

The 25th March 1870 was the day of departure from Kuruman. Meeting with enthusiastic cordiality from old friends as they passed through the colony, they sailed for England on the 10th June, arriving on the 25th July in much improved health. Twenty-seven years had elapsed since their last visit, and they were welcomed enthusiastically. There were happy reunions with children and faithful friends; but ere six months had elapsed, Mrs. Moffat, after a short illness, was called to her rest. To her family, to the Mission, above all to her husband, her death was an irreparable loss. Her great desire for fifty years had been to help her husband in his work for the Master, whether in the daily life by strengthening his faith, or where her children claimed her prior care, performing journeys alone that he might remain at his post, or undertaking lonely responsibilities that he might carry the Gospel to remoter regions. He found some solace in advocating the work which was so dear to her, but it was two years before he could make up his mind to a home without her. In 1873 Mr. Moffat settled in Brixton, which was his home for seven years. He then retired to the village of Leigh, near Tonbridge; but until within a year or two of his death, he could not be said to rest.

In 1872 the degree of D.D. had been conferred upon Mr. Moffat by the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh, and the following year he received a substantial testimonial of the esteem in which he was held by large numbers of his friends in the shape of upwards of £5000. This enabled him in his later years to serve the cause of Missions without being chargeable on the Society. Of this service he never wearied, and was equally devoted to the Bible Society. He occupied his summer months in advancing their claims in all parts of the kingdom, while the winters were spent at home, taking part in meetings in or near London. Dr. Moffat advocated the planting of a seminary for training a native agency in Bechwanaland. The churches raised some thousands of pounds for the Institution, which was established at Kuruman and called by his name. He took the liveliest interest in the Missions of all churches in all lands, and was ever ready to plead for them, whether on the platforms of his own society, or in Westminster Abbey, where he lectured by desire of Dean Stanley, or among the French Protestant churches in Paris, from which he received an enthusiastic reception. He carried through the press new editions of the Sechwana Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Scripture Lessons, and Hymn books. Thus he laboured on, watching with keen interest all that was going on in his beloved Africa, rejoicing in the opening up of its central regions consequent upon Livingstone's life and death, while to him there was something peculiarly touching in the home-coming of Livingstone's remains, and the interment in Westminster Abbey, when he was one of the chief mourners.

The retrocession of the Transvaal was to him a bitter sorrow. It cheered him to know that his own children were labouring in the old fields. When they visited England he yearned to return with them. Nor was he indifferent to Home Missions. He attended the ministry of the Rev. Baldwin Brown, in the work of whose church he took an active interest, the memory of which is kept alive by the Mission Hall in Lambeth which bears his name.

He was a truly patriotic and warmly loyal man. With pleasure he used to speak of two interviews with Queen Victoria. One was at Gosport, where she spoke about Livingstone, whose fate at the time was uncertain. The second time was at Holyrood, when she came to unveil the Edinburgh statue to the Prince Consort. Dr. Moffat told her that "it was a great gratification to him to witness the loyalty of his countrymen to Her Majesty!"

It was not till 1882 that he began to feel unequal to much public speaking. The previous year was marked by the banquet given in his honour by Sir W. McArthur, then Lord Mayor of London, at the Mansion House. The summer was enjoyed in his rural home, and in visits to relatives and friends. At Leigh he felt the same interest in his village surroundings that he had shown elsewhere; and, like his former home, it became a rallying place for his grandchildren. He attended the annual meetings of the Bible Society and London Missionary Society in May 1883, but from that time his strength rapidly failed. Those who were with him realised that he was on the borderland, for, while still entering into all their interests, his whole conversation was in heaven. About three weeks before his departure he writes in a letter to a friend: "I have for some time been experiencing a weanedness from all that concerns this life. Of course it is natural that one at my age should be frequently looking at the 'goodly land' beyond the 'narrow stream.' The prospect is sublimely grand, for there 'our best friends and our kindred dwell, and Christ our Saviour reigns.'

"I have often felt much pressed in mind from the reported sufferings of the Bechwanas, robbed and trodden down by the Transvaal Boers; and now our senators have got their hands full of perplexities. How sad also it is to reflect on the present state of Madagascar! What a comfort among all these dark and ominous prospects that our Father in heaven surveys it all, and in due time will show who is the only Potentate." This was his comfort when troubled with the "mysteriousness" of God's ways: "Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

The last Sunday was spent peacefully at home, and he enjoyed hearing the singing of hymns, though unable himself to join. A great favourite, among others, was that about "Immanuel's land" beginning:

"The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But daylight is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

The call came on the 9th August, when he passed away, at the age of eighty-seven, trusting unwaveringly in the redeeming love of his Saviour. On the 16th his remains were laid in the same grave with those of Mrs. Moffat in Norwood Cemetery.

The leading features of Dr. Moffat's character were depicted with singular felicity by the Rev. Joshua Harrison in his address at the funeral. After speaking of the entireness of consecration that marked his missionary career, and also of the "personal fascination" which produced such wonderful effects upon the heathen, he dwelt upon his "perfect disinterestedness and his self-denial, his wonderful catholicity which made him love all good men; the absence of all littleness or bitterness in him, though he had indomitable firmness when the Gospel was in question; his guileless simplicity combined with abundant shrewdness, and a great deal of mother wit; and his astonishing faith in the power of the Gospel, a faith which gave wonderful beauty and consistency to his whole character."

An interesting testimony was also borne by the Vicar of Leigh, the Rev. Hugh Collum, who saw much of him in his last years, and tells how he enjoyed the privilege. He says that "Dr. Moffat combined the mind of a Christian philosopher with the simplicity of a child." He says how much he was struck on always witnessing "his profound reverence for Almighty God; his deep and sincere attachment to the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ; his unbounded admiration for and belief in the Divine authority and regenerative influence of the Holy Scriptures."

JANE G. MOFFAT.

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