

the lofty land of Cambogiad to our right, and one day, after we had sighted this, we came to anchor in the latter roadstead, close off the bar, and opposite to the mouth of the river Menam.

There were likewise here at anchor, besides ourselves, one or two English traders and as many Chinese junks, and from one and another of these we speedily replenished our stock. There were also several fishermen, who had their nets firmly attached to poles driven into the sand on the bar, who of a morning visited these fisheries, and supplied us liberally with mullet and other fish at very reasonable prices.

The view of Siam from the anchorage is anything

but inviting. A long low range of mangrove bushes extending as far as the eye can reach, and a few lofty hills in the distance, and nothing more—not even a cocoa nut tree.

Soon after we had anchored, the captain landed in the longboat, manned by six men, and provisioned for the run up to Bangkok and back. He was compelled to do this for the purpose of obtaining the King's permission to enter the river, without which no pilot, without risk of his head, would undertake to conduct a foreign vessel across the bar. We awaited his return most impatiently, for the monotony of the scenery was abominable beyond description.

### ROBERT FLOCKHART, THE STREET PREACHER.

MANY individuals now scattered widely over the world remember a street preacher in Edinburgh, who, with professional regularity, and more even than professional zeal, employed the hours that he could appropriate to the object, in fulfilling literally the commandment, to go into the 'highways and compel them to come in. Not a few of them, we fear, recollect the old and worn preacher, for he became old in that work, as an enthusiast at whose broad dialect and strange remarks they were amused, rather than as one with whose sincere love for his fellowmen they sympathised. Day by day, in all the changes of season, in all the various kinds of weather that Edinburgh experiences, the preacher, after he became in some measure recognised and tolerated, had his service on every weekday evening, in the square at St. Giles' Cathedral, and on Sabbath evenings in the space before the Royal Theatre.

Robert Flockhart was born at Dalnottar, near Glasgow, on the 4th February, 1778, and he died in 1867, in his eightieth year. He was a small and rather "spare" man, who had never apparently been possessed of great physical strength, and yet he went on to a good old age, doing hard work. His father was a nailer, and while the son alleged that he had not the benefit of a good example in his infancy, yet he was kept at school from his fifth to his tenth year, and at home he was compelled to learn the mothers' and shorter catechisms, and this he says was all the religious instruction he got. Many persons get less, and we conclude that there was a favourable feeling to religion in the family. In his tenth year he was apprenticed to his father's business of nail-making for seven years, but he disliked the trade, and enlisted in the Breadalbane Fencibles. That regiment was, however, particular respecting the magnitude of their men, and Robert Flockhart being only five feet three inches high, was beneath their standard, and discharged. He then joined the 81st Regiment, and having been two weeks on the passage from

Newhaven to Chatham, he was six weeks on the voyage from Chatham to Guernsey. His early experiences of the sea were unfavourable. In a short time the regiment was sent to the Cape of Good Hope, and quartered there for a considerable period. When the 81st Regiment was ordered home, he volunteered into the 22nd Regiment for India, and again the weather was unfavourable, for the ship was four months on the passage from the Cape to Calcutta.

A small work,\* edited by Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, contains notes of Robert Flockhart's life, written by himself, but not commenced, it states, until he had entered on his sixty-seventh year. In these notes he describes his military life both in Africa and in Asia, until a certain period, in dismal colours. He does not particularly specify all the enormous crimes which he charges on himself, but he confesses the habitual breach of every commandment, except perhaps the sixth, of which he does not appear to have been literally guilty.

He was engaged under General Lake in the war against Holkar, whose descendant, the present Holkar, has remained faithful in the great rebellion.

The 22nd Regiment marched from Calcutta to Cawnpore, and after they had remained in that now noted city for some time, they were ordered to pursue Holkar, who led them, according to Robert Flockhart, to the borders of Persia before he surrendered, "by the side of a large river, called the Hyphasis, at the time covered over with ice," and "nearly 2,000 miles from Calcutta. His regiment mutinied, for they were left in arrears of their pay by their colonel for six months. And although their rebellion consisted only in marching up to the General's quarters and making their complaint known, yet they were deprived of their arms, and sent down the river to Burhampool. The soldier

\* Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

did not forget this long sail on the Ganges. It was "more pleasant," he thought, forty years afterwards, than any he "ever had in his life." The country through which they passed was a "beautiful part of the world, and presented a glorious sight, the sun shining gloriously, the birds singing, the fields filled with fruit trees laden with fruit, and with indigo and cotton, and almost every other thing for the comfort and good of man and beast." He had been made a corporal in India, but at Burhampore he was reduced to the ranks for disobedience to the orderly sergeant. Lieut.-Col. Dalrymple (not the colonel who had kept back the pay of the regiment) remitted the personal punishment which formed part of his sentence. Hitherto his life in India had exceeded the wickedness of his former years. The Baptist missionaries had a few converts in the 22nd, but they had not awakened any serious thoughts in the mind of the Dalnottar nailer, who drew in after life a graphic, but a very humiliating, view of his own condition and the state of his regiment. At last he was sent to the hospital, a sick man. Having no companions there, he sought to wile away the time in reading Cook's "Voyages," and when that book was ended, he was obliged to take Alleine's "Alarm." He dated the change in his conduct from the perusal of that volume in the hospital. The Sergeant on duty supplied him with religious books, but he advised him also to read the Bible, as too many books would confuse his mind in its state at that time. The Sergeant had a private room for himself and his family, and the invalid was invited to join them in their worship. Fifty years' experience of the world enabled him to write, "what the Sergeant said to me in 1807 has been verified ever since, and will be till I give up the ghost."

He was confined for two years in the hospital, where he met with Mr. Chamberlain, one of the Baptist missionaries, and he was baptised subsequently in Calcutta, by Mr. Ward, another of these mission-pioneers. He described the 22nd Regiment as an extremely wicked body of men, yet he found among them several members of the Baptist Church. Its missionaries visited the barracks and the camp, and breakfasted sometimes with the men, although they were "forbidden" by the officers; and the changes of fifty years are not more remarkable in any other department of life than in the military service; for whatever may be the opinion of individuals among the officers, none of them would now venture to forbid the visits of missionaries, at proper seasons, to their regiments in any part of the world.

The 22nd Regiment formed part of the force ordered from Calcutta, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, against the Mauritius, and Robert Flockhart was engaged at the attack upon Port Louis. General Abercrombie encouraged the formation of religious habits among his soldiers, and "the Church" in the 22nd had no difficulty in the maintenance of their meetings during this campaign.

After the capture of the place Flockhart became

again idle, and he was invalided, and sent home along with Sergeant Macfarlane, who had been useful to him in the hospital at Burhampore. Upon their arrival at Chelsea, the Sergeant was discharged with a pension of one shilling daily, and his companion and convert joined a veteran battalion. By mistake he was entered in an Irish battalion then stationed at Youghal. He reached that place after passing some time in the Isle of Wight, and when at Youghal the Colonel, at his request, memorialised the Duke of York to obtain his exchange to the 9th battalion in Edinburgh. The transfer required time, and he occupied his leisure in that work to which his life was devoted subsequently. He went among the cottages of the Irish peasantry, and sought "to drive away the pope and penances and purgatory, in all directions, and I prayed with them, and they went on their knees with me, both men and women." Upon his solitary march from Youghal to Dublin, wherever he was billeted, he pursued the same course, and he does not appear to have met any incivility, at that time, on account of his zeal. He had a commercial transaction upon that march. He found the people very willing to take tracts, and having met a packman he examined his stock, consisting principally of pictures of the saints. He persuaded the packman to exchange the pictures for tracts, and sent him on his way as a dealer in evangelical literature among the Roman Catholic population. As for the ecclesiastical works of art, he wrote, "Having reached a place where no person saw me, I tore up the saints and buried them in a field. I hope that all the mischief they could do was buried with them."

He sailed from Dublin to Irvine, walked on to Glasgow, visited his father and mother, who were then residing at Old Kilpatrick, and proceeded to Edinburgh. The 9th battalion of veterans were stationed in the castle. They were worse than the 22nd Regiment. The stranger among them did not know how he could get on with his habits. At last one morning he left his beat, put on his great coat, walked to a form, and commenced to pray in the midst of the scoffing and scolding 9th battalion. There was, he wrote, a great calm. He had now broken the ice, and could go forward reproving "the abounding iniquity." The Adjutant arrested him, and confined him in the "black hole" for preaching. This was not a cunning expedient, for the grated window overlooked the entrance to the castle, and the commanding officer, to his surprise, found a large crowd listening to a sermon from a prisoner, and he was one of his own soldiers. After examining the cause of this prisoner's confinement, the officer ordered his release. Next morning the Adjutant, to his surprise, found the soldier again warning his companions in the barrack-square. The Perthshire Militia were at the time in the castle, and the men and officers alike encouraged the military missionary. The Adjutant of the 9th battalion, being possessed of very different views, picked him up in the act, and once more sent him to the black hole. The sen-

tence in reality sent him to the grated window, and there he was, again preaching to a numerous crowd, when Major Rose, the commanding officer, passed into the castle. He inquired into the reason of this second imprisonment, and at once ordered the release of the prisoner, giving him permission to read the Bible, engage in prayer, and speak to the men in the barracks, whenever duty did not interfere.

The officers in the castle, with the exception of the Adjutant, favoured his practice generally, and they even requested him to address the Chaplain on the subject, who, they supposed, did not discharge his duty with much fidelity to the soldiers. Robert Flockhart complied publicly with their request—we hope, to the Chaplain's benefit.

The Adjutant was not solitary among the men of the battalion in his opinion of these proceedings. One day, when Flockhart was singing a hymn before his ordinary services, the canteen keeper struck him heavily behind the ear. The blow knocked him down, and, when he rose, the men present wished him to report the canteen keeper, who was the gunner of the castle, and must have altogether enjoyed a profitable place; but he declined, adding, "I will pray for him." The man seemed to be nothing better of this forbearance, but shortly after went down to Newhaven, when the tide was full, and drowned himself.

The marriage of Robert Flockhart was out of the common course, like many other passages of his life. While he was in the castle of Edinburgh with his veteran battalion, the words of Scripture, he writes, came into his mind, "It is not good for man to be alone." He also remembered that the married soldiers were allowed to sleep out of the barracks with their families, and that he knew would be favourable to his religious views. So, being by this time thirty-five years of age, he decided to take a wife. Next came into his mind other words of Scripture—namely, "a prudent wife is from the Lord;" and he prayed that he might be directed in his search. Then he made a bargain with his own mind—a dangerous and presumptuous compact perhaps—that he was to seek, and the person whom the Lord had appointed for him was to consent, while so long as he sought persons who were not appointed for him, they were to say No. This was his arrangement, and unless he expected a miracle in his case (but he had some such opinion), we do not know that it was wise. A marriage may occur, and be extremely happy, and useful to both parties, after they have been acquainted for some time, and have fallen into the idea gradually, when, as a matter of course, one of the two would have said "No" to the proposal, put in this premature way. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the female who would not say "No," in the circumstances, would make a good wife. In the world, and amongst the common-minded people thereof, we have heard of cases where this rapid wooing answered, but they are not numerous.

A bachelor, who was also a Bailie, and deeply

immersed in the business of his small burgh, in Scotland, once adopted that idea of his own lonely solitude which seized the mind of Robert Flockhart in 1813. The Bailie was a man of abundant means, and, like the celebrated Laird o' Cockpen, he was favourable to his own personal appearance. This matrimonial notion had occurred to him unhappily at a very busy season. He determined nevertheless to carry through his resolution, and having recalled to mind all the marriageable ladies of his acquaintance near at hand, he placed them in the order of preference. The favourite was at home when the Bailie arrived, and the request for her hand was promptly made and as promptly negatived. Nothing daunted by this refusal, the business man walked straight to No. 2, stated where he had been, why he had been, and the reply which he had received, ending by the proffer of a heart, if he had one. No. 2 did not altogether relish the fate of No. 1, and sought time to consider. Thus encouraged, the wooer persevered, not in this particular suit, but in a series of suits; and, having reached the home of his third intended, he made the same proposal, after recounting the result of his two former visits. Perhaps to pique No. 2, but for some reason, No. 3 consented briefly to the terms, and the happy Bailie returned to his bales and his lodgers to compensate for his two hours of courtship by a late night. Before the intended marriage became public, and very early indeed, No. 2 allowed the applicant for her love to know that she had considered. The lover of half an hour answered that he had decided. True to his decision, he in due course married No. 3. They lived very much like other people. As years rolled away a flock of little numbers followed. As other years rolled on, these little numbers assumed individually the average magnitude. Nothing occurred to distinguish that marriage from the common run of marriages, yet we do not commend this mode of courtship.

Robert Flockhart having arranged in his mind the symptoms which were to follow his questioning and guide his selection, proceeded to the settlement of his theory. He asked, and was declined once, twice, thrice. He persevered, in the conviction that he would arrive at the right person in the end; and the fourth took him "for better" at his word. Some of her friends persuaded her subsequently to decline, and she declined. The suitor for her hand received this intelligence in a resigned spirit; yet he made an effort to restore her to a better state of mind, and he was successful.

His marriage prevented another voyage. All the single men in the corps of veterans were ordered to Shetland. The Adjutant expected that he had now got quit of the preaching soldier. Accordingly, when the unmarried soldiers stepped out of the ranks, the Adjutant, when he found his enemy standing still among the married men, said, "What, Flockhart, I thought your religion did not permit you to marry?" The soldier was more at home in religious discussion than the Adjutant,

and he quoted, in answer to his officer, as he acknowledged himself with emphasis, the words of Heb. xiii. 4; and he adds of the Adjutant:—

When he heard that, he was horror-stricken. Having a switch in his hand, he struck his boot with it, and, turning on his heel, said, 'I have been in many parts of the world, and I never met with any one that could beat me till I met with Robert Flockhart, and he would beat the very devil.' All the men burst out into laughter, and laughed at him most heartily."

The Adjutant appears not to have been exactly horror-stricken, but a little given to profane language, and, at least, to claiming greater familiarity with the capabilities of one personage, not of the earth, than it is necessary for an ordinary man, still in the body, to profess.

Drinking usages met, and sought to stop Robert Flockhart's way in the world. Being married, and living out of the Castle, he was allowed to work at his trade, when the military duty which he performed did not require his presence. He attempted to work in two shops, but he had a double work laid on him to discharge, and his daily comfort in labour was not compatible with his spiritual work. The men were all paid in a public-house, and the military nailer would not conform to the usage of spending sixpences for whiskey. He was persecuted for that reason. He was persecuted for other reasons. He endeavoured to teach the nailers, as he had taught the soldiers—and they were even more unruly. He "preached to one master" who threatened to "kick him down stairs" in the spirit of the planter, who whipped his slave because he had prayed for him. He removed from that shop; but he was little better in the next, and the state of the working classes of that period appears to have been, in his experience, considerably worse than at the present time. The state of the higher or middle classes was certainly worse.

The Adjutant sent Robert Flockhart to serve in Blackness Castle, on the Frith of Forth, some miles distance from Linlithgow. He commenced, partly on the invitation of the commanding officer, who was a good centurion, his series of teachings among the soldiers there. Not satisfied with that field, he preached in Blackness town, as he says, without hindrance. Then he extended his preaching tours to Linlithgow, and visited it for four or five weeks without opposition. At last the magistrates became alarmed, and wrote to the commanding officer that, if the soldier returned to preach there, they would put him in jail. That gentleman read the letter to the preacher, and told him to do as he pleased. With the intention of gratifying the officer, he did not visit Linlithgow for some time; but one day, on the sea shore, he observed a flock of birds flying in the direction of Linlithgow, and he thought of a passage in Scripture:—"But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee." The flight of the birds was, in his opinion, an order for him; and he went to Linlithgow, and there addressed all who would listen. The magis-

trates did not fulfil their threat of imprisonment; but soon afterwards a Corporal was sent for him from Edinburgh Castle. He was thus obliged to leave Blackness with his wife, who had accompanied him there. The magistrates of Linlithgow were not more illiberal than other people. They had applied probably to the military authorities for his removal, because they disliked open-air and unauthorised preaching. There might be a shade of radicalism among doctrines taught in that strange manner. Perhaps the soldier might have been useful if he had been contented to instruct his companions in Blackness, where the officer in command afforded encouragement and facilities, and where he was supported by at least one comrade of the same views. A man may be in the way of duty frequently when he endeavours to do one thing well, especially if it is something quite within his power.

The spirit of that age will be gathered from what Robert Flockhart calls a very delicate dispensation which occurred to him at this period. He was a member of Mr. Anderson's Baptist Church, and one day he told Mr. Anderson what he had said to a soldier in the Castle upon repentance. His minister did not seem pleased with this interference in his duty. The narrator wrote:—

He spoke very harshly to me, and said, "Who told you to preach? You must get the Church's leave." I said, "When I see an opportunity to speak, must I come back to ask your leave and the church's first? I might lose the opportunity, and never see the person again." So he and I differed, and from that time I seemed a black sheep in his eyes.

Ministers of nearly all denominations were averse to irregular and open-air exhortations, and the Baptist church was not more advanced than other bodies. Mr. Anderson received an anonymous letter, and he ascribed it to Flockhart. Without any evidence except his own opinion and suspicion, he had the soldier struck from the roll of communicants. Some Sabbaths after, the ejected member waited during the administration of the ordinance, and after that was over, he began to pray aloud touching this matter, and continued until the other members ejected him from the building. On the next Lord's day, when he presented himself at the door, he writes in his memoranda—"Some of the members came and dragged me to the ground, and took me to the police office in Park-place." They then lodged a complaint against him at the Castle. They stated "that he wanted to breed a disturbance in their church."

A Corporal and a file of the guard conveyed him from the Police-office to the castle, where he was placed in the Guard-house. The officer in command soon released him, but he was not for some time allowed to leave the castle on the Sabbath day. This order was at length relaxed by the officer, and the soldier arrested at the request of the Church by the military was again, by his officer, permitted liberty "on the Sabbath." He attended first Mr. Aikman's Church, next the Methodists, then Mr. Grey's, and when that minister left the

old Chapel of Ease, the hearer continued with Mr. Gordon, whom he attended ever afterwards and followed to the High Church, and, at the disruption, from St. Giles, until his death.

Robert Flockhart had peculiar views respecting irregular preachings, and he believed that, like John Bunyan, he had a special call to that work. He, therefore, went down into the Grass-market, partly because, as the scene of the martyr's sufferings, he thought it classic ground. It was, indeed, an undoubtedly wicked place.

While he was engaged in preaching there one day, the late Dr. Stewart with whom he had been acquainted in Mr. Anderson's Church, spoke to him, and requested him to accompany a friend of his to a fine country mansion which he wished him to visit. He complied with the invitation, and found himself in Morningside Lunatic Asylum. Dr. Guthrie, in his introduction to the memoir, remarks, that Dr. Stewart and Rev. Christopher Anderson were excellent men who had been actuated by good motives. We admit that, and the circumstances only show that the majority of the officers under whom this man served were better acquainted with the principles of ecclesiastical freedom, and more inclined to observe them, than the members of the Church with whom he was connected in 1813.

Dr. Stewart acquainted Mrs. Flockhart with his disposal of her husband, without any authority of a legal nature, without any authority more than his own medical will; so that then medical men had in lunatic asylums their prison-houses, as they appear to have still; for all the explanations that can be made will not change the fact, that the wife of a Cabinet Minister was last month apprehended, conveyed from the female friend by whom she was accompanied to a private residence, and detained there, against her own protestations and will for some time.

The governor of Morningside Asylum commenced the operation of making his subject mad, by shaving his head, and then putting a blister on the scalp. The patient aggravated this treatment by remembering that he fared worse than Sampson—"they did not shave *his* head." Still, in his usual and forgiving spirit, he began to preach to the governor first the law, then the gospel; but the governor defied both, swore hardly, and put the preacher into the black-hole, by the way of expelling lunacy from his mind—for it must be remembered that the governor of Morningside Asylum had no right to detain the man, except as a lunatic, even if he had a right by that malady. One day the patient escaped from the garden over the wall to his own home, but he was re-taken there, and, under the plausible promises of the governor, he returned to the asylum. These promises were only made to a lunatic, and they were observed with Punic faith.

Doctor Stewart sent a minister to comfort the afflicted, who told him not to read the Bible! The lay preacher answered the professional preacher not in mad language, but in the words of truth and

soberness. Still, the latter prevailed with the governor to take the Bible from his patient. That was done, and the "insane" man refused to taste food until the Bible was restored. He maintained this resolution for three days and nights. At last the governor applied compulsion, and by the aid of his keepers, endeavoured to force "the subject" to swallow food. They were defeated in the attempt, and the Bible was restored. When this condition of eating was complied with, Robert Flockhart observed his part of the bargain. Then the governor wanted to recover the Bible. This did not enter into the patient's idea of the arrangement. As a closing alternative, the governor "shut the window shutters" of his apartment, and the room was darkened to neutralise the Bible.

The second escape of the patient from the asylum required greater efforts than the first, but it was successful, and he again returned home. This time he proposed to seek safety with his parents, at Old Kilpatrick, but instead of taking the direct road, he crossed the Frith at Queen's Ferry, and the ruling feeling converted his flight into a preaching tour. At Dunfermline he addressed the people in different localities, and they offered him money, but he refused money in any way, for his wife had given him a 3s. piece when they parted; and, armed with that riches in silver, he was determined to preach, in his own quotation—a quotation often misapplied to the subordinate act of preaching or teaching "without money and without price." He felt apparently unwell, and returned to his own home in Edinburgh, where his wife concealed him until his restoration to health, when he recommenced preaching in the Grass-market, and in one of his addresses was at once caught by the police, confined by them in his own house, and then restored to the governor of the asylum, who promised to keep the Bible in his cell, and keep open windows there. Punic promise. He kept the window open, but he regularly stole the patient's clothing at night, and restored it in the morning. The governor, in course of weeks or months, became reconciled to his patient, chiefly through the agency of his daughter, who had different opinions from those of her father; and he even requested Robert Flockhart to deliver discourses to the other patients in the asylum. This, perhaps, in 1814, was the first application of preaching to the insane. It may have led to other intellectual remedies, and originated probably with the governor's daughter.

The 9th Veteran Battalion was broken up and dispersed, while Robert Flockhart was an inmate of the Asylum. Major Rose, who commanded the battalion, interested himself for the "preacher and soldier," in the asylum and obtained for him a pension of one shilling and threepence daily, or 8s. 9d. per week, instead of the shilling per day which was paid to the other men. This pension he received for nearly forty years. It seems to have been the chief endowment of this industrious street preacher, and for its amount he was indebted to the kindness

of his officer, who had interfered previously in his favour.

In November, 1814, Dr. Stewart consented to his deliverance from the asylum, upon a condition against street preaching. He had no legal, and certainly no moral right to qualify his resolution to cease from doing evil. The person whom he had imprisoned in the asylum was not insane, and the medical gentleman could scarcely have been ignorant or mistaken upon that point. The proceeding is an example of the forcible and lawless manner in which, only forty-five years ago, men treated their inferiors. The condition was not observed, for one of the parties considered it unlawful. After his discharge from the army and the asylum, Robert Flockhart taught a school in Laurieston for twenty-five years. Before he succeeded in establishing himself as a tolerated preacher in the streets, he was "nine or ten times imprisoned for the offence" in Edinburgh. The policemen, he wrote, were chiefly Irish, who annoyed rather than protected him. The imprisonments, however short, must have exposed him to considerable loss, and their occurrence, or their possibility, at a comparatively recent period, show us the extent and nature of the change which has crept over society. Civil and ecclesiastical authorities were alike opposed to any extraordinary means of doing good, and the military officers alone countenanced the "irregular" teaching of the soldier. One day, while he was on the main guard at the castle, one of his comrades was "cursing and swearing," and he was engaged in pointing out the impropriety of his conduct; when the senior Lieutenant-Colonel came up, heard his remarks, and said to the officer of the guard, "I order that man," meaning the speaker, "to be relieved of guard, and to do no more duty." This, he wrote, was joyful news to him, so he took off his accoutrements and went home.

Flockhart attended gradually at the infirmary and the Lock Hospital, although the surgeons originally opposed his practice. Afterwards, he visited the prisoners in the jail, and his short memoirs contain some curious particulars respecting noted prisoners. Ultimately his visits to all these places were encouraged and sought by the authorities. He may indeed be considered, in Edinburgh, the originator of city and day missions; and his perseverance overcame a curious repugnance to this agency in the religious education of the multitudes, who were growing up, passing on, and passing away without being cared for by any party, until statistics exposed the, at least, "negative feeling" towards religion of numerous families in our large towns.

When the confinements in the guard-house, in the police-office, and in the lunatic asylum were over, and imprisonment was deemed an unsuitable return for good service to the public—when the little school flourished, and the teacher's time was occupied by intellectual and religious work, his years rolled happily way. He was detained in prison at one period until he could find security

that he would not preach the Gospel in the streets of Edinburgh. He would not allow any person to hazard £3 on that hopeless risk. When thus at last driven from Edinburgh he went to the Links, probably without the jurisdiction of the magistrates, and there he proclaimed his message to all who would listen. Amongst them was one day the late Dr. Simpson, of the Tron parish, and he came forward, shook the missionary earnestly by the hand, and wished him "God speed" in the propagation of his doctrines. He brought his wife and daughter to hear a sermon on the Links, and when money was offered to the preacher by the little girl, and it was kindly refused, Dr. Simpson would understand the kind of man whom he had met. He was the only minister, for a season, as he had been the first, who afforded any encouragement to the street preacher; but his simple and straightforward principles became better understood, and other influential friends appeared in his behalf, while the character of the magistracy gradually brightened up, until no man hindered the work which Robert Flockhart considered himself "called" upon specially to perform; and he performed it with extraordinary assiduity, day by day, in all seasons, for many years.

Robert Flockhart's school instruction finished with his tenth year. Seven years more of his life were passed as an apprentice in a nail-making shop. Then he enlisted and spent eighteen or nineteen years of his life in the army. During the early part of his military career, we may infer that he was not greatly improved in intelligence, although even in these dark times he says that he commenced to teach one boy in the regiment, and was successful. His reading afterwards was chiefly confined to religious works; but during his twenty-five years experience as a schoolmaster, he was compelled to acquire general knowledge. His daily addresses on religion would have exhausted an ordinary mind before the lapse of forty-five years; but he had not an ordinary mind. He had great readiness of speech, and often great originality of thought. His audiences were generally idlers on the streets who had no other means of passing a half hour, but they were not entirely composed of that class. He had regular hearers who came when they could to his public services. The latter had not often anything inconsistent with the solemnity of their theme. Sayings were ascribed to the preacher as to others that it is improbable he ever uttered. He had no reason to be on friendly terms with the police, but he did not often refer to the early persecutions which he received at their hands. Once, however, in describing the dwellers in heaven he is reported to have said: "There are saved Manassehs in heaven, and saved Magdalenes in heaven, and saved Sauls in heaven, and saved publicans in heaven, and I believe it possible that there may be saved policemen in heaven."

Upon one sadly "raining night," when the clouds were pouring out a perfect tide of water, as he had finished singing the few verses that formed

the first portion of his service, a woman said to him, "Mr. Flockhart, you'll never attempt to preach in sic' a night as this." "Whisht, woman," answered the preacher, "and be thankful that the Lord's not raining down fire and brimstone on you and me out o' heaven." Many of his audience could be assembled together at a late hour whom he would have missed at an earlier hour. Some of them were of a class on whom the fire and brimstone of a wounded spirit are often poured out, even while the sun shines clearly, and all the world seems bright around them.

The common question arises, "What good comes of all this man's exertions?" It is not our business to tell what can never be known in time. Undoubtedly he went here and there seeking to do good. He was at the bed of the dying, or of the sick, in the hospitals, with the words of comfort and direction following those of warning. He was with the weary prisoner in his bonds, speaking of the dis severance from all the chains of sorrow. He passed anxious nights in the cell of the condemned; last nights on earth to them. Whosoever was beaten down by sins and sorrows, and forsaken seemingly of bad and good alike, whenever he knew that desolation of heart, and whenever the stricken one was to be found, he brought to that soul in despair, with kind and tender language, the universal remedy. We can regret, that of all the experiences of these forty-five years passed so assiduously in doing good, there remains only this small record; the unpublished memories of many who met with this street evangelist, and the unpublished registries of the coming world.

As years fell down over the old man he became weaker in body, but still he persevered in his out of door works, and perhaps his age and toil-worn frame gave force and pungency to his words.

The value of out of door addresses began to be felt; and the first of these modern missionaries in Edinburgh saw that day and was glad. This was his testimony on that subject:—

Ye will never get at the ignorant and the profligate mass without it. I'm so glad I had to bear the brunt o't for you. I had to suffer shame many a day for what's so respectable now. I had to go to "bonds and imprisonments" for doing what our Master did, for He preached far oftener by the roadside, and by the sea-side, than in the synagogue.

During his latter years his house in Richmond-place was often visited by some of the students of theology; and they learned the practice there, if they had the theory in nobler rooms. We do not insinuate that they could not have learned more than the theory in their class; for in the years to which we refer it was the best class in Britain, or probably in Christendom, under certainly the best tuition. These visits were useful to the young men; they were imbued, some of them, with part of that spirit which had actuated this man, and carried him through many troubles not easily borne, until, as he said, his labours had absolutely become respectable.

Singular as was his courtship, yet his married

life was happy; for his wife entered fully into all his schemes of doing good, and supported him in them when he had no friend who justified his proceeding, or who did not oppose them, but her alone; and it should be remembered to their honour, the majority of the military officers in the castle. From his pension and his school he derived means sufficient to live in comfort, and even after the death of his wife, his days were passed in cheerfulness; for he had ere then many friends, although near him he had, we believe, no relations; but the same deeds that carried him to the lunatic asylum, to the police office, and the prison in 1813, brought many friends to his door in 1853.

He did good to himself. With his perseverance and sober habits, supported by his pension, he might have got into some small business in 1814; he might have given to it one half, perhaps, of the toil which he assumed; he might have become a small broker or a small dealer, and saved until he was a large broker or a large dealer; and, adding the gain of usury to wealth, he might have accumulated treasure equal to the establishment of a hospital, instead of the treasures he accumulated in his visitations of those that were built; but it is certain that he would not have been nearly so happy in this life, and he would not have been nearly so able to say contentedly, as he said contentedly of the palsy that smote him down, "We're met at last, and we'll never be parted but at the grave's mouth."

His example could only be followed by those who have the ability, which constituted the natural "call;" and we may add the means, however humble those means may be, which his early life had secured. He believed in a supernatural call, at least in his early career. Although his example cannot be copied fully by many persons, a part of it is open to all. An advice given kindly, and in good season, from one workman to another, may be more effective preaching than any words, however well chosen, in a large assembly.

It is now twelve months since Robert Flockhart died, ripened by a long summer of faith and toil for the grave, having nothing to bequeath except this manuscript, which Dr. Guthrie has edited and introduced to the world. He left it with the request that any profits which might arise from its sale should be paid to the funds of the Indian mission, because he had been "converted" in Bengal. He bequeathed to the world moreover the legacy of a good name. A large concourse of the citizens of Edinburgh accompanied to the grave the remains of the feeble old man, whose younger years had been periods to him of persecution in that city. He had not changed until his death. Edinburgh had changed, and several town councillors, in one sense the successors of the magistrates who had imprisoned him, testified their sympathy with his work, by joining in the procession that, through long lines of spectators, slowly followed the soldiers who carried this old soldier to the Grange Cemetery. They had placed with good taste his family Bible and his

hymn book "on the top of the coffin," the instruments of his latter day warfare, for he had long laid aside the sword.

"And the rich man died." Many rich men died last year. Many men who used well their riches. And many whose idol was wealth; and whose

death was a parting from all they had lived for; and to which at parting they could not even say "Farewell."

Treasures are to be gained in time better worth living for and more valuable than the wealth of the world.

## WOMAN AND WOMANKIND.

No. VII.

### SERVANTS AND MISTRESSES.

"SERVANTS isn't pison," was the oracular declaration of one irate member of the class, as an ill-vised remark, betraying a feeling of contempt, fell from her mistress's lips. "Servants isn't pison, and they ain't to be treated like black negroes."

There was some truth in what she said.

"Servants isn't pison," although they very often "pison" the peace and happiness of a household. A good servant is an acknowledged blessing, a bad one an equally acknowledged nuisance. Yet, how to increase the number of the former, and decrease that of the latter, is a problem of difficult solution. There are relative duties existing between employer and employed—mutual duties and mutual obligations; and it is, perhaps, because these are so frequently forgotten that we have so many complaints of female domestic servants.

Families who pay for services have a right to them, but only to a reasonable degree; for servants, on their side, have as full a right to consideration. They are human beings, and not beasts of burden, and they play the part of tyrant who tax their strength or patience too severely. Yet there are hundreds of people who seem to forget this, and impose on female servants an amount of work which it is perfectly impossible for them to perform. As an instance:—A servant entered a family where the people were of this stamp. They lived in a good-sized house, were seven or eight in number, and kept only one unfortunate servant to do everything for them—to cook, clean; and, as they frequently had visitors till two or three in the morning, wait upon supper friends. She was kept up, night after night, although she could not lie in bed in the morning to make up her needful *quantum* of rest. She bore it for some time, and then she left. "They are kind to me," she said; "but I cannot do the work—it is too much."

She was a very young girl, but had been in service for some years, and was, therefore, a competent judge of what service should be. She spoke impartially of her situation, acknowledged the kindness of her employers, and therefore her statement could be received with confidence, that "at night, the pain in her limbs, from the amount of daily labour, prevented her sleep,

This was one clear case of injustice and oppression. These people were quite wealthy enough to give their suppers to bachelor friends, and it would have been quite possible, if they had chosen to economise in this particular, for them to have kept another servant, and not overtaxed the strength of their single domestic. That policy did not suit them. They chose to get the human labour done as cheaply as possible, and spend the money thus saved in less creditable ways.

This is not a solitary or extreme case. Thousands of such exist, and their number holds up a sort of precedent for oppression. They prejudice servants against their employers of the middle classes; for, in the upper ranks of society, the scale is turned, and servant labour sinks before servant idleness.

Servants are aware of the duties which their employers owe to them; and, seeing these duties completely disregarded, they learn to expect oppression, are prepared to find it, and, by these feelings, half produce the mutual dislike which ends in chicanery on one side, and suspicion and oppression on the other. As a general rule, a servant enters a new situation with a feeling of distrust. She does not know what it will be like—whether it will "suit her." Perhaps the butcher boy tells her, when he comes for orders the next morning, that six new servants have been in and out in the same number of months; or the man who cleans the knives signifies that "no one can't stand the work;" or, the mistress may be said to drink; or a hundred other slanders may be adduced, all of them, probably, taking rise in a speech of truth, growing large by a bulk of falsehood. In all probability the foolish servant believes what she hears, and sees its confirmation in every trifling disagreement.

"Good places make good servants, and *vice versa*;" but there may be a diversity of opinion as to what a good place is. Generally, a situation where there is scarcely any work, and unlimited extravagance allowed, under the supervision of an idle or inefficient mistress, is considered a good place; whereas it is for the servant, and her ultimate good, as bad a place as can possibly be had.

The general outcry against domestic servants