

## CHAPTER XI.

## NOTES OF LIFE FROM 1836 TO 1844.

DWELLS there a shade on each lofty brow?  
 Falls there a tear o'er the severing vow?  
 Each eye like a falcon's is flashing bright,  
 Each brow is calm, and each step is light.

They have knelt at the Father's triune throne,  
 And they know they are His, "they are not their own,"  
 And onward they go—though each hope hath fled,  
 From an earthly sceptre,—a crown-wreathed head!

They go, and the lip of the scorner may curl,  
 His sword may flash forth and his flag may unfurl,  
 But blessed, thrice blessed, their path shall be,  
 They have sprung from their fetters! Their CHURCH is FREE!

THE sixth meeting of the British Association took place at Bristol, commencing on the 22d of August 1836. Sir David Brewster went south to attend this meeting, which was a very interesting and successful one, under the presidency of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The week previous he spent at Lacock Abbey, the residence of H. Fox Talbot, Esq., the distinguished inventor of the Talbotype or Paper Photography. Professor Whewell, Charles Babbage, Esq., Sir William Snow Harris, Professor Wheatstone, Dr. Roget, and other men of eminence were assembled in a memorable group, and they all went together to the meeting at Bristol—my father visiting Mr. Daniell at Clifton. He wrote to his wife:—

“LACOCK ABBEY, CHIPPENHAM,  
*Aug. 15, 1836.*”

“MY DEAREST JULIET,—On my arrival here a few hours ago, I found a letter from Lord Fitzroy Somerset, announcing Henry’s promotion, which I have sent to him by this day’s post. . . . This place is a paradise—a fine old abbey, with the square of cloisters entire, fitted up as a residence, and its walls covered with ivy, and ornamented with the finest evergreens. All are Whigs, and our only stranger to-day is Tom Moore, a most delightful person, full of life, humour, and anecdote. He lives at a place called Sloperton Cottage, about four miles from this, and I hope in a day or two to have the pleasure of seeing him in his own house.

“*Aug. 17.*—In consequence of taking a ride to Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, with Mr. Fielding, I was unable to send this by yesterday’s post. Bowood is the very perfection of art in landscape gardening, and is everywhere distinguished by the fine taste of its owner. . . . Our party was increased last night by Dr. Roget, Mr. Babbage, and Professor Wheatstone, so that we have all the elements of spending an agreeable week here. Baron von Raumer is also to be at Mr. Daniell’s, Clifton.”

The art of Paper Photography, although it had been experimented upon by Mr. Fox Talbot since 1834, was not published to the world till January 1839. It became a source of life-long interest to Sir David. Mr. Fox Talbot sent him many of his earliest designs in photography—lace, leaves, printed pages, and picturesque bits of the old cloisters, and although much faded,

these are still carefully preserved as interesting to compare with the present degree of perfection to which that wonderful invention has been brought. My father's connection with photography and photographers might well furnish a chapter of his life in competent hands. A large correspondence was kept up with Mr. Fox Talbot, M. Claudet, Mr. Buckle, Paul Pretsch, Messrs. Ross and Thomson, and other eminent photographers. He made many experiments in the art, though not able to give sufficient time to master its difficulties. His son Henry, when at home on leave, practised it under his superintendence, and it was one of his father's means of relaxation from heavier work, to take positives from the negatives of his son and others. A new photograph was to the last a joy to him, and he was peculiarly pleased with the receipt of a medal from the Photographic Society of Paris in 1865. I extract the following touching account of the termination of his correspondence with M. Claudet, the celebrated photographer in London, from the memoir of the latter by his son:—

“Claudet's scientific relations with Sir David Brewster had an affecting conclusion. The two philosophers, for some months during last year (1867) were concurrently engaged in investigating an interesting point in the optics of photography. The correspondence was broken, never to be renewed, by the death of one. The other, sixteen years the senior, undertook to write a memoir of his friend. In a letter dated 'Allerly, Melrose, January 1, 1868,' addressed to Mr. Frederick Claudet, he says:—'. . . I shall be glad to do anything you desire that can do honour to his memory, and I will thank you to send me the fullest information in your power

respecting his early as well as his later life and inventions.' Six weeks later 'that old man eloquent' passed away, and the full testimony he would have borne to the scientific worth of Claudet—is not. The chief subject of the letters of Brewster referred to, is the greater perfection of photo-portraiture by means of small lenses made of materials of different dispersive powers, with a view to obtaining a depth of focus unattainable with glass lenses. These letters are indeed surprising instances of vigour and freshness of intellect in a man of eighty-six."<sup>1</sup>

After the meeting at Bristol, Brewster returned to Allerly. Again the cares of pecuniary difficulties pressed heavily upon him. He knew that at any time he was liable to utter ruin should he lose the *Encyclopædia* lawsuit, and thus be exposed to heavy legal expenses and accumulated arrears; this period of anxiety caused an irritability of nerves and of temper, and a fear of poverty, which never again quite forsook his finely-strung organization.

In 1836 the grant of £200 a year, in addition to £100 which had been given previously, was made by Government, and in 1838 the gift from the Crown of the Principalship of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, in the University of St. Andrews, finally relieved him from all these embarrassments, which never occurred again to any serious degree, although the old apprehensions were apt to return from any fresh pressure of *Encyclopædia* claims, and from a certain want of proper proportion in the expenditure of his income. His appointment took place in Jan-

<sup>1</sup> "A. Claudet, F.R.S." A Memoir reprinted from the *Scientific Review*.

uary; he moved to St. Andrews in February, was inducted on the 6th of March, and on the 6th of April took possession of the old house, which he had purchased, called St. Leonards, which was to be his home of joy and sorrow, of many changes and much ardent work, for twenty-three years. The old house had formed part of the building of the ancient College of St. Leonard, and had been the residence of George Buchanan, the old reformer and the stern tutor of James VI. During the time of the Reformation, when any one was supposed to be tainted by the new heresy, it was significantly hinted by his friends that "he had drunk of St. Leonard's Well." A pure reservoir so called is still found near the College. It was a gloomy-looking residence at first, with its arched gateway and its old chapel, containing several tombstones, just in front of the entrance-door, but it soon assumed a cheerful and comfortable appearance, with its tiny lawn and garden, and its creepers of ivy and jessamine, fuchsias and roses. In the chapel was interred a predecessor in the principalship, the same John Rutherford who had received his education at an early date in the Grammar School of Jedburgh, while the grave of Samuel Rutherford, another Jedburgh worthy, is not far off in the Cathedral cemetery. The other and the larger part of the old College of St. Leonard was occupied by the late Sir Hugh Playfair, Provost of St. Andrews, a man of great eccentricity, unbounded energy, and real talent. The close neighbourhood and some similarity of temperament occasionally produced clouds in the horizon, but there was mutual warm regard besides a degree of scientific sympathy, especially in photography, leading to a constant intercourse, which was on the whole a

source of great interest to both. Sir Hugh Playfair died in 1861.

Sir David threw himself into the St. Andrews work with his usual energy. The Principal's office had up to his time been virtually a sinecure, but he made it a post of unsparing exertion and usefulness. As Principal, he delivered in the College, winter after winter, a course of lectures which we are told were "perfect models of clear, simple, felicitous exposition of the laws of optics and mineralogy,"—while many were the abuses he rectified, especially those connected with the conferring of medical degrees.<sup>1</sup>

Among Sir David's objects of interest at St. Andrews was the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which he was the founder, and the University Museum, in the formation of which he took an active part. Professor Swan, in the obituary notice read before the Society, remarked as follows:—"The more important physical researches which have conferred so just celebrity on Sir David Brewster were naturally communicated to the Societies of London and Edinburgh, and other of the greater scientific associations; but from first to last he read a large number of papers to the Literary and Philosophical Society of St. Andrews. Indeed, he himself once told me that he valued greatly this medium for the first announcement of his discoveries, in cases where he had reason to believe that other workers were engaged in similar researches, and when he feared being anticipated. . . . Even when Sir David had no original communication to make, and

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix A for further information about my father's St. Andrews work, kindly supplied by the Rev. James Taylor, D.D. (now of Glasgow), his most intimate friend during that period, who was prevented by severe illness from sending it in time for the press.

this, at least in the earlier years of the Society, seems to have been the exception rather than the rule, he came to the meetings full of information regarding the latest scientific intelligence, which, acquired through his unremittingly studious habits, it was his regular practice and his delight to communicate. I have a most pleasing recollection of these expositions, into which, despite the small number of his hearers, Sir David threw all the force of his ardent temperament."

Probably about this time, though I do not exactly remember the year, another serious threatening of mischief to Brewster's precious eyesight took place, causing him much anxiety and distress. Weakened probably by the accident at Allerly, his eyes were nevertheless more tried than those of ten ordinary men, not only by constant reading and writing, but by gazing through mysterious "bits of glass" at noonday, and by microscopic and other experiments by gas-light. An acute and agonizing pain suddenly darted into his eye-balls, deluging them with water, and necessitating complete darkness and quietness till the paroxysm had passed, which was sometimes not for two or three days. This complaint recurred frequently, and yielded to no mode of treatment, till at last he heard accidentally of a cure said to be discovered by Sir Benjamin Brodie, which consisted in using three or four times a day, in the ordinary way, common snuff mixed with powdered quinine in equal proportions. This had a most rapid and wonderful effect, and he never again appeared to have any weakness or suffering in his eyes, although to the last he never spared them; in some of his optical writings, however, he alludes to having had symptoms both of hemiopsy or half-vision, and also of

incipient cataract. Some years after, on mentioning the good he had derived from this prescription to his friend Sir Benjamin Brodie, its supposed originator, he found that the latter had never heard of it, and was much surprised by the effects, although he admitted the possibility of the cure, supposing the disease to be neuralgia.

In 1837 Brewster published a *Treatise on Magnetism*, originally written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and in 1841 he found leisure to give to the world one of his most popular works, *The Martyrs of Science*, being the biographies of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler. The significance and quaintness of the title excited much pleasantry, and a circumstance which occurred in connection with it long formed a favourite element in the pleasant household raillery which my father was so pre-eminently good-humoured in sustaining and enjoying. To the author's surprise and horror he found the following item in a "Christmas Box" which was handed to him:—"For binding four Martyrs, so many shillings!"

In the summer of 1842 Brewster took his wife to Leamington, to try the advice of the great "magician of the Leam," Dr. Jephson, for her long failing health. That remarkable man and the Scottish philosopher were mutually attracted, and they enjoyed frequent and genial intercourse. Leaving the recruiting invalid under his kind care and that of other friends, Sir David took his daughter to the twelfth meeting of the British Association, held at Manchester under the presidency of Lord Francis Egerton. It was pleasant to see the honour and distinction which attended him. "There he is—that's Brewster!" were constantly recurring whispers,



and it was a well-filled hemisphere in which he moved as a star of the first magnitude. One feature of the increasing success of the British Association has ever been the numbers of men of science from other countries who have come especially to attend these great gatherings. Upon this occasion there was a pleasant mingling of all nations, and a few amongst the number were Herschel and Bessel, the representatives of English and Prussian astronomy; Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Dr. Lloyd, and Professor Maccullagh (whom my father termed "the three leaflets of the Irish shamrock"); Professor Jacobi, and M. Ehrenberg, his distinguished son-in-law; Whewell, Murchison, Fox Talbot, Sedgwick, Scoresby, General Sabine, and Dr. Dalton, fondly called "the father of science in Manchester." This venerable man appeared bowed down by age and infirmities, which prevented him from presiding at this meeting, and it was his last appearance at a British Association, but wherever he was seen he excited much interest. Brewster had an especial admiration for him, and a few years after reviewed his memoirs and works, saying of him that "among the great men who have illustrated the passing century, there is no brighter name than that of John Dalton." The peculiarity of vision which characterized this venerable philosopher, of which little was known for a long time, was called Daltonism before it received its unpronounceable name of Chromatopseudopsis, or, as it is now simply called, Colour-blindness. Dr. Dalton's inability to distinguish red from other colours was supposed to be the cause of his occasional choice of a costume unusual for any, especially for one like himself, belonging to the sober-habited Society of Friends. When he and Brewster, along with some other

men of science, received the honour of D.C.L., during the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1832, Dalton was the only one of the group who wore his scarlet robe all through the week, and two years later he attracted general attention by appearing in the same gay colouring at a Court levée. The subject of colour-blindness was one of the many which Brewster took up with vivid interest. Although not the first to bring it before the public, his notices of the subject in *Natural Magic* and in his *Treatise on Optics*, drew more attention to it as an interesting and important optical inquiry. Several of his friends besides Dr. Dalton had this imperfection: his old professor, the eminent Dugald Stewart, Mr. Troughton the astronomical instrument-maker, and others. He examined many cases of colour-blindness, gathered fresh facts and anecdotes, both by correspondence and conversation, and wrote an interesting article in the *North British* on the works of his friends the late Dr. George Wilson and Professor Wartmann of Geneva.

From Manchester we went to Cambridge for another brilliant week, living in the rooms of Professor Potter, which, being vacation time, he kindly vacated for our use in Queen's College, once an old Carthusian convent. It was the occasion of the installation of the Duke of Northumberland as Chancellor of the University, and to nearly all the celebrated names which had assembled at Manchester, were added Lord Rosse, Monckton Milnes the poet (Lord Houghton), Buckland, Sir Mark Brunel, Hallam the historian, the Duke of Wellington, and many others; the conferring of degrees by the new Chancellor upon all the eminent men, who had not already received them, was part of the interest of the

occasion. Many memorable gatherings in Senate Hall, Colleges, and Gardens took place, but best remembered of all is the fine statue of Sir Isaac Newton, seen for the first time by moonlight, with his biographer and loving disciple, amidst the solemn beauty of Trinity College Chapel. From thence we went to the Deanery of Ely for some days, to visit Dr. Peacock. Our travelling companions were Dr. Buckland, famous for wit as well as geology, and Professor Maccullagh, one of the most brilliant mathematicians of his day, and of a truly reverent and Christian mind, although, like Buckland's, not very long after that happy visit, it completely gave way.

The spring of 1843 was too memorable a time for us in Scotland, and too decidedly an era in my father's life to be passed over in silence. Lay patronage had always been considered a grievance by the evangelical section of the Church of Scotland, and had, for nearly a century, been rigidly administered by the Church Courts. It had already caused the secession of the Burgher and Relief Churches, and was now presenting its worst aspect in many parts of the country. Being supported by the legal courts, several forced settlements of unwelcome and unfit pastors, especially those of Marnoch and Auchterarder, hurried on a crisis which an evangelical majority of the Church of Scotland had for some years been striving to avert. Their efforts produced what has been called "the Ten Years' Conflict"—a conflict terminated in 1843. On the 17th of November 1842 there was a solemn Convocation held in Edinburgh, at which 465 ministers took their places. A memorial was prepared and addressed to Government, in which it was calmly and clearly stated that the inevitable con-

sequence of a continued refusal of relief must be a retirement from their position as connected with the Establishment, rather than the continuance of an unseemly contest. On the 18th of May 1843, at noon, the Rev. Dr. Welsh, the Moderator of the preceding Assembly, preached the sermon before the Queen's Commissioner and the public in the ancient church of St. Giles, which, as is the wont of the Scotch Church, always precedes the meeting of the General Assembly, and chose for his text these words, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" (Rom. xiv. 5). At half-past two o'clock the Assembly met in St. Andrew's Church, which was crowded from floor to roof. After earnest prayer, Dr. Welsh read a solemn protest of the Church of Scotland by her commissioners, against the oppression of the civil power, which had been signed the night before in St. Luke's Church by 203 representative ministers and elders, in which document the approaching event was styled "our enforced separation from an Establishment, which we prized and loved, through interference with conscience, the dishonour done to Christ's crown, and the rejection of His sole and supreme authority as King in His Church." Dr. Welsh then laid the protest on the table, bowed to the representative of Majesty, and left the church, followed at the time by 203 ministers (a number speedily increased to 474), and many elders, with their protesting adherents who had gained admission into the building.

That upwards of 400 ministers should resign manse and stipends, or status and prospects, at the mere call of conscience, was a thing so little in accordance with the fashions of the nineteenth century, that the long and solemn warnings of it were treated as fiction. It

seemed as if the eyes of statesmen, officials, and clerical advisers were holden, that they might not see the inevitable truth. Irreverent jokes, bets, and satirical prophecies were circulated through the country, and men had made up their minds that they were not to be shamed by the sight of an old-world triumph of principle. But when the words "They come! they come!" thrilled through the hearts of the bystanders, announcing the solemn FACT, and when, arm in arm, the protesting men, with firm faces, but many with aching hearts, walked out into the streets of their Scottish metropolis, then the prophets *had* honour in their own country. The pulse of the nation was stirred. Mind triumphed over matter, soul over flesh, conscience over mammon, and the gazing thousands of the city were moved into tearful admiration. When the fact reached the ears of Lord Jeffrey in his quiet study, in surprise and incredulity he asked the universal question, "*How many?*" and when the answer came, he burst into tears, exclaiming, "Thank God! in no other country could such a deed be done."

On Tuesday the 23d, in Tanfield Hall, Canonmills, the protesting ministers signed the Deed of Demission. It was a noble sight—one of the solemn joys of a lifetime to witness,—as, the excitement over, each brave man took his pen and irrevocably signed away home and income. There were additional signatures also, which were peculiarly noticeable and valuable, for they were those of men who had wavered on the day of Disruption, perhaps because of the tears of their wives and the wails of their children. Yet conscience, enlightened by the Word of God, had done its sure work, and with judgment cool and collected, they came forth

to the place of signature with their feet planted on the promise, "The Lord will provide." And He DID provide.

David Brewster had taken part in every step of the long conflict. He signed the Act of Protest, where his well-known writing is still shown; with his elder brother James he walked in the solemn procession, and he attended every sitting of that first Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, the opening psalm of which was emblematic of her future, for as the words "O send thy light forth and thy truth,"—led by the magnificent voice of Mr. Hately, and then taken up by 4000 singers,—echoed through the pointed roofs of the spacious Hall of Canonmills, a bright beam of heaven's light shone out and dispelled the thick darkness of a previous thunderstorm. It was not excitement that caused his secession from the Church of his fathers, and of his own deeply-rooted attachment. Excitement, political partisanship, deep, earnest indignation at refused sites and petty persecutions, and some of the "madness" which "oppression" causeth even to "wise men," there was much of in the mind of the day, fostered by the brilliantly witty and vehement articles of the *Witness*, the principal organ of the Free Church, edited by Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist, and the *Fife Sentinel*, a less known but equally vehement paper, edited by David Maitland Makgill Crichton of Rankeillour Makgill, in both of which publications Brewster took part, sending notes and hints for articles when not able to write himself, taken from the books he read, or the conversations he shared. His friendship with these two gentlemen, indeed, probably kept up much of his church feeling, and every Christmas regularly for many years

he and Mr. Miller spent some days together at Rankellour, where geology and ecclesiastical topics reigned supreme. But the progress of events would alone have prevented the decay of party feeling. The Free Church was not without her martyrs; sites refused for churches and manses in which men might worship and dwell with a free conscience, did something of the work of sterner instruments in days of old. Some of the Disruption ministers were infirm, others aged, many peculiarly liable to the various ills to which flesh is heir, and for such, preaching in gravel-pits—in ships—on the highways—on the shore below high-water mark—travelling many a Highland mile in storm and tempest, or sleeping in attics under the drip of the rain, could not be conducive to health, strength, or life. Many contracted disease, and some lay down and died. It was, however, the ministers, their wives, and their children, who suffered in this fashion. The elders of the Free Church, though undergoing much social inconvenience, were, as a body, free from loss or suffering. One man was, however, called at the period, *par excellence*, "THE suffering elder of the Free Church." That man was David Brewster. It appeared that he was the only official in a similar position who had "come out," though others were supposed to have had equal desire though not equal courage. In 1844, therefore, proceedings were commenced against Sir David by the Established Presbytery of St. Andrews, aided by the University, to eject him from his chair as Principal, because of his adherence to the Free Church. The Test Act was made much of—an Act instituted originally to keep out Episcopalians, several of whom were calmly occupying, at the very time, Scottish Professorial chairs

without remark or question. Amongst these reverend and academic gentlemen, only one was found bold enough to take the part of the heretical Principal, the late Rev. Professor Ferrie. Public opinion, however, was the best defence in such a case, and after months of small attacks and annoyances, and irritating summonses, which it must be confessed were not borne with equanimity, and which much deepened party prejudice in my father's mind, the proceedings were at last dropped, technically, I believe, because he had not signed the formal Deed of Demission, which no elder had done. The following short account he wrote to his wife :—

“ May 31st, 1845.

“ My case was *quashed* in the Residuary Assembly. They durst not look it in the face, and therefore gave the decision the appearance of having been only delayed. Dr. Ferrie objected to the word ‘*meanwhile,*’ which indicated that it was not at an end, but Dr. Mearns, the Moderate leader, begged of him to say nothing about that, as this was ‘*their way*’ of getting rid of it altogether !”

But when the excitement and persecution was all over and gone—when again, as in the old days, he had warm friends among Established Church ministers, and occasionally worshipped within her pale,—when he had seen the worst and the best of Free Church government, he still held that though not perfect, it was the purest and nearest the Scriptural Church, and maintained, with the calmest, strongest judgment, the principles of the Protesting Church of Scotland, *i.e.*, the spiritual independence of her Courts, and the right of her people



to choose their pastors. Wherever he went he fought her battles; and when in England, amazed and half amused by the profound ignorance existing on the subject, even amongst thinking minds, he was accustomed to recommend a book which he thought gave the most clear and incontrovertible statement of the truth. It was entitled *The Scottish Church Question*,<sup>1</sup> written by the Rev. Adolphus Sydow, chaplain to the King of Prussia, who came over to Scotland, studied both sides of the question, and published his impartial opinion. It was a grief to my father that only one of his immediate family belonged to the same communion as himself; and of one near connection, whom he highly valued, he said, twenty years after the Disruption, "It CAN only be because he has not studied the subject; he must read Sydow." For many years his silver head was seen regularly at every meeting of the Free Church Assembly, and his correspondence shows that he left his science and his writing to make

<sup>1</sup> The following translation of part of the Preface to the German edition of Mr. Sydow's work has been sent to me:—"When I returned to London from Edinburgh, in the June of the previous year, in order to proceed directly homewards, I was introduced to His Royal Highness Prince Albert. He declared to me that he heartily desired to obtain the opinion of an unprejudiced man on the Scotch Church question, and especially that of a German theologian; and inasmuch as I possessed a more exact knowledge of the matter, and had been personally on the field of the events, I was qualified thereby to express my opinions as desired. In consequence of the interview with which His Royal Highness honoured me, I received the commission to prepare a comprehensive statement of my opinions. The high confidence with which I was intrusted—the fresh impression made on my mind by the inspiring events from which I had just returned—the joy which I felt at defending a cause, to which I held, and still hold, as not more just than important, and in which so many, noble men and dear friends of mine, had been involved on both sides—and generally the whole aspect of the relations to those for whom I wrote—have throughout determined the forms and contents of my undertaking."

the most careful arrangements for supplying pulpits and getting candidates to be heard, attending also punctually Commission and committee meetings, of which the following undated letter gives an idea :—

“ As Tuesday is a very busy day in the affairs of the Free Church, I have resolved to go to Edinburgh tomorrow in the train which arrives there at 3.40. There is a meeting of the Education Committee at ten ; a conference with the United Presbyterian Committee at twelve ; another meeting of the General Education Committee, at 38 York Place, at one o'clock ; a meeting of the College Committee at three, in the New College, George Street ; and a meeting of Lady Effingham's Bequest Committee at seven o'clock in the evening. Of all these committees I am a member, and the subjects are of such importance that I feel it a duty to be present.”

One kindred subject, although out of date, may be mentioned here. Like the large majority of the Free Church, my father was no Voluntary. They did not leave the State till the State left them, and it was with extreme reluctance that they quitted an Established Church. But the tie once broken, in the case of many it was so thoroughly severed that they began to see the blessings of a Church which did not “ walk abroad in silver slippers,” according to the saying of the old divine, and their desires for union have not therefore gone so much in the direction of mending the tie broken by the Disruption, as of uniting with the large body of Presbyterians whose rules and worship are precisely the same as the Free Church, except that the Voluntarism of the one was voluntary, while the Voluntarism of the Free Church was at the first compelled.

This view my father held with earnestness; his heart was in what is called "the Union Question"—he mourned over every delay, and three days before his death he spoke of it as "the cause of God."

My father's early friendship with Dr. Chalmers, of whom it was said at this time, "Where Thomas Chalmers is, there is the Church of Scotland," was not, as may be believed, hindered, but rather furthered, by these events. Much correspondence took place between them upon Church affairs, and while there was yet neither Free church nor pastor at St. Andrews, Dr. Chalmers became a guest at St. Leonard's College, and preached in the open air to 4000 people in the green amphitheatre between the sea with its far-stretching rocks, and the monument to the martyrs who suffered by fire at St. Andrews, which was then in the process of being erected. A grand scene, and a noble sermon on "Fury is not in Me." When Chalmers left St. Leonard's, it seemed to those who had had the privilege of receiving him as if it had been an angel's visit, so profound was the impression made by his child-like humility, gentleness, and wisdom of speech.